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*Drawn by F. C. Yohn.*

"BUT EVEN THESE ARE NOT SULLIVANS!"

--"No Sinecure," page 33--



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SCRIBNER'S



# MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



VOLUME XXIX JANUARY - JUNE



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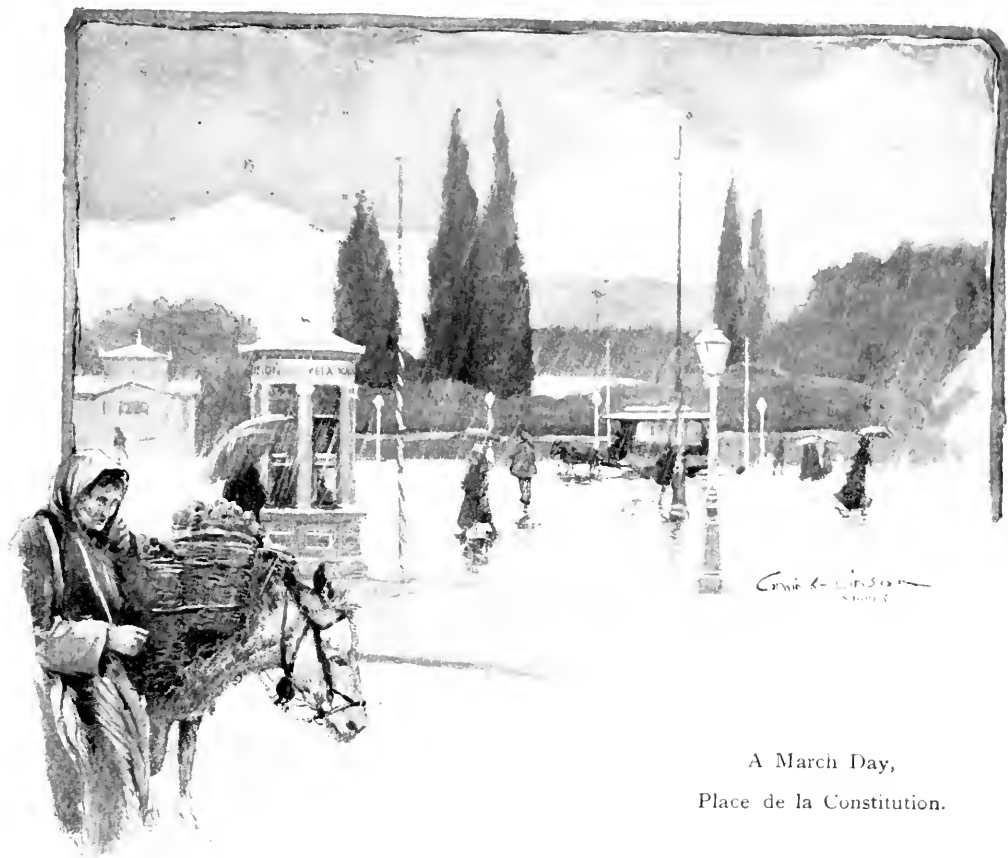
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# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXIX

JANUARY, 1901

NO. 1



A March Day,  
Place de la Constitution.

## MODERN ATHENS

By George Horton

FIRST PAPER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CORWIN KNAPP LINSON

FEW people, save Greeks, know that modern Athens is in reality two cities, each differing from the other in climate, in traditions, and, to a great extent, in character of population. Winter Athens, roughly speaking, is the resort of tourists, diplomats, and climate-seekers. It is a European city where one eats course dinners at the Angleterre Hotel, attends service at the English Church, dances the barn dance at Madame Schliemann's, and plays charades in the library of the Ameri-

can School. In winter Athens one talks English or bad French. Even your Greek friends persist in greeting you with a "bon zoor, moshion," when you meet them in the street, and you go to the Opera House to hear the "Chimes of Normandy" sung by a company from Paris. The climate of the European period is delightfully cool, with frequent rains. The genuine Greeks, who have no fires in their houses, and no heating apparatus other than portable braziers, will tell you that it is bitter

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cold, although the thermometer may deny that the freezing-point has been reached. This state of affairs lasts from about the 1st of October till the 1st of May. Then all is changed. The diplomats and the climate-seekers hie them away, and the tourists cease to come. And now the Greeks swarm in from Egypt, from Turkey, and from Roumania, and fill the hotels. They drink resin wine and mastic at a penny the glass; they eat pilaff, stuffed courges, and fish with garlic-sauce, by candle-light in the squares; they attend the open-air theatres to hear the divine Paraskevopoulou in the "Medea," or the wonderful Pantopoulos in some island comedy, and everybody talks Greek. Your Greek friends, when they meet you in the streets, salute you with "*καλ' ἡμέρα, κύριε*" (Good-day, sir). So, you see, if you have not lingered on into the summer you know little of the real modern Athens. This, too, is the Athens of classic dust and of purple sunsets. And how suddenly the transformation from winter to summer takes place! You are walking about jauntily with no overcoat, despite the fact that the Greeks are bundled up and that they tell you, shiveringly, "It's very cold." You wait and wait for the advent of winter and then, all at once, the natives are abroad in light clothing and they cry out, gayly, "Spring has come!" And lo! the almond-trees have shaken out their scented 'kerchiefs and the anemones are blooming by the roadside.

Let us suppose that we are approaching

the harbor of the Piræus, on a visit to summer Athens. We stand upon the prow of our ship that is purring through the sky-blue waters of the Mediterranean, and strain eager eyes for the first view of the famous city. Presently there is a shout of

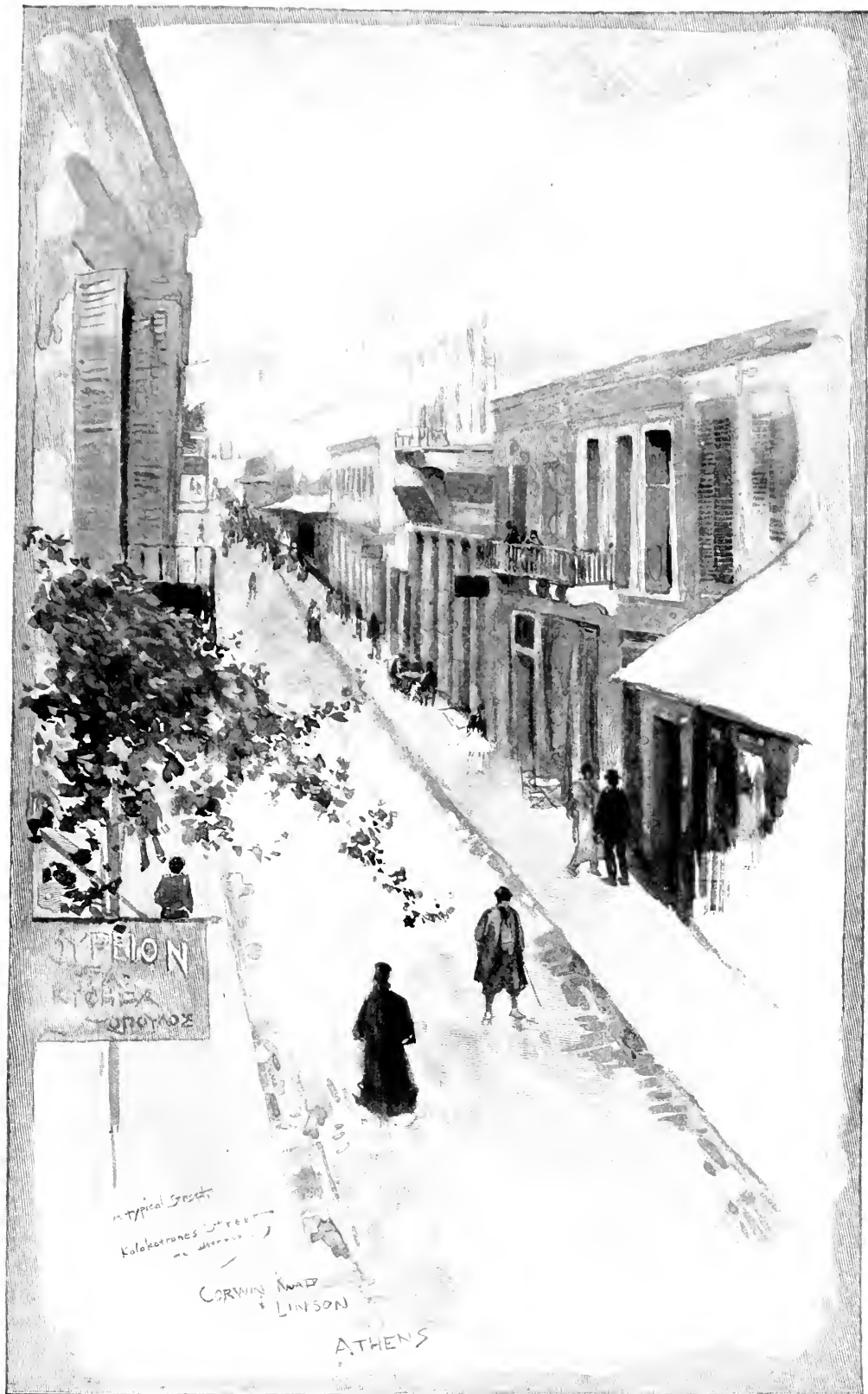
"There it is! there it is!" and we gaze in the direction indicated by a dozen extended arms, but we see nothing. "Where? Where?" we ask eagerly, for a dream that has haunted us since childhood is now about to be realized.

"Do you see that great column of dust yonder?" someone kindly explains. "That is where Athens is."

A sea-scape, softly, deeply blue, a landscape misty gray, piled thick with purple mountains, and there, seemingly at the foot of the hither hills a great white pillar of

dust. They tell us that the ancient searoaders, faring home from the northern coast of Africa or from beyond the pillars of Heracles, beheld from afar the spear-tip of the great statue of Athena Promachos and knew their toils were over. The latter-day Greek, returning to his native land from New York, London, or Buenos Ayres, feels that he is indeed home again when he sees that prehistoric cloud of floating marble. We know where to look now, and soon the Acropolis, the most famous hill in the world, and its twin, Lycabettus, practically ignored by ancient writers, take vague shape and grow more and more distinct. And there is the Parthenon, seen now for the first time and yet so familiar in contour and position that the busy





A Typical Street—Kolokotronis Street, Late Afternoon.

years slip from us like a dream and we imagine ourselves back in the school-room delving in the old Smith's history. I had not been three days in Athens when I met two jolly Catholic priests from Pittsburg, dining in the garden of the European restaurant.

"Have you been up on the Acropolis yet?" I asked them—the standard question that one always puts to a new-comer in the Greek capital.

"No," replied one of them. "We have decided not to go up. What's the use? It





Near an Old Mosque.

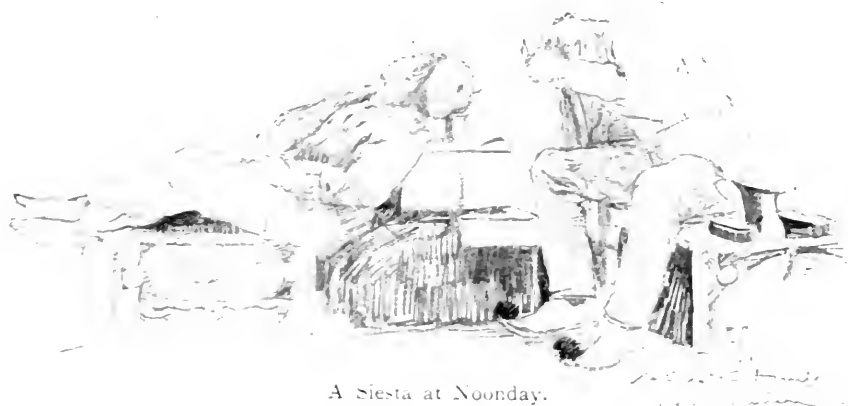
looks just as it does in the pictures." My clerical friend could not have better described the impression made on one by a first view of the Acropolis from afar. The chief element in that impression is the feeling of familiarity. No vision on all the globe has been made such common property of civilized man as the temple of Athena, once the crowning glory of a thousand years of culture, now their fitting monument.

Half an hour before we cast anchor in the harbor of the Piræus, boats with white and reddish brown sails come dancing toward us over the waves, and others swarm along more slowly, propelled by eager oars. Some of the rowers stand erect,

facing their prows, bending and straightening with a rhythmic swing. Those first alongside catch the ship with long hooks and scramble aboard. You are surrounded in a trice by coatless, perspiring Greeks, who pluck you by either sleeve demanding, "Varka?" "Bark?" "Do you want a boat, Mr.?" There is no possible escape, and there is garlic to right of you, garlic to left of you. The only alternative is to select one of the number immediately and turn over to him your portable baggage.

There is a noisy little railroad running from the Piræus to Athens, but it is usually about as cheap to traverse the distance by carriage, as a number of Athenian cabmen are sure to be waiting on the wharf.

They have brought fares down, or say they have, which amounts to the same thing, and are willing to let you ride up with them for two or three drachmas. You will remember that ride through the Attic plain. The sun is white hot, the dust penetrating, impalpable, sneeze-producing. The dark green of the vineyards is sifted



A Siesta at Noonday.

with flour-like dust, and the trees by the roadside, trimmed to resemble feather dusters, seem to have been recently used and then stuck back in the ground without shaking. Once, at least, en route, the carriage stops at a wayside inn, a low adobe building whose front door is shaded by a climbing grape-vine. From a near-by well, with round stone mouth and long sweep, the host brings water to the thirsty animals, and then he appears at the carriage-door with a tray containing two or three glasses of light, yellow wine, as many portions of a watery-looking fluid, and a pile of Turkish delight in little cubes. You must select something and put a few pennies on the tray. It is thus you pay for the horses' water. If you are an entire stranger in the land it will be safer to choose the loukoumi (Turkish delight) and a glass of water. Loukoumi is a palatable sweet like our gum-drops, and you will enjoy it. If, on the other hand, you are anxious to become a genuine Athenian as soon as possible, you will do well to select one of the stronger drinks. No one is a genuine Athenian who cannot drink without a grimace both retsinato wine and masticha. The former is the vin ordinaire of the city. It is wholesome and perhaps classic, but it tastes to the novice like those brands of cough medicine whose chief ingredient is tar. Masticha is the appetizer, the cocktail of Greece. The uneducated palate pronounces it paregoric.

Our most useful impressions of a place, for descriptive purposes, are gained during the first few days of our stay in it. After that the mental film loses its sensitiveness, and we are less able to discriminate between new sights and those that have been familiar to us all our lives. The person who rides into Athens for the first time on a summer's day is fairly over-

whelmed with the brightness of it. It is a city of the sun, a city fairly blinding to eyes accustomed to the dull skies of London or New York. The sky is extraordinarily clear and as vividly transparent as



Discussing affairs.

the windows in a photographic studio. The square houses, of stone and stucco, are nearly all kalsomined to a dazzling whiteness. In the case of the few exceptions, the whitewash has been tinted a delicate pink, cream-color, or blue, and they are all roofed, from the King's palace down to the meanest hovel, with red tiles. White and red—the colors of fire and heat.

They have a proverb in Athens that "only fools and foreigners walk out in the middle of the day." Certainly the average American needs to live a long time in



Spiro Loues. Winner of the Marathon Road Race in the Olympic Games, 1896.

Greece or the Orient before he becomes willing to adapt himself to the requirements of the climate. If you bustle out at noon-day you will wonder why your green cotton umbrella does not protect your eyes from the glare. It is because the sidewalk is covered with glittering particles of marble, ground infinitely fine, and the street is alive with the same sort of dust. Your eyes will be apt to suffer more than the top of your head, and the only relief you can get from them is to hold the sunshade down near the walk and look into it.

And how still it is—white light and silence! The shopkeepers have let curtains fall in their open doors and are dozing on chairs or on counters. The street-cars have stopped running and the cabmen have driven into the shade and are nodding upon their boxes. Even the bootblacks, as enterprising and as precocious as their confrères in America at proper business hours, have made pillows and cushions of their kits, and are wrapped in sleep that a king might envy. Everybody, except the bus-

tling foreigner, respects the noon-day nap in Athens. An Athenian would no more waken a bootblack enjoying his siesta than he would hit him with a club. The two acts would be equal in cruelty. The proper way to enjoy the siesta is to darken your room and go regularly to bed. There will not be a sound to disturb you, not the rattle of a wheel, nor the barking of a dog, nor a voice in the streets. If there is a tree near the window anywhere, you will probably hear the drowsy, monotonous rasping of a cicada. As you stir lazily upon the sheet of pure linen, always finding a cool spot, as your senses become lulled to a forgetfulness of everything save bliss and comfort, as the cares and responsibilities of life tiptoe from the room, leaving you dead to all consciousness save that of utter peace, you begin to know what Nirvana is.

The Athenians are not so lazy as they would appear to be from their habit of the noon-day rest. The old-fashioned Greek gentleman, for instance, rises very early in summer, often at four o'clock, in the glorious time of the day. He goes to market and sends home the provisions for the twelve o'clock breakfast and the late dinner, with minute directions to the cook; he takes a cigarette and a cup of black Turkish coffee on the sidewalk in front of his favorite café, and he then devotes himself to business and politics until noon-time. After breakfast he sleeps till four, when he



A Water-seller on the Street.

usually takes a sweetmeat at home or at a pastry shop and then he is ready for work again until dinner-time.

The Athenians dine late the year round, and, whenever the weather will permit, in the open air. As the heated season advances, the dinner hour is set later and later, until in August half-past nine or ten becomes the common thing. Fancy going to the theatre after that! Yet the open-air performances are liberally patronized and they do not begin, of course, till after dinner. The legend "curtain rises promptly at nine" is a snare and a delusion, as many a foreigner has found to his extreme annoyance.

The out-of-door dining and the sky-roofed theatres are so typically Greek that they serve as a link between modern and classical times. The old Greek, as everybody knows, was an out-door man, his house serving as little more than a sleeping-place and store-room. The Athenian of to-day dines in a garden, on his terrace or in a park. If he is too poor to possess any of these accessories, he sets his table upon the sidewalk. Many of the cheap restaurants appropriate the walks for dining-rooms. One is often compelled, when taking an evening stroll, to dodge in and out among dozens of tables covered with reasonably clean linen and lighted by means of candles whose flames are protected from the wind by means of glass globes.

The more pretentious restaurants and some of the hotels have their own gardens, where the patrons eat under the trees, in the searching glare of electricity. How sweetly cool it is in one of these gardens, how truly Bohemian, how far removed from the stress, struggle, and nervousness of the great Anglo-Saxon idea! The

food is excellent, cheap, and varied, the waiters most attentive.

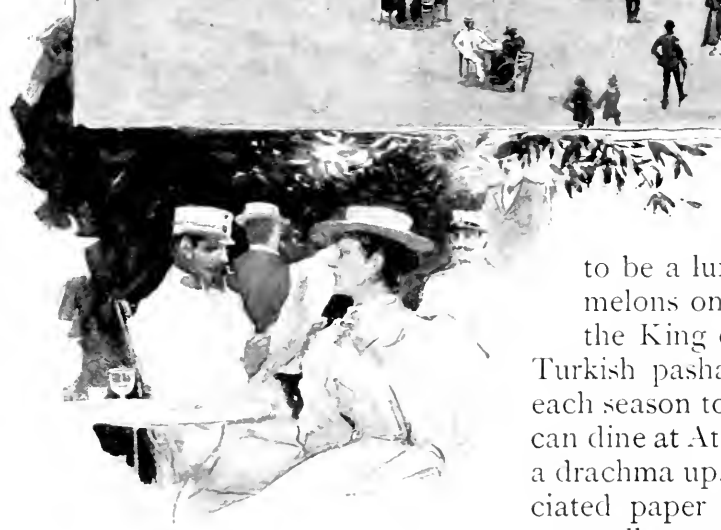
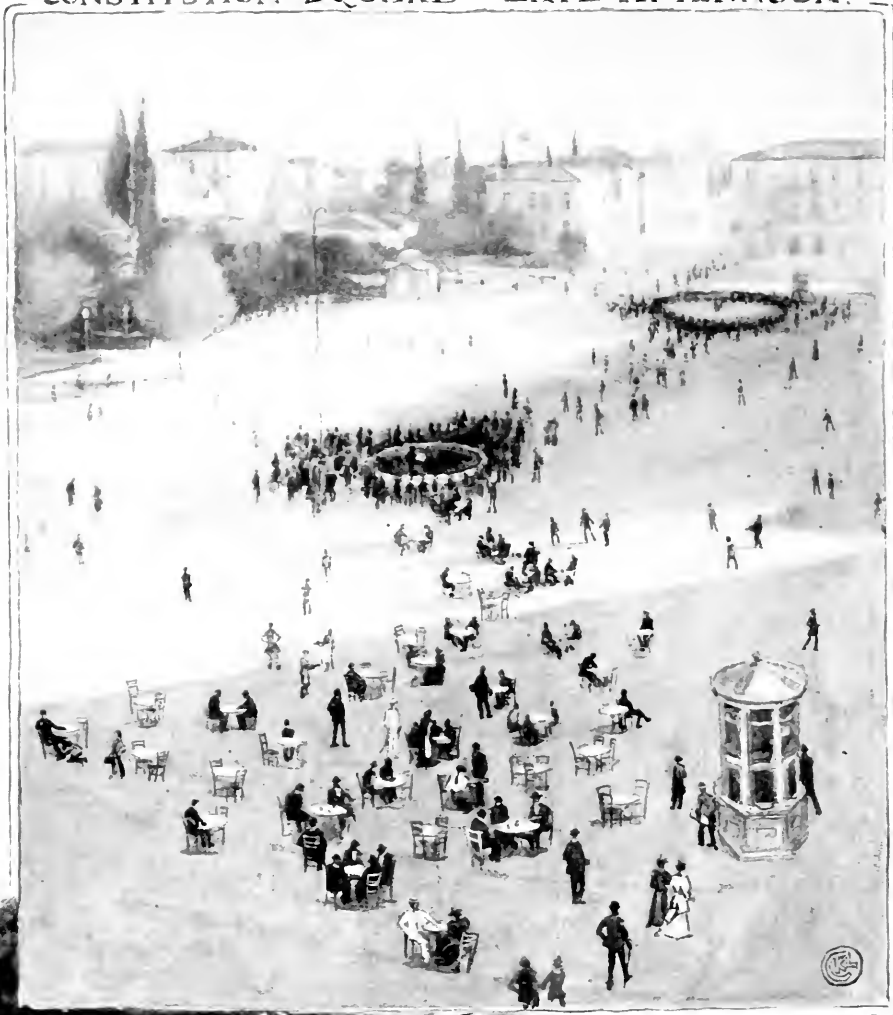
I suppose that one can eat and drink as cheaply and as well in Athens as in any city of the world. The cooking is in sev-



At the "Asty" Restaurant — a Typical Outdoor Restaurant Scene in Athens at Night.

eral styles and the food is of extraordinary variety and quality. The distinctively native dishes include innumerable stuffed things, fish prepared in various ways, soup or chowder with egg and lemon, and boiled greens, eaten with olive-oil and lemon-juice. Among the Turkish dishes are the ever-present pilafi, and a choice of heavy, soggy sweetmeats, whose chief ingredients are almonds, spices, and syrup. These latter go by such fearful names as galaktobouriko,

- CONSTITUTION SQUARE - LATE AFTERNOON -



to be a luxury. There are no muskmelons on earth like those raised by the King of Greece at Tatoï, and the Turkish pashas used to come to Athens each season to eat the basilika figs. You can dine at Athens at prices varying from a drachma up. The drachma is a depreciated paper franc, of fluctuating value—usually worth about twelve cents.

But I have said so much about early rising, sleeping in the heat of the day and dining late at night, that the reader no doubt wonders why Athens should be considered a summer-resort by the real Greeks. He would not wonder had he ever passed the heated season in Alexandria or Cairo. As for the northern Greeks, they no doubt come to the Metropolis of their race for the sake of the companionship. Besides, as a learned professor once said to me, there are the "elements of coolness in the Athens climate." In the professor's case,

cadæfi, baklava. They are indigestible and fattening, but they are not a serious menace to the ordinary traveller, who cannot call for them.

As for the city's food-supply, it draws upon the unrivalled gardens of the Attic plain, the early largess of the Mediterranean isles, and the orchards on the mountain-slopes of Thessaly. The sea feeds the city with an almost countless variety of fish, while woodcock, pigeons, quail, partridges, are so plentiful that they cease



the "elements" consisted of a shade-tree and a refreshing drink. The difference in the matter of comfort between sun and shade is very striking. One always feels a pleasing chill in stepping from the former into the latter. The very heat, too, is made an agent of producing its opposite. Most of the drinking-water consumed by the Athenians is cooled by means of evaporation, which, in that dry climate, takes place very rapidly. The porous jugs of brown earthen-ware which you find upon the restaurant tables or upon the balcony of your sleeping-room are sure to be full of deliciously cool water. It suffices only that they be set in the shade. Skill in the selection of these jugs is one of the little details which enter into Oriental life and make it truly typical. They are tested by tapping with the knuckles and by critical examinations as to color, degree of hardness, etc. If they are too porous they leak, if not porous enough they do not perspire. It is easy to see that the selection of a good cooling jug is a matter of great importance in a family.

Perhaps the study of points analogous with this would give us a clearer idea of the every-day life and thought of ancient civilization. Certain it is that the sale of pottery is one of the very oldest of callings

and that the pottery merchant tied his vessel to the wharves even of Homeric towns, and spread out his wares upon the breakwater—even as he does to-day. I believe that the best cooling jugs now come from the island of Ægina (pronounced—nearly—Egg-ina and accented upon the first syllable).

The water-supply of Athens should be fairly good, but as the conduits are open and the reservoir not very carefully guarded, it is subject to contamination. There is, therefore, a brisk sale for the water brought in barrels and large "stannas" or jugs, from Kaisariane and Marousi. The barrels are placed at convenient street-corners and are cooled also by evaporation. They are wrapped in thick blankets of straw matting, which is frequently soaked by the vender. The contents retail at five lepta, or a cent, for one or two glasses, as the purchaser may desire. These barrels are a great institution, for the Greek is essentially a water-drinker. He takes an occasional glass of wine or masticha, it is true, but water is the beverage which he really relishes. The vice of drunkenness is reduced to a minimum. It is not sufficiently rife to be worth preaching against. The water-barrels are filled mainly at Kaisariane, a deserted monastery a few miles



At the Zappeion. 5 P.M.

out of the city, on the slope of Mount Hy-mettus. Spiridon Loues, the young shepherd who won the foot-race from Marathon, at the Olympian Games in 1896, is the chief distributor of the Marousi water. This idyllic little town lies off toward Pentelicon, on the road to Kephissia and Tatoi, the King's summer residence. If you start for Marousi on a bicycle or on foot a little before sunrise on a summer's morning, you are sure to meet Loues and two or three of his men jogging city-ward through the violet-gray dawn, with mule-carts laden with huge red jars of porous earth, for the Athenian kitchens. Loues was given the privilege of selling this water as a reward for his victory in the great foot-race. His fellow-townsmen regard him as a modern Pheidippides, and they have shown their appreciation of the honor which he has brought to Marousi.

But all this is apropos of the statement that there are "elements of coolness" in the Athenian climate. In the afternoon, as soon as the sun has sunk behind the houses and distant mountains, and the long shadows begin to creep across the town, the leisure classes stroll into Constitution Square, or onto the little plateau of the Zappeion, to show their fine feathers, to listen to the music of the military bands, and to converse. At these hours there is a liberal consumption of Turkish sweets and of French and Italian ices.

The greatest hospitality prevails, but reciprocal and endless treating is practically unknown. If you sit down at a table preempted by an acquaintance, you are his guest, and it is contrary to etiquette to offer him anything.

There are no fustanellas at these public

gatherings nor does one see the picturesque head-dress and jacket worn of old time by the women. Fashionable Greeks get their idea of dress from Paris. The

women patronize French modistes largely or bring their gowns from the French capital. They dress gayly, for the most part, as do most southern races, affecting such bright colors as red and yellow. In summer the numerous officers wear white from head to foot, relieved only by the gold tassels of their sword-handle, or the bits of color in their chevrons.

There are two principal squares in Athens, at either end of Stadion Street. Omonia or Concord Square is much loved by the common folk, the Place of the Constitution being the fashionable rendezvous.

The King's palace, a clumsy, ugly, barracks-like structure, belonging to the heirs of King Otho, looks down upon Constitution Square from a slight eminence, and the leading hotels of the town surround it

upon the other three sides. The building for several years occupied by the Crown Prince Constantine, as a residence, and as the chief bureau of the Olympian Games is also here. It has been recently converted into a brasserie, for Constantine has at last moved into his beautiful new house, back of the King's gardens—a more suitable home for his consort, the sister of William of Germany.

The view from the Zappeion, the building in which the permanent industrial exposition of Greece is housed, is the most entrancing in Athens. Sitting there at sundown sipping his black coffee, the modern Greek beholds enough of present beauty and departed glory to make him both very proud and very sad. Immediately before him is a garden of palms and flowers over-



A Major of the Greek Army.

## MARBLE WORKERS AT THE STADION.



This is right in front of the Stadium. The Acropolis in distance—also Stadion Bridge.

looked by marble statues of the two brothers who built the Zappeion and after whom it is named. A broad flight of marble steps leads down to a lower level, where are the remains of a Roman Gymnasium and a fair specimen of mosaic flooring. Farther away are the imposing pillars of the great temple of Zeus, not revered by scholars as an expression of the genuine Greek spirit, yet none the less the majestic ruins of the house of a dead god. Like tall chieftains, the columns are gathered there in lionesse, mak-

ing their last stand against the onswarming years. One that has fallen recently, lies as straight as though it had received its death-wound and lain calmly down to die. These columns are fifty-five feet in height (about) and six and a half in diameter, and at their base enterprising Greeks have set out puny tables whereon coffee is served and the inevitable loukoumi. One is tempted to compare these puny merchants with the men who built the Olympion and to comment in this connection on the degeneracy of the

modern Greeks. But this is not fair. In the time of Persistratus, who founded the temple, and in the days of Hadrian, who finished it, there were doubtless individuals whose minds would have fitted very nicely into a coffee-cup. Men of dwindled souls have existed in all ages of the world. The modern Athenians do not build temples to Zeus, but they are trying to found schools and an untrammelled press, and they are giving more money, *per capita*, than any people in the world to public libraries, hospitals, reformatory institutions, etc. Very recently the munificence of George Aberoff, the new Herodes Atticus, caused the sound of hammer and chisel to be heard again in the Stadium after a lapse of nearly twenty centuries. This act of liberality attracted the attention of the civilized world, yet it was but one example of a long series of bequests and donations on the part of wealthy Greeks to the city of Athens, and to Greece in general.

If, as we sit there in the shadow of the Zappeion, we raise our eyes a little, looking through and beyond the columns of the Olympiion, we behold the sea gleaming beyond the Attic plain and, farther away, Ægina floating in a purple haze. The abrupt wall of the Acropolis rises at our right, some distance away, and the slopes of Hymettus are within view at our left. It will pay us to keep our eyes fixed upon the slopes of Hymettus just as the sun is going down. During the few moments immediately following the disappearance of that luminary the sides of the mountain are bathed in a deep, soft, yet quite vivid violet hue. This is the most transporting, most poetic spectacle on earth—the far-famed transfiguration of Hymettus. The mountain is wrapped in the atmosphere of happy dreams: it appears unreal because it has become too beautiful for this latter-day world. It was a fitting apparition, perhaps, in that golden age when the love of beauty was man's religion, but it looks lonely and strange now. No painter can paint it, no words can tell it. The man

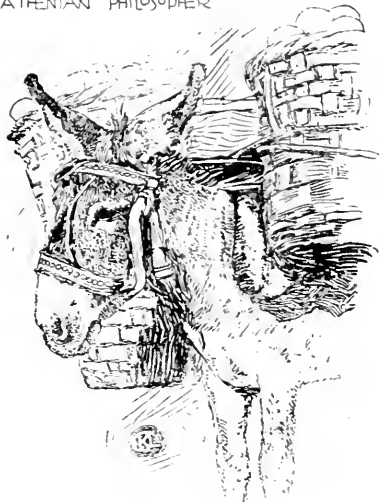
who has once lived within sight of Hymettus cherishes to his dying day the intention to return and live there again. The poet or the dreamer who has looked but once upon that violet glow is homesick for it ever after. It is the light of the soul's desire, the light of utter loveliness, of lost years, of unforgotten loves and songs unsung.

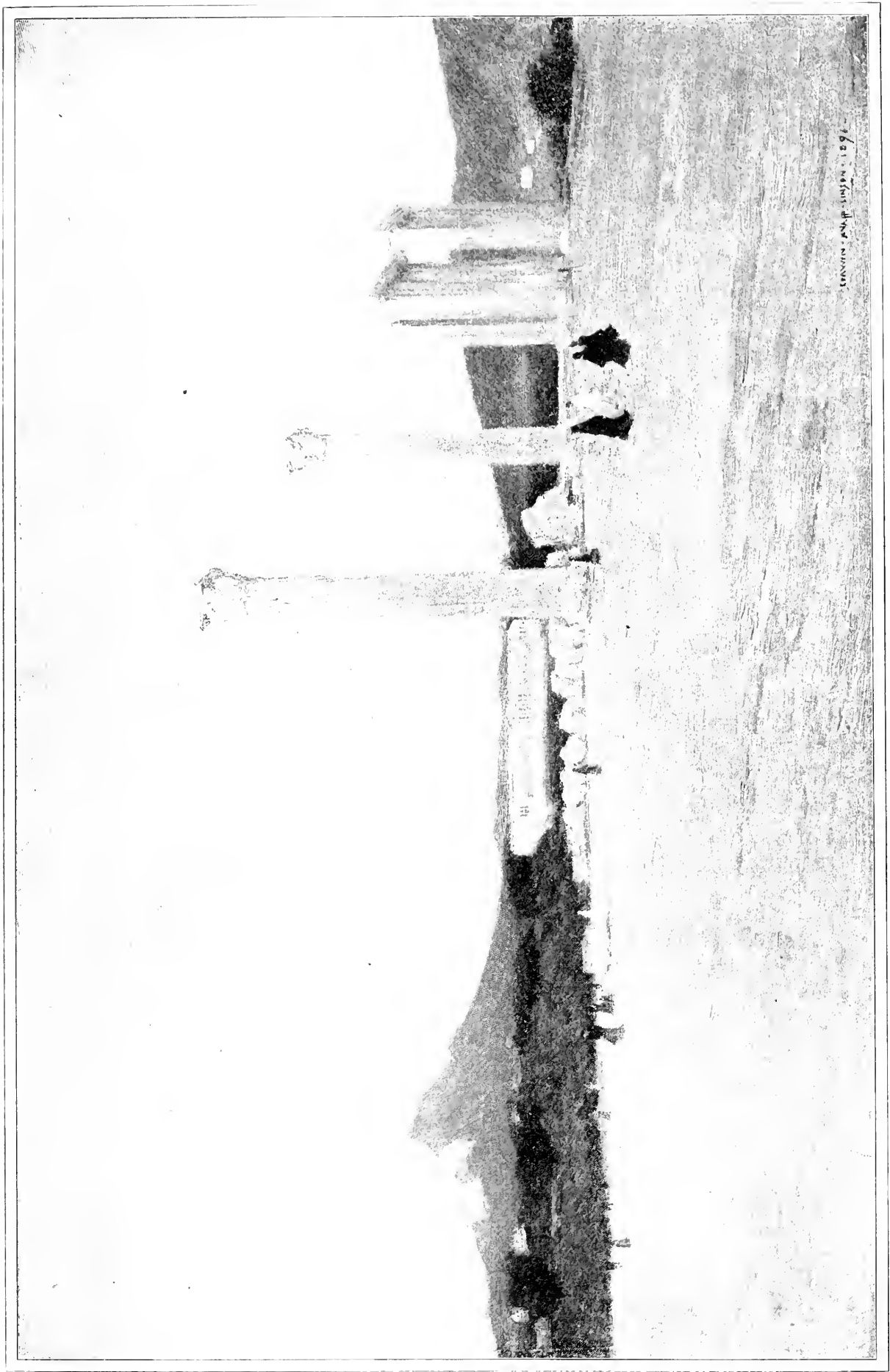
It is a glorious sight, too, to see the full moon rise from behind Hymettus, large as a votive shield. The mountain's familiar outline is sketched sharply against the sky as with one long sweep of a god's pencil and the white houses of the beautiful city creep into the pale glow, street after street. It is no wonder the old Greeks worshipped the moon, for she is the most wonderful in Greece. Her splendor does not seem borrowed there, but has sway and character. And when that great orb is floating serenely above Hymettus, kissing tenderly the shafts of ancient temples, piercing the darkness between the pillars of the Parthe-

non, and rubbing the breath of night from the silvery mirror of the sea, one knows that he is indeed in Athens, the only eternal city. Even the driest professional archæologist feels the presence of mighty ghosts when he walks by full moonlight among the ruins of the Acropolis.

The sojourner in summer Athens who understands the modern vernacular fairly well, will derive extraordinary pleasure from visiting the open-air theatres, for the Athenian of to-day, like the Greeks of twenty centuries ago, considers the sky a sufficient roof for his play-house. But the analogy does not extend much farther. The old Greek went to the theatre in the daytime, sat patiently for hours upon a bank of earth, a wooden slab, or, later, upon a marble seat. He listened to the plays of Phrynichos and Æschylus, of Aristophanes and Mænan-der, in the broiling sun, with the actual sea, the olive-groves and the distant islands for scenery and drop-curtain. The modern Athenian, as we have seen, goes to the theatre very late at night. He takes his place in an enclosure, roofed over by the sky, it is

AN ATHENIAN PHILOSOPHER

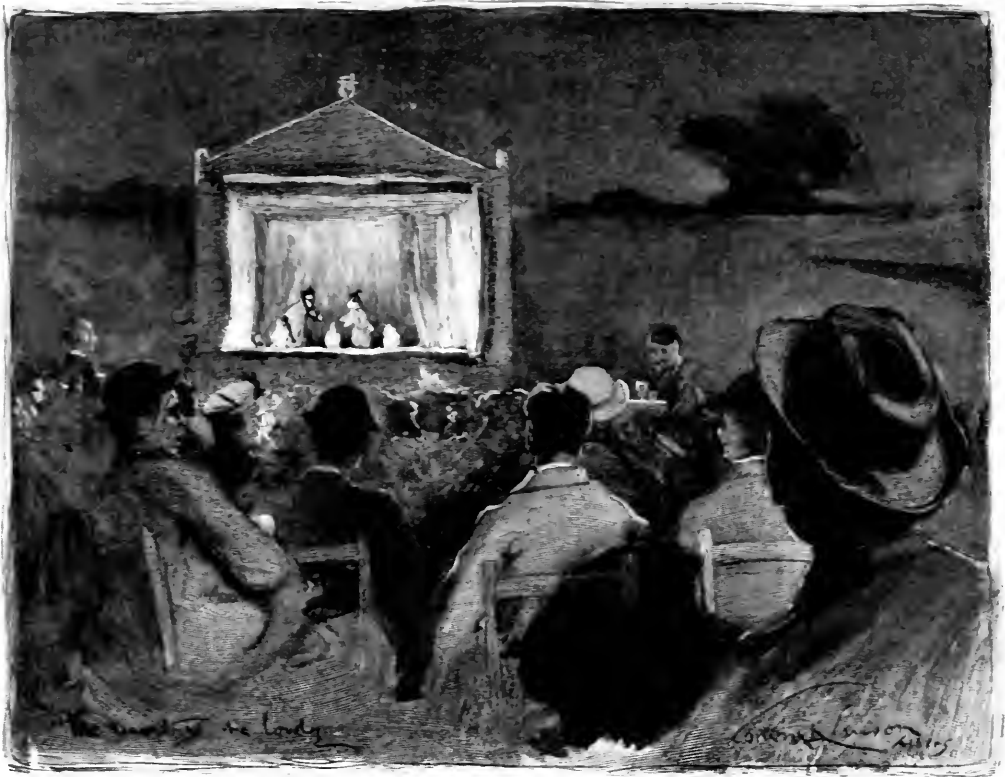




*Drawn by C. K. Linson.*

*A Sunset.*





The Resort of the Lowly—Marionettes.

true, but furnished with modern footlights and painted scenery. The long dry season renders the open-air theatre quite practicable, and it is much more comfortable to sit at night under the cool sky than in a hot room. The worst menace to enjoyment is the immemorial flea, but the natives have become accustomed to him. They even bring numerous little dogs to the theatre with them, and these animals are running around continually among the legs of the spectators, dropping off whole colonies of fleas—and your flea is a most enthusiastic expansionist. But this matter of insects is

purely a question of acclimatization. After one has lived for some time in a tropic land he is lonely without them.

On one occasion, at least, I have seen the Greek prove true to his traditions. The ancient audience, when listening to a long contest between two or more of its great dramatists, must have been forgetful of heat and of cold. I doubt if a shower

would have driven it away just before the tremendous climax in the *Agamemnon*. Once it began to rain while I was attending an interpretation by Paraskevopoulou of the "*Medea*," done into modern Greek from a French play founded upon the ancient legend. It continued to rain, and not a soul moved. It poured, and not a seat was deserted. Finally the actress advanced to the footlights and asked, familiarly, in the vulgarest vernacular possible: "Βρέχει' διὰ τὶ δὲν κόβετε λάσπι; "It's raining; why don't you take French leave?" And a great shout went up: "Go on, go on, never mind the rain." The delicacy and force of this tribute is the better understood when one reflects that the stage in such theatres is covered. The performance was finished despite the rain.

Evangelia Paraskevopoulou is known in Greece as the "Athenian Sarah Bernhardt." She is a remarkable example of the power of genius to lift one up out of the slough of poverty and ignorance. Her origin was very humble, and she has never had the advantages of an education, yet she plays to crowded houses wherever enough Greeks can be got together to make up an audience—in Athens, Greece, Egypt or Roumania. The only other



Athenian tragic actress who has dared to dispute supremacy with her is Aikaterina Verone. Strangely enough neither of these women is beautiful. There has been considerable talk among wealthy Greeks of bringing Paraskevopoulou to America, and of starring her with an English-speaking company. She would play in Greek, as the elder Salvini did in Italian, the remainder of the company using English. She would be able to give a good account of herself.

A great comic actor who is seen every year in Athens is E. Pantopoulos. It would be hard to find a living Greek who has not heard of him, or a public idol anywhere whose fame is more thoroughly scattered among his own countrymen. Pantopoulos studies principally the costumes, character, and dialects of the queer old island farmers, whom he reproduces upon the mimic stage with absolute fidelity. He does not "act." Art is forgotten in his case, for it is swallowed up in nature. He actually becomes for the time being the character written down in the play. There is not a false tone, accent, or gesture, and his audience, many of whom are of rustic origin or who have at least lived in the country, enjoy to the utmost his excruciating mimicry.

Nor must I forget in this connection to pay tribute to the abilities of N. Pezodromos, Paraskevopoulou's leading man, and to the sturdy merit of Kyrios Leskatsas, who draws good houses to Hamlet and Iago, produced in excellent translation. It may not be uninteresting to note that modern Greek is a very suitable dress for Shakespearian thought, and, when rightly handled, meets all the emergencies of translation. It is probable that the modern Greeks have a better idea of our master poet than any other foreign nation. They quote him with surprising frequency, and they roll off from memory such pompous periods as "*Μεγάλοι, παντοδύναμοι καὶ σεβαστοὶ αἰθένται*" (Most potent, grave and reverend seniors), in a manner which leaves no doubt that they have gotten a glimpse at the real "Bard of Avon."

But the chief attractions at the summer theatres are the genuinely Greek plays, and four or five of these seem to have taken a permanent hold upon public favor. The Athenians never tire of going to see "Maroula's Luck," "The Victory of

Leonidas," "Captain Yakomes," "The Shepherdess's Lover," "A Little of Everything."

Several of these comedies possess considerable literary merit, and are worthy of being translated into English. "Maroula's Luck," the most famous of them all, is the work of Demetrius Koromelas. The characters are all servants in a great house and Maroula, the laundress, is the heroine. She is in love with the dashing coachman and does not reciprocate the affections of the more worthy, but less showy, cook. Maroula's father, a quaint old farmer, appears on the scene bringing to Athens one of those antique gems which are sometimes picked up in the Greek vineyards. The coachman, thinking the stone of value, becomes attentive to Maroula, but jilts her when an unscrupulous lapidary pronounces it worthless. Finally it is discovered that the gem is worth a small fortune, and the coachman renews his suit, but is rejected by the pretty laundress, whose heart has at last yielded to the cook's patient devotion. The dialogue is bright and natural, and many musical lyrics are scattered through it.

The "Shepherdess's Lover" is an idyllic drama of considerable beauty. A wealthy shepherd has remained single because of an early disappointment in love. After many years he meets the object of his youthful affections and does not recognize her. She persuades her daughter to become his fiancée and he consents, because the girl reminds him of the mother, as he remembers her. But he confesses one day that his heart is still true to its early idol. He recognizes the mother at last from her voice, singing a song of their childhood, and all comes right. The rich suitor marries the mother and helps the daughter to wed the young shepherd for whom she had in reality been pining. The scene is laid in a mountain village and the details are essentially Greek, such as the dance of the shepherds, the roasting of the lambs, the preparation of the marriage-wreaths. The daughter, moreover, accepts the husband selected by her mother with a docility which would not be convincing to an American audience.

Admission to the theatres ranges from fifty lepta to two drachmas. The principal playhouses are the National Theatre, a fine

building recently completed, in which only original Greek works will be produced; the Theatre Syngros, the Polytheama, the Omonia, the Tsocha and the Athenaion. The three first named are "winter theatres," and the new National at least is a building of which the city may well be proud. It is under the patronage of the government, and it is said that the King contributed liberally toward its erection.

But not everybody in Athens is able to pay even so small a sum as fifty lepta (about six cents) for entertainment, and there are numerous small theatres where the admission is cheaper. There are also the travelling companies, usually consisting of singing or dancing families, who perform from cheap booths frequently erected by themselves, and who pass the hat or tambourine between the acts.

The pantomime is in high favor with Hoi polloi, a successful piece sometimes running for several consecutive weeks. Thus the humorous and complicated adventures of "The Two Sergeants" never fail to draw a paying house, and, since the war with Turkey, "The Battle of Velestino" has been in steady demand. This is a very noisy, patriotic spectacle, whose chief character is an actor made up to represent General Smolenski, the hero of the one battle in which the Greeks really scored. During the performance mimic shells burst upon the stage with a tremendous uproar, and the harmless pieces, flying among the audience, cause the wildest excitement. This pantomime, like all others, is acted to monotonous, drawling music. As originally produced, the Greek flag was unfurled in the finale and the national hymn was played, whereupon the entire audience rose and saluted: but this last feature was discontinued through official edict as an undignified use of the hymn and the flag.

This brief account of the Athenian stage would be quite incomplete without mention of the marionettes and the shadow-plays. In the case of the last named, moving silhouettes, thrown upon a screen, take the place of actors, and the lines are spoken by a hidden ventriloquist.

Our old friends Punch and Judy need no description. Suffice to say that the Evil One is held in wholesome respect in Athens and the *lèse majesté* of bringing him before the footlights is never attempted. His

lines are spoken by a Turk—devil enough for any Greek audience.

So at the regular theatre of marionettes, which is enclosed, and dignified by an admission fee (usually one cent), the villain is always a Turk. Comedy figures but little in the repertoire of the marionettes. They dance, topple, and jerk about in the stormy passions of princes, warriors, and great ladies, and squeak or growl interminable speeches in stilted Greek. And what an appreciative audience that is! When the Christian maiden is carried off by the naughty Turk, all the servant-girls present—Aspasia, Paraskeve, Maria, Anthoula—groan and sob, and the bootblacks and market-boys hurl curses at the Turk with open palms. When the villain at last meets his just deserts—and you may be sure that he is tremendously lambasted at the end—the joy of the audience is tumultuous.

The walls of Athens are liberally papered with theatrical announcements, and the foreigner who can read the language at all is agreeably surprised to see the names of plays that have long been stand-byes on the English stage, transliterated in giant characters side by side with those of our latest successes—"The Two Orphans" hobnobbing with "Charley's Aunt" or "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows."

If I were asked to name the most typical amusement of the modern Athenian, I should say that it is connected with that love of nature which is, after all, his birthmark. In the outskirts of the city are numerous gardens, where the people gather and sit till late at night, eating and drinking, singing and talking. Fêtes of various outlying churches and monasteries occur also with bewildering frequency and give rise to many an all night celebration, when lambs are roasted whole and the modern Pyrrhic is danced by stout palikaria.

Nor is that sweet goddess Flora forgotten in these Christian times. On the afternoon before the 1st of May, the city's population scatters into the fields to gather wild flowers, which they make into wreaths. Returning home before sunrise, they hang a garland over each door, and there it remains, if no accident occurs, until May comes round again. Those who have not gone into the country to make their own wreaths buy them of the boys who carry them about the town threaded upon poles.

# A DAY TOGETHER

By Mary Tappan Wright



HE short street was empty but for the colored waiters hurrying to the Commons hard by, and the hands of the big clocks on the four faces of the tower were verging toward seven, with more or less unanimity—some a little ahead, some behind—but all speaking with one self-respecting tongue when they announced their decisions to the public.

The nice drab houses in their ample squares of grassy garden were beginning to awake; the neat, well-trained maids were opening the front doors to shake out their dusters, and the window-shades were being drawn up to the same height in all the down-stairs rooms.

An old gentleman came out upon the porch of one of these houses and, looking up at the even expanse of gray overhead, called back over his shoulder to someone inside. "I do not think it will rain," he said; "there is a patch of blue sky now. Not there! Here; come out and look along my stick."

A little, lame old lady in bonnet and cape stepped carefully down from the doorway and bent her head to the angle indicated.

"Can't you see it?" he asked, impatiently.

"If I had a magnifying-glass, or the spectacles I use for fine print, I think I might make it out. Yes, there it is! But no; that is one of the glass balls on the telephone wire."

He made some half-articulate sound between derision and vexation, and went down three or four of the wooden steps of the terrace.

The old lady followed him, and as he stopped for another weather report she came to his side. "I am coming," she said.

He looked down at her, apparently incredulous. "Impossible!"

"Why so? I want to go; we can turn back if it rains."

"Hurrah!" He threw his stick up in the air, and missed it when it came down.

His wife dodged. "You old goose!" She laughed, and taking his arm they started off together, like children out for a holiday.

They were going to the country, with a few friends, to pick May-flowers: a picnic! The absurdity, the delight, and the incongruity of it were almost intoxicating. Even the early hour had its exhilaration; they had not been up at seven o'clock in twenty years, and to-day was their wedding-day: twice twenty years ago! It did not seem possible—and as they swung along together Mrs. Winter forgot her aching foot, and the old Professor, at every step, knocked off six months of his age.

"If we catch this seven-ten car we shall have plenty of time," he said; "it cannot take us more than three-quarters of an hour to get to the city, and the train does not start until half-past eight. You won't mind waiting?"

"Waiting?" She looked up at him with a tender sort of mockery. "No; I began to acquire the habit early in life—forty years ago!"

He laughed joyously. "I shall never forget how your mother looked that morning. I was going through the east transept—you remember? That church was all set crooked."

She nodded and her face wore an expression of radiant interest, as if she were listening to the tale for the first instead of the fortieth time.

"Well; just as I was trying to get down the little side aisle and creep unobserved into the vestry—I never felt so like a criminal before—your mother met me. 'Mr. Winter,' she said, 'have you remembered the ring?' It was too much; my blood ran cold! I turned without a word and fled back to the hotel as if pursued by all the furies; more than half a mile, wasn't it?"

She nodded again, her eyes still fixed upon his.

"Connor came pounding behind. I rushed up-stairs, turned out my valise on the floor, ransacked the bureau-drawers,

looked under the bed and Connor did everything I did, right after me, like an idiot—he got married too the next week, didn't he? At last he said, 'Winter, I can't see what you have done with that ring. I could swear I saw you put it in your pocket; you were standing on the exact spot in the carpet where you are now.' 'Why, so I did!' I think I must have yelled at him, for he jumped a yard. Then I tore down the stairs again and he behind, shouting all the way to the church. 'But look for it, you damn fool! Look for it!' I wouldn't have looked for that ring if the whole thing had depended upon it. When we passed the big church door in the nave, there were you and your father in the vestibule, waiting. What did you think?—Hello! There are Connor and Millicent now! I wonder how Rosamond takes to having a step-mother? How repulsively spruce Connor looks!"

"Humph!" said Mrs. Winter. "There is nothing repulsively spruce about you."

"No, nor will there ever be," said Winter, tossing his lion-like white mane with an air of satisfaction.

Mrs. Winter paid no heed to this; she had suddenly become absent-minded. They were opposite the station where they were to take the electric-cars. Winter stepped over the gutter and offered to help her; she did not seem to see. "Julian," she said, looking at him with a puzzled wrinkle in her forehead, "what have you done with the luncheon?"

Involuntarily he clapped his hand on his vest pocket. "My dear, my dear," he cried, "how did I come to forget it? To tell the truth, when you made up your mind to go I was so glad that I never thought of anything else." Every feature of his face showed his dismay.

"It makes no difference," said his wife, "I can turn back with you."

"But there is not time—you cannot go fast enough; here is the car coming out now. No; I will run home, get the basket, take the other route to the city, and walk across. You keep on, this way. The Connors will see you through."

She was manifestly unwilling, but he was so urgent, and his disappointment was so heartfelt, that she gave way and allowed him to put her on the car, hurrying off before she had entered the door in order

to explain the situation to the Connors, who, late themselves, came in breathless, laden with luncheon and shawls.

Connor was a little, delicate man, with light-brown hair untouched by age, and an air of refined, even shrinking timidity that was not wholly deceptive; but he cultivated a smooth, savage irony that made his acquaintance a source of constant uneasy apprehension and rendered even his friendship a precarious pleasure. His new young wife, however, loved the whole world, Connor included, and while she always dutifully quoted her husband's opinions of others she invariably modified them; sometimes with the delightful statement that she rather preferred a fool to a wise man. "They get so ill-natured when they know too much," she explained; and her innocence filled the souls of her husband's victims with holy joy.

Mrs. Winter was glad to see them both. She had always been fond of Connor—he saved her a great deal of trouble in that he said the things she would have liked to say herself but did not dare; she also had a theory in regard to the Connors and was glad of an opportunity to verify it. "Connor is afraid of Millicent," she often declared to her husband, "almost as much afraid of her as you are of me, Julian!"

Julian would sniff contemptuously; he had not yet brought himself to pardon Connor for marrying again, neither could he pardon Connor's wife for marrying Connor—who was a contemporary of his own.

"Winter will miss the train; I told him he would. He is always trying to shave things a little too close!" said Connor. "Why, he was late at his own wedding!" He gave her a rapid, birdlike glance of friendly malice. "Shall you go on without him? You had better; Millicent has luncheon enough for ten."

"No, I shall turn back."

"You are wise; if it were not that I do not like to disappoint my wife in a matter of this kind——"

Millicent looked across him to Mrs. Winter and smiled. "Isn't it dear of him? He hates so to go out that it is a pity he is ever asked—and yet—how angry he would be if he wasn't asked!"

"If Julian only could have heard her he would never dare deny that she does

it on purpose," thought Mrs. Winter, smiling at Connor in open recognition of his discomfiture.

"Ah, well!" he said, taking a brazen revenge. "There is a certain duty we younger members of the Faculty owe to society. It is time we took our places and allowed the veterans, like you and Winter, to retire."

This from Connor, who was three years older than Julian! And Millicent looking at him affectionately, as if she believed it! Mrs. Winter recovered herself with difficulty. She hoped that, in her amazement, she had not dropped her under jaw. After all, what difference did it make? Connor was the best friend they had—he should be any age he chose to select; at the same time, it would be as well to let him know that she was not deceived. "When your father and Julian were boys together—" she said to him, smiling benevolently.

"What?" cried Connor. Mrs. Connor rippled forth in jubilant disrespect, and her husband glared at them both, a tempered glare, seen through amused affection. In his turn he could not help being fond of Mrs. Winter, but secretly he deplored the influence she had acquired with Millicent. "She'll put her up to all sorts of things," he complained to Winter one day.

"We shall have to combine against them," Winter had answered, unsympathetically.

"Oh, you! Mrs. Winter got you under her thumb the first week you were married, and has kept you there ever since!"

"Couldn't be in a better place," returned Winter, and then went treacherously and divulged the whole to his tyrant.

The car, which had bolted and hitched its way through the country streets after the manner of its kind, had reached the city and now began to take intervals of rest with a frequency that at last led Connor to examine his watch; he then rose and interviewed the conductor.

"There's a block somewhere," said that individual, absently continuing the double shuffle he was practising on the platform.

Connor went to the front. "Look here," he said to the motorman, "we've got to catch that eight-thirty train at the Terminal."

"So have we," said the motorman, with stony composure.

"What a 'bottled up' sort of an expression you have, William!" said Mrs. Connor, when her husband returned to his seat.

"Where is Rosamond?" asked Mrs. Winter, suddenly.

"Oh, she and Mr. Mendenhall walked in. They started early and will meet us—why, there they are now. William! Look, there are Rosamond and Mr. Mendenhall—oh! Call them!"

Connor rushed to one end of the car, Mrs. Connor to the other.

"Hi! Mendenhall!" shouted Connor with the full strength of his lungs, but the young man and woman strode on unheeding and the car began to move.

"Look here! There are some friends of mine who want to get on. Stop!"

"Can't," said the motorman.

"Oh—oh—Rosamond!" shrieked Mrs. Connor; Rosamond turned her head. The young man with her made a languid gesture to the conductor, and the car moved on slowly until it reached the next white post.

"Hurry! Hurry!" screamed Mrs. Connor. But the two on the sidewalk never hastened their pace; both in neat bicycle dress, they entered the car, calm and cool, while Mr. and Mrs. Connor were out of breath and slightly dishevelled. The other passengers were much interested.

"I think you are going to miss it, papa," said Rosamond, looking up at Connor, who had given her his seat and was hanging by the strap in front of her.

"Well, so are you!" said Connor, who frequently found Rosamond irritating.

"What train'r ye tryin' for?" asked a sociable person next her.

Connor looked down at him from the infinite height of five feet two inches; Mendenhall was apparently stone deaf; and Rosamond's flower-like color never fluctuated; but Mrs. Connor blushed and opened her mouth weakly to reply when the sociable person continued.

"Because if it's the eight-thirty you'd stand a better chance of making it if ye'd get right out here an' take the first herdic ye saw. There's one now! Here, stop the car!" The conductor, who had drawn



near to assist in the negotiation, now obligingly rang the bell.

"I am not going to get out," said Connor.

The conductor turned away with a fling, and rang again, twice, with murderous energy.

"It's yer best plan," insisted the friendly one. "You an' yer wife and yer two daughters could go inside an' this young man could sit with the driver; ye'd get there in no time!"

"I have never used a herdic," said Connor to Mendenhall, "and I never intend to."

"It's not so very expensive," said their new friend, persuasively.

Connor said something, fortunately inaudible, and Mendenhall went out on the front platform. The stranger looked from time to time at Rosamond; words were brimming on his lips, but Rosamond was of a freezing and discouraging prettiness,—she made him feel shabby and elderly; he tried to button up his coat and retrieve his self-respect, but, finding the top button gone, he gave up the struggle.

Time was passing; each clock they came to had gained ruthlessly on the clock of the square before. Nearly everybody got out; Connor achieved a stony composure so awful that even Rosamond dared not address him. Mendenhall returned, and, seating himself opposite his prospective father-in-law, studied his shoes with the provoking air of a man who feels that if things had been left to him he could have managed them better.

The last clock pointed to twenty-five minutes after eight; the station was two squares away.

"Get out an' run fer it!" coaxed the undaunted friendly one. "Ye know ye'd stand a better chance."

Connor looked inquiringly at his wife; she shook her head.

"Do not mind me," said Mrs. Winter, not sorry, after all—so she told herself—to celebrate her wedding-day: by her own fireside. In fact, she felt a little homesick already; sorrow and accident had combined to make her a recluse, and as the years accumulated it hurt, always, when she went out into the world. She turned her head to see where they were; just ahead of them an arched doorway,

with iron link holders at the sides, seemed familiar. "I think that, very likely, Julian came down this way," she said to Mrs. Connor, with a show of indifference.

Mrs. Connor jumped up and leaned toward the street. "William, we are passing the Folsom Building; we are near the station; we must watch for Mr. Winter!" she cried, vivaciously; but her eyes, strangely enough, were searching upward along the high mansard roof where a well-known firm of architects announced their business by a dingy, gilded sign. It took but a moment to find it; she seated herself with a guilty sidelong glance at her neighbor.

The old lady, apparently, had seen nothing; her eyes had turned back again to the entrance, but she was not watching for Julian.

Under that empty, grimy archway she pictured a young, bright figure waving a gay farewell; she saw the color in his cheeks, the dancing glee of his eyes, his smile that, no matter how dark the day, seemed to concentrate all the sunshine upon him. This vision had always remained with her, never fading; it was the last time they had seen him in health. Truly he had been the light of their eyes! It seemed but as yesterday since that light was quenched—it would always seem as yesterday.

Yes; she was quite sure that Julian would go down that way! "Very likely it will make him miss the train," she thought, with satisfaction.

And Julian had gone down that way! He had even run into the Folsom Building and astonished the elevator man by going to the top, walking along the hall, and then coming back again. The time this had taken had made him so nearly miss his train that he ran the whole length of the station as he saw it slowly moving out, and caught on at the back amid a general shout of warning and reprobation from the truckmen and railroad employés on the platform.

The party that he was in search of were not in the first car; so he passed through to the second, where they all greeted him with that hilarity which, even when they have it not, people think necessary to assume on picnic occasions. Winter's visit to the Folsom Building had put him out

of tune ; his friends were rather noisy, he thought, and he was glad Mrs. Winter had gone with the Connors in the next car ; he hoped she had not made a mistake in coming at all, and for a brief, fleeting second was inclined to wish that she had stayed at home.

" Could not Mrs. Winter and the Connors get a seat here ? " he asked.

" Why, they did not come ! "

" Certainly they came ! They started in ahead of me ! "

" They are none of them here, for I have been looking for them. "

" They must be in one of the front cars, " said Winter, positively. He marched through the forward cars, then came back and made his way again through the back one ; there was no sign of Mrs. Winter, or of the Connors.

" They have missed it ! " he said, looking very rueful. " I would not have had this happen for worlds. I must go back at the first stopping ! "

" They will come on later, " someone said, with an attempt at consolation.

" I know she will not—it was all I could do to get her started when I was there to take care of her, " said Winter, decidedly, and turning his back on them he looked out of the window and drummed on the glass like a disappointed school-boy. He would have got out at the first station and turned homeward if the train had not been an express, which was fortunate, because when they reached their destination a telegram from Connor explained the delay and said that they would all start an hour and a half later ; Mrs. Winter with them.

Winter felt a pang of reproach. " I ought to have known that she would come—to-day ! " he murmured to himself ; but he still felt uneasy. " Connor is all very well, " he mentioned to one or two of the men, " but Mrs. Winter really ought not to be left alone ! "

They had some difficulty in persuading him that it was not his duty to remain at the station until she came, but finally he went off with the rest, leaving careful instructions with another coachman, who was to bring the belated party in a barge, and to meet them at a certain cross-roads on the other side of the town. As they drove through the hazy woods, where the trees were beginning to feather and the

swelling buds were making the distance purple, Winter's restless anxiety began to abate ; and once, when they had reached a hill-top, and saw, not far away, a dark stretch of blue, he felt the old sea-longing begin to rise within him. It looked cold and free, hard and adventurous. Out there with the white caps all over it, grinning challenges in the sun. Winter sprang up and, tearing off his hat, sent forth a great shout of defiance ; the fresh wind blew back his thick, curling white hair, and the bright color mounting to his cheeks made his keen, brilliant eyes resplendent. Involuntarily two of the men glanced at each other : how like Tom he was just then ! But Winter sat down with a whimsical shrug of his shoulders ; he remembered all at once that he was getting old ! It was not often he thought of it. If Tom had been here they would have hired a boat and started out together. And a vision of the young, strong hand on the tiller, the level-looking, clear young eyes, and the straight, splendid young figure came to him also as it had to the other two. " One is never old who has a son—like Tom ! " he thought, and his clouding face cleared and softened—it always did when he thought of Tom.

And here was Benson, who had taught the boy mathematics ! And Fuller, who had first encouraged him to draw ! Milman there, singing a comic song out of tune on the back seat—how he had cried and run away without speaking that morning when he came for news and learned the worst. Ah, it was good to be out in the open air ! The wheels of life suddenly ran smooth, and the jar of the morning's disappointment ceased to irritate him with his kind. Milman might be as funny as he chose—in fact Milman was funny, delightfully funny. For how many years had they all jogged on together, guying each other, finding fault with each other, occasionally quarrelling with each other, and yet loving each other ! How strong were these tried old friendships ! How close were these well-knit ties ! He even found himself forgiving Connor for marrying Millicent Howard.

They came at last to the rendezvous, and stopped at the entrance of a wood near the crossroads. They were planning to go in search of May-flowers while they

waited for the others : " Mrs. Winter and the young Connors," Milman said. Winter smiled, absently ; his thoughts were still turned wistfully backward, and he wanted to be alone with the beloved past ; he wandered away from the rest and mounted a little hill, gathering the arbutus as he went. When he reached the top, he found that the wood-cutters had been there before him ; he looked about the clearing with awakened interest, and then began pacing off the ground. There was no uncertainty in his movements ; so many feet, he walked to the south and paused to get the view ; so many feet, he paced it at right angles, toward that shivering row of snow-white birch through which came the glimpse of the sea. He was building a house and knew precisely where to place it ; he and Tom and Tom's mother had planned it, more or less, all their lives. Winter remembered clearly every dimension, and at every beautiful prospect erected it anew ; they did not want it now—the ground would never be broken for that house !

The hungry party, reassembling for luncheon below him at the foot of the hill, looked up and laughed when they noted his occupation ; but Winter never heeded ; he went on pacing. Here should be the windows of his wife's sitting-room ; here, his own study ; there, a broad veranda that would look out over that line of ocean where on the one side the thin growth of birch made the blue seem bluer, and, on the other, that tall elm arched up against the sky. Toward the back you looked over rows of hills, where the sun would set nightly at the end of long glades of woodland. And as Winter planned it all, even to the front door and the kitchen-porch, Tom kept pace with him at every step. Together they wrangled over each one of Winter's suggestions and amendments ; they waxed especially bitter about the removal of that maple by the corner of the veranda ; Winter laughed softly as he pictured Tom's whimsical arguments and beloved prejudices ; he even demanded of him how under the sun he came by such an inheritance of hot-headed obstinacy ! Then, in answer to the repeated calls from the rest, he went down, smiling.

When they were left behind, the Connors, finding that they had an hour and a

half to spare, started to do a few errands in the city ; Mendenhall and Rosamond, after repeated and embarrassingly distinct declarations as to the stuffiness of the waiting-room, went out to take another " constitutional "—their engagement was one of the peripatetic kind ; but Mrs. Winter, hampered by her lameness, assured them that she should buy a novel and spend the time pleasantly where she was. She found this very difficult to do ; something seemed to be drawing her toward that tall building a few blocks up the street, until finally, slowly and laboriously—for she always walked with pain—she undertook the journey. Helped at the crossing by a stalwart policeman, and escorted once when she missed her way by a tiny bootblack, she reached her goal in safety.

The years had made very little change there ! The same old leather-cushions covered the seats in the elevator, and she knew quite well that the same old man was running the machine, for he nodded to her gravely and called her by name. She blushed guiltily, but the old fellow looked quite unconscious and forebore to tell her that her husband had been in about half an hour before.

Up, up she went, till she came to the hall at the top of the house, then slowly she limped to the window at the end and looked out over the roofs and across the long rows of tile and chimney to the line of hills on the far horizon. Tom had sketched it for her the first year he had gone there.

With a sigh, she turned back, but as she passed the door that led to the old offices somebody opened it ; she hesitated, glancing in longingly, glad of what appeared a happy accident, and unconscious that, as the senior partner looked at his junior, something unexpectedly reddened the rims of his eyes. For the old elevator man with silent slippers had glided along the hall behind her and whispered, as he opened a crack. " Set the door wide when Mrs. Winter comes back, sir ; she would like to see where he used to work." Then he took her down with an imperturbed countenance and bade her good-morning with stony impassibility.

Mrs. Winter reached the station before the Connors returned and sat down to cut the leaves of a new magazine. She always looked through the magazines first, to see

which of Tom's contemporaries had been contributing—she judged them all according to Tom's likes; and as for his dislikes—they never wrote anything worth reading! And the Connors, when they came back, had no suspicion that she had been away.

"I am very much afraid," said Mrs. Winter, when the five had taken their seats on the train, "that Julian will return and that we shall pass each other."

"Fortunately it was an express," said Connor, "or that would have been exactly what would have happened. Milman has telegraphed that they would meet us at the cross-roads."

"What cross-roads?" asked Mendenhall.

"If there had been more than one, I suppose they would have specified," said Connor.

Mendenhall, who sometimes felt an imperative need for self-assertion, began to argue in a hectoring, dictatorial tone as to how likely they were to miss the other party and how inadequate a direction the mere word "cross-roads" was; he spoke as if he thought that Connor had invented the expression. Mrs. Winter listened, thinking of the affectionate courtesy with which Tom had always treated Connor. "If Tom had married Millicent," her thoughts ran on, "what relation would he have been to Connor?" And then, overcome by the absurdity of the speculation, she laughed to herself. Millicent saw it.

"What is it?" she said.

"I was thinking of Tom," said Mrs. Winter.

"So was I," said Millicent.

When they came to the station at the little seaside town, and the driver who met them seemed uncertain as to the location of the cross-roads, Mendenhall triumphed discreetly.

They drove off, full of doubts and misgivings; and at every road that crossed another they inquired anxiously for their friends; it began to grow late; they found, also, that their friends had been searching with equal futility for them, and, finally, hungry and tired, they stopped for luncheon at what they considered an unpromising cross-roads, deep in the woods.

It was not revealed to them that, losing patience, the others had moved, a couple

of miles farther on, and were waiting at the outlet of the same wood, where another road met the main one.

When they had finished their luncheon Rosamond and Mendenhall climbed down from the carriage.

"If we want any May-flowers," said Mrs. Connor, undecidedly, "I suppose we had better look for them here."

"If you mean arbutus—" began Mendenhall.

"She does not!" snapped Connor, who had not yet left the carriage.

"Since we came out for arbutus," said Rosamond, "it is rather inconsistent not to try and find some. For my part, I think that not doing the thing one has proposed to do always argues weakness of character!"

"You may think differently," said Connor, "when you have developed a little more strength of inclination; for the present, your shoe-strings are just as important to you as your soul!"

Mendenhall looked shocked.

"William, help Mrs. Winter—she wants to get out," called Millicent.

Connor sprang over the wheel and gave his old friend his hand, but she leaned a little heavily on his shoulder instead, and as her face came opposite his she half smiled and shook her head.

"I cannot help it!" muttered Connor. "How she ever came to be a child of mine——"

"William! Oh, William! I am going to fall!" called Millicent.

Connor set Mrs. Winter down hastily and turned and caught his wife, who nearly knocked him over as she threw herself into his arms. "Do take care," she whispered; "Rosamond will hear!"

"Good thing if she did!" returned Connor, fiercely. "I am not going to have Mendenhall's milk-and-water moralizing measured out to me——"

"There! There! You are getting aliterative—you always do when you lose your temper. Say something in p's and t's to change the current of your thoughts."

Connor laughed.

To Mrs. Winter it almost sounded impertinent to hear Millicent speak in that way to Connor, and yet it did her good to hear the thrill of happiness and renewed youth in his voice.

And Millicent too—on the whole, Mrs. Winter was glad that they had married, but it made her feel a little more lonely, more like getting off by herself. Unconsciously she had counted on Millicent—it was unreasonable—but——

“We are going to walk down the road,” said Connor. “Will you come with us?”

“No,” she said; “I am going to climb this little hill; I think I shall find a view from the top.”

Connor hesitated, but Millicent twitched his sleeve. “Can you not see that she wants to be by herself?” she whispered, as they turned away together.

“I thought women never wanted to be by themselves,” said Connor.

Mendenhall and Rosamond had already disappeared and Mrs. Winter climbed as slowly and stopped as often as she chose without fear of their comment. They had already dilated, during the drive, on the criminal self-indulgence of rheumatism, and the culpable inertia of increasing weight; they had advised her to go to a gymnasium, leave off coffee and beef, and always look at her toes when she walked! Old age itself, she felt, was an unpardonable crime. What miles she used to tramp with Tom! He always made her feel that she was younger than he—and then with apparent irrelevance she thought of Rosamond and whispered, “Poor Connor!”

It was some time before she reached the top of the hill, and the slow climb gave her ample leisure to see that it was cleared almost as if someone meant to build there. “If Julian saw that,” she murmured, “he would begin measuring it off for our country house at once! It is the very thing he would like, with the elm and those birches against the water. That tall maple would make a charming shade for the veranda. Julian would say that it made the house damp; but with all this sun that would be impossible. Tom would never have consented to cutting it down, and neither shall I. It would be pleasant to make the entrance here,” she said, and, having constructed a veranda from a felled birch, she sat down upon it, defying Rosamond and Mendenhall and rheumatism and old age and all the unpleasant things in life at once, while her eyes wandered to the broad blue streak of color between the white trunks of the birches.

What though the long years of married life which lay behind them were clouded by many a grief and checkered by many a care, had they not also been the pathway of an infinite happiness?

And though they two fared the downward slope alone, they still were infinitely rich in that which once they had possessed; for the grace and strength of that young unfinished life, broken before the touch of time had come to mar the spotlessness of its perfection, had endowed them both with youth eternal, in that half their days on earth they walked with the blessed dead in heaven, and old age passed softly by the immortal sanctuary of their hearts.

Mrs. Winter sighed and withdrew her eyes from the horizon. Close against her knee leaned a little sapling of young maple, lifting, almost confidently, a bunch of red-bronzed leaves toward her face. The old lady’s lips quivered; she gathered the spray tenderly, almost reverently; it was like a message; every spring, for years, Tom had gone into the woods and brought her home a branch like this. Then she rose, with difficulty, for, after all, the birch-tree was very close to the ground.

She heard Connor’s voice at the foot of the hill; he was instructing his wife as to the proper method of plucking May-flowers. “Don’t leave a leaf,” he called.

It reminded Mrs. Winter of the duties of the moment. “How I hate picking flowers!” she murmured. “It is so troublesome to stoop; but,” her face brightened, “there are none here!” She bent over and examined the ground. “Someone has been here already; perhaps Julian; at any rate, he will have gathered me all I want,” and with this excuse for laziness, she slowly climbed down the hill again.

Rosamond and Mendenhall stood with their arms full of pink bloom. “I do not think that we have left one,” said Rosamond.

“You see we went to work systematically,” said Mendenhall, “and we have not wasted a moment of time.”

Connor came up with a neat, compact bunch of flowers, which he presented to Millicent, who, adding them to her own, upon which she had left all the green she dared, offered the whole to Mrs. Winter; but Mrs. Winter declined. “I have what

"I want," she said, smilingly, lifting her spray of maple. Millicent turned away her head.

Then they summoned the bored driver from his aimless wanderings up and down the road, and climbed into the "barge" again; he drove reluctantly to the other cross-roads, where they waited and hallooed to the friends who had skirted the woods and driven back to the spot which they just had left! Thus, for the rest of the afternoon, they pursued each other—a gigantic game of hide-and-seek—to the amusement and delight of the farmers, who were scattering the steaming manure over their fields in preparation for an early spring planting. At last, as it was impossible to wait longer, Connor gave the orders for their return to town.

"It is really a shame, Mrs. Winter, that you haven't a single May-flower!" he said, irritably, eying the large bouquets which Rosamond and Mendenhall held, tranquil and undisturbed in the benevolent consciousness that they meant to present them to a hospital where Mendenhall hoped for an appointment. "They will get on in the world," Connor whispered to his wife. "I feel perfectly safe in letting Mendenhall have her. They will always look out for themselves—and nobody else! Ah!" he said aloud. "There is Winter."

They had come into the village. Leaning against a lamp-post at the entrance of a small triangle of park stood Winter, picturesque as usual, his hat on the back of his head, and his great curling mane of white hair tumbled boyishly about his face.

"Winter," said Connor, suddenly, "is the handsomest man I ever knew. And by George! I believe he knows it!" he added under his breath.

Mrs. Winter made no reply to this ill-natured speech; she was smiling at Winter and winking a little to shed the moisture from her eyes, for he held in his hand a radiant bunch of May-flowers, before which Rosamond's and Mendenhall's charitable provision dwindled to utter insignificance, and in the button-hole of his coat drooped sadly a little tuft of early maple. He stepped forward into the road, and, climbing into the back of the barge, laid the bouquet in his wife's lap without a word.

"I knew you would!" she said.

"Ah, what a pity that your day has been spoiled, Mr. Winter!" said Rosamond.

"Spoiled?" said Winter, looking at her as if he could not comprehend. "Why, it has been a delightful day!"

When they arrived at the station Rosamond and Mendenhall walked off together down the platform. "Do you suppose," said Rosamond, "that the time will come when you can remain away from me in that way, a whole day that you had meant to spend with me, and say at the end that it has been delightful?"

"Incredible!" said Mendenhall, "and did you notice that Mrs. Winter has hardly once mentioned her husband, much less expressed a word of regret?"

"I don't believe they care for each other," said Rosamond, finally; "she has always impressed me as a hard-hearted woman!" And then, the train coming up, the two got into a back seat and talked about the proper management of a small income and the best methods by which you might keep your footing in society if you are unable to entertain.

Winter and his wife scarcely spoke. Through the window of the car they watched the setting sun as the swift motion of the train caused it to seem to roll along the tops of the hills and leap from height to height across the valleys like a golden ball. At times, in some still pool, they could see it reflected through the black branches of the trees, until at last it left them, and all the meadows were bathed in purple twilight and the broad stretches of sea reflected the golden and rose-colored tints of the sky; and as they noted each tint and marked each mass of color, an unseen presence hovered between them; every shadow on the hillside they saw with Tom's eyes, and every stretch of sea they thought of as he might reproduce it.

"There was a very pretty place," said Mrs. Winter, gently; "up on top of one of the hills."

"Yes," said Julian, "where I built the house."

"With the porch looking out to the sea?"

"And your sitting-room turned toward the sunset."

"I hope you didn't cut down that maple."



Winter laughed. "It ought to be cut," he declared, earnestly. "It will shade the roof and make the house damp."

"I will not have it felled!" she cried.

"Let it stand, then," he said, gently. "Let it stand. I cannot run counter to both of you!"

They rode on in silence. "Julian," said Mrs. Winter, at last, "while we were waiting for the train this morning——"

"I know what you did. You went up into the Folsom Building."

"Had you been there?" she asked.

"Yes; it made me almost late for the train."

"I was almost sure you would go."

"After all," said Winter, "it is just as well we missed each other."

"Yes," she answered; "we have really been less separated."

"I wonder," said Winter, abruptly, "if Millicent would have married Tom?"

"She makes Connor very happy," said Mrs. Winter, thoughtfully, "and she—she is not unhappy herself—now. I do not know but that I am glad she did it."

Winter sighed; his wife's delicate reticence had answered his question. "I am not sorry she did it; there is Connor to be considered, you know," he said. "What luck that fellow always has had," he added, irritably.

Mrs. Winter turned away her head and laughed with the sparks that flew by in the twilight. She wanted to condole with Winter on account of her own longevity, but she did not dare. Winter never saw anything amusing in witticisms of that description.

It was quite dark when the train rumbled into the city; the tired party stood together making their last farewells at the entrance of the station. Connor and Millicent left them to catch a car; but Winter, declaring that his wife had had enough of cars for one day, had called a carriage, and Rosamond and Mendenhall, who had virtuously announced their intention of walking home, were waiting to see them off.

"It has been dreadful that you have been separated all day," persisted Rosamond, in her small, perfunctory tones, determined to force a word of decent regret from these refractory old people.

Winter looked down at her a moment, and a mischievous light came into his eyes.

"I will tell you something, Rosamond," he said; "but neither you nor Mendenhall will ever understand it." He put Mrs. Winter into the carriage and then followed her. Rosamond waited in polite curiosity.

"Mrs. Winter and I," said Julian, "are nearer to each other when we are apart than certain young people, whom I will not mention, could manage to get, even though they should live together a hundred years, without a single separation."

And having enunciated this dark saying, he slammed the carriage-door and ordered the driver to go on.

"How disagreeable he can make himself!" said Rosamond. "Sometimes—sometimes I think he is extremely like papa!"

And Mendenhall agreed with her.

## A PRAYER OF OLD AGE

By Robert Bridges

O LORD, I am so used to all the by-ways  
 Throughout Thy devious world,  
 The little hill-paths, yea, and the great highways  
 Where saints are safely whirled!  
 And there are crooked ways, forbidden pleasures,  
 That lured me with their spell;  
 But there I lingered not, and found no treasures—  
 Though in the mire I fell.

And now I'm old and worn, and, scarcely seeing  
The beauties of Thy work,  
I catch faint glimpses of the shadows fleeing  
Through valleys in the murk ;  
Yet I can feel my way—my mem'ry guides me,  
I bear the yoke and smile ;  
I'm used to life, and nothing wounds or chides me ;  
Lord, let me live awhile !

And then, dear Lord, I still can feel the thrilling  
Of Nature in the Spring—  
The uplift of Thy hills, the song-birds trilling,  
The lyric joy they bring.  
I'm not too old to see the regal beauty  
Of moon and stars and sun ;  
Nature can still reveal to me my duty  
Till my long task is done.

O Lord, to me the pageant is entrancing—  
The march of States and Kings !  
I keenly watch the human race advancing  
And see Man master Things ;  
From him who read the secret of the thunder  
And made the lightning kind,  
Down to this marvel—all the growing wonder  
Of force controlled by Mind.

And this dear land of ours, the freeman's Nation !  
Lord let me live and see  
Fulfilment of our fathers' aspiration,  
When each man's really free !  
When all the strength and skill that move the mountains,  
And pile up riches great,  
Shall sweeten patriotism at its fountains  
And purify the State !

But there are closer ties than these, that bind me  
And make me long to stay  
And linger in the dusk where Death may find me  
On Thine own chosen day ;  
There's one who walks beside me in the gloaming  
And holds my faltering hand—  
Without her guidance I can make no homing  
In any distant land.

Some day when we are tired, like children playing,  
And wearied drop our toys—  
When all the work and burden of our staying  
Has mingled with our joys—  
With those we love around—our eyelids drooping,  
Too spent with toil to weep—  
Like some kind nurse o'er drowsy children stooping,  
Lord take us home to sleep !

# NO SINECURE

## MORE ADVENTURES OF THE AMATEUR CRACKSMAN

By E. W. Hornung

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHNS



AM still uncertain which surprised me more, the telegram calling my attention to the advertisement, or the advertisement itself. The telegram is before me as I write. It would appear to have been handed in at Vere Street at eight o'clock in the morning of May 11, 1897, and received before half-past at Holloway B.O. And in that drab region it duly found me, unwashed but at work before the day grew hot and my attic insupportable.

"See Mr. Maturin's advertisement *Daily Mail* might suit you earnestly beg try will speak if necessary——"

I transcribe the thing as I see it before me, all in one breath that took away mine; but I leave out the initials at the end, which completed the surprise. They stood very obviously for the knighted specialist whose consulting-room is within a cab-whistle of Vere Street, and who once called me kinsman for his sins. More recently he had called me other names. I was a disgrace, qualified by an adjective which seemed to me another. I had made my bed, and I could go and lie and die in it. If I ever again had the insolence to show my nose in that house, I should go out quicker than I came in. All this, and more, my least distant relative could tell a poor devil to his face; could ring for his man, and give him his brutal instructions on the spot; and then relent to the tune of this telegram! I have no phrase for my amazement. I literally could not believe my eyes. Yet their evidence was more and more conclusive: a very epistle could not have been more characteristic of its sender. Meanly elliptical, ludicrously precise, saving halfpence at the expense of sense, yet paying like a man for "Mr." Maturin, that was my distinguished relative from his bald

patch to his corns. Nor was all the rest unlike him, upon second thoughts. He had a reputation for charity; he was going to live up to it after all. Either that, or it was the sudden impulse of which the most calculating are capable at times; the morning papers with the early cup of tea, this advertisement seen by chance, and the rest upon the spur of a guilty conscience.

Well, I must see it for myself, and the sooner the better, though work pressed. I was writing a series of articles upon prison life, and had my nib into the whole System; a literary and philanthropic daily was parading my "charges," the graver ones with the more gusto; and the terms, if unhandsome for creative work, were temporary wealth to me. It so happened that my first check had just arrived by the eight o'clock post; and my position should be appreciated when I say that I had to cash it to obtain a *Daily Mail*.

Of the advertisement itself, what is to be said? It should speak for itself if I could find it, but I cannot, and only remember that it was a "male nurse and constant attendant" that was "wanted for an elderly gentleman in feeble health." A male nurse! An absurd tag was appended, offering "liberal salary to University or public-school man;" and of a sudden I saw that I should get this thing if I applied for it. What other "University or public-school man" would dream of doing so? Was any other in such straits as I? And then my relenting relative; he not only promised to speak for me, but was the very man to do so. Could any recommendation compete with his in the matter of a male nurse? And need the duties of such be necessarily loathsome and repellant? Certainly the surroundings would be better than those of my common lodging-house and own particu-

lar garret ; and the food ; and every other condition of life that I could think of on my way back to that unsavory asylum. So I dived into a pawnbroker's shop, where I was a stranger only upon my present errand, and within the hour was airing a decent if antiquated suit, but little corrupted by the pawnbroker's moth, and a new straw hat, on the top of a tram.

The address given in the advertisement was that of a flat at Earl's Court, which cost me a cross-country journey, finishing with the District Railway and a seven minutes' walk. It was now past mid-day, and the tarry wood-pavement was good to smell as I strode up the Earl's Court Road. It was great to walk the civilized world again. Here were men with coats on their backs, and ladies in gloves. My only fear was lest I might run up against one or other whom I had known of old. But it was my lucky day. I felt it in my bones. I was going to get this berth ; and sometimes I should be able to smell the wood-pavement on the old boy's errands ; perhaps he would insist on skinning over it in his bath-chair, with me behind.

I felt quite nervous when I reached the flats. They were a small pile in a side street, and I pitied the doctor whose plate I saw upon the palings before the ground-floor windows ; he must be in a very small way, I thought. I rather pitied myself as well. I had indulged in visions of better flats than these. There were no balconies. The porter was out of livery. There was no lift, and my invalid on the third floor ! I trudged up, wishing I had never lived in Mount Street, and brushed against a dejected individual coming down. A full-blooded young fellow in a frock-coat flung the right door open at my summons.

"Does Mr. Maturin live here ?" I inquired.

"That's right," said the full-blooded young man, grinning all over a convivial countenance.

"I—I've come about his advertisement in the *Daily Mail*."

"You're the thirty-ninth," cried the blood ; "that was the thirty-eighth you met upon the stairs, and the day's still young. Excuse my staring at you. Yes, you pass your prelim., and can come inside ; you're one of the few. We had most just after breakfast, but now the por-

ter's heading off the worst cases, and that last chap was the first for twenty minutes. Come in here."

And I was ushered into an empty room with a good bay-window, which enabled my full-blooded friend to inspect me yet more critically in a good light ; this he did without the least false delicacy ; then his questions began.

"'Varsity man ?"

"No."

"Public school ?"

"Yes."

"Which one ?"

I told him, and he sighed relief.

"At last ! You're the very first I've not had to argue with as to what is and what is not a public school. Expelled ?"

"No," I said, after a moment's hesitation ; "no, I was not expelled. And I hope you won't expel me if I ask a question in my turn ?"

"Certainly not."

"Are you Mr. Maturin's son ?"

"No, my name's Theobald. You may have seen it down below."

"The doctor ?" I said.

"His doctor," said Theobald, with a satisfied eye. "Mr. Maturin's doctor. He is having a male nurse and attendant by my advice, and he wants a gentleman if he can get one. I rather think he'll see you, though he's only seen two or three all day. There are certain questions which he prefers to ask himself, and it's no good going over the same ground twice. So perhaps I had better tell him about you before we get any farther."

And he withdrew to a room still nearer the entrance, as I could hear ; for it was a very small flat indeed. But now two doors were shut between us, and I had to rest content with murmurs through the wall until the doctor returned to summon me.

"I have persuaded my patient to see you," he whispered, "but I confess I am not sanguine of the result. He is very difficult to please. You must prepare yourself for a querulous invalid, and for no sinecure if you get the billet."

"May I ask what's the matter with him ?"

"By all means—when you've got the billet."

Dr. Theobald then led the way, his professional dignity so thoroughly intact that

I could not but smile as I followed his swinging coat-tails to the sick-room. I carried no smile across the threshold of a darkened chamber which reeked of drugs and twinkled with medicine bottles, and in the middle of which a gaunt figure lay abed in the half-light.

"Take him to the window, take him to the window," a thin voice snapped, "and let's have a look at him. Open the blind a bit. Not as much as that, damn you, not as much as that!"

The doctor took the oath as though it had been a fee. I no longer pitied him. It was now very clear to me that he had one patient who was a little practice in himself. I determined there and then that he should prove a little profession to me, if we could but keep him alive between us. Mr. Maturin, however, had the whitest face that I have ever seen, and his teeth gleamed out through the dusk as though the withered lips no longer met about them; nor did they except in speech; and anything ghastlier than the perpetual grin of his repose I have never seen. It was with this grin that he lay regarding me while the doctor held the blind.

"So you think you could look after me, do you?"

"I'm certain I could, sir."

"Single-handed, mind! I don't keep another soul. You would have to cook your own grub and my slops. Do you think you could do all that?"

"Yes, sir, I think so."

"Why do you? Have you any experience of the kind?"

"No, sir; none."

"Then why do you pretend you have?"

"I only meant that I would do my best."

"Only meant, only meant! Have you done your best at everything else, then?"

I hung my head. This was a facer. And there was something in my invalid which thrust the unspoken lie down my throat.

"No, sir; I have not," I told him plainly.

"He, he; he!" the old wretch tittered; "and you do well to own it; you do well, sir, very well indeed. If you hadn't owned up, out you would have gone, out

neck-and-crop! You've saved your bacon. You may do more. So you are a public-school boy, and a very good school yours is, but you weren't at either university. Is that correct?"

"Absolutely."

"What did you do when you left school?"

"I came in for money."

"And then?"

"I spent my money."

"And since then?"

I stood like a mule.

"And since then, I say!"

"A relative of mine will tell you if you ask him. He is an eminent man, and he has promised to speak for me. I would rather say no more myself."

"But you shall, sir, but you shall! Do you suppose that I suppose a public-school boy would apply for a berth like this if something or other hadn't happened? What I want is a gentleman of sorts, and I don't much care what sort; but you've got to tell me what did happen, if you don't tell everybody else. Dr. Theobald, sir, you can go to the devil if you won't take a hint. This man may do or he may not. You have no more to say to it till I send him down to tell you one thing or the other. Clear out, sir, clear out; and if you think you've anything to complain of, you stick it down in the bill!"

In the mild excitement of our interview the thin voice had gathered strength, and the last shrill insult was screamed after the devoted medico, as he retired in such order that I felt certain he was going to take this trying patient at his word. The bedroom door closed, then the outer one, and the doctor's heels went drumming down the common stair. I was alone in the flat with this highly singular and rather terrible old man.

"And a damned good riddance!" croaked the invalid, raising himself on one elbow without delay. "I may not have much body left to boast about, but at least I've got a lost old soul to call my own. That's why I want a gentleman of sorts about me. I've been too dependent on that chap. He won't even let me smoke, and he's been in the flat all day to see I didn't. You'll find the cigarettes behind the Madonna of the Chair."

It was a steel engraving of the great

Raffaella, and the frame was tilted from the wall ; at a touch a packet of cigarettes tumbled down from behind.

"Thanks ; and now a light."

I struck the match and held it, while

der water at all, but went all I knew for the sun itself ; when it set I must have been a mile away ; until it did I was the invisible man. I figured on that, and only hope it wasn't set down as a case of sui-



"I have persuaded my patient to see you," he whispered.—Page 31.

the invalid inhaled with normal lips ; and suddenly I sighed. I was irresistibly reminded of my poor dear old Raffles. A smoke-ring worthy of the great A. J. was floating upward from the sick man's lips.

"And now take one yourself. I have smoked more poisonous cigarettes. But even these are not Sullivans !"

I cannot repeat what I said. I have no idea what I did. I only know—I only knew—that it was A. J. Raffles in the flesh !

## II

"YES, Bunny, it was the very devil of a swim ; but I defy you to sink in the Mediterranean. That sunset saved me. The sea was on fire. I hardly swam un-

cide. I shall get outed quite soon enough, Bunny, but I'd rather be dropped by the hangman than throw my own wicket away."

"Oh, my dear old chap, to think of having you by the hand again ! I feel as though we were both aboard that German liner, and all that's happened since a nightmare. I thought that time was the last !"

"It looked rather like it, Bunny. It was taking all the risks, and hitting at everything. But the game came off, and some day I'll tell you how."

"Oh, I'm in no hurry to hear. It's quite enough for me to see you lying there. I don't want to know how you came there, or why, though I'm afraid you must be pretty bad. I must have a good look at you before I let you speak another word !"





"Clear out, sir, clear out."—Page 32.

I raised one of the blinds, I sat upon the bed, and I had that look. It left me all unable to conjecture his true state of health, but quite certain in my own mind that my dear Raffles was not and never would be the man that he had been. He had aged twenty years; he looked fifty at the very least. His hair was white; there was no trick about that; and his face was another white. The lines about the corners of the eyes and mouth were both many and deep. On the other hand, the eyes themselves were alight and alert as ever; keen and gray and gleaming, like finely tempered steel. Even the mouth, with a cigarette to close it, was the mouth of Raffles and no other: strong and unscrupulous as the man himself. It was only the physical strength which appeared to have departed; but that was quite enough to make my heart bleed for the dear rascal who had cost me every tie I valued but the tie between us two.

"Think I look much older?" he asked at length.

"A bit," I admitted. "But it is chiefly your hair."

"Whereby hangs a tale, for when we've talked ourselves out—though I have often thought that it was that long swim that started it. Still, the Island of Elba is a rummy show, I can assure you. And Naples is a rummier."

"You went there after all?"

"Rather! It's the European paradise for such as our noble selves. But there's no place that's a patch on little London as a non-conductor of heat; it never gets too hot for a fellow here; or if it does it's his own fault. It's the kind of wicket you don't get out on, unless you get yourself out. So here I am again, and have been for the last six weeks. And I mean to have another knock."

"But surely, old fellow, you're not awfully fit, are you?"

"Fit? My dear Bunny, I'm dead—I'm at the bottom of the sea—and don't you forget it for a minute."

"But are you all right, or are you not?"

"No, I'm half-poisoned by Theobald's prescriptions and putrid cigarettes, and as weak as a rat from lying in bed."

"Then why on earth lie in bed, Raffles?"

"Because it's better than lying in gaol, as I am afraid *you* know, my poor dear fellow. I tell you I am dead; and my one terror is of coming to life again by accident. Can't you see? I simply dare not show my nose out of doors—by day. You have no idea of the number of perfectly innocent things a dead man daren't do. I can't even smoke Sullivans, because no one man was ever so partial to them

as I was in my lifetime, and you never know when you may start a clew."

"What brought you to these mansions?"

"I fancied a flat, and a man recommended these on the boat; such a good chap, Bunny; he was my reference when it came to signing the lease. You see I landed on a stretcher—most pathetic case—old Australian without a friend in old country—ordered Engadine as last chance—no go—not an earthly—sentimental wish to die in London—that's the history of Mr. Maturin. If it doesn't hit you hard, Bunny, you're the first. But it hit friend Theobald hardest of all. I'm an income to him. I believe he's going to marry on me."

"Does he guess there's nothing wrong?"

"Knows, bless you! But he doesn't

know I know he knows, and there isn't a disease in the dictionary that he hasn't treated me for since he's had me in hand. To do him justice, I believe he thinks me a hypochondriac of the first water; but that young man will go far if he keeps on the wicket. He has spent half his nights up here, at guineas apiece."

"Guineas must be plentiful, old chap!"

"They have been, Bunny. I can't say more. But I don't see why they shouldn't be again."

I was not going to inquire where the guineas came from. As if I cared! But I did ask old Raffles how in the world he had got upon my tracks; and thereby drew the sort of smile with which old gentlemen rub their hands, and old ladies nod their noses. Raffles merely produced a perfect oval of blue smoke before replying.

"I was waiting for you to ask that,





"Good-evening, gentlemen," said he, at home and smiling.  
—Page 40.

Bunny : it's a long time since I did anything upon which I plume myself more. Of course, in the first place, I spotted you at once by these prison articles : they were not signed, but the fist was the fist of my sitting rabbit !"

"But who gave you my address ?"

"I wheedled it out of your excellent editor : called on him at dead of night, when I occasionally go afield like other ghosts, and wept it out of him in five minutes. I was your only relative : your name was not your own name : if he insisted I would give him mine. He didn't insist, Bunny, and I danced down his stairs with your address in my pocket."

"Last night ?"

"No, last week."

"And so the advertisement was yours, as well as the telegram !"

I had, of course, forgotten both in the

high excitement of the hour, or I should scarcely have announced my belated discovery with such an air. As it was I made Raffles look at me as I had known him look before, and the droop of his eyelids began to sting.

"Why all this subtlety ?" I petulantly exclaimed. "Why couldn't you come straight away to me in a cab ?"

He did not inform me that I was hopeless as ever. He did not address me as his good rabbit. He was silent for a time, and then spoke in a tone which made me ashamed of mine.

"You see, there are two or three of me now, Bunny : one's at the bottom of the Mediterranean, and one's an old Australian desirous of dying in the old country, but in no immediate danger of dying anywhere. The old Australian doesn't know a soul in town ; he's got to be consistent, or he's done. This sinner Theobald is his only friend, and has seen rather too much of him ; ordinary dust won't do for his eyes. Begin to see ? To pick you out of a crowd, that was the game ; to let old Theobald help to pick you, better still ! To start with, he was dead against my having anybody at all ; wanted me all to him-

self, naturally ; but anything rather than kill the goose ! So he is to have a fiver a week while he keeps me alive, and he's going to be married next month. That's a pity in some ways, but a good thing in others : he will want more money than he foresees, and he may always be of use to us at a pinch. Meanwhile he eats out of my hand."

I complimented Raffles on the mere composition of his telegram, with half the characteristics of my distinguished kinsman squeezed into a dozen odd words ; and let him know how the old ruffian had really treated me. Raffles was not surprised : we had dined together at my relative's in the old days, and filed for reference a professional valuation of his household gods. I now learnt that the telegram had been posted, with the hour marked for its despatch, at the pillar nearest Vere

Street, on the night before the advertisement was due to appear in the *Daily Mail*. This also had been carefully prearranged ; and Raffles's only fear had been lest it might be held over despite his explicit instructions, and so drive me to the doctor for an explanation of his telegram. But the adverse chances had been weeded out and weeded out to the irreducible minimum of risk.

His greatest risk, according to Raffles, lay nearest home : bedridden invalid that he was supposed to be, his nightly terror was of running into Theobald's arms in the

immediate neighborhood of the flat. But Raffles had characteristic methods of minimizing even that danger, of which something anon ; meanwhile, he recounted more than one of his nocturnal adventures, all, however, of a singularly innocent type ; and one thing I noticed while he talked. His room was the first as you entered the flat. The long inner wall divided the room not merely from the passage but from the outer landing as well. Thus every step upon the bare stone stairs could be heard by Raffles where he lay ; and he would never speak while one was ascending, until



it had passed his door. The afternoon brought more than one applicant for the post which it was my duty to tell them that I had already obtained. Between three and four, however, Raffles, suddenly looking at his watch, packed me off in a hurry to the other end of London for my things.

"I'm afraid you must be famishing, Bunny. It's a fact that I eat very little, and that at odd hours, but I ought not to have forgotten you. Get yourself a snack outside, but not a square meal, if you can resist one. We've got to celebrate this day this night!"

"To-night?" I cried.

"To-night at eleven, and Kellner's the place. You may well open your eyes, but we didn't go there much, if you remember, and the staff seems changed. Anyway we'll risk it for once. I was in last night, talking like a stage American, and supper's ordered for eleven sharp."

"You made as sure of me as all that!"

"There was no harm in ordering supper. We shall have it in a private room, but you may as well dress if you've got the duds."

"They're at my only forgiving relative's."

"How much will get them out, and square you up, and bring you back bag and baggage in good time?"

I had to calculate.

"A tenner, easily."

"I had one ready for you. Here it is, and I wouldn't lose any time if I were you. On the way you might look up Theobald, tell him you've got it and how long you'll be gone, and that I can't be left alone all the time. And, by Jove, yes! You get me a stall for the Lyceum at the nearest agent's; there are two or three in High Street; and say it was given you when you come in. That young man shall be out of the way to-night."

I found our doctor in a minute consulting-room and his shirt-sleeves, a tall tumbler at his elbow; at least I caught sight of the tumbler on entering; thereafter he stood in front of it, with a futility which had my sympathy.

"So you've got the billet," said Dr. Theobald. "Well, as I told you before, and as you have since probably discovered for yourself, you won't find it exactly a sinecure. My own part of the business is by no means that: indeed, there are those

who would throw up the case, after the kind of treatment that you have seen for yourself. But professional considerations are not the only ones, and one cannot make too many allowances in such a case."

"But what is the case?" I asked him. "You said you would tell me if I was successful."

Dr. Theobald's shrug was worthy of the profession he seemed destined to adorn: it was not incompatible with any construction which one chose to put upon it. Next moment he had stiffened. I suppose I still spoke more or less like a gentleman. Yet, after all, I was only the male nurse. He seemed to remember this suddenly, and he took occasion to remind me of the fact.

"Ah," said he, "that was before I knew you were altogether without experience; and I must say that I was surprised even at Mr. Maturin's engaging you after that; but it will depend upon yourself how long I allow him to persist in so curious an experiment. As for what is the matter with him, my good fellow, it is no use my giving you an answer which would be double Dutch to you; moreover, I have still to test your discretionary powers. I may say, however, that that poor gentleman presents at once the most complex and most troublesome case, which is responsibility enough without certain features which make it all but insupportable. Beyond this I must refuse to discuss my patient for the present; but I shall certainly go up if I can find time."

He went up within five minutes. I found him there on my return at dusk. But he did not refuse my stall for the Lyceum, which Raffles would not allow me to use myself, and presented to him off-hand without my leave.

"And don't you bother any more about me till to-morrow," snapped the high thin voice as he was off. "I can send for you now when I want you, and I'm hoping to have a decent night for once."

### III

It was half-past ten when we left the flat, in an interval of silence on the noisy stairs. The silence was unbroken by our



"Duplicate boxes!" I cried.—Page 42.

wary feet. Yet for me a surprise was in store upon the very landing. Instead of going down-stairs, Raffles led me up two flights, and so out upon a perfectly flat roof.

"There are two entrances to these mansions," he explained between stars and chimney-stacks: "one to our staircase, and another round the corner.

But there's only one porter, and he lives on the basement underneath us, and affects the door nearest home. We miss him by using the wrong stairs, and we run less risk of old Theobald. I got the tip from the postmen, who come up one way and down the other. Now follow me, and look out!"

There was, indeed, some necessity for



caution, for each half of the building had its L-shaped well dropping sheer to the base, the parapets so low that one might easily have tripped over them into eternity. However, we were soon upon the second staircase, which opened on the roof like the first. And twenty minutes of the next twenty-five we spent in an admirable hansom, skimming east.

"Not much change in the old hole, Bunny. More of these magic-lantern advertisements . . . and absolutely the worst bit of taste in town, though it's saying something, in that equestrian statue with the gilt stirrups and fixings; why don't they black the buffer's boots and his horse's hoofs while they are about it? . . . More bicyclists, of course. That was just beginning, if you remember. It might have been useful to us. . . . And there's the old club, getting put into a crate for the Jubilee; by Jove, Bunny, we ought to be there. I wouldn't lean forward in Piccadilly, old chap. If you're seen I'm thought of, and we shall have to be jolly careful at Kellner's. . . . Ah, there it is! Did I tell you I was a low-down stage Yankee at Kellner's? You'd better be another, while the waiter's in the room."

We had the little room upstairs; and on the very threshold, even I, who knew my Raffles of old, was taken horribly aback. The table was laid for three. I called his attention to it in a whisper.

"Why, yep!" came through his nose. "Say, boy, the lady, she's not comin', but you leave that tackle where it is. If I'm liable to pay, I guess I'll have all there is to it."

I have never been in America, and the American public is the last on earth that I desire to insult; but idiom and intonation alike would have imposed upon my inexperience. I had to look at Raffles to make sure that it was he who spoke, and I had my own reasons for looking hard.

"Who on earth was the lady?" I inquired aghast at the first opportunity.

"She isn't on earth. They don't like wasting this room on two, that's all. Bunny—my Bunny—here's to us both!"

And we clinked glasses swimming with the liquid gold of Steinberg, 1868: but of the rare delights of that supper I can scarcely trust myself to write. It was no

mere meal, it was no coarse orgy, but a little feast for the fastidious gods, not unworthy of Lucullus at his worst. And I who had bolted my skilly at Wormwood Scrubs, and tightened my belt in a Holloway attic, it was I who sat down to this ineffable repast! Where the courses were few, but each a triumph of its kind, it would be invidious to single out any one particular dish; but the Jambon de Westphalie au Champagne tempts me sorely. And then the champagne that we drank, not the quantity but the quality! It was neither Pommery nor Heidsieck, but Augiers Frères! And even so it was not more dry, nor did it sparkle more, than the merry rascal who had dragged me this far to the devil, but should lead me dancing the rest of the way. I was beginning to tell him so. I had done my honest best since my reappearance in the world; but the world had done its worst, by me. A further antithesis and my final intention were both upon my tongue when the waiter with the Château Margaux cut me short; for he was the bearer of more than that great wine; bringing also a card upon a silver tray.

"Show him up," said Raffles, laconically.

"And who is this?" I cried when the man was gone. Raffles reached across the table and gripped my arm in his vice. His eyes were steel points fixed on mine.

"Bunny, stand by me," said he in the old irresistible voice, a voice both stern and winning. "Stand by me, Bunny—if there's a row!"

And there was time for nothing more, the door flying open, and a dapper person entering with a bow; a frock-coat on his back, gold pince-nez on his nose; a shiny hat in one hand, and a black bag in the other.

"Good-evening, gentlemen," said he, at home and smiling.

"Sit down," drawled Raffles in casual response. "Say, let me introduce you to Mr. Ezra B. Martin, of Shicawgo. Mr. Martin is my future brother-in-law. This is Mr. Robinson, Ezra, manager to Sparks & Company, the cellerbrated joolers on Regent Street."

I pricked up my ears, but contented myself with a nod. I altogether distrusted my ability to live up to my new name and address.

"I figured on Miss Martin bein' right here, too," continued Raffles, "but I regret to say she's not feelin' so good. We light out for Parrus on the 9 A.M. train to-morrer mornin', and she guessed she'd be too dead. Sorry to disappoint you, Mr. Robinson; but you'll see I'm advertising your wares."

Raffles held his right hand under the electric light, and a diamond ring flashed upon his little finger. I could have sworn it was not there five minutes before.

The tradesman had a disappointed face, but for a moment it brightened as he expatiated on the value of that ring and on the price his people had accepted for it. I was invited to guess the figure, but I shook a discreet head. I have seldom been more taciturn in my life.

"Forty-five pounds," cried the jeweller; "and it would be cheap at fifty guineas."

"That's right," assented Raffles. "That'd be dead cheap, I allow. But then, my boy, you gotten ready cash, and don't you forget it."

I do not dwell upon my own mystification in all this. I merely pause to state that I was keenly enjoying that very element. Nothing could have been more typical of Raffles and the past. It was only my own attitude that was changed.

It appeared that the mythical lady, my sister, had just become engaged to Raffles, who seemed all anxiety to pin her down with gifts of price. I could not quite gather whose gift to whom was the diamond ring; but it had evidently been paid for; and I voyaged to the moon, wondering when and how. I was recalled to this planet by a deluge of gems from the jeweller's bag. They lay alight in their cases like the electric lamps above. We all three put our heads together over them, myself without the slightest clew as to what was coming, but not unprepared for violent crime. One does not do eighteen months for nothing.

"Right away," Raffles was saying. "We'll choose for her, and you'll change anything she don't like. Is that the idea?"

"That was my suggestion, sir."

"Then come on, Ezra. I guess you know Sadie's taste. You help me choose."

And we chose—lord! What did we not choose? There was her ring, a diamond half-hoop. It cost £95, and there was no

attempt to get it for £90. Then there was a diamond necklet—two hundred guineas—but pounds accepted. That was to be the gift of the bridegroom. The wedding was evidently imminent. It behoved me to play a brotherly part. I therefore rose to the occasion; calculated she would like a diamond star (£116), but reckoned it was more than I could afford; and sustained a vicious kick under the table for either verb. I was afraid to open my mouth on finally obtaining the star for the round hundred. And then the fat fell in the fire; for pay we could not; though a remittance (said Raffles) "was overdo from Noo York."

"But I don't know you, gentlemen," the jeweller exclaimed. "I haven't even the name of your hotel!"

"I told you we was stoppin' with friends," said Raffles, who was not angry, though thwarted and crushed. "But that's right, sir! Oh, that's dead right, and I'm the last man to ask you to take Quixotic risks. I'm tryin' to figure a way out. Yes, *sir*, that's what I'm tryin' to do."

"I wish you could, sir," the jeweller said, with feeling. "It isn't as if I hadn't seen the color of your money. But certain rules I am sworn to observe; it isn't as if I was in business for myself; and—you say you start for Paris in the mornin'!"

"On the 9 A.M. train," mused Raffles; "and I've heard no-end yarns about the joolers' stores in Parrus. But that ain't fair; don't you take no notice o' that. I'm tryin' to figure a way out. Yes, *sir*!"

He was smoking cigarettes out of a twenty-five box; the tradesman and I had cigars. Raffles sat frowning with a pregnant eye, and it was only too clear to me that his plans had miscarried. I could not help thinking, however, that they deserved to do so, if he had counted upon buying credit for nearly £400 by a single payment of some ten per cent. That again seemed unworthy of Raffles, and I, for my part, still sat prepared to spring any moment at our visitor's throat.

"We could mail you the money from Parrus," drawled Raffles at length. "But how should we know you'd hold up your end of the string, and mail us the same articles we've chosen to-night?"

The visitor stiffened in his chair. The

name of his firm should be sufficient guarantee for that.

"I guess I'm no better acquainted with their name than they are with mine," remarked Raffles, laughing. "See here, though! I got a scheme. You pack 'em in this!"

He turned the cigarettes out of the tin box, while the jeweller and I joined wondering eyes.

"Pack 'em in this," repeated Raffles. "the three things we want, and never mind the boxes; you can pack 'em in cotton-wool. Then we'll ring for string and sealing wax, seal up the lot right here, and you can take 'em away in your grip. Within three days we'll have our remittance, and mail you the money, and you'll mail us this darned box with my seal unbroken! It's no use you lookin' so sick, Mr. Jooler; you won't trust us any, and yet we're going to trust you some. Ring the bell, Ezra, and we'll see if they've gotten any sealing-wax and string."

They had; and the thing was done. The tradesman did not like it; the precaution was absolutely unnecessary; but as he was taking all his goods away with him, the sold with the unsold, his sentimental objections soon fell to the ground. He packed necklet, ring, and star, with his own hands, in cotton-wool; and the cigarette-box held them so easily that at the last moment, when the box was closed, and the string ready, Raffles very nearly added a diamond bee-brooch at £51 10s. This temptation, however, he ultimately overcame, to the other's chagrin. The cigarette-box was tied up, and the string sealed, oddly enough, with the diamond of the ring that had been bought and paid for.

"I'll chance you having another ring in the store the dead spit of mine," laughed Raffles, as he relinquished the box, and it disappeared into the tradesman's bag. "And now, Mr. Robinson, I hope you'll appreciate my true hospitality in not offering you anything to drink while business was in progress. That's Château Margaux, sir, and I should judge it's what you'd call an eighteen-carat article."

In the cab which we took to the vicinity of the flat, I was instantly snubbed for asking questions which the driver might

easily overhear, and I took the repulse just a little to heart. I could make neither head nor tail of Raffles's dealings with the man from Regent Street, and was naturally inquisitive as to the meaning of it all. But I held my tongue until we had regained the flat in the cautious manner of our exit, and even there until Raffles rallied me with a hand on either shoulder, and an old smile upon his face.

"Your rabbit!" said he. "Why couldn't you wait till we got home?"

"Why couldn't you tell me what you were going to do?" I retorted, as of old.

"Because your dear old phiz is still worth its weight in innocence, and because you never could act for nuts! You looked as puzzled as the other poor devil; but you wouldn't if you'd known what my game really was."

"And pray what was it?"

"That," said Raffles, and he smacked the cigarette-box down upon the mantelpiece. It was not tied. It was not sealed. It flew open from the force of the impact. And the diamond ring that cost £95, the necklet for £200, and my flaming star at another £100, all three lay safe and snug in the jeweller's own cotton-wool!

"Duplicate boxes!" I cried.

"Duplicate boxes, my brainy Bunny. One was already packed, and weighted, and in my pocket. I don't know whether you noticed me weighing the three things together in my hand? I know that neither of you saw me change the boxes, for I did it when I was nearest buying the bee-brooch at the end, and you were too puzzled, and the other Johnny too keen. It was the cheapest shot in the game; the dear ones were sending old Theobald to Southampton on a fool's errand yesterday afternoon, and showing one's own nose down Regent Street in broad daylight while he was gone; but some things are worth paying for, and certain risks one must always take. Nice boxes, aren't they? I only wished they contained a better cigarette; but a notorious brand was essential; a box of Sullivans would have brought me to life to-morrow."

"But they oughtn't to open it to-morrow."

"Nor will they, as a matter of fact. Meanwhile, Bunny, I may call upon you to dispose of the boodle."

"I'm on for any mortal thing!"

My voice rang true, I swear, but it was the way of Raffles to take the evidence of as many senses as possible. I felt the cold steel of his eye through mine and through my brain. But what he saw seemed to satisfy him no less than what he

heard, for his hand found my hand, and pressed it with a fervor foreign to the man.

"I know you are, and I knew you would be. Only remember, Bunny, it's my turn next to pay the shot!"

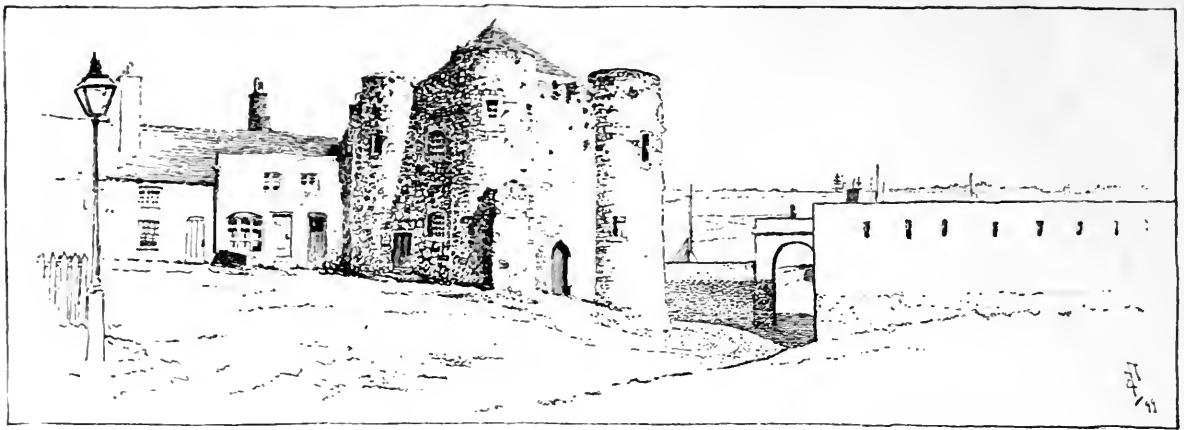
You shall hear how he paid it when the time came.

## RESURGAM

By Grace Ellery Channing

DIM on the shores of Earth the Day  
Dips in its shining tide again,  
And if we go or if we stay  
What is it to the world of men?  
There creeps a tide whose wandering wave  
Ripples the grass above our grave,  
But if to-morrow's wave or no  
We know not—if we stay or go.  
Which is that Spring whose rosy rise  
Lifts not the lids from my shut eyes?  
That Summer passionately fair  
Whose suns shall darken not my hair?  
When I, the nature-loving, gone  
Above me, shall her days flow on,  
And I have part or share in none;—  
Which is that season of despair?

When Spring starts singing down the year  
Deep in the heart of Earth my heart  
With simultaneous pulse shall start;  
Who listens close shall hear the sound—  
My beating heart there in the ground,  
Thrilled finely through the finer ear.  
And then will I arise and sing  
In every whisper of the Spring,  
Burn in each rose and fly on every wing.  
Bursting Earth's bound-up breast of snow  
Down the resurgent months shall flow  
The fires with which my pent veins glow.  
In flushed dawns, rose-fulfilled and fair  
I shall laugh in the morning there,  
Or mute in starry silence rise  
Serene through skyey symphonies;  
The sentient soul of light and air  
I shall arise—let God know where!  
Earth measured o'er from sea to sea  
Affords not earth to bury me;  
Dig the grave deep; roll up above  
Sierras! yet the clod shall move;  
Who lived and loved shall live and love!



Ypres Tower, Rye, with the Harbor in the Distance.

## WINCHELSEA, RYE, AND "DENIS DUVAL"

By Henry James

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. C. PEIXOTTO

I HAVE recently had a literary adventure which, though not followed by the prostration that sometimes ensues on adventures, has nevertheless induced meditation. The adventure itself indeed was not astounding, and I mention it, to be frank, only in the interest of its sequel. It consisted merely on taking up an old book again for the sake of a certain desired and particular light, of my having found that the light was in fact not there to shine, but was, on the contrary, directly projected upon the book from the very subject itself as to which I had invoked assistance. The case, in short, to put it simply, was that Thackeray's charming fragment of "Denis Duval" proved to have much less than I had supposed to say about the two little old towns with which the few chapters left to us are mainly concerned, but that the two little old towns, on the other hand, unexpectedly quickened reflection on "Denis Duval." Reading over Thackeray to help me further to Winchelsea, I became conscious, of a sudden, that Winchelsea—which I already in a manner knew—was only helping me further to Thackeray. Reinforced, in this service, by its little sister-city of Rye, it caused a whole question to open, and the question, in turn, added a savor to a sense already,

by good-fortune, sharp. Winchelsea and Rye form together a very curious small corner, and the measure, candidly undertaken, of what the unfinished book had done with them, brought me to a nearer view of them—perhaps even to a more jealous one; as well as to some consideration of what books in general, even when finished, may do with curious small corners.

I dare say I speak of "Denis Duval" as "old" mainly to make an impression on readers whose age is less. I remember, after all, perfectly, the poetry of its original appearance—there was such a thrill, in those days, even after "Lovel the Widower" and "Philip," at any new Thackeray—in the cherished "Cornhill" of the early time, with a drawing of Frederick Walker to its every number and a possibility of its being like "Esmond" in its embroidered breast. If, moreover, it after a few months broke short off, that really gave it something as well as took something away. It might have been as true of works of art as of men and women, that if the gods loved them they died young. "Denis Duval" was at any rate beautiful, and was beautiful again on re-perusal at a later time. It is all beautiful once more to a final reading, only it is remarkably different: and this is precise-

ly where my story lies. The beauty is particularly the beauty of its being its author's—which is very much, with book after book, what we find ourselves coming to in general, I think, at fifty years. Our appreciation changes—how in the world, with experience always battering away, shouldn't it?—but our feeling, more happily, doesn't. There *are* books, of course, that criticism, when we are fit for it, only consecrates, and then, with association fiddling for the dance, we are in possession of a literary pleasure that is the highest of raptures. But in many a case we drag along a fond indifference, an element of condonation, which is by no means of necessity without its strain of esteem, but which, obviously, is not founded on one of our deeper satisfactions. Each can but speak, at all events, on such a matter, for himself. It is a matter also, doubtless, that belongs to the age of the loss—so far as they do go—of illusions at large. The reason for liking a particular book becomes thus a better, or at least a more generous, one than the particular book seems in a position itself at last to supply. Woe to the mere official critic, the critic who has never felt the *man*. You go on liking "The Antiquary" because it is Scott. You go on liking "David Copperfield"—I don't say you go on reading it, which is a very different matter—because it is Dickens. So you go on liking "Denis Duval" because it is Thackeray—which, in this last case, is the logic of the charm I alluded to.

The recital here, as every one remembers, is autobiographic; the old battered, but considerably enriched, world-worn, but finely sharpened Denis looks back upon a troubled life from the winter fire-side and places you, in his talkative and contagious way—he is a practised literary artist—in possession of the story. We see him in a placid port after many voyages, and have that amount of evidence—the most, after all, that the most artless reader needs—as to the "happy" side of the business. The evidence indeed is, for curiosity, almost excessive, or at least premature; as he again and again puts it before us that the companion of his later time, the admirable wife seated there beside him, is nobody else at all, any hopes of a more tangled skein notwithstanding,

than the object of his infant passion, the little French orphan, slightly younger than himself, who is brought so promptly on the scene. The way in which this affects us as undermining the "love-interest" bears remarkably on the specific question of the subject of the book as the author would have expressed this subject to his own mind. We get, to the moment the work drops, not a glimpse of his central idea; nothing, if such had been his intention, was in fact ever more triumphantly concealed. The darkness therefore is intensified by our seeming to gather that, like the love-interest, at all events, the "female interest" was not to have been largely invoked. The narrator is in general, from the first, full of friendly hints, in Thackeray's way, of what is to come; but the chapters completed deal only with his childish years, his wondrous boy-life at Winchelsea and Rye, the public and private conditions of which—practically, in the last century, the same for the two places—form the background for this exposition. The southeastern counties, comparatively at hand, were enriched at that period by a considerable French immigration, the accession of Huguenot fugitives too firm in their faith to have bent their necks to the dire rigors with which the revocation of the Edict of Nantes was followed up. This corner of Sussex received—as it had received in previous centuries—its forlorn contingent; to the interesting origin of which many Sussex family-names—losing, as it were, their drawing but not their color—still sufficiently testify. Portions of the stranger race suffered, struggled, sank; other portions resisted, took root and put forth branches, and Thackeray, clearly, had found his rough material in some sketchy vision of one of these obscure cases of troubled adjustment, which must often have been, for difficulty and complexity, of the stuff of dramas. Such a case, for the informed fancy, might indeed overflow with possibilities of character, character reinforced, in especial, by the impression, gathered and matured on the spot, of the two small ghosts of the Cinque Ports family, the pair of blighted hill-towns that were once sea-towns and that now draw out their days in the dim after-sense of a mere indulged and encouraged picturesqueness. "Denis Du-



val " could only, it would seem, have been conceived as a " picturesque " affair ; but that may serve exactly as a reason for the attempt to refigure it.

Little hilltop communities sensibly even yet, with the memory of their tight walls and stiff gates not wholly extinct, Rye and Winchelsea hold fast to the faint identity which remains their least fragile support, their estate as " Antient Towns " involved (with the distincter Five and raising the number to seven), in that nominal, though still occasionally pompous, Wardenship the image—for our time—of the most famous assignment of which is preserved in Longfellow's fine verses on the death of the Duke of Wellington. The sea, in previous times half friend, half foe, began long since to fight, in each character, shy of them, and now, in wrinkled wistfulness, they look across at the straight blue band, two miles or so away, that tells of the services they rendered, the illusions they cherished—illusions in the case of poor Winchelsea especially absurd—and the extreme inconvenience they repeatedly suffered. They were again and again harried and hacked by the French, and might have had, it would seem, small appetite for the company, however reduced and disarmed, of these immemorial neighbors. The retreating waters, however, had even two centuries ago already placed such dangers on a very different footing, and the recovery and evocation of some of the old processes of actual absorption may well have presented themselves to Thackeray as a problem of the sort that tempts the lover of human histories. Happy and enviable always the first trepidation of the artist who lights on a setting that " meets " his subject or on a subject that meets his setting. The editorial notes to " Denis Duval " yield unfortunately no indication of whether Winchelsea put into his head the idea of this study, or of whether he carried it about till he happened judiciously to drop it there. Appearances point, in truth, to a connection of the latter kind, for the fragment itself contains no positive evidence that Thackeray ever, with the mere eye of sense, beheld the place ; which is precisely one of the ambiguities that challenge the critic and an item in the unexpectedness that I spoke of at the beginning of these re-

marks. What—in the light, at least, of later fashions—the place has to offer the actual observer is the effect of an object seen, a thing of aspect and suggestion, situation and color ; but what had it to offer Thackeray—or the taste of forty years ago—that he so oddly forbore to give us a tangible clew to ? The impression of to-day's reader is that the chapters we possess might really have been written without the author's having stood on the spot ; and that is just why they have, as I began by saying, so much less to contribute to our personal vision than this influence, for its part, has to suggest in respect to the book itself.

Evidently, none the less, the setting, little as it has got itself " rendered," did somehow come into the painter's ken ; we know this, moreover, independently, and we make out that he had his inner mysteries and his reasons. The little house of Duval, faring forth from the stress of the Alsatian fatherland, seeks safety and finds business in the shrunken city, scarce at last more than a hamlet, of Edward the First's defeated design, where, in three generations, well on into the century, it grinds and sleeps, smuggles and spends, according to the fashions of the place and time. These communities appear to have had, in their long decline, little industry but their clandestine traffic with other coasts, in the course of which they quite mastered the art of going, as we say, " one better " than the officers of the revenue. It is to this hour a part of the small romance of Rye that you may fondly fancy such scant opulence as rears its head to have had its roots in the malpractice of forefathers not too rude for much cunning—in nightly plots and snares and flurries, a hurrying, shuffling, hiding, that might at any time have put a noose about most necks. Some of those of the small gentry who were not smugglers were recorded highwaymen, flourishing about in masks and with pistols ; and indeed in the general scene, as rendered by the supposed chronicler, these appear the principal features. The only others are those of his personal and private situation, which in fact, however, strikes me as best expressed in the fact that the extremely talkative, discursive, ejaculatory, and moralizing Denis was

possessed in perfection of his master's maturest style. He writes, almost to the life, the language of "The Roundabout Papers;" so that if the third person had been exchanged, throughout, for his first, and his occasional present tense been superseded by the past, the rest of the text would have needed little rearrangement. This imperfect unity was more or less inevitable—the difficulty of projecting yourself as somebody else is never so great as when you retain the *form* of being yourself; but another of the many reflections suggested by reperusal is as to whether the speaker is not guilty of a slight abuse. Of course it may be said that what really has happened was that Thackeray had, on his side, anticipated his hero in the use of his hero's natural idiom. It may thus have been not so much that Denis had come to write highly "evolved" nineteenth-century as that his creator had arrived, in the "Roundabout Papers" and elsewhere, at writing excellent reconstructed eighteenth. It would not, however, were the inquiry to be pushed, be only on the autobiographer's personal and grammatical, but on his moral and sentimental accent, as it were, that criticism would probably most bear. His manner of thinking and feeling is quite as "Roundabout" as his manner of saying.

A dozen wonderments rise here, and a dozen curiosities and speculations; as to which, in truth, I am painfully divided between the attraction of such appeals and a certain other aspect of my subject to which I shall attempt presently to do justice. The superior stroke, I remind myself—possibly not in vain—would be to deal handsomely with both solicitations. The almost irresistible fascination, critically speaking, of the questions thus abruptly, after long years, thrust forth by the book, lies in their having reference to this very opposition of times and tastes. The thing is not forty years old, but it points already—and that is, above all, the amusement of it—to a general *poetic* that, both on its positive and its negative sides, we have left well behind. Can the author perhaps have had in mind, misguidedly, some idea of what his public "wanted" or didn't want? The public is really, to a straight vision, I think, not a capacity for wanting, at all, but only an unlimited

capacity for *taking*—taking that (whatever it is) which will, in effect, make it open its mouth. It goes to the expense of few preconceptions, and even on the question of opening its mouth has a consciousness limited to the suspicion that in a given case this orifice *has*—or has not—gaped. We are therefore to imagine Thackeray as perfectly conscious that he himself, working by his own fine light, constituted the public he had most to reckon with. On the other hand his time, in its degree, had helped to shape him, and a part of the consequence of this shaping, apparently, was his extraordinary avoidance of picture. This is the mystery that drives us to the hypothesis of his having tried to pay, in some uncanny quarter, some deluded deference. Was he under the fear that, even as *he* could do it, "description" would not, in the early sixties, be welcome? It is impossible to stand to-day in the high, loose, sunny, haunted square of Winchelsea without wondering what he could have been thinking of. There are ladies in view with easels, sun-bonnets, and white umbrellas—often perceptibly, too, with nothing else that makes for successful representation; but I doubt if it were these apparitions that took the bloom from his vision, for they were much less frequent in those looser days, and moreover would have formed much more a reason for not touching the place at all than for taking it up indifferently. Of any impulse to make the reader see it with eyes his page, at all events, gives no sign. We must presently look at it for ourselves, even at the cost, or with the consequence, of a certain loyal resentment. For Winchelsea is strange, individual, charming. What *could* he—yes—have been thinking of? We are wound up for saying that he has given his subject away, until we suddenly remember that, to this hour, we have never really made out what his subject was to have been.

Never was a secret more impenetrably kept. Read over the fragment itself—which reaches, after all, to some two hundred and fifty pages; read over, at the end of the volume, the interesting editorial notes; address yourself, above all, in the charming series of introductions lately prepared by Mrs. Richmond Ritchie for a

new and, so far as possible, biographical edition of her father's works, to the reminiscences briefly bearing on Denis, and you will remain in each case equally distant from a clew. It is the most puzzling thing in the world, but there *is* no clew. There are indications, in respect to the book, from Thackeray's hand, memoranda on matters of detail, and there is in especial a highly curious letter to his publisher; yet the clew that his own mind must have held never shows the tip of its tail. The letter to his publisher, in which, according to the editor of the fragment, he "sketches his plot for the information of" that gentleman, reads like a mystification by which the gentleman was to be temporarily kept quiet. With an air of telling him a good deal, Thackeray really tells him nothing—nothing, I mean, by which he himself would have been committed to (any more than deterred from) any idea kept up his sleeve. If he were holding this card back, to be played at his own time, he could not have proceeded in the least differently; and one can construct to-day, with a free hand, one's picture of his private amusement at the success of his diplomacy. All the while, what *was* the card? The production of a novel finds perhaps its nearest analogy in the ride across country; the competent novelist—that is, the novelist with the real seat—presses his subject, in spite of hedges and ditches, as hard as the keen fox-hunter presses the game that has been started for his day with the hounds. The fox is the novelist's idea, and when he rides straight he rides, regardless of danger, in whatever direction that animal takes. As we lay down "Denis Duval," however, we feel not only that we are off the scent, but that we never really have been, with the author, on it. The fox has got quite away. For it carries us no farther, surely, to say—as may possibly be objected—that the author's subject was to have been neither more nor less than the adventures of his hero; inasmuch as, turn the thing as we will, these "adventures" could at the best have constituted nothing more than its *form*. It is an affront to the memory of a great writer to pretend that they were to have been arbitrary and unselected, that there was nothing in his mind to determine them. The book was, obviously, to

have been, as boys say, "about" them. But what were *they* to have been about? Thackeray carried the mystery to his grave.

## II

If I spoke just now of Winchelsea as haunted, let this somewhat overworked word stand as an ineffectual tribute to the small, sad, civic history that the place appeals to us to reconstruct as we gaze vaguely about. I have a little ancient and most decorative map of Sussex—testifying remarkably to the changes of relation between sea and land in this corner of the coast—in which "Old Winchelsey Drowned" figures as the melancholy indication of a small circular spot quite out at sea. If new Winchelsea is old, the earlier town is to-day but the dim ghost of a tradition, with its very site—distant several miles from that of its successor—rendered uncertain by the endless mutation of the shore. After suffering, all through the thirteenth century, much stress of wind and weather, it was practically destroyed in 1287 by a great storm which cast up masses of beach, altered the course of a river and roughly handled the face of many things. The reconstruction of the town in another place was thereupon decreed by a great English king, and we need but a little fuller chronicle to help us to assist at one of those migrations of a whole city of which antiquity so often gives us the picture. The survivors of Winchelsea were colonized, and colonized in much state. The "new" community, whose life was also to be so brief, sits on the pleasant table of a great cliff-like hill which, in the days of the Plantagenets, was an admirable promontory washed by the waves. The sea surrounded its base, came up past it to the east and north in a long inlet, and stretched away, across the level where the sheep now graze, to stout little neighboring Rye, perched—in doubtless not quite equal pride—on an eminence more humble, but which must have counted then even for more than to-day in the pretty figure made, as you stand off, by the small, compact, pyramidal port. The "Antient Towns" looked at each other then across the water, which made almost an island of the rock of huddled, church-crowned

Rye—which had too much to say to them alike, on evil days, at their best time, but which was too soon to begin to have too little. If the early Winchelsea was to suffer by "drowning," its successor was to bear the stroke of remaining high and dry. The haven on the hill-top—a bold and extraordinary conception—had hardly had time to get, as we should now say, "started," before it began to see its days numbered. The sea and the shore were never at peace together, and it was, most remarkably, not the sea that got the best of it. Winchelsea had only time to dream a great dream—the dream of a scant pair of centuries—before its hopes were turned to bitterness and its boasts to lamentation. It had literally, during its short career, put in a claim to rivalry with the port of London. The irony of fate now sits in its empty lap; but the port of London has never suggested even a frustrate "Denis Duval."

While Winchelsea dreamed, at any rate, she worked, and the noble fragment of her great church, rising solid from the abortive symmetry of her great square, helps us to put our hand on her deep good faith. She built at least as she believed—she planned as she fondly imagined. The huge ivy-covered choir and transepts of St. Thomas of Canterbury—to whom the structure was addressed—represent to us a great intention. They are not so mighty, but they are almost as brave, as the wondrous fragment of Beauvais. Walled and closed on their unfinished side, they form at present all the church, and, with its grand lines of arch and window, its beautiful Gothic tombs and general hugeness and height, the church—mercifully exempt as yet from restoration—is wonderful for the place. You may at this hour—if you are given to such emotions—feel a mild thrill, not be unaware even of the approach of tears, as you measure the scale on which the building had been planned and the ground that the nave and aisles would have covered. You murmur, in the summer twilight, a soft "Bravo!" across the ages—to the ears of heaven knows what poor nameless ghosts. The square—apparently one of many—was to have been worthy of New York or of Turin; for the queerest, quaintest, most touching thing of all is that the reinstated city was to have been

laid out on the most approved modern lines. Nothing is more interesting—to the mooning, sketching spectator—than this evidence that the great Edward had anticipated us all in the convenient chess-board pattern. It is true—attention has been called to the fact—that Pompeii had anticipated *him*; but I doubt if he knew much about Pompeii. His abstract avenues and cross-streets straggle away, through the summer twilight, into mere legend and mystery. In speaking awhile since of the gates of these shattered strongholds as "stiff," I also spoke of their walls as "tight;" but the scheme of Winchelsea must have involved, after all, a certain looseness of cincture. The old vague girdle is lost to-day in the fields where the sheep browse and the parkish acres where the great trees cluster. The Sussex oak is mighty—it was of the Sussex oak that, in the old time, the king's ships were built; it was, in particular, to her command of this material that Rye owed the burdensome honor of supplying vessels, on constant call, to the royal navy. Strange is this record in Holloway's History of that town and in presence of the small things of to-day; so perpetual, under stress, appears to have been the demand and so free the supply and the service.

Rye continued indeed, under her old brown south cliff, to build big boats till this industry was smitten by the adoption of iron. That was the last stroke; though even now you may see things as you stand on the edge of the cliff: best of all on the open, sunny terrace of a dear little old garden—a garden brown-walled, red-walled, rose-covered on its other sides, divided by the width of a quiet street of grass-grown cobbles from the house of its master, and possessed of a little old glass-fronted, panelled pavilion which I hold to be the special spot in the world where Thackeray might most fitly have figured out his story. There is not much room in the pavilion, but there is room for the hard-pressed table and the tilted chair—there is room for a novelist and his friends. The panels have a queer paint and a venerable slant; the small chimney-place is at your back; the south window is perfect, the privacy bright and open. How can I tell what old—what young—visions of visions and memories of images come

back to me under the influence of this quaint receptacle, into which, by kind permission, I occasionally peep, and still more under the charm of the air and the view that, as I just said, you may enjoy, close at hand, from the small terrace? How can I tell why I always keep remembering and losing there the particular passages of some far-away foolish fiction, absorbed in extreme youth, which haunt me, yet escape me, like the echo of an old premonition? I seem to myself to have lain on the grass somewhere, as a boy, poring over an English novel of the period, presumably quite bad—for they were pretty bad then too—and losing myself in the idea of just such another scene as this. But even could I rediscover the novel I wouldn't go back to it. It couldn't have been so good as this; for this—all concrete and doomed and minimized as it is—is the real thing. The other little gardens, other little odds and ends of crooked brown wall and supported terrace and glazed winter sun-trap, lean over the cliff that still, after centuries, keeps its rude drop; they have beneath them the river, a tide that comes and goes, and the mile or more of grudging desert level, beyond it, which now throws the sea to the near horizon, where, on summer days, with a depth of blue and a scattered gleam of sails, it looks forgiving and resigned. The little old shipyards at the base of the rock are for the most part quite empty, with only vague piles of brown timber and the deposit of generations of chips: yet a fishing-boat or two are still on the stocks—an "output" of three or four a year!—and the ring of the hammer on the wood, a sound, in such places, rare to the contemporary ear, comes up, through the sunny stillness, to your meditative perch.

The tidal river, on the left, wanders away to Rye Harbor and its bar, where the black fishing-boats, half the time at lop-sided rest in the mud, make a cluster of slanting spears against the sky. When the river is full we are proud of its wide light and many curves: when it is empty we call it, for vague reasons, "rather Dutch;" and empty or full, we sketch it, in the fine weather, as hard as ever we can. When I say "we" I mean *they* do—it is to speak with hospitality. They mostly wear, as I have hinted, large sun-

bonnets, and they crouch on low camp-stools; they put in, as they would say, a bit of white, in places often the least likely. Rye is in truth a rudimentary drawing-lesson, and you quite embrace the question when you have fairly seized the formula. Nothing so "quaint" was ever so easy—nothing so easy was ever so quaint. Much more to be loved than feared, she has not, alas, a scrap of "style," and she may be effectively rendered without the obligation of subtlety. At favored seasons there appear within her precinct sundry slouch-hatted gentlemen who study her humble charms through a small telescope formed by their curved fingers and thumb, and who are not unliable to define themselves as French artists leading a train of English and American lady-pupils. They distribute their disciples over the place, at selected points, where the master, going his round from hour to hour, reminds you of nothing so much as a busy *chef* with many saucepans on the stove and periodically lifting their covers for a sniff and a stir. There are ancient doorsteps that are fairly haunted, for their convenience of view, by the "class," and where the fond proprietor, going and coming, has to pick his way among paraphernalia or to take flying leaps over genius and industry. If Winchelsea is, as I gather, less beset, it is simply that Winchelsea enjoys the immunity of her greater distinction. She is full of that and must be even more difficult than she at first appears. But I forsook her and her distinction, just now, and I must return to them; though the right moment would quite have been as we stood, at Rye, on the terrace of the little old south-garden, to which she presents herself, beyond two or three miles of flat-Dutch-looking interval, from the extreme right, her few red roofs almost lost on her wooded hill and her general presence masking, for this view, the headland of Hastings, ten miles, by the coast, westward.

It was about her spacious solitude that we had already begun to stroll; for the purpose, however, mainly, of measuring the stretch, south and north, to the two more crumbled of her three old gates. They are very far gone, each but the ruin of a ruin; but it is their actual countrified state that speaks of the circuit—one hun-

dred and fifty acres—they were supposed to defend. Under one of them you may pass, much round about, by high-seated villages and in constant sight of the sea, toward Hastings; from the other, slightly the less dilapidated, you may gather, if much so minded, the suggestion of some illustration or tail-piece in a volume of Italian travel. The steep white road plunges crookedly down to where the poor arches that once were massive straddle across it, while a spreading chestnut, beside them, plays exactly the part desired—prepares you, that is, for the crack of the whip of the *vetturino* trudging up beside his travelling-carriage. With a bare-legged urchin and a browsing goat the whole thing would be there. But we turn, at that point, to mount again and cross the idle square and come back to the east gate, which is the aspect of Winchelsea that presents itself most—and in fact quite admirably—as the front. Yet by what is it that, at the end of summer afternoons, my sense of an obliterated history is fed? There is little but the church really to testify, for the extraordinary groined vaults and crypts that are part of the actual pride of the place—treasure-houses of old merchants, foundations of upper solidities that now are dust—count for nothing, naturally, in the immediate effect. The early houses passed away long ago, and the present ones speak, in broken accents and scant and shabby signs, but of the last hundred, the last couple of hundred, years. Everything that ever happened is gone, and, for that matter, nothing very eminent, only a dim mediocrity of life, ever did happen. Rye has Fletcher the dramatist, the Fletcher of Beaumont, whom it brought to birth; but Winchelsea has only the last preachment, under a tree still shown, of John Wesley. The third Edward and the Black Prince, in 1350, overcame the Spaniards in a stout sea-fight within sight of the walls; but I am bound to confess that I do not at all focus that performance, am unable, in the changed conditions, to "place" anything so pompous. In the same way I fail to "visualize," thank goodness, either of the several French inroads that left their mark of massacre and ruin. What I do see, on the other hand, very comfortably, is the little undistinguished picture of a nearer antiquity, the antiquity for a glimpse of

which I reopened "Denis Duval." Where, please, was the barber's shop of the family of that hero, and where the apartments, where the preferred resorts, the particular scenes of occupation and diversion, of the dark Chevalier de la Motte? Where did this subtle son of another civilization, with whom Madame de Saverne had eloped from France, *en plein ancien régime*, without the occurrence between them of the least impropriety, spend his time for so long a period; where had he his little habits and his numerous indispensable conveniences? What was the general geography, to express it synthetically, of the state of life of the orphaned Clarisse, quartered with a family of which one of the sons, furiously desirous of the girl, was, at his lost moments, a highwayman stopping coaches in the dead of night? Over nothing in the whole fragment does such vagueness hover as over the domestic situation, in her tender years, of the future Madame Denis. Yet these are just the things I should have liked to know—the things, above all, I should have liked most to tell. Into a vision of *them*, at least, we can work ourselves; it is exactly the sort of vision into which Rye and Winchelsea, and all the land about, full of lurking hints and modest memories, most throws us back. I should, in truth, have liked to lock up our novelist in our little pavilion of inspiration, the gazebo at Rye, not letting him out till he should quite have satisfied us.

Close beside the east gate, so close that one of its battered towers leans heavily on the little garden, is a wonderfully perched cottage, of which the mistress is a very celebrated lady who resorts to the place in the intervals of an exacting profession—the scene of her renown, I may go so far as to mention, is the theatre—for refreshment and rest. The small grounds of this refuge, supported by the old town-wall and the steep plunge of the great hill, have a rare position and view. The narrow garden stretches away in the manner of a terrace to which the top of the wall forms a low parapet; and here it is that, when the summer days are long, the sweet old soul of all the land seems most to hang in the air. It is almost a question indeed whether this fine Winchelsea front, all silver-gray and ivy-green, is not even better when making a picture itself from



below than when giving you one, with much immensity, from its brow. This picture is always your great effect, artfully prepared by an absence of prediction, when you take a friend over from Rye; and it would appear quite to settle the small discussion—that may be said to come up among us so often—of which is the happier abode. The great thing is that if you live at Rye you have Winchelsea to show; whereas if you live at Winchelsea you have nothing but Rye. This latter privilege I should be sorry to cry down; but nothing can alter the fact that, to begin with, the pedestal of Winchelsea has twice the height, by a rough measure, of that of its neighbor; and we all know the value of an inch at the end of a nose. Almost directly under the Winchelsea hill, crossing the little bridge of the Brede, you pass beyond a screen of trees and take in, at the top of the ascent, the two round towers and arch, ivied and mutilated, but still erect, of the old main gate. The road either way is long and abrupt, so that people kind to their beasts alight at the foot, and cyclists careful of their necks alight at the head. The brooding spectator, moreover, who forms a class by himself, pauses, infallibly, as he goes, to admire the way the great trees cluster and compose on the high slope, always striking for him, as day gathers in and the whole thing melts together, a classic, academic note, the note of Turner and Claude. From the garden of the distinguished cottage, at any rate, it is a large, melancholy view—a view that an occasional perverse person whom it fails to touch finds easy, I admit, to speak of as dreary; so that those who love it and are well advised will ever, at the outset, carry the war into the enemy's country by announcing it, with glee, as sad. Just this it must be that nourishes the sense of obliterated history as to which I a moment ago wondered. The air is like that of a room through which something has been carried that you are aware of without having seen it. There is a vast deal of level in the prospect, but, though much depends on the day and still more on the hour, it is, at the worst, all too delicate to be ugly. The best hour is that at which the compact little pyramid of Rye, crowned with its big but stunted church and quite

covered by the westering sun, gives out the full measure of its old browns that turn to red and its old reds that turn to purple. These tones of evening are now pretty much all that Rye has left to give, but there are truly, sometimes, conditions of atmosphere in which I have seen the effect as fantastic. I sigh when I think, however, what it might have been if, perfectly placed as it is, the church tower—which in its more perverse moods only resembles a big central button or knob on a pin-cushion—had had the grace of a few more feet of stature. But that way depression lies, and the humiliation of those moments at which the brooding spectator says to himself that both tower and hill *would* have been higher if the place had only been French or Italian. Its whole pleasant little pathos, in point of fact, is just that it is homely English. And even with this, after all, the imagination can play. The wide, ambiguous flat that stretches eastward from Winchelsea hill, and on the monotone of whose bosom, seen at sunset from a friendly eminence that stands nearer, Rye takes the form of a huge floating boat, its water-line sharp and its bulk defined from stem to stern—this dim expanse is the great Romney Marsh, no longer a marsh to-day, only, at the end of long years, drained and ordered, a wide pastoral of grazing, with "new" Romney town, a Port no more—not the least of the shrunken Five—mellowed to mere russet at the far end, and other obscure charms, revealed best to the slow cyclist, scattered over its breast: little old "bits" that are not to be described, but are known, with a small thrill, when seen; little lonely farms, red and gray; little mouse-colored churches; little villages that seem made only for long shadows and summer afternoons. Brookland, Old Romney, Ivychurch, Dymchurch, Lydd—they have positively the prettiest names. But the point to be made is that, comparing small things with great—which may always be done when the small things are amiable—if Rye and its rock and its church are a miniature Mont-Saint-Michel, so, when the summer deepens, the shadows fall, and the mounted shepherds and their dogs pass before you in the grassy desert, you find in the mild English "marsh" a recall of the Roman Campagna.



*Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.*

Mermaid Street, Rye.



Vladikavkaz, at the Foot of the Caucasus.

## RUSSIA OF TO-DAY

BY HENRY NORMAN, M.P.

### III

#### THE CAUCASUS

FROM the Oxus to the Arctic Circle, and from Kars to Kamchatka, the Tsar rules many strange peoples and countries, but the Caucasus is strangest of all. Indeed, anyone who averred that the Caucasus is the most interesting land of the world would be able to back his opinion with good reasons. The range is a wall across the narrow isthmus which joins Europe and Asia, and the Gorge of Darius is the door in this wall through which have come almost all the migrating peoples between East and West since men began to move at all. From many of these migrations stragglers remained, some in one valley, some in another, and their new homes lent themselves so well to defence against all after-comers that the original settlers were able to increase and multiply and keep their race intact. Hence the Caucasus contains to-day the direct and not greatly changed descend-

ants of peoples otherwise lost in the mists of remote antiquity. It is, in the words of Mr. Douglas Freshfield, the first explorer and climber of the mountains, "an ethnological museum where the invaders of Europe, as they travelled westward to be manufactured into nations, left behind samples of themselves in their raw condition." The Germans, destroyers of sacred and profane legend, do not accept this theory, and Professor Virchow declares that it is disproved by the fact that the Caucasus could not have been a highway when the ice-fields came down lower than they do now, and that the languages of the Caucasus are not related to languages elsewhere, as would have been the case if the speakers of them were remnants of greater nations that had passed on. But the theory of human samples is so attractive, and the races of the Caucasus are so original and peculiar, that for my part I share on this occasion the willingness of the American humorist to "know some things that are not so." At least the sceptical Germans may leave us

the classic belief that Kasbek was the scene of the martyrdom of Prometheus, and the Christian legend that Abraham's tent and Christ's cradle are still to be found hidden on its slopes. The Caucasus, in fact, was destined by nature to be the home of myth, for in ancient times it was the barrier beyond which no man could go, and therefore the gate of the land which man populated with the offspring of his dreams—the land “of Gog and Magog, of gold-guarding Griffins, one-eyed Arimaspians, and Amazons—of all the fabulous creatures which pass slowly out of the atlases of the learned into the picture-books of the nursery.”

History is so romantic, however, in the Caucasus, that myth can be dispensed with. It tells us how Alexander the Great conquered Georgia; how the legions of Pompey, and, long afterward, those of Justinian, fought at the mouth of the Dariel Pass, but that neither soldier nor merchant ever passed up from the south, while the Scythian barbarians to the north were equally unable to push their way down. The history of the people who held the Pass begins in the third century B.C., with

King Pharnavaz, and goes on, in an unbroken and often bloody story, down 1,300 years till the swords of the Crusaders had so weakened the infidel hordes that King David II. (1089), whose descent from the Psalmist is commemorated by the harp and the sling in the arms of Georgia, drove out the Turks and laid the foundations of order and civilization upon which, a hundred years later, Queen Tamara of immortal memory built up the Augustan age of her country. If half that is told of this lady be true, she was one of the most remarkable women that ever filled a throne or broke a heart. So beautiful that Shahs and Sultans competed for her hand; so gifted with poesy that she celebrated her glorious victories in ever-memorable verse; so humble that she earned her own living every day; so pious that she set aside for the Virgin a portion of all her spoils of war; so brave that she defied a Persian threat, backed by 800,000 warriors, she spread the fame and the fear of Georgia through all the accessible world. But the flowers had not bloomed often on her grave ere that invincible scourge of Asia, Genghiz Khan, came to Georgia, and her



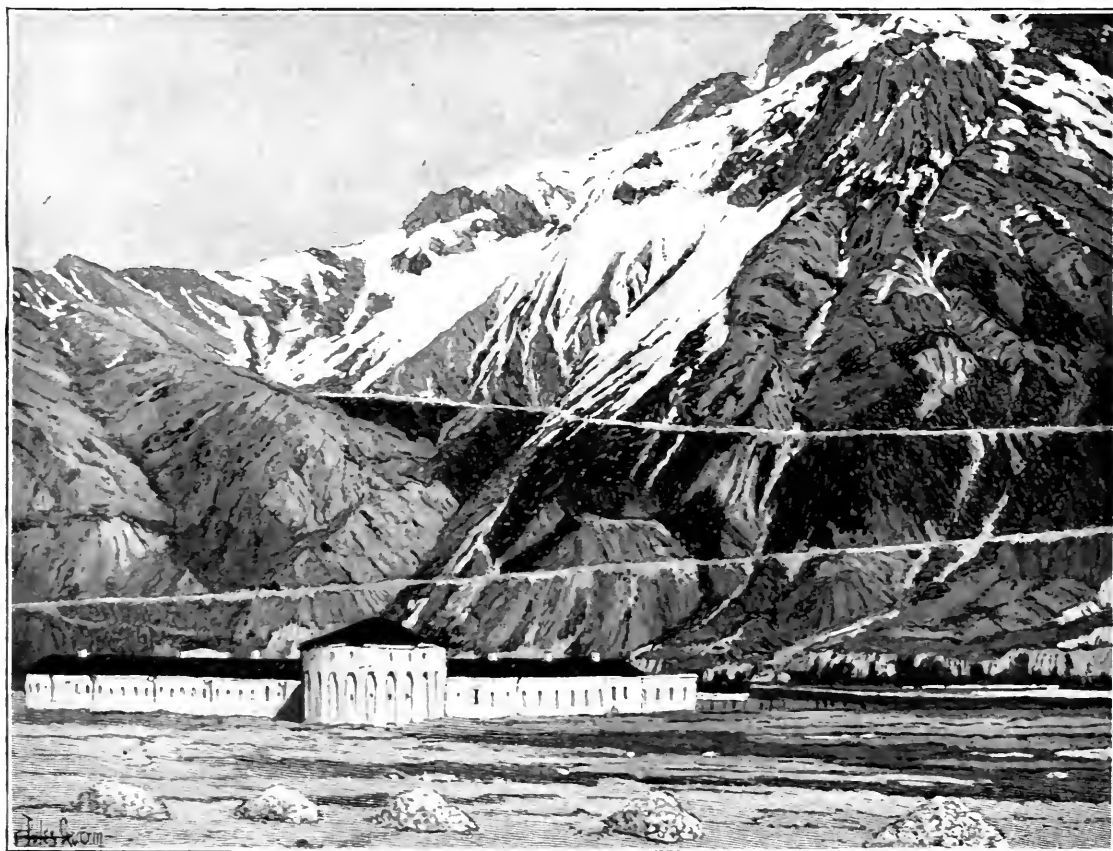
The Georgian Road—a Woolly Wave.

son went down before his victory-glutted Mongols, while her daughter's beauty, like her own before, brought rejected suitors seeking revenge at the head of their armies. Georgia became the cockpit where the rival Mohammedan sects of Persia and Turkey fought out their everlasting quarrel: it was divided by its own rulers, and for many a generation its story is of pillage and poison and murder and the putting out of eyes. Then came Irakli the Great, the contemporary of Frederick the Great, who said of him, "*Moi en Europe, et en Asie l'invincible Hercule, roi de Georgie.*"\* Finally, when Georgia was helpless at the feet of Persia, came Russia, definitively mistress of Georgia in 1801. She had to defeat both Persia and Turkey before her conquest was consolidated, and to suppress many a rising of her new subjects. The latest of these was the revolution led by the prophet-patriot Shamyl, who raised the entire Caucasus against her and held her whole might at bay for sixteen years, destroying several Russian armies, until he was hopelessly surrounded in the highland fastness of Gunib in 1859 and surrendered. In the public gal-

\* Wardrop.

lery at Tiflis there is a huge painting representing Shamyl with head thrown back and scarlet beard, brought before the Tsar, seated under a tree amid his glittering staff. As I looked at it a Georgian peasant, who of course could not read the inscription below, timidly approached me and asked, "If you please, is that Shamyl?" "It is," I replied, and his deep, long-drawn "Ah" showed how poignant the memory of this lost leader is yet. And when I left the gallery half an hour later he was still gazing upon the man with whose fall all the hopes of his people, with their history of 2,000 years, fell finally too.

But the interest of the Caucasus is by no means confined to its romantic history, nor even to its ethnological variety also—its once gallant Georgians, who so long championed the Cross against the Crescent, its wild Lesghian highlanders of Daghestan, its savage Suanetians, but lately tamed, its Ossets, the arm-makers, "gentlemen of the mountains," its Abkhassians, who migrated to Turkey *en masse* rather than remain under Russian rule, its vain and handsome Circassians, its lazy Mingrelians of the fever-haunted coast, and all the other races whose names



Russian Fort in the Pass—the Georgian Road.





Crossing the Summit of the Georgian Road.

suggest a philologist's nightmare—Imerian, Rachan, Gurian, Lechgum, Laz, Pshav, Khevsur, Ubych, Shapsuch, Dshiget, Ingush, Galgai, Kist, Tush, Karabulak, Kazi-Kumyksh! Its mountain scenery is unparalleled for grandeur except by the Himalayas, and offers many a virgin peak to the adventurous Alpinist. The sportsman may find ibex and stag and boar and wild bull, and game-birds to satiety. It is a botanist's paradise: between the arid plain and the snows is a belt where men on horseback can play at hide-and-seek amid the flowers, "survivals of the giant flora of past ages." It contains the other great oil-fields of the world, and its mineral wealth, already great, only awaits development to astonish an age little apt to enthusiasm over the treasures it drags from their hiding-places in the earth. Finally, to the student of politics its very atmosphere reeks with interest, since some day the vast armies of Russia will pour through it again to another death-grip with the Turk—the great fortress of Kars is fortified only on the south side—and who knows what scenes it may witness if Britain and Russia draw the sword,

and the masses of Moscovy march, singing across it, to the Caspian, to find their graves on the banks of the Indus?

Yet this little land, in spite of its surpassing interest from every point of view, remains comparatively unknown. It can be reached almost in luxury, and on its main routes the most delicate dame need suffer no undue discomfort. In the whole of Russia there is not a hotel so clean and pleasant as the Hôtel de Londres at Tiflis. I cannot think why the enterprising and well-to-do tourist, who has exhausted Europe, does not turn his steps thither. Perhaps these pages may induce him to do so. And as Mr. Freshfield, who justly claims that he and his companions "took the first step toward converting the prison of Prometheus into a new playground for his descendants," says that he cannot enforce his recommendation better than by echoing the exhortation of Mr. Clinton Dent, so, assuredly, neither can I. "If you worship the mountains for their own sake; if you like to stand face to face with nature, where she mingles the fantastic and the sublime with the sylvan and the idyllic—snows, crags and mists, flowers and for-



ests—in perfect harmony ; where she enhances the effect of her pictures by the most startling contrasts, and enlivens their

bargain for a turquoise from Teheran, or a Turcoman carpet, or a pinch of that perfume of strange potency which is one of



The Castle of Princess Tamara in the Gorge of Dariel, Georgian Road.

foregrounds with some of the most varied and picturesque specimens of the human race—go to the Caucasus. If you wish to change, not only your earth and sky but your century, to find yourself one week among the pastoral folk who once peopled northern Asia, the next among barbarians who have been left stranded while the rest of the world has flowed on ; if it attracts you to share the bivouac of Tauli shepherds, to sit at supper with a feudal chieftain while his retainers chant the old ballads of their race by the light of birch-bark torches—go to the Caucasus.” I would only add, go to the Caucasus also if you would visit a city where seventy languages are spoken, and where you can step aside from the opera-house and the electric tramway and in five minutes be drinking wine from an ox-skin and talking politics and revolution and war with mysterious men of the real old hopeful, all-knowing, all-plotting East, the while you

the very few things that the East does not willingly give for Western gold.

The pleasantest way to reach the Caucasus from western Europe is by steamer from Constantinople ; or, if you are already in Russia, by steamer from Odessa. If you are coming from Siberia, as I was, your route is necessarily down the Volga to Tsaritsin, and thence by train to Vladikavkaz. It is a long and monotonous railway journey across a plain with no elevation on it bigger than your hat, green in spring and coming gradually under cultivation—though you never cease to wonder how the little scattered villages can hold inhabitants enough to till it—and brown as a nut after the summer heats. After a time you cease even to look out of the carriage-window, and doze or read through the long hours, while the train itself seems to go to sleep, so slowly does it move. But when



At the Summit of the New Georgian Road, 7,694 Feet.

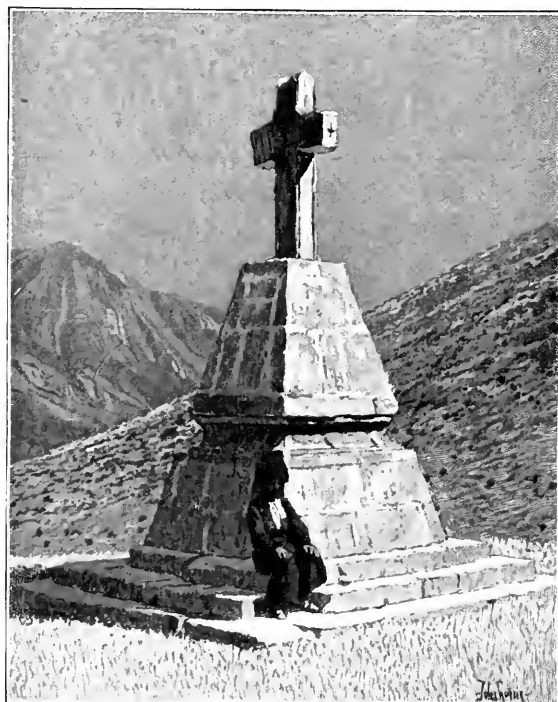
you look up at last you see something that startles you—nothing less than an army of dazzling snow-white mountains, marching in close order over the mud-colored plain. A few hours later you are in Vladikavkaz, whose name means the Mastery of the Caucasus, just as Vladivostok means the Mastery of the East. Here the plain and the monotony and the West come to an end, and the mountains and the wonderland and the East begin.

Like all such Russian towns it has a cosmopolitan centre of a more or less pretentious kind. The hotel, and an institution or two, any of which buildings might be found enclosing the smug bourgeoisie of the French provinces, persuading Ferdinand of Bulgaria that he was still in his Austrian home, or gratifying the desire of the modern Italian for ugliness in the banlieues of ancient

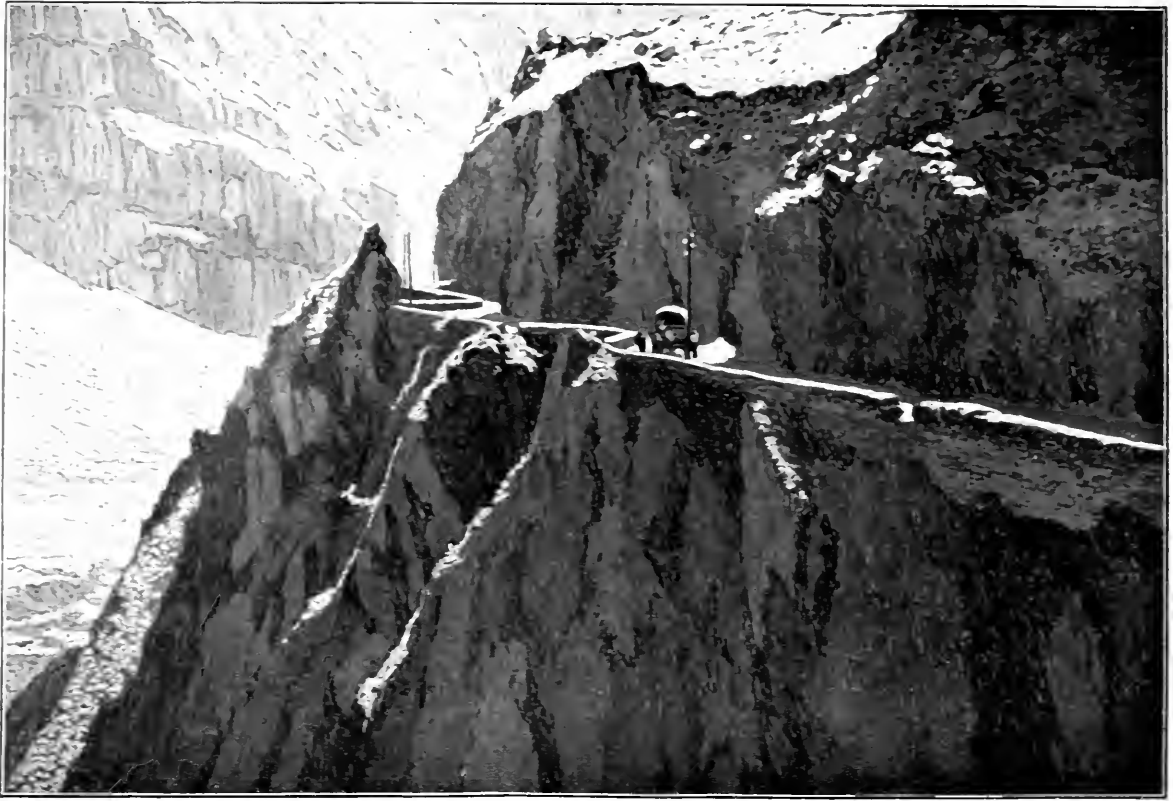
Rome. After this kernel, the streets gain in dirt, in color, in that frank indecency of procedure which marks Eastern life, and the last houses you pass are square, crumbling wooden caves with all the messy food-products or the garish cottons hanging in them that characterize the customs of Eastern peoples.

It is a cold and bright October day, and the great blue mountains that appear at

every southern street-end of Vladikavkaz are powdered with snow. I have not seen mountains trust themselves so near a plain before. They seem a company of noble travellers, these huge peaks, always at the same point of arrival, walking into the town and toward the plain. The snow upon them is not more than the generous sugaring upon a birthday-cake, and their deep fissures keep an indigo gloom which is



The Georgian Road, the Top of the Pass—Old Road.



The Georgian Road—Round the Mountain Side.

the property of no hill however high, but the dower of every mountain however small. They seem to disdain foot-hills and approaches and slopes and shoulders, these monarchs of the Caucasus. Only a green grass ridge seeded thickly with sheep, and a wooded hill or two, russet and orange at this autumn moment, lie between them and the steppe.

The traffic over the great Georgian Military Road is in the hands of contractors who work under strict official rules and tariff. You visit the office, inspect a series of photographs of all the available types of vehicle, make your choice, pay the charge, and receive a ticket which you show *en route*. We selected a carriage in shape something between a small victoria and a small barouche. It had a long and heavy pole for its size and was built for two horses, but for the Pass we have an extra horse hung on at each side by rope traces. All four are gray, with the pretty Russian harness of thin straps dotted with brass buttons. It does not look strong enough to hold a refractory horse for a minute, and even the four single reins the driver holds in his hands, though thick and double, are so twisted and hardened by weather that they might be expected to snap, like all un-

nourished leather, in a moment of emergency.

Snugly packed in, well folded in furs and rugs, and our lighter belongings tucked about us and tied on wherever there is space for them, we rock away through the rugged streets of Vladikavkaz, and soon we have passed its most Eastern limit and are in the country. Our horses travel splendidly, and we do not yet seem to be mounting sensibly; now and then a cream-colored sheep-dog, in shape a small St. Bernard, with black muzzle and cropped black ears, flings himself at the outer horses with a deep and savage bark, but these, as we are to learn presently, have brought their troops and troops of sheep out of the high mountains for the winter, and some of them are still too tired to get up out of the roadway.

The whole long simple business of sheep-rearing, more archaic to-day in its pursuit than the breeding and keeping of any other animal, is deeply interesting from many a point of view. I am delighted to add another sheep silhouette, so to speak, to memories I have gathered of "the meek-nosed, the passionless faces" of sheep in other parts of the world. The Caucasian sheep—like every other inhabi-

tant, brute or human, of these mountains—abounds in character. Unlike other Eastern sheep, it is mainly a white beast, with fawn-colored ears and fawn-colored feet, and a light dash of freckles upon its white nose ; but beyond this pretty coloring only the buttocks are remarkable, and these because they carry what look like superfluous cushions of wool, similar in shape, if I am permitted the illustration, to the bustles of the “eighties,” but which prove to be lumps of fat from between which depend their short and modest tails. The rams, of which there are numbers, have horns that curve in double curls, and

though they are relatively small like the sheep, they are beautiful and walk with pride among the flock, stamping their feet and barking from time to time.

Deplorably mingled with the sheep are goats—goats of all sorts and styles, black, brown, white, and mottled ; goats with great horns sweeping upward and over their backs, or widespread to each side, or even malignly twisted one over another. Nothing will ever make a goat look a good animal. Even a kid, in his moment of prettiest play, is impish as a lamb cannot be. Nobody knows why this is. From the first a goat has been used as an



Caucasian Types—the Real Circassian.

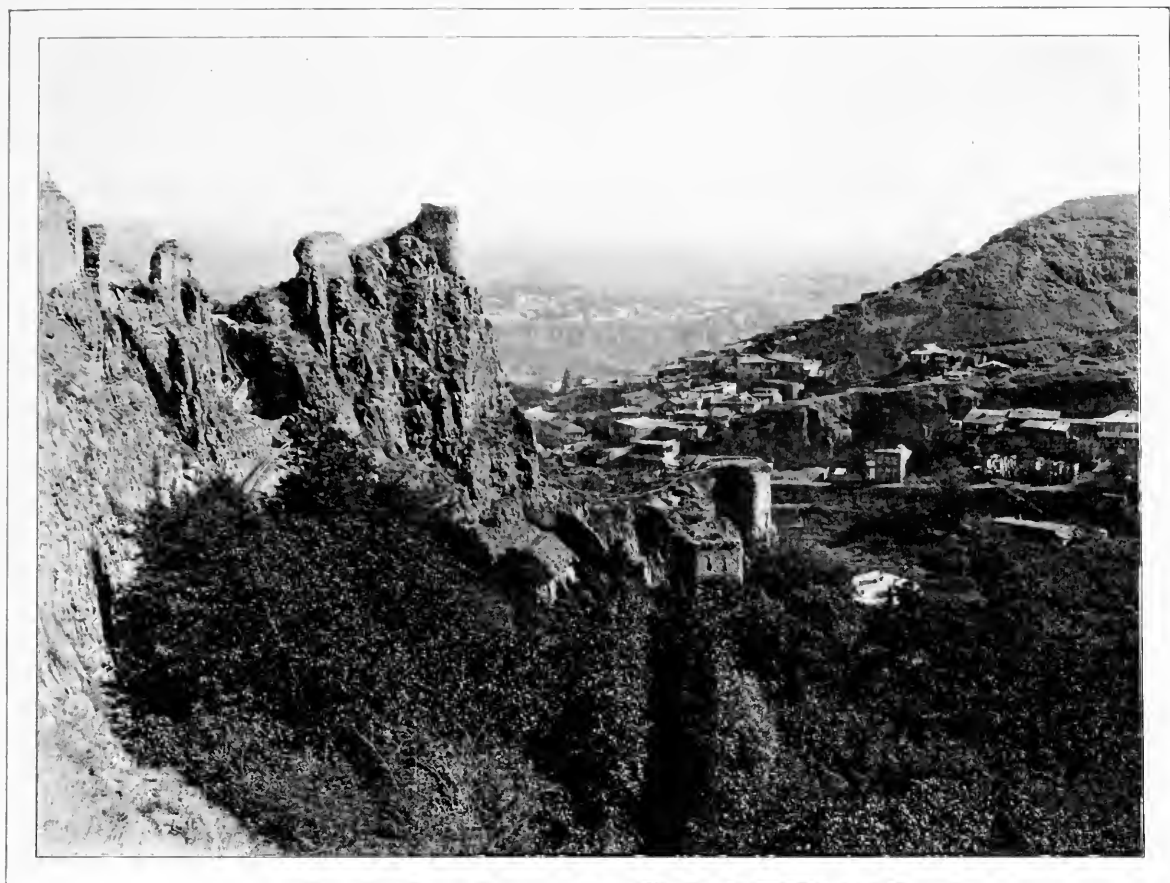


How the Road Comes Down at Mleti—the Georgian Road.

emblem of sin—though nobody who knows goats can understand why they should be tolerated upon the left hand, where, after all you can smell them just as much as if they were upon the right. And a goat is not morally sensitive ; it will not realize any indignity in being allowed only upon the left hand, while a sheep is too stupid to appreciate any compliment in being placed upon the right. However, this is no moment for theological discussion. I was about to say that in the classics, in the Scriptures and by the old masters, a goat has always symbolized evil, depravity and general vileness. The moment you see goats, you understand it. Their cross-set agate eyes of salacious regard ; their flat, ironical noses always a-snuffle, yet immune of their own reek, their thin, wicked mouths at the end of long lascivious faces—the thing is stamped upon them : goats are irremediably and immemorably bad, and it is only the deep invulnerable stupidity of sheep which has prevented them from knowing it and being corrupted by it, and has preserved to the world immaculate, snow-pure, the persistent, inalienable innocence of lambs.

It is beautiful to watch these flocks, and we are to have them all day. We have chosen the day of days on which Caucasian shepherds, by a common instinct, have decided to quit the fastnesses that have harbored them all summer and now, ere the sparse vegetation of the high pastures is bedded with its first coverlet of snow, to come down to the open plain and the shelter of the reaped maize-fields. So they are coming, white, frothy rivers of them that fill the road from side to side, and it is a broad road. Every half mile we chance upon them and must halt while the woolly wave flows by. The bronzed shepherds in huge brown felt cloak, black fur hat the size of any tea-cosey on their swart heads, *bashlik* draped at hazard in lines of inextinguishable grace upon their powerful shoulders, and ten-foot staff in hand, walk at their head, amidst them and at the end behind the littlest and the weakest of the lambs. When they see our carriage, the sheep halt—halt as sheep always do, neatly, feet together very even, almost in the “first position” of the dancing-class. Then the shepherd cries, in harsh and sharp falsetto—is it the cry of the





Tiflis and the Ruins of the Citadel.

hawk to call their woolly wits together, to assemble such odds of cunning as may have been given them for the eluding of their enemy the falcon or the eagle?—and the flock hurries forward at this cry, their little feet poaching the dirtied snow and making that delicate sound which belongs solely to the passing of many sheep and has something timid and feminine and diffident about it. Sometimes one startled, foolish face pokes between the legs of our horses, and at once a blind, unreasoning dozen of fool-followers dare the passage, so that the horse starts and screams in fright and is shouted at by our driver.

When the stream is flowing evenly past the two carriages the shepherds whistle encouragingly and the cream-colored dogs, with their sinister faces turned our way, pass with mistrustful feet. They are too wearied to make any adverse demonstration; for days they have been harrying the flock upon the mountains, collecting stragglers, constraining obstinate climbers, circumventing the astutely divagating goat, now dog-tired and sullen they are wending with the rest to the plain,

their puppies—soft, furry love-pledges of a wild summer—looking over the edges of the saddle-pockets of the flock-donkey or the shepherd's horse. How innocent and frank and pretty are the puppy-faces; how charmingly they extricate first one and then another soft, supple paw, and hang it out till the shepherd sees them and hurriedly crams it in again and binds the edges of the pocket tighter round the puppy neck. I was so enchanted by these creatures, even by the open enmity of their large savage parents, that I priced a ravishingly beautiful puppooose (that would be a nice word) and learned that its price was above roubles, and not even for five would its master part with it. Perhaps had I shown him a gold-piece of five I should at this moment be cluttered, as the Yorkshire people say, with a cream-colored Caucasian puppy of Circassian beauty and a latent savagery to terrify a whole English county.

I dwell overlong upon these by-sights of the road, but indeed most of our first day went in passing that sea of sheep and goats, and the dogs and the humble flock-donkey, bridleless and bitless and bur-





Tiflis.

dened with all the huge hairy felt mantles of the shepherds, pattering meekly among the crowd, were always with us. After a spell of a dozen versts or so, we drew up at a post-station. These, like the excellent military road, are maintained by the Government, and entertainment can be had at them of a modest character. In the barrack-like building, very gray and cold, we passed instinctively toward a door on which was the word "Buffet," written phonetically in Russian letters to rhyme with "muffet." A little bar, with "snacks" of sausage, herring, and Caucasian cheese in front, and bottles of vodka at the back, rewarded us.

The shadow of the mountains fell upon this posting-house, and in the sharp cold a camel and a scatter of bristly pigs made an odd group. Soon our fresh horses were harnessed, and this time, as we followed the course of a little river in a large and gravelly bed, we felt ourselves at last among the mountains. The vegetation of the valley was interesting, and we indulged an old habit of collecting berries of shrubs and trees that were new to us—a thing that looked like a willow and had many orange-berries clustered tightly to its stem and long spines—also a spray of barberry, thinner and pinker than ours at home, to grow in our own far-away garden. Tur-

key oaks, falling now to yellow, crowded and hung from the cliff upon our right, and the usual sorts of rock-ferns nestled in the damp seams of the stone.

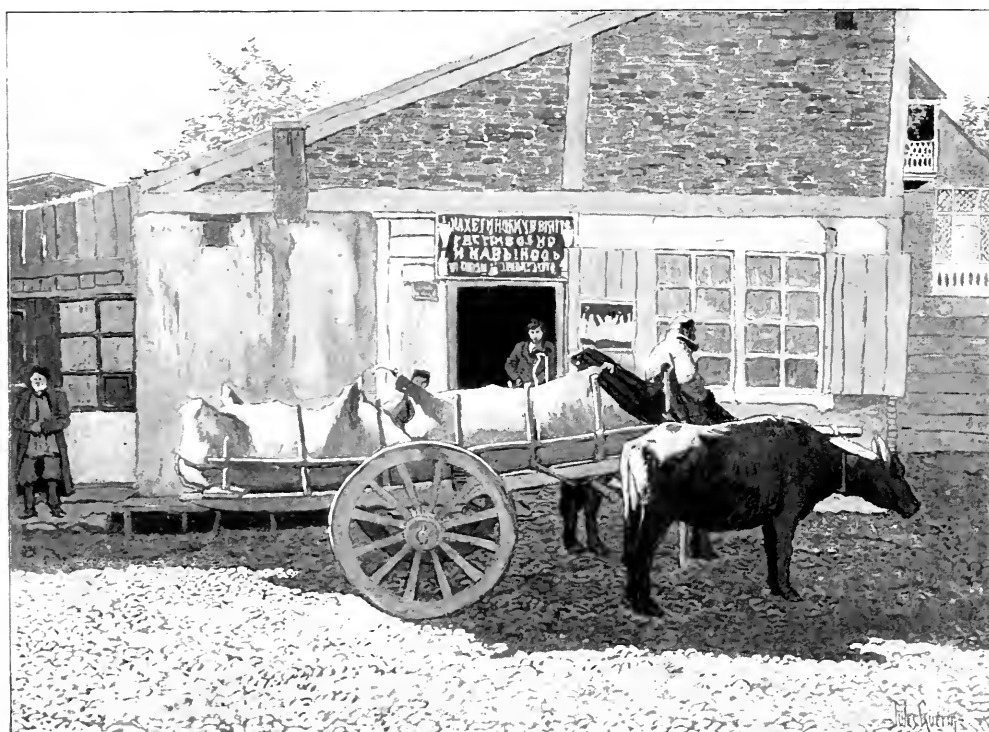
The engineering of the road was masterly, and, like all mountain roads that have presented great difficulties, it every now and then made light of serious risk by running close to huge overhanging lumps of mountain which, if not to-day on my head, then to-morrow on yours, will descend convincingly. Everywhere the greatest care is taken of this most important military highway—Russia's avenue into that country she coveted and fought for so long. It is easy to understand her passionate desire to possess this great range, this fine race or tangle of fine races, this fertile country on the southern slopes. If I were Russia, and as flat as Russia, with only the Urals to point to as Russian mountains, I should have wanted the Caucasus just as badly, and I would have sacrificed the men of whole provinces of plain life to possess them, as Russia did.

Eight miles from Vladikavkaz is the posting-station of Balta; eleven miles farther is Lars; and five miles farther is the world-famous Gorge of Dariel, the "Caucasian Gates" of Pliny, the dark and awful defile between Europe and Asia. Gradually, as we drive on, the hills rise

and close in on us till at length they fall almost sheer to the edge of the rushing Terek and the narrow road, leaving only just room for these at the bottom of a rocky cleft, 5,000 feet deep. The air strikes chill as a vault; not a ray of sunshine enters; the driver stoops low and lashes his horses; instinctively we lapse into silence. The geologist calls this gorge a "fault," for it is not a pass over the mountain-chain, but a rent clear across it. To the imaginative traveller, however, it is a fit scene for the most wonderful highway in history. Seventy years ago it was a perilous road, for avalanches, or the sudden outbursts of pent-up glacial streams, swept it from end to end, but the Russians have spent twenty million dollars upon it and made it safe. In 1877 nearly all their troops and stores for carrying the war into Turkey and Asia came by this road, and it will be used again for the same purpose, although to a much less degree, for there is now direct railway connection from Moscow to Baku, at one end of the Trans-Caucasian Railway, and therefore to Kars itself, *via* Tiflis; and equally to Kars from Batum, at the other end, to which fortified port steamers would bring troops and supplies from Odessa and Novorossisk in the Black Sea. The gorges of the Yang-tsze may be as impressive—I have not seen them—but there is

nothing in Europe which produces so profound an effect of dread upon the mind as this lonely, silent, gloomy, cold abysm of Dariel. You do not wonder that any people holding it could bar the way to the rest of the world—the only ground for surprise is that before the present road was constructed anybody ever got through it at all. It even said: "Thus far and no farther," to Rome herself, and marked the limit of her dominion.

The gorge ends suddenly, as we dash at a right angle over a narrow bridge, and find a most picturesque sight before us. The valley has now a flat floor between its two rugged walls of rock, and in the middle of the floor stands the Russian fort of Dariel, with two of its Cossack garrison lounging at the gate. It is precisely the fort, as you see, beloved of our youth—thick stone walls, loopholed, crenelated battlements, corner towers. Half an hour's bombardment to-day would reduce it to a rubbish-heap, but it guarded the Pass bravely enough when it was built. There stands above it, however, what is a thousand times better to look upon—the ruins of the old stronghold of Princess Tamara—not her of history, but her of immortal legend, in which truth and fancy can never again be plucked apart. It is said that hither came all her lovers, an



Tiflis—Wine-skins and the Wine-shop.

ever-flowing stream, since she was of resistless beauty, and that when her fancy tired of them they were hurled into the torrent below. In this castle passes the action of Lermontoff's play "The Demon," but he has none of this grewsome story, though Tamar's beauty is there :

Witness, thou star of  
midnight, witness,  
sun,  
Rising and setting, king  
upon his throne,  
Nor Shah of golden  
Persia, e'er did kiss  
A face so bright, so  
beautiful as this ;  
No houri in the noon-  
tide heat did lave  
A form so perfect in the  
fountain's wave,  
And lover's hand, since  
Eden days, I trow,  
Ne'er smoothed the  
wrinkles from so fair  
a brow.\*

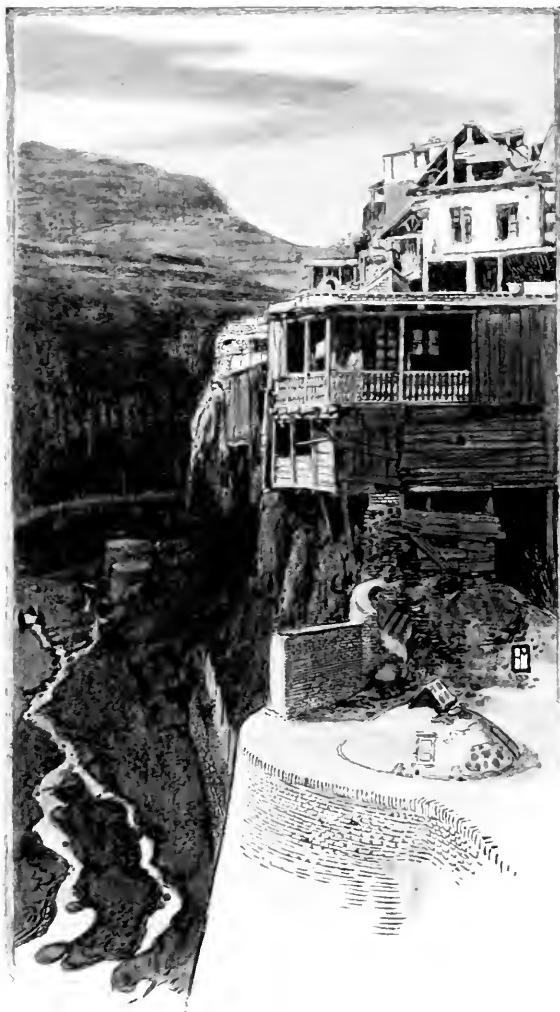
But as one gazes up at these ruins in the spot of all the world apt to breed the romance and passion and war of days when life was thick-set with such, one earnestly longs to pierce the trivial veil of legend and poetry, and know what *really* happened there — just the daily life of the men and women who looked along Dariel from that high-built eyrie.

The day was done when we came up to the post-house called after Kasbek, and round us, in a close group, rose the splendid peaks of which Kasbek is the chief. Kasbek is to my eye more beautiful than Elbruz with its divided peaks ; it is steeper, with terribly sheer slopes, gorges and glaciers around it, itself ending in a savage spike of rocks against the sky, while Elbruz, really much higher and more difficult to climb (Elbruz is 18,470 feet and Kasbek 16,546†), has larger and milder-look-

ing summits. This is a mistake in a mountain ; the proper mountain is the blue and white kind, of which you can see at least ten thousand feet "out of the ground," so to speak, with a peak offering room for no more than the two feet of one climber at

a time, and he so perilously placed that he must hold a cloud by the tail if he would stay there. This is the character of Kasbek — from below.

The post-house is again a bleak white building, with a large square yard behind it, round three sides of which are stables to accommodate the numerous horses required for relays. In the middle of this yard another solitary camel is standing, his head balanced upon his absurd neck and his mouth supercilious as are all camels in the desert ; seen against this snowy background there is something irresistibly incongruous about his appearance. I could not imagine why he was



A Bit of Old Tiflis.

there until I learned that at each post-station a camel must be kept in order that when droves of camels occasionally pass through the mountains, the horses may be habituated to the outlandish appearance of this singular beast, otherwise panic and hysteria would invade the stables and the Government diligence and mail service

and his statements were at first received with absolute incredulity. But when the three Englishmen reappeared from the opposite valley, having gone up one side of the mountain and down the other, even the unwilling natives had to admit that the impossible had been accomplished. Elbruz was again climbed in 1875 by Mr. F. Crauford Grove, and in 1884 by M. de Déchy, a Hungarian gentleman. But the curious jealousy of foreigners makes local writers still loath to admit the fact, though repeated descriptions have made the ascents familiar to all the world. In his "Guide au Caucase," published in 1891, M. J. Mourier has this amusing sentence about Kasbek : "Trois anglais : Freschwild, Mour et Tecker, membres du club alpestre de Londres, prétendent être parvenus jusqu'à sa cime le 18/30 Juin, 1868."

\* Storr's Translation.

† Kasbek and Elbruz were first climbed in 1868 by Messrs. Douglas Freshfield, Comyns Tucker, and Adolphus W. Moore. When near the summit they sent back their guide,



A Wandering Beggar, Tiflis.

would be disorganized beyond repair. It is one of those simple explanations which yet strike one as ludicrous, and at each post-house we are smitten anew by this strange exigency, and this fresh proof of Russia's boundless ethnological complications.

We are to stay over-night at Kasbek, and we make ourselves comfortable in the

barrack-like chambers that are placed at our disposal, while, after a short moment of refreshment, we descend to the buffet for dinner. Our enthusiasm hurls us in the direction of the national *plat* of *shashlik*—the delicious Caucasian mutton, cooked *à la broché* over a wood fire. We wait in happy impatience for its arrival, stemming our hunger with a *zakushka* of



A Caucasian Type—the Costume of Every Day.

raw herring, with brown bread, and drafts of quaint Caucasian wine, which we profess determinedly, if with some effort, to find delicious.

By and by a profound and searching steam of rawish but not quite raw onion invades the buffet ; this is onion at its very worst moment ; raw onion is tolerable, cooked onion is palatable, onion that has merely suffered a heat-change is devastating in its effect upon the soul of the feeder. We become nervous, and when a Circassian person comes in bearing that onion which is apparently allied to the hoped-for *shashlik*, we wince palpably.

Some roughly chopped loin of mutton, smoked without and crude within, smothered in the aforesaid onion, manifests itself, and timidly our lady distributes it to us. Fork and knife recoil simultaneously from each knobby piece, and one mouth-

ful (which never gets any farther) contents each inquiring palate. The meat, hacked without any relation to its fibre, its grain, or its bones, is absolutely fresh, is also quite uncooked, and only hours of stewing could have made it fit to eat.

"Would you try the *plat national* again? —it might be better here," says someone, a day or two later. "Not again," is the reply ; "let us wait till we get to England ; my cook does it beautifully : *Navets de mouton à la broché*. No more Circassian *shashlik* baa-ing at me, if you please."

We made plans at Kasbek for an early ride up the mountains opposite, to see the little ancient church, 1,400 feet above us, of Tsminda-Sameba, not that of itself this presented much interest, but the view of the mountain, and especially of its great black side where Prometheus was chained (though the legend is inaccurate after all,





Batum.

for Æschylus distinctly speaks of Prometheus's rock as above the sea and far from the Caucasus), was said to be beautiful, and we wished to enjoy a ride in true Caucasian spirit. A quarter to seven was the hour fixed, and we retired early, to be ready. When I arose at six, it was upon a world of snow that I looked out. Everything was white, and that broad-flaked, Christmas-card kind of snow which we used to have in England when I was little, was falling. The stables and the yard were white; the poor camel even had little drifts between his humps, and absurd tufts of it all over him; you could not see fifty yards away, and all the mountains had retired within the veil. This put off our ride, and even alarmed us somewhat about the Pass and its condition. There was no mistake—the snow had come to stay; it was winter snow. What I saw fall as I looked out of the window would be there till next April.

We started at once, the hood of our carriage up, and little visible beyond the back of our driver in his thick pleated woollen gown, but all round in the gray air the broad flakes were in suspension, apparently falling with that slow deliberation, that incredible downy lightness, and that incalculable vagary of direction that char-

acterizes real snow. Suddenly, out of the gray mystery in front of us, a troop of Cossack soldiers came riding, a couple of hundred of them, returning from their service on the Armenian frontier to their little villages in the plain. These men are supplied with rifles and ammunition by Government; their wiry little horses, their armory of sabres, knives, and pistols, are their own. Shrouded in the black, shaggy, felt cloak that descends to the horse's tail, and nearly covers their big felt boots in the short stirrups, cowled each in his pointed *bashlik*, a hood with two ends wound round the neck and falling down the back, they seemed like some ghostly procession of warlike friars passing in slow defile. Each cone-shaped silhouette upon his high saddle, with wild face—and what faces they were!—looking straight in front of him was the incarnation of all that is picturesque, romantic, in a word, Caucasian.

Presently the veil was lifted; the flakes grew slimmer and finer, the sun flashed out, the hood of the carriage was thrown back, and there beside us, mantled in a flawless ermine, was Kasbek and his court of peaks, bright and glittering against a heaven of Italian blue. In his winter majesty, every seam and fissure of yesterday, filled and smoothed with one night-fall of



snow, he was scarce to be looked on by his subjects. And now, with many a zigzag, the road mounted in good earnest; we encountered the immobile oxen yoked to the snow-ploughs, we came upon the artificial tunnels, made to accommodate ava-

tractor over them; whether the Government does its own work or contractors are different here, I know not, but assuredly the highway by which Russia's Empire is moving sedulously forward is made to endure, and to carry the great weight of her power.



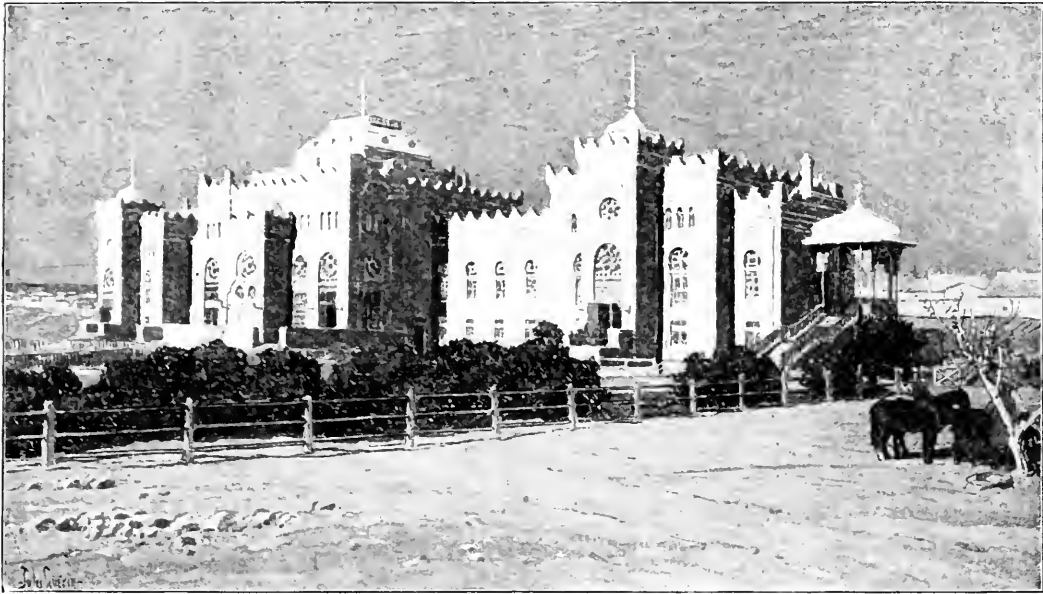
Caucasian Types—a Tekkin Family.

lanches. These places where the road suddenly runs under a stoutly timbered roof built against the mountain-side, bring home to one the chances of winter, and the eventualities that may—and often do—overtake the faithful post-wagon with its European mails for Tiflis. As we approach them, I can imagine the tons of snow and loosened boulders plunging down the steeps toward the river, here growing slender as a thread, and the awful thunder of them exploding over these man-made defences. Like all such work, and most of the construction work in Russia I have seen, these avalanche-roofs are splendidly built; there is no trail of the con-

trage round the corners might have terrified anyone who does not believe as I do that the real safety of driving lies in speed. With a suddenness almost unbelievable, the vegetation on this southern side began; first that obstinate and crouching little fir-tree, ascetic as a fakir, and nourished upon escarpments of pure rock and dark dreams not given to trees in whose branches birds nest and sing; then pines and oak-scrub; among these presently little sun-soaked hay-fields whose harvest, in pointed cocks, stood out oddly upon the snow. Then villages or colonies or farmlets of dwellings, half underground, and with the square, open cave-like front which marks all East-

At the top of the Pass we see a small cross upon the hill-side, standing out in full relief upon a snowy shoulder. It marks the summit—7,977 feet, and by the road is one of later date, beside which my other photograph shows our bewrapped party and our driver. No Alpine pass, except the Stelvio, which is 9,040 feet high, is so high as this. Seldom can it be given to anyone to see great mountains in more exquisite aspect than we saw these at the top of that pass. Peak after peak biting the sky in sharp outline; snow but a few hours old, sun and heavens dazzlingly clear and deeply blue; the whole indescribable by word or brush or pencil—one of those illimitable triumphs of nature and the elements almost outside the power of man's appreciation, too immense to be felt or enjoyed, or even revered, all at once.

Then came the wild rush from the water-parting to the valley. Our men had a rouble at stake and were set to earn it; the horses tore along, two of them only for the downward journey. The right-angle at which they hurled the cari-



The Railway Station, Baku.

ern dwellings; flat-roofed, of course, and choked and huddled round with straw-stacks and mounds of winter fodder. I would give anything to explore one of these little places where the foot-sole of its occupants never knows what it is to stand upon the flat earth, save when indoors on the trodden floor of the humble living-room.

With a swoop almost hawk-like in its sheerness and its suddenness, we drop into the considerable settlement of Ananur, beside a river which is carrying the gray glacier water to the south. Here we are to harbor for the night, and only two general chambers, one for men and one for women, are at the disposal of travellers, for it is one of the smaller stations. The food is in that particular transition stage between archaism half-disdained and civilization half-comprehended, which is the most trying of any; but again the wine of the country and its bread give

sustenance to travellers who have never been in slavery to *tables d'hôte*.

The largest and the blackest rat ever seen was kind enough to sit up with our lady, alone in the General Room for her sex that night, so of course she was not lonely nor at a loss for company, and in the morning, she having slept on a leather couch and mostly in her clothes, a Caucasian gentleman with white hair and a self-possession princes might envy, came and

poured water upon her hands and face from a jug, while she juggled with her sponge and soap in a vain effort (as she narrated) after even precarious cleanliness. He had already similarly attended to the men of the party, and in this matter we agreed that they do things handsomely in Ananur. None of us had ever been washed by a Circassian prince in full uniform before. (I think I am right in describing him as a prince; you are a prince in the Caucasus if you

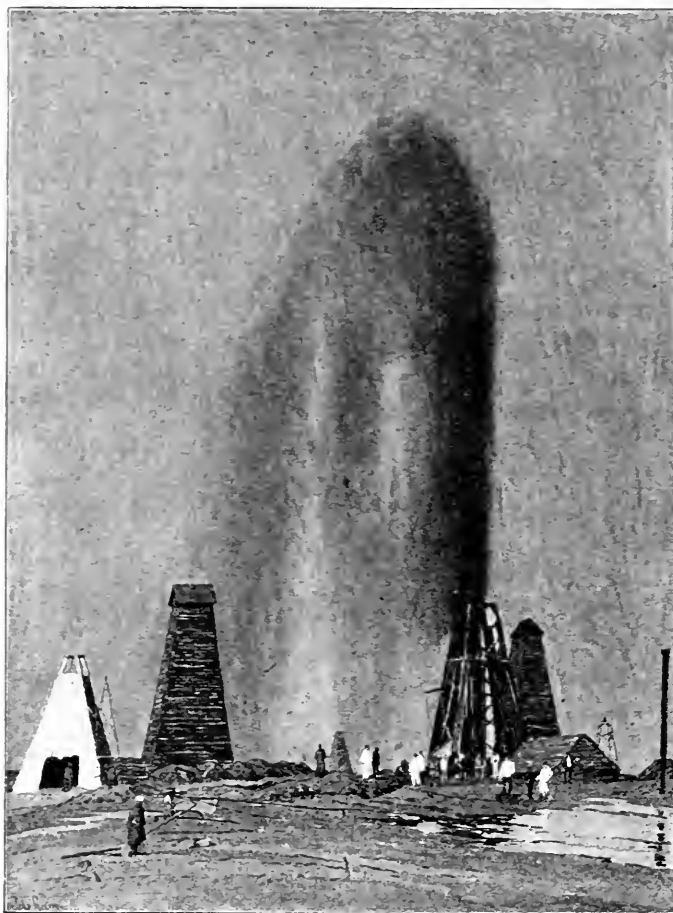


Caucasian Types—Tatars.

possess four sheep, so Russians say, jokingly, and I cannot believe that our friend had a fleece less.) We wandered up to the strange little castle; it dates from the fifteenth century, and the shells of its square and tapering towers frame and crumble round a church of later date. Nothing about this church, save some half-obliterated frescos and the arabesques lettered beside its door, interested us, but in the river, a special breed

of bull-trout mocks the prowess of the passing fisherman, and there were smooth places beside the tails of water and sudden-coming "races" in the hollows of banks where I should have delighted to see the dry-flies of a certain Liberal statesman friend alluringly floating. Soon, soon, I wot, those bull-trout would have belowed on the bank.

That day we made the second ascent of a smaller pass, this time always among cultivated slopes where the wheat was already sprouting, the big, blue-gray buffaloes ploughing, and the little flat-roofed houses, all scraped out of the hill-sides, comfortably fronting the southern sun. Visiting some of them, we found the cave-dwellers to be a handsome race indeed; the men tall, strong, and martial, bearded and bronzed and covered with weapons, the women gay in bright colors of blue and red and crimson, holding up babies whose small heads were covered with henna-tinted hair. Cocks, hens, cats, dogs, and a few little, fluffy buffalo-calves all clustered in the shelter of these house-fronts, and on the roof huge, oval baskets of maize-cobs



The Oil-wells of Baku—a "Fountain."

shone golden, very often with the owner seated smoking beside his store of winter provender.

At Dushet we spent some time trying to get into the castle of Prince Tschliaief, which stood upon the hill, white, castellated, looking proudly across the valley at the little town with its grim, plain, red boxes of new Russian barracks. In point of appearance, the Prince's palace, which was also employed as a Police Station, was easily first in its expres-

sion of martial capability. Dushet is charmingly situated, and as it is within easy reach of the cosmopolitan pleasures of Tiflis, it is the place I should recommend for a prolonged spring or autumn stay on the Georgian Road.

The last town on the road is a strange link between past and present. This is Mtskhét, the ancient capital of Georgia, known to history as far back as the fourth century. Here lived and reigned all the Tsars of Georgia; hither came the Vandals of Tamerlane and razed the cathedral, but Tsar Alexander I. of Georgia rebuilt it, and under its aisles lie Georgia's rulers and wise men. The cathedral itself was built originally in 328 A.D., over the spot where Christ's seamless robe, brought from Golgotha either by a Jew or by the Centurion Longinus—the legends differ—and given by him to his sister Sidonia, was found. She wrapped it around her, fell dead, and as it could not be detached from her body, she was buried in it, and until it was carried off to the Cathedral of the Assumption at Moscow, a holy oil exuded from the very stones above the pre-

cious relic. Such was old Mtskhét. To-day it is a railway station on the line from Batum to Baku, the point where the military road meets the military railway.

Tiflis was now only thirteen miles away, and soon the appearance of civilization beset the road and the more frequent vehicles upon it. A general in a smart troika with three black horses in silvered harness came dashing past, and a flock of turkeys, on their way to market in the city, had to be hastily crowded to one side to let him pass. A mass of tin roofs, painted in pale green and Indian red, makes a pleasant color impression of Tiflis as you approach it from this side, but to see it in its real and remarkable picturesqueness, as shown in my illustrations, it must be viewed from the remains of the old fortress, or the Botanical Garden beside it, at the other end of the town. It lies at the bottom of a brown, treeless valley, between steep hills, on either side of the river Kura. This may not sound very attractive, but there is an abruptness about the contours and a serpentine twist about the river that make it one of the most strikingly placed towns I know. In summer, as might be guessed from its position and from the additional fact that it has a phenomenally small rain-fall, Tiflis is stifling and intolerably hot, but in winter the same conditions render it a delightful residence, perfectly sheltered from the cold winds that sweep from the mountains and the plain to the southeast, and by its dry atmosphere admirably suited to people with weak lungs.

Half of Tiflis is a little Paris. Russia has developed her Caucasian capital in a manner worthy of its importance. In the modern town the streets are wide and paved, the shops are large and handsome, there is a public garden with winding walks and fine trees, excellent tramways run in all directions, the public carriages are far superior to those of St. Petersburg or Moscow—in fact, the best I have seen anywhere, and the hotels, as I have said already, will bear comparison with hotels anywhere in the world. The official buildings are numerous and imposing—Russia always takes care of this. The cathedral is a magnificent edifice, the Governor-

General's palace dignified without and splendid within, there is a new and elaborate opera-house, and of course a number of military buildings. The museum is extremely interesting for its collections of all the animals and birds of the Caucasus, all the geological products, and a fascinating series of figures and domestic implements illustrating the ethnology of all the local races. While we were there an agricultural exhibition was held, and the quality and variety of products shown were astonishing. Some of the vegetables were so remarkable that we wrote and asked for seeds, which were sent to us promptly by official post and are now germinating under the surprised eyes of a Hampshire gardener. In matters like this, let me remark once for all, the Russian authorities are courtesy itself to foreigners who approach them courteously and are genuinely interested in what they are doing. In a word, modern Tiflis is a highly civilized little capital, handsome, clean, comfortable and gay—a first-rate specimen of the European West built up in Asia and the East.

But one does not go to Asia to see Europe, and therefore the passing traveller hastens to get into the tramway at his hotel door and be transported in ten minutes into a piece of Bagdad or Teheran. For the other half of Tiflis is purely Oriental. Narrow, steep, ill-paved streets; mysterious houses hiding the life within behind closed doors and shuttered windows; the merchant sitting among his wares—the silversmiths in one street, the arms-makers in another, the shoemakers, the carpet-dealers, the fruit-sellers, the perfume-venders, each trade in its own quarter. And what things to buy, if one has money and time—the two equally essential components of an Eastern bargain! Through this low door-way and behind this commonplace shop is a dark warehouse piled high with carpets in mountainous profusion. Here is every fraud ready for the unwary or unknowing purchaser, but here, also, if your eye is sharp and your tongue smooth and your experience trustworthy and your time and patience without limits, is a brocade from the palace of one of the old Khans of Nukha, vassals of Persia in

time gone by; this is a silken carpet from Ispahan, in the golden days of Shah Abbas, two hundred years old, priceless; that rug was woven by Tekke girls in the tent of nomad Turkomans, a pattern never copied but preserved in memory from the times of Tamerlane; this drugget issued long ago from the loom of Kurdish women of Erivan; the roll of rainbow-colored silk came slowly to light, like a dragon-fly above a reeking pond, in a mud hovel of the torture-town of Bokhara, fieriest hot-bed of Mussulman fanaticism. The merchant will show you, too, turquoises—handfuls of them, all small or of the worthless greenish hue. Many times you ask him if he has not bigger turquoises and he shakes his head. At the back of his iron strong-box, wrapped in a dozen crumpled papers, he has a great one, of that marvellous and indescribable blue which nature has produced only in this stone. Will much persuasion wheedle it into sight for a moment, or much money secure its possession forever? Maybe, but I doubt it. Why does he not try to sell it? I do not know, but I have my theory, and it is based upon the unchanging truth that at last, between East and West, pride of race is stronger than greed of gold. To console you, however, for the unattainable azure, you may find and carry off a blue scimeter from Daghestan, a wrought-iron staff surmounted by an ox-head with which some old Persian officer has led his men to battle, a Georgian pistol inlaid with silver *niello* work, and a choice bit of gold-encrusted ivory from Kazi-Kumyk.

But Tiflis, this “precipitate of history,” these cross-roads between Europe and Asia, excites your wonder and enchains your recollection most of all for its human conglomerate. Professor Brugsch has reckoned up seventy languages spoken there, a record surely unequalled by any other town in the world. The well-known guide Rostom, whom my illustration presents as a type of the everyday Circassian costume, cannot tell offhand how many he speaks. “Let me see—French, German, Russian, Georgian, Armenian, Mingrelian, Persian”—and so on. And most of the tongues have their distinctive costume, and indeed their own well-marked faces. There is no mistaking the Tatars with their hats in the shape of a trun-

cated cone, the aquiline-featured Lesghians, the swarthy Persians with their long-pointed hats of astrakhan fur, the Armenians with their flat caps, the Turkomans in huge shaggy hats of sheepskin, the Würtembergers of the German colony in the old Swabian costume, and most marked of all, the Georgians in the *tcherkess*, with the *khasir*, the row of cartridge cases, across the breast. The native gentleman, an officer of high rank and long service in war, who strides into the hotel dining-room in his uniform of chestnut and Indian red, jingling with small arms and hung with medals even as a Zulu is strung with cowries, is certainly one of the most striking figures I have ever seen. In fact, I do not remember to have been in the society of so many distinguished-looking people in my life before; a group of princes of the blood, ambassadors, and commanders-in-chief would have everything to learn from them in the matter of deportment. No matter who they may be—the Smiths and Joneses, possibly, of Georgia and Daghestan—their manners and their clothes hit off the choicest expressions of dignity and distinction. That full-skirted woollen coat, flying round the fine riding-boots, and hiding trousers of carmine silk; that tight-fitting body-part, open at the breast to show a shirt of richest cream-color, hooked smartly over the ribs and narrowly girdled at the waist by a belt of chased metal, worn very tight, from which hang silver-worked poniard, sabre, pistol-holster and other strange fittings, combine to form a costume of infinite spirit, to which the row of cartridges, sewn on a cunning slant on each side of the breast, are a splendid finish, even though the cartridges are but dummy bits of wood, with gold or silver heads. Added to all this, the port of the head in its black sheepskin hat, and the whole general bearing, make every man a field-marshal and the hero of a hundred fights—to look at.

Are the women of Georgia as beautiful as we have always been told? When they become matrons, which is at an early age, they are too stout and broad in the beam for beauty, but in their youth, I should judge from glimpses at windows and passing faces, there may well be extraordinary loveliness among them—the



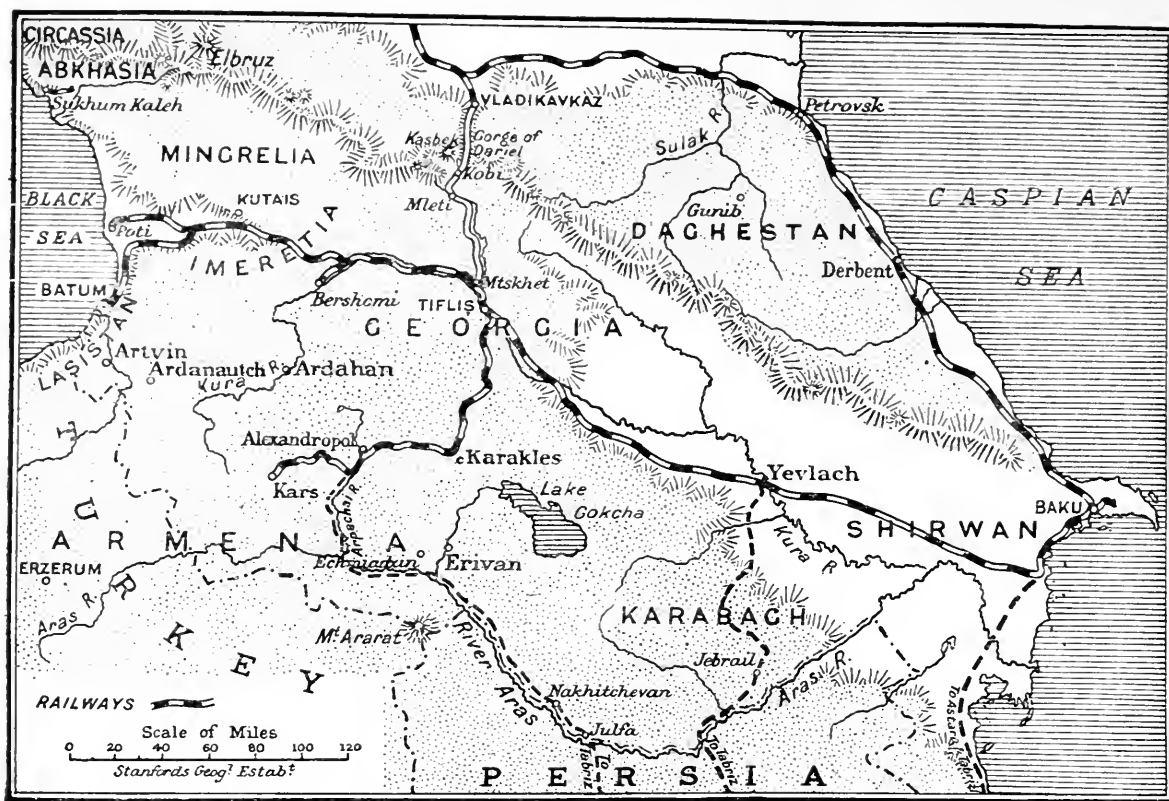
loveliness of perfectly chiselled features true to the racial type, large calm dark eyes, firm, full mouth, alabaster skin, indigo-black hair—the precise antithesis of the piquancy of irregular features and nervous temperament which generally passes for beauty among ourselves. These are women, you feel, whose lips would whisper passionate love or, if times allowed, sing high the song that sends their men to battle—whose fingers would grasp the dagger or fall lightly across the strings of the lute, with equal aptness. Dagger and war-song, however, are out of date to-day.

It will occur to many readers, no doubt, to ask what is the political condition of these strangely mingled and once vigorous nationalities, and how they are affected toward their great rulers. In spite of the enthusiasm they evoke, the small nationalities almost disappear politically in the face of the colossal interests of the Great Powers which control them directly or indirectly, and the Caucasus is no exception to this rule. Before the Russo-Turkish War the Georgians stood high in Russian favor; they held important public offices, and the social relations between them and Russian officials were cordial. During the war doubts arose as to their loyalty, and the Armenians took advantage of these to push their own interests. Their well-known trading and financial gifts were of much use to the Russians and very profitable to themselves. But the Armenians have shared the fate of the Georgians, for the Armenian troubles in Turkey bred a certain amount of real political agitation, and evoked fears of a great deal more, with the not unnatural result that the Russian authorities now cry a plague on both their houses, and exclude Georgians and Armenians alike from office and influence. This action, again, is naturally being followed by a recrudescence of national feeling, especially among the Georgians. The national costume, once almost abandoned, is now the fashion; the national literature is being fostered; and Georgian women talk less gossip and more politics. But all this has no serious significance. Mr. Oliver Wardrop, in his "Kingdom of Georgia" (1888), wrote: "Should Russia ever become involved in a great war, Georgia

would undoubtedly declare her independence and endeavor to seize the Dariel Road; the Armenians and Lezgians would also revolt, each in their own way." My own opinion is that any enemy of Russia that counted upon this would be disappointed; the time is past for a Georgian political nationality, unless, indeed, Russia should be already so hopelessly defeated as to break up of her own weight. I doubt much whether, in spite of their good looks and their martial clothes, the Georgians possess capacity for any struggle or for the organization which it would necessitate if successful. Sporadic risings there might be if Russia were defeated once or twice, but they would be crushed without the slightest difficulty, and the only chance of success they might have would be when Russia was too exhausted even to attempt to put them down. Moreover, I saw no reason why the Georgians should wish to revolt, for they are not repressed in any way, they have practically all the chances that Russians themselves enjoy, they are treated very gently as regards military service, and it is perfectly certain that if for any cause Russia should cease to protect them, some other Power would have to do so, for they are wholly incapable of taking care of themselves or standing sword in hand, as they once did, between Europe and the pressing hordes of Asia. In a word, the little nationalities of the Caucasus present no political problem.

The attention of the traveller in the Caucasus is apt to be monopolized by its romance and picturesqueness, to the exclusion of its practical and commercial interests. These, however, are hardly inferior to its more dazzling side, and they are growing, and destined to grow, in amazing fashion. Nature has endowed the country with a climate in which anything will flourish, and the soil holds mineral wealth in vast variety and infinite quantity. At present Russian official methods seriously handicap production, but M. de Witte, the Minister of Finance, is a statesman of profound sagacity and wide views, and gradually his influence is removing obstructions and hastening procedure. If he lives, and no war comes to





Railways of the Caucasus.  
(Projected and under construction.)

strain Russian resources, the next ten years will see all the world astonished at the commercial development of the Caucasus. The progress of the oil industry of Baku everybody knows. The export of petroleum products through the port of Batum in 1899 was 1,166,155 tons, an increase of 175,330 tons over the preceding year, and prices were more remunerative at the end of last year than they have ever been before. The export of manganese, an essential of the steel industry, the Caucasus being the chief source of the world's supply, was 416,340 tons in 1899, against 282,316 tons in 1898. As regards other productions the British Consul at Batum, Mr. Patrick Stevens, who speaks from intimate knowledge, says that if the uncertainty that hangs over Russian official methods were removed "there can be no shadow of doubt that the boundless resources of this country, so richly endowed by nature, might be developed very advantageously both for the capitalist and the population," for "its mineral wealth is practically unlimited, copper, zinc, iron, tin, and many other metals being found throughout the region, in most cases in exceedingly extensive deposits." If I

were a capitalist I should direct my attention and my money to Russia, and I think to the Caucasus first of all. Here is one eloquent little fact in conclusion, since I shall have more to say upon this matter in a subsequent article: the railway across the Caucasus, from Batum on the Black Sea to Baku on the Caspian, six hundred and twenty-one miles in thirty hours, showed a net profit of revenue over expenditure last year of nearly £1,000,000—\$5,000,000; and yet the rolling-stock is so inadequate to the traffic offered that a large amount of freight is now going by rail round the mountain range, *via* Petrofsk and Vladikavkaz, to the port of Novorossisk, instead of to Batum. At present agriculture alone is languishing in the Caucasus, but this industry has its ups and downs everywhere, and when it is less prosperous there is the more labor available for commercial enterprise.

In my last article I showed how the inevitable trend of Russia was to the sunrise and the warm water. The Caucasus affords a further striking example of this. As may be seen by a glance at my map (which

shows railways projected and under construction, not to be found, I believe, elsewhere), Russia is stretching out her arm rapidly to the south, toward Persia and its warm and commercial gulf which leads straight to India and the East, in the shape of roads and railways. Already a railway runs from Tiflis to Kars, and several other schemes are on foot for further facilities of transport in the same direction. A railway is already begun, and will be finished in three or four years, from Karakles, below Alexandropol, down the valley of the Arpa-chai to the valley of the Aras (Araxes), then by the side of the Aras to Erivan, and on to Nakhichevan and Julfa on the Russo-Persian frontier. Another railway is under survey and consideration from Baku to Astara and Tabriz, with an alternative scheme from Yevlach, on the present line, through Jebrail to Tabriz. An important military road, about which not much is

heard, runs from Batum to Artvin, thence to Ardanautch, thence to Ardahan, thence to Kars. It is metalled from Batum to Artvin, and is being widened from Artvin to Ardanautch. It has been metalled and in use for some time from Ardahan to Kars. Plans and performances like these, at a time when money is scarce in Russia, mean only one thing.

Such is the Caucasus—a hasty glance at a great subject. I hope I have gone a little way, at any rate, toward justifying my remark at the outset that it is perhaps on the whole the most interesting land of the world. It has been, as I said, unaccountably neglected, but I feel sure in advance of the thanks of any, whether travellers in search of new scenes or capitalists on the lookout for new investments, who take my advice and visit it for themselves.



## A COMPARISON OF THE ARMIES IN CHINA

By Thomas F. Millard

THE assemblage of troops of so many nationalities in one locality and their use in operations against a common enemy, such as marked the concert of the Powers in China, has afforded an unprecedented opportunity to observe and compare the various military methods, equipments, and armaments of the twentieth century world.

Not since the Powers last gathered in

discordant consultation at the bedside of the sick man of the East have so many nations participated in a war. Since that time there has been a revolution in military science. Improved weapons have changed conditions, and methods have been compelled to adjust themselves to altered circumstances. And, notwithstanding a rigid course of instruction carried on for many years, with and without

practical lessons, the power-aspiring nations still have to take their full degree in efficiency.

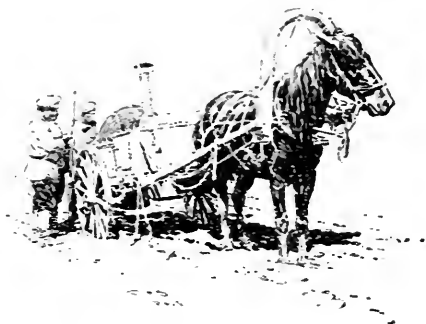
All good soldiers, and other men who from interest or occupation keep pace with military evolution, recognize this. That is why, since the Powers have been rubbing elbows in China, they have watched each other even more closely than they watched the enemy. When not engaged in the joyous task of civilizing the Chinese with torch and sword, they have been going to school. Peking and Tientsin, where the forces have been chiefly congregated, and the whole broad scene of operations, have been in reality huge class-rooms, with every intelligent and thoughtful officer an earnest, eager student. Blind and deaf indeed will be the nation that does not, out of all this aggregated instruction, learn something.

It is doubtful if in the whole history of the world such a variety of soldiery has ever before been brought together. The troops engaged in the war in China embrace Germans, Russians (including Cossacks), British (including Australians, English, Sikhs, Rajputs, Ghurkos and Chinese), Americans, French (including Tonquin and Cochin China native regiments), Japanese, Austrians, and Italians: to say nothing of the Boxers and Imperial Chinese troops. Every branch of every service is represented, not omitting those emergency soldiers, the marines. The navies of the world have been combined in the great fleets which lie anchored off Taku, Shanghai, and other important Chinese ports. In the streets of Peking and Tientsin may be seen every day a confusing jumble of nationalities, sporting every conceivable costume, and dinning the bewildered ear with sounds couched in every live language in the world, and many that ought to be dead. In the course of half an hour on the terrace of the Astor House, or a five minutes' jaunt in a 'ricksha along densely thronged and dust-paved Victoria Road, you will be accosted in more tongues than you ever heard told of. The

streets resound with the beating of drums, the music of bands, and the tramp of marching regiments. A truly cosmopolitan gathering this, with the glint and glitter of uniforms, the clank and jangle of arms and soldiers' trappings, dominating and giving a purely military color to it all, as in camp, on parade, or in real action, the varied pageant passes in review.

The operations undertaken by the allied forces in North China, while almost universally successful, have been by no means satisfactory in affording an adequate test of comparative efficiency. That only fair test of real effectiveness, skilful and de-

termined opposition, has been lacking. The Chinese have been easy game. Still, tolerably satisfactory bases of comparison have not been entirely wanting. The allies have marched and fought a common enemy—poor as he was—under practically similar conditions. They have been thrown together in active campaign work under circumstances which tried, if not their genuine fighting qualities, at least



A Russian Field Kitchen.



Russian Field Transport Carts.

their marching ability, equipment, transport facilities, commissary and hospital services, and all the innumerable elements, both important and trifling, which make in their sum the modern war-making machine.

About all this, there is a varied tale to tell; a tale which can be brought to no end, save a vague generalization, that will be at the same time a logical conclusion. The best plan will be to describe and com-

pare (just a little), and leave the experts and text-book writers to solve the problems involved to their own satisfaction.

It is well, perhaps, to recall something of the character of the march which, even more than the fighting, has been the chief test of the efficiency of these troops.

After the battle of Yang-tsun, no opposition worthy of the name was encountered until the relieving force was under the walls of Peking. For six successive days the march was continued without interruption. Progress was slow, averaging not more than eight miles a day. This was a fairly good average, considering the conditions under which the march was made. A more monotonous tramp, or one better calculated to take the life and energy out of troops, can scarcely be conceived. The landscape never varies.

From the coast to Peking is one endless plain, unruffled by a single mound or gentle elevation. Dull-colored clay embankments, marking the course of roads, canals, or irrigation ditches ridge the flats in all directions, like welts laid with an enormous knout on a tortured country by some supernatural avenger. Uncultivated wastes of mud stretch everywhere, tainted by putrid ponds, and filling the spaces between the vast fields of millet, which cover the greater part of the land in North China. Thousands of big and little mounds dot the country, giving it the appearance, where not concealed by vegetation, of some vast prairie-dog village. Human graves are these, strange bumps of Oriental superstition, to hold the land they occupy sacred against all the needs of posterity while the Chinese govern China.

Yonder, now in touch with the crawling column, now reaching away as if to relieve the troops of its nauseous contact, only to come creeping, snake-like, back again, after having made a wide detour, is the sluggish Pei-ho. In any country but China, this tortuous, turgid stream, dragging its yellow, slimy fluid slothfully between crumbling mud-banks and shores reeking with refuse, would scarcely be en-

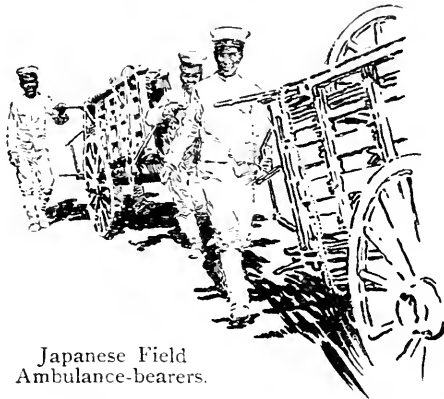
titled to rank as a ditch. A ditch it is—or rather a sewer; the sewer, as well as the commercial artery, of Chihli Province. It floats endless double lines of junks, with their prows pointing to the north or to the south, in unbroken procession. It is the mother of thousands of smaller ditches, all equally yellow and contaminated, which spread out over the country like the web of an immense water spider, licking up the filth of countless villages and feeding or draining, as the case may be, their cousins the cess-pools. It now harbors, but to in-

recently display, cast upon its banks or floating with its current, hundreds of bloated objects that were once men and women who lived upon the earth and had souls. On it, now, coolies, commandeered to serve the hated foreigners, laboriously push along, by means of poles, heavily laden boats. It breeds

mosquitoes by the million, disease in many forms, and death multiplied for friend and foe alike.

The dreary stretches through which the Pei-ho flows, never attractive to the Western eye, presented, as the allied armies slowly traversed them, a scene of indescribable desolation. Even the vegetation, notified by the waning of summer, of early dissolution to come, wore a faded, dejected look. In a region which usually contained a population of many millions, scarcely a human being, besides those attached to the allied armies, was to be seen. Towns and villages were completely deserted. In China an ordinary town will have from one to three hundred thousand inhabitants, while villages not of sufficient importance to be designated on the maps, have populations varying from ten to thirty thousand. These villages line the banks of the Pei-ho and the main road to Peking by hundreds. The troops were never entirely clear of them.

Clusters of low mud houses, grouped indiscriminately about narrow, dirty streets, comprise the average Chinese village. Some of the larger towns possess temples and a few structures more pretentious than coolie dwellings, but everywhere is the



Japanese Field Ambulance-bearers.

same dull, unattractive type of architecture, the same lack of sanitation, the same unmistakable evidences of poverty. So hurried had been the flight of the inhabitants that hundreds of houses were left open, such household possessions that could not be carried away being tumbled about in great disorder. Of all that dense population, only a few scattered hundreds of aged, decrepit men and women, and some unfortunate cripples and abandoned children, remained. A great majority of these were ruthlessly slain. The Russians and Japanese shot or bayoneted them without compunction. Their prayers for mercy availed not. If these miserable unfortunates chanced to fall into the hands of American or British troops they had a chance for their lives, but even our armies are not free from these wanton sacrifices.

Every town, every village, every peasant's hut in the path of the troops was first looted and then burned. A stretch of country fully ten miles in width was thus swept. Mounted "flanks in the air" scoured far and wide, keen on the scent of plunder, dark columns of smoke on the horizon attesting their labors. In this merry task of chastising the heathen Chinese, the Cossacks easily excelled. This wild soldiery is formed by nature and training for the work. They frequently penetrated in small bodies far beyond the prescribed scouting district, and to villages where their advent was not expected. The tales that might be told of their doings on these excursions would not make pleasant reading for people who like to think that war is becoming less terrible. Like an avenging Juggernaut the Army of Civilization moved. Terror strode before it; Death and Desolation sat and brooded in its path.

Through such scenes as these, day after day, the army glided. A spirit of utter callousness took root, and enveloped officers and men alike. Pathetic scenes passed without comment or even notice. Pathos, involved in a riot of more violent emotions, had lost its power to move. The men suffered terribly. Through the middle of the day the heat was intense. Millions, billions, trillions, of flies buzzed and bit. For miles the road ran through millet fields. This grain stands from ten to twelve feet high, completely shutting off any breeze

which might possibly be stirring. At every step the men and animals sank a foot into the dust, which, ground into impalpable powder by the passage of thousands of vehicles, hung in a stifling cloud over the line of march, filling throats, eyes, lungs, and nostrils. The sun struck a man between the shoulders, and burned there like a red-hot plaster. Rivulets of perspiration trickled and dripped, converting faces into river charts of China, half mud and half water, and causing the eyelids to gum up and smart painfully. Canteens were emptied quickly, and notwithstanding positive orders to the contrary, refilled out of wells or the putrid Pei-ho. Staggering along under their blanket-rolls and full marching equipment, what wonder that the troops could march but a short distance without resting, and that the total of a day's effort would be but a few miles? At night the mosquitoes relieved the flies as agents of unrest, swarming in dense clouds about the camps. Within a week after their arrival in Peking, over one-third of the American force was in the hospital. This was about the average throughout the army.

To the little brown soldiers of the Mikado such honors as this inglorious war has to bestow must, by common consent, fall. Unpleasantly surprising as it undoubtedly will be to Western nations, there is no gainsaying this. The Japanese have, of all the nationalities engaged in this business, shown to the best advantage. They came to the work intelligently equipped, in understanding of the situation, with its many requirements, and means to deal with it. They have consistently employed, from the beginning, both understanding and means. Because of these things their success has been conspicuous among nations which have heretofore arrogated to themselves, in invincible conceit, the crown of superiority.

In attempting to describe and analyze the qualities of the Japanese army it is somewhat difficult to discriminate between excellence which seems surprising in a race that the West has been apt to consider but partially civilized and actual superiority. Undoubtedly much of the praise now accorded to the Japanese has its origin in such surprise. For years the world has been told that Japan had a



first-class army; but the world, of course, took this to mean an army quite below the European standard. The White Man is intelligent, but his intelligence is not equal to conceiving the possibility of the Dark Man excelling him in anything. When suddenly confronted with facts he cannot ignore he is apt to lose correct



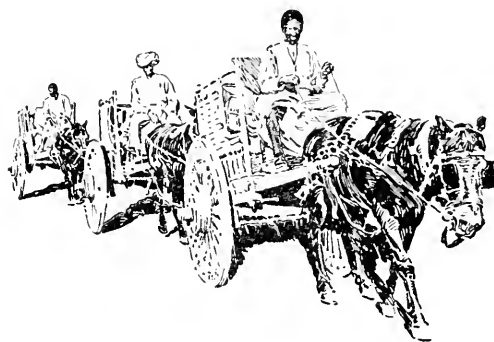
British-Indian Soup-kettles.

perspective in his amazement, and exaggerate their importance.

So, while cheerfully and fully admitting that the Japanese have performed most creditably in China, let us overcome our surprise sufficiently to be able to take them at their true value. In the very beginning of the trouble it was discovered that the War Office at Tokio possessed the only complete and correct military maps of the theatre of war. This was natural, China being the next door neighbor of the Island Empire. Yet, had it not been for Japan, the allies would have been without good maps. Early in the game the superiority of the Japanese intelligence staff became apparent, a fact which constantly sent the allied commanders to them for instruction and advice. In this way they acquired an ascendancy at the joint councils which they retained until Peking was relieved. Not that the commanders of other forces openly submitted themselves to be led by the Japs. Even if you are conscious that the Dark Man knows more than you, it will never do to admit it. The allied generals took counsel with the Japanese and then pretended to have known all about it all the time. This plan has been known to produce good results in other matters than war.

Nevertheless, by the time the march to Peking had begun there was an uneasy feeling among the allied forces that the Japs came pretty near being the whole

show. Whenever a hitch occurred, which was often, everybody seemed to look naturally to them. On the march to Peking their field telegraph alone prevented the allied army from losing communication with its base. The American Signal Corps, a branch our service is wont to boast of, did manage to string a wire and keep it open at least part of the time. Being on all sorts of improvised poles, in a treeless country, it naturally fell by the wayside with annoying frequency. Not so the Jap telegraph. It was provided with telescopic metal poles and braces, and when once set stood. An hour after the camp was pitched after a day's march,



Rajput (British) Commissary Carts.

the Japanese field telegraph would open communication with the next station in the rear. As for the British, Russian, French, and German telegraphs, they did not even try; a confession of incompetency quite ludicrous under the circumstances.

The work of the Japanese field medical corps was a revelation to people who had not seen the British-Indian field ambulances in action, and even gave "pointers" to that splendidly organized body. In all their transport the Japanese have utilized the 'ricksha idea, cleverly modifying it to suit various requirements. They have a sort of stretcher on wheels, which can be carried by two bearers or pushed as a cart with equal facility. There is also a horse-litter capable of carrying two men, one on each side of the animal. In addition, an unusually large number of bearers are attached to each ambulance. These men display wonderful celerity and great bravery in bringing men off the field under fire.

In their field hospitals, which follow rather more closely on the heels of action



than the European custom allows, are to be found every modern appliance and convenience for the care of the wounded. Nothing that the best German or English hospital should contain is lacking. It was quite noticeable that during engagements the Japanese wounded received much prompter attention than those of other nationalities. And, triumph of triumphs, the Japanese field hospitals were plentifully provided with ice. In a sweltering climate, where an incipient ice famine had made the cooling substance precious even in Tientsin, the Japanese field medical corps carried ice all the way to Peking. It was a miracle of foresight and efficiency which amazed the ambulance sections of the other divisions of that blistering army, when, on some days, the prostrations from heat were running up into hundreds, and men were dying for want of a bit of ice.

It is, however, in their commissariat and army transport that the Japanese really excel. These are army concerns of which the public know little and care less. They are chiefly used, when thought of at all, as post-bellum clubs to hit an administration with. To satisfy the ordinary reader, the story of a war must be all heroism and glory, with a little suffering thrown in to accentuate the valor and fortitude of the troops. Sherman's terse statement, "an army marches and fights upon its belly," touches no sentimental chord. But no man who has seen a campaign will dispute its truth.

There can be no doubt that in the operations in China the Japanese forces have moved with greater readiness and rapidity, with less fatigue to the troops, have been better supplied, and have, consequently, invariably entered engagements in better physical condition, and with a larger percentage of battalions present for duty than any of their allies. This was, as anyone can see, no mean accomplishment. Fighting efficiency and direction of opposing forces being approximately equal, the advantages just enumerated would be, under ordinary circumstances, quite enough to decide the issue of a campaign. Zola, in "La Débâcle," gives a marvellously vivid impression of what the lack of adequate transport and commissariat means to an army. His picture is not overdrawn.

To my mind, the superiority of the Jap-

anese transport hinges on one vital principle. There is no package that weighs more than sixty pounds, and whose bulk and shape are such as to prevent it from being carried by a man or packed on the back of an animal. There are no huge bales or boxes weighing a ton or more, and requiring a derrick to hoist. All Japanese army supplies, whether food, ammunition, or materials, are neatly encased in grass burlap coverings supplied with handles that may be used for either carrying or slinging. Such packages are transported with equal readiness on a vehicle or the back of a coolie. The vehicles used are extremely light, not liable to become mired, and easily taken across waterways. If a breakdown occurs it does not mean a blockade. Only the single vehicle is affected, and should ready repairs not be possible the load can easily and quickly be transferred. One of the strongest points of the Japanese transport is the employment of great numbers of coolies. To the use of such auxiliaries I shall refer again.

And so, while the British, Russian, French, and American (particularly the latter) transport was so wretchedly inadequate that the movement of those divisions was not only constantly retarded, but the troops left unprovided with many necessities, the Japanese columns moved with a celerity which would have continually distanced their allies had they not been held back; and their soldiers were fully supplied.

Some comparisons may emphasize these statements. Take the matter of army water-supply. Could anything be more important? Examine military medical statistics and you will find that half the ills an army is heir to are directly traceable to the use of bad water. This is so well established that to mention it seems like stating that two and two make four. I sometimes wonder whether we Americans shall ever learn some things, and generally sadly reach the conclusion that we never shall. In this problem of army water-supply, the Japs stand for Efficiency, the Americans for Deficiency; with the other nations straggling along somewhere between. The water in North China is so bad that resident Europeans will not drink it until it has been boiled and filtered. This fact was well known before a foreign

soldier set foot at Taku. It was also realized that there was danger of wells being poisoned by the Chinese, while to use, unpurified, the filth-laden waters of the canals and rivers was to invite an epidemic among the troops. A reasonable regard not only for the lives of the men, but for the success of the operations which depended on their ability to march and fight, would have suggested extraordinary precautions.

Some nations took them ; some did not.

The Japanese came fully provided with portable filters for use in the field. They were the only troops who possessed these necessary utensils, and they spared the men much. They also had, in common with all the allies except the Americans, provision for supplying the troops with water while on the march

or in action. More than two years ago, now, I accompanied the United States army that made the glorious, but, in many ways, disastrous, campaign against Santiago. In that campaign we paid a price for ignorance which might have taught us a wholesome lesson. One of the deficiencies which impressed me most, and one commented on by all the foreign military attachés who accompanied the army, was the utter lack of water-supply beyond the small quantity the men could carry in their canteens. There was no reserve. When the water-bottles ran dry the men would drop out of the line of march to replenish them. In so profusely watered a country as Cuba that was not difficult, as water could always be found near by or secured while crossing a stream, but the custom is always retarding of progress and detrimental to discipline. But even where water is most plentiful, the practice throws the door wide open to the insidious disease-germ. Here in China, where water is fairly plentiful, but marvellously filthy, to provide no reserve water-supply for troops on the march is to condemn all of them to needless suffering and many of them to death. Two

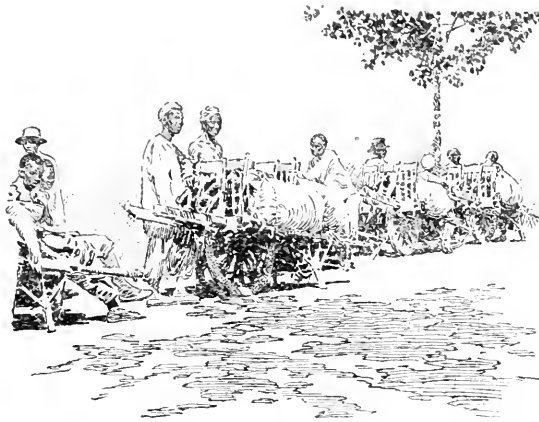
years of almost constant campaigning in the Philippines, coupled with the experiences in Cuba, have taught Americans nothing. Our troops turned up in China with their canteens and no more. I believe one or two filters, suitable for camp or barrack use, and too cumbersome for ready transport, have finally arrived. But they could not, had they been here in time, have been utilized on the march to Peking.

And if ever troops needed reserve water-

supply, for urgency as well as sanitary reasons, it was on that march. The Japanese, Russians, Germans, French, and British all were provided in some way. The Japanese drank only aerated water, prepared regularly by the field filters, the water-carts moving with the column and permitting the replen-

ishing of canteens at any time without hindering the march or scattering the troops. For the Japanese officers and wounded there was an ample supply of bottled mineral water. The British, Russians, and Germans all had a reserve supply, either in carts or carried in skins on mules. Only the Americans were utterly destitute. An average of one-third of the force was always away from the column on a hunt for drinkable water. At nightfall, when the camps were pitched, they would have, perhaps, to tramp long distances to obtain enough water for cooking purposes, while all the other allies had theirs ready to hand, simply because it was some one's business to attend to it and proper facilities were provided. Truly, 'tis a lop-sided commissary service which supplies an army with solid food—and woe to it if it fail—but makes no provision whatever for water.

While both are indispensable, water is far more of an urgent necessity to troops than is other food. Frequently a few drops mean whether a soldier will drop or continue to march, and the first cry of a wounded man is for water. The advisability of supplying troops with water, even



Commandeered Chinese Wheelbarrow Train.

while in action, has long been recognized, and, notwithstanding the difficulty, has been successfully accomplished. In this war I have, for the first time, seen the "bhisti," whom Kipling has immortalized as "Gunga Din," at work. He has a brother now in the Jap water-coolie, whose duty is to supply water to troops in action and succor the wounded on the field. Some day, perhaps, Uncle Sam may awake to appreciation of the necessity of some needed reforms in his army, and take a leaf out of the Mikado's book. Three days after the allied forces entered Peking over eight hundred Americans, or one-third the total force under General Chaffee, were in the hospital. The percentage of Japanese troops unfit for duty at the same time was less than five. Yet they had done more work during the campaign than had the Americans.

One important advantage which the Japanese commissariat has over those of other nations must not, in fairness, be left unmentioned. Japanese troops can subsist and are contented with a ration on which English, Germans, or Americans would starve. Their field ration consists of rice and dried fish, which is only supplemented by what the men can procure on the march. This may be much or little. It depends on what the country contains. The Japs are splendid foragers, and believe, for policy as well as comfort, in living off the enemy's country. But when the country is barren they get along excellently on their rice and fish.

The American is the best-fed soldier in the world. Uncle Sam is liberal, even though not always intelligent in his liberality. Officers of other nations are amazed at the quantity, quality, and variety of the United States ration. They have also remarked that, while in barracks or near the commissary base our privates enjoy comparative luxury, on the march they rarely have more than bacon and hardtack. Once it began to move, our commissariat broke down to the level of the poorest of the poor. Lack of adequate transport was the cause. We seem, for some reason, always to be lacking proper transport. Some day we may realize that the cumbersome, heavy, six-mule army wagon is not adaptable to all requirements. Then Uncle Sam may look about a bit, take a few notes,

and make some modifications in a system that has not known the slightest improvement since the Civil War.

Some of the powers are just as badly off as the United States in this matter, but some are immeasurably superior. The Japanese and British-Indian contingents are the best. They have not only developed the light-vehicle and small-package system to a high state of excellence, but they have found another accelerator in the use of a large number of camp-followers. In a British or Japanese regiment the number of camp-followers almost equals the number of men bearing arms. These auxiliaries are really servants of the troops. They relieve the fighting men of all superfluous luggage on the march and do the camp labor when the column halts. The Japanese or British-Indian soldier carries nothing while marching except his rifle, ammunition, and water-bottle. Not only can he move faster and with less fatigue, but he is prepared to go into action at instant notice. The American, German, or French soldier, if suddenly attacked or brought into action, has to cast aside his heavy, bulky kit. These are frequently stolen before the men return to secure them, if they ever do. Witness the denuding of our troops by the straggling bands of Cubans during the Santiago campaign. Then, suppose the troops advance several miles in the course of an engagement, which frequently happens; they must either abandon their camp equipment entirely or return for it, even if they can locate and find it intact, thus covering a distance three times where once should have sufficed. Such matters as these often decide the success or failure of a campaign. It is a humiliating fact that in nearly every march of any distance which the allies have made in China, the Americans held the column back because they were unable to keep up. I recall a remark of General Dorward, as he watched the little detachment of Americans toil painfully and slowly through the mud on the march to Tulin. The General, who commanded the expeditionary force, had ridden back with his staff to see what was keeping the Yankees back.

"Fine fellows," he said, as he gazed at them. "Fine fellows. Splendid physiques. Pity they load them down so they can't march."

It was a matter of comment during the march to Peking that the Americans had more men drop out from heat prostration, and required to rest oftener than the troops of any other nation. Frequently one-fourth the American force, with those who went down and those who stopped to attend them, would be out. The climate cannot account for this. It is very similar to that of the greater part of the United States. The troops were not "green."



British-Indian Galloping Ambulance.

They were veterans, just from months of active service in the Philippines and Cuba. It was not inferiority of physique. The Americans are the strongest men out here. What, then, was the reason? The men were required to do too much. In marching they carried three times the weight imposed upon Japanese, British, or Russian troops. Then, a dozen times during a day they were compelled to make detours to replenish their water-bottles. While, the march having ended, the Japs or British soldiers were taking things easy while their camp-followers pitched the tents, lighted the fires, cooked the food, and prepared the beds, the weary American was doing all those things for himself. What wonder that he frequently, from sheer exhaustion, went supperless to bed, and slept unsheltered rather than undergo the labor of pitching his tent, to become, the next day, a ready victim to heat or dysentery? The camp auxiliary certainly pays for his keep. These digressions are taking me away from the Japanese. However, they will creep in. If I have taken the Jap as a text for a comparative sermon, it is because he has deserved that prominence by the work he has done. Still, I would not convey the impression that he is the best soldier in the world, for I do not think that he is. His fighting reputation is based on whipping the Chinese. He must be tried on

stiffer material before we shall believe in him thoroughly. There always remains the doubt as to his behavior against whites. Not that when you analyze him such doubt is really warranted. I have no hesitation in recording my opinion that he could give some European troops a sound thrashing, and would prove a troublesome customer for any. It profits nothing to say his up-to-dateness is merely clever imitation of Western methods. 'Tis an imitation that has caught fundamental principles and subjected them to skilful modification to meet his own peculiarities. We must take the Jap as we find him. And here he is: conspicuous in a military show of all nations, completely armed and equipped,



Italian Muleteers.

brave, dashing, alert—altogether a genuinely good little soldier.

Next to the Japanese, the Russians have played the more important part. This was in no sense due to superior efficiency, but because they had the troops. In this war the Russian soldier is much as he was when he stormed the slippery glacis of Plevna, or forced, in the teeth of the Turkish infantry, the Shipka Pass. He will take his gruelling with the best of them, and that means much. He is rough, hardy, uncouth, almost a barbarian; capable of giving hard knocks and taking them cheerfully. No mistaken moral ideas about the conduct of war blunt the edge of his ready sword. He has no comforts, nor misses them. All in all, he is as good as the average, and will take a deal of beating before he cries quits.

The Germans have so far had slim opportunity in actual work. In the days when there was fighting there were too few to accomplish much. Since then they have arrived in large numbers, and have made an excellent impression. They have

a thoroughly soldierly appearance, and their discipline is superior. Their general conduct is best among the allied forces, being noticeably less addicted to looting and drunkenness. One thing which caught my eye is their shelter tentage. Each soldier carries a square of canvas and a jointed pole. These squares may be put together in almost every conceivable shape, from a V tent to a large hut-shaped structure. They have a way of building company quarters in a hollow square which certainly has advantages. In arms and general equipment they do not differ materially from the troops of other powers. The German officers, I must say, seem an intelligent, capable lot.

As a man who in youth imbibed great notions of the prowess and chivalry of the French soldier, I have been bitterly disappointed by their appearance and showing in China. As a rule they are dirty, unkempt, almost disreputable in appearance. And their conduct has fallen far below the standard set by the legions of Napoleon. To say that they have not distinguished themselves in action is to put their conduct mildly. As to that, reticence is charity. But I cannot cover up or excuse the spirit of destruction which has characterized the French soldier in this war. The Russian is brutal; the Jap callous. But neither is wanton. A Frenchman, it seems, will go out of his way to commit a cruel deed or wreak some senseless damage. I will not clog this story with details. They might vary from the showing of aged women as an idle test of marksmanship, to thrusting bayonets into dumb animals in order to laugh at their screams. One can fathom the motive for murder of non-combatants in heat of battle, for the loot and burning of cities, and even for worse things. We do not attempt to excuse, but we understand. I cannot understand acts which French soldiers have committed in this war, with a frequency and consistency which distinctly brand the nationality.

It should be mentioned, not in extenuation, but in fairness to the French army and people, that the troops whose conduct has justified this criticism are not regulars, but regiments from Tonquin and Cochin China. Those regiments, I am informed, are chiefly composed of men who left

France for the good of their country. Troops now arriving are evidently, from their appearance and conduct, of a different stripe. My faith in the French soldier which survived 1870 has not yet been dissipated, but it has been jarred not a little.

The British Empire has been represented in China almost entirely by its Indian troops. To them the experience has been invaluable. To others the opportunity of seeing a part of the Indian army in action has been fraught with opportunity to estimate and learn. The Indians have astonished no one, but they have passed with tolerable credit through the ordeal of comparison. Despite a disposition to become wobbly at trying moments, they have behaved well. Their management of extended order tactics is superior to any troops in the field. Their principal weakness seems to be a lack of individual initiative. Their marching quality is high and their transport second only to the Japanese. However, I do not consider them strictly first-class troops. Your Indian is not the real British soldier—the man we have in mind when we think of Waterloo or Lucknow. That man has not been in this Chinese business. He had other work to do. But he has not been missed. “The Drums of the Fore and Aft” have not beat in this war.

The Austrians and Italians have played merely a perfunctory part, and have not distinguished themselves one way or the other. The little they have been called upon to do has been done fairly well, with one or two trifling exceptions. In appearance they are the average troops. The Italian officers are the nattiest, as the men are the dirtiest, in evidence. Both Austrians and Italians have been too inconspicuous to upset any old ideas or shape new ones.

In spite of his many handicaps, the American soldier has fully held his own. He has numerous weaknesses, but fear of the enemy is not, fortunately for the security of the Republic, among them. I heard foreign officers freely criticise his military manners and organization, but never his fighting qualities, once his burden of antiquated methods has been cast aside and he faces the foe on the firing-line. Then is he as he always was, and,



let us hope, always will be. In all the criticism one hears there is an undercurrent of respect. I never see him in a fight but I feel, with absolute certainty, that the American soldier will ever give a good account of himself if not asked to do more than should be asked of a man. Other elements being approximately equal, the stoutest heart and steadiest nerve will win the most battles. In these qualities Uncle Sam's boys are second to none. "They've done their share," is the verdict of people in China, who have been here through it all.

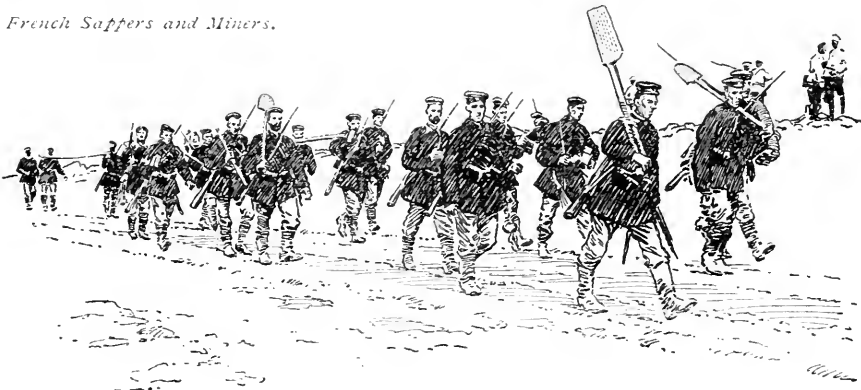
To sit in Victoria Gardens when the band plays and watch the ways and manners of the soldiers of all nations is, in itself, a liberal military education. Germans and Russians stiff and formal, clicking heels and touching visors in endless salutes; French and Italians debonair and jaunty, a trifle less ramrod, but studiously polite; British and Americans careless, at ease, and openly scornful of the pose militant. There is a discourse on nationality in the dress of people you see. German and Russian officers are never without their swords; British and Americans never with them. Contrasted with the gaudy uniforms worn by officers of most armies, the Americans look almost distressingly sombre. Their best suit is a fatigue uniform and campaign hat, generally much the worse for being slept in. In appearance they cut the poorest figure of the lot. The American private, however, maintains the average. He is far away the neatest and cleanest looking soldier to be seen. He is also drunk oftener than his friends could wish, and then he should be shunned.

If discipline alone could gain battles the Germans would never lose, the American never win. "Lack discipline" is the stock comment of foreign officers on American troops. Now discipline must not be spoken

of as a fixed quantity. The same discipline will no more fit all nationalities than the same size boots will fit all men. Of the various disciplines now on exhibition in China, that of the Russians is harshest. One day, during a march, I saw a Russian officer beating a soldier with his whip because a cart had broken down. The man took the blows without protest, and apparently without shame. An American officer who was passing dismounted and helped the soldier to mend his cart-wheel. There was exemplified two different ideas of discipline. You could not control a Russian army with American discipline; no more could you manage an American army with Russian discipline. The conclusion is, I think, that discipline is comparative, not positive.

If I have not entered into matters of modern weapons and their effectiveness, and the newer tactics which have been developed out of their introduction, it is because this warfare in China has brought out little or nothing not fully known and considered before. All the troops in these operations have been armed with magazine rifles of high power, and have employed breech-loading artillery. Strictly up-to-date field artillery did not make its bow, as I hoped and rather expected. The tactical and armament lessons of the war in South Africa are still shaping in war offices and arsenals. They have yet to make their appearance on the tented field. If the Chinese proved that even in unskilled hands the modern rifle is destructive to life, he also proved conclusively that something more than modern weapons is needed to secure even the strongest position. The lessons of this war have chiefly held to the prosaic lines of organization, supply, and equipment, and on matters such as these they have shed a brilliant light for those who care to learn.

*French Sappers and Miners.*





# AUGUSTE RODIN

By W. C. Brownell



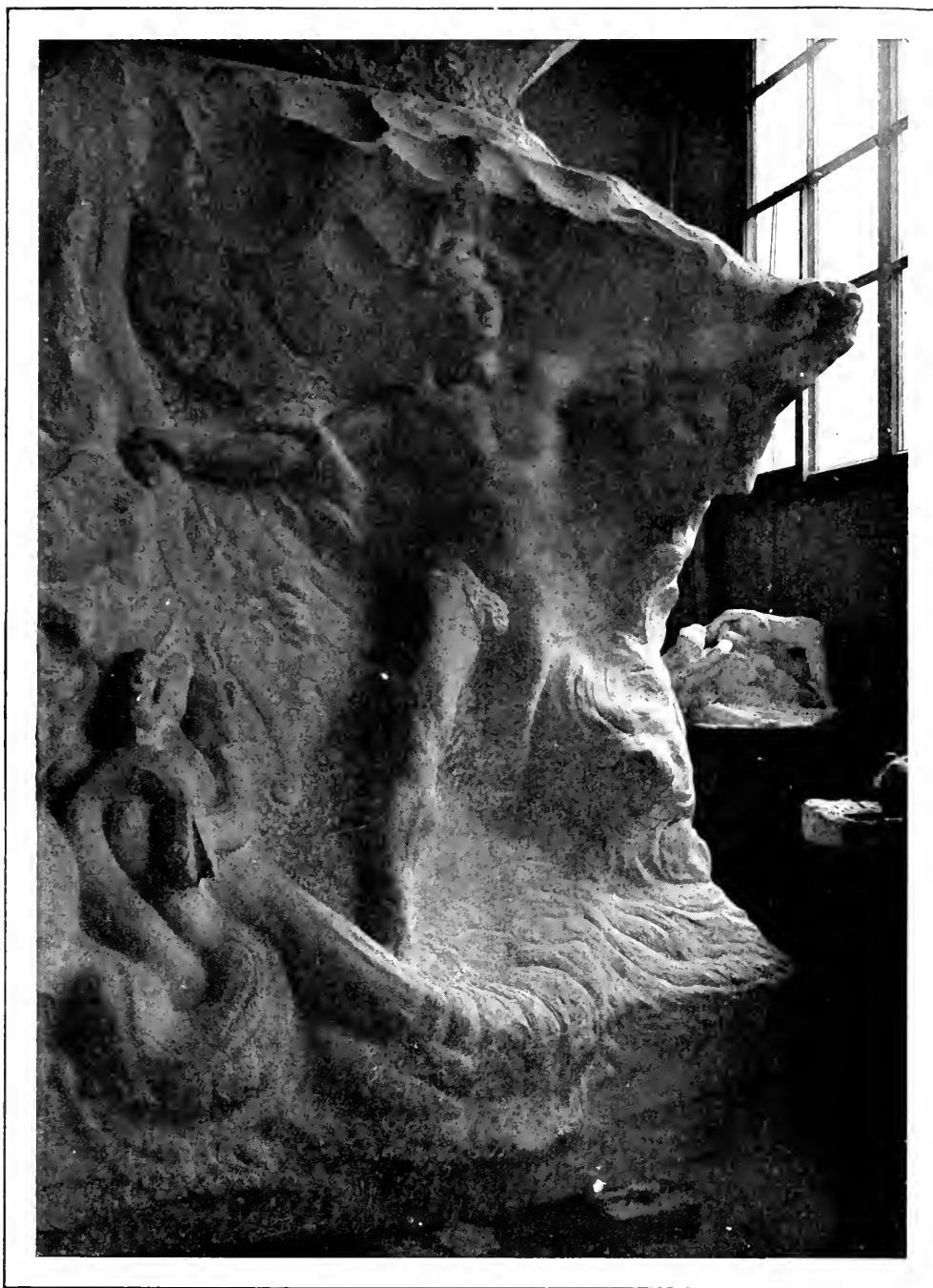
WENTY years ago Rodin had a few devoted admirers. Connoisseurs like Antonin Proust, artists like Bastien-Lepage and Dalou, an occasional critic like Mr. Henley, but in Paris itself he was generally known as an eccentric and revolutionary spirit whose works were so fantastic as to be negligible; and outside of Paris he was not known at all. To-day, visitors to the French Exposition view his sculpture in a pavilion devoted expressly to it, authorized by the city of Paris. The contrast is very striking. For such a change in public sentiment most artists have had to wait longer, not rarely longer than their own lifetime; Delacroix, Millet, Manet, for example. But a decade ago Rodin had conquered official opposition and triumphed over critical contumely. Not only had Proust given him the magnificent commission of the *Porte de l'Enfer*, but his uncompromising St. John Baptist first and then his noble and beautiful bust of Mme. Morla, had stormed successfully the defences of the Luxembourg. And at about the same time some eighty of the foremost artists and men of letters of Paris gave him a banquet on the sole ground of his artistic pre-eminence.

From the artists and connoisseurs his fame spread quickly to the public. The journals, purely secular as well as artistic, took note of his works and devoted articles to him. By this time his bibliography is probably greater than that of the combined Institute school. With Puvis de Chavannes alone among French artists, perhaps, he shared the primacy of both popular and dilettante interest. Important commissions were entrusted to him—the monuments to Claude Lorrain, to Bastien-Lepage, to Victor Hugo, to the Bourgeois of Calais, to Balzac. The sensation made by his execution of the last-named everyone will recall. It marked the culmination of Rodin's vogue in crystallizing popular opinion, in transforming into hostility what popular indifference and ignorance

still existed about him, and in developing his admirers into partisans, not to say fanatics. Thenceforth, at all events, popular opinion felt that he had no new surprises for it. More markedly than his other works, more unmistakably, more brutally, as the French say, the Balzac distinguishes his sculpture from that of the graceful and elegant art that has been evolved under the *ægis* of the Institute. So that, taken in connection with his singularizing exhibit at the Exposition this year, the sensation over the Balzac may be said to have created for the public in general, interested in such matters, an interesting "situation," in French sculpture at the present time.

The situation is briefly this: What is known as the Modern French School, the Institute or academic sculptors, the sculptors who follow the traditions of the *Ecole des Beaux-Arts* are on one side; on the other are Rodin, Dalou, Aubé, Bartholomé, and one or two more who have hardly reached eminence as yet, together with a very considerable number of intelligent practitioners who show in a marked—and often in an excessive—way the influence of Rodin's gospel of expression and animation. Of course such a powerful personality as Rodin's, now that it has expressed itself so adequately and in such luxuriance as his has done, is universally recognized even by traditional critics and public as something to be reckoned with. But high as he now stands, different as is his position now from what it was not so very long ago when eccentricity was regarded as the main characteristic of his talent, nevertheless the traditional criticism even in Paris—the home equally of new ideas and of academic convention—is undoubtedly more inclined contentedly to repose upon what it regards as the safe thing, the thing that requires of it no repigeon-holing of its notions, upon, in a word, the Institute sculpture.

Now, the Institute sculpture of the present day is thoroughly imitative and Italianate. Its model is the sculpture of the



Apollo.

Italian Renaissance. It modifies this model very perceptibly by the addition of the French element of style, as it could hardly fail to do, being French at all; for the most individual trait of the French artistic genius is a faculty for style, for the generalized, typical, synthetized presentation of artistic material, in contradistinction to the free and fanciful individualized treatment of the Italian Renaissance. At the same time M. Rodin is perfectly right in what he said to me some years ago: "Formerly we used to do the Greek thing" (meaning Pradier, for example); "now we do the Italian"

(meaning the current Institute sculpture). *Autrefois nous faisons du grec, maintenant nous faisons de l'italien.* Compare, for instance, M. Mercié's David sheathing his sword after slaying Goliath with Donatello's figure of the same subject, or M. Paul Dubois's Charity from the admirable tomb of General de Lamoricière at Nantes with Jacopo Della Quercia's group of the Sienna fountain. The French two are essentially reflections. M. Saint-Marceaux's fine "Genius Guarding the Secret of the Tomb" is similarly inspired by the Youths of the Sistine ceiling. Instances



The Bourgeois of Calais.

might be multiplied. There is a difference, but it is a national, not a personal difference. Essentially it is the same thing,

done from the same point of view, only by a sculptor of a different nationality under different conditions. Even of Frémiet's admirable equestrian figures, his Jeanne d'Arc of the Place des Pyramides, his Louis d'Orléans of the Château de Pierrefonds, his Torch-bearer of the Middle Ages of the Paris Hôtel de Ville, one's first thought is: Would they ever have existed, or would they have existed in just the aspect they have, had it not been for the Bartolommeo Colleone of Verrocchio at Venice or the Gattamelata of Donatello at Padua.

Well, in opposition to this spirit of traditionary respect for, and refinement upon, and delicate

variation of, types already fixed, suddenly appears Auguste Rodin. His art is thoroughly revolutionary of received standards. It furnishes what the French call a *point de repère*, and recalls routine to its point of departure, as the appearance of a great artist, a master, always does. He has been called a French Michael Angelo, and the epithet, though quite erroneous, is a serviceable one to illustrate just the point I desire to make with regard to the Institute sculpture from which Rodin's differs so radically. He is a parallel, but neither an imitator nor a follower of Michael Angelo. In other words, his temperament is in some measure analogous to that of the great Florentine, but his art is his own. Some of his figures recall figures of Michael Angelo, but they recall them in a directly opposite way from that in which the Institute sculpture recalls the sculpture of the Renaissance. To begin with, they recall them powerfully, not weakly—but that is nothing. They are conceived in somewhat the same spirit, not run in identically the same mould—which is everything. The impressive figure of the Thinker, the Poet, the Dreamer which dominates and seems to evoke the multitudinous images of the Dante portal for the Musée des Arts Décoratifs recalls the



From the Porte de l'Enfer.

Pensieroso of the Medici chapel. The Adam of the same composition recalls one of the slaves for the monument of Pope Julius II., the Age d'Airain the other. But note how differently they suggest them from the way in which M. Saint-Marceaux's Genius, for instance, suggests one of the Athletes of the Sistine Ceiling. The resemblance is in movement, in *general* conception, in those characteristics which are the common property of all artists of all time. M. Saint-Marceaux's figure is essentially a variant.

More speciously but not more soundly Rodin has been said to derive from the Gothic. I say "speciously," because the implication is that his sculpture sustains the same relation to Gothic sculpture that the Institute sculpture does to that of the Italian Renaissance, an imitative relation, that is to say. As a matter of fact, imitation of Gothic sculpture is impossible. Its essence is freedom; there is nothing about it to imitate, no formula to repeat. The "Gothic revival" of which we used to hear so much owed its strength to its conception of "Gothic" as an artistic attitude, and declined in platitudes when, forgetting this, it endeavored to reproduce artistic forms. However true it may be that "mankind is one in spirit," in anything with so prominent an external side as plastic art, the modern and the mediæval world differ too widely to resemble each other greatly in their genuine expressions. In a sense, of course, Rodin's sculpture has a Gothic derivation, and in looking at it one recalls Rheims as reasonably as, on account of its grandeur of style and sentiment, one does Michael Angelo, and, on account of its plastic beauties, the antique. For that matter Rheims itself recalls the antique, and in most vivid

fashion. "They say I copy the Primitifs," said Puvis de Chavannes. "Why not say I have the same temperament and see things in the same way"—that is, the way of looking at them that antedated formulary; the natural way of viewing nature; the way that was abandoned only when the eminence of the Cinque-centists overwhelmed their feeble successors and

imposed upon their hypnotized incapacity types so palpably perfect as, excusably, to constitute for them an obsession. Rodin's resemblance to the Gothic resides in his illustration of the same freedom, the same susceptibility to new problems, the same inclination to new solutions of old ones, the same delight in nature's inexhaustibility, the same carelessness for completeness and perfection. His art is altogether too personal for formulary of any kind to have furnished its *provenance*.



Mme. Morla, Marble Portrait Bust.  
(Luxembourg Gallery.)

There is, however, one element of it which allies it with mediæval art even more closely than its freedom and its attitude of dealing directly with nature—its sentiment namely. It is saturated with the sentiment in virtue of which the modern and the mediæval world enjoy a kinship unshared by the antique. The antique world had its own sentiment, and a sentiment of which we probably comprehend very little the depth, the elevation, or the quality. But compared with the mediæval and the modern sentiment it may be said to have been held tranquilly in the leash of reason, and to have been—no doubt in consequence—less individual, less absorbing, monopolizing, overwhelming, less personal. Rodin's work is drenched in sentiment, and sentiment so personally felt as to have been expressed with the utmost singleness and concentration of enthusiasm. The most unsympathetic observer must note



Military Courage.  
By Dubois.



Il Pensieroso.  
By Michael Angelo.



The Poet.  
By Rodin.

[The above reproductions furnish an illustration of the contention of the text regarding the respective relations of Rodin's sculpture and that of the Institute, as exemplified by Paul Dubois, to the sculpture of Michael Angelo.]

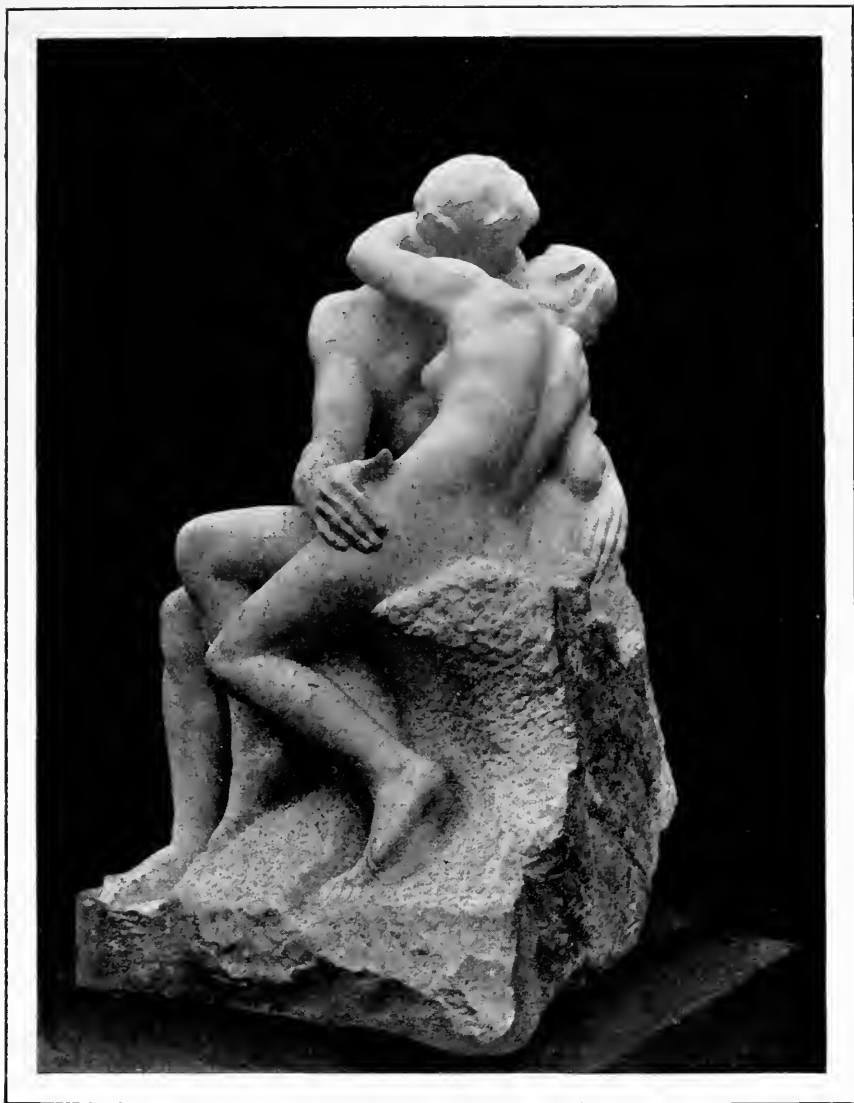
this, however much he may himself prefer quality to feeling, and in the presence of feeling manifested in unfamiliar guise recoil in self-defence upon the familiar trades-union standard of "regularity." What one observes in a work by M. Paul Dubois, let us say, is quality. As quality it may be admirable or insignificant, but its appeal is to one's sense for the abstract, the general. It happens that it comes from the sculptor's connoisseurship, from his sympathetic appreciation of the way in which the Renaissance sculptors treated their projects or solved their problems. But it does not so much matter where an artist gets his effect as what he gets. M. Dubois gets, as I say, quality. Rodin gets feeling. The difference is exactly antipodal—or would be if there were not an immense amount of quality also in the expression of Rodin's feeling.

The distinction between Rodin's art and the art of the Institute sculptors can be expressed very definitely, I think, by saying that one is inspired by nature and guided by tradition, and the other inspired by tradition and guided by nature. It is difficult to reprehend too strongly the error and the evil of counsels sometimes addressed to American artists in especial, to abandon their artistic patrimony and "be themselves"—the insistence, in other words, upon an originality that is a pure

abstraction and is characteristic of no great artist since the evolution of art began. Everything depends upon the way in which one makes use of his patrimony. There is an eternal opposition between using it in a routine and mechanical way, drawing the interest on it, so to speak, from time to time on the one hand, and on the other reinvesting it according to the dictates of one's own feeling and faculty. This latter is what every great artist has done. It is the Greek method. It is what Phidias did with the Æginetan tradition. It is what Donatello did with the Greek models that research unearthed at the Renaissance. It is what Raphael did with the material he found at the Baths of Titus, as well as that furnished him by his immediate predecessors. It is what Rodin has done with what his forerunners of Greece and Italy have devised him. It is exactly what the Institute sculpture does *not* do.

The Institute sculpture occupies a very distinguished eminence in the estimation of every competent critic. It has, as a school, no rival in modern times. Fancy comparing Dubois, Mercié, Barrias, Le Feuvre, with any English, Italian, or German school of professional sculptors. But to speak of it as a legitimate successor of and as on somewhat the same plane with the two other so-called schools with which





The Kiss.

only it is to be compared—the Greek and the Italian Renaissance—is to lose sight of both its qualities and its defects—its cardinal qualities of style, taste, elegance, competence, and its radical defect of traditional inspiration. Closely considered its artistic result lacks significance. It has no personal sap, savor, meaning. It is wonderfully well done. But, in the last analysis, one must ask the question, Why do it at all, if you care so little about it? Everyone nowadays can see that this is true of many of the admirably equipped and in many respects admirable painters who have won distinction for the Institute, but whose day is over. Why can they not see that it is true of the Institute sculpture? Rodin's mission has been to expose the insipidity of this kind of perfection, and to throw into sharp and bold relief against the contemporary French background of

the sculpture inspired by and based on tradition, the ever-living, ever-new evocations of an original genius, corrected and chastened by tradition, but suggested, inspired, teased out of the imagination by Nature herself.

At the same time, however it may be travestied by insipidity and petrified by convention, the feeling for perfection in and for itself remains a part of the artist's proper inspiration and the pursuit of it a part of his business. It is the counterweight of the interpretation of nature, in advocacy of which Rodin is so eloquently—and exclusively—enthusiastic. In an environment of æsthetic system and rigid regularization, such as that created by the French Institute, it is not surprising that the protestantism of a temperament like Rodin's should be equally rigorous. But there is something besides nature, there





Meissonnier, by Frémiet.



Balzac, by Rodin.

is man. And deeply implanted in man is the sense that inspires him with the love of perfection and the effort to attain it. Let him seek it in nature then, replies M. Rodin, he will find it nowhere else, least of all in his own formularies. Very well, one may rejoin, but in the first place seeking implies a standard of selection, which your magnification of nature tends to forget, and in the second the necessity of selection once admitted, an acquaintance with the history of æsthetic selection, its theory and practice, is inevitably to be deduced as a salutary and important corollary. The necessity of not taking nature indiscriminately as one finds it, I dare say, Rodin would admit, as a purely abstract proposition, at all events. But his talk (naturally, I repeat, given his temperament and his environment) is exclusively magnification of nature. "Nonsense," he says, according to M. Gabriel Mourey ;

"there is no need of the imagination to be a great artist ; it is enough to observe nature, to be a patient workman, and to have a little intelligence." The ambiguity is in the "little intelligence." Otherwise the remark is an abuse of language, of course. But within the radius of the Institute's influence to magnify nature is venial. Besides it is instinctive with Rodin to minimize his share in his own work, so enthusiastic a devotee is he of the source of his inspiration. I remember once, after listening to him talk in his convinced and copious way in this strain, asking him if it wasn't possible to overdo the matter and by thinking only of nature to produce art that was more naturalistic than natural : "Yes," he said, "for a mediocre artist." And he would, no doubt, maintain that, whatever metaphysical position logic imposed on æsthetic philosophy in this matter, the artist's training should be general

enough to render his selection instinctive. This theory and his practice are in perfect accord. The study of tradition, acquaintanceship with the selective genius of the long line of antecedent artists, familiarity with what the Greek, the mediæval, the Renaissance artists saw in nature—culture, in a word—are not particularly apparent in Rodin's sculpture, and they do not in themselves directly tend to produce art of which the note is life, personality, originality, vigor, intensity, variety—the best in modern art, that is to say. They tend, however, to exalt the salutary, the serene, and the important principle of perfection, to keep its worship alive, to pass on its torch to the next hand. They tend to curb the violent, to restrain the exaggerated, to elevate the ignoble. In brief, the office of culture is the same in the province of art as it is elsewhere, the cultivation of the sense of perfection, the sense which nature with its incompleteness and its immense inorganic content of infinite suggestion cannot supply. The peril of the pursuit of perfection is inanity; it was a maxim of the schools that "a perfect being can have no parts." The peril of nature-worship is eccentricity. Opposite temperaments will always differ as to the comparative value of the two. And nothing is more characteristic of the present century, in which art has become self-conscious, than the breach into which this difference has widened. On the one hand there is the tendency strikingly manifested, for example, in the circumstance that our age is the first to preserve and



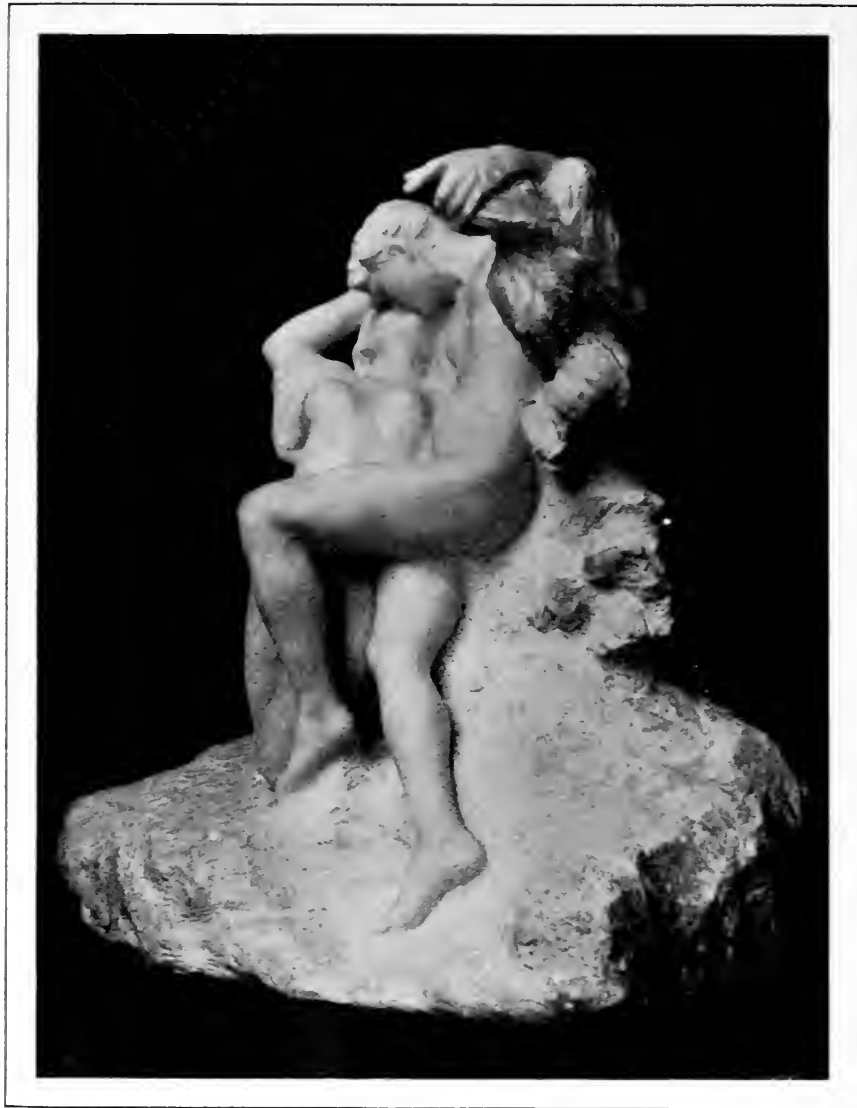
Bust of Falguière.

"restore" the art of other epochs with a reverence not accorded to its own, and on the other the tendency universally affirmed to be specifically modern, the tendency to independence and differentiation. There are, in fine, two masters whom it is difficult for the artist to serve and render each his due without withholding it from the other.

I think it is "the greater inclination" of the balance in Rodin's hands toward a somewhat peremptory and exclusive exaltation of nature, to an extent which eliminates the element of perfection, a distinct effort for which we are apt to associate with all art, that accounts in general for the sincere scepticism with which his sculpture is viewed by those whom it has not yet won. I can, to be sure, easily fancy his answer to this qualification of his artistic completeness. "Perfection," he would say, "is a chimera. You really have no notion of what you mean by it. As a matter of fact none of the great artists pursued it, except as instinctively they recognized suggestions of it in the nature which, in proportion to their greatness, they studied profoundly." And he



Danaïd.



Spring.

would recall the fact, which he once told me, that he had found in an antique statue in the Naples Museum the results of three months' study which he had devoted to nature in the modelling of a leg of his "Age d'Airain." He would agree with Mr. Eakins—his closest parallel in this country, as regards theory—whom I remember remarking, rather contemptuously: "The Greeks didn't 'draw from the antique.'" As to Michael Angelo, to whom it is significant that he greatly prefers Donatello, he would maintain that it is either in spite of or in virtue of his defects rather than of his qualities that he is so unduly admired as a sculptor—a contention betraying a fairly pantheistic preference of the concrete to the abstract.

In rejoinder one could surely assert that no one better than Rodin himself knows the practice of the greatest artists.

He, at all events, is not an example of what may be attained without familiarity with the line of tradition. How much or how little it may have influenced him is "known only to the gods," and though his practice must certainly be held to illustrate his theory, there is to be borne in mind that incalculable quantity, "a little intelligence," which saves one from being "a mediocre artist" and which no study of nature can supply. M. Rodin would undoubtedly admit that to this end art is, if not an inspiration like nature, an influence of stimulant, formative, restraining and instructive worth, and that familiarity with the syntheses of nature that have stood the test of time has the value of culture in any field of effort. So far we are agreed, perhaps. But besides that, there is the extra-natural and wholly human aspiration for perfection, for the achieve-

ment of completeness in beauty, the neglect of which is now and then to be felt in Rodin's work.

On the other hand one reason for the vogue that he has won lies on the surface. The present is an era of nature-worship, and Rodin deals with nature directly, exclusively, and copiously. No sculptor of modern or classic times has established a more quintessential familiarity with her. So uncompromising and so obvious is his point of view, and so antagonistic is it to that usually illustrated in modern sculpture, that it seems absolutely novel and original; and a fresh point of view is, nowadays, as welcome as naturalistic inspiration—after it has once succeeded in imposing itself. He does not express the idea of his figures or compositions by the conventional symbols common to most artists, but by actual realization. He does not depend upon this kind of suggestion but challenges the observer by the complete structural expression which may be called the key-note of his sculpture. He does not rely upon the physiognomy to convey his idea of character, but expresses it with the entire physique. The gesture is derived from the form, the pose is dictated by the substance, so that both emphasize the character which controls them, instead of merely suggesting it in a conventional language of their own. Much modern sculpture might be differentiated, at least for those who inspect and admire it, by the purely psychological expression that is given to it by the sculptor—that is to say, by a literary label. If the rest is well done, competently executed, that is all that is asked. Every detail of Rodin's sculpture is speaking. If it were knocked to pieces its fragments would still be interesting. But not only that—not only is its detail interesting as artistic reproduction of naturalistic detail, but it is all carefully studied *as* detail, and by no means insisted upon unduly to the detriment of the *ensemble*, of the idea, or whole, to be enforced. Perhaps no one in our time—painter or sculptor—has been able to present the actual breathing, human being so adequately, so palpably. So far as science is concerned M. Rodin is more than a match for the best equipped pupils that the Institute turns out.

He handles clay as freely as an im-

pressionist painter does pigments. His skill is quite unexampled, and one sees at once, in looking at any of his works, that technically he can do anything he chooses. His great distinction in this respect is that what he chooses to do is the interpretative representation of nature. He has none of the sculptor's traditions as to what is fit subject for representation in form. Nature is his to work with as fully and abundantly as she is the least academic painter's. What he tries to do, what he succeeds beyond comparison in doing, is to express nature—as forcibly as Rousseau or Manet can. For sculpture this—in the degree in which Rodin does it, at least—was in modern art a new thing. His range in this is extraordinary. It extends from the prettinesses of Clodion to the heroic works of—but really when it comes to heroic sculpture is there any one since Michael Angelo to whom Rodin can be compared? His little heads, such as that called *Alsace*, his little groups, such as *The Wave* and *the Shore*, his small figures, such as the slight *fantaisie* which, as Bastien-Lepage once said to me, is a definition in itself of exactly what art is, are exquisite beyond any works of the purely dilettante sculptor, even of the sculptor of the rank and class of Cellini, because they are very far from being the exercise of the instinct of preciousness, but are as solidly based on the reality of nature as Barye's animals or Donatello's men.

It is Rodin's temperament, however, not his modelling, superb as his modelling is, that is the conspicuous, the interesting, the noteworthy thing to be discerned in his work. His imagination is one of the most fertile and at the same time most original, most particular, that have expressed themselves plastically in the whole history of art—not French art alone. To express his imaginings, however personal, he uses, it is true, the infinitely varied material of concrete nature and the material world, and in a way which often appears to elicit its suggestiveness rather than embody its echo in his own susceptibility. But it is nevertheless true that his work shows a wealth of imaginativeness. And when to this variety of invention we add the sentiment with which, as I have already said, his sculpture is saturated, it need hardly be added that his tempera-

ment is thoroughly romantic and poetic. Realistic as his work is in fidelity to the form and substance of nature, it is temperamentally as far as possible removed from that naturalistic inspiration which is half science. The Balzac has been enough discussed, but it may be pointed out that whatever its success or failure, it emphasizes the temperamental side of Rodin's genius, which is here unbalanced by the determination and concreteness usually so marked in his work. Compare it for sentiment, for elevation, for grandeur, with such a work as M. Frémiet's Meissonnier, the last word in Institute realism. The accompanying reproductions will enable the reader readily to do so. The Porte de l'Enfer, which has absorbed Rodin for nearly twenty years, is, as Dalou said, long before it reached its present pitch of interest, one of the most, if not the most, original and astonishing pieces of sculpture of the nineteenth century. Imaginatively, one may say without hyperbole, it is adequately Dantesque, at least on its horrent side, and it has depths of poignant sweetness and intense pathos in its beautiful arabesque of line and boss that render it unique. The Calais Bourgeois shows a wholly novel and moving treatment of a problem as large and difficult as a sculptor can be called upon to solve. The busts of Mme. Morla, of Victor Hugo, of Dalou, of Legros, of Laurens, of a score of other celebrities, attest a striking individuality in taking and treating the most hackneyed of all sculptural endeavors—the portrait bust. The St. Jean, and Adam and Eve, and the Age d'Airain, the monuments of Claude Lorrain, of Bastien-Lepage, of Victor Hugo, are equally illustrative of versatility upon a high plane of imaginative effort and natural inspiration.

There are three objections that I have heard made to Rodin's sculpture, none of them, it seems to me, wholly sound. In the first place, he is said to have a defective sense of design. This is easy to say and therefore tempting: nothing is lazier often than the critical faculty. But there is a distinction to be made. It is true that he is not a great composer in the sense of composing with native zest and seeing a complicated *ensemble* first of all and with intuitive imagination. In a great com-

poser like Raphael, for instance, the composition is the first thing one notes; one seizes at once the evident fact that composition is the element of art for which he was born, in which he expresses his genius most freely and directly, with the least friction. Yet, I do not think it can be said that the Porte de l'Enfer is not a great composition. It is distributed on large lines, and the treatment of the theme is balanced and counterweighted with a curious felicity which serves to co-ordinate and throw into artistic relief the tumultuous hurly-burly and tremendous anarchy of the immensely various elements. These latter perhaps make more impression than the whole does; that is all one can reasonably say. If Rodin had been as instinctively drawn to the *ensemble* as he was to its elements he would not have been so long in executing it; whereas, long as he has been at work upon it, it is still far from finished. But it would infallibly have been less impressive, and as it stands now it demonstrates that instead of having a defective sense of design its sculptor has a defiant disregard of conventional composition. So have the Japanese, so far as regards the Institute formulæ. To say that Chapu's Berryer, for example, or any one of the many imitations of the simple and elementary symmetry of the Medicean tombs since Michael Angelo's day, shows a sharper sense for design than the Dante door is like saying that Giotto's round "O" is a finer composition than the Last Judgment, or that the Greek temple excels in design the Cathedral of Amiens, or the cell the organism. The Calais Bourgeois is another thing. Its defiance of convention seems to me *à outrance*. But I confess it interests me less to consider how much the apparent helter-skelter of its nevertheless wonderfully skilful composition displeases my probably convention-steeped desire for superficial symmetry than to endeavor to appreciate Rodin's point of view and to decide whether he has forcibly illustrated it. The history of the monument explains it. The Calaisiens wanted one of more or less conventional, even pyramidal shape. "In that case," said Rodin, "get someone else. I will represent those citizens setting forth on their errand, not perhaps as they actually did set forth, but as a rational imagination

penetrated with the sentiment of the incident may justifiably conceive the incident and enforce its sentiment—its proper and pertinent sentiment and not some other ; or I will not do the work at all.” The result is interesting—wholly successful or not as time or the contemporary professional judgment, whose verdicts have sometimes erroneously been assumed to be identical, may decide—but to the amateur, the layman, with his technical ignorance and consequent irresponsibility, deeply interesting, touching and elevated.

It is penetrated in any event with the sense of reality—the mark, I think, of serious effort at the present day. And this brings me to the second reproach addressed to Rodin, his lack of feeling for ideal sculpture, as it is called. I confess I am not quite sure that I know what “ideal sculpture” means. It cannot mean *imaginative* sculpture, because this is exactly what Rodin’s sculpture is, and exactly what the Institute sculpture, which he thinks insipid, is not. And the Institute sculpture is called ideal and Rodin’s realistic. Rodin is, it is true, an uncompromising realist, but to find a lack of ideality in this fact is to betray mental confusion. What exactly do we mean by the ideal element in a work of art when we speak strictly ? We mean the element in virtue of which it corresponds closely and cordially to the image or idea created or awakened by it in our own mind. In art “the ideal” isn’t merely what we’d like but don’t have. It is as present in a still-life by Villon or Chardin as in a composition by Puvis de Chavannes. Reality is just as competent to furnish it as insubstantiality is—it is as subject to the actual vision as to the dream, and as much the material of the imagination as are certain imaginings. It is beyond the reach of the photograph, because the photograph gives us the aspect of the object and does not establish relations with our idea of it—which is not to say, by the way, that a good photograph is not often an exceedingly superior thing, though probably because the camera is handled by an artist like a brush or a modelling tool.

A distinction less liable to confusion, I think, than that usually made between the real and the ideal, would be that between the concrete and the abstract. Prob-

ably what is meant by ideal sculpture is abstract sculpture—sculpture dealing with abstractions, personifications, muses, divinities, sentiments, etc., etc. Now Rodin’s neglect of this sort of sculpture is indeed very marked. But he has the immense advantage over the Institute, where, as he says, they have recipes for sentiments, of being in harmony with his era and environment. Nothing has more clearly characterized the evolution of the human mind since the days of the Greeks than its steady progress in appetite from the abstract to the concrete. The rise of the individual, the development of the scientific spirit, every trait of the modern world and mind emphasizes this evolution. In the characteristic art of our day, the ideal is sought for in the concrete. It savors somewhat of absurdity to seek it in the abstract at a time when the human spirit is no longer in complete touch with the abstract. The notion that it is perilous for art to yield anything to the scientific spirit is seen to be puerile the moment one recognizes, as one must, that the entire energy of the era is concentrated upon what is to be discerned in, argued from, and inspired by the tangible, the real, the substantial. If there be any innate contradiction between art and science, certainly art is bound to get the worst of it, because science is the best thing going. There *is* no such contradiction. The proof is that science is pursued artistically. Why not pursue art scientifically ? I should say there could be no question that Rodin’s art is eminently scientific. He knows more than any other sculptor about articulations and attachments, derivations, action, correlations and co-ordinations. But, for being studious and scientific it is none the less art, none the less ideal. His anatomy is always *artistically* expressive, his arrangements always adjusted to the end of beauty—whether of the beauty that resides in force, or of that in which charm predominates over power, or of that which merely accentuates the essence of abiding and impressive reality that all concrete things contain in germ and are ready to yield up to the syntheist who sees their significance.

In the third place, Rodin’s sculpture is accused by the conventional criticism of obtruding detail—not merely of that insistence upon detail which involves neglect



of the *ensemble*, nor that which results in neglect of ideality, but a technical treatment which brings into undue and even grotesque salience the essentially trivial parts of a single figure, for example, as well as the mere elements of a composition. He is said to be over-fond of his anatomy, to care more for the *charpente* than the outline, to be blind to suavity, grace, delicacy, in his impetuous energy of expression. The back of his St. John Preaching seems to the conventional sense a mass of corrugations, the occiput of his Hugo bust a surface dotted with impossible and accidental protuberances. In a word his works are esteemed "unfinished"—the great word of Philistine censure. An answer to this is comprised in Taine's definition of a work of art—namely, the representation of a character more completely than it is found in nature. Victor Hugo's head probably did not possess the nodosities with which Rodin has endowed it, but Rodin's treatment has expressed its *character* artistically, by the relief it gives to its essential and the subordination it imposes on its accidental traits. Of course any Italian or German professor of sculpture could produce a more exact replica as regards form, but incontestably in this way he would leave out the Hugo.

One of his admirers, Mr. Charles Quentin, cites Rodin's views of "finish" as follows: "There is no finish possible in a work of art, since it is nature, and nature knows no finish, being infinite; therefore one stops at some stage or other when he has put into his work all he sees, all he has sought for, all he cares to put, or all he particularly wants; but one could really go on forever and see more to do." Here again the attitude is more interesting than the philosophy, literally interpreted, is sound. A work of art is not nature, it is the artist's impression or idea of nature, to begin with, and in addition penetrated with his feeling—if he is an artist of temperament like Rodin. And it is just because nature is infinite that art exists—as a finite suggestion of infinity, an organic, personal, and circumscribed image of inexhaustible objective incompleteness. But when these truths are used to legitimate the literal and disown the suggestive in art, one can understand a disposition to even exaggerated

exaltation of what is unduly neglected and what, practically speaking, after all, is for a modern artist the one important thing to bear in mind.

The modern artist, especially the French artist, is very disproportionately more familiar with the discoveries of art than he is with the secrets of nature. The "culture conquests," in his particular field, he has at his finger-ends. His besetting temptation is to rely on them, to adapt them to his purposes, to content himself with a mere rearrangement of them. He lives in an "artistic atmosphere," outside of which his inspiration fails. The counsel he needs is to steep himself—educated, not to say conventional, as he is—in the influences and study the suggestions of nature, to feel his formularies in his fingers, if need be, but not bother his brain with them in the actual transaction of his work. Of course, the artist absolutely ignorant of art is absolutely negligible—as negligible as the boy with his slate or the savage with his slab of wood. There are such from time to time, and they have the vogue and recognition proper to the freak—the freak in art, whom no knowledge or love of nature can essentially mitigate. But it remains true that where art is practised and talked about, where artists are experts and the public is a connoisseur, there cannot be too much talk of and devotion to nature—in the interests of art itself.

Therefore such approximate language as that of M. Rodin's about art's having no finish because nature, which art is, is infinite, is, from any practical point of view, stimulating and suggestive. Corot might have—may have—talked in this way of his beautifully generalized landscapes. Homer Martin used to, very pithily and quaintly, I remember. When someone inquired once if a certain picture of his were finished, he asked: "Do you mean am I going to do anything more to it?" But this point of view is particularly pertinent in the matter of sculpture—of which for so many persons "finish" is an inseparable, an integral quality. It reminds one—as Rodin's work itself constantly does—that sculpture generalizes, that its potentialities are not exhausted in the constricted epitome which "form" seems to imply to some tastes; that, besides

manifesting itself as outline it exists as volume, as actual bulk impregnated with the abstract qualities which make it fine art—grace, force, charm of distribution and relation—and which in general are ascribed solely to the silhouette when they are not indeed credited to the physiognomy.

Considered in this way there is no place to stop, there is no possibility of “finish,” the envelope is merged in, identical with, the form, and except where texture has a value the form has no surface. When the surface has a sculptural value either to express quality or for contrast, Rodin, as a matter of fact, treats it as scrupulously and explicitly—often as “smoothly”—as the most superficial devotee of the superficialities of sculpture could desire. In fine, the most one can say, I think, about the inadequacy of Rodin’s technical “finish” is that his devotion to *expression* here, as elsewhere, perhaps blinds him to an occasional opportunity of decorating sufficiency of expression, of statement, with that touch of purely sensuous and irresponsible agreeableness which adds nothing—save pure delight!—to its force or significance. There is now and then a certain sacrifice which seems inspired by austerity, but which really springs from the hypnosis of nature over the senses as well as the soul of her worshipper. “It has often happened to me before certain models,” he says, “to stop short in disappointment. At the first glance they did not please me. Yet, after

making a conscious effort, I perceived in the course of my work that there was an element of unperceived beauty in these beings that I despised. And at the end of a few minutes, from having been disgusted I became enthusiastic.” What is the use of talking of the pursuit of perfection, and of “finish” as an element of perfection, to an artist who feels in that way? To him the “pursuit of perfection” must seem a euphemism for the manufacture of clock-tops. And it is incontestable that but for the Institute, French clock-tops, which are admirable, would be very much less so.

Indeed, one is forced to remember, whatever one’s conclusions as to either theory or practice, that the moral which Rodin really enforces is this: His is as strongly characterized and artistic an individuality, as puissant a personality, as one can conceive. Yet he was developed, as our modern phrase is, in an environment that is the most strictly and narrowly academic that has ever been known. He constitutes an *a posteriori* demonstration of the value of an academy, of which the *a priori* demonstration is that original or even eccentric geniuses can only arise in a community which by some concerted means and central agency—such as an academy—brings art into such prominence and popularity that it becomes a common, a recognized, and a prized pursuit. How shall the few be chosen unless the many are called?

## THE FIGHT AGAINST ADVERTISING DISFIGUREMENT

By Arthur Reed Kimball

IT is a curious case of the unexpected that the disfigurement of scenery seems to be a mark of modern civilization. If it be true, as claimed, that a general conscious appreciation of natural beauty dates back only to the latter half of the eighteenth century, then conscious appreciation but little antedates those beginnings of progressive and aggressive

commercialism from which have sprung destruction and disfigurement.

The two are complementary. For, as Mr. E. T. Potter has pointed out, the spirit of modern wantonness spares the exceptional in nature no less than the beautiful; what interests no less than what charms; for example, massacring song-birds and birds of beautiful plumage, and dooming

to extinction alike whales and giraffes and rare insects of incalculable value to science. In its extreme excess this spirit blasts the Palisades and even menaces the Niagara cataract—should the demand for “cheap power” be sufficiently “paying” to warrant the investment. But its common and generally accepted badge is the disfiguring advertisement which “follows the flag,” and spreads with the “spread of civilization.” Already, travellers in Cuba and Puerto Rico report the invasion of the patent-medicine and chewing-tobacco “ads” as a sign of American “education,” while more than one correspondent in Manila has chronicled like evidence of the presence of new Yankee “enterprise.” Such “enterprise,” however, is by no means the monopoly of American exploitation. Sir Martin Conway records that, while cruising on the west coast of Sweden, he was horrified by encountering no less a vandalism than the “brutalizing the bays of the Vikings,” the defacement of “a vertical rock rising straight out of the sea,” which he found to be “painted all over in huge white letters with advertisements.” Still another example, equally remote, comes from Ceylon, where a friend of Mr. John De Witt Warner (who has discussed this subject recently in “Municipal Affairs”), asks him to “imagine” the effect of “a monster advertisement on the roof-ridge of a factory in the centre of wild tropical vegetation.”

But if, following the track of civilization, advertising disfigurement has invaded the remoter corners of the earth, it still remains true that to other of these remote corners must civilization turn to learn the lesson of preserving natural amenities. To the æsthetic sensitiveness of Hawaii, Mrs. Todd, in “Corona and Coronet,” bears striking testimony. She writes that not only is “no settler allowed to bring his fields to the roadside,” as a border of natural growth must be left not less than 150 feet wide, but besides “every tree, shrub, flower, and vine is watched and cared for, while a total dearth of advertising signs on rocks and in conspicuous places is enforced by law.” Another more or less remote corner, Bermuda, is perhaps the one place in the civilized world where enforcement by law is not necessary, although the refreshing absence

of advertising signs has given many visitors that impression. The fact is that many years ago, Lady Brassey, while writing of a cruise on the *Sunbeam*, devoted a paragraph to one case of “hideous disfigurement,” and called on the Bermuda Assembly to suppress such eyesores by law. Heeding her appeal, General Russell Hastings, a well-known American, a resident of Bermuda, leased the offending island and removed the advertisement. The advertiser, finding that public sentiment strongly endorsed General Hastings’s act, made no further attempt at disfigurement, and others, profiting by his experience, have also refrained.

Interesting as these instances are as unexpected possibilities of a remote æstheticism, they do not make the same appeal to us that is made by like triumphs in the very face of a contemptuous commercialism. Perhaps no British institution has been watched with keener interest by not a few Americans than “Scapa”—The Society for Checking the Abuses of Public Advertising\*—now that it can with truth lay claim to be in a sense an “institution,” in large part the gratifying reward of the persistence and skill with which the agitation has been pushed by its honorable secretary, Mr. Richardson Evans. Starting modestly about eight years ago, it now has on its roll over 1,000 members, and, what is of good augury for the future, enjoys, with allied societies, the support of a group in Parliament. This group, though small, is not to be despised even in practical politics, for it includes members of the standing of the late Duke of Westminster, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, the Earl of Stamford, Lord Balcarres, Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. James Bryce, and Mr. W. E. H. Lecky. The list of allied societies includes: The Commons Reservation Society, the Kyrle Society, the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association, the Selborne Society, the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings, the National Trust for Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty, and the Wild Birds’ Protection Society.

One victory has already been won in Parliament, noteworthy both as a precedent and as marking a significant change

\* Described in SCRIBNER’S MAGAZINE for September, 1893, Point of View.

in sentiment due to three years of agitation. In 1896 Edinburgh applied to Parliament for power to control sky-signs and open-air advertising. A like power, in the case of sky-signs, had already been granted to London on application of the County Council, nominally because of their menace, but in reality because of the protest against them as a disfigurement. The House of Commons committee drew the line, however, at interference with general advertising, "looking upon the proposal as a whim which could not pass into serious legislation," to quote the report of the town clerk of Edinburgh. The feeling in Edinburgh, already aroused, was intensified by the constant encroachment of outside advertisers. In one case the purveyors of a popular drink secured an option on a site overlooking Princes Street and the Mound.

Under pressure of a hot public protest they consented to abandon their scheme, but intimated that they would suffer by their courtesy, as rival advertisers would not practise the same consideration—a true prediction. Largely as a result of this incident, the Edinburgh corporation made a second application to Parliament in 1899, this time for power to determine the places where advertisements are allowed, and obtained the act. The argument was plainly practical: That the application had the unanimous support of the citizens, and that the right to prevent disfigurement was a right peculiarly due to a city "dependent so largely upon its amenity," one where large sums were spent every year in maintaining parks and public gardens and in adding to the attractiveness, both for residents and visitors. Incited by the success of Edinburgh, Dublin, also a town largely "dependent upon its amenity," has decided also to apply for powers of advertising control, greater in scope than those granted to Edinburgh, while a number of other towns have by private bills obtained more or less authority to control open-air advertisements. Such advertising is now also forbidden on not a few large estates, notably those of Lord Salisbury and the Duke of Westminster. The movements are all propitious for the enactment in the near future of the general law advocated by Scapa, giving power of control to any local body desiring to exercise it without

the expense and trouble of applying to Parliament for a special act.

In its zeal for the country at large, London—that abomination of advertising desolation, more unsightly than New York, if American eyes are to be trusted—has not been overlooked by Scapa. Its memorial calling attention to the new device of illuminated (flash-light) advertisements, and to the growing fashion of covering buildings with monstrous letters, was signed by three hundred architects. As a result the flash-light advertisements have been practically abolished by the County Council. In the absence of a right to pass an avowedly æsthetic ordinance, the expedient resorted to for accomplishing it is worth noting as peculiarly English. While the subject was under discussion in the Council, a runaway horse, scared by a flash-light advertisement, "providentially caused the death of an unhappy woman," as a member of the Council expressed it in a private letter. This being a fact, the coroner's jury, of its own motion, added a rider to its verdict, condemning the use of flash-light advertisements where they are "a source of danger." Thus, "providentially," the Council had justification for prohibiting flash-lights on the ground of their menace to life and limb. The Council has also, spurred on by Scapa, removed all advertising transparencies from its own (the municipal) tram-cars, despite the sacrifice of £1,500 a year income, and the amusing Philistine argument that the advertisements hid from the eyes of the passengers the uninteresting streets through which the cars passed. In the example thus set to private corporations London has followed the precedent of Glasgow (sacrificing an income of £2,000 a year), Liverpool, Hull, Sheffield, and many other towns. To the American visitor, at least, the relief will be considerable on the strictly practical ground of being able to read the destination of a car without the labor of deciphering it.

This reflection of itself suggests the hideous London 'bus, and also recalls the old story of bread cast upon the waters. The attempt of Scapa to induce the chief commissioner of police to denude the 'bus of its placards, though it accomplished little, attracted the attention of Mr. H. Muthe-sius, technical attaché to the German embassy. His report of the Scapa movement,

published in the official journal of the Prussian Minister of Public Works, put the 'bus in the foreground as an "awful example," with the result that the Berlin president of police issued an ordinance prohibiting advertisements on the outsides or on the windows of public omnibuses. This prohibition accords with the police regulation of public advertising in Berlin, providing that such advertisements are only to be placed on specially prepared columns, boards, etc., and in form must be approved by the local authorities. These public advertising columns are rented out to a contractor who pays, for the privilege of controlling them, \$63,500 a year. This regulation does not affect the right of land-owners or renters to advertise their own business interests on the property owned or rented. In France, every advertisement which can be described as a painted sign is subject to the payment of a fee if displayed in a public place. In this connection it is interesting to give the testimony of an American who has just spent a year in rural France, travelling extensively in the provinces. He writes: "There is in France no such general and outrageous disfigurement of beautiful scenery as one finds here at home. This sort of advertising is in the main confined to the railway lines, and is much more noticeable as one approaches the city of Paris." These disfiguring signboards, whether more or less numerous than at home, have attracted the official eye, and the minister of finance, it is announced, has determined to tax them, though erected on private property—an example worthy of international imitation. For why should a hideous signboard escape, when the useful bank-check pays its two-cent tax? By the municipal ordinance of Rome, advertising announcements are confined to bill-boards, for whose erection licenses are issued unless the locality is declared to be inappropriate—in principle the Edinburgh plan.

These sporadic, and often ludicrously ineffectual, attempts at advertising control, of which doubtless there are others that have escaped the chronicler, are in themselves advertisements of what the fight on disfigurement means. Here at home so much energy has gone out toward saving the "big things" that appeal to national pride—Niagara Falls, the Yellowstone

Park, California's giant trees, the Palisades, etc.—that but little has been left for the humbler rescue of everyday scenes and streets. Yet, in the village improvement society, or the park improvement association is to be found the instrumentality ready at hand for the work, with only the zeal, the motive power, lacking. For illustration of what individual effort can do, one has but to point to the campaign of Dr. G. Alder Blumer, who, while a resident of Utica, N. Y., in charge of the State Asylum, cleared the road from the town to his country residence of its advertising signs—an achievement widely chronicled at the time. Most important of recent announcements is that of Governor Rollins, of New Hampshire. In a published letter, called out by the indignation of a visitor to the White Mountains over the disfigurement of Crawford Notch, the Governor writes: "I intend to introduce a bill in the next legislature to stop that sort of thing." If Governor Rollins induces New Hampshire to lead the way, what may not be hoped for from the example? Some States, strange as it may seem, already have laws indirectly affecting advertisements. In New Jersey any city that cares to, has the right to pass an ordinance regulating or restricting public advertising. Ohio has a similar law, including villages as well as cities, but confining the restrictions practically to the advertisements of non-residents. San Francisco has an ordinance protecting telegraph, telephone, and electric-light poles from advertising disfigurement, and prescribing that signs on buildings shall not be over three feet high and those on any premises not over ten feet high. Chicago, with characteristic progressiveness, gives distinct recognition of æsthetic rights in an ordinance passed last July, which, in addition to determining the size and height of signs and bill-boards, forbids their erection on a boulevard, pleasure drive, or residence street, without the consent, in writing, of three-fourths of the residence and property owners on both sides of the street in the block where it is desired to erect such sign or bill-board.

This Chicago ordinance may possibly prove of the most service as a check to local disfigurement or as an encouragement to similar ordinances in other cities.

For, should it be contested in the courts, it may lead to the determination of the legal status of the offensive advertising sign, whether or not it can be classed as a nuisance. This question, obviously of the first importance to any general crusade against advertising disfigurement, is exhaustively discussed by Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, Jr., of the American Park and Out-door Association. In his report as secretary of the association's special committee of investigation Mr. Olmsted finds that the right to permit advertisements along the highway is in general, especially in country districts, recognized as belonging to the abutting property owners, a right thus definitely settled by statute in Massachusetts. This, in Mr. Olmsted's view, is a mistake, "because the rights of the individual land-owner within the limits of the highway tend constantly to decrease and the rights of the travelling public to increase," a change he characterizes as both "wise and healthy." Mr. Olmsted would put the control of advertizing on highways, as he would the right to remove trees, into the hands of the local road authorities, believing that in both cases the interests of the general public would thus be better served.

Passing next to the legal status of the disfiguring advertisement on private property, Mr. Olmsted argues that an offensive sight may be no less a public nuisance than an offensive sound, an offence becoming a nuisance, by the definition of the Century Dictionary, when "the selfish use of a right transcends the obligations to respect the welfare of others." The question of what is or is not a nuisance "seeming to be wholly a matter of degree and judgment," according to shifting standards marking "the constant growth in civilization and refinement," it is hardly asserting too much to claim that popular sensitiveness to offensive signs has sufficiently developed "to render such a sight under certain conditions a real public nuisance, one which the courts must soon recognize as such, even if they do not to-day." These conditions seem to apply, if anywhere, to advertisements disfiguring the approaches to a great park system, on which a city may have spent millions of dollars, to provide "a region of quiet rural sylvan scenery" for general rest and enjoyment. These benefits a

certain number of people miss if the adjacent property is placarded with nerve-irritating advertisements, "constructed and painted with the most devilish ingenuity to catch the eye at every turn." Such offensive use of property is all the more unjustifiable in view of the fact that the value of this property has been greatly increased by the public money spent to make the park and its approaches attractive to all. Mr. Olmsted recalls, what probably few citizens of New York are aware of, that its park department has been empowered by the legislature "to regulate advertising displays upon land fronting on the parks." He, however, doubts whether the act was drawn up with sufficient care to hold good at law in case of a contest. He therefore recommends "the adoption by a park commission, acting under proper legislative authority, of regulations governing reasonably and moderately" displayed advertising on adjacent property, thus providing the basis for a test case which perhaps has been provided by the Chicago ordinance.

A discussion of disfigurement which starts with a discussion of the country's right to its natural beauty ends, as one might expect, with the increasing ugliness of the modern city, from which the contamination spreads. "Sixty years since," said Mr. John Leighton, in discussing modern London, before the Society of Arts, "things were plain, perhaps, but not defaced, because we had not the resources, even if we had the will. Science has ministered to ugliness." Yet there is no reason, in the nature of things, why an advertisement should be a disfigurement. "It would be quite possible," declares Mr. Walter Crane, "to have effective and picturesque signs for trade purposes without the present defiance of the proportion, order, and dignity of the street." The fact fits the word. In Belgium a municipal art society has initiated competitions for beautiful signs, the best designs receiving prizes. The result is, testified Mr. George Kriehn in an address before a municipal art conference in Baltimore, "that all over Brussels you find pretty signs, and the curious part is that the beautiful ones pay better than the ugly; for, while the latter receive only a passing notice and then a feeling of disgust, the signs which are beautiful attract permanent attention."



# THE PLAGUE SHIP

By Stephen Bonsal



It was during the sultry month of August: the heat was sweltering, everyone who could had left Shanghai, "gone home" or to Chefoo, where in the north the cooling breezes blow across Pechili. The Taipan, or Number 1 man of the Number 2 Hong in the settlement, was a kind but exacting host, and the prospect of another afternoon under his patronage was anything but pleasing. The Taipan might, for he had the incentive of being in a fair way to accumulate a substantial fraction of the wealth of Ormus and of Ind, but I positively could not repeat those dreary promenades along the Bubbling Well road, watching the student interpreters play tennis or wrangle over Chinese characters while we, mayhap, discussed in cold blood the comparative merits for hack work of Manchurian ponies and Australian "whalers." I had been two weeks in the model settlement, and the Taipan had kept my nose so close to the social grindstone that, to my overpowering shame and confusion, I now remembered that I had not once visited Mustard's famous store and bar, where mixed drinks and "floating island" are served, a place which is the Mecca of all Yankees upon the east coast of Asia.

An hour later, still animated by the patriotic impulse and shuddering at the thought of more "Johnny" talk from the student interpreter, I gave the Taipan the slip. Soon I came to a halt before a wicker-work door. The string hung outside, so I raised the latch and walked into Mustard's. Ah! There was no mistaking the place. Over the rosewood bar, shining with brass-work and glittering like the sun, hung a fac-simile of the Declaration of Independence, with all the familiar signatures of the signers. Opposite, and standing out strangely against the background of the stars and bars of our flag, was the Monroe Doctrine done into Chinese, and written in the largest

and most classic characters known to the children of Confucius.

Hanging from the railing of the bar was a tin box and a notice inviting contributions to a fund for their benefit, and signatures to an appeal to the President for the liberation of the American sealers who were languishing in the "noisome dungeons of the Russian Tzar." I had only left Siberia a month before, and in Vladivostok I had been permitted to visit the pelagic sealers who were under a cloud there and, what they evidently minded more, under arrest. Your pelagic sealer is a "dead game sport," who opens wine from morning until night, and the thought that they were still behind prison-bars made me join in with the cry of the seelawyer who indited the appeal "Oh, for one day of James Gillespie Blaine," and drop a coin in the box. As I did so a stout middle-aged man, evidently a follower of the sea and a fellow-citizen, sidled up to me.

"I reckon you come from God's country," he said, "and have come out since I did, so I'll do the honors. My name is Jack Mullins—forty-two years out from the Delaware Breakwater; what's yours?"

As we shook comfortably down into our new acquaintance, the captain made a cabalistic sign to the China boy and two "stingers" were brought. Now a "stinger," it should be known—it certainly is known to all who have lived in that land of great thirst which stretches from Shantung to Sumatra—is a noggin of Scotch whiskey enlivened by much or little, according to individual taste, of the local buzz-water.

As we took our drinks in fractions Captain Mullins told his story. He was a sailor man of the old clipper days who, as he asserted stoutly, in punishment for his sins had been banished from the Blue Chicken State, where he first saw the light, and for forty years, man and boy, had been knocking about the Yellow Sea of China, in coal and petroleum hulks, in

sailing vessels, side-wheelers, and screw steamers.

"Seventeen years ago to-day," he said, emphatically, "I lost the last clipper in the Java Sea, through no fault of my own; even the Board of Trade had to admit that. You see Krakatoa had blown up a new island in the night that wasn't down on the chart, of course, and I went plumb into her. The owners wouldn't build again, Yankee owners never do, only too glad they were to lose their ship, I reckon, and grateful to Krakatoa and to me, and then I had to begin life all over again—and take to steam."

Then, clinking our glasses together, he leant toward me and whispered:

"And what do you think I have come to now? Well, I am working for Chinamen, and the heathen dragon flag flies over my ship; and now do you wonder why I don't go home? I ain't fit to."

To change the captain's trend of thought I began to tell of the voyage which I had made down from Vladivostok on a cranky Japanese mail-boat in a roaring typhoon.

"Of course you had a —— of a time," he assented to my summing up of the experiences, "but that's what you have got to expect when you travel in letter boats. Steel balloons, that's what they are, battered about like bladders with no more ballast than a bag or two of mail in their bellies, and having to keep to the schedule time in the teeth of the typhoon; and if you don't, your pay is docked. Now did you ever think how much more comfortably you could see the East, especially in the typhoon season, from the deck of a coolie tramp? Them letter boats go whooping along and never stop except to take in coal, and then you can't see anything for the dust. We tramps never have any trouble with typhoons. We're never in any sort of hurry. If you come with me perhaps you won't wear diamonds, but you will be travelling on your own yacht. When a typhoon comes, and they are always perlite and eighteen hours is the least notice they give, we lie by and make snug behind some headland, and you and I go snipe-shooting until the blame thing has blown over."

I think it was about the fourth "stinger" that I, for weal or woe, shipped with Cap-

tain Mullins and the Eastern Paradise, for so it was he Englished the Chinese name of his ship, as extra supercargo. I was bound south, and he was sailing in a generally southerly direction. He was bound to go to Amoy to ship coolies, and from there he did not know where he would be sent. No place that I mentioned the Captain thought at all unlikely but what the Eastern Paradise would, sooner or later, bring up there.

"That's the fun of the coolie tramps with a roving commission from the China merchants," he insisted with enthusiasm. "Once we get to Amoy there is no telling where we may be sent."

Disgusted with the letter boats, bewitched by the prospect of a wandering cruise in a coolie tramp, and feeling pretty much like Sindbad the Sailor, with all the wonders of the Eastern world before me, I followed Captain Mullins that evening up the "Creek" to the little bungalow in which he lived.

"You may as well hear it from me, as you certainly would hear it from someone else," he remarked, in a confidential whisper as we walked along, "I'm married to a Chineese, a 'big-footer' from Hankow, and she's a good cook, and a good wife to me. She came into our compound ten years ago, to darn socks, and she has worked her way up just as I did, to rule the roost on shore as I boss my ship at sea. She's a good housekeeper, and a witch woman too, as the Chinese say, and I always leave behind with her a string of cash to buy prayer papers with, and I always feel more comfortable as I sail away to know that she is chin-chinning Joss, and asking for fair wind and weather for the old man and the Eastern Paradise."

After dinner, at which the "big-footer" from Hankow, I confess to my disappointment, did not appear, we, for our company had grown with the addition of McFarlane, the mate; and Johnstone, the engineer, who, together with a young assistant just out from the Clyde, of the name of Quarles, constituted the white crew of the coolie tramp, went down to the docks to sleep on board, as the Captain announced that it was his intention to take the Eastern Paradise out to sea in the morning, just as soon as there was water enough to float her over the Woosung bar.

In the moonlight, amid a scene of indescribable confusion, with yelling coolies and sweating stevedores, we stumbled on board the *Eastern Paradise* for the first time. Only when I reached the bridge above the hurly-burly of the loading, could I dare to breathe, and survey the scene without fear of being knocked overboard. Certainly she was a strange craft, this *Eastern Paradise*, and as the Captain admitted, she was not much to look at. - There was nothing nautical in her lines, and seeing her on dry land one would have immediately taken the edifice which she presented for a sailor's boarding-house or a coolie tenement. She seemed to me to be the wreck of some ancient wind-jammer of the Pacific that had been "done over" and converted into a tramp steamer with low power engines. In the course of her degradation she had come to look like a huge Chinese junk. On either side of the hawser-holes yellow eyes had been painted, for the purpose of pandering to the superstitions of the coolies, who will not embark upon an eyeless ship, believing that "No can see—No can savey." The figure-head standing out boldly under the shade of the spreading bowsprit was once fashioned to represent Columbia, Britannia, or some other robust, starry-eyed goddess of our race, but this had all been changed when the yellow flag was hoisted, and the blue dragon of the Mings frowned down from the peak. The coolies, as though they resented the beauty of the strange goddess, had whittled the noble figure away until what remained, covered as it was with many-colored paints, resembled nothing quite so much as a Japanese joro blinking her eyes in the light of the Yoshiwara cage.

As about noon we began to push our way over the mud-banks at Woosung I had a chance to ask the Captain, who was so loquacious on such subjects as court-life in Peking, and the utter depravity of the Japanese engaged in commerce, something about the antecedents of our curious craft.

"Yes, the old hulk is like her skipper, a Yankee to the core. She was built and finished with curly red-wood on the Pacific coast, only you can't smell the wood since these yellow vermin came on board with their greasy rags and 'dope.' How did

it happen she raised the yellow flag?" said Mullins, repeating my question, "Ah, that's my secret, and I wouldn't tell you any more than I would the history of some of those yellow-haired sisters that live up Soochow creek. You must take her as you shipped, with no questions asked."

Soon we put to sea, and though a top-gallant-sail breeze was blowing, the *Eastern Paradise* could only jog off about six knots an hour. Mullins plied me with questions as to what had been happening in the white man's world these twenty years, until suddenly it dawned upon me that I had been shipped principally because of the information, which, no praise to me, I possessed. What a lot of unfinished stories there were running in his head, of which Mullins, with some impatience, desired to hear the sequel. There was that Confederate cruiser *Shenandoah*.

"She chased me off Luzon. I was coming from Manila with a load of hemp, but darkness came on before she closed in, and I fooled her with false lights. . . "

And he wanted to know how General Grant had been defeated for the third term nomination; and when these subjects had been satisfactorily threshed out we were two days older.

Mullins's information, which was sound on some subjects, came in streaks. There were the most baffling *interregnums*, which he explained by saying:

"You see all that happened when I was 'hadjying,' a-carrying Javanese pilgrims from Batavia and Surabaya to Jeddah, from where they took their spices up to Mecca and spread all their figs on the great black stone. No, I'll never 'hadjy' again—a man gets so rusty at it."

When we got into Amoy the comprador of the China Merchants Company came on board, and ordered the captain to make ready to carry a thousand coolies to Hong-Kong, from there to be distributed among the southern ports where labor was in demand. This was anything but gratifying news to me. We had brought only one hundred and fifty coolies down with us from Shanghai, and that number seemed quite a plenty and to spare. Had there been one of the despised letter boats in the harbor I think I would have changed my quarters. Both cholera and the black death were raging in Amoy, and in fact

throughout southern China, and there was danger of vexatious delays and quarantine restrictions, but as there was no mail steamer in the harbor bound south I stuck to the Eastern Paradise.

"If you could only get fresh tomatoes out here in plenty," began Mullins, adding, with a flush of state pride, "as we have them in Delaware, there would be no reason to fear the cholera, because it can't make no headway against a stomach filled with tomatoes. Some Germans drink an awful lot of beer, and keep loaded all the time, but against cholera beer don't hold a candle to tomatoes. It's really a drawback, and a slip up of Providence, it seems to me, that tomatoes don't grow in cholera countries; it sort of keeps the remedy from getting popular."

"Do oyster-plants keep off cholera?" I asked, unwarily introducing this vegetable into our symposium of conversation.

"Well, if they did there are no oyster-plants in China."

"But," I asserted, not a little pleased to get the best of such an old China "hand," "there are. I ate them often while I stayed with the Taipan. A Ningpo missionary introduced them, and now they are growing in many parts of China."

"Well, all I have got to say is that my boy Wang has catered for me ten years and he never brought me any oyster-plants, and if I find one now I'll 'plant' him, by God I will." Mullins, like the true son of Delaware he was, loved fruits and vegetables better than meat and drink.

Soon the great cavernous depths of the hold were filled with cattles of tea, and when the time came to embark our coolies the Captain called out:

"You don't want to miss a bit of this."

I opened my eyes and watched. The coolies, of a peculiarly low class, were swarming over the ship's side. They all wore coarse blue blouses of bed ticking, and each man carried a sleeping-mat, into which were rolled not only all his belongings, but his clothing and food for the voyage. The moment they touched the deck they were pounced upon by the native crew who acted under the orders of our craneer or purser. To reach their quarters the coolies had to pass through an improvised turnstile, over which the chinsu, armed with a bludgeon, presided. Now and then

he would drop his stick and pounce upon a would-be passenger, pound him with his fists on the chest, tear open his mouth roughly and look down his throat.

"It's a game of diamond cut diamond," said Mullins, in answer to my look of astonishment. "Sometimes the company wins, sometimes the coolies. You see, no Chinaman would set foot on a vessel unless he had every assurance that in case he died he would be put away in a first class coffin and brought into port. If we didn't all contract to do that none of us would carry a coolie, not if we offered them free passage, so we promise to supply a 'chop dollar' coffin in case of death, and to carry the coolie back to the port from which he sailed, and that costs money. This business hadn't gone on a month before the coolie saw his chance to beat the company, and began to do it. You see a coolie who is about to die, or wants to pass in his checks, and they can do it just whenever and wherever they want to, steps on a steamer, say for Hong-Kong, and he only pays about two dollars for a deck passage. Then when he gets good and ready he just stops breathing, and the company has to provide a coffin, and pay the freight back home.

"Of course we can't stop these suicides, but the chinsu is there to keep old and worn-out coolies from coming on board and turning up their toes. Of course the chinsu is crooked, and is often 'fixed' to let pass a friend or a kinsman, or a man who would rather pay to him five taels, than fifty to the undertaker, but the company keeps this 'private pigeon' down within reason by discharging a chinsu who has a high death-rate on his ship two voyages running."

One by one now the coolies came on board. Now and again a man, worn-out with disease, or suspected of a desire for an economical funeral, was thrown roughly back into the sampan. By midnight all our coolies were packed away like sardines in their sweltering quarters. Perhaps ten men out of the thousand had been rejected as bad risks by our chinsu, and with the break of day we went to sea.

McFarlane, our first officer, was an English public school man, and the son of a Trinidad planter who had been wealthy in the days before the crash in sugar came.

He was a man of great personal charm and considerable culture, but he had not the strength of character to bear up under adversity, and soon proved to be the weak point in our limited white crew. While he never said so, it was yet notorious in all East Asian ports that Captain Mullins only kept him on because McFarlane could never have obtained another job. Some time after midnight, when all our passengers had been brought on board and housed, and the smoky lights were burning low, I remember to have seen Quarles coming on board followed by a crew of coolies carrying something in a sheet of tarpaulin which in the dim light I thought I recognized as McFarlane, our hapless mate. When eight bells rang, the time for morning inspection on the merchant boats in the East, because at this hour the heat is yet bearable on deck, I was climbing on to the bridge to escape the rush and crowding from the coolies and our crew, when my eyes fell upon the figure of McFarlane again. This time there was no mistaking him. He lay in that death-like sleep which is one of the effects of samshoo, the deadly coolie tippie to which he had become addicted. He was stretched out stiffly upon a bamboo lounge, with the tarpaulin in which, as in a bag, he had been brought on board from the floor of some wretched Chinese stew, wrapped about him.

The sharp-toned bells rang out, and everything was made ready for the inspection, which was of course not a pipe-clay affair, still, as Johnstone said: "The skipper is severe in streaks."

The warning sound of the bells died away, and still McFarlane lay like a log. Then I saw his liver-colored setter, Nelly, steal up gently to him and with a cowed expression upon her face, as though she knew only too well what the cost would be, begin to lick his hand which trailed down upon the deck. Still McFarlane gave no sign of life, and Nelly, putting her forepaws upon the lounge, leant over and licked the sleeper's face, but still without effect. The crew were trooping back to quarters now, and Nelly, with a strangely haggard look about her face, seeing that there was no time to be lost if she was to save her master from the consequences of his debauch, sprang, boldly in a physical sense, but with a touch-

ing expression of shrinking timidity upon her face, on to the lounge, and began to jump up and down upon the sleeping mate's chest and shoulders, barking boisterously the while. Suddenly, and in evident alarm, McFarlane sprang to his feet, and in doing so threw the faithful dog down hard upon the deck. Nelly staggered to her feet, and came toward him, wagging her feathered tail apologetically, and saying, plainer than the human voice could say: "Don't you understand? It's eight bells and the captain's coming, and if he saw you lying here like that he would cut off your liberty for a month." And the drunken brute did understand, but he picked up a stick and chased poor Nelly, howling with fear and mortification, down the deck.

A minute later the mate brought up forward, and had the grinning coolies play the hose upon him, while poor Nelly came back to where I stood aft, sighing and wagging her tail.

And Mullins, with a tender expression in his eyes, patted Nelly softly on the head, and for her sake delayed the inspection a few minutes so that McFarlane could get his clothes on and be at his place.

After inspection I walked forward and discovered our chinsu installed in a tent of Ningpo matting which he moved backward and forward and from port to starboard as fell the shadow and the sun.

Such a wonderful transformation as our chinsu had undergone I had never seen take place before in mortal man. It was hard to recognize in this flute-voiced gentleman, who stripped to the waist and fanning himself with a palm-leaf fan, sat under his tent of mats while he carried on most affable conversation with all the coolie passengers as they ventured near, it was hard to recognize in this cooing dove of honeyed speech, the brazen bully who had so browbeaten and mishandled the coolies as they came on board the evening before. Under the craney, our supercargo, the chinsu was the most important member of the native crew. He was not only our medical officer and peace-talker, when any dispute arose, but always an indefatigable and diplomatic go-between between the foreign officers and the crew. Of all his functions, how-

ever, it was in the practice of physic that the chinsu most delighted, and at this his favorite and not entirely philanthropic occupation I now for the first time discovered him at work. Before him, on two stools, was a great flat box which he opened as the first patient presented himself and asked for medical assistance. Facing him, and suspended from the wall of the tent, hung a strange anatomical chart of a man, divided into one hundred little square sections, equal in extent and all carefully numbered. When the first patients appeared the chinsu rubbed his hands, and asked where the sickness was. Then the coolie would point, generally to some place on the wall of the stomach. "Belly sick," the chinsu's laconic diagnosis which I borrow, they all seemed to be. Thoughtfully, and with great care, the chinsu would locate this exact spot upon the anatomical chart. Then, brushing down the number of this little square upon a piece of paper, he would return to his seat and open the box before him. This Pandora's box, as we called it, was also divided into one hundred little compartments, and resembled, in every way, the trays in which ornithologists store their stolen eggs. Out of the compartment corresponding to the number of the region of the body in which, by means of the chart, this particular pain had been located, the chinsu would dip out, by means of the enormous nail which armored his little finger, about a teaspoonful of a coarse black powder, which, to the layman's eye, seemed to be the same in each and every one of the one hundred compartments.

Generally the coolies were what they called "foot" or "mouth" or "belly sick," and it was easy, by means of the ghastly diagram of the human form divine to locate geometrically the point of greatest soreness, so the consultations went on pretty smoothly for the first half-hour, and the chinsu had sent already as many as half a dozen coolies back to the between decks, making wry faces but otherwise pleased, and evidently satisfied with their treatment. At last, however, there presented himself a lop-sided and otherwise strangely misshapen man who, I thought (his medicine being an exact science) would put the geometrical system of the

chinsu to shame. Yet, though baffled for a time, man of infinite resource that he was, the chinsu soon rose to the occasion. Time and again he attempted, at last even by means of the tape-measure, to transfer the point of pain from the man to the diagram, but despite the greatest care it always fell in a manifestly ludicrous place. At last, however, he gave up the exact method, and taking a little powder from each of the four compartments nearest to the point of soreness he sent the coolie on his way.

The chinsu did not approve of patients who presented the perplexing physical peculiarities that this man did, so after pocketing his fee, which, with most unusual negligence, he had failed to take before the dose was administered, he permitted himself the relief of repeated grunts of dissatisfaction.

Seeing my interest in his open-air clinic, the chinsu stretched out his fat hand for his fan, called the craney, who spoke a fluent English, and had me informed that these simple and inexpensive drugs which he served out to the coolies did not constitute the extent of his pharmacopeia. I was assured that even the mandarin drugs, such as ginseng tonic and tiger-bone tea, or even the concentrated essence of centipedes, could be had by me for the asking, and the signing of a "chit," a polite offer of which I promised to avail myself should I feel the need of such redoubtable tonics.

After dinner we returned to the deck-house. The Eastern Paradise was puffing and blowing along like a disabled porpoise, and the Captain was asking me questions about what he considered current topics, that would have put the imperturbable and inquisitive Li Hung Chang to shame. I was not overpleased at the prospect as I recalled that it had taken us four days of the most favorable weather possible to reach Amoy, and it was not unlikely that as many more might elapse before we sighted the Peak above Hong-Kong. Something of the glamour of romance which the Captain had conjured up to cover the bare unattractiveness of the Eastern Paradise began to fall away. It seemed to me in my impatience that our rate of speed was slow, even for the East, and Mullins, if the truth must be told, was



developing into a perfect bore. Instead of those fascinating tales of hairbreadth 'scapes by land and by sea, those pictures of the Anthropophagi, or rather the Buganesen of the Spice Islands, with which he had captured me at Mustard's, it was:

"Now I want your news. You see we can pick very little out of the newspapers, and we don't believe that. What was that about Garfield's assassination? and why weren't there any perlice on deck?"

Generously conceding me a moment's respite in which to brush up my recollection of this subject the Captain went over to have a look at the glass, and I noticed that he stayed and looked longer than usual. In another quarter of an hour, despite the unflagging interest with which he always followed my dreary budget, he returned to the glass, and then, looking up, said:

"Well, I guess we are going to have a blow, and we'll have to run for it. There was a telegram at the Exchange before we left, from those Jesuit dons in Manila who keep an eye on the weather, saying that a typhoon was coming up from the south, but I thought it might split the other way."

The glass now continued to fall steadily, and the wind came strong from the east, a wind, which when it comes on to blow during the northeast monsoon which was then prevailing, is almost, if not quite, a sure and infallible sign of the coming of a typhoon.

We changed our course somewhat, and soon a tremor, which ran through the Eastern Paradise from stem to stern, and the thick columns of black smoke which rose from the smoke-stacks, showed that Johnstone was putting on more pressure.

"You can't shove a broken-backed, low-powered ship down through the Formosan channel in the teeth of a typhoon, so we will have to run for shelter," said Mullins, and I accepted the apology.

We could just make out upon our starboard bow a tongue of blue land, appearing in the distance like a low-lying cloud. Looking back over the course we had come, I saw that there, only a few miles behind us, the sea, which all about us lay still and black, was covered with a white foam which in the distance seemed a floating raft of snow-covered ice. Johnstone, our engineer, came up on the bridge. He

was covered with sweat and soot and grease as he said:

"I have stopped all the leaks in the pipes I can with charpie, but we can't keep this pace up. In a few minutes the crazy thing will burst."

"Ease her then," said Mullins. "We are all right as it is, I think."

The cloud-like vagueness of the coast ahead had now disappeared, and the blue headland toward which we were steering rose in distinct outline before us.

"That's the Fokien headland," said Mullins. "When we get under its lee we'll be just as safe if not as comfortable as we were at Mustard's."

I stretched myself out upon the bamboo lounge, now watching the white waves as they came galloping up in our wake, and now the dark, foreboding headland as it rose into plainer view. Around about us the ocean lay dark and mysterious, and as placid as some mountain-tarn. There was not a breath stirring. Suddenly I began to wonder what the time was. It might have been midnight or midday as far as one could judge by the usual signs. The sun had disappeared, and yet the heavens above were apparently unclouded. A strange spectral light lit up the scene. As it fell upon them Mullins and Johnstone were painted yellow, while the wolfish faces of our coolie passengers grew green.

All at once, out of the great calmness and stillness there came a swirling, eddying wind, blowing first from one quarter and then from another, burning our faces with its hot breath, and then subsiding as suddenly as it had arisen.

"We will get a slap of it yet, but not enough to hurt if Johnstone can only keep his engines together," said Mullins.

Then, most unusual occurrence, for there was, as I had noticed, some feeling of jealousy between the American and the Chinese control of the Eastern Paradise, the craney and the chinsu appeared upon the bridge. Their Chefoo silk tunics clung to their bodies moist with sweat, and they were evidently in the greatest excitement. Indeed it was some time before the craney got himself under sufficient control to speak English.

Though the ominous stillness again prevailed, I could not hear what was said

from where I lay on the bamboo couch watching the white crest of the storm as it came racing after us, but I saw that the Captain's face fell, and that the craney ran down the ladder wringing his hands.

When I came up to where he stood Mullins said, gravely :

"Those yellow vermin were so greedy to take on as many passengers as the old hulk can carry that they have taken two who don't pay passage money, and who will eat up all the profits of the trip. We have got the cholera and the black death at work down there between decks, and," pointing to the ominous pyramid of coffins which the Eastern Paradise, like all coolie ships, carried upon her poop deck, "I guess we will need all our coffins before we get into Hong-Kong—and more."

I went forward to where the chinsu had pitched his medical tent of Ningpo matting. To my disappointment he was shutting up shop. The box of drugs was closed and locked. As I came near he rolled up the anatomical chart, and seeing my surprise said :

"Six men deadee, mightee many sickee. Pills have got, pills no have got, maskee—all samee," and disappeared with his valuable medicines below.

As I started to regain the bridge the wind came up with us, and catching the Eastern Paradise as she rode on the crest of the waves threw and battered her about as though she had been a toy. A great dust came from the straining timbers, a smell as of turpentine filled the air, and tar oozed from the deck-planks. The shrouds rattled and flapped, and now and again a rope parted with a sharp pistol-like report. The white waves which had followed us so long, now leaped about the groaning ship like a band of hungry wolves.

Through the inlet under the lee of the headland for which we were making we could see the quiet waters of the protected bay. They could not have been more than three miles away when the storm overtook us, and yet there followed moments when it seemed as though we never could make that haven of safety. The great wind that blew, veered from quarter to quarter, and never came steadily for more than three minutes. Now a gust would seize her under the stern and send the Eastern Paradise, with her nose deep down in the

sea, a hundred yards or so toward the inlet and the smooth water beyond. Then, as though making a sport of all our efforts, the veering wind would haul off and come again, howling out of the inlet, and our ship, arrested upon the advancing wave, and with her feeble screw beating the air, would sink back hopelessly into the hollow trough.

"It all depends on Johnstone now, and whether he can keep her nose on shore and the engines together," came from Mullins in answer to my look of inquiry.

As we drew near the headland, again and again the wind, screaming mockingly through the torn and tattered shrouds, would drive us back. Night came, and still the tremendous roar and hubbub continued, and still, like some tantalizing mirage, the inlet, through which we could see our haven of safety, hung just above the dark and lowering horizon.

Now driven swiftly ahead, now hurled back with tremendous force, tossed about upon the waves as lightly as an air-filled bladder, it seemed as though, on the whole, we were losing ground. Johnstone came again out upon the bridge. His hair was matted, and he was dripping with oil and soot and sweat. I only recognized him by the brown overalls he wore. He shouted to the Captain, but his words were inaudible to me, though I stood only six feet away. Then the wind dropped and brought the Captain's answer. It came in thunderous tones, as though out of the trumpet of a megaphone :

"Yes, we must chance it. We can't stand this another hour," and Johnstone disappeared below.

A moment later thick black smoke poured in solid columns out of the stacks, and the old battered hulk shook and shuddered from stem to stern. The great wind came steadily from over our quarter, and we slid up and down over the waves, making great progress. The still water was not a mile away, and in the darkness it seemed even nearer. Suddenly the wind died out on our quarter and came over our bow. As the Paradise rose to the waves it seemed as though a thousand powerful arms were laid upon her. Her onward course was arrested, and slowly she subsided into the hollow between the mountainous waves, groaning in every

beam. The hot wind seared my eyes as I crouched down on the floor of the bridge, blinking through the darkness. Down through the speaking-tube I heard Mullins shout :

"Damnation, Johnstone, it's now or never !"

And again the ship trembled and shook, and again the black smoke poured out of the funnels.

We seemed to be holding our ground, but yet the storm abated nothing of its vigor. Then we began to gain. At first imperceptibly, then unmistakably, the dark headland came gradually abeam, and suddenly the laboring hulk shot swiftly ahead, as though she were going down a swift-running stream : soft, gentle waters lapped against her battered timbers, and the white snapping waves subsided in her wake.

"Ease her, Johnstone, O. K.," the Captain shouted through the tube, and I fell asleep where I lay.

All through the night we steamed slowly ahead for five or six knots, and then drifted back to the head of the inlet. Outside the scattering winds were churning the waters into a yellow froth as light as air which flew over the inlet and settled down upon our clothing with a fresh clean smell of brine. I was finally awakened, not by the dawn, for it was broad day, but by the sound of shuffling feet along the deck below, and as I looked I saw the coolies bringing their dead of the night up through the waist of the ship to the poop, with its pyramid of coffins. In the face of the more immediate dangers I had forgotten all about the plagues which, as Mullins put it, the craney had shipped at Amoy. But the pest had not been idle during the night while the storm raged, and the mats which the coolies carried sagged in the middle with the weight of the bodies of those who had died. With loud cries and curses the coffins were dragged down from the pyramid, the great wooden nails of the covers were removed, and the mats and the body which each contained were dumped in with scant ceremony. Shrouds of quick lime were thrown in and the cover replaced, while the carpenter with a chisel filled all the cracks with a putty-like clay. Then the coolies walked back with their

dead again, and piled up the coffins forward.

Mullins appeared coming out of the bridge-house, where he had taken a cat's nap upon the cushions.

"Twelve dead in twenty-four hours," he said, counting the coffins. "I guess at that rate we'll have more coffins forward than on the poop when we get into Hong-Kong, and then won't the *compradore* parboil and *lingchi* our craney," and he gave a low chuckle at the prospect. For him the coming discomfiture of the craney was evidently a pleasing, almost a redeeming feature of the situation.

This morning the Captain inaugurated a policy of absolute non-intercourse with the passengers for himself and the whites on board, for the double purpose of reducing to a minimum the chances of contagion, and also to avoid, if possible, any altercation with the coolies. For from the moment that the plague appeared that curious mask of indifference which all our passengers had worn disappeared, and as they looked up at the bridge where we stood, an expression of savage animal hatred shone in their eyes, though they were looking at the men, who, through their seamanship and courage, only the night before had saved their lives.

While the Captain and Johnstone discussed the situation. Quarles, the Captain's boy and I brought up to the bridge-house a keg of sweet water, which, unlike most of the other casks on board, had not been filled at Amoy, and all the preserved and tinned provisions we found in the pantry. McFarlane, who had behaved splendidly throughout the storm, the moment the danger was over had lugged a keg of samshoo belonging to the crew off to his cabin, where we now found him dead drunk. Turning the key on him Mullins said, almost sorrowfully :

"I guess he has got the best of it this trick. No work and plenty of liquor."

It was then agreed that the Captain and I should never go below ; that we should eat and sleep in watches upon the bridge, and that Johnstone and Quarles as they relieved one another in the engine-room should pass down through the cabin and keep as much away from the coolie quarters and avoid contact with their oilers and stokers as far as was possible.

We soon reduced our drifting to a system, and so held to our position approximately throughout the day. The orders were to drift shoreward for half an hour, and then steam out again ten minutes. Outside the shelter of the headland the swirling wind still blew, veering from point to point of the compass. Now and then the waves would come together with a roar as of artillery, or the sweep of the surf upon a rock-bound coast, and the seething waters were lashed into yellow foam. Once behind the headland, however, the broken waves reformed and came sweeping toward us majestically, in stately serried ranks.

I watched this wonderful contrast in sea-scape until I could look no longer, with such a searing flame did the wind burn my eyes. My gaze always came back and was held by the panorama of death that lay at my feet. When I saw how quietly they died, with what deliberation and composure they prepared to pass away, how conscious they were when the final struggle was approaching, I came very near believing with Mullins that these cold-blooded, low-vitality Chinese can die whenever they want to.

Those who had cholera would sometimes throw themselves about the deck and vomit violently, as though in the throes of seasickness. Those dying the black death at times filled the air with low plaintive groans. At times they would raise themselves upon their knees, spring to their feet even, only to fall back again and lie still and motionless. Weary and worn out as they were, they would often, in their last moments, roll up the ends of their sleeping-mats into a bolster for the head, and gaze with a sinister glare, with unquenchable hatred in their wild wolfish eyes, at those of us who were standing above them on the bridge. Then the fire of hatred would grow cold, a glassy film would cover their eyes, but often they had long been dead before the neck-cords would relax and their heads fall from the pillow-prop with a sharp rap upon the deck. As they lay now at rest we could see the red marks and the black and scarlet swellings about their throats, and it was as though, one and all, they had been throttled to death.

As soon as the night fell we got up all the arms there were on board and stowed

them away under the cushions in the deck-house. We also unscrewed the iron hinges of the ladder which led from the deck. Mullins evidently found immense personal relief, indeed now and again he interrupted his narrative by a low chuckle of unqualified amusement, in painting with blackest colors all the stories, current as well as historic, of mutinies on board coolie ships as they sailed the Yellow Sea. The story of how the Blackflags from Hainan had shipped in Canton upon a Douglass tramp, and when the open sea was reached had cut the throat of every white man on board, he expatiated upon, depicting the scene of the wholesale murders with all the bloody details until Johnstone—it was Quarles's watch below—broke out into a quiet laugh and said :

"There won't be a hand raised on board this ship if the coffins hold out."

"But I can't promise coffins for all of 'em if they keep dying on me like flies in a frost," protested Mullins.

"Well, even if it comes to a fight we can do them," said Johnstone. "At least half the crew would stand by us."

"That's so," assented the Captain, accepting this enforced comfort with reluctance. And then to me: "You see, our sailors come from Chefoo and the Pechili ports, and the deckhands and the servants come from Shanghai and the river-ports. Johnstone's crew of stokers and oilers—you have noticed them, short, stocky little fellers—they all come from Swatow; and each of these crews hates the other like poison, and they couldn't pull together no more than Kilkenny cats. Oh, if they could it would be the end of cheap tramping in the China seas, that's what I say."

"Perhaps it ain't come prepared for us this year," said the Captain, complacently, as we talked of the plague. "For it's a strange thing, you know, that sometimes the plague comes fitted out for furriners, and sometimes it never lays a hand on one of us. Last year the Canton compradore of the Coffin Trust, which started in the days of Yao, considerable of a capitalist, who lived when Abram was a baby, told me that the Trust had sold eighty thousand coffins during the summer months, and would have done better than that if it hadn't been for the Viceroy shutting up all the rat and cat restaurants where the coolies get

their cholera served to them on plates. Then they gave the Viceroy stock and took him into the combine, on the ground floor, and he let the rat and cat restaurants open again."

About midnight I was ordered by the Captain to take up my station at the head of the ladder, and to shout like blazes and try to haul the ladder up out of harm's way if the Chinese showed any disposition to rush our position. Later Johnstone came and stretched himself out beside me, and smoked a pipe or two. The night was dark as pitch, there was not a star in the heavens. He seemed singularly depressed. As he got up before going into the deck-house behind the wheel for the night he stretched out his long arms to their full length. There had been just a suspicion of disapproval in the way in which he referred to my vagrant life.

"Ah!" he said, "Now if I was as free as you are it wouldn't be long, not more than six weeks, I guess, before I would see the 'tail of the land' and the 'red toon' rising out of the sea like a ball of fire. When you have wandered about as much as I have, you will say:

'East or West,  
Home is best.'

That night the Captain talked me into a fever and then to sleep with his ghastly tales of the doings of the pirates, the Black-flags, who have their buccaneering stations upon the island of Hainan, or on the mainland of northern Tonquin where the hand of the French is weak. Here, within fifteen hours' sail of Hong-Kong, the distributing point and emporium of all Eastern commerce, we were surrounded by Chinese pirates, who, fortunately for trade and the globe-trotters, chiefly prey upon the sailing junks of their countrymen. Several times I distinctly felt the cold steel of the kriss upon my throat, so vivid were Mullins's stories.

When the morning came and my watch was over I fell asleep where I lay. It must have been about eight o'clock when I was aroused by the voices of the Captain and Quarles.

"Yes, there is no mistake, Johnstone's got it bad. I've seen that kind before and I take it Johnstone's done for this world.

You will have to stick to the engine all the time as hard as you can, and only take a wink when you have to."

Quarles answered with the stereotyped "Aye, aye, sir;" but there was a tremor in his voice.

Toward midday the heat in the deck-house became intolerable. We fastened back both doors and hung in their place sheets soaked with disinfectants. They drew the air, and bulged now and again, creating a pleasant draught. Early in the morning Captain Mullins, who knew a great deal about cholera, had done what he could for our patient, but it was all without avail. At noon Johnstone sank into a state of coma, and the only sign of life he gave was the low stertorous breathing which rang through the ship. It was regular and methodical, yet each breath ended with a sigh, and each might have been his last.

Even this day came to an end. Again the coolies shuffled aft and placed their dead in the great yawning coffins, hammered down the lids, and filled the cracks with wet clay. With red chalk a writer then drew upon each coffin, in wonderful hieroglyphics, the name and the country-side of the man who was lying there. McFarlane was still delirious with samshoo. Wild, maniacal cries came from the cabin in which he was locked. Poor Quarles stuck to his post below in the stifling engine-room without a murmur, the native quartermasters went mechanically about their duties, while Mullins and I sat upon our mats outside the deck-house door, snapping for breath.

We floated about lazily, the oily waters dripping unctuously, like melted butter, from the ship's sides, while outside the storm blew with unabated vigor.

"But it can't last another twenty-four hours," said Mullins, cheerfully. "That is, not short of a miracle. Most typhoons blow themselves out in thirty hours and less."

Suddenly the great white sheet blew out through the companion-way, and a long-drawn sigh came after it. We held our breath, the low stertorous breathing which had fallen so mechanically upon our ears all day was heard no more, and we knew that Johnstone was dead.

"Not a yellow hand shall be laid on him," said Mullins.

We called up Quarles from the engine-room, and soon, wrapped in a ragged tarpaulin, we carried Johnstone out of the stifling cabin and laid him upon the long bamboo chair from which, only the evening before, that voice which was now stilled had spoken :

“ East or West,  
Hame is best.”

The dull red lantern from the bridge shone through the porthole and fell with a dazzling light upon the picture of a Scottish kirkyard dotted with graves and gray stones, which was the only ornament of his dreary cabin. There was a dumb reproach in the sight of that picture which did not escape me, nor yet the Captain. We had no doubt but that it was there that the dead man would have chosen to be laid.

“ If we only had a barrel of spirits on board, we might keep him,” said Mullins. “ But we haven’t, or McFarlane would surely have drunk it all up. Many a night we have passed together in the Yellow Sea,” he added, reflectively, “ him down below patching up his old engines, and me on the bridge cussing out the crew.”

By the first light of the morning we carried him aft. Quarles tied a stone to the dead man’s feet, and wrapped the tarpaulin tighter around him. Mullins appeared carrying a prayer-book in his hand.

“ You must read the service,” he said, in a voice which admitted of no argument. “ There may be worse men than Jack Mullins, and it’s because I think there are that I ain’t going to read out of this holy book like a parson while my missus is a burning prayer-papers in some blooming temple up Soochow creek, or chin-chinning Josh, maybe, and asking the heathen gods for fair winds and good weather for the old man at sea. It would be sacrilegious to the book, and disrespectful to Johnny.”

Though I protested, as well I might, that I was not worthy to tie the latchet of his shoe, there was no denying Mullins in his determined mood, so, bare-headed, we stepped aft to where the body lay. The coolies crowded out on the lower

deck, and some even climbed into the rigging, the better to see. They looked on with horror as they saw us prepare to cast the body of our dead into the waves. They could not understand that we did it believing with old Sir Humphrey Gilbert that a man is as near heaven upon the sea as upon the dry land, nor could they grasp the meaning of the words which rang in our ears and found an echo in our hearts as we gazed across the waste of waters, looking for the dawn of that morning without clouds.

“ We therefore commit this body to the deep, to be turned into corruption, looking for the resurrection of the body when the sea shall give up her dead, and the life of the world to come.”

We saw the glorious resurrection, but the coolies spat upon the deck, and glared at us, as vile men who were consigning their comrade for the ages of the ages to the place of lost and wailing spirits that is awaiting those whose bodies are lost at sea.

Then the tall form shrouded in the white folds of the tarpaulin was tilted and shot feet foremost into the sea.

“ There goes Johnstone,” said the Captain. “ He lived thirty years in the East and there grew no yellow streaks in him . . . and that is more than can be said of most.”

As we walked forward McFarlane sprang out of the window of his cabin, and ran to meet us.

“ Where is Johnstone ? ” he shouted. “ Who is hiding my mate ? ”

“ Johnstone is dead and buried, and you were too drunk to come to a decent man’s funeral,” said Mullins, sternly.

With the wild scream of a maniac (he was now evidently on the verge of delirium tremens), McFarlane ran back and sprang into his cabin again through the window. For hours we could hear him shouting wildly and heaping curses upon his own head. Now and again his cries were coherent, and we could understand that he was a prey to remorse.

“ He nursed me like a brother when I had the mud fever at Newschwang, and when he died I was too drunk to bear a hand,” he repeated over and over again. For hours the ship rang with his cries, while Nelly, the faithful setter, stood



shivering and trembling with speaking sorrow in the burning sunlight outside the cabin-door.

Quarles went below to look after his wheezy, leaking engines, and I walked out on the bridge where the Captain sat in deep thought. It seemed to me that now, for the first time, he had a realizing sense of our situation. The question uppermost in our minds was what would happen when there were no more coffins. Slowly again we heard the shuffling tread of the coolies as they brought aft the dead of the night. When all the ghastly noises they made were over, I looked aft and saw that there remained upon the poop-deck only three empty coffins. Soon their dead would of necessity have to be thrown overboard, and then our situation would indeed become desperate. The Chinese would surely resist what they considered the desecration of their dead. Mullins sat down upon his mat and lit his pipe. The warm winds whistled through our tattered shrouds, and again I looked down upon the deck where the coolies writhed and tossed, dying their hopeless death. The soft winds of the South that blew brought with them now, not the balmy burden of the tropics, but the smell of the nauseous disinfectants, and the rank penetrating odor of corruption. The great pile of coffins in our bows was covered with matting, and the hose was played upon it to mitigate the heat, but still the process of decomposition continued, and the ship stank from stem to stern like one great charnel-house.

Then, just as our fortunes reached their lowest ebb, the great wind outside died away. The tumultuous ragged seas subsided, the last gust of the typhoon had blown and the steady monsoon from the north once again asserted its sway.

About noon, creaking and groaning in every inch of her battered hulk, and limping like a lame duck, the Eastern Paradise came out from behind the headland where we had lain close-hauled, according to the log, only two days and a half, though to me it had seemed an eternity. We clapped on all the sail we could get upon our shattered yards, for the Cupid log, as it was called, that trailed astern betrayed that even with the favoring monsoon the Eastern Paradise was

making but a scant six knots an hour. Swatow, the Captain calculated, only lay about thirty miles to the north, but with the stiff monsoon coming on to blow ever more freshly, he thought we had better take our chances and run before it to Hong-Kong, which if the wind held, and the engines did not fail us, we ought to make in twenty hours.

About four in the afternoon our newfound tranquillity was disturbed by a sudden rush of escaping steam, and intermittent columns of smoke and flame began to roll up out of the stacks and leap skyward. We sat dazed where we were on the bridge. At last, when the flames subsided and the uproar in the engines died away, Quarles came limping toward us. His right foot was terribly scalded. A cylinder head had blown out and he could only make steam in one boiler now, and this under present conditions would only give us steerage way.

"Well, we ought to see the Peak to-morrow, or the day after anyhow if the wind holds," said Mullins.

Then we looked each other in the face, and each man in his own way began to prepare for the crisis in our fortunes which would come, we knew, when the sun set and the coolies brought their dead aft.

Mullins's way was to retire into the deck-house, select a horse-pistol from the arms which he had concealed under the cushions, and to spend his time for an hour or two in aiming and balancing this ancient weapon. The hammer was broken off, but the Captain was absent-minded and did not seem to notice that.

Suddenly we heard hurrying footsteps along the passage-way from the deck, and crawling under the ropes which had been drawn to retard the sudden rush in case of an attack of coolies, our craney stood before us. He was trembling with excitement and carried in his hand a bundle of papers and invoices which fluttered in the wind. I walked away out on the bridge thinking that our fortunes were far too desperate to be mended by Chinese hieroglyphics. A moment later Mullins rejoined me.

"Our craney says there are thirty coffins down below consigned to the Trust, God bless it! in Canton, and I have told him to broach 'em. Talk about manna from Heaven!"

In a minute the hatches were opened and the little swart Swatow boys, looking more like Africans than Chinese, dived down into the hold. Soon the coffins were discovered and hauled out, and another ominous pyramid rose upon the poop-deck. When, half an hour later, the coolies brought their dead aft, the craney, swaggering about and giving himself no end of airs, led them to where the coffins lay. The sinister expression vanished from their faces one and all. They gabbled low guttural sounds, and talked as turkey-gobblers talk. Sunny smiles lit up their haggard faces; they swallowed their rice with an appetite. A general air of cheerfulness and contentment settled down upon the dismal between-decks, and such a transformation took place as a crew of Anglo-Saxons in a similarly precarious situation might have undergone had suddenly all danger of the plagues been removed and the fear of death that had so long stared them in the face been withdrawn. Each man now felt assured of his coffin.

During the night we made a cabotage cruise, steering from point to point, and when the morning came the Eastern Paradise rolled like a log in the heavy seas that swept into Hang Hai Bay. Mullins stood on the bridge when I awoke. He was shifting uneasily from one leg to the other, as was his custom when in deep thought.

"If I take her into Hong-Kong with this freight," said he, pointing with some feeling at the rows of coffins in our bow, "some pert secretary to the governor may have us towed out to Kowloon and fumigated and disinfected and washed down, and all that will take time. But Canton, that is the wide openest town in these parts or, for that matter, in the whole world. The Coffin Trust owns the place and to the plagues they say: 'Step up, gentlemen, the more of you the better for us.' So I guess Canton is where we want to go."

And when he had come to the conclusion of this train of audible thought he ordered on as much steam as the engine would stand, and with a strange crab-like motion the Eastern Paradise crawled in the direction of the Pearl River. Toward sunset we began to draw near the city. We passed the Tiger Headland where, wonderfully fashioned in stone and clay, a tiger

crouches ready to spring and commands the channel. Then through the sizzling heat we caught sight of the White Cloud mountains, cold and severe and tipped with soft white clouds that look in the distance like banks of perpetual snow.

At every turn of the screw now the river became more populated with small craft of every description, and the little villages which dotted the banks more frequent. A washerwoman pushed her sampan alongside with a request for our washing, and no extra charge for the plague. She produced her book of references, which showed that the firm of "Aunt Mary and daughters," of which she was the active partner, had been founded in 1798, and that Captain James Smith, of Salem, Mass., had been their first customer of record. Slowly we steamed up the river, continually blowing the warning whistle at which the sampans, slipper-boats, and pirogues would scatter, as well they might, for our broken-down engines hardly gave us steerage-way, and the Eastern Paradise blundered along like a whale. One more bend of the river and we found ourselves in the midst of the floating suburb of Canton in which some three or four hundred thousand people live and die and have their being upon the waters, and the spire of the great white cathedral upon whose shadow the Chinese children spit, rose before us. Some rumors of our coming had preceded us, some swift slipper-boat had been sent on ahead, and the China Merchants Company was notified of our arrival and the plight in which we came. Crowds afloat and ashore gathered to watch our coming, and every hand was pointed toward the pyramid of coffins which encumbered our bows. While we still rolled sluggishly along, a mile or two short of our anchorage, we caught sight of the Company's gig, as, with six stalwart boatmen bent to the oars, it fairly sprang out of the water toward us. In the stern-sheets sat the great compradore of the Company. He shone resplendent in his white silk tunic, but his face was dark and lowering. It was clear he had heard of the costly freight we brought. The countenance of our craney fell. He fairly trembled as his eyes wandered uneasily from the coffins forward to the menacing face of the compradore as he urged his boatmen on.

"You had better step up here out of the muck," shouted the Captain down to me from the bridge. "Down there in a minute there is going to take place the worst mudslinging you ever heard in your life. You see the Company is out about five thousand taels on those coffins, and of course the compradore will get all the satisfaction he can out of tongue-lashing the craney."

Evidently the advance notices of our state had not done justice to the condition of the Eastern Paradise, for, though the compradore came on board howling with rage like a tiger-cat, as he followed the craney, who with every kind of oily obsequious gesture led the way forward, to where Wang, the Captain's "boy," was playing the hose upon the coffin-mats, when he caught sight of the number of the dead he stood there for a moment speechless with rage which was too strong for expression. His sharp-pointed, saffron hued face turned positively black. Then, as suddenly as he had become speechless, he found his voice. His eyes glittered like a maniac's as the craney bent and shivered before him, receiving, in abject submission, the flood of billingsgate which rolled from his superior's mouth.

"Ain't they bilious—ain't they just bilious," chuckled Mullins. "But don't let 'em see you squinting at 'em with the tail of your eye, for the most of their screams is spectacular and I don't want any manner of attention paid to them from the bridge, or they would keep up half an hour longer than is necessary and in the end perhaps rope me in as a peace-talker."

Suddenly the stream of vile language stopped. The compradore seemed to have awakened all at once to the fact that he was losing that "face" so dear to the Chinese heart by bandying words with a craney who had proved himself unworthy of trust. He drew himself up to his full height, and while the crowd of gasping coolies standing about gabbled to one another that this was the supreme insult, he wrapped his pigtail in a coil about his head and neck.

But the crushed worm, even though he be a Chinese craney, will turn, and suddenly, to my delight, I saw Mr. Tso's choler was rising. "Was he a dog that

he should be called such names? Was he not the tenth cousin of Sheng Taotai, and so entitled to burn incense and prayer papers before the same ancestral tablets?" he complained. Then his voice rose to as shrill notes as the compradore's and his language descended into as low and quite as filthy depths. For a moment they stood face to face, spitting at one another like tom-cats; the craney too coiled his pigtail about his head in utter defiance of the laws of etiquette and caste, and there was no telling what might have happened, and indeed I was prepared for some bloodshed at least, when Wang, the captain's boy, pushed his way in between them with a tray of tea and bowls of rice, and in a moment a heavenly calm settled down over the scene. The craney drew up a mat for the compradore to sit upon, and in a moment they were gobbling down their tea and hobnobbing over their rice as though the warm friendship which had long existed between them had never been clouded.

"May the Lord have mercy upon those dead Chinamen and their friends and families," said Mullins, as with a broad grin he took in the changed situation, "for Tso and Chang have come to terms and there is going to be such a squeeze of them corpses as there never was short of Kingdom Come."

It grew dark as we swung to our anchorage and the river was bright about us with innumerable lights of the junks and shoe-boats, the sampans and the slipper-boats which came out to meet us. The many-colored lanterns displayed hieroglyphics and characters very much like those that you see off Nagasaki, but all the same we had come from poetic Japan to matter-of-fact China now, and the characters were not, as in Japan, some fragment of lofty rhyme, but the *réclame* for an eating-house and other creature comforts that travelling coolies require.

In a moment the swift sampans outstripped their sluggish competitors, and the shrill-voiced hotel-runners, springing upon our decks, settled down upon us like a swarm of bees. They grasped the mat carry-alls of the coolies, and shouting out the virtues and the advantages of the hotels they represented, made off with them without more ado. When it seemed as

though not another boat could approach, so crowded with every imaginable craft was the channel in which the Paradise lay, another flotilla could be seen pushing off from the Kow Shing monastery.

Even when viewed from afar through the gathering darkness there was something sinister in the appearance of this fleet, and as the oarsmen came into the circle of light by which we were surrounded I recognized upon their faces, long before I knew whence and upon what errand they came, the grewsome and most repugnant expression of those who come in daily and hourly contact with the dead.

"Them's the runners of the charnel-houses in the Ti Tsong Om, the City of the Dead," said Mullins, as the flotilla drew nearer and the boatmen, with loud cries and curses, began to push their way through the tightly wedged circle of boats. "Over there in the City of the Dead there are hotels for corpses and no crowding. Each coffin has its suite of rooms and its own separate altar for incense and rice offerings. A dead Chinaman is as good pay as the Bank of England, and a living Chinaman isn't. He may lose all his cash at fantan, or smoke it away with the 'dope' and have to get out, but the dead men are all right. They are better pay than the living, though, of course, they don't hit the pipe or drink samshoo to any extent. But they run up bills and get into debt for the candles that are burned and the firecrackers that are sent off to drive away evil spirits, and the prayers that are said over them by the Kow Shing monks sound just the same as those we have. And the charnel-house keepers will lodge 'em for years in the City of the Dead because they know that some day someone will pay all the bills without winking. Even when the coolie is a homeless, friendless stranger, which is what you don't often find in China, and if none of his blood relations and none of friends step forward to 'make a little merit' (and charity only begins in China after the beggar's dead), why then the guild of his craft or the society of his countryside steps forward and pays all the expenses, and sends him home to a decent funeral in his native village."

While the Captain ran on with his grew-

some comments the runners from the City of the Dead climbed up the companion-way with their long predatory hands outstretched, and settled down upon the pyramid of coffins like a flock of vultures. Each man of the sinister crew carried a pair of great steel prongs or pincers, like those with which cotton-bales are handled, and these they now dug viciously into the coffin-sides and began to drag the first at hand away to their boats. But Tso, the craney, rushed after them, screaming at the topmost pitch of his falsetto voice, with his faithful crew of Swatow boys close to heel to enforce his orders.

"Tso is down on his luck and there won't be any cumshaw from the Company this trip, but he is going to squeeze those corpses. You just watch."

With a lordly wave of his hand Tso brushed back the scabby crew of traffickers in the dead. Slowly the Ti Tsong Om runners retired and got together in a sullen knot in the waist of the boat, where they held a consultation. Tso lit a cigarette and took up his station on a stool in front of the pyramid and passed the time carelessly looking over his invoices. Soon the charnel-house crew came sidling up again with shuffling feet. They came in single file, and each man held in his hand a note upon a cash shop for one or two or three taels, or even more. Tso greeted them pleasantly and chalked their names upon the coffins as he turned them over to them, so many coffins in exact proportion to the bribe he had received and pocketed.

And so the bustling scene continued far into the night, until, with blood-curdling cries, the last of the dead-house runners dumped their coffins into their sampans and made for the monastery. With less noise, but perhaps more ceremony, the runners for the hotels hustled into their boats the coolies who had escaped both the black and the yellow death.

The flower-boats came drifting alongside with many a bedizened face out of the scroll-shaped ports, inviting the coolies and our crew to the dance and other joys with monotonous tinkling of the Cantonese guitar, and the humbler sisters of these oft-sung beauties came creeping up to the companion-way in their secretive slipper-boats, shouting for the benefit of all and sundry :

"He likee me? me likee he!"

Outside the fringe of light, the lake of flame upon which we floated, lurked the leper-boats, crowded to the gunwales with the living dead, and the leper-mothers held up their leper-babes and displayed all the secrets of their suffering before our shuddering eyes, shouting in unison something; it was like a boat chorus I once heard off the Barbary coast:

"Give——give——give——"

Morning came at last and the lepers vanished before the light of day. The last of our dead were gone and all of our living had left. Mr. Tso was trying to get the crew to push into the sampans some of our sick who he feared would soon be in need of coffins which he did not wish to supply from the Company's store. Calm and impassive, imperturbable like an extinct Buddha upon his lotus throne, with eyes half closed, Captain John Mullins, forty-two years out from the Delaware Breakwater had sat upon the bridge all night contemplating the heathen scenes that were enacted upon the decks of the Eastern Paradise, once an American vessel and built of curly redwood, though now she flew the yellow flag and the blue dragon ensign of the Mings.

The green island of Shameen, upon which is the foreign concession, rose out of the darkness before me, and glistened like an emerald in the pearly dawn. There

were banks and maybe letters, bungalows and clubs and honges, and that cleanliness which keeps the plague at arm's length. I hailed a shore-boat and the Captain with his inseparable "boy" jumped in after me.

As we drew near the landing-stage Mullins looked back admiringly to where the Eastern Paradise lay. The Swatow boys, with their yellow drills rolled up to their hips, were swabbing down the decks.

"A fellow might spin a yarn about this here cruise, but if you said she left Shanghai with her coffins aft, and came into Canton with them stacked forward, any Yellow Sea tramp would understand, and enough said."

Then, as we shook hands at the landing-stage:

"You might have done worse on the letter boats—you might have done a sight worse. You might have fallen foul of one of them petticoats that, now old Jardine is dead (he wouldn't tolerate 'em this side of the Cape), come gallivanting out to the East, and you might have been crimped and bound to sail, by all the articles of war, in a plague ship all your life, before you knew it." Then turning to Wang he said, sternly: "Now, boy, you had better choose your soul name and think of the messages you want sent to Chow Chow Fu, for if I find an oyster-plant in the Canton market I mean to whang doodle Wang as sure as my name is Jack Mullins."

## THE STARS

By Marguerite Merington

ONCE, lying on a bed of juniper,  
I watched the passing of a northern light  
That stole, a pale and shadowy eremite,  
From the dark mystery of pine and fir  
And, leaping upward from the mountain's spur,  
With tenuous fingers waged celestial fight  
To snatch the star-gold blossoms from their height;  
Then, failing, wanned into the things that were.  
So we, with passioned strife or anguished wait,  
Reach eager hands toward those unseen bars,  
Like children at some noble pleasure gate,  
Seeking the untold glory of the stars  
Ever inscrutable, inviolate  
That view our deadly wounds, our cruel scars.



## THE POINT OF VIEW

**I**N spite of the fact that their prognostications are now and then misleading—for “tendencies,” in literature, do not always solidify into vitally important movements—there is much that is suggestive in knowing what poets and prose writers who are not averse to philosophizing a little foresee for their art in the future. From such sources it has been heard very often of late years that the “new” art was to be democratic. Every really enthusiastic utterance about the literature of the twentieth century has borne upon that point. Literature is to be informed with the spirit of democracy; it is to be full of sympathy for “the masses,” the common life and the common lot.

Democracy in  
Literature.

It is possible to listen to these prophetic declarations without any very clear idea of what they mean. There are those who appear to take them to signify that the best of the coming writers will write in such a way that “the masses”—the ignorant, and the “disinherited”—will read their pages with joy and profit. The multitude, it is to be surmised, will certainly read more and more, and we perceive already how they are coming to do so. But we do not yet perceive any indication that they will read with joy writings that, whatever their content, are conceived in the literary spirit; and can the best writers conceive in any other spirit? As to profit, it were better to face the truth that the “disinherited” very rarely, if ever, read for that. They read for a shadow, a glimpse, an indirect experience, of those conditions from which, precisely, they are “disinherited.” The mass of mankind that earns its bread in the sweat of its brow is cut off from many of the high and strenuous intellectual experiences, to be sure; but it is notorious that numbers of individuals who are altogether dispensed from earning it—millionnaires, and bland and frock-coated Philistines abhorred of ragged, ecstatic Bohemians—have occasionally been known to be in the same case. It is not, then, the withholding of such inter-

ests that can be said to constitute the disinheritation, but the withholding of the physical satisfaction. The working masses certainly feel it to be so, and it is not to be predicted that they will soon cease to find pleasure in the reading of printed matter the reverse of earnest. If they argued upon the subject they would probably declare that they knew enough about the earnestness of life; and that they would rather hear about the feather-light frivolities of it, cheap or not cheap, by way of change.

The literature of the future, therefore, will not be democratic because it will be such that the millions who form essentially the democratic condition will take delight in reading it. The democratization of letters is to take place in another sense, and, as it were, from the other end. It is the “intellectuals” who are to be affected by it, and who are to learn what are the true values of life, and what the fundamental realities that must be clung to. A few years ago the followers of the neo-Christian movement in Europe were telling us that the great reality was that life was good, however hard, if accepted humbly. To-day we are bidden, rather, to listen to writers who preach that the great reality is that life is beautiful, whatever the sordidness or vulgarity of its surface aspect. The neo-Christians believed that the literature of the future would be democratic because it would teach men to see that the poorest fate, if it gave the humility that is the key to the mystery of life, might be the richest. These other writers believe that the literature of the future will be democratic because it will show that beauty is everywhere, and the most of it, perhaps, where one looks for it the least.

The French critics have been pointing out the significance of the poet Fernand Gregh’s “*Beauté de vivre*.” Fishermen drawing in their empty nets at the end of a long day’s useless toil, weather-beaten and hard-driven, hungry and athirst, are an image of the life that labors—labors without ceasing and often without fruit; and that is the reality. But afar



off the fishing-smack bounds to the wind, and the sail is white and the net a silver streak in the light, and the sky is blue above and the sea below, and the whole makes beauty ; and that also is the reality. And says M. Fernand Gregh—

Vis comme les autres, sois  
Comme eux, souillé, tremblant, morne, hâve,  
hébété. . . .  
Mais que tout cela fasse au loin de la beauté.

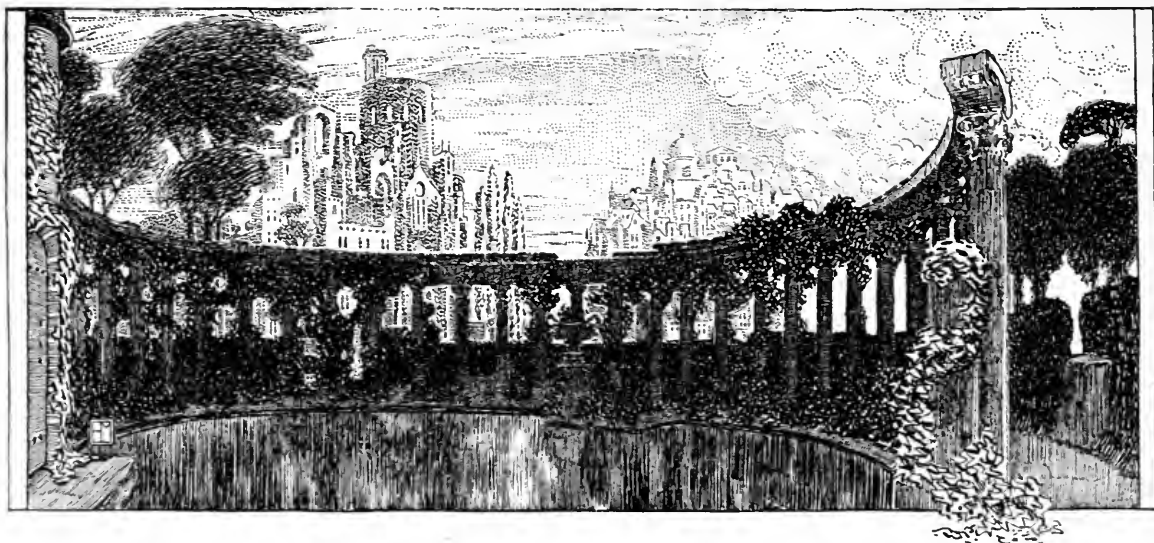
In the cult of beauty there is nothing new. The new thing is to look for the beautiful, passionately to look for it, below that line of physical comfortableness above which alone we have been wont to think that it should be sought. The new thing is to habituate ourselves to the idea that our own existence holds, divinely, all the elements of beauty at moments when we might be tempted to feel that it was hopelessly submerged in the ugly and the commonplace.

But the land waits, and the sea waits, and the day  
and night is enough ;

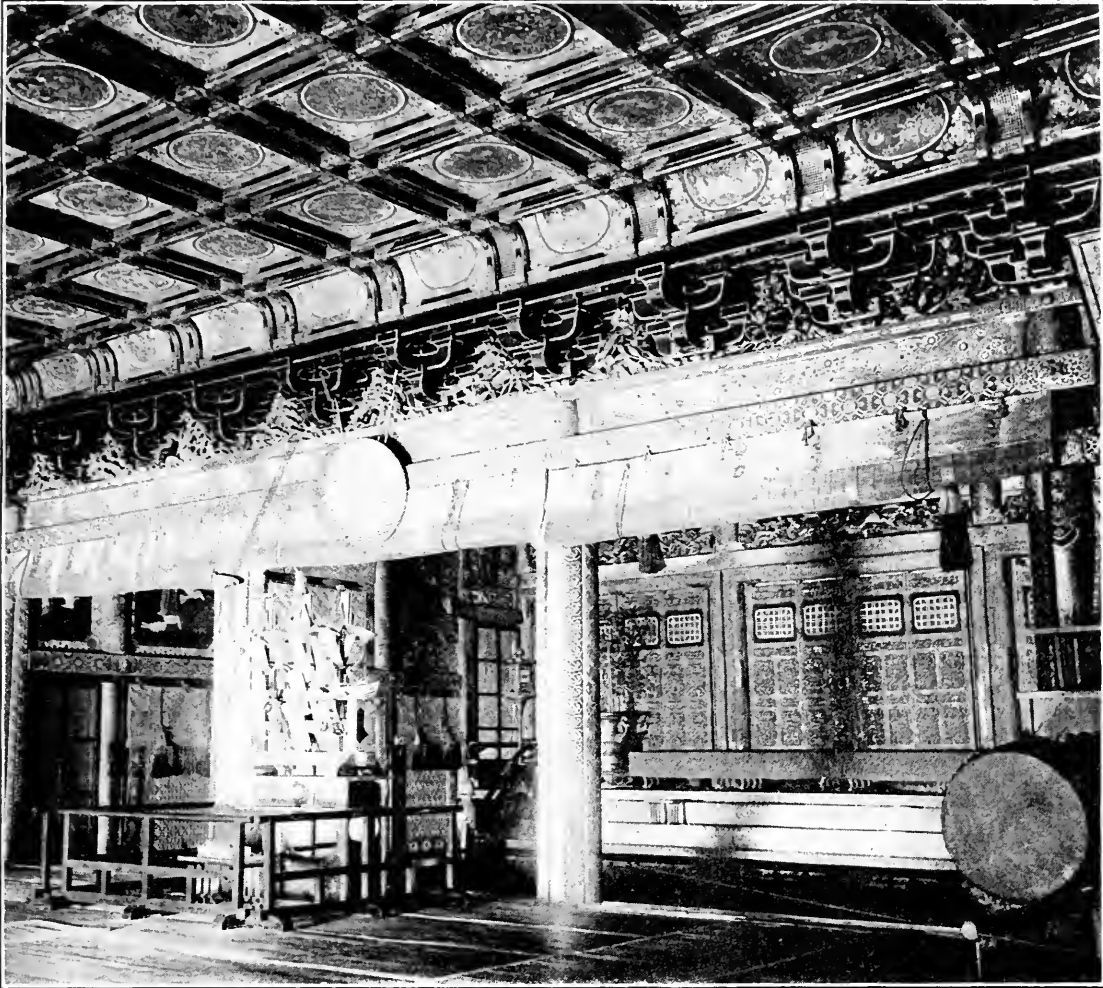
sings Mr. Arthur Symons's "Wanderer."  
And—

Give me a long wide road, and the gray wide path  
of the sea,  
And the wind's will and the bird's will, and the  
heart ache still in me.

And the heart ache. For the heart ache, alas, is part, inexpressibly a part, of the beauty. Robert Louis Stevenson has glorified the Faithful Failures going out, for the last time, from "the day and the dust and the ecstasy"—the dust, too—of the "sun-colored earth." But there are magnificent heart aches, as we know, sublimely picturesque and dignified ; and there are others so compounded of mistakes and follies, and so set about with trivialities and ignominies in the detail, that it is difficult to do anything but hate them. Yet it is to be the function of the "social," the democratic, conception of literature, apparently, to show us that this, precisely, is what we must on no account do. The ignominy, the triviality, the ugliness, all go likewise to the forming of beauty. There is no such thing as being totally out of reach of the beautiful, in short, no matter how far or how low we go. All we need is to recognize it when we see it. These paradoxes are, of course, at the heart of the Whitmanesque doctrine with which Americans are familiar. But they have a novel effect, and a peculiarly cogent one, coming from European poets bred in the old traditions of the aristocracy of art. And one wonders much how far they will really influence the twentieth century literature ; —or if they will really influence it at all.



## THE FIELD OF ART



Haiden—Mausoleum of Ieyasū, Nikko.

### TWO BEAUTIFUL ROOMS IN JAPAN

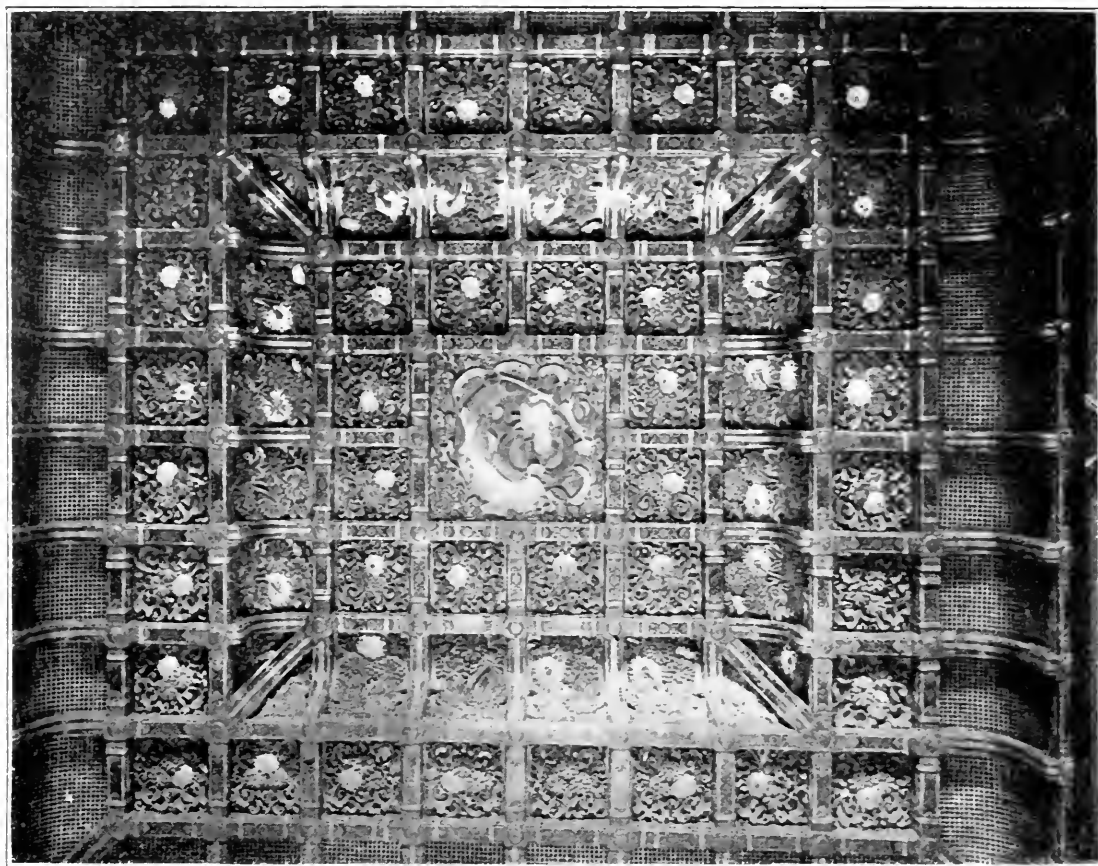
THE commonly made statement that, in Japan, rooms of habitation and even those of reception and ceremony are severely plain is somewhat misleading, because generally true. Such rooms are plain because they form part of a dwelling; and dwellings are plain, even those of the sovereign and his family. A sitting-room in a temple or mausoleum may be as rich as any part of the sacred building. This consideration and comparison is due to the author of the following paper.

Now, it would be of great assistance to Western students if the Japanese idea of decorating a room could be seized and held. The feeble and monotonous adornment by

means of diapers and sprinkles which our travellers, unaccustomed to rich ornamentation, admire in Moorish buildings would lose its mischievous influence if such rooms as these of the Tokugawa period of Japanese art were better known. A brief account of them is given in Murray's "Handbook for Japan," and La Farge's Letters have allusions to them; Mr. Conder's description is to be found in the "Transactions of the Royal Institute of British Architects."

The "parvenu" is Ieyasū, who in the sixteenth century brought the Tokugawa chiefs into practically supreme power, and who in 1603 was made Shogun, or Commander-in-Chief, and, practically, Lieutenant-General of the Empire—a *connétable* under a self-effacing sovereign.

R. S.



Ceiling of Oai-no-ma, Mausoleum of Ieyasū, Nikko.

The building has gathered moss and solemnity for nearly three hundred years. It was all built in honor of a parvenu, of one who wrested power from poverty and who stamped with his influence this land of the aristocrat. Each part but repeats the harmony of the whole, and the two small rooms, each twenty-seven feet long and half as wide, were built, one at each end of the larger hall of reception, as private rooms—one for the Emperor himself, the other for the General of the Imperial Army, the all-powerful Shogun. Were I asked to describe the color of these rooms in a single word, that word would be "golden." There is vermillion; white and blue and green are not wanting, and gray lends its soothing aid, but they are all seen as though bathed in a golden light. I would tell the secret of the combination if I knew it; perhaps the Japanese did not know the formula themselves.

Still these colors may have names fitted to them. "The wall-posts, up to within about two feet of the first horizontal beam, are gilt . . . the upper portion of each post being decorated with gold arabesques and powderings of colored flowers on a deep blue background. The lowest of the three horizontal

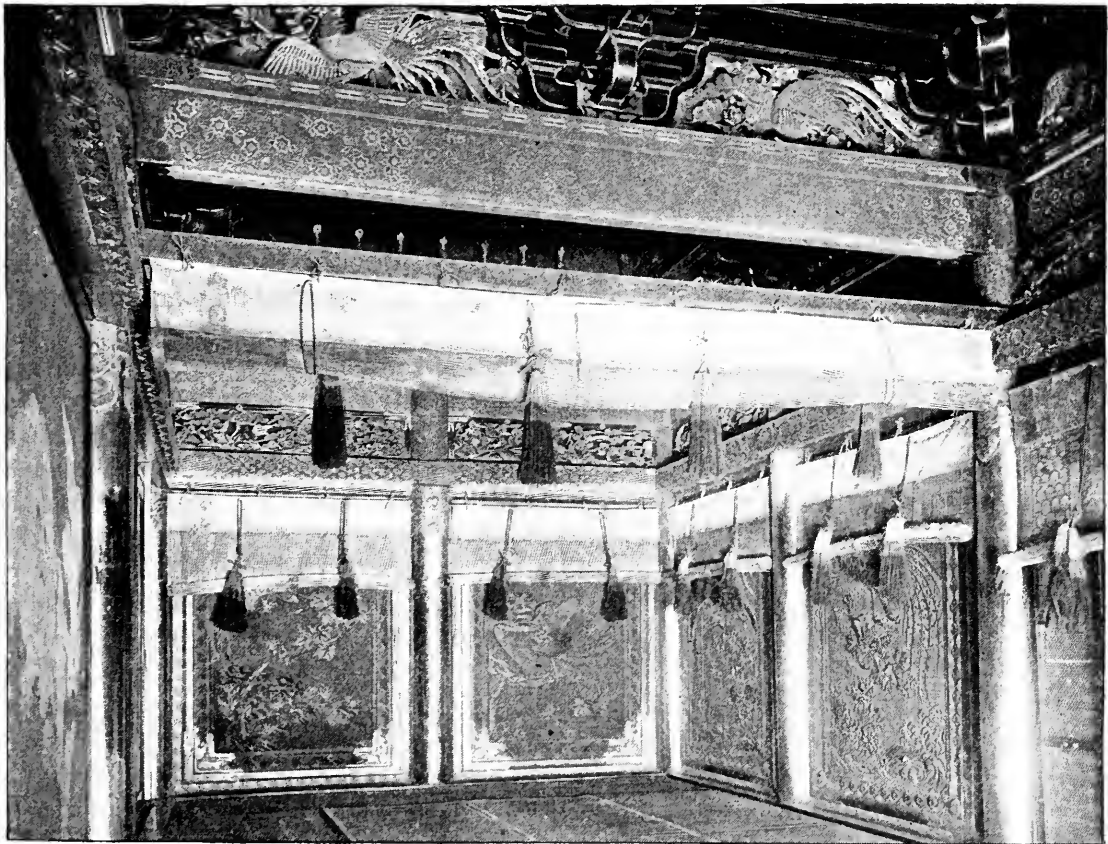
members is halved on to the wall-posts, and is secured with a large, ornamentally headed nail in the centre of a gilt metal ornament. This beam is colored with a geometrical pattern in blue, yellow, red, and white upon a delicate green ground. The junction of the intermediate horizontal members with the posts is hidden with ornamental gilt metal clasps, which are a continuation of the ornamental metal heads of the posts. This beam is decorated with pheasants, realistically painted in brilliant colors, flying amidst flowers, leaves, and curling stems, conventionally arranged, the whole on a delicate green ground. . . . The top horizontal member rests directly upon that last described, and is red, with a band of white in the centre, enriched with balls of gold. The elaborate bracketing, which starts from this member, is lacquered black with gold edgings. The spaces between the groups of bracketing are filled with carvings of pheasants, phoenixes, birds, and animals, amidst conventional foliage and tree-trunks, colored . . . in the brightest colors. The ceiling which this bracketing carries is divided by small ribs, arranged in couples, into large, square panels; the ribs enclose long, narrow panels; and at their junction are

small, square panels. The ribs are lacquered black, and are encased with richly ornamented and gilt metal clasps at their junction with one another. The ground of the ceiling is a delicate green. The centres of the large, square panels are decorated with blue medallions containing dragons, outlined in black and gilt, the spandrels of these panels and the long, narrow panels between the ribs being ornamented with powderings of conventional flowers, and cloud masses in gold and color outlined with a white edge." This is what Mr. Conder, an English architect who has lived many years in Japan, says of another chamber in the same oratory.

But remember, these colors are not imitations of colors. If vermilion is used it is cinnabar and not commercial vermilion which is employed, nor is something substituted for cobalt because it is cheaper and "will do just as well." Each pigment is used because it is beautiful and frank as a color—not because some other pigment is beautiful. If lacquer is the best medium to display the beauty of the pigment, lacquer is used, and if water is better, lacquer is discarded. And if these colors are not imitations of colors neither are they suggestions of colors. Pink is not used for red; if it is used at all, it is

used for its own beauty; and feeble bluish washes are not made to do service for blue. I wondered, when looking at these temples, if any more profound quality than taste is required in order to arrange colors harmoniously, once we realize that color is a sensation as truly as is pain, once the mind is familiar with the sensation, once we have ceased to feed the optic nerve on colors made of mush and narcotics.

Perhaps the Eastern eye is more normally sensitive to color because the Oriental has not yet learned the doctrine of substitution; he knows that substitution is transformation. I was made to realize this in discussing the making of lacquers with some workmen. From repeated experiment it has been found that cinnabar (which we call vermilion), when mixed with gum of the *urushi* tree (which we call lacquer), makes beautiful color. The Caucasian, under the inspiration of his doctrine of substitution, has replaced the *urushi* with japan, "a liquid having somewhat the nature of a varnish, made by cooking gum shellac with linseed-oil in a varnish pot," and in place of natural cinnabar he uses a preparation of mercury, sulphur, potash, and water, which he has the temerity to call vermilion. And then we wonder at the obstinacy of our



Oai-no-ma, Tomb of Ieyasū, Nikko.



optic nerves. If cooked gum shellac and commercial vermilion when mixed should produce beauty, there is every reason why the mixture should be made; but that we should mix these wares because cinnabar and *urushi* combine so beautifully, is somewhat difficult for the artist to understand. And this illustration may have wider application than to lacquers. When we buy Naples yellow, are we supplied with anti-moniate of lead, or are we getting a substitute that "looks just like it"? And are we sure we are getting cobalt when we call for it, or are we getting commercial cobalt? I can make a mixture of yellow ochre and white and chrome yellow which will look just like Naples yellow; but if I add cobalt to the mixture, the result will differ materially from the addition of cobalt and Naples yellow. May we not hope that some day the Caucasian will look at colors, not at their names?

There is another characteristic of the Japanese which aids him in making beauty. He does not oppose nature, he courts her. "He goes to nature and finds in it the reality and the details of his design. But they exist also in the ivory that he cuts, in the veining of the tortoise-shell or malachite that is to render it. Now with patient pleasure he can hunt out these associations, he can use gold or silver, or vulgar lead, or the cutting and filing of steel, or the iridescence of mother-of-pearl for his leaves, or his stems, or the water, or the birds—for the clouds or the moonlight, for the sunshine and the shadow—for the light and the dark—for the male and the female of his little manufactured world." And can any more perfect illustration of the truth of these sayings of Mr. La Farge be found than in the carving on the "evil-averting pillar"

in these temples at Nikko? Is not the marking on the tiger as truly in the wood as it is on the animal? And while this is an instance which the most callous can appreciate, the same principle runs through all Japanese art. They do not try to make water run up hill. The carved and inlaid panels that are in these waiting-rooms are but further illustration of what Mr. La Farge says about this use of gold and silver, lead and mother-of-pearl, though the inlays are of various woods, the color of each of which is used to give expression to the artist's observation of nature. Each piece has been selected with "patient pleasure." They are somewhat monotonous in color, but the monotone is that of the objects represented, not of the rendering. It is as though everything partook of the color of a gray day, not as though the objects were rendered in shades of gray that had no change of hue.

As I wandered through these temples of beauty, I asked myself, was the secret of their loveliness not partly in the



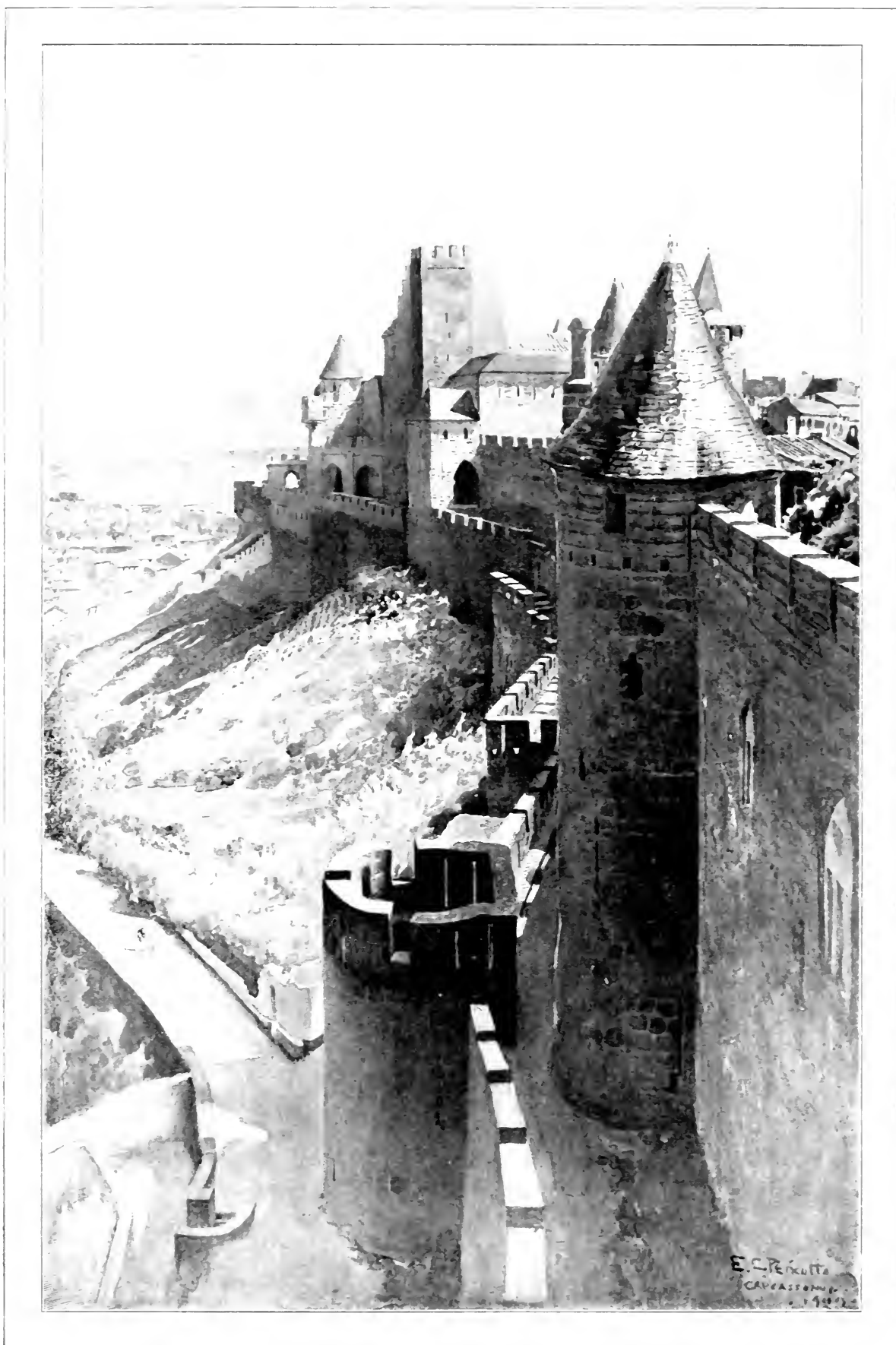
"The Evil-averting Pillar."

fact that artists were employed to execute them? Had not they who planned the composition of the parts been careful to comply with laws based on the needs of these artists? Had they not realized that direction did not needs be restriction? Were these artists not given opportunity to apply their ability to the most effective settings? Do we not put great ability into planning for imaginary executants who no longer exist? We may make drawings of certain details, but can we execute them? If progress should go before precedent, must we not plan for artists who do exist? Is not an architect, to some extent, an arranger of opportunities? The Japanese architect surely was.

W. B. VAN INGEN.







*Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.*

THE DEFENCES OF THE PORTE DE L'AUDE. CARCASSONNE.

—“Carcassonne,” page 234.

# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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Bread-sellers at a Station.

## RUSSIA OF TO-DAY

BY HENRY NORMAN, M.P.

### IV

#### CENTRAL ASIA

AS I sat writing my notes in a little whitewashed room in the very heart of Asia, having come by train through Merv, with its branch straight to the Afghan frontier; past the ruined fortress of Geok Tepe, which resisted Skobelev for three weeks; past Bokhara, the

last home of Central Asian Mussulman fanaticism; by Samarkand, where Genghiz Khan ruled and Tamerlane is buried; to Tashkent, which routed a Russian army thirty-five years ago—as I sat and thought, on the one hand, of this wild, remote, unaltered East, and on the other, that I was as safe as if I were in my

own garden and that I had just come from a brilliant evening party at the Governor-General's, it seemed to me that I must be dreaming. I almost despair of making it all seem real to anybody else, for the position was one "at which," in Dr. Johnson's words, "experience revolts, credulity hesitates, and even fancy stares." However, the time has now come to make the attempt.

The oily reek of Baku is far behind, the Caspian has been as still as a lake, and after eighteen hours' steaming the little paddle-boat turns sharply round a sand-spit and brings into view a hundred flat white houses, scattered at the foot of converging bare brown hills. This is Krasnovodsk, and here, according to some authorities, in bygone ages the mighty Oxus



A Persian Hamal.



A Mystery in Trans-Caspia—Turkomans Examining the Train.

No foreigner lands at Krasnovodsk without special permission; Russia watches all strangers on her frontiers—and England's—hereabouts. Mine was obtained from St. Petersburg through the British Foreign Office before I started. The wooden pier was crowded with civilians and porters—Persian *hamals*—and, where the steamer was to touch, a group of uniformed police stood, with a mili-

emptied itself into the sea. so that from Peter the Great's time till now there has always been a project of bringing it back to its old bed. The town is new, for the original starting-point of the Trans-Caspian Railway was at Uzun-Ada, farther to the south, in a bay which proved unsuitable for shipping. Mud-brown mountains hem it closely round;

not a green leaf or a drop of fresh water is in sight, the place is as burnt and dry as the inside of a baker's oven. And in November a hot and dazzling sun is still beating down into it! The long, handsome white stone building, of consistent Oriental architecture, is the railway station, and there stands the train, all white, ready for its incredible journey. The next most conspicuous building is the distillery, which supplies both the town and the line, and the next is a sort of military depot, half barracks and half prison—a halting-place between Europe and Asia for soldiers and convicts alike.



Geok Tepe, the Old Ramparts and the New Railway.

tary band behind them. When we were within a few yards the music struck up, and as soon as the gangplank was in position the chief of police came aboard, and nobody else. The captain awaited him. Were there any foreigners on board? One—myself. My name? An official list was produced from a portfolio and consulted. *Pazholst!*—"If you please"—and I was politely invited ashore. In St. Petersburg it is the official pleasure to smile when you speak of special permission being necessary for the Trans-Caspian Railway. They take it seriously enough at Krasnovodsk. I may

add that after this original formality—with the single exception of the Chief of Police, an army Colonel at Askhabad, who curtly summoned me to his office and kept me waiting for an hour and a half, and then charged me before all his subordinates with being in Central Asia without permission, the fact being that not only had I special permission but also the highest official let-

ters of personal introduction to all the principal authorities—I received the greatest possible courtesy and assistance from the Russian officials everywhere, a courtesy going so far on one occasion as a mounted torchlight escort of Cossacks. It is, however, but natural that the Russians should be ready to show what they have done in Central Asia. They have every reason to be proud of it.

On the Trans-Caspian Railway there are two kinds of train—the train and the post-train. And the difference between them is that the latter has a restaurant-car and the former has not. The post-train has an extra passenger-carriage, and the train has several good cars, but the speed is the same and the discomfort is the same. For what the Russian railway service gives you in extra comfort on the magnificent Siberian Express, it takes out of you in extra fatigue and dirt on the Trans-Caspian. Here there is no first-class at all, and not nearly enough second-class for the number of passengers. The ordinary second-class, too, has narrow, flat wooden seats, with thin, hard cushions spread on them. After a couple of nights on one of these you are stiff for a week. There is a carriage which has stuffed seats, but it is half second and half third, and the toilette arrangements are all in the third-class half. Moreover, in the stuffed cushions are passengers without number who pay no fare. I still wriggle as I think of those carriages. Now, to go unwashed is bad, but to share your

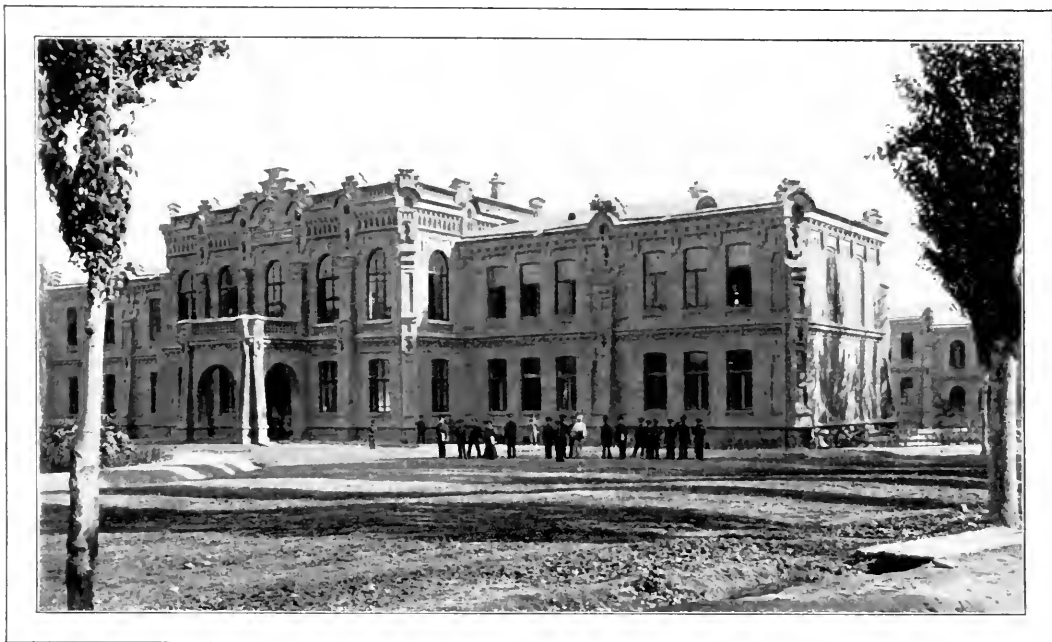


A Glass of Tea While the Train Stops.

washing with third-class Russian Asiatic passengers is not only worse—it is impossible. Furthermore, while the railway authorities have separate third-class carriages for Europeans and natives, the second-class is open to both. Their idea probably was that the higher fare would deter the native passenger, but this is far from being the case, so prosperous has the sedentary Sart become under Russian rule. Therefore your carriage is invaded by a host of natives with their innumerable bundles, their water-pots and their tea-pots, their curiosity and their expectoration. They do not understand the unwritten law which reserves to you the seat you have once occupied; they dump themselves and their belongings anywhere, and they are very difficult to detach; they are entirely amiable; they follow your every movement for hours with an unblinking curiosity; and they smell strong. I hope I have nothing but good-will for my Eastern fellow-man, and I assuredly often find him more interesting than people with white skins, but I have the greatest objection to passing days and nights crowded close with him in an over-heated railway carriage. And if I expatiate somewhat upon this minor topic it is because the Trans-Caspian railway journey is such a remarkable experience and affords such rare and vast interests, that everybody who can afford the time and money should take it, and the Russian authorities should do all in their power to make the actual travel-

ling as tolerable as possible. As things are at present, I should not advise any lady to come who is not prepared for some of the most personally objectionable sides of "roughing it." Prince Khilkoff, however, Minister of Railways, is so prompt to make any improvement or to inaugurate any new enterprise, that if this plaint should meet

cial travellers; Armenian "drummers," sharp and swarthy, for Persian firms; a score of officers in various uniforms; several soldiers, sweating in heavy gray overcoats—they badly need a bath—and old, patched breeches of red morocco leather; three officers in the handsome green and gold of the *pogranichnaya stra-*



The Boys' College, Tashkent.

his eye it may well be that no future traveller will have occasion to make it. There is also one other little matter which calls for his attention. Formerly the train at Krasnovodsk waited for the steamer from Baku. Now the local railway authority causes it to start precisely at three, even if the steamer is coming into harbor. So it has happened that the train has started without a single passenger, while the wretched people arriving by steamer have had to pass twenty-three hours in some railway carriages, there being nothing of the nature of a hotel at Krasnovodsk. Such an absurdity should be corrected, but the fact that there is a railway here at all is so marvellous that every other consideration is insignificant.

There is a strange medley on the platform before we start. Crowds of ragged porters, jostling and jabbering in Persian and broken Russian, and carrying huge bundles of native luggage tied in carpets; a few civilians—merchants and commer-

*çha*, the frontier guards, soldiers and customs-officers in one; specimens of most of the natives of Central Asia; and myself, the only foreigner. There are no fewer than eleven parallel lines of rail, for either military purposes or freight accommodation, as may be needed. At three o'clock we start, and between the bare brown hills and the still blue sea the train runs slowly along for hours. It carries its own oil-fuel, and its own water in a huge wooden tank on a truck behind the engine, for the country is a desert, and the stations are merely the little white houses of the employees, appearing as specks in the wilderness. The low indented coast-line, within a few yards of our right, reminds me of the Mediterranean coast, between Marseilles and Nice, but here there are in every bay thousands of white-breasted ducks. For twenty-five miles the line runs across an absolutely barren plain; sunset finds us traversing a salty waste, dotted with scanty bushes, and when I look out of the window, in the middle of the night, a bright moon shines on the same desolate scene.



But at eight o'clock next morning comes a sudden thrill. Over a little station are written the magic words "Geok Tepe," and I rush out to see if anything remains to tell of the terrible battle and more terrible slaughter of 1881. Sure enough, on the opposite side of the line, only fifty yards away, is the whole story, and luckily the train is accidentally delayed long enough to enable me to make a hasty visit to the historic spot.

It is a rectangular fortress, a thousand yards square, formed by a high and thick earthen wall and rampart. The sides are riddled with bullet-holes—not a square yard is untouched, while scores of gaps in the top show where shells have burst. Several complete breaches gape wide, and one whole corner is gone—that is where the mine exploded, giving both the signal and the occasion for the final attack. Here raged for three whole weeks an almost uninterrupted battle, fought by both sides with a ferocious courage never surpassed in history; here Skobelev, and Kuropatkin under him, won their greenest laurels; here Russia became mistress of Trans-Caspia; here died a gallant and an interesting race. The Tekke Turkomans first drove back the Russian General Lomakin; then they completely routed Lazareff at this very spot, and swept in triumph over the whole country. For two years Skobelev made his preparations, and on January 1, 1881, he delivered his first attack upon this Turkoman stronghold with 8,000 troops and more than fifty guns. Inside was the flower of the Turkoman race, with 7,000 women and children. Their felt tents were set on fire by petroleum bombs, artillery rained shell and shrapnel on them, gradually the trenches drew nearer; but they fought with a desperation which kept the Russians at bay for three weeks, and on more than one occasion they routed the invaders in a hand-to-hand struggle and slashed them to death in their own



"Arba"



Means of Locomotion in Tashkent.





The Madrasa Shir Dar, Samarkand.

trenches, leaving Russian heads and limbs scattered about. But the inevitable end came, and the slaughter of every male left in the fortress, and, after it, that terrible Cossack pursuit of flying men and women for ten miles. Opinions differ as to this part of the struggle. What is certain is that never since that time has a Turkoman hand been raised against Russia, nor ever will be. If you would strike only once, and thus be more merciful in the end, you must strike hard, was Skobeleff's motto in dealing with Orientals, as it has been that of all who have understood the Eastern character. Trans-Caspia has been as peaceful as paradise since then. But Turkoman brides cost few cattle for many years, as all the bridegrooms lay beneath Geok Tepe, and the knell of the Turkoman, so hospitable to strangers, so

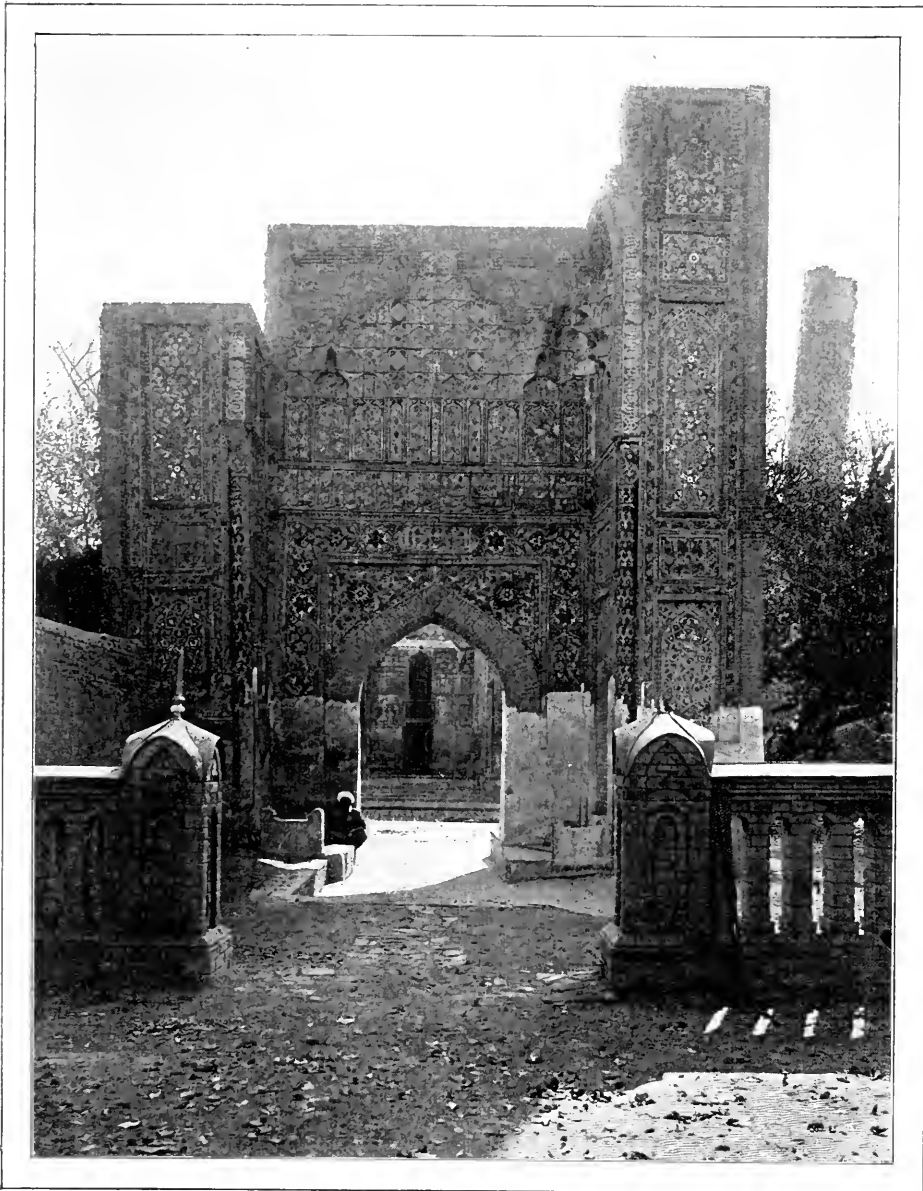
terrible in his raids, so devoted to his proud steed, so independent and gay in his moving home, was sounded. He died as he had lived, and the stone crosses in the gaps in his fortress wall tell how many Russians, as fearless as himself, went with him where brave dead soldiers go.

With a natural desire to perpetuate the memory of their own victories, the Russians have built between the railway station and the ruins a pretty little museum of white stone. In front of it stands a Turkoman cannon, captured by them from the Persians in one of their innumerable raids. This has its glorious story, too, for though it was mounted on the ramparts of Geok Tepe the Turkomans did not know how to use it, and, having captured some Russian artillerymen, they ordered them to fire it on their own comrades, or be slaugh-

tered on the spot. The Russians loyally chose death. In the museum are portraits of Skobelev and the other commanders, and a collection of Turkoman guns and swords—poor tools against artillery and petroleum bombs, throwing the bravery of these nomad horsemen into still higher relief. I ran up the rough earthen steps leading to the shattered ramparts and looked through them at the busy station, the white train, and the groups of officers strolling up and down the platform. It was the advance of Russia at a glance.

For some time now we have had the mountains to our right, and the country has become more populated, though the herbage is still thin, and long strings of

camels wind across the plain. The Turkoman mud houses are hardly visible, but the villages of Khirghiz *kibitkas*, round felt tents, make picturesque groups. At each station there is a well, built around with sloping stones and planted around with trees—the only trees in the landscape—and a herd of shaggy black cattle. The arrival of the train is the chief daily event in these lonely towns, and at Askhabad, the administrative centre of Trans-Caspia, where we arrived an hour and a half later, a military band played us in, a crowd was waiting on the platform, and an officer of gendarmes, recognizing me as a foreigner, became anxious and made many pointed inquiries. East and West mingled here in curious fashion—elegant ladies escorted by smart officers, alongside big Turkomans



Portal of the Tomb of Tamerlane, Samarkand.

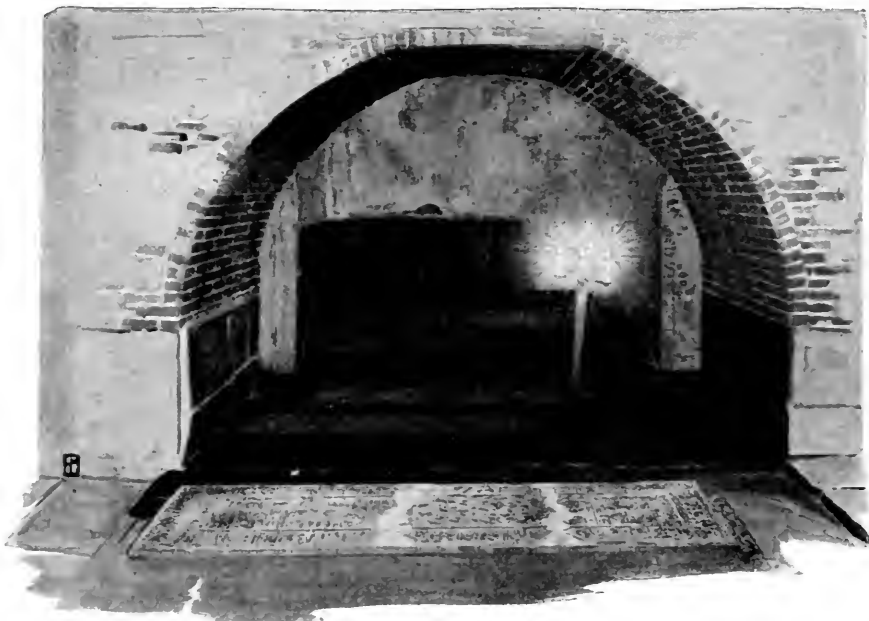
in mulberry-colored dressing-gowns and enormous hats of shaggy black sheepskin, their bare feet thrust into thick leather shoes.

From Askhabad a carriage-road of one hundred and seventy miles runs across the Persian frontier to Meshed, a town of the greatest interest to the two rival nations of Asia. It has a flourishing trade with Russia, Afghanistan, and thence with India and Bokhara. The Persian schismatic Mohammedans have their head-quarters there in a mosque whose doors are studded with rubies, and whose library contains over a thousand Korans. But far more important than either commerce or creed, Meshed is only one hundred and ninety-five miles from Herat, as the crow flies, and a road two hundred and thirty miles long connects the prosperous Persian town and the Afghan fortress supposed to be the key to the invasion of India. Therefore Russia and England keep very active rival intelligence departments there and struggle diplomatically for influence. The proximity of Meshed has perhaps something to do with the fact that Askhabad is the military centre of this part of Russian Central Asia, with a garrison of 10,000 men and stores of every kind on a war footing. A few years ago the tea and indigo of India used to supply Central Asia from this centre, but when Russia became paramount here her first care was to destroy British trade by excessive duties and even

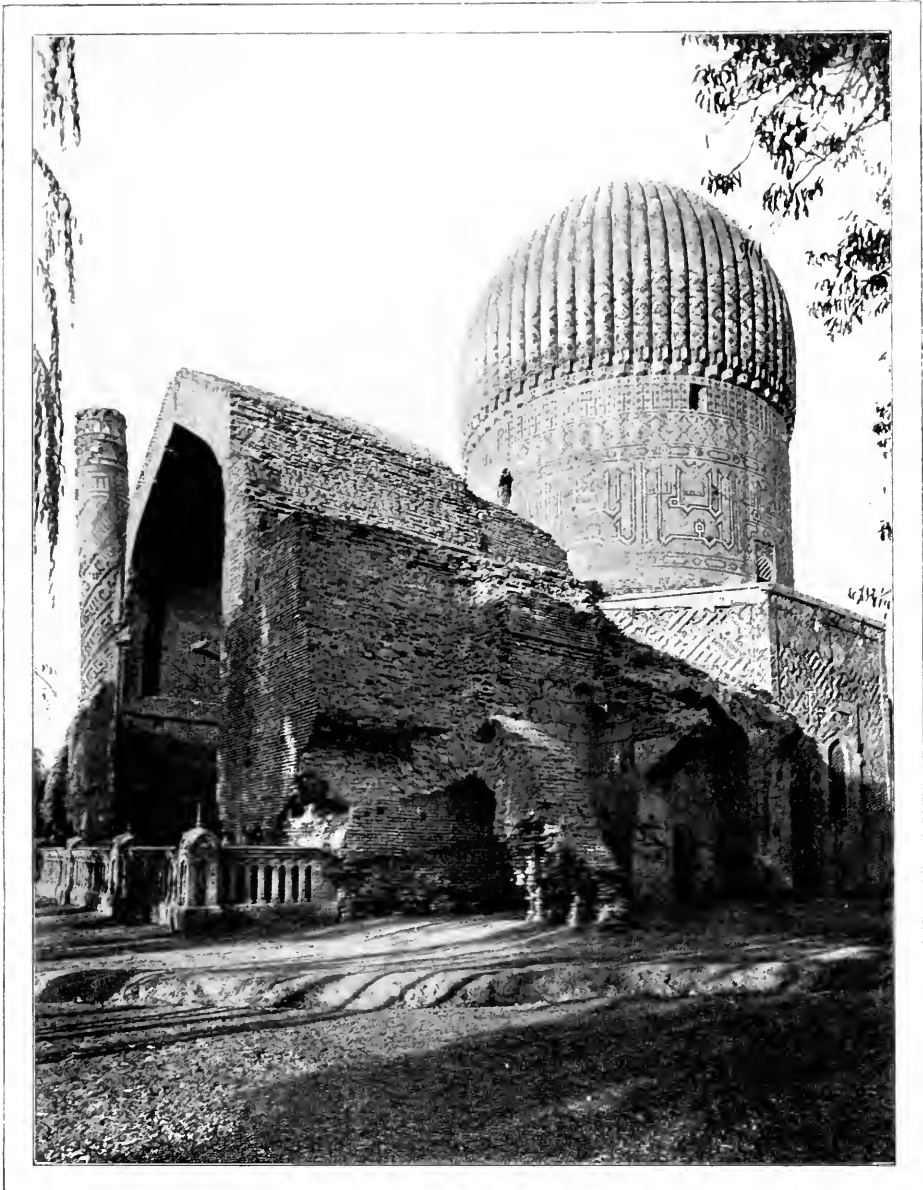
direct prohibition, and in this task she has been only too successful.

After Askhabad the desert once more, till at last cultivated, irrigated land appears, and at each little station is a great heap of bales of cotton, for the harvest has just been gathered, awaiting transport. It has come for the most part on camels, and while their owners chat, these are tethered in a quaint manner: tied nose and tail in a vicious circle, so that each is fast between two others. Midway in the burnt plain is a magnificent old fortress, its good preservation telling how few years have passed since these same plains held the wild life of immemorial time. A belt of fertile land extends for fifteen miles from these mountains to the south, deliciously green in spring, but now only covered with dwarfed scrub—tamarisk, I think. In summer the heat is terrible, rising to  $155^{\circ}$  at midday, and even now, in mid-November, one is glad to get out of the sun.

At nine o'clock at night another sensation. Merv—once the "Queen of the World," once a household word in England, thanks to O'Donovan and Marvin and Vambéry, as the possible cause of war with Russia, whose absorption of Central Asia brought her here in 1884—just a year before Parliament, at Gladstone's behest, voted £11,000,000 of war-money at a sitting in view of Russia's next step south. Now the whole oasis of Merv, one of the most fertile spots in the whole



Tomb of Tamerlane—the Crypt where he Lies.



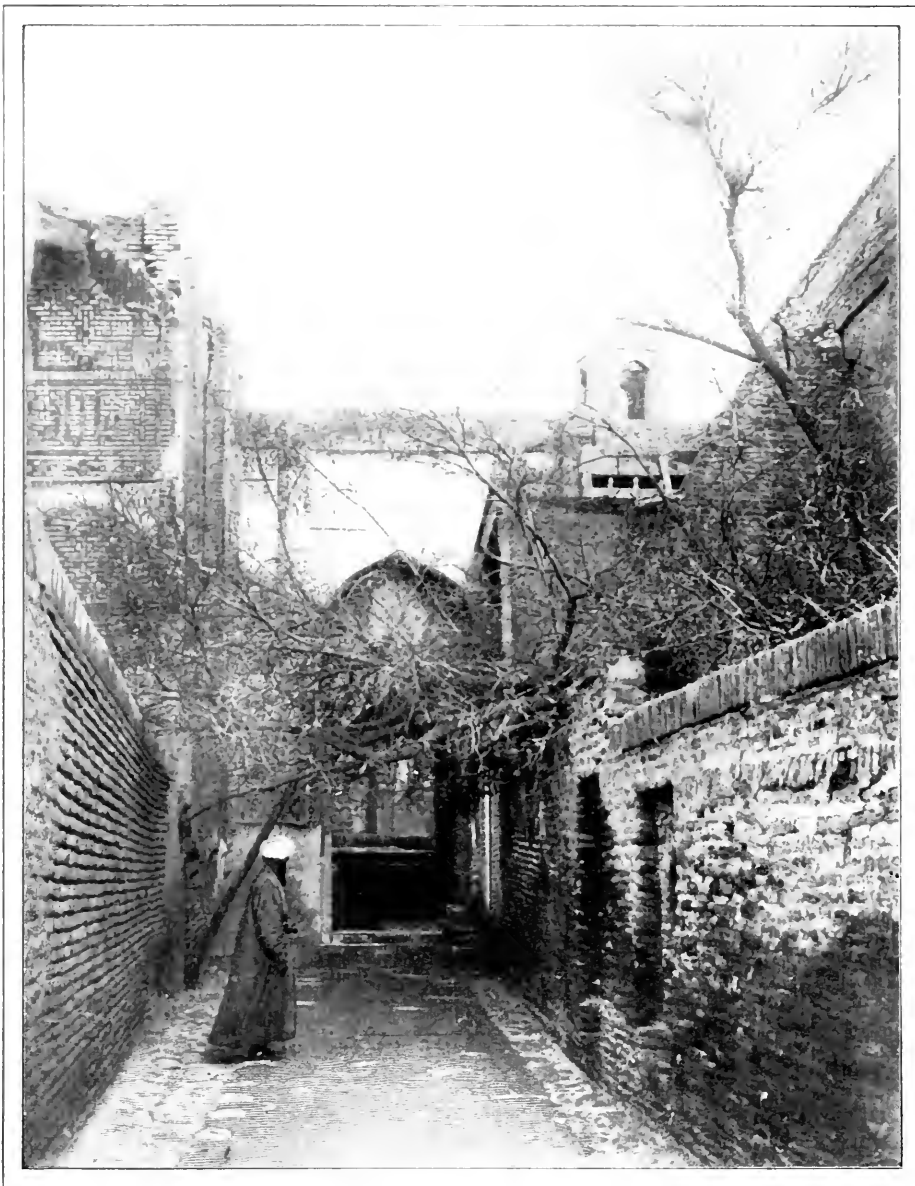
The Tomb of Tamerlane, Samarkand.

world, is as Russian as Riga, and when you say "Merv" in Central Asia you mean a long, low, neat stone railway station, lit by a score of bright lamps in a row, where the train changes engines, while in a busy telegraph office a dozen operators sit before their clicking instruments; and if you are a Russian officer or official you mean also a brand-new town where a pestilent malarial fever is sure to catch you sooner or later, and very likely to kill you.

But Merv has long ceased to be a Russian boundary, for in the dark you can see a branch line of railway stealing southward across the plain. This is the famous Murghab Branch, the strategical line of one hundred and ninety miles along

the river to the place the Russians call Kushkinski Post, on the very frontier of Afghanistan, a short distance from Kushk itself, and only eighty miles from Herat. The Russians keep this line absolutely secret, no permission to travel by it having ever been granted to a foreigner. My own permission for Central Asia read, "With the exception of the Murghab Branch." A foreigner once went by train to Kushk Post, however, but this was an accident and it is another story.

This line is purely strategic and military. Neither trade nor agriculture is served by it; nor would anybody ever buy a ticket by it, if it were open to all the world. Moreover, it runs through such a fever-haunted district that Rus-



Interior of Shah Zindah, Samarkand.

sian carpenters, who can earn two roubles a day, throw up the job and go back to earn fifty kopecks at home. The line is simply a deliberate, military menace to Great Britain. It serves, and can ever serve, only the purpose of facilitating the invasion of India, or of enabling Russia to squeeze England by pretending to prepare the first steps of an invasion of India, whenever such a pretence may facilitate her diplomacy in Europe. This fact should always be borne in mind. Nothing would embarrass Russia more than to "have her bluff called," in poker language—to be compelled to make her threat good. But it may safely be prophesied that many a time we shall hear of troops going from the Caucasus to the Afghan frontier, as she did for an "experiment" last Decem-

ber, and when this happens England must look, not at Afghanistan, but to China or Persia or the Balkans. Some day—and perhaps before long—she will collect a mixed force there without England's knowledge, and seize Herat by a *coup de main*, in the confident belief that the British Government will do once more what it has so often done before, namely, accept tamely the accomplished fact. In simple truth, Herat is at her mercy. And the cat does not look at the cream for ever. The Merv-Kushk line, I may add, is now completed, and two regular trains a week run over it, at the rate of something less than ten miles an hour, reaching the Afghan frontier terminus in eighteen hours. But I do not fancy that Kushk Post itself has anything very wonderful to show yet,



in the way of military strength. It is interesting, however, as one stands here on the edge of the platform and looks down the few hundred yards of this mysterious line visible in the dark, to reflect that if the future brings war between England and Russia its roaring tide will flow over these very rails for the invasion of India, and that if it brings peace this will be a station on the through line between Calais and Kandahar. Some day surely, though it may be long, long hence, and only when tens of thousands of Russian and British soldier-ghosts are wandering through the shades of Walhalla, the traveller from London will hear on this very platform the cry, "Change here for Calcutta!"

For some time after Merv the train passes through this world-famed oasis, then for more than fifty miles it traverses the heart-breaking desert of sand. On either side, as far as the eye reaches, is a yellow plain of ribbed sand. The earth has surely nothing more dreary to show, and it is dangerous, too, for the wind blows it up and over the track, and at the best, companies of men must sweep it away, while at the worst it chokes the locomotive and brings the train to a standstill. Sometimes the whole service of the railway is suspended by such a wind. The only help is found in the saxaul, a stunted, gnarled bush whose twisted roots bind the sand together as osiers bind mud. This being



A Sart of Samarkand.



so, I was astonished to see that the fuel in the stoves of the train was heaps of twisted saxaul roots and branches.

By and by vegetation begins again—timidly at first, but soon luxuriously, for we are on the edge of the most wonderful river in the world, not excepting the Nile. At the station which now bears the name of the river, Amu Darya, but used to be called Charjui, we halt for twenty-five minutes, and then creep forward at a snail's pace. At first by close-packed mud-houses, deep in tropical vegetation, then out upon a wooden bridge over long mud flats, then, barely moving at all, over the Amu Darya—the mighty and immortal Oxus itself. The bridge is a narrow, low way, upon trestles and piles, but it is one of the engineering wonders of the world, for it is a mile and three-quarters long, and every balk of timber had to be brought from Russia, and the river runs fast over its deep mud. It is as dry as tinder, for rain is almost unknown here. Every quarter of a mile there is a fire station, with a great cistern of water and buckets, over which stands a sentry with fixed bayonet. Fire is the nightmare of the guardians of the bridge, but though I am not of a nervous temperament I must confess I was much more afraid of water—the dashing, swirling, coffee-colored water below, between us and which was such a narrow, slender support of twelve-years' old wood, creaking in a sickening fashion. The authorities seem to share this fear, for our speed was the slowest at which the engine could move at all. And in spite of the great cost and emptiness of the Russian official pocket just now they are working with utmost speed upon a new bridge a quarter of a mile to the north. A number of huge iron cylindrical piers are in place, a dozen engines are puffing, huge heaps of dressed stones and timbers lie about, and an army

of men is at work. I saw this scene for the first time at sunrise, and I count that among the most impressive moments of my life. These waters rise mysteriously in the "Roof of the World;" for 1,500 miles they roll through the land which has been the scene of the most marvellous human episodes; they were looked upon by the first of mankind, for the cradle of our

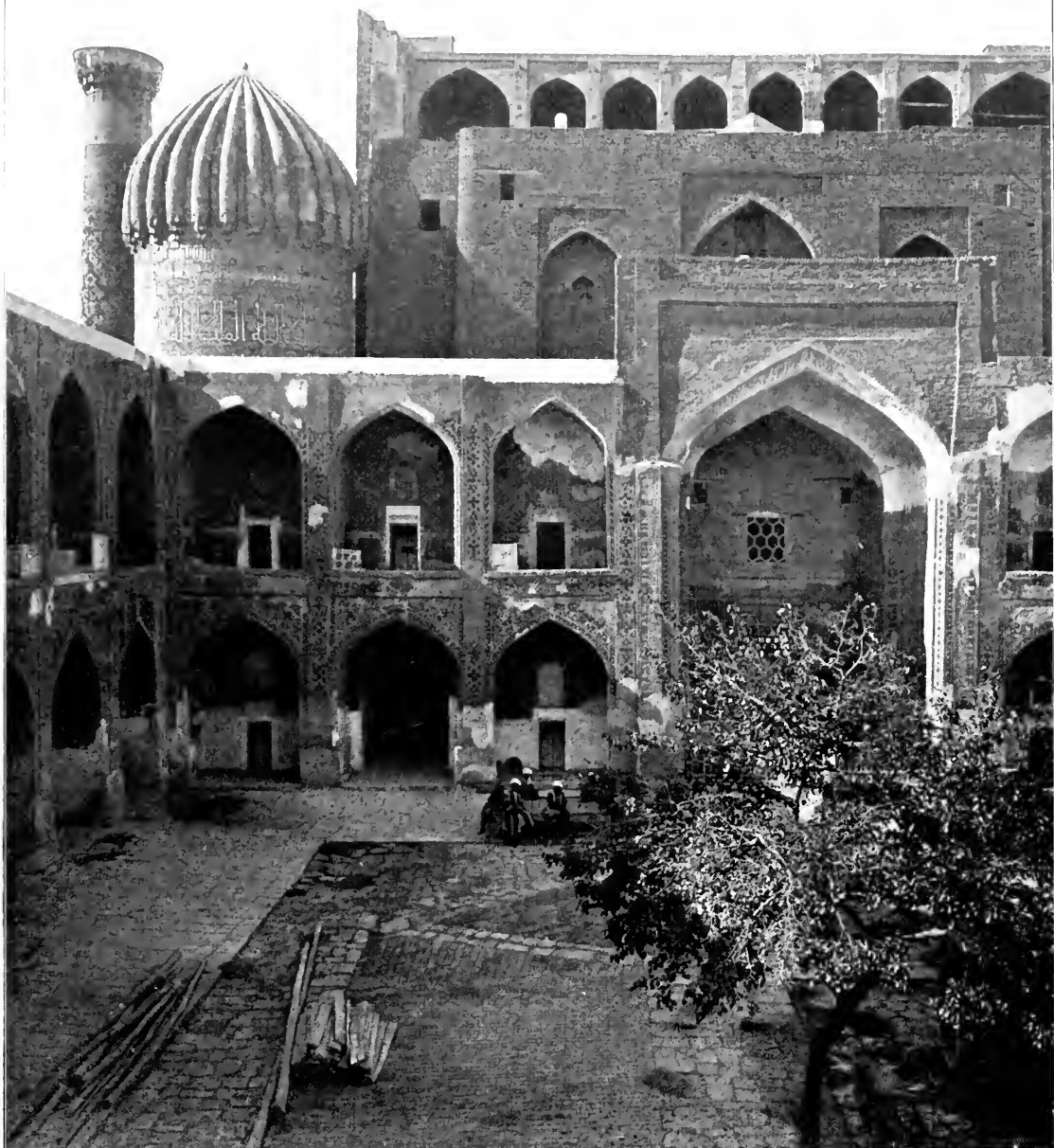
race was here, and they have conditioned the schemes of many of the greatest; the legions of Alexander and Genghiz Khan and Tamerlane drank at them; we hear of them at the beginning of Genesis, and they may well yet be one of the pathways of the last great war of human history. The railway jars sadly upon one's thoughts of such a scene. One feels vulgar to pass through the heart of Asia, the mother of peoples, to the accompaniment of the restaurant-car and the conductor's whistle. The Turkoman, silent in his dignity, wrapped in reserve as in his flowing



A "Batcha" of Samarkand.

garments, looking upon the invading stranger and his iron modernities with inscrutable eyes—it is with him, and like him, that one would wish to journey here, and learn and wonder. Most welcome, therefore, is the recollection of Matthew Arnold's noble lines upon these immemorial waters:

But the majestic river floated on,  
Out of the mist and hum of that low land,  
Into the frosty starlight, and there moved,  
Rejoicing, though the hush'd Chorasmian waste,  
Under the solitary moon;—he flow'd  
Right for the polar star, past Orgunjè,  
Brimming, and bright, and large; then sands be-  
gin  
To hem his watery march, and dam his streams,  
And split his currents; that for many a league  
The shorn and parcell'd Oxus strains along  
Through beds of sand and matted rushy isles—  
Oxus, forgetting the bright speed he had  
In his high mountain-cradle in Pamere,  
A foil'd circuitous wanderer—till at last  
The long'd-for dash of waves is heard, and wide



Interior of Shir Dar, Samarkand.

His luminous home of waters opens, bright  
And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bathed  
stars  
Emerge, and shine upon the Aral Sea. \*

By breakfast-time we are running amid houses and fields and trees, with dignified Bokharans on horseback everywhere in sight. And now the great names of Asia follow fast. Seventy miles beyond the Oxus bring us to Bokhara. A neat, stone-built station like Merv, but larger, a long row of droschkies outside, and a little

\* Sohrab and Rustum.

town of new white houses—that is all the passing traveller sees. The old Bokhara, “the noble,” the seat of the learning of Asia nearly a thousand years ago, and always the home of its most savage bigotry, the city with a connected history of more than twelve hundred years, is ten miles away in the fertile land, while the station itself is in the desert. When they brought the railway the Russians were still afraid of the fanatical Bokharans; now they wish they had run their line past the very gates of the city. On the platform a native barber is rapidly shaving heads with

a huge hatchet-shaped razor. A woman, completely hidden in a dark blue garment, sits with her face to the wall, while her husband arranges cushions and washes grapes, and then they proceed to breakfast of fruit and flapjacks. The Turkoman head-dress

of shaggy sheep-skin has wholly disappeared, and in place of it there are big burly Bokharans in enormous white turbans and *khalats* of flowered and striped cotton over their tunics, their feet in elegant green-heeled morocco boots, and these tucked into a couple of pairs of slippers, one over the other. They crowd into the train the moment it stops, mostly into the second-class (remember there is no first-class), and make themselves very much at home. All their belongings come in with them, packed—including, in every case, a long-necked copper water-bottle—in a pair of carpet saddle-bags slung over

their shoulder. The native passengers leave the train, and, squatting down a few yards beyond the track, perform their ceremonial ablutions and pray toward Mecca. Then they go over to the melon-sellers and return with an enormous water-melon to make a piccaninny gape with envy, and this they proceed to eat in the carriage. These people have never been crushed like the Turkomans; their independence is still nominally preserved to them, for their own Amir can have their throats cut in the bazaar at his pleasure, and their looks

and actions are therefore those of free men. They behave, in fact, as if the train belonged to them, and the unfortunate foreigner is crushed in his corner—if he has been lucky enough to keep a corner—by mere weight of humanity.



The Native Policeman of Andijan.

The flocks of sheep and goats are the most striking feature of the landscape as we proceed, and among the latter are huge billy-goats, as big as a pony and twice as thick, with horns a yard long tossing over them. Then come the first really cultivated fields we have seen, surrounded by low mud walls, some under water and all cleverly irrigated, with winter rice or corn just coming up. After awhile the water-supply stops—not a blade can be grown in this country without irrigation, therefore the water-supply is subject to the most rigorous supervision and scrupulous distribution, what Matthew Arnold

calls "the shorn and parcell'd Oxus"—the desert regains its sway, and for hours we pass over an absolutely flat plain, unbroken at an horizon, without a living thing upon it but tufts of coarse grass a few inches high. Then gradually signs of the neighborhood of a river reappear, willows and alders and big trees like maples, irrigation channels, planted fields, winter crops just green above the surface. Ruined strongholds, similar to those one sees in the Balkans, where a whole village had to be ready to run for safety against

Turkish marauders, tell their own tale of the rich life hereabouts and the state of society in years long past. Some of these little castles are now inhabited by villagers, and some are in almost perfect preservation, walls, gates, towers, crenellated battlements and all. At half-past seven the train stops, and opposite my window is the magic name "Samarkand," redolent of the East and its roses, the city which Tamerlane made the Asiatic Athens, alike for the renown of its learning and the magnificence of its monuments. A glimpse of a wooden town in a park of verdure, a twenty minutes' halt, a capital meal in the restaurant, and we are off again. Of course, I lingered in these famous cities on my return—now I go straight through. Five hours' later we are at the junction of Chernayevo, where the line divides, one branch going northward to Tashkent, the other continuing eastward to Andijan, in the heart of the cotton country. At last, sixty-six hours and 1,153 miles from Krasnovodsk, the train stops for good at the large, handsome station of Tashkent, the administrative centre of Turkestan and the residence of the Governor-General of the whole Trans-Caspian region.

The following condensed time-table will show the reader this journey—the most remarkable train-journey in the world—at a glance :

Miles.	Station.	Hour of Arrival.
—	Krasnovodsk.....(departure)	3.00 P.M.
208	Kizil-Arvat.....	2.36 A.M.
343	Askhabad.....	9.45 A.M.
556	Merv.....	9.10 P.M.
574	Bairam-Ali.....	10.25 P.M.
706	Amu-Darya (Charjui).....	5.07 A.M.
780	Bokhara.....	10.04 A.M.
886	Katti-Kurgan.....	4.40 P.M.
934	Samarkand.....	7.30 P.M.
1005	Jisak.....	11.40 P.M.
1059	Chernayero.....	2.55 A.M.
1153	Tashkent.....	8.40 A.M.
<hr/>		
1059	Chernayevo.....(departure)	4.00 A.M.
1108	Khodjent.....	6.45 A.M.
1177	Kokand.....	10.55 A.M.
1226	Margelan.....	2.19 P.M.
1261	Andijan.....	5.15 P.M.

The principal stations are thus sixteen, but the total number of stations is ninety-six—seventy-seven to the junction of Chernayevo, five to Tashkent on the northern branch, and fourteen to Andijan on the eastern branch. The total length of the railway, including both branches, is 2,053 versts—1,355 miles—and the aver-

age speed, from Krasnovodsk, the starting-point on the Caspian, to Tashkent, the northern terminus, including all stoppages, is seventeen and one-half miles an hour. But excluding the eight booked stops, amounting to two hours and twenty-five minutes, and allowing three minutes at each of the other stations, the actual average speed while running works out at over twenty miles an hour—a highly creditable performance and much superior to that of the Trans-Siberian Railway.

Merely as a railway the Trans-Caspian is in no way extraordinary. Except for the absence of labor, timber, and water, which necessitated a rolling camp following upon the heels of the working party, and the passage of the sand desert, it presented no difficulties, and the only engineering exploit is the bridge over the Oxus. But, as I said at the beginning, the astounding fact is that it is here at all. It was begun on June 30, 1885; Merv was reached in July, 1886; the Amu-Darya, in June, 1887; the bridge, 4,600 yards long, was opened for traffic in January, 1888; Samarkand reached in May, 1888; and Tashkent soon afterward. Thus twenty years ago it was not thought of as it exists to-day; the notion of it was even strenuously repudiated by Russian statesmen when England grew nervous about their intentions. Twenty-five years ago Samarkand and Tashkent were only to be reached by adventurous travellers carrying their lives in their hands; Bokhara was as dangerous and as inaccessible as the capital of Thibet is to-day; Andijan was unheard of; England would not have tolerated for a moment the idea of the absorption of all Central Asia by Russia. Now Russia has it all—for ever, beyond the possibility of internal revolt or external attack; you "book" to Kokand as easily as to Kent or Kentucky; you are as safe there as in Calcutta or Colorado; the railway has brought Russian troops once more close to the frontier of China, and actually to the frontier of Afghanistan; most wonderful of all, this line, planned and carried out as a purely military work, is already paying its way handsomely, and has been transferred from military to civil administrators. And it has brought peace and commerce, and civilization as Russia understands the word.

For Russians, it is a magnificent achievement, of which they have every right to be most proud ; for the rest of the world it is half a dozen object-lessons in one.

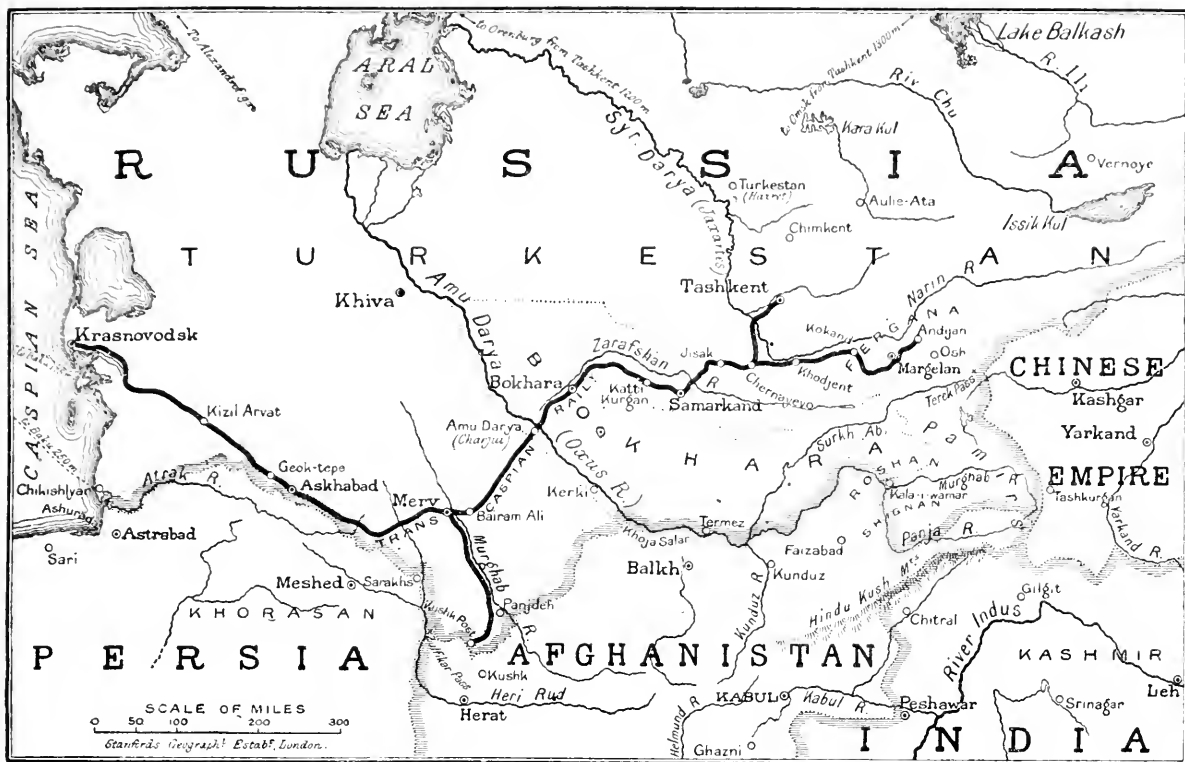
The railway which Russia has pushed forward through the region of tropic heat, has worked a revolution not less than that which she has thrust across the region of Arctic cold. Indeed the Trans-Caspian Railway has accomplished more than the Trans-Siberian, for whereas the remotest districts of Siberia have been accessible for generations to anybody who had time and endurance enough to undertake a journey of many weeks in tarantass or sleigh, Central Asia a few years ago was hermetically sealed except to the courageous few who, knowing the languages, were prepared to penetrate it in disguise, at the risk of torture and death, beyond the reach of any possible succor or rescue in case of mishap. Moreover, in Siberia, there was always river transport in summer, slow, but cheap and safe ; in Central Asia the camel was the only carrier. Therefore the Trans-Caspian was destined by nature to have a revolutionary effect, and this has been even more than was foreseen. Not to burden these pages with figures, I may say that in 1885, two years before the railway reached Samarkand, the total imports and exports of the province of Turkestan amounted to 40,475 tons, while in 1896, after the railway had been in operation eight years, they had risen to 159,229 tons, and the increase is proceeding rapidly and steadily. In 1897, the district of Andijan alone exported 19,000 tons of cotton, and along the eastern portion of the line I saw acres and acres of bales awaiting shipment, while everywhere I heard complaints of the insufficiency of rolling stock to meet the demands of growers. Yet the line itself is laid as in Russia, except for the first hundred miles, where the rails are the old light ones originally laid to Uzun-Ada : the roadway is solidly ballasted ; and the speed, as I have shown, is good. The income from freight and passengers is not yet enough, of course, to pay interest on the whole capital expenditure, but it more than pays all working expenses, and for the rest Russia has the enormous strategical advan-

tages it gives her, and the certainty that the pecuniary returns will be greater every year. The net revenue for 1897 is officially stated to have been £615,000, and the total movement of goods 249,000 tons.

Russia is not satisfied, however, with the brilliant results she has achieved—British trade, once so flourishing, driven from Central Asia ; a great domestic trade created ; Trans-Caspia, Bokhara, Turkestan closely connected with European Russia ; a railway station placed upon the Afghan frontier ; and the rich province of Khorasan as good as annexed. And as usual, it is a supposed strategic necessity that is urging her on. At present, in the eyes of her strategists, the Trans-Caspian is an isolated railway. It depends upon the military district of the Caucasus alone. If a Russian army is ever required in Central Asia—a supposition which almost every Russian strategist looks upon as a certainty—it will be a great one, it will demand vast quantities of supplies behind it, and both soldiers and *matériel* will be wanted quickly. Taking Moscow or Warsaw as the military centre of Russia, this movement would have to take place, as things are now, by the rail route of Rostof, Vladikavkaz, Petrofsk, Baku, thence across the Caspian, and another seven or eight hundred miles to where the troops were wanted—a long and costly journey, and without sufficient steamer accommodation on the Caspian Sea. By rail to Samara or Saratof, and thence down the Volga and across the Caspian to Baku, would be even longer in point of time. Why does Russia think her troops must be more quickly moved than either of these two routes would allow? She knows that she has no invasion from India to fear, and that, whether her forces were gathered quickly or slowly, they would find the same military concentration awaiting them on the Indian frontier or in Afghanistan.

The explanation is simple, and has recently been put forward in an almost semi-official manner in Russia. It is an absolutely determined part of her policy to have an outlet on the Persian Gulf, but the time is not yet ripe for it. The project of such a railway would precipitate hostile action by England ; it would in all probability cause a Mohammedan rising ; like





The Trans-Caspian Railway.

the Trans-Caspian, the railway would be isolated from Europe, and moreover it would be open to military attack from Egypt and India. On the other hand, Russia has the greatest fear, especially since the Sultan has been coerced by the Kaiser into granting Germany a concession for important railway constructions in Asia Minor, that England, or England and Germany together, will construct the long-planned Euphrates Valley Railway, and thus create direct transit between Europe and India, and will do this before Russia is in a position either to prevent it or to offer an alternative. For the Russian view is that the trade of the world is insufficient to support two railway connections between Europe and India, and that therefore whenever one such connection is made any other becomes impossible. And this connection Russia is determined to have for herself. The answer to the above question, therefore, is this: Russia is extremely anxious to extend her railway system in Central Asia—1, to bring her military centres into direct connection with the Afghan and Persian frontiers, in view of possible hostilities with England; 2, to secure for herself the future railway trade-route between Europe and India, by offering a shorter and cheaper line

before the alternative route *via* the Euphrates Valley is constructed; 3, by thus rendering the construction of this latter railway an unprofitable undertaking, to remove the one fatal obstacle to an ultimate port for herself upon the Persian Gulf; 4, to develop further her own Central Asian territories. From a Russian point of view the reasons are certainly convincing.

What direction, then, will Russian railway extension in Central Asia take? There are several rival schemes, the most favored at present being the prolongation of the railway from Orenburg to Tashkent, along the north bank of the Syr-Darya, *via* Turkestan (Hazret), and avoiding Chimkent because of mountains. This would follow the old caravan route to Central Asia when Tashkent was the focus of trade there and the starting-point of all military movements. Such a railway would involve building a new line about 1,200 miles long, presenting on the one hand no special engineering difficulties, but, on the other, traversing a country with no potential agricultural or commercial development. The chief of the Topographical Department at Tashkent told me that the plans for this railway are nearly ready, that it is practically decided upon, and



that in all probability it will be finished in five or six years.

I take leave, however, to doubt that this Orenburg-Tashkent line will ever be constructed. For one of the two practical considerations must carry the day; the route will be selected either for its strategical value and to form ultimately the connection with India, or it will be chosen primarily for the development of new territory. If the former, then the shortest and most direct route would undoubtedly be from Saratof, on the Volga, to the little town of Alexandrof-gai, one hundred and forty miles to the southeast (the two are already connected by a narrow-gauge railway), bending round the north of the Caspian and the south of the Aral Sea, and running straight by Khiva to the station of Amu-Darya (Charjui) on the main line of the Trans-Caspian Railway. Like the Orenburg-Tashkent route, though not nearly to so great a degree, this railway would have the disadvantage of passing through comparatively poor territory, but it would be almost a straight line from Moscow to Amu-Darya, and, *via* Merv and Kushk Post, would place the headquarters of the Russian army within literally a few days of its military objective, whether this were Afghanistan, Persia, or Chinese Turkestan. The distance from Alexandrof-gai to Amu-Darya station would be 1,128 miles, and the cost of laying this line, which would meet with no engineering difficulty of any importance, is estimated at £9,500,000—\$46,300,000—including an iron bridge over the Volga at Saratof, and the widening of the line from Saratof to Alexandrof-gai. When it was completed, the distance from Moscow to Merv, which latter we may take as a central point of concentration, would be 1,980 miles, as against 2,701 miles *via* Orenburg-Tashkent. At an average speed of twenty miles an hour, Merv would be just four days distant from Moscow, and in less than another day the Afghan frontier would be reached at Kushk Post. If strategical and rapid-transit interests are adjudged paramount, this is obviously the line to be constructed.

If, on the other hand, commercial and agricultural development be finally regarded as of more weight, then beyond any question a line connecting Turkestan

with western Siberia would confer the greatest benefit. This would run from Tashkent, *via* the town and Russian fort of Aulie-ata, one hundred and fifty-five miles to the northeast; Vernoye, the capital of the province of Semiryechensk, with a population of nearly 25,000; Kopal, one hundred and seventy miles farther on; Sergiopol; Semipalatinsk, capital of the province of that name, on the Irtysh River, with a population of nearly 20,000; and thence to Omsk, the town probably destined to become the most important on the Trans-Siberian Railway. This railway would run, as shown, past large and growing towns, through districts with an industrious and prosperous population of nomads, through a fertile corn-growing country, where the best wheat to-day sells for eight kopeks the pud (two pence, or four cents, for thirty-six pounds), through a rich cattle-raising steppe, and past known deposits of both coal and gold. Moreover, it would enormously increase the production of cotton in Turkestan, by bringing cheap wheat into that country from Siberia and thus allowing all the land now necessarily given to corn-growing to be devoted to the far more profitable cultivation of cotton.

The reader who has followed this somewhat technical railway discussion will find himself halted by the following question: It is all very well for Russia to talk about joining her Central Asian railways to the Indian railways, and thus securing a great rapid-transit route from Europe to the richest East, but what about Afghanistan and the Indian Government—will they, under any circumstances, permit such a junction to be made, and thus prepare an easy road for Russian troops to enter India? The question is, of course, of the first importance, and in the present state of feeling on both sides, it can only be answered with some discretion. In the first place, such a junction is absolutely certain to come some day, but the time may be far off. Second, if Russia were successful in a war against England, it would assuredly be one of her conditions of peace. Third, a railway would give no advantage to Russia that it would not give to England, for if it would enable Russia to hurry troops toward India, it would equally enable England to hurry Indian troops toward Central Asia, and

the final advantage would thus be, as it always is in war, to the quickest to act. Fourth, it would do much to remove international misunderstanding, for it would bring intelligent and commercial Russians into India, and a similar class of English and Anglo-Indians into Russia; and it is a striking fact that, wherever Englishmen and Russians have been brought together, as on boundary commissions and as officers of men-of-war on foreign stations, a sincere mutual respect and indeed cordiality has sprung up—much more so, curiously enough, than has been the case between English and Russians on the one side and French and Germans on the other. Finally, will not the moment soon come, when two civilized nations will refuse to allow an essentially barbarous régime, friendly at heart to neither and only friendly in action to one of them so long as self-interest dictates such a course, to stand in the way of one of those great advances of intercommunication, which are the chief signs and promoters of civilization? In view of these considerations, it can hardly be thought unreasonable for Russia to plan her Central Asian communications with a view to their ultimate extension to Central India.

When the two nations agree to join hands across Afghanistan, the route will be from Merv to Kushk Post, thence to New Chaman, the present terminus of the Indian frontier railway, sixty miles northwest of Quetta, thence to Sukkur and Ruk junction, and from there either to the Punjab or to Karachi, one of the four great seaports of India. If Kushk Post and New Chaman were connected by railway to-day, a distance of only four hundred and thirty-eight miles, without any new line whatever being constructed by either Russia or India, the distance from London to Karachi by rail (including the short sea passages of the Channel and the Caspian) is calculated by Mr. Paul Lessar as 4,716 miles, and the time of the journey as one hundred and seventy-four and one-half hours. The route would be London, Calais, Berlin, Alexandrovo, Warsaw, Rostof, Petrofsk, Baku, Krasnovodsk, Merv, Kushk, Chaman, Karachi.

I have written at what may seem undue length about the future of railway construction in Central Asia because it is really

the most important and significant question in that part of the world. It is vitally connected with peace and war alike—with commercial development and international rivalry. The reader who takes the trouble to grasp the routes I have mentioned and the arguments for and against each of them, will understand also where the line of next tension lies, and when the first step in advance is made—and it will not long be delayed—he will be in a position to interpret its intention, its diplomatic significance, and possibly its military consequences.

The administrative district of Trans-Caspia extends from the Caspian to the frontier of Bokhara, and is under the authority of a "Chef du Territoire Transcaspien," with head-quarters at Askhabad. This officer at present is Lieutenant-Colonel Bogoliubof, one of the most enlightened administrators it has ever been my good fortune to meet. He is not only a soldier and a statesman, but a student; the practical problems of his great province, its commerce, its ethnology, its arts, have all been made by him the subjects of profound investigation and he talks of them with rare knowledge and enthusiasm. When I had the pleasure of visiting him he was busily engaged upon a great ethnological map of Trans-Caspia for the Paris Exposition, the first that had ever been attempted, and I fancy that he will some day publish an epoch-making study of Turkoman art, particularly as exhibited in the products of Turkoman needlewomen.

Trans-Caspia has an area of about 215,000 square miles and only about 360,000 inhabitants. Its scanty population cannot increase, because each Turkoman head of a family requires, to live with anything like comfort, ten camels, four to five horses, fifty sheep, and two cows, and to feed these ten square versts are needed. Camels cannot be replaced by horses, for only camels and asses can eat the prickly "camel's thorn" which is the only fodder available during much of the year. The attempt to improve the condition of Trans-Caspia is therefore a struggle between civilization and this nomad life, and it is unlikely that civilization will win.

Civilization has had, at any rate, one bad

effect—it has killed the carpet. The carpet woven by Turkoman women in their moving tents, without any pattern to copy, the design being handed down in instinct and memory, was, both for design and workmanship, the finest thing of the kind in the world. Old specimens are now almost unprocurable and fetch huge prices, but the examples which may still be had are eagerly bought up. In fact, carpets furnish one of the chief topics of conversation among Russian officers and functionaries quartered in Trans-Caspia. Everybody collects them, and the discussion about price and quality, and the comparisons of "finds" are endless. Carpets are peculiarly convenient to these nomads of civilization, as they were to the uncivilized nomads who originally made them, for, as both soldiers and civilians may not be long in one place, they seldom possess much furniture, since it could not be transported except at an expense which would ruin them, whereas a few empty beer-boxes with carpets and cushions thrown over them, and a few carpets hung on the walls, give you a fine Eastern *salon* at once. Moreover, carpets can be easily taken home, and then if you wish you can probably sell them for much more than you gave for them. There is unfortunately one drawback—all modern carpets fade.

The old carpet, however, is now perhaps the one relic left of a great bygone civilization, for assuredly the Turkomans in their dirt and squalor could not have invented the beautiful designs that their women made till recently. The patterns and the surroundings are in too great a contrast. The different great tribes of Turkomans—the Sariks, Saliks, and nearer the Caspian the Yumuds—are indistinguishable in their dress, their utensils, their habits, etc.; their carpets alone can serve to distinguish them. These are their passports—their visiting cards. Perhaps these very patterns were given them by Nebuchadnezzar! But aniline dyes and loom competition are killing these fast, and soon nothing except their old carpets will be left to tell of a mysterious civilization of the far past. This whole region, as far as China, is the field of rectangular ornaments, and the details of these patterns recur in the most extraordinary fashion. A detail can be traced, for instance, through China,

Afghanistan, Persia, and Galicia. In Trans-Caspia are two well-marked races, about whom we know almost everything—in the north the Kirghiz, in the south the Russians. In the farthest south there are two or three tribes of Arabs and Jews, come nobody knows how or when. But the Turkomans are the great mystery, and it will only be from their carpets that the problem of their origin and movements will be solved at last. The magic carpet of Eastern fable, which transports its possessor in an instant to the other end of the earth, has its counterpart in the carpet which will carry the student round the Asian world in the track of its racial design.

Not only cannot the population of Trans-Caspia increase, but, so far as can be foreseen, its productivity is likely to decline. Cotton is its chief, indeed, practically its only, important export. It formerly possessed the finest race of horses in the world, and the Turkoman, who lived by raiding, esteemed his steed far above all his other belongings, including his wife. But Russian rule has imposed peace upon him, and therefore the need of his horse, and his incentive to breed and cherish it, have gone. So, in spite of Imperial Commissions and the importation of Arab stallions, the fleet and tireless Turkoman horse, with his flashing eye and scarlet nostril, is extinct forever. And the production of cotton cannot increase without an increase of water for irrigation, and instead of more there is growing steadily less. For the Kopet Dahn Mountains, which rise above Askhabad, and are the great source of water-supply, are gradually wearing away. Ages ago there was eternal snow upon them; now they are nowhere more than 9,000 feet high. The explanation is that they are of clayey substance. In summer the great heat calcines this clay to powder, then the rains come and wash it away. Hence the fecundating power of the rivers, but hence also their ultimate disappearance. A geographical authority has said of this whole region that "both glaciers and rivers continue to lose volume; the lakes are shrinking and the extremes of temperature become more marked, while the sands of the desert are steadily encroaching on the cultivated zones." A well was recently

sunk three miles from the mountains to a depth of seven hundred metres without striking water. The truth is that this water question, vital to the prosperity and indeed to the existence of Trans-Caspia, is in the last analysis a political question—a peculiarly interesting example of the forces underlying diplomacy and national ambitions. For the water-basin of this part of Trans-Caspia is in Persia, and the Amir of Afghanistan controls, in the River Murghab, the water-supply of the great Merv oasis and other districts. Therefore if these possessions of Russia are ever to regain their ancient wealth, when Merv, for instance, was really “Queen of the World,” Russia must rule in Persia and Afghanistan. Northern Persia—the province of Khorasan—is probably at her mercy, to seize whenever an opportunity or an excuse presents itself, but Afghanistan is quite another matter, for the British fleet blocks the way thither. Thus the cotton crop of Central Asia, and purchases for Russia on the markets of Richmond and New Orleans—for it is Russia’s desire to grow all her own cotton and buy none abroad—depend at last upon the number of ironclads that fly the cross of St. George in the channel and the Mediterranean. It is, I repeat, a peculiarly interesting example of the correlation of political forces, but it should not surprise the countrymen of Captain Mahan.

The cities of Central Asia to-day are of two widely differing kinds—the old and the new, the world-famous towns of antiquity, whose proud and fanatical inhabitants have only been constrained for a few years to tolerate white men among them, and the brand-new settlements which Russia has built up for her administrators, her soldiers, and her merchants. Each kind is the more interesting according to whether you look at it with the eye of the traveller and the ethnologist, or from the point of view of the student of contemporary expansion and politics. Krasnovodsk I have sufficiently described; Kizil Arvat is merely the site of the railway workshops, where a large number of Russian artisans are employed, whose pale wives and children give painful evidence

of the unhealthfulness of the place and climate; Merv is wholly a new city, the old “Queen of the World” being nothing but a few splendid ruins some distance away, an important military centre where the prevalence of a particularly virulent fever has often suggested the desirability of abandoning the town altogether; Askabad is the military head-quarters of Turkestan, on account of the proximity of the Persian frontier and the road to Meshed, and is almost entirely a new town. None of these calls for any special mention.

It is in Tashkent that the two kinds of city are best seen side by side. This was for many generations, and perhaps still remains, the most important strategical focus of Central Asia. An interesting and significant incident is connected with its capture. The gallant Chernaieff, advancing victorious from the north, attacked it in 1864, but was beaten back with heavy loss. Alexander II., averse to further slaughter in a cause whose importance he had not realized, and perhaps fearing complications with England, forbade him to make a second attempt. The outcome is a striking example of how Russian officials on remote frontiers drag Russian policy at their heels. Chernaieff appears to have known what was in the Tsar’s despatches, so he attacked first, took the city by storm, and then opened his papers. The reply he sent, as given by Ney (quoted by Ross and Skrine), was this: “Your Majesty’s order forbidding me to take Tashkent has reached me only in the city itself, which I have taken and place at your Majesty’s feet.” His career was ruined by this act, but Tashkent was promptly used as a base from which to subjugate Samarkand and Bokhara. It is after Chernaieff that the junction of Chernaievo is named.

Tashkent is probably to-day the largest town in Asiatic Russia, for in 1885 it was nearly as populous as Tiflis, having 120,000 inhabitants, and covering an area of twelve square miles. The first thing that strikes you as you drive from the station is the width of the streets, and the second the mud. The former are often fifty yards wide, and the latter is a foot deep. Through this wades and splashes an extraordinary procession of men and beasts—Tajiks, the chief race, of Persian de-

scent, in turbans and multi-colored *khalats*, or loose-sleeved robes gathered at the waist with a sash, their material depending upon the wealth of the owner; Kirghiz in skins with the fur inside and tight-fitting caps; women in sad-toned garments and draped from crown to sole in thick, absolutely opaque horse-hair veils; Russian soldiers, always in the same thick gray felt overcoats—in fact, all the Eastern humanity seen by Matthew Arnold in the past:

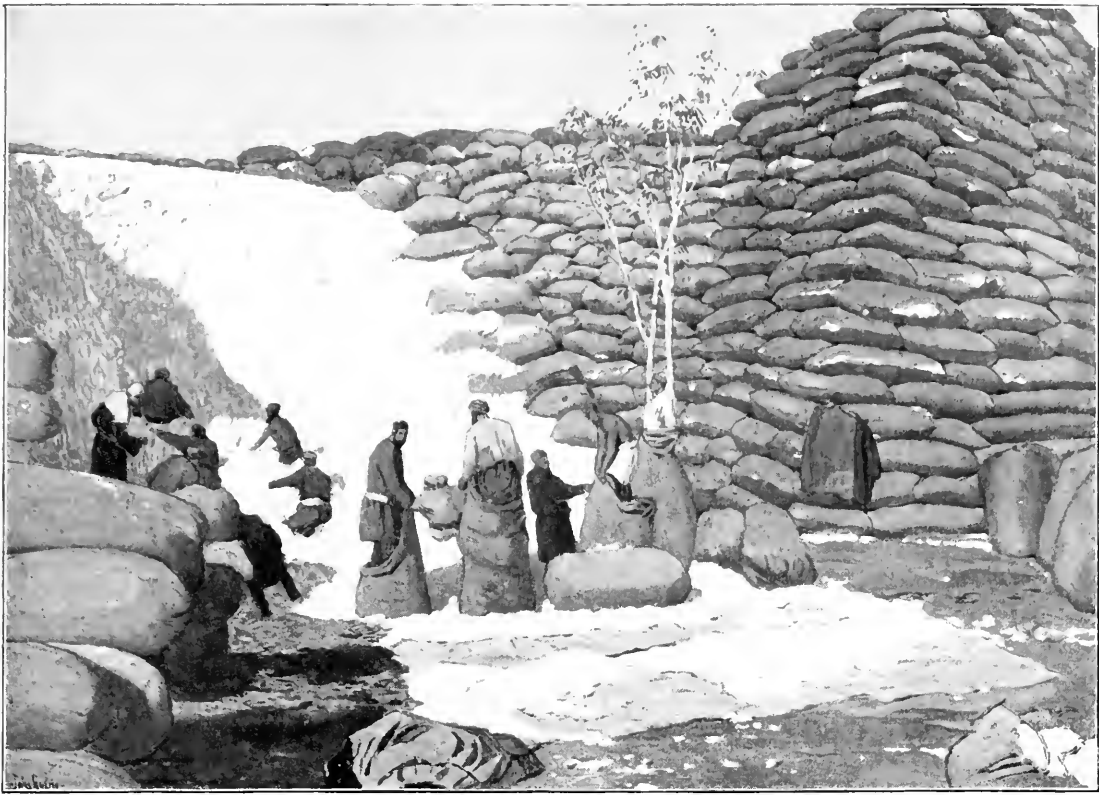
The Tartars of Ferghana, from the banks  
Of the Jaxartes, men with scanty beards  
And close-set skull-caps; and those wilder  
hordes  
Who roam o'er Kipchak and the northern waste,  
Kalmucks and unkempt Kuzzaks, tribes who  
stray  
Nearest the Pole, and wandering Kirghizzes,  
Who come on shaggy ponies from Pamere.

They ride on horses, on donkeys—often two adults on one little beast—on shaggy camels or in the *arba* shown in my photograph [page 135], with enormously high wheels to enable it to ford rivers without wetting its load, the driver seated on the horse in the shafts. The Russian town, which has 5,000 or 6,000 inhabitants, consists of well-built, low houses of brick and stucco, with roofs of sheet iron painted green, and the streets, as everywhere else in these Russian settlements, are planted on each side with shade-trees, mostly silver poplars. In the Russian shops most of the necessities and some of the luxuries of life may be bought, though they do not compare with the shops of far Siberian towns. There is no such thing as a hotel, its place being taken, *longo intervallo*, by what are called *nomera*—"numbers," that is, furnished rooms, to which, if you have nowhere else to eat, you can have a greasy meal brought. These are dirty, cold, and uncomfortable. But there is a magnificent military club, with a theatre and ball-room, where you can find all the papers, play cards or billiards, and fare very well indeed, being waited upon by soldier orderlies. At Tashkent I was formally introduced by a courteous acquaintance, but in the Russian town of Samarkand I knew nobody, as the Governor did not trouble to acknowledge the letter of introduction I left at his residence from his immediate superior, the Governor-Gener-

al of Turkestan. This, by the way, and the action of the Chief of Police of Ashkhabad, were the only two occasions during my whole journey in the Tsar's dominions when I was not treated with the utmost courtesy and consideration, and when every effort was not made to enable me to see everything and learn everything that I desired. I gladly take this opportunity to return my cordial thanks, and to say that nowhere in the world could a visiting foreigner have pursued his way under happier conditions. But this reference to the club at Samarkand reminds me of a story.

As I have said, at Samarkand I knew nobody, and the Club was the only place in the foreign settlement where a decent meal could be had. So, with my interpreter, a young Russian gentleman who accompanied me everywhere, I made bold to call at the Club, ask for the name of any officer who happened to be present, and when a Lieutenant who was playing billiards came out, to explain to him who I was and what was my plight, and to beg that I might be permitted to use the Club during my short stay. Like every Russian, he was the soul of courtesy when courteously approached, and he at once sought another officer on the premises to be my supporter, and our two names were entered as guests on the spot. This is one example of many such acts of friendly politeness. Now for the story—which shows another side of foreign life in Russia. It was during the Boer War, when things were not going very well for us in South Africa, and anti-British feeling ran very high in Russia, and the newspapers served up a daily hash of denunciations, and lies manufactured in Brussels. Things reached such a pass at last that British Consuls, in full uniform, on official occasions, were deliberately insulted in public by Russian officials of high rank. With the timidity that has characterized it during the past five years the British Foreign Office, instead of officially taking up these insults and thus bringing them to an instant stop, ordered all our Consuls to absent themselves on public occasions. This order was the result of an exceedingly gross insult offered to one of our Consuls by a Russian General at an official party given by a Governor-General





Packing Cotton in Andijan.

—an insult which compelled him to rise, seek his wife at another table, proceed to the table where the Grand Duke and the Grand Duchess were sitting at supper, make his bows, and withdraw—the most marked action that a foreigner could possibly take in the presence of Russian royalty. This, however, is not the story, which contains one of the most finished diplomatic replies I have ever heard of. A British Consul-General, with a military title from having served in a famous Highland regiment, was dining in full uniform at an official party on a State occasion about this time. He was seated at a table with a distinguished company, including a prince and princess. While they were talking, a well-known Russian General, covered with decorations, walked across from another table, his glass in his hand, and holding it before the face of the British Consul-General exclaimed, in French, “*Je bois à la santé des braves Boërs !*” It was a moment that would have tested the diplomacy of Lord Dufferin or Mr. Hay. But the Scotsman was equal to it. The insult was deliberate and gross ; moreover, it was official, and the Consul would have been wholly within his rights if he had

treated it as such, left the room, reported it to his Ambassador, and demanded an apology. This, however, in the circumstances, and considering the relations of the two countries, would have been a blunder, and the Foreign Office, while it would have been compelled to take up his case, would have cursed him for a tactless mischief-maker. Still, some reply had to be made on the spot, and a dignified one. The Consul-General rose instantly, with perfect self-control ignored the intended affront, and touching his glass to the general’s responded, “*Aux braves de toutes les nations, mon Général !*” It would be difficult to beat that reply. The man who made it was severely wounded by a Boer shell not long afterward. Pardon the digression : I return to Central Asia.

General Doukhovskoi, the distinguished soldier and able administrator who rules over Turkestan, has a charming, old-fashioned, wide-spreading residency at Tashkent, filled with precious Eastern objects, and I shall long remember gratefully the hospitality I enjoyed there at the hands of Madame Doukhovskoi, one of the most gifted women it has been my fortune to meet. And the large staff of officials works in spacious quarters in buildings





The Approach to the Prison, Bokhara.



The Prison-gate and the Gaoler, Bokhara.

which, as they were erected thirty years ago, show the foresight which provided accommodation for all the development to follow. But the establishment remaining most vividly in my memory is the *Realschule* of Tashkent. This was not only wonderful because it was in the heart of Asia, but also because it would be an admirable school even in London or New York. The enthusiastic head-master, Prince Dolgorouki, conducted me over it, and a better equipped or more capably managed educational institution could

hardly be found. A complete course of instruction is given, and the class-rooms, museums, laboratories, gymnasium, etc., were on the latest German model. There are two hundred and ninety-six scholars, all sons of Russian officials and residents except two, the son of the late Amir of Kokand and the son of a rich native merchant. Among the professors was Mr. Howard, teaching the English classes, and I was invited to satisfy myself of the ability of his scholars. The school costs 40,000 roubles a year, of which the boys contribute forty roubles each and the State the rest. They take only their *déjeuner* at school, and for this they pay seven roubles each per half-year. I saw this meal, and how it is provided for the money I cannot tell. Afterward I visited the Technical School, and here, remembering the admirable Austrian native schools of Bosnia, I was disappointed to find but very few native boys. It appears, however, that they invariably fall behind, and most of them leave after the second year. But any native boy who wishes to learn can attend one of the gratuitous schools in the native quarter where Russian is taught, and elementary instruction given, by some of the most devoted education-

alists I have seen, who live in discomfort and on a pittance, devoted to their work and worshipped by their scholars. Altogether, in fact, Russia is doing more to educate her people, both Russian and native, in Central Asia than she is doing in Europe.

The native quarter of Tashkent contains nothing of interest, unless it be the old citadel which Chernaieff stormed and afterward put in repair for his own defence. It is simply a wide *enceinte* surrounded by high earthen walls, commanding the city by a number of guns. Within its area are the magazines and barracks, but as a military work it is long out of date. No foreigner has ever visited it, so I remarked to the Governor-General that I should like to do so. He was surprised, but upon reflection, seeing no reason why he should refuse, consented, and issued a written order that I should be admitted. The officer in command was the most surprised individual in Central Asia when I arrived with my order. He conducted me into the guard-room within the walls, and then inquired, courteously, what it was that I wished to see; for, said he: "There is nothing whatever remarkable in the citadel."

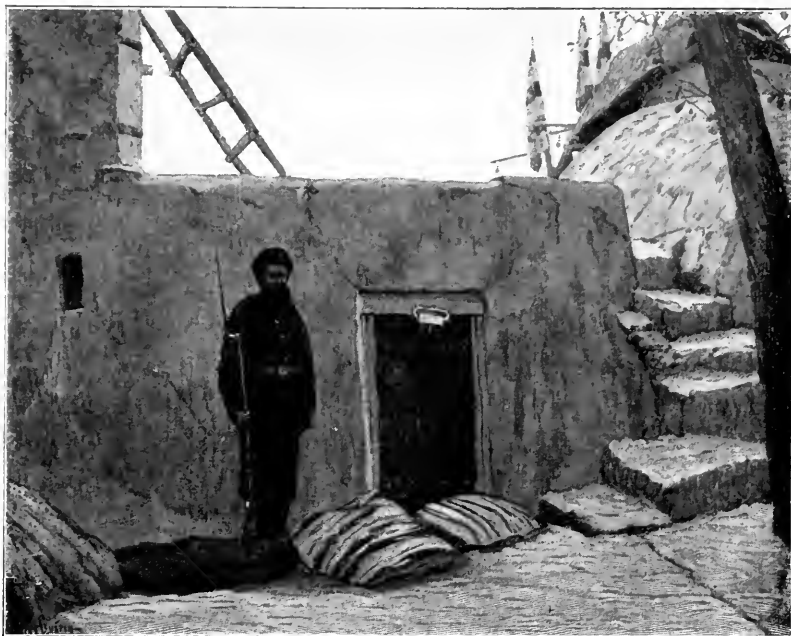
"I beg your pardon," I replied, "but I believe there is a most extraordinary thing here at this moment."

"What may that be?" he asked, in much surprise.

"An Englishman," I said; and he laughed and admitted that it was indeed so. This citadel, however, reminds me of an incident which explains how Chernaieff came to conquer these peoples as he did. After the storming, and even before the dead natives had all been buried, and almost before the firing had ceased, finding himself war-stained and uncomfortable from not having changed his clothes for days, he went, alone and unattended, on the very afternoon of his victory, in spite of the protests of his staff, to the vapor-

baths in the native city. Such extraordinary coolness and indifference made a greater impression than all his Cossacks and cannon. This is indeed how natives are taught who is their master.

After Athens, Rome, and Constantino-ple, I should rank Samarkand as the most



The Horror of Horrors, Bokhara.

interesting city in the world. A whole number of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE would not suffice to describe all its sights, but fortunately my photographs, which I venture to think are of unusual interest, tell the greater part of what one would wish to say. It lies 2,000 feet above the sea, and is a desert of narrow streets and silent, mud-colored houses, surrounded by an earthly paradise of fertile fields, rich vineyards, and blossoming orchards. In its midst is the inevitable bazaar, crowded from morning till night by dense crowds of haggling purchasers and gossippers, through which a ceaseless stream of men and women on horses, donkeys, and camels push their way with the greatest difficulty. One section is devoted to cloth, another to silk, another to leather, another to arms, another to metal-work, and the most interesting of all to manuscripts. Here I was brought all sorts of strange volumes to buy, and although this market had been scoured of late for rare treatises I could not help feeling that only my ig-

norance of their contents prevented me securing some manuscript of great value. But probably my ignorance also preserved me from less pleasant discoveries, for much of the reading matter that delights the East would produce a very different impression upon a western mind. It is the marvellous ruins of Samarkand, however, that give the city its extraordinary interest. Alexander the Great paused here: long afterward China made it into a great capital; then Mohammedanism, destined to conquer from China to Turkey, converted it into the best-loved and most-admired spot of the world. Genghiz Khan destroyed it with fire and sword in 1219, and more than a century later Timur, the lame Tatar—Timur Leng, whence our Tamerlane—anticipated the beauty and the fame of Athens here, and adorned it with "the grandest monuments of Islam," whose ruins to-day, six centuries later, are worth the long journey to the heart of Asia to see. They surround the Rigistan, or market-place, and consist of several *madrasas*, or colleges, Timur's Tomb, his wife's mausoleum, and one wonderful mosque. The *madrasa* called *Shir Dar*, or "the Lion-Bearing," from the Lion and the Sun of Persia enamelled upon it, stands on the eastern side of the great square, and that known as *Tila Kari*, or the Golden, from the gold plating with which it was once covered, on the north. To their splendor, as shown in my illustrations, must be added the effect of color, for their façades are built of colored tiles, among which the unequalled blue of Persia predominates. These façades are flanked with minarets of extreme grace, but curiously out of the perpendicular, while within, the courtyard is surrounded with two stories of class-rooms and students' apartments. Foreigners are not welcomed here, but I managed to make friends with

the professors of one of these colleges, and after a theological discussion of the prohibition in the Koran of making pictures of the faithful, to take this photograph of a group of them [page 143].

Timur himself reposes beneath an exquisite fluted dome, and beside a minaret beautiful in its decay. An aged mollah conducts you to the chamber under the

dome on the ground level, where, within a palisade of pierced alabaster or gypsum, are half a dozen coffin-shaped slabs, covered with carved texts from the Koran, marking the place where the bodies lie in the crypt below. Then he lights a guttering candle and leads the way down narrow stairs to where the mighty conqueror lies below a single stone—one of the world's greatest dead, whose armies ranged victorious over more than even Russia rules to-day.

Not less impressive than his own tomb, and probably more beautiful before it fell into hopeless decay, is the mausoleum of Bibi Khanum, his wife, the daughter of

the Emperor of China. One traveller speaks of it as "le plus beau monument qui ait jamais été élevé à la mémoire d'une femme adorée," and if one did not remember the Taj Mahal at Agra one might accept the enthusiastic verdict. Its colossal and sweeping portal is now but a ruined arch, and its magnificent and towering dome, once gorgeous in red and green and gold, is rent across and must soon fall. But time and neglect have failed to make any impression upon one thing—the enormous lectern in the courtyard, which used, it is said, to hold a Koran of corresponding proportions read by Bibi Khanum herself from an upper window. Finally, and, to my way of thinking, most impressive of all, is the mosque of the Shah Zindah, or "Living Saint," a martyred saint of Islam who is



"Osh and no Mistake"—the End of My Journey.

to arise again in the hour of the triumph of his faith. Through these narrow ways and gates and prayer-chambers one walked in silence, for everywhere worshippers were prostrating themselves in deep devotion, and in the innermost room one peered down into the deep and black tomb where the saint lies until that day, feeling that one was in truth in a place sanctified by the solemn homage of generations of devout men.

In Bokhara the interest is different. It holds no monuments, and its history is of savagery rather than devotion. Moreover, the attitude of the people is wholly unlike that of those in other cities. For Bokhara has not had experience of generations of Russian rule. It is only a protected state, nominally independent, though of course in reality absolutely under Russian dominion. The Russian Resident lives in the little foreign quarter ten miles away; there is no foreign house in the city; the natives regard a foreigner with a contempt and hatred which they take little pains to hide; and though the Amir comes but rarely to his capital, disliking the vicinity of his masters and spending most of his time hunting from a palace fifty miles off, when he does come he reminds his people sharply that he is still Amir, by taking a dozen of them from the prison and having their throats cut in the open bazaar. The Russians have abolished the sale of slaves and the native method of execution by trussing the hapless criminals like fowls and flinging them from the top of the great tower. But otherwise they have left Bokhara as it was, and, above all, they have left untouched the prison of execrable memory. Here it was that the two English officers, Colonel Stoddart and Captain Connolly,

sent on a diplomatic mission from the Indian Government in 1843, were flung into the pit where sheep-ticks, most loathsome of insects, were bred and fed for the purpose of gnawing the flesh from the bones of living men. Only after this torture of inconceivable horror were they taken out and slaughtered. Among the miserable wretches chained to the wall in the black dungeon of the old prison I stood over this pit, now filled in, and so shocking was the sight about me that even that most horrible of all fates took shape in the imagination. For these men, laden with heavy chains from which they had not been free perhaps for years, never knew when the door was opened that it was not the executioner and his knife coming for them. I bought bread and water for them and was rewarded with almost heart-breaking thanks, and as I left—so long does hope last—I saw that an old woman telling fortunes had slipped in behind me and was predicting good luck for a stray copper.

My journey in Central Asia finished at Osh, beyond the farthest point of the railway, for I was anxious to see a district that this civilizing agent had not touched. If I had proceeded, my next station would have been to Kashgar. But I satisfied myself that even here Russian authority meant peace, safety, and civilization. If there is a rebellion, as I think there may be, it will be made by the Bokharans eager to exchange their tyrannical and corrupt government for the justice and mildness and commerce of Russian rule. Therefore my last word must be a tribute to Russia, not alone for the greatness of her conquest of Central Asia, but also for the comparative happiness of the native peoples which is its result.

# THE ANGEL AT THE GRAVE

By Edith Wharton



THE House stood a few yards back from the elm-shaded village street, in that semi-publicity sometimes cited as a democratic protest against old-world standards of domestic exclusiveness. This candid exposure to the public eye is more probably a result of the gregariousness which, in the New England bosom, oddly coexists with a shrinking from direct social contact ; most of the inmates of such houses preferring that furtive intercourse which is the result of observations through shuttered windows and a categorical acquaintance with the neighboring clothes-lines. The House, however, faced its public with a difference. For sixty years it had written itself with a capital letter, had self-consciously squared itself in the eye of an admiring nation. The most searching inroads of village intimacy hardly counted in a household that opened on the universe ; and a lady whose door-bell was at any moment liable to be rung by visitors from London or Vienna was not likely to flutter up-stairs when she observed a neighbor "stepping over."

The solitary inmate of the Anson House owed this induration of the social texture to the most conspicuous accident in her annals : the fact that she was the only grand-daughter of the great Orestes Anson. She had been born, as it were, into a museum, and cradled in a glass case with a label : the first foundations of her consciousness being built on the rock of her grand-father's celebrity. To a little girl who acquires her earliest knowledge of literature through a *Reader* embellished with fragments of her ancestor's prose, that personage necessarily fills an heroic space in the foreground of life. To communicate with one's Past through the impressive medium of print, to have, as it were, a footing in every library in the country, and an acknowledged kinship with that world-diffused clan, the descendants of the great, was to be pledged to a

standard of manners that amazingly simplified the lesser relations of life. The village street on which Paulina Anson's youth looked out led to all the capitals of Europe ; and over the roads of intercommunication unseen caravans bore back to the elm-shaded House the tribute of an admiring world.

Fate seemed to have taken a direct share in fitting Paulina for her part as the custodian of this historic dwelling. It had long been secretly regarded as a "visitation" by the great man's family that he had left no son and that his daughters were not "intellectual." The ladies themselves were the first to lament their deficiency, to own that nature had denied them the gift of making the most of their opportunities. A profound veneration for their parent and an unswerving faith in his doctrines had not amended their congenital incapacity to understand what he had written. Laura, who had her moments of mute rebellion against destiny, had sometimes thought how much easier it would have been if their progenitor had been a poet ; for she could recite with feeling portions of "The Culprit Fay" and of the poems of Mrs. Hemans ; and Phœbe, who was more conspicuous for memory than imagination, kept an album filled with "selections." But the great man was a philosopher ; and to both daughters respiration was difficult on the cloudy heights of metaphysic. The situation would have been intolerable but for the fact that, while Phœbe and Laura were still at school, their father's fame had passed from the open ground of conjecture to the chill privacy of certitude. Dr. Anson had in fact achieved one of those anticipated immortalities not uncommon at a time when people were apt to base their literary judgments on their emotions, and when to affect plain food and despise England went a long way toward establishing a man's intellectual pre-eminence. Thus, when the daughters were called on to strike a filial attitude about their parent's pedestal there was little to do but to pose

gracefully and point upward ; and there are spines to which the immobility of worship is not a strain. A legend had by this crystallized about the great Orestes, and it was of more immediate interest to the public to hear what brand of tea he drank, and whether he took off his boots in the hall, than to rouse the drowsy echo of his dialectic. A great man never draws so near his public as when it has become unnecessary to read his books and is still interesting to know what he eats for breakfast.

As recorders of their parent's domestic habits, as pious scavengers of his waste-paper basket, the Misses Anson were unexcelled. They always had an interesting anecdote to impart to the literary pilgrim, and the tact with which, in later years, they intervened between the public and the growing inaccessibility of its idol, sent away many an enthusiast satisfied to have touched the veil before the sanctuary. Still it was felt, especially by old Mrs. Anson, who survived her husband for some years, that Phœbe and Laura were not worthy of their privileges. There had been a third daughter so unworthy of hers that she had married a distant cousin, who had taken her to live in a new Western community where the *Works of Orestes Anson* had not yet become a part of the civic consciousness ; but of this daughter little was said, and she was tacitly understood to be excluded from the family heritage of fame. In time, however, it appeared that the traditional penny with which she had been cut off had been invested to unexpected advantage ; and the interest on it, when she died, returned to the Anson House in the shape of a granddaughter who was at once felt to be what Mrs. Anson called a "compensation." It was Mrs. Anson's firm belief that the remotest operations of nature were governed by the centripetal force of her husband's greatness ; and that Paulina's exceptional intelligence could be explained only on the ground that she was designed to act as the guardian of the family temple.

The House, by the time Paulina came to live in it, had already acquired the publicity of a place of worship ; not the perfumed chapel of a romantic idolatry, but the cold clean empty meeting-house of ethical enthusiasms. The ladies lived on

its outskirts, as it were, in cells that left the central fane undisturbed. The very position of the furniture had come to have a ritual significance ; the sparse ornaments were the offerings of kindred intellects, the steel engravings by Raphael Morghen marked the Via Sacra of a European tour, and the black-walnut desk with its bronze inkstand modelled on the Pantheon was the altar of this bleak temple of thought.

To a child compact of enthusiasms, and accustomed to pasture them on the scanty herbage of a new social soil, the atmosphere of the old house was full of floating nourishment. In the compressed perspective of Paulina's outlook it stood for a monument of ruined civilizations, and its white portico opened on legendary distances. Its very aspect was impressive to eyes that had first surveyed life from the jig-saw "residence" of a raw-edged Western town. The high-ceilinged rooms, with their panelled walls, their polished mahogany, their portraits of triple-stocked ancestors and of ringleted "females" in crayon, furnished the child with the historic scenery against which a young imagination constructs its vision of the past. To other eyes the cold spotless thinly furnished interior might have suggested the shuttered mind of a maiden-lady who associates fresh air and sunlight with dust and discoloration ; but it is the eye which supplies the coloring-matter, and Paulina's brimmed with the richest hues.

Nevertheless, the House did not immediately dominate her. She had her confused out-reachings toward other centres of sensation, her vague intuition of a heliocentric system ; but the attraction of habit, the steady pressure of example, gradually fixed her roving allegiance and she bent her neck to the yoke. Vanity had a share in her subjugation ; for it had early been discovered that she was the only person in the family who could read her grandfather's works. The fact that she had perused them with delight at an age when (even presupposing a metaphysical bias) it was impossible for her to understand them, seemed to her aunts and grandmother sure evidence of predestination. Paulina was to be the interpreter of the oracle, and the philosophic fumes so vertiginous to meaner minds would throw her into the needed condition of clairvoyance. Noth-



ing could have been more genuine than the emotion on which this theory was based. Paulina, in fact, delighted in her grandfather's writings. His sonorous periods, his mystic vocabulary, his bold flights into the rarefied air of the abstract, were thrilling to a fancy unhampered by the need of definitions. This purely verbal pleasure was supplemented later by the excitement of gathering up crumbs of meaning from the rhetorical board. What could have been more stimulating than to construct the theory of a girlish world out of the fragments of this Titanic cosmogony? Before Paulina's opinions had reached the stage when ossification sets in, their form was fatally predetermined.

The fact that Dr. Anson had died and that his apotheosis had taken place before his young priestess's induction to the temple, made her ministrations easier and more inspiring. There were no little personal traits—such as the great man's manner of helping himself to salt, or the guttural cluck that started the wheels of speech—to distract the eye of young veneration from the central fact of his divinity. A man whom one knows only through a crayon portrait and a dozen yellowing tomes on free-will and intuition is at least secure from the belittling effects of intimacy.

Paulina thus grew up in a world readjusted to the fact of her grandfather's greatness; and as each organism draws from its surroundings the kind of nourishment most needful to its growth, so from this somewhat colorless conception she absorbed warmth, brightness, and variety. Paulina was the type of woman who transmutates thought into sensation and nurses a theory in her bosom like a child.

In due course Mrs. Anson "passed away"—no one died in the Anson vocabulary—and Paulina became more than ever the foremost figure of the commemorative group. Laura and Phœbe, content to leave their father's glory in more competent hands, placidly lapsed into needlework and fiction, and their niece stepped into immediate prominence as the chief "authority" on the great man. Historians who were "getting up" the period wrote to consult her and to borrow documents; ladies with inexplicable yearnings begged for an interpretation of phrases which had "influenced" them, but which

they had not quite understood; critics applied to her to verify some doubtful citation or to decide some disputed point in chronology; and the great tide of thought and investigation kept up a continuous murmur on the quiet shores of her life.

An explorer of another kind disembarked there one day in the shape of a young man to whom Paulina was primarily a kissable girl, with an after-thought in the shape of a grandfather. From the outset it had been impossible to fix Hewlett Winsloe's attention on Dr. Anson. The young man behaved with the innocent profanity of infants sporting on a tomb. His excuse was that he came from New York, a Cimmerian outskirt which survived in Paulina's geography only because Dr. Anson had gone there once or twice to lecture. The curious thing was that she should have thought it worth while to find excuses for young Winsloe. The fact that she did so had not escaped the attention of the village; but people, after a gasp of awe, said it was the most natural thing in the world that a girl like Paulina Anson should think of marrying. It would certainly seem a little odd to see a man in the House, but young Winsloe would of course understand that the Doctor's books were not to be disturbed, and that he must go down to the orchard to smoke. The village had barely framed this *modus vivendi* when it was convulsed by the announcement that young Winsloe declined to live in the House on any terms. Hang going down to the orchard to smoke! He meant to take his wife to New York. The village drew its breath and watched.

Did Persephone, snatched from the warm fields of Enna, peer half-consentingly down the chasm that opened at her feet? Paulina, it must be owned, hung a moment over the black gulf of temptation. She would have found it easy to cope with a deliberate disregard of her grandfather's rights; but young Winsloe's unconsciousness of that shadowy claim was as much a natural function as the falling of leaves on a grave. His love was an embodiment of the perpetual renewal which to some tender spirits seems a crueller process than decay.

On women of Paulina's mould this piety toward implicit demands, toward the ghosts of dead duties walking unappeased

among usurping passions, has a stronger hold than any tangible bond. People said that she gave up young Winsloe because her aunts disapproved of her leaving them; but such disapproval as reached her was an emanation from the walls of the House, from the bare desk, the faded portraits, the dozen yellowing tomes that no hand but hers ever lifted from the shelf.

## II

AFTER that the House possessed her. As if conscious of its victory it imposed a conqueror's claims. It had once been suggested that she should write a life of her grandfather, and the task from which she had shrunk as from a too-oppressive privilege now shaped itself into a justification of her course. In a burst of filial pantheism she tried to lose herself in the vast ancestral consciousness. Her one refuge from scepticism was a blind faith in the magnitude and the endurance of the idea to which she had sacrificed her life, and with a passionate instinct of self-preservation she labored to fortify her position.

The preparations for the *Life* led her through byways that the most scrupulous of the previous biographers had left unexplored. She accumulated her material with a blind animal patience, unconscious of fortuitous risks. The years stretched before her like some vast blank page spread out to receive the record of her toil; and she had a mystic conviction that she would not die till her work was accomplished.

The aunts, sustained by no such high purpose, withdrew in turn to their respective divisions of the Anson "plot," and Paulina remained alone with her task. She was forty when the book was completed. She had travelled little in her life, and it had become more and more difficult to her to leave the House even for a day; but the dread of entrusting her document to a strange hand made her decide to carry it herself to the publisher. On the way to Boston she had a sudden vision of the loneliness to which this last parting condemned her. All her youth, all her dreams, all her renunciations lay in that neat bundle on her knee. It was not so

much her grandfather's life as her own that she had written; and the knowledge that it would come back to her in all the glorification of print was of no more help than, to a mother's grief, the assurance that the lad she must part with will return with epaulets.

She had naturally addressed herself to the firm which had published her grandfather's works. Its founder, a personal friend of the philosopher's, had survived the Olympian group of which he had been a subordinate member long enough to bestow his octogenarian approval on Paulina's pious undertaking. But he had died soon afterward; and Miss Anson found herself confronted by his grandson, a person with a brisk commercial view of his trade, who was said to have put "new blood" into the firm.

This gentleman listened attentively, fingering her manuscript as though literature were a tactile substance; then, with a confidential twist of his revolving chair, he emitted the verdict: "We ought to have had this ten years sooner."

Miss Anson took the words as an allusion to the repressed avidity of her readers. "It has been a long time for the public to wait," she solemnly assented.

The publisher smiled. "They haven't waited," he said.

She looked at him strangely. "Haven't waited?"

"No — they've gone off; taken another train. Literature's like a big railway station now, you know: there's a train starting every minute. People are not going to hang round the waiting-room. If they can't get to a place when they want to they go somewhere else."

The application of this parable cost Miss Anson several minutes of throbbing silence. At length she said: "Then I am to understand that the public is no longer interested in—in my grandfather?" She felt as though heaven must blast the lips that risked such a conjecture.

"Well, it's this way. He's a name still, of course. People don't exactly want to be caught not knowing who he is; but they don't want to spend two dollars finding out, when they can look him up for nothing in any biographical dictionary."

Miss Anson's world reeled. She felt

herself adrift among mysterious forces, and no more thought of prolonging the discussion than of opposing an earthquake with argument. She went home carrying the manuscript like a wounded thing. On the return journey she found herself travelling straight toward a fact that had lurked for months in the background of her life, and that now seemed to await her on the very threshold: the fact that fewer visitors came to the House. She owed to herself that for the last four or five years the number had steadily diminished. Engrossed in her work, she had noted the change only to feel thankful that she had fewer interruptions. There had been a time when, at the travelling season, the bell rang continuously, and the ladies of the House lived in a chronic state of "best silks" and expectation. It would have been impossible then to carry on any consecutive work; and she now saw that the silence which had gathered round her task had been the hush of death.

Not of *his* death! The very walls cried out against the implication. It was the world's enthusiasm, the world's faith, the world's loyalty that had died. A corrupt generation that had turned aside to worship the brazen serpent. Her heart yearned with a prophetic passion over the lost sheep straying in the wilderness. But all great glories had their interlunar periods; and in due time her grandfather would once more flash full-orbed upon a darkling world.

The few friends to whom she confided her adventure reminded her with tender indignation that there were other publishers less subject to the fluctuations of the market; but much as she had braved for her grandfather, she could not again brave that particular probation. She found herself, in fact, incapable of any immediate effort. She had lost her way in a labyrinth of conjecture where her worst dread was that she might put her hand upon the clew.

She locked up the manuscript and sat down to wait. If a pilgrim had come just then the priestess would have fallen on his neck; but she continued to celebrate her rites alone. It was a double solitude; for she had always thought a great deal more of the people who came to see the House than of the people who came

to see her. She fancied that the neighbors kept a keen eye on the path to the house; and there were days when the figure of a stranger strolling past the gate seemed to focus upon her the scorching sympathies of the village. For a time she thought of travelling; of going to Europe, or even to Boston; but to leave the House now would have seemed like deserting her post. Gradually her scattered energies centred themselves in the fierce resolve to understand what had happened. She was not the woman to live long in an unmapped country or to accept as final her private interpretation of phenomena. Like a traveller in unfamiliar regions, she began to store for future guidance the minutest natural signs. Unflinchingly she noted the accumulating symptoms of indifference that marked her grandfather's descent toward posterity. She passed from the heights on which he had been grouped with the sages of his day to the lower level where he had come to be "the friend of Emerson," "the correspondent of Hawthorne," or (later still) "the Dr. Anson" mentioned in their letters. The change had taken place as slowly and imperceptibly as a natural process. She could not say that any ruthless hand had stripped the leaves from the tree: it was simply that, among the evergreen glories of his group, her grandfather's had proved deciduous.

She had still to ask herself why. If the decay had been a natural process, was it not the very pledge of renewal? It was easier to find such arguments than to be convinced by them. Again and again she tried to drug her solicitude with analogies; but at last she saw that such expedients were but the expression of a growing incredulity. The best way of proving her faith in her grandfather was not to be afraid of his critics. She had no notion where these shadowy antagonists lurked; for she had never heard of the great man's doctrine being directly combated. Oblique assaults there must have been, however, Parthian shots at the giant that none dared face; and she thirsted to close with such assailants. The difficulty was to find them. She began by re-reading the *Works*; thence she passed to the writers of the same school, those whose rhetoric bloomed perennial in *First Read-*

ers from which her grandfather's prose had long since faded. Amid that clamor of far-off enthusiasms she detected no controversial note. The little knot of Olympians held their views in common with an early-Christian promiscuity. They were continually proclaiming their admiration for each other, the public joining as chorus in this guileless antiphon of praise; and she discovered no traitor in their midst.

What then had happened? Was it simply that the main current of thought had set another way? Then why did the others survive? Why were they still marked down as tributaries to the philosophic stream? This question carried her still farther afield, and she pressed on with the passion of a champion whose reluctance to know the worst might be construed into a doubt of his cause. At length—slowly but inevitably—an explanation shaped itself. Death had overtaken the doctrines about which her grandfather had draped his cloudy rhetoric. They had disintegrated and been reabsorbed, adding their little pile to the dust drifted about the mute lips of the Sphinx. The great man's contemporaries had survived not by reason of what they taught, but of what they were; and he, who had been the mere mask through which they mouthed their lesson, the instrument on which their tune was played, lay buried deep among the obsolete tools of thought.

The discovery came to Paulina suddenly. She looked up one evening from her reading, and it stood before her like a ghost. It had entered her life with stealthy steps, creeping close before she was aware of it. She sat in the library, among the carefully tended books and portraits; and it seemed to her that she had been walled alive into a tomb hung with the effigies of dead ideas. She felt a desperate longing to escape into the outer air, where people toiled and loved, and living sympathies went hand in hand. It was the sense of wasted labor that oppressed her; of two lives consumed in that ruthless process that uses generations of effort to build a single cell. There was a dreary parallel between her grandfather's fruitless toil and her own unprofitable sacrifice. Each in turn had kept vigil by a corpse.

### III

THE bell rang—she remembered it afterward—with a loud thrilling note. It was what they used to call the "visitor's ring"; not the tentative tinkle of a neighbor dropping in to borrow a sauce-pan or discuss parochial incidents, but a decisive summons from the outer world.

Miss Anson put down her knitting and listened. She sat upstairs now, making her rheumatism an excuse for avoiding the rooms below. Her interests had insensibly adjusted themselves to the perspective of her neighbors' lives, and she wondered—as the bell re-echoed—if it could mean that Mrs. Heminway's baby had come. Conjecture had time to ripen into certainty, and she was limping toward the closet where her cloak and bonnet hung, when her little maid fluttered in with the announcement: "A gentleman to see the house."

"The *House*?"

"Yes, m'm. I don't know what he means," faltered the messenger, whose memory did not embrace the period when such announcements were a daily part of the domestic routine.

Miss Anson glanced at the proffered card. The name it bore—Mr. George Corby—was unknown to her, but the blood rose to her languid cheek. "Hand me my Mechlin cap, Katy," she said, trembling a little, as she laid aside her walking-stick. She put the cap on before the mirror, with rapid unsteady touches. "Did you draw up the library blinds?" she breathlessly asked.

She had gradually built up a wall of commonplace between herself and her illusions, but at the first summons of the past filial passion swept away the frail barriers of expediency.

She walked downstairs so hurriedly that her stick clicked like a girlish heel; but in the hall she paused, wondering nervously if Katy had put a match to the fire. The autumn air was cold and she had the reproachful vision of a visitor with elderly ailments shivering by her inhospitable hearth. She thought instinctively of the stranger as a survivor of the days when such a visit was a part of the young enthusiast's itinerary.

The fire was unlit and the room forbiddingly cold; but the figure which, as Miss Anson entered, turned from a lingering scrutiny of the book-shelves, was that of a fresh-eyed sanguine youth clearly independent of any artificial caloric. She stood still a moment, feeling herself the victim of some anterior impression that made this robust presence an insubstantial thing; but the young man advanced with an air of genial assurance which rendered him at once more real and more reminiscent.

"Why this, you know," he exclaimed, "is simply immense!"

The words, which did not immediately present themselves as slang to Miss Anson's unaccustomed ear, echoed with an odd familiarity through the academic silence.

"The room, you know, I mean," he explained with a comprehensive gesture. "These jolly portraits, and the books—that's the old gentleman himself over the mantelpiece, I suppose?—and the elms outside, and—and the whole business. I do like a congruous background—don't you?"

His hostess was silent. No one but Hewlett Winsloe had ever spoken of her grandfather as "the old gentleman."

"It's a hundred times better than I could have hoped," her visitor continued, with a cheerful disregard of her silence. "The seclusion, the remoteness, the philosophic atmosphere—there's so little of that kind of flavor left! I should have simply hated to find that he lived over a grocery, you know. I had the deuce of a time finding out where he *did* live," he began again, after another glance of parenthetical enjoyment. "But finally I got on the trail through some old book on Brook Farm. I was bound I'd get the environment right before I did my article."

Miss Anson, by this time, had recovered sufficient self-possession to seat herself and assign a chair to her visitor.

"Do I understand," she asked slowly, following his rapid eye about the room, "that you intend to write an article about my grandfather?"

"That's what I'm here for," Mr. Corby genially responded; "that is, if you're willing to help me; for I can't get on without your help," he added with a confident smile.

There was another pause, during which Miss Anson noticed a fleck of dust on the faded leather of the writing-table and a fresh spot of discoloration in the right-hand upper corner of Raphael Morghen's "Parnassus."

"Then you believe in him?" she said, looking up. She could not tell what had prompted her; the words rushed out irresistibly.

"Believe in him?" Corby cried, springing to his feet. "Believe in Orestes Anson? Why, I believe he's simply the greatest—the most stupendous—the most phenomenal figure we've got!"

The color rose to Miss Anson's brow. Her heart was beating passionately. She kept her eyes fixed on the young man's face, as though it might vanish if she looked away.

"You—you mean to say this in your article?" she asked.

"Say it? Why, the facts will say it," he exulted. "The baldest kind of a statement would make it clear. When a man is as big as that he doesn't need a pedestal!"

Miss Anson sighed. "People used to say that when I was young," she murmured. "But now——"

Her visitor stared. "When you were young? But how did they know—when the thing hung fire as it did? When the whole edition was thrown back on his hands?"

"The whole edition—what edition?" It was Miss Anson's turn to stare.

"Why, of his pamphlet—the pamphlet—the one thing that counts, that survives, that makes him what he is! For heaven's sake," he tragically adjured her, "don't tell me there isn't a copy of it left!"

Miss Anson was trembling slightly. "I don't think I understand what you mean," she faltered, less bewildered by his vehemence than by the strange sense of coming on an unexplored region in the very heart of her dominions.

"Why, his account of the *amphioxus*, of course! You can't mean that his family didn't know about it—that *you* don't know about it? I came across it by the merest accident myself, in a letter of vindication that he wrote in 1830 to an old scientific paper; but I understood there were journals—early journals; there must be refer-

ences to it somewhere in the 'twenties. He must have been at least ten or twelve years ahead of Yarrell; and he saw the whole significance of it, too—he saw where it led to. As I understand it, he actually anticipated in his pamphlet Saint Hilaire's theory of the universal type, and supported the hypothesis by describing the notochord of the amphioxus as a cartilaginous vertebral column. The specialists of the day jeered at him, of course, as the specialists in Goethe's time jeered at the plant-metamorphosis. As far as I can make out, the anatomists and zoologists were down on Dr. Anson to a man; that was why his cowardly publishers went back on their bargain. But the pamphlet must be here somewhere—he writes as though, in his first disappointment, he had destroyed the whole edition; but surely there must be at least one copy left?"

His scientific jargon was as bewildering as his slang; and there were even moments in his discourse where Miss Anson ceased to distinguish between them; but the suspense with which he continued to gaze on her acted as a challenge to her scattered thoughts.

"The *amphioxus*," she murmured, half-rising. "It's an animal, isn't it—a fish? Yes, I think I remember." She sank back with the inward look of one who retraces some lost line of association.

Gradually the distance cleared, the details started into life. In her researches for the biography she had patiently followed every ramification of her subject, and one of these overgrown paths now led her back to the episode in question. The great Orestes's title of "Doctor" had in fact not been merely the spontaneous tribute of a national admiration; he had actually studied medicine in his youth, and his diaries, as his granddaughter now recalled, showed that he had passed through a brief phase of anatomical ardor before his attention was diverted to super-sensual problems. It had indeed seemed to Paulina, as she scanned those early pages, that they revealed a spontaneity, a freshness of feeling somehow absent from his later lucubrations—as though this one emotion had reached him directly, the others through some intervening medium. In the excess of her commemorative zeal, she had even struggled through the un-

intelligible pamphlet to which a few lines in the journal had bitterly directed her. But the subject and the phraseology were alien to her, and unconnected with her conception of the great man's genius; and after a hurried perusal she had averted her thoughts from the episode as from a revelation of failure. At length she rose a little unsteadily, supporting herself against the writing-table. She looked hesitatingly about the room; then she drew a key from her old-fashioned reticule and unlocked a drawer beneath one of the book-cases. Young Corby watched her breathlessly. With a tremulous hand she turned over the dusty documents that seemed to fill the drawer. "Is this it?" she said, holding out a thin discolored volume.

He seized it with a gasp. "Oh, by George," he said, dropping into the nearest chair.

She stood observing him strangely as his eye devoured the mouldy pages.

"Is this the only copy left?" he asked at length, looking up for a moment as a thirsty man lifts his head from his glass.

"I think it must be. I found it long ago, among some old papers that my aunts were burning up after my grandmother's death. They said it was of no use—that he'd always meant to destroy the whole edition and that I ought to respect his wishes. But it was something *he* had written; to burn it was like shutting the door against his voice—against something he had once wished to say, and that nobody had listened to. I wanted him to feel that I was always here, ready to listen, even when others hadn't thought it worth while; and so I kept the pamphlet, meaning to carry out his wish and destroy it before my death."

Her visitor gave a groan of retrospective anguish. "And but for me—but for today—you would have?"

"I should have thought it my duty."

"Oh, by George—by George," he repeated, subdued afresh by the inadequacy of speech.

She continued to watch him in silence. At length he jumped up and impulsively caught her by both hands.

"He's bigger and bigger!" he almost shouted. "He simply leads the field! You'll help me go to the bottom of this,



won't you ? We must turn out all the papers—letters, journals, memoranda. He must have made notes. He must have left some record of what led up to this. We must leave nothing unexplored. By Jove," he cried, looking up at her with his bright convincing smile, "do you know you're the granddaughter of a Great Man ?"

Her color flickered like a girl's. "Are you—sure of him ?" she whispered, as though putting him on his guard against a possible betrayal of trust.

"Sure ! Sure ! My dear lady—" he measured her again with his quick confident glance. "Don't *you* believe in him ?"

She drew back with a confused murmur. "I—used to." She had left her hands in his : their pressure seemed to send a warm current to her heart. "It ruined my life !" she cried with sudden passion. He looked at her perplexedly.

"I gave up everything," she went on wildly, "to keep *him* alive. I sacrificed myself—others—I nursed his glory in my bosom, and it died—and left me—left me here alone." She paused and gathered her courage with a gasp. "Don't make the same mistake !" she warned him.

He shook his head, still smiling. "No danger of that ! You're not alone, my dear lady. He's here with you—he's come back to you to-day. Don't you see what's happened ? Don't you see that it's your

love that has kept him alive ? If you'd abandoned your post for an instant—let things pass into other hands—if your wonderful tenderness hadn't perpetually kept guard—this might have been—must have been—irretrievably lost." He laid his hand on the pamphlet. "And then—then he *would* have been dead !"

"Oh," she said, "don't tell me too suddenly !" And she turned away and sank into a chair.

The young man stood watching her in an awed silence. For a long time she sat motionless, with her face hidden, and he thought she must be weeping.

At length he said, almost shyly : "You'll let me come back, then ? You'll help me work this thing out ?"

She rose calmly and held out her hand. "I'll help you," she declared.

"I'll come to-morrow, then. Can we get to work early ?"

"As early as you please."

"At eight o'clock, then," he said briskly. "You'll have the papers ready ?"

"I'll have everything ready." She added with a half-playful hesitancy : "And the fire shall be lit for you."

He went out with his bright nod. She walked to the window and watched his buoyant figure hastening down the elm-shaded street. When she turned back into the empty room she looked as though youth had touched her on the lips.

## THE REWARD

By Marie van Vorst

I HEARD the little cricket cry  
Last night in the dull rain as I  
Put on my dark, my sombre dress.  
(I had no ear for happiness !)

And as I braided up my hair  
I saw the white threads silvered there,  
And on my face the mark of tears,  
My only kisses through the years.

Sudden that little voice I heard,  
Finer than call of cheerful bird,  
A human, tender, crying sound  
In the low grasses near the ground.

Just as I said—"I will take Cheer  
For Happiness"—your footsteps, Dear,  
Fell on the garden-walk, and when  
I put my candle out again—

Late in the night, . . . I heard it plain,  
The cricket, singing in the rain.

# THE STAGE REMINISCENCES OF MRS. GILBERT

Edited by Charlotte M. Martin



THOSE who have been so fortunate as to know Mrs. Anne Hartley Gilbert well, must have been placed often in the position so familiar to the editor of these pages, of listening to a delightful flow of reminiscence, anecdote, and "good talk." That so much of interest should live only in the memories of her friends has been a real sorrow to many of them, and they have often urged the writing of some sort of autobiography. "But why?" she would answer. "I've been so long before the public, that everybody knows all about me. Besides, I am not at all interesting, just by myself. I have always said that actresses and actors, who are good for anything, give the very best of themselves to their audiences when on the stage. The private life doesn't count." Finally came the almost tearful surrender: "I have never done it for anybody, but I will do it for you. I will tell you all I can remember, if you will put it into shape for me." That work has been a labor of love, the only regret being that no pen could express the quick turns of the head, the bright eyes and flushed cheeks, the merry little laugh, that have emphasized and punctuated every good story that has come up during our hours together.

CHARLOTTE M. MARTIN.

## I

I WAS born in England, in Rochdale, Lancashire, not far from Manchester. But I couldn't help that, you know. All my professional career, all that I am, really, every inch of me, is American. Why, even my English nephew, when he came to call on me in London, used to stop on the stairs and turn down his trousers. He knew I wouldn't stand such nonsense!

I have a copy of a Rochdale paper, printed when I went back to see the old place in September, 1899, telling me things about my family that I had not known, myself, before. It is odd, though, how distinct some things of those early days are in my mind. I can see the church—chapel they would call it, for my people were strict Wesleyans—where they used to take me, three times every Sunday, into the big old pew. There I sat with my grandfather and aunts, though I had much rather have been with the children of the Sunday-school. They were very good to me, my aunts, but severe. Once in church, they asked me what I was thinking of, and when I answered, quite honestly: "About

my dinner," for I was very hungry, they were immensely shocked. And when we got home from church, I was put to bed without any dinner, to teach me to think of more serious things. I couldn't have been much over five. I am afraid it only taught me to make more clever and less truthful answers.

My grandfather, James Hartley, was a well-to-do man, a printer and the founder of a house still doing business in Rochdale. My father, Samuel Hartley, was his second son, and grew up in the printing business, married, and had us three children. I was thinking the other day, it's funny that, with all the people who have questioned me about myself and with all the folks who have interviewed me, no one has ever asked me about my mother's family. And I owe as much to that strain in my blood as to anything, for on that side I come from the old yeoman stock of England. My mother was a Colborn, and her people were farmers up in the Melton Mowbray district. My uncle Robert, I remember, farmed his own land and leased land as well, owned his hunter and rode to hounds with the rest in that famous hunting country. They were a plain-liv-

ing, hard-riding, open-air race, and their descendants still have the benefit of it all.

The site of the house where I was born is now covered by the Town Hall of Rochdale ; it was then known as "The Wood Estate." There were differences between my father and his father. It may have been on religious grounds. I was too little to know. Anyway, my father went up to London to seek his fortune, taking my mother and brother, and leaving my sister and me with our grandparents. My sister, who was a little older than I, was sent for by our parents before very long, but it was some time before I went to London. Once I thought I was going, but found I wasn't. I had been naughty—it happened sometimes, for I was both independent and stubborn—and my youngest aunt said she would have to pack me off to my mother. I was practical and serious-minded, and believed that she meant it, so I went off and began to gather up my belongings. I can see myself, now, coming down with my arms full of little petticoats and night-gowns ready to pack, and it always seems to me a pathetic picture.

Some fifteen years ago, when Mr. Daly's company first played in London, we were all out at Sir Henry Irving's—he was plain Henry Irving then—in Hampstead, and Mr. Toole asked me how I came to be so perfectly natural and easy on the stage. I forget what I answered, but in the course of conversation I said, some moments later : "You know I was trained as a dancer." "That explains it," cried Mr. Irving. "Explains what?" somebody asked. "Everything. The ease and naturalness and all." I had never thought the dancing responsible for so much, but I do attribute to that early training my splendid health and spirits, and my long life. You know the famous dancers, Taglioni and the rest, lived to be eighty and over. I was taught in the Ballet School of Her Majesty's in the Haymarket, the old Her Majesty's Theatre that was pulled down only a few years ago to make room for Mr. Tree's present theatre, and the new Carleton Hotel. We were taught in return for such services as we could give, "going on" in the crowd from our very beginning. There was plenty of use for children on the stage in those days of real ballets. I think I

was about twelve when I began. There was some opposition at home, but my mother finally consented, on condition that I neglected none of my home duties. We were carefully brought up, and from the first each had some household work to perform. But it was the training at the theatre that I loved.

It was a very serious profession, dancing. Beginners were often kept a whole year "at the bar" alone. But that needs explanation. Our work-room was a big hall, its floor sloped like a stage, and at the sides were bars. To these we clung with one hand while we practised our side steps. Some members of the class were always at work in this way. Then, from time to time, the professors and great teachers, like Paul Taglioni, came in, and we children would go into the centre of the room and do our steps, sometimes singly, sometimes in groups. This exercise over, there was no sitting down to rest ; we were expected to go back to our practising. This practising began with our waking ; we were taught to cling to our bed-posts the first thing after getting out of bed, and practice side steps, while all our limbs were soft and warm with sleep. So it went on all day, and we were never in first-rate condition, and ready to do our best as dancers, until we were dead tired ! Every motion, every step had its name. It was like a drill, done to slow music ; the master would call out certain things, and we did them. Everything was so exact that there was no chance of a mistake. Our costume was simple ;—long, rather clinging skirts that came down half-way between knee and ankle, and a fluff of under-skirts. The outstanding gauze skirt of the modern *première* was unknown, and we would not have stood, for a moment, the various forms of undress of to-day. The dancing costume of my day was more discreet than the present ball-dress. Ours was a regular profession, don't you see, and we knew that if a costume seemed unsuitable to us and we refused to wear it, there was no one else to be found who would. I remember in the grand ballet of "The Corsair," the gauze of the Turkish costume offended us, and the manager had to substitute silk.

I danced as child and young woman at Her Majesty's and Drury Lane ; they



Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert and their son George.

Taken in 1852. From the collection of Mrs. Gilbert.

were both royal theatres then, and the pupils of the Ballet School went from one to the other as they were needed. People took their pleasures seriously then in London. The opera would begin at eight, and after that was finished came the grand ballet, often a long play in itself. It was done wholly in pantomime, and the leading dancers had to be masters of that art. There is no one now like that except Madame Cavalazzi at the Empire Music Hall in London. She has the old power, and can express anything with her fingers, face, and toes.

I never did anything to make myself famous in London in the dancing way, but just worked hard, and moved steadily up through the ranks of the ballet to the "second four," and the "first four," the regular stages toward being a first or solo dancer. But I never got so high until after my marriage to Mr. G. H. Gilbert, when I was twenty-five. Then my husband and I did most of our work, and made our little fortune, in the provinces.

Mr. Gilbert's uncle was a famous mas-

ter of the ballet in London, and he himself was both a capital dancer and a good manager of dancers and dances. We toured through England and Ireland. It was what we used to call "barn-storming;" we call it so now, but the thing itself is changed a good deal. Those were the days of a real pit and gallery; the days of the old story of the fight in the gallery when the audience begged the victor not to "waste" his conquered opponent, but to "kill a fiddler with him." They were rough, uproarious days, and perhaps there was more open fighting and drinking than was good to see, but there was real wit, too. I remember once in Dublin we were just going to open our show—we were something like the famous Ravel Brothers, only our work would be serious comedy while theirs was farce—and we went in to see the performance of "Faust," as actors always will go to the play, when not working themselves. Something went wrong with the trap that should have let *Mephistopheles* down to the under-world. He went half-way down, and then stuck;

they hitched him up a bit, and he went down better, but stuck again. They tried two or three times, and then had to lower the curtain with him sticking head and shoulders above the trap. A voice in the gallery shouted out: "Hurrah, boys, hell's full," and the house roared.

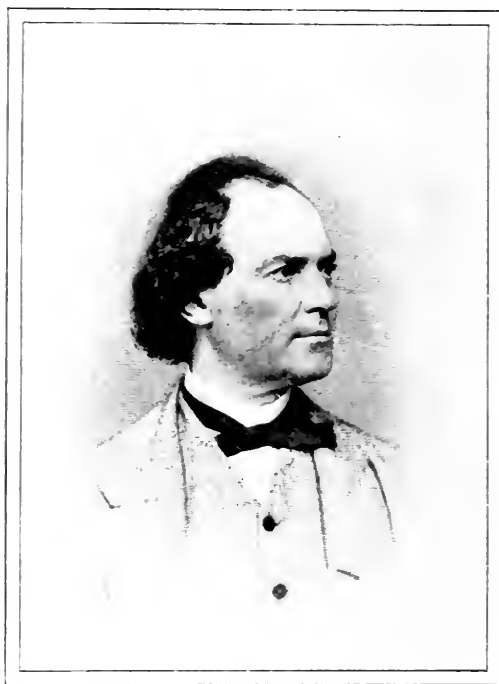
We made a good living and laid by money, and finally began to talk of emigrating, and taking up a farm, and becoming private people.

It was a question of either Australia or America, and we decided finally to come to America in 1849. I have always called myself a "forty-niner." It's strange, but only two years ago, in 1899, I said to Mr. Daly: "I wonder if you know how much this year means to me?" He didn't understand, and said so. "Why, in '49 I came to this country, and in '69 I joined your company." I did not dream then that his death was going to make '99 another turning-point in my life.

We chose America, my husband and I, because of some friends of Mr. Gilbert who had "gone out" a year or so before, and taken up land well beyond Milwaukee. They wrote glowing accounts of their settlement, and we took our tiny fortune and went out to join them. Mr. Gilbert liked these people, believed in them, would have given them his last penny. Well, in the end, they got it. And we had to go to work again—but that comes later in my story. In 1849 the world had not yet got over the shock of the loss of the President, the steamer that went down in '41, carrying with it Mr. Tyrone Power, the comedian who was such a favorite throughout America. I had an idea that steamers were dangerous, and insisted on coming by sailing vessel. We did, and it took us five weeks. We came alongside Staten Island on the morning of my birthday, October 21st. We

struck out at once for our Western settlement, making the last of the journey in a regular prairie-wagon. At one point we just escaped a forest fire. The road was very rough, only a few planks and logs laid down over the marshy places, and the wagon bumped and thumped as the horses were whipped up. We were all frightened, and I did not dare say a word. It was only after we were safe that they told me that if we had not made a certain turning, we should have been caught by the fire.

Of course our new home was very different from what we had expected. I cannot even tell where it is to-day, only that it was on the edge of the wilderness, and all beyond us was the then almost unknown "Indian Territory." As I said, we sunk our little savings there, and then went to work. At least Mr. Gilbert did. I was not able to work, for it was not long before our boy was born. We came east to Milwaukee, travelling for the



John E. Owens.

From a photograph by Gurney, New York. In the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.

first twenty-five miles in an open ox-cart, the only thing we could get. After that we got a wagon, and reached Milwaukee all right. There we had two little rooms, and made a home for ourselves. I always managed to have a home, no matter how small it was. There the boy was born in 1850, and as soon as I was able I, too, went to work.

Mrs. John Drew, in her "Reminiscences," speaks of the very low salaries that she and her mother received when they first came to this country—sixteen dollars a week for the two. Oddly enough, that is exactly what Mr. Gilbert and I got for our services when we began in Milwaukee. Of course, in those days living was much cheaper all over the country, and in a frontier town, as Milwaukee was then, we could be very comfortable on our eight dollars apiece. Everything was most.



Mrs. Anne Hartley Gilbert.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York. In the collection of Mrs. Gilbert.

simple. Our rooms were up an outside stair, and at the head of the stair was a sort of little wash-up place. All the houses were light frame affairs, and although we were fairly near 'to the theatre, and so in the centre of the town, there was no pretence of a sidewalk beyond a narrow plank walk, and cows and pigs were to be met with on equal terms. We got into the way of carrying a lantern when we went back and forth at night, for those who have never tried can have no idea how huge and terrifying a cow can seem when met suddenly in the dark. We had left our interest in the Western settlement in the hands of our friends. We heard afterward

that the property became valuable, but we never got a penny from it.

It must have been in 1851 that we went first to Chicago. The water-ways were frozen, and we packed our household things on an open cart, and started out in the dead of winter. The rest of our company went by stage, and had ears, noses, and fingers well nipped. We fared better in our open cart, although it meant tearing up our blankets and winding the strips round our legs. Chicago was good to us, and I love the big, noisy place now for the sake of the little town of long ago. John B. Rice was the manager of the only theatre in Chicago, and he used to take





The Worrell Sisters in "La Belle Hélène."

From a photograph by Howell, New York. In the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.

his company between that place and Milwaukee, travelling generally by water, unless it happened to be midwinter.

We were working at our old profession all this time, Mr. Gilbert arranging the ballets, training the dancers, and dancing himself, while I danced in the big ballets and "between the acts." An evening's entertainment was different then. People got their money's worth, and no mistake. The programme began with the serious piece, a drama or tragedy, then came a dance, or "dance with song," and then the farce. This was the usual order, but it was varied somewhat to suit the various stars. I know when Collins came—he was Power's successor as favorite Irish comedian in America—there were sometimes three farces in an evening, and I have acted in all of them, and danced in between! For, while still dancing between the plays, I had begun to take small parts, appearing first as the fairy in "The Cricket on the Hearth." I was less frightened about it, because I knew that my dancing alone was worth the money my manager paid me, and if I failed in the other thing it was nobody's loss but my own. As it happened, no one lost by it, and later, when Mr. Gilbert hurt himself by falling through a trap in the "Naïad Queen," and I had to

do double work for a time, I was thankful for the double resource of acting and dancing. That was only for a time though. Mr. Gilbert never danced again, but he took to being prompter, and then stage-manager. He was a very good manager, too, his wide experience in getting up ballets standing him in good stead.

We left Chicago and went to Cleveland, then to Cincinnati and Louisville, and back to Cincinnati again. Most of my experience and all of my training was got in those towns. Players used to go from place to place then, engaging themselves often for the season only, but we travelled less than most, for I early took to doing old women's parts, and folks didn't seem to want new faces in old women as they did in other parts. Then the old women had to take the heavy parts sometimes, and I would take anything. Some nights I would have seventeen lines, and other nights as many "lengths." A "length," by the way, was forty-two lines. The old term has died out. One never hears it now. I don't know why; I don't know its origin either. It was good all-round



Madame Ponisi as Lady Macbeth.

From a photograph by C. D. Fredricks & Co., New York. In the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.

training that we got in those days. We had to take the parts given us and do our best with them. I believe, you know, that an actor who is not willing to try everything, and able to do most of it, is not worth his salt. Sometimes, nowadays, I find young people who want to be stars all at once, and to rush on to the high places without waiting for training and experience, refusing the small parts that are steps by the way. So, when the big parts do come—and they come to us all, sooner or later—they are overweighted and overbalanced, and fail. Then they wonder why.

It was in Cincinnati that the little home we always managed to have took the shape of a cosy wooden house not far from the theatre. It was a pretty place, a two-story house set back from the road, behind white palings; white with green blinds, and its narrow front-yard paved with bright red bricks. And all this quite in the centre of the town. Mr. Gilbert was ill at this time. It was not long after his accident, and he spent a good many of his days at the place of a friend outside the town, trying to get well. Our house got speckled and grimy with rain as time went on, although it had been painted so recently that the landlord, who lived next door, would not do anything to it, and only laughed at me when I fretted over it. I loved everything to be spotlessly clean, and got into the way of standing across the road with my boy, and studying the house as it grew more

and more shabby. Finally I said: "I believe we two could wash it." That was one evening, and the next morning we were up long before light and at work with warm water, soap, and brushes. We tried the big ladder at first, but that fell down, and once down it was too much for us. So what George could not do with the short ladder, I managed to do by reaching out of the bedroom windows. Then we rinsed it off by dashing pails of water up against it. It was all over before the milkman made his morning rounds. Everybody thought I was crazy, and when Mr. Gilbert came home—this was done while he was away, of course—he never said a word about the house, but wanted to know why we had not washed the fence! But, oh, dear, I have not thought of all this for years.

In towns like Cincinnati, Chicago, and Louisville, they used to keep stock companies in the theatres while the stars travelled from place to place, sometimes alone, sometimes with their leading lady only; and sometimes, as in the case of great men like Edwin Forrest, with their "second man," who took all the business arrangements off their shoulders, and played next best parts. Most stars came for a week, some for two, and some for only a few days. The money arrangements I don't know much about; the star usually took a percentage of the profits, I believe. But Friday night was always the star's benefit, when he did his



Mrs. Gilbert as the *Tuscarora School-marm* and the *Dronajah* in "*Pocahontas*."

From photographs by E. & H. T. Anthony & Co., New York. In the collection of Mrs. Gilbert.

strongest piece and took as his share one-half of the gross receipts. They all played "in repertory," in regulation pieces ranging from Shakespeare to the popular farces of the day; and we knew, when a certain man was coming, pretty much what his plays would be. Still, except for the first night of his engagement, we knew exactly what was coming only from day to day. I was what is known as "a quick study;" one had to be in those days. It was not as bad as it sounds, though, for the same stars came year after year, and we got to know their plays. Although each of us seldom had the same part for two years in succession, we had seen them all done. It was very rare to have an entirely unfamiliar play "sprung" on us, but that did happen to me once, and its story comes later. The fact that I always had my eyes open made things easier for me. I got into the way of watching every part going on around me. To this day I find myself still watching, and I often say to myself: "I wonder if I should do that in just that way, if I were acting that part?"

We would get our Monday part on the Saturday, and that gave us all day Sunday for study; but for the rest of the week we would get the Tuesday part on the Monday, have perhaps a bit of Monday afternoon, and Monday night after the performance, for study, have a rehearsal on Tuesday morning, play the part on Tuesday night, and then begin work on another part for Wednesday night. A different play every night was the rule. "Runs" were unknown; an entire week of one play was an unusual success, and possible only in big centres. Sometimes, when we were not quite sure of ourselves,

we would take our lines along and study them between the acts, or during our waits. Our call would come, and we would tuck the parts just anywhere, usually under the slender wood-work of the wings; we called it "winging the parts." Then, if the scene were shifted, the parts would be whisked out of sight and reach, and there would be a great flutter and outcry!

We had to supply our own costumes, and we often made the greater part of them. For a long time I made mine altogether. You can fancy how much time we had for sewing, with all the other work. I remember Mr. Gilbert saying so often: "Do you intend to get to bed to-night at all?" Whenever I bought a dress, it was with an eye to some particular part; but beyond that part lay many another to which the gown could be adapted. We were always on the lookout for things, bits of chintz, laces, and what-not. Our



J. Wilkes Booth.

From a photograph by C. D. Fredricks & Co., New York. In the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.

only guide was the list of costumes printed in the front of the little books of the play. I always liked to follow these lists. I know Mr. Gilbert used to laugh at me and say that, if the directions said I was to black the soles of my boots for a certain part, I would do it. And so I would! Perhaps I would not go quite as far as that, but you may depend upon it that if a thing is printed in the directions it has some reason for being there, and may mean something to the author or audience that we on the stage cannot see. I have always found it safer to follow directions exactly.

In the matter of "make-up," we used only powder and rouge in those days, and very little of them, only just enough to prevent our faces taking a ghastly pallor from the unnatural glare of the footlights. To this day, much painting of the face dis-

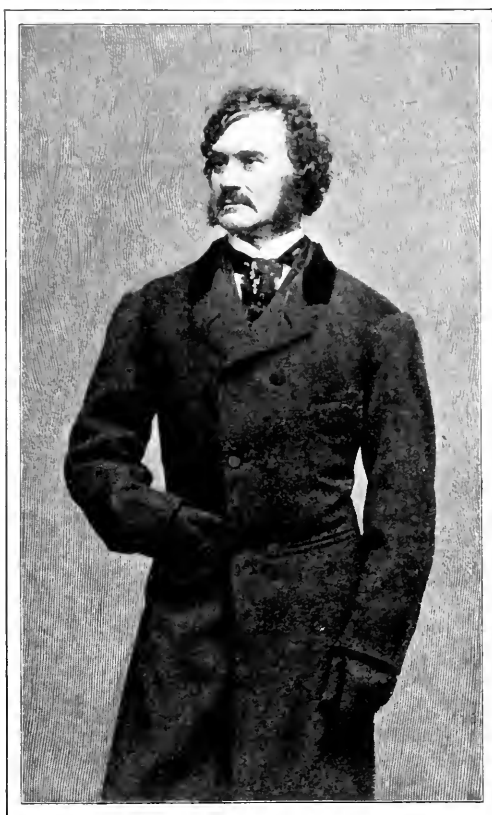
tresses me ; and the excessive blackening of the eyes, and the little red spot in the corners, affect me most unpleasantly. It looks as if the actor had hurt himself badly ! They tell me I never look quite the same in any two parts, but except for this care about detail in costume, which has clung to me always, I do very little to make myself different. Painted age and painted wrinkles never look natural, and I avoided them as much as possible, even when I needed them. I really don't know just *what* I do ; I suppose the constant thinking myself into a part ends in giving me an expression that belongs only to the character I am just then personating. I used to have, at home, a big trunk that I called my theatre-trunk, and the things I needed for each night were sent down to the theatre, that same day, in a sort of champagne basket. Of course we had to be ingenious, and make things do ; I can even remember playing a character in one costume through every act, and for the best of reasons.

The better part of our Western experience was under the management of either Lewis Baker or John Ellsler. Ellsler had been an actor himself in the East, and knew many of the famous actors of that day ; so, when he came to be a manager in Cleveland and Cincinnati, most of the stars who came to him were his personal friends. William E. Burton was, I know. Mrs. Farren and Wallack—J. W. Wallack, a cousin of Lester, and a capital actor himself—had been playing for a week at Mr. Ellsler's theatre, when Burton came, and it was thought best to keep them on to play in his support, during the three days of his stay. I had never seen Burton before, nor did I ever see him after, but in those three

days he played *Aminadab Sleek* in "The Serious Family ;" *Toodles*, *Jem Baggs*—the "Wandering Minstrel," who won't move on under a shilling—and *Tony Lumpkin*, the most wonderful *Lumpkin* I ever saw. He was always excruciatingly funny, but there was no buffoonery about it.

There was one place, I remember, where three of us had to stand facing him, our backs to the audience, and we were thankful, for it was impossible to keep our faces straight. I have always made a point of keeping my countenance, for a stageful of giggling people upsets an audience. But when I was doing *Lady Creamly* to Mr. Burton's *Sleek* I had to bite my lips until they bled. Besides *Lady Creamly* and *Mrs. Toodles*, I played *Mrs. Hardcastle* in Burton's support. Oh, that *Mrs. Hardcastle* ! I had done the others before, but she was new.

On the Saturday before the play was given, I went into the



J. W. Wallack.

From a photograph by C. D. Fredricks & Co. In the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.

green-room to see the cast for Monday, and to find out what my part was. Mrs. Farren was sitting near. I read the heading, "She Stoops to Conquer ;" I ran my eye down the cast and found I was to be *Mrs. Hardcastle*, an entire stranger to me. "Is she long ?" I asked Mrs. Farren. "Long ?" she answered, "she is all through it, and you will have your hands full." They said my face fell a yard. I did not know a line of the part, had never seen it acted, and had no idea how to dress it. That was Saturday. Sunday morning I woke up with a blind, bilious headache. By noon I was able to take a cup of tea and begin to study. All the afternoon, I spent out in the garden learning my lines, and later my husband found me walking up and down our room in the dark. "What are you

doing?" he asked me. "Studying my part," I answered, and so I was.

Fortunately, Mrs. Mann, who had been doing old women's parts in Mr. Ellsler's theatre, a year or two before, had just returned from a tour in the South with her daughter, Alice Placide, and was boarding opposite us. She was just the one, I thought, to tell me about *Mrs. Hardcastle's* costume, so I ran across to ask. She gave me the pattern for the necessary cap, and I turned out an old chintz gown from my theatre trunk. So, by rehearsal on the Monday morning, I was fairly ready. I asked Mr. Burton about the business of the part. I used to make a point of asking the stars about the business that played up to them. It was really the most important part of it all to them. They did not so much mind how the supports did their parts as parts. What they wanted was to get their own cues properly given, and to find people on their left when they wanted them there, and not wandering about on their right or at the back of the stage.

Mr. Burton was charming and helpful, and kind, very kind to me. He taught me a few little things to do as *Mrs. Hardcastle*, and also told me the exit that Mrs. Hughes always used in the "swamp scene." She was the leading old woman in his New York theatre, and a clever actress. It was not much in particular, that exit, just a trick of picking up her skirts and running off, but I was glad to use it, and it pleased the audience. At rehearsal, Mr. Burton said: "Be sure and don't forget the line you are to say, as you are going off the stage." I was to call "Con-

stance," and so give the man on the scene a chance to say something about constancy. "Oh, dear," I said, "why did you tell me? I shall be sure to forget it." And I did. Or, rather, I put it off so late, that when I finally yelled "Constance," it broke them all up, and the man with the "gag" about

constancy could not be heard. Mr. Burton wanted me to go to New York with him and play second to Mrs. Hughes. It was a great compliment, but some years were to pass before I got to New York.

My first real hit was in John Brougham's "*Pocahontas*." I played in it with him often in the West, but only once in New York, when Mr. Daly gave a benefit to him on May 13, 1876, at the second Fifth Avenue Theatre. On that particular afternoon we did "*The Serious Family*," with Maurice Barrymore, Georgie and John Drew in the cast, and "*Pocahontas*," with John Brougham in his old part of



John Ellsler.

From a photograph by J. F. Ryder, Cleveland, O. In the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.

*Powhatan*. Was he as delightful as he seemed? Yes, indeed, and ever so much more so. The embodiment of wit and fun, of endless resource and good-humor. Everybody knows the story of the night in New York, while the burlesque was still new, when his *Pocahontas*, Henrietta Hodson, failed to appear, and he carried on the play, giving her lines in his own character of *Powhatan*, with a prefatory "as my daughter Poky would say;" and so getting through the performance until it became absolutely necessary to bestow something upon *John Rolfe*, for his bride, when he seized a broom from the wings and placed it in the bridegroom's arms with a "take her, my dear fellow."

In those old Western days we had a



*Pocahontas*, to be sure, but we were short of other people, so I took the *Wee-chaven-da*, the *Tuscarora School-marm*, and the *Dromajah*; they were short parts, and were easily arranged so that one person could handle them. The little dance of the *Dromajah*, which became quite a feature of the rôle, was pure chance in the beginning, as those things often are. I had given a little skip of high spirits on my exit from that scene, and people were amused by it, so that I had to repeat it. Finally, my husband worked up quite a dance for me, and it always got applause. Years after, when I was in Mrs. John Wood's company in New York, we went over to Brooklyn to do "*Pocahontas*" for some special occasion. They were all surprised at my making so much of these small parts. The whole thing was a success in

Brooklyn; the critics said that it was the best rendering of the play since Brougham had done it, and Mrs. John Wood thought it worth her while to put it on at her New York house, where it had a run, she doing *Pocahontas* to the *Powhatan* of William Davidge.

When I was young, making a hit did not mean what it seems to mean now. There was no devoting yourself to one part, or even one line of parts, just because you happened to be good in it, and the audience liked it. A hit meant only that you had put a certain added value to your name, and that managers of stock companies would watch you and remember you. So, although I made a success in a burlesque part, I went on doing old women, and even heavy parts. Why, it

was in the year of the *Tuscarora School-marm* that I did *Lady Macbeth* in Edwin Booth's support. That was in Louisville, Ky. I had seen Booth first as a star in Chicago, on his return from California, where he had been playing with his father. He was always a great actor, and a grand man.

Ah, but things were so simple then! I can remember his doing *Macbeth* in a cheap "property" crown, and very queer robes. But he was a good *Macbeth*, a charming *Romeo*, strong in every part he undertook.

But the most perfect *Romeo*, the finest I ever saw, was the brother, Wilkes Booth. He was very handsome, most lovable and lovely. He was eccentric in some ways, and he had the family failings, but he also had a simple, direct, and charming nature. The love and sympathy between him and



Mrs. John Wood.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York. In the collection of Mrs. Gilbert.

his mother were very close, very strong. No matter how far apart they were, she seemed to know, in some mysterious way, when anything was wrong with him. If he were ill, or unfit to play, he would often receive a letter of sympathy, counsel, and warning, written when she could not possibly have received any news of him. He has told me of this, himself. No, I never felt that it was madness that carried him into the plot to assassinate the President. I know from my own limited experience how high feeling could run in those days. A man lived so wholly with people who thought as he did that anyone on the other side was hateful to him. Whatever drew Wilkes Booth into the plot, it was not quite dare-deviltry. And if the lot fell to him to do the thing, I feel



sure that he went through with it without a backward thought. He had that kind of loyalty, that kind of courage. Perhaps the devotion of a high-strung Nihilist, who believes in his cause, comes nearest to expressing it. I ought to say that this is just my fancy from having known the man.

My playing *Lady Macbeth* was not so strange as it sounds. Heavy parts, as I have said, were often given to the "old women," and managers could not be blamed for getting double work for "single money." And in those days out there, there was no talk of "that's not my work," or "that is not in my line." When Edwin Booth came to Louisville, our leading lady was a little woman. She knew she could not fill the part, and very sensibly did not try. So it fell to me. It was not such a great undertaking, for, in my years of training, I had filled many of the characters in the play, and had lived the rest, for my eyes and ears seemed to take in everything. Beginners in *Macbeth* were sent on as attendant witches, and there I made my start. Then I had been the boy *Donalbain*, and a guest at the banquet, and the gentlewoman who attends the queen. I had even done all the apparitions, one after the other. And that's no laughing matter! To be several ghosts in rapid succession, and give an individual expression and voice to each, takes thought and study, I can tell you. So doing *Lady Macbeth* herself was only moving a little higher in scenes already familiar to me, and I got on pretty well.

We were in Louisville when the war broke out. People who lived in the Northern towns can have no idea how exciting our lives were down there. Kentucky was "Secesh" in her sympathies, and naturally so for many reasons. It used to

be said that it was the editor of the *Louisville Journal* who kept the State in the Union by his work and his influence. Anyway, she stayed in, but there was bitter feeling everywhere, separating friends and families. Union flags and Confederate flags were run up on private houses, and there was a good deal of quarrelling and free shooting. Across the way from our theatre was a hotel with the usual bar, and it was the scene of many party fights. It got so that no one minded; they simply said: "Another man shot," and went about their business. In those times of hot words and quick firing there was no time to draw pistols, and they shot through their pockets. Mr. Gilbert had a little property there then. The man who looked after it was shot and killed one day. There was no need to ask what the quarrel was about.



John Brougham.

From a photograph by C. D. Fredricks & Co., taken in 1861. In the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.

We went from Louisville to Covington, and then to Cincinnati, just across the river. But we were almost as much on the border as ever. Mr. Gilbert joined a company of volunteers called "The Queen City Defenders," that was to guard the town and the pontoon bridge, but was never meant to go to the front. They were called out at any alarm, and sometimes there would be a wild ringing of bells, if there was any danger of a raid. I remember once there was a great disturbance and fright at night; but it was only a small band of young fellows, riding in to join the Union forces, on their own horses, and with no weapons but little guns, such as they would use for bird-shooting, and a pistol or two.

But we were always having alarms. First it would be the rumor of a Southern raid: then of a large Northern force passing through, when we would all turn out and feed them. In any case of that sort,

martial law would be declared and everyone would have to be indoors by nine at night. At such times there was no performance, of course; but at other times our theatre would be full, for in such a whirl of excitement people liked to be constantly amused. At a benefit we had in Louisville, one of the town soldiers, who had just returned from the front, recited "Bingen on the Rhine," and was most enthusiastically received. He was one of Louisville's special regiment that had just come home from its three years of service. It had gone out full, it came back hardly fifty men, and those bare-footed and in rags. Yet they could not wait for decent clothes before they re-enlisted.

Even when there was no martial law, the stores and markets were closed at ten in the morning, for all the men had to drill so as to be able to defend the town, if need be. No one was spared, and it was not safe to be out without some sort of a certificate showing membership of some special company, for the local bands had a way of impressing unattached men, and listening to no protests. Once I know there was an alarm, and it was before Mr. Gilbert had either his certificate or his uniform. He snatched up a stage sword and rushed out of the house, only to be scooped up by a company of city volunteers. He was too clever to struggle with them, and too shrewd to march in the middle of their ranks, as they tried to make him do. He kept on the outside, and got the men friendly and laughing with his chaff and funny stories. He was counting on a stable he had to pass, a place he knew and where he was known. When he got opposite he watched his chance, and scooted through and got well away. When

he was safe home, he told me that that was the last time they should find him out without protection.

They were stirring times, and hard times too, for our salaries were cut down, and all the necessities of life went up. But it was not all so serious. For instance,

our prompter at that time was a very fat man, not tall, and broad out of all proportion. He was as clean as he was fat—spotlessly, unnecessarily clean. One day he had come to the theatre in especial rig; it was midsummer, and he had on white duck trousers and a fine ruffled shirt with no coat or waistcoat. We were having a rehearsal when there came a sudden call to all the men in the town to help in some earth-works that were to be thrown up. Our prompter went with the rest, and oh, the sight he was at the end of a day's work under a broiling sun!



W. E. Burton.

From a photograph by Rockwood, New York. In the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.

There was not a clean white thing about him.

With all the anxiety and excitement we were not sorry to get away in 1864. I was rather proud, for that season I received five good offers to come East from different managers. One was from Mrs. John Drew in Philadelphia, with whom I had acted in Chicago, when she was Mrs. Mossop; and one was from Mrs. John Wood in New York. I forget where the other three were, but I know there were five in all. We accepted Mrs. John Wood's. She had the Olympic, Laura Keane's old theatre—its site now covered by the business blocks numbered 622 and 624 Broadway—for three years, and during the greater part of her management I played with her. It was curious; Mr. Gilbert had always disliked the idea of going to New York, but this time he seemed to

favor it, even urged it. "It will be that much nearer home," he said, thinking of England. In two short years he had died here. He lies in Greenwood, and our son George is there too. Another little boy is buried in Cincinnati. I have often thought that I would bring him to Greenwood, to be with his father and brother, but he lies in a beautiful spot, and I visit it whenever I go West. It is better as it is, I think.

If I had known in those early days how strong—and how narrow—the New York theatrical clique was, I think I should never have dared face it. But I had not the faintest notion of it, and I got over all the "high fences" before I knew they existed. Wallack's was everything then. To get into his company was well-nigh impossible, and to be out of it was to be nowhere, to many people's thinking. Fanny Morant, who was at Wallack's then, but joined Mr. Daly's company later, said to me once: "Where did you come from? Where did you learn to act?" I rather enjoyed answering: "Oh, out West." "Well," she said, "we had never heard of you, we did not know what you could do, or who you were, and you walked straight into the affections of New York, before we knew what had happened." All this is not worth quoting, really, except that it shows that they thought nothing could exist outside of New York. John E. Owens—with whom I got my training in old comedy parts—had been anxious that I should begin my Eastern work in some town like Boston, where the prejudice against outsiders, and especially Westerners, was not so strong. "You will work

your way to the front in New York," he said; "there is no fear about that, but it may take many months, or a year and more. In Boston a few performances will do it." He was always a good friend of ours, and I know now that his advice was good, too. But, as it happened, it did not

apply to my case, and, as I said, Mr. Gilbert favored New York.

We were hardly settled here when Owens himself came to New York under the management of our old Cincinnati manager, George Wood, of "Wood's Theatre," who had taken the Broadway Theatre, just below the corner of Broome Street, about which I shall have something to say later. He asked me to join his company there, but I would not leave Mrs. John Wood as long as she wanted me. No, there was no relation between the



William Warren.

From a photograph by Ritz, Boston. In the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.

two Woods. Mrs. John Wood is an Englishwoman, although when she went back to her own country, after many years here, she had to combat English prejudice against her "Americanisms." She had played in England as a girl, touring the provinces, and appearing in Manchester, where she was somewhat of a favorite. So she was by adoption, as I was by birth, "A Lancashire Lass." Still, before she married John Wood she was doing light soubrette parts, and was not thought to be anything especial. When they came over here, it was John Wood who was the star, but his wife soon came to the front and has stayed there. I think she is the most absolutely funny woman I have ever seen, both on and off the stage. The fun simply bubbled up in her. Then she could sing and dance a bit, and in the burlesques and

farces she did, such as "The Sleeping Beauty" and "The Fair One with the Golden Locks," she was inimitable. There were certain parts of hers that I always loved to watch her in, no matter how often I had seen her do them. She was a great favorite in Boston, where she played for many years before coming to New York. Later, she went back to London, and had her own theatre until quite recently. Only two years ago (1899) she made a hit in "The Great Ruby." Now, she has left the stage for good, she says.

When I signed with her, it was for "first old woman's" parts, and any character they thought not quite good enough or long enough for me was given to my second. One day, soon after I began my work at the Olympic, I went into the green-room, and saw that a play called "The Spanish Princess," or some such name, was billed, and the part of the lady's maid was given to my second. I went straight to the stage-manager and said I thought that part belonged to me. "Why, Mrs. Gilbert," he said, "it was such a slight part, that we thought you would not touch it." It *was* a little part, but there was one scene where the maid pretended to be the princess, and did a good deal of "business" with a cloak, that I thought I could make something of, and I did. Mrs. Wood was surprised, and pleased too, and they arranged not to cast a play officially without first submitting it to me. That was pretty good for a beginner.

I can't begin to remember the parts I did at the Olympic; but I know that I began as the *Baroness*, in "Finesse," on September 19, 1864. It was there, too, that I did *Mrs. Gamp*, in "Martin Chuzzlewit," *Betsy Trotwood*, in "David Copperfield," and *Mrs. Wilfer*, in "Our Mutual Friend." I was the first woman to do *Sairy Gamp*, for it had always been considered a man's part. For me to do it was almost as much of a challenge to custom as for a woman to do *Hamlet*. By the way, although I have never done *Hamlet*, I have done *Osric*. That, too, was with Edwin Booth. It is a light, silly part for a man, anyway, and fell quite naturally to a woman, when the managers were short of people. But that was long before the Olympic days. *Mrs. Gamp* was such a questionable rôle for a woman to take that Mrs. John Gilbert,

who saw me for the first time in that part, refused to express any opinion of my acting, saying it was unfair to criticise any woman in such a character! Later, in speaking of some other performance of mine, she said: "All I can say, Mrs. Gilbert, is that you did it just as I should have done it myself." The dear lady, she meant it as a great compliment. Her husband? In his line, he was the most finished artist I ever saw. William Warren, the Boston actor, was the nearest to him. They were both exquisite gentlemen of the old school. It used to seem as if Sheridan wrote his plays just for them.

It was during my engagement with Mrs. Wood that James Lewis came to the Olympic. His first appearance there was on the night of September 18, 1865, in a little farce called "Your Life's in Danger." He too, was from the West, from Cleveland, where he had been a great favorite. He did not get on in New York at first, for he was very sensitive, and he felt the strong clique that I had not known enough to fear. Then he was unlucky in this; he was at his best, at that period, in the old farces, and these were just going out of vogue here. Toward the end of the season "Robert Macaire" was revived, and he did *Jacques Stroph*, and, although he did it well, the piece did not run long, and he soon went away to Boston. It was four years before he came back to join Daly's company, when it was first formed.

Lewis wanted to do just the parts that he knew he could do, and the sympathy of the audience was absolutely necessary to him; he could not work without it. He was what one calls "difficult," in spite of his naturally sweet nature. Still, if he put a high value upon himself and his work, he proved his right to do so. We played opposite parts for nearly thirty years, and I grew to be very fond of him. When he died so suddenly, I hardly had the heart to take up the old rôles again! None of the young men who came on in his old parts knew—or could ever know—the numberless details of business that were so familiar to us two.

When Mrs. John Wood gave up the Olympic, and left New York, I rejoined my old manager, George Wood, at the Broadway Theatre. It was New York's second Broadway Theatre, the first one,

so famous in theatrical annals, which stood on the east side of Broadway, much farther down town, having been burned. This new house was built about where now is the huge building numbered 483 and 485 Broadway, extending back to Mercer Street, where was the stage entrance. The place had had quite a history, beginning in 1850 as Brougham's Lyceum, and passing later under the management of the elder Wallack. He kept it until 1861, when he went up to his new theatre on Thirteenth Street and Broadway, now the poor old Star. From that year until 1864, when George Wood took it, the Broadway had half a score of names, and passed through many hands, with a pretty steady lack of success, growing out of many reasons. It was during Mr. Wood's management that the Worrell sisters produced their extravaganza of "Aladdin." The three sisters, Sophie, Jennie, and Irene, were great favorites in their day, and simple, kindly people to work with. I remember that they let me introduce a dance that attracted a good bit of attention; and yet dancing was their own specialty. One does not have to be in the profession to realize what that means. It was only a year or so ago that the survivor of the sisters was found straying about the fields in the outskirts of Brooklyn, frozen and starving. They took her to a hospital, and there she died.

I played for three years at the Broadway, but the last two were under the management of Barney Williams, to whom Mr. Wood transferred the lease of the house; for although he did fairly well there, he was not sorry to pass it on, and the old place ended its career on the night of April 28, 1869, when Barney Williams gave a benefit performance to his business manager, William A. Moore. Williams had not intended to give up the house, and did not believe

Programme of Mrs. Gilbert's First Appearance at a New York Theatre.

From the collection of Douglas Taylor, Esq.

# OLYMPIC

622 AND 624 BROADWAY.

Sole Lessee and Manageress..... Mrs. John Wood  
Stage Manager..... J. M. Selwyn

## FIRST NIGHT IN AMERICA

### NEW AND ORIGINAL COMEDY

Written by the  
**Countess of Giffard**



Entitled  
**FINESSE**

## MRS. JOHN WOOD

In her celebrated and humorous impersonation of  
**JENNY LIND**

Introducing her imitations of well-known  
**OPERATIC ARTISTS,**

Resolved nightly with  
**SHOUTS OF LAUGHTER.**

First appearance of **MRS. G. H. GILBERT,**

From Fike's Opera House, Cincinnati.

First appearance of **MISS LOUISA MYERS**

**Monday Evening, Sept. 19th, 1864,**

Will be produced, for the first time in America, a new Comedy entitled

# FINESSE

During the occupation of Sicily by the English in 1811, a dangerous conspiracy against them, in which the Queen of Naples was supposed to have been implicated, was discovered and defeated by singular means. It was a plot to assassinate the English general by delivering the English garrison and Sicilian soldiers into his hands. The dispatches which passed between the French, Neapolitan and the English were put into the hands of the English general. Faintness of these letters were forwarded to the conspirators, and the originals detained as evidence. The plot was so wise that the French general, Maresca, agreed to send an aide-de-camp to Messina in disguise, to exchange the signed and sealed agreements. At this crisis, the conspirators procured a young Frenchman in our service to impersonate the French aide-de-camp, or spy, who played his part with such courage and dexterity, as to deceive the conspirators, and furnish the necessary proofs and signatures which enabled the English general to defeat the conspiracy and punish the authors. - Vide "The Pictorial History of England," Vol. VIII, page 550.

**Baron Freitenhosen,** inventor of the Elixir of Life and devoted to mysterious science

**Dr. Bertrand,** a French Emigre..... **Mr. J. H. Stoddart**

**Jules D'Artigny,** son of Doctor Bertrand, the mock spy..... **Mr. W. Holston**

**Captain Mortimer,** Captain of H. B. M. ship the "Vigilant"..... **Mr. B. T. Ringold**

**John Poppleton,** an amateur Sailor..... **Mr. E. Lamb**

**St. Clair,** an Adventurer..... **Mr. T. J. Hind**

**Fillippi**..... **Mr. C. H. Rockwell**

**Baroness Freitenhosen,** jealous of mystery and her husband..... **Mrs. G. H. Gilbert**

From Fike's Opera House, Cincinnati, her first appearance.

**Laura Brandon,** her niece..... **Miss E. Couran**

**Bobbie,** a sister of "Furriers"..... **Her first appearance.**

**Her first appearance, in which she will sing "Come in and shut the Door."**

During the First Act,..... **Miss Anna Kruger**

**The Tarantella**..... **by**..... **Miss Anna Kruger**

**The Orchestra,** during the evening will play the following entirely **New Music,**

arranged by and under the direction of **Thos. Baker.**

**Creations-Variety,** on popular airs..... **Miss Anna Kruger**

**Quadrilles-Champagne**..... **with novel effects**..... **Miss Anna Kruger**

**Operatic Selections-Les Huguenots**..... **by**..... **Miss Anna Kruger**

The performances will conclude with the musical Burlesque, entitled

# JENNY LIND

**Baron Swixitoff Beery,** a Student earned the "Cock of the College".....

**Mr. Lawrence Leatherlungs,** a Tanner, on a Tour..... **Mr. T. J. Hind**

**Mr. Granby Gag,** a London Manager in search of a star..... **Mr. E. Lamb**

**Herr Scherroot**..... **Mr. C. Rockwell**

**Herr Kanaster**..... **Mr. O. Cooper**

**Herr Spittoon**..... **Mr. A. Odell**

**Herr Koff**..... **Mr. Fick**

**Herr Sneezes**..... **Mr. J. Brogan**

**Herr Splinter**..... **Mr. Otis**

**Miss Jenny Leatherlungs,** alias Lind..... **Mrs. John Wood**

In which she will give her celebrated imitations of well known Operatic Artists.

In active preparation, an entirely new Dramatization of Charles Dickens' celebrated novel of

## MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT,

Adapted expressly for this Theatre by a Gentleman of New York, and which will specially

be produced with

**Entirely New Scenery and a Powerful Cast**

**Embracing the Entire Company.**

**NOTICE**—The Gentlemen's Retiring and Refreshment Saloon is now open at the back of

the Theatre.

**Doors open at 7 1-4. Performances commence at a quarter to 8 o'clock.**

**OPERA GLASSES ON HIRE IN THE LOBBY.**

**PRICES OF ADMISSION:**

Dress Circle and Parquet..... 75 Cents | Balcony Chairs and Reserved Seats..... \$1

Orchestra Chairs..... \$1 50 | Family Circle..... \$5, \$8 and \$10, each

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Box Office open from 9 to 4. Seals can be secured 3 days in advance.



the owners were in earnest when they threatened to tear down the old building and put up stores on its site if he refused to pay a higher rent. But he found, later, that they did mean it, and he found himself out of a theatre. It was under his management that "Caste" was first brought out here in 1867. William Davidge did old *Eccles*, Mrs. Chanfrau and Mrs. Florence were *Esther* and *Polly*, and Mr. Florence was *George d'Alroy*, while I was the *Marchioness*. By the way, the modern talk about marriage interfering with an actress's popularity does not seem to apply to those old days. All of us in this cast were married women, and no one valued our work the less. The *Marchioness* was the first important character I had created in New York, and she got good notices. I always had real sympathy for the fine old lady, with her long tale from Froissart. It was a pretty play, and had the success it deserved.

I always used to say that I played with Forrest in his last engagement in New York. That was at this same Broadway Theatre. But they tell me that he played a short engagement at Niblo's Garden afterward; a few nights only, but just enough to spoil the point of my story! However, he played for six weeks at the Broadway in '67, doing all his great parts, though not with his old vigor, for he had been ill, and seemed broken and old. But his very weakness added a pathos to his work that it had lacked before, and they say that his *King Lear* was most touching at this time. I did not act with him in that play, and, indeed, they spared me as much as they could, for my husband had just died, and my boy was still very ill. But I was the *Queen* in Mr. Forrest's one performance of "Hamlet" during this engagement, and I admired his rendering. In the earlier days his *Hamlet* was too robust, and it had never been among his great successes. But at the time of which I speak it was quite perfect, to my thinking.

He opened this engagement with "Virginus," and I was cast for *Servia*. As I entered and began my lines at rehearsal, he said, quietly: "That's right." From him that meant a great deal, for although he did not storm about as much as people say he did, he seldom praised. He wanted intelligence and care from those

who supported him, and it was probably stupidity and indifference that caused the rages we have heard so much about. Obstinacy annoyed him beyond everything else. They tell a story of a woman who was to have been the *Emelia* to his *Othello*, and who *would* kneel to the audience, and protest her innocence with her arms in the air in the old-fashioned way, and he could not get her to do it in any other way, or even to look up at him. Now he was a naturalist in his work, one of the first of his profession to step outside the traditions, and in this particular case he lost all patience—he could use an oath or two when he was too much tried—and it all ended in his giving the part to someone else. I did *Emelia* at the Broadway, and strained my voice in the rôle, and so it came about that they borrowed Madame Ponisi from Wallack to do *Lady Macbeth*. I forget the order in which Forrest gave his plays, but I think I did nothing after the *Emelia*, but before that I had done the *Widow Cade* to his *Jack Cade*, and the *Lady Anne* to his *Richard III*. I had played that rôle before with Forrest, in my earlier days. He was then at his best physically, and had the name of having a tremendous temper, but I never saw him angry without cause. He was very muscular, and could pick a man up and throw him off the stage if he liked. In "Damon and Pythias" he really had to do this, and if the man had been stupid, or had done anything Forrest did not like, he was apt to get a bad tumble. I know it got so that the men did not like to take that part, for it might happen that they would be genuinely pitched off the stage, and they never knew how they would land.

It was once in those earlier days that Mr. Forrest had to have someone to do a sword combat with him, and Mr. Gilbert was selected. My husband was a very slender man, and what with all the stories of Forrest's temper and strength, we were rather nervous. But everything went off all right; Mr. Gilbert was graceful and agile, and he knew his business. After the performance Mr. Forrest sent for him to his dressing-room and complimented him. It was a most unusual thing for him to do, everybody told us. Yet to us he was kind always, and his immense vitality



was very helpful to those who worked with him. He was perhaps the most famous person—all told—with whom I ever acted. No, I never acted with Charlotte Cushman, but I met her, and talked with her once in Glasgow. She and her sister Susan, who did *Juliet* to her *Romeo*, and was almost as good an actress as the more famous sister, were playing there.

Charlotte Cushman told me of her own rendering of *Meg Merrilies*, one of her strongest parts. By the way, she always refused to put on the first part of the play, where *Meg* appears as a young woman, for she maintained that two separate women were needed to show the two stages of *Meg's* life. It was in the earlier stage that Miss Rehan was so charming, when she did the part not so many years ago. But the play was much modified then, and *Meg* was more the Spanish gypsy than the weird Scottish peasant. It was in that production by Mr. Daly that I had my little dance as the *Widow McCandlish*, but in the old days I did *Meg* herself. It was then that I remembered how Charlotte Cushman told me she had been used to chant the song in the part, for she could not sing a note, and did not like to have anyone sing for her behind the scenes. After all, that singing behind the scenes is a very false sort of thing to do, and the audience is never deceived.

A certain Englishman, named Bliss, came to star in this country. This was long

before my New York days, you understand. Bliss was a famous *Dandie Dinmont*, and I had to support him as *Meg*. I could not sing at all, and I was very ambitious to try Miss Cushman's plan of chanting the lines to the accompaniment of a few low chords from the orchestra. Now I am so made that I cannot take a pitch from an orchestra, or from any single instrument; the only note I can copy is that of the human voice. So I got a girl who had a musical ear to coach me on the sly, for I knew that my husband, who was stage-manager then, would not like the idea of my challenging comparison with Charlotte Cushman. But I was forever trying to do the things that were almost beyond my reach, and I suppose it is that which has kept me going. It was not until rehearsal that my husband suspected what I had been plotting. I can see his face now, as he stood on one side, superintending things; when the orchestra slowed down for me and he realized what was coming, he turned on his heel and went straight off out of sight. I heard him say, under his breath: "My God, she's going to try it!" I suppose my nervousness added the needed quaver to my voice, for it certainly sounded like that of a very old woman. When I was finished the fiddlers in the orchestra beat softly on the backs of their instruments with their bows—that is their form of applause—and as for me, I went back up the stage, and had a good cry.

(To be continued.)



# THE GREEK GALLEY

By George Cabot Lodge

THE sound of the sea, the sway of the song, the swing of the oar !  
Out of the darkness, over the naked seas  
    Our galley is come  
    With a shiver and leap,  
    As the blade bites deep  
To the sway of back and the bend of knees,  
    As she drives for home  
Out of the darkness, over the naked seas,  
To the sound of sea and the sway of song and the sweep of oar !

The scarlet stars swing low to the ocean's floor  
Made silver and pearl by the slow resurgent sun,  
And the waters break  
To a leprous wake,  
As over the sea the ripples shake  
Between dawn and dark, as for life's sweet sake  
The battle of life is fought and won.  
    And evermore,  
To the sound of sea and the sway of song and the swing of oar,  
    We sever the sentient silences  
    With our wind and way, where over the seas  
The surf booms steady and strong on the scented shore.

Over the sea's unfurrowed fields  
The miracle spreads and the darkness yields.  
O heart that breaks to the strain and stress  
    Of sinews bent to the tempered oak,  
The golden gates of the dawn express,  
Sudden and soft as a girl's caress,  
A glimmer of grass and a flash of wing,  
An echo of prayer to the censer's swing,  
    And the altar's pillar of purple smoke.  
And over the spray that the rowers fling,  
Wide over the tide where the foam-drifts cling,  
As the rhythm of muscle and music swing  
To the sound of the sea, the sway of the song, the sweep of the oar,  
To the crash and cream of waves on the bountiful shore,  
    The spring breaks scented over the sea !  
    With a leap of sunlight under the lee,  
    As she dips her side  
    To the masterful tide  
And lists till the bilge distils through the cypress floor.

Oh, the lift of blade, oh, the clinging and shifting of naked feet !  
The coil of muscle that stiffens and swells to the delicate beat

Of breath in the nostrils, of blood in the brain,  
 As the earth-smell steals to our sense again  
 From the pebble-blue beach where the shadows lie wet and sweet!

We have fought in the noon for breath—  
 To the sound of sea and the sway of song and the sweep of oar.  
 Our bodies would swing at the oars in death,  
 Nor the rhythm of muscle and music cease,  
 Nor the weariness end, nor the sad surcease  
 Of sorrow absolve us: but evermore  
 Our bodies would swing to the pitiless oar  
 Till the goal was reached,  
 Till the galley was beached,  
 Till we tasted the spring in the forests and pleached  
 Gardens and vineyards of Greece on the plentiful shore.

The flurry of foam flecked red as the dawn looks over the trees,  
 And ever the motion of song and the pulse of ineffable seas  
 That empty and echoless break on the exquisite balance of air,—  
 And tenderly winged on the morning, a perfumed and delicate breeze  
 Where the scent of the sacrifice floats with the distant refrain of a prayer,  
 Where the cry of a bird, and the whisper of grass, and the lowing of kine,  
 Are borne through the thunder of waves and the smell of the brine.

And behold! We are come, we are there, we shall pass through the fringes  
 of foam—  
 To the sound of sea and the sway of song and the sweep of oar—  
 And the galley be lifted and leap like our hearts for the rest that has come—  
 A spot of sunlight rolls on the sunburnt floor!  
 She shall shiver and strike through the Sundered spray,  
 And the clean fresh sand where the ebb-tides play  
 Be gored and gashed with her eager keel:  
 And our feet shall feel  
 The swash of sea and the crawl of sand  
 As we leap to land  
 And pause and kneel  
 To the sound of prayer.  
 While through the air  
 The dawn expands till the shadows are passed  
 And the noon is over the sea at last.

With our women and slaves, with our oxen and vines, we shall pass from the  
 roar  
 And the sound of the sea, the sway of the song, the sweep of the oar—  
 And stand where the burden of spring on the brows of the hills  
 Is heavy and wet—where the tolling of bells and the running of rills  
 Persist in our ears—in the warmth of the sun and the wash of the wind,  
 In the ceasing of struggle and peace of the mind—  
 With the wandering passed—  
 We are home at last!

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# PUNISHMENT AND REVENGE IN CHINA

By Thomas F. Millard



HE war in China has already developed, on the part of the allied powers, three distinct phases—resistance, punishment, and revenge. The first was natural, the second necessary. The third is criminal.

In the beginning the foreign residents, suddenly assailed, stubbornly defended themselves in Tien-tsin and Peking, or wherever the riot-wave caught them. Then, with the landing of large numbers of foreign troops, followed a period when the hostile Chinese were completely defeated in a number of engagements, and all organized opposition effectually stamped out. Tien-tsin had been relieved, Peking occupied, the country for hundreds of miles devastated and looted, and the remnants of armed antagonism torn into shreds or frightened into submission, when the Campaign of Revenge was inaugurated.

This third phase of the trouble, insidiously begun as early as the middle of September, though it then gallantly flaunted some of the colors of real war, culminated in the expedition to Pao-Ting-Fu and the subsequent operations in the south and west of Chihli Province. It may be unfair to place the entire responsibility for the Campaign of Revenge upon the Germans; but it is certain that it would have been promptly nipped in the bud had not Field Marshal Count von Waldersee appeared on the scene.

The Field Marshal, with his glitteringly decorated staff and picked army, reached China to find the war finished. This was evident to all, except badly scared foreign residents and subalterns fretting for a fight. The Field Marshal belongs in neither category, and so should have known the futility of a campaign without an enemy. Nevertheless, he industriously set out to conduct one. In this he was aided and abetted by men who, having done their share of the real work, might have been able to discriminate between making war,

and playing at it with living puppets for targets.

With the taking of Peking, the Boxer movement fell into pieces. During the few weeks which followed, its remnants left an occasional trace as they hastily scurried to cover. A few immobile mobs of half-armed stragglers, of uncertain runners, and utterly destitute of spirit or leadership, roamed about the country, gorging like vultures upon the sombre relics of war. Expeditions sent out by the allies from Tien-tsin and Peking penetrated far and wide. The veteran American cavalry leader, General James H. Wilson, scoured to the north and west of Peking, burned (under orders) some arsenals and temples and returned without having encountered a hostile force. Being a fighter, not a raider, General Wilson took his troops back to Peking and gave his opinion, which has since been fully verified, that the war was finished. Later the Japanese, Russians, and British made extensive reconnaissances, lasting for weeks and embracing a wide area, without developing an enemy. Then followed the period of missionary relief expeditions (called by the army "tribute excursions"), under military escort. These combed the country with a fine tooth, and were productive of nothing but loot, which was the real object. From Tien-tsin an allied expedition, aggregating four thousand troops with field and heavy artillery, laboriously marched forty miles, through water and mud, to Tu-liu, a large town on the Grand Canal where some forty thousand hostile Boxers were reported to be. The town, entered without a shot being fired, was found in the possession of a British non-commissioned officer and two men, who, while scouting ahead of the column, had lost their way and strayed into it, where the inhabitants received them hospitably and gave them food. Having looted and partially burned the town, the column retraced its steps to Tien-tsin, leaving footprints in the shape of charred villages on the landscape.

Still later, Lieutenant Gaussen, who may get a V. C. for gallantly rescuing a private of the Sixth United States Cavalry near Tien-tsin during the trying times of July, while scouting with his troop of Bengal Lancers found the main gate of Han-Wu decorated with the heads of forty Boxers, who had been decapitated by the Chinese authorities under the imperial edicts ordering the suppression of the society. Nearer the coast, the farcical attack on the Pei-Tang forts had resulted in their capture by the Russians and Germans after a resistance so feeble as to compel the belief that the Chinese commander merely fired a few shots to save his military honor, and then decamped. Quang-Chou and Shan-hai-Kuan, controlling the coal supply and railroad, so indispensable to the allies if they remained in China through the winter, were occupied without opposition, the imperial troops retiring without offering to fight and leaving the mines undamaged. These were all regular expeditions—supposedly war, and conducted in all seriousness and with a half-belief in the foe's hostile intent and ability to injure. Scores of small scouting parties and irregular looting excursions had also cobwebbed the country, until scarcely a square mile remained that had not been gone over: and all without encountering a hostile act that could not be directly traced to the aggression or wanton brigandage (it is nothing else) of the allied soldiery.

This condensed sketch of the principal operations of September and early October, embracing the period from the occupation of Peking to the move on Pao-Ting-Fu, conveys an idea of the situation, from a military stand-point, as it existed when Marshal von Waldersee reached North China. Not only had an enemy failed to show anywhere, but evidences of hostility on the part of the people were lacking. The Chinamen would not be human did not such hostility exist, but it was repressed. A veneer of oriental submission to the inevitable concealed sentiments which in a Western race would have found vent in reviling and insults, if not in surreptitious murder. The anti-foreign element realized that its bolt had failed, and that for the time it was beaten. China had bent her neck to the yoke (a galling yoke, too) of

the invaders. She wore her sackcloth with a meek countenance, and bore herself humbly.

Well might she cry quits. The juggernaut of war had crossed one of her most populous provinces, leaving a broad path of smoking villages and desolated homes, trampled on her walled cities and set foot in her capital. Thousands of her people had miserably perished. Millions more were shelterless, facing a bitter winter naked and without food. Had China been at war it would have been high time to terminate the hopeless conflict. But she was not at war, technically. She had merely been afflicted with an irruption which, in the cutting away, had left the nation torn and bleeding. Even her physicians, the countries called civilized, were beginning to shudder as they contemplated the gaping wound, while they rummaged for moral prescriptions with which to poultice it.

War, like all things, runs its course. It generally stops when one combatant expresses contrition and ceases to resist. That the Chinese had ceased, not only to attack, but to offer the slightest resistance when assailed, was so evident by the beginning of October that even the most obtuse European officer might have observed it. The fact that no bodies of armed and hostile Chinese existed anywhere in the locality affected by the war, had been established, by correct military method, beyond peradventure. It was everywhere supported by unmistakable social evidences. The inhabitants who had fled had conquered their well-founded alarm, and were returning to their ruined and dismantled homes. Habitations rose again among the ruins, shattered household effects were gathered, and customary occupations resumed. Civil law came from her retreat, in unfamiliar foreign guise, to hold the wavering scales of justice. The great business arteries, freed from stifling military ligatures, once more began to throb. Shops opened, and the streets filled with jostling and apparently good-humored throngs. In the fields, coolies again took up their flails and hoes. Everywhere were the unmistakable harbingers of peace. Some flickering embers of war—or rather a detestable imitation of it—still remained in Chihli Province. But such as still

glowed, were fanned—I state it flatly—by the allied troops.

To say some of the allies is to speak more exactly, although all must bear a certain degree of responsibility. Some of the powers were quick to realize the change in the complexion of affairs, and acted accordingly. The occupation of the forts along the gulf and adjacent to the railway which runs from Tang-Ku to Shan-hai-Kuan, the only port that can be kept open in winter, was a military necessity and justified by the circumstances. That being accomplished, Russia, Japan, and the United States, having, with England, done the fighting when it really needed to be done, declined to participate in any attempt to prolong it. To the lasting credit of the United States be it said that our conduct through this Chinese trouble has been straightforward and consistent. The Americans fought when there was need to fight, and quit fighting when the enemy threw up his hands. The methods of the Russians and Japs gave a sanguinary tinge to the conflict while it lasted, but they have refrained from kicking a fallen and helpless enemy. This they left to the Germans, who, entirely out of the real fighting, took the lead in the Campaign of Revenge, with England, Italy, and France as allies.

Though there was no hostile army in the field, though the Chinese imperial troops were busy snipping off the frayed ends of the Boxer insurrection, though dozens of scouting expeditions had failed to discover even a guerilla enemy, the war continued full blast on the crowded terrace of the Astor House in Tien-tsin. To sit and listen to the talk as it swung round the ever-shifting groups at the tables, one might gather that in all probability Tien-tsin would be besieged by hordes of Boxers before the week was out. Forty thousand armed fanatics were reported at Tsing-hai, as many more at Hiung-Lu, fully one hundred thousand at Pao-Ting-Fu, and so on to the limit of credulity, which with some people is a wide stretch indeed. You could hear of bloody engagements being fought by patrols only a few miles away, against overwhelming numbers of Boxers. Blood was being shed, and plentifully too. But the non-combatant Chinese population was

furnishing the blood. Nevertheless, the yarns were good ones, and thrilling, if you cared to listen.

The principal purveyor of these reports was the Foreign Resident. In China the Foreign Resident is an institution. His numbers are few, but his importance is big. He has infinite capacity to shed his blood, out of all proportion to the amount usually allotted to man by anatomical works, and may be massacred many times yet still survive. He is as full of apprehension as an egg of meat. Visions of Boxer armies haunt his couch and cloud his waking hours. You will hearken to his tales, perhaps, until you begin to understand that he is profiting greatly by the military occupation, and utilizing the unsettled conditions to line his pocket-book. He will tell you, in one breath, that the Boxers are sure to swoop down on Tien-tsin as soon as winter locks up North China, and that his wife and children are coming up from Shanghai on the next boat. He is a maze of hallucinations and contradictions, and you will end by paying no attention to him and looking at conditions as they actually are.

Still, the Foreign Resident has many people hypnotized. He usually prefaces his remarks with, "I've lived thirty years in China and ought to know something about these people;" and on the strength of it proceeds to fill the listener up. His influence was fading when the German army corps landed. Then his reports of great Boxer armies took a new lease of life. The Germans wanted an enemy very badly, and were eager to believe that one existed. The Foreign Resident had planted a huge and aggressive Boxer army at Pao-Ting-Fu, and was vigorously demanding the razing of that city, which had been the scene of the worst massacre of missionaries. The arduous task of taking Pao-Ting-Fu was hailed with enthusiasm by the newly arrived Germans. It was the opportunity they sought.

In October, when the Germans took the field against the phantoms raised by the Foreign Resident, the Pao-Ting-Fu expedition was not a new idea. It had been on the tapis for some time. Suggested in the beginning of September, it had been postponed from time to time for a variety of reasons. At one time it was



regarded as a military necessity, on the supposition that the place afforded the Boxers a mobilizing point from which they could descend with equal ease on Peking or Tientsin. Then, when the incorrectness of that view became evident, it was advocated as a measure of punishment, which meant revenge. Half a dozen dates had been fixed for the expeditionary force to start, but the weeks drifted by and still the chastisement of Pao-Ting-Fu was deferred. The country was as quiet as roving groups of brigands wearing the uniforms of the allied powers would permit it to be. Russia, Japan, and the United States had declined to participate in any more offensive operations, and were reducing the number of their troops in China as rapidly as circumstances would permit. General Chaffee, who is not given to braggadocio, had stated, in the presence of a number of officers, that he would undertake to march through China from the Great Wall to Canton with a single troop of cavalry. In my opinion, he could have dispensed with the troop of cavalry. Imperial edicts, ordering the people to welcome the foreign troops and commanding the suppression of the Boxers, had emanated from the fastnesses of Shansi Province, where the Emperor had taken refuge, and been published throughout the empire. The representatives of the powers assembled in Peking had been requested by Li Hung Chang not to attack the imperial troops, already engaged in ferreting out and arresting the Boxers, who had been declared criminals.

The belated Pao-Ting-Fu expedition was to have started early in October, but at the request of Marshal von Waldersee it was delayed in order to permit the Germans to participate. The Germans had, however, arrived so ill prepared to undertake a campaign that further postponements were necessary. They were practically destitute of field transport. In their predicament they endeavored to purchase from the United States Quartermaster at Tientsin, but General Humphrey refused to deplete his well-stocked corral, though he did lend the Field Marshal four mules to draw his private carriage.

These repeated delays were naturally annoying to the French and British, who had been for some time fully prepared to

move. They had, however, agreed to wait, and the British kept faith. There was one legitimate and urgent reason why some troops should be sent to Pao-Ting-Fu. The Green family, missionaries, were being held by the Fan-Ti as hostages, and it was reported that continued ill-treatment was injuring the health of its members. Several letters from Mr. Green had reached Tientsin, stating that the condition of himself and family was wretched, and begging for succor. General Lorne-Campbell, in command of the British force at Tientsin, had sent a messenger to the Fan-Ti commanding him to treat the Greens well or he would suffer death when the foreign troops arrived. The Fan-Ti replied that the Greens were being well provided for. All this time Chinese merchants and other persons were passing back and forth between Tientsin and Pao-Ting-Fu. They all agreed that the city was quiet and contained no Boxers, except such as might be in hiding.

The expedition was to consist of two divisions, one marching from Peking and the other from Tientsin, those cities being about equidistant from Pao-Ting-Fu. The Tientsin division mapped its plan of campaign as carefully as if it was a German army about to invade France. I do not imply that these precautions were not commendable. But that the German and British officers who planned them fully expected, or professed to expect, one or two battles before occupying Pao-Ting-Fu verges on the preposterous. Yet such expectations were entertained. To hold otherwise would be to accuse Marshal von Waldersee and General Lorne-Campbell of wittingly conducting an egregious farce. On the day the expedition left Tientsin, a German staff officer whose position placed him very close to the Field Marshal, told me, with all gravity, that the military authorities had reliable information that 80,000 Boxers, fully provided with rifles and artillery, blocked the way to Pao-Ting-Fu.

"We expect a big battle at Chao-peikhon, where they have a lot of gunboats on the canal," he told me. "If we beat them there they will probably fall back on their reinforcements at Pao-Ting-Fu, and we shall then have to take the city by assault. It will be a hot campaign."

I scanned him closely to see if he was in earnest, and decided that he was.

"If anybody will give me a thousand pounds," I said, "I will take a Chinese guide and capture Pao-Ting-Fu single-handed. There is not a hostile force in China formidable enough to make a squad of New York policemen sweat."

He scanned me to discover if I was in earnest, and decided, I think, that I was insane, for he politely excused himself and terminated the conversation. We parted with a mutually poor opinion of each other's intelligence. On that very day, as we learned later, a single battalion of French infantry had occupied Pao-Ting-Fu without firing a shot.

A rumor that this French column had struck across from Hu-si-wu in the direction of Pao-Ting-Fu had reached Tientsin several days before. Inquiry developed that the French battalion had really started, but the French authorities at Tientsin explained that the movement was designed as a reconnaissance. Nevertheless, it struck horror into the British and Germans. A scheme to get the French to wait until their allies could catch up was hastily devised. General Bouillard was offered command of the entire Tien-tsin division. His reply was ambiguous, but conveyed the impression that the reconnoitering battalion would only proceed a short distance and wait for the main column.

Finally, on October 12th, the Pao-Ting-Fu campaign was set in motion. Barnum's circus was never better advertised. Pao-Ting-Fu had even been formally warned of the wrath to come. The Tien-tsin division, some four thousand strong, marched in three columns. Its story can be told in few words. Suffice to say that the eighty thousand Boxers at Chao-pei-Khon did not materialize. The march was absolutely unopposed. At a village beyond Chao-pei-Khon a regiment of Bombay cavalry hacked to pieces a hundred or so supposed Boxers. An officer who saw this fight told me that all the Chinese thus slaughtered were unarmed. Most of them were sabred while on their knees praying for mercy. Even some of the Sepoy soldiers, who are not at all squeamish, shrunk before the task of hewing down helpless men. The division was delayed by dust-storms and did not reach Pao-Ting-Fu until October 22d.

It was three days behind the Peking division, which arrived a week after the battalion of French had occupied the city.

The Peking division of two thousand five hundred men (Germans, French, and British), commanded by General Gaselee, started on October 12th. General Gaselee seems to have had a more rational idea of the task before him than the commanders of the Tien-tsin column. He did not expect to encounter opposition. Li Hung Chang had dispatched runners from Peking to warn the imperial troops to keep out of the way of the foreign troops, who were to be treated as friends, not enemies. The Fan-ti and Tao-ti of Pao-Ting-Fu were also commanded to open the gates and provide food and quarters for the allies. Wu, the general in command of the Chinese imperial troops in that locality, tried hard to obey orders. In their efforts to keep out of the way of the Peking division, some of his soldiers bumped into the Tien-tsin division and were dispersed and deprived of their arms. Some of them were cut up by the Bombay cavalry. The remainder scattered in all directions.

The commander of the French battalion which took the city contented himself with occupying the gates and walls while he waited for the allies to come up, merely looting the treasury of 180,000 taels which it contained. He had been received cordially by the municipal officials and provided with food. On the day following his arrival, he dispatched a message to General Lorne-Campbell, from which this is quoted:

"You will be happy to learn that the gallant French soldiers under my command have succeeded in occupying Pao-Ting-Fu without slaughter."

I shall not attempt to depict the happiness of the British general when he received that message.

General Gaselee reached Pao-Ting-Fu October 19th, and billeted his command on villages outside the walls. A deputation of civic officials and prominent citizens waited upon him and volunteered to supply the troops with provisions, which had been collected in large quantities under Li Hung Chang's instructions, in anticipation of the arrival of the allies. For three days the troops remained outside the city, not even officers

being permitted to enter. The Germans and Italians were furious. Officers openly fumed, protesting that the French were looting the city and that there would be nothing left. October 22d the Germans, French, and Italians entered the city, which had been divided into four parts, each to be exclusively controlled by a different nationality. General Gaselee would not permit the British troops to enter, and issued stringent orders against looting. These orders were obeyed as well as such orders may be. The officers and men grumbled a bit. "We might as well not have come," they said.

Of the British it must be said that on this expedition they behaved rationally, with few exceptions, a compliment which cannot be paid their allies. Your Indian soldier is, when not rigidly curbed, the most ravenous looter in China; which may seem a rash assertion. The British paid for most of the provisions they consumed. The Germans, with exquisite irony, paid in due-bills on the Chinese Government. The French and Italians simply appropriated.

The effects of quartering the Germans, French, and Italians in the city soon became apparent. When they moved in, conditions were about normal. The streets teemed with life, and the shops and markets did business as usual. By the next day nearly all the shops were closed and the markets vacated, except in the quarter policed by the British. The major part of the population had disappeared. The ways were comparatively deserted. Carts trundled by French, German, or Italian soldiers, and laden with loot, could be seen everywhere. The town was evidently being pillaged deliberately and systematically. Now and then a woman's piercing scream broke from the muffling depths of a cluster of houses, and spent its echoes in the empty streets. Such sounds, with their sinister meaning, were frequent in the French and Italian quarters. Columns of smoke, lifting their snaky forms high above the thatched roofs, showed where fires were raging. Uncertainty and apprehension marked the faces of the residents who showed themselves. Coolies, who were to be had in any numbers when the allies arrived, were hard to find, and soldiers with bayonets coerced them at their tasks.

Three days of civilized rule accomplished a revolution.

When the allies occupied the city, a joint commission was appointed to investigate the outrages on and murders of the missionaries, and mete justice to the responsible authorities. This commission began sitting immediately in secret session. No correspondents were permitted to be present. Evidence was secured on which the Fan-ti and a number of officials were condemned to death. It was further decreed that the temple of the city's tutelary god be destroyed, as well as many other temples, and the gate-towers levelled. The corner of the wall, where some of the missionaries were executed, was also to be razed. These are degradations terrible to the Chinese mind. It was decided that the city should not be burned, provided all persons implicated in the anti-foreign riots were delivered to the commissioners. Thus was Pao-Ting-Fu to be punished.

Three days elapsed after the French reached the city, before the imprisoned Green family learned of their presence. A faithful Chinese servant conveyed to the French information of the Greens's predicament, and their release was immediately demanded of the Fan-ti. I shall not dwell here on the harrowing story of the suffering of the Greens, nor relate the details of the murder of the other missionaries at Pao-Ting-Fu. Evidence given before the joint commission developed that the women were not outraged before being put to death, which conveys a certain consolation. The mob must have been in some degree orderly, for a sort of trial was held before the missionaries were condemned. This does not palliate the offence. Rather does it aggravate, for it implies deliberation. The little Green girl, wasted by hardship and disease, died a few days after the allies reached Pao-Ting-Fu, and Mr. Green was not expected to survive. I can easily understand the indignation which the suffering of this unfortunate family, and those of other missionaries, will cause throughout the civilized world. There is a pathos in the helpless agony of children which powerfully strikes the heart-strings. But, to me, the spectacle of a Chinese baby torn from its dead mother and bayoneted or thrown to drown in a river, is as pathetic as if that child were white.

Such scenes have been common enough since the allied troops occupied China. The graves of the Simcox and Green children might be enclosed by a fence, each picket bearing the name of a Chinese boy or girl who has, within the three months just passed, suffered worse at the hands of men whose skins are white. Against the awful background of this war, the death of the few missionaries is lost in the mists of a ghastly perspective.

Had relief come sooner the little Green girl might have been saved. For full two months the situation of the family had been known in Tien-tsin and Peking. Several expeditions were organized to succor them, but the anxiety of the Germans to participate in some movement which could be given a color of importance caused it to be deferred. I assert this to have been the real reason, no matter what inconsequential excuses may be given. Nor can I conceive anything more ridiculous or farcical than this expedition when it did finally, with all the pomp of war, move on the enemy which the imagination of its leaders had conjured up. Any sane view of the situation would have sent a lieutenant and a troop of cavalry early in September to bring the Greens to Tien-tsin. Instead, a month later, seven or eight thousand troops, with a strong artillery, reached the city, to find it in the peaceful possession of a single battalion of Frenchmen. The taking of Pao-Ting-Fu, when it was taken, was a job for a sergeant and squad of police. Yet it was magnified into a campaign fit to baptize a field marshal's baton. And the little child was dead.

However, the Pao-Ting-Fu campaign was not without its battles. A few days after the city was taken, a British Indian soldier reported that he had been fired upon from a near-by village, and exhibited a wound in proof. A detachment of Lancers was despatched to punish the village, which it did with enthusiasm, impaling some scores of unarmed inhabitants on its lances. A correspondent who witnessed this fight (?) described it to me as a most sickening sight. "Pure murder," was his comment.

That same day a report reached Pao-Ting-Fu that a French patrol had fought a bloody fight to the eastward and suffered a loss of seventy. Investigation proved

that one Frenchman had been injured by the falling of some brick while he was battering in the door of a house. Unarmed Chinese, as usual, provided the "loss." This same French detachment was, a few days later, found on the road by which the British were returning to Tien-tsin. The British, as they approached a large village, heard a heavy cannonading, and sent forward a patrol to discover the cause. At their approach a French battery, which had been throwing shells into the village, ceased firing. An English officer rode up to the French commander and inquired what was going on.

"We are attacking this town," replied the French officer. "It is, as you see, heavily fortified" (the village had, like most Chinese towns, a mud wall around it). "My infantry will assault as soon as a reconnoitering party, which I have sent forward, returns."

Just then an officer who had his glasses levelled at the town discovered a group of Chasseurs d'Afrique, sitting under a tree near the gate. They were apparently enjoying a meal. Summoned to return they reported the town to be empty. The inhabitants, driven out by the shells, had fled. This village, owing probably to the presence of the British, escaped with being looted. Others were burned as well. The French are adepts at the art of war, as illustrated in the battle just described. Nothing had been done to provoke this attack. A German force, left at a large town between Peking and Pao-Ting-Fu to guard the line of communications, took advantage of General Gaselee's absence to march to a village where several hundred sadly puzzled Chinese imperial troops had camped. Without cause, and in complete disregard of the fact that the imperial troops were implicitly obeying Li Hung Chang's instructions to keep out of the way, the Germans attacked them. The Chinese commander promptly surrendered, and the Germans triumphantly marched back to their camp, carrying the arms and flags of the imperial troops, and two brass cannon. A week later, a member of Marshal von Waldersee's staff gave me a copy of an official report of the Pao-Ting-Fu expedition, in which this affair was gravely enumerated as an important success.

These incidents have been multiplied

*ad libitum*. They exemplify the third stage of the war. The Pao-Ting-Fu expedition furnished the excuse to march an army into a region hitherto only scratched by the hand of pillage. The expeditionary army was the body from which scores of smaller forces (called scouting parties, reconnaissances, or whatever you like that sounds military), issued forth, licensed to burn, loot, and murder, and fulfilling their license to the letter. These detachments scoured the country, living off it, and making war at will upon the inhabitants. Yes, literally making war, where no war existed.

Before the Pao-Ting-Fu expedition, sitting in his palace in Peking, Li Hung Chang said to me:

"The insurrection is over. The Boxers are crushed, and will be punished. I have said so. My edicts are now known. Have I not put down every insurrection in China within the last thirty years? *They know me.*"

And the aged statesman knew whereof he spoke.

A civilian who accompanied the expeditionary force had, when he left Tientsin, only a few dollars, and rode a borrowed horse. When he returned, he had two horses, four mules, one thousand taels in sice, and two carts laden with miscellaneous loot. At Pao-Ting-Fu he left the troops and returned over a part of the country where the allies had not been. He was accompanied only by a Chinese servant and guide. At each town and village through which he passed he announced himself to be a "top side English war man," and demanded tribute, which the head men promptly produced according to their wealth. Two nights he slept in walled towns, the only for-

eigner within twenty miles, and was entertained at the yamens of the Tao-tis, who knocked their heads on the floor in his presence. Armed only with a revolver, he travelled alone from Pao-Ting-Fu to Tien-tsin by unfrequented paths, far aside from the line of march of the returning column, and collected tribute by the way. He has already sold his loot and departed after more. This is a sample of what is daily occurring in North China. A reign of terror holds the land enthralled.

To the north, along the Gulf of Pechili, the French and Russians have been committing the most unpardonable atrocities. At Shan-hai-Kuan the market for produce was established three miles from the town, as the venders cannot be induced to come nearer the French and Russian camps. Even at Taku, Russian soldiers were detected robbing coolies of the fifteen cents a day which they receive for working at the United States quartermaster depot. Their common enemy having disappeared, the allies are bickering among themselves. Every day that large bodies of troops remain in China adds to the roll of murders and lengthens the list of burned villages. Their conduct is a provocation which may even wear through the miraculous patience of the Chinese and create a new war out of the ashes of the old. The present is a hiatus of irresponsibility. Seized with a vertigo of indiscriminating vengeance, the powers are trifling with the peace of the world. Events such as the months of September, October, and November brought to China have carried war back to the Dark Ages, and will leave a taint in the moral atmosphere of the world for a generation to come.



## MODERN ATHENS

By George Horton

SECOND PAPER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CORWIN KNAPP LINSON

THE Athenian who keeps house anywhere except on the widest and most fashionable streets is obliged to rise very early in summer, willy nilly. The fruit and vegetable pedlers are abroad while the morning star is still in the heavens, and they wake every sleeping thing save those who are waiting the trump of doom. Down the narrow streets they go in endless procession, yelling with brazen lungs a chorus of barbarous words, Greek, Turkish, Italian. In no other city of the world are the street-cries so varied, so harrowing, so vocally picturesque, so interesting. Some of them have flitted about the town from classic days, as deathless and as Greek as the owls of the Parthenon. Boys still sell little bundles of fat pine, in great demand as kindling wood, crying "Dhadhé!" (*Δαδί!*)\* in at the open doors and windows.

\* "*Δαδίον*," Aristophanes, "Equites," 921.

The earliest of all the street-men is the vender of *Salépi*, which he cries with a sharp hammer-tap of the voice on the short "e." He struggles along through the half-light, carrying a huge samovar of brass, studded with hooks on which a dozen or more metal cups jingle and rattle. *Salepi* is a hot herb drink, of a mild, agreeable flavor, and is often taken in place of coffee. The *salepi*-seller comes just before dawn and steals away at sunrise, and is one of those distinctive features of a foreign city which the ordinary traveller never sees.

Nor do the men who sell milk and its various products lie in bed till the sun rises. There are a couple of European dairies in Athens, whose proprietors keep cows; but they do business mostly with the foreigners and with those Greeks who ape foreign manners. Your genuine Athenian believes the goat to be the proper





A PROMINENT CITIZEN

milk-producing animal, and he regards the cow in this connection about as we Americans do the mare. The milkman takes his animals with him, jangling their bells and sneezing. "Gála!" he shouts, a quick, startling cry with a "g," whose guttural quality is unattainable by adult learners and usually unperceived by them. When a customer comes to the door he strips the desired quantity into the proffered receptacle before her vigilant eyes, selecting one of the goats, and paying no attention to the others, who understand the business as well as he does. Patiently they stand about, chewing the cud or resting on contiguous doorsteps. When their master moves on, they arise and follow, more faithful than dogs. The obvious and wellnigh overpowering temptation to which the milkman is subjected, affects him in Greece as in America. In Greece it is taken for granted that he cannot resist and he is therefore obliged to take his animals with him. But even thus he is not above suspicion, for they tell of a rubber water-bag, carried inside the coat and provided with a tube reaching to the palm of the hand. Each time the milkman closes his hand over the udder he presses the bag between his arm and his body.

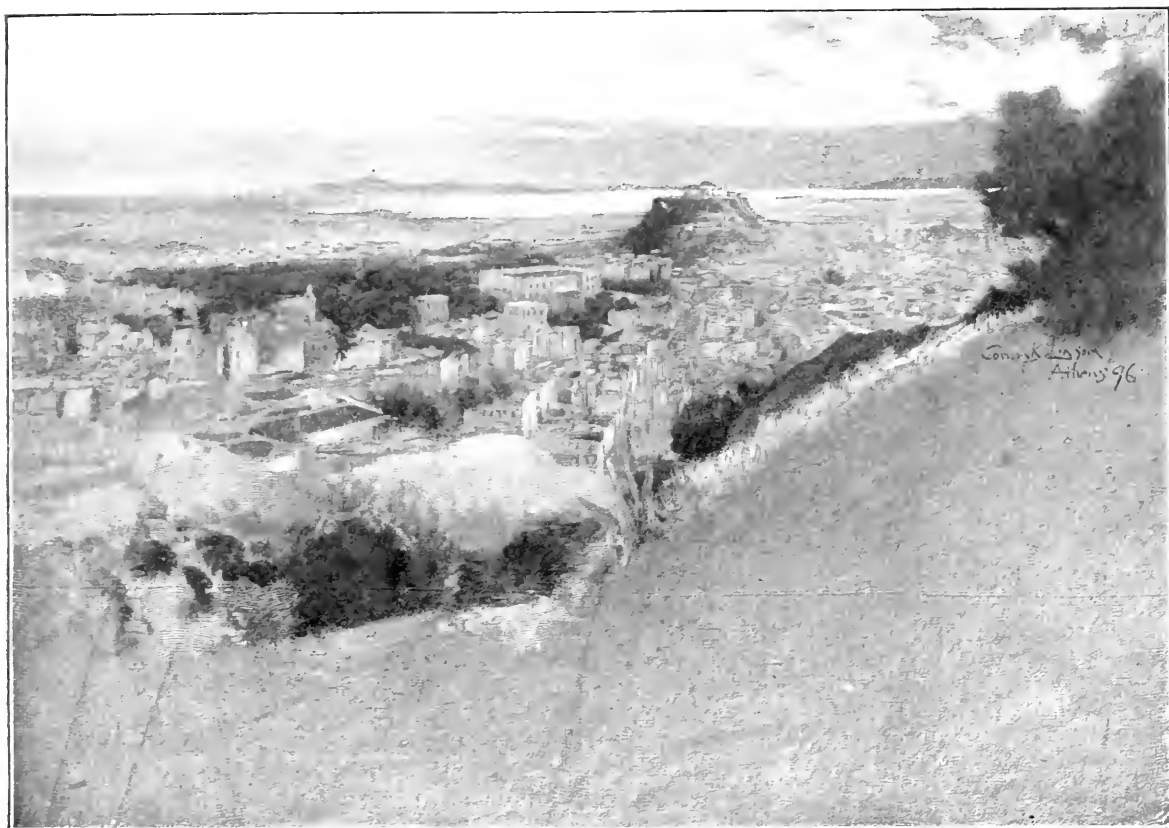
Gala is good Greek, and so is its genitive galaktos, but we cannot say as much for "giaourti," another of the most familiar street-cries of Athens—a barbaric sound resembling a howl, sud-

denly interrupted by a blow in the pit of the stomach. "Yo'wr-te," they pronounce it, sharp as the bark of a dog. The thing itself is curdled goat's milk in bowls that are carried in a tin box, cut up into pigeon-holes. Curiously enough, giaourti, when eaten with powdered sugar, is good.

"Voútyro! Voútyro!" That's the man selling white, unsalted butter from a stone crock, for the morning rolls. If you learn to like it once, salted butter tastes musty ever after.

These three varieties of merchant, who depend upon the goat for a livelihood, are for the most part stalwart shepherds in tight-fitting leggings and blouses with skirts reaching half way to the knees. They often wear tsarouchia and colored handkerchiefs tied about their heads, knotted at the back. Their barbaric, explosive shouts—"Gala!" "Yowrte!" "Voútyro!"—seem especially designed to awaken the sleeping city. They are followed by a melancholy cry, long drawn out: "Koulouria!" (Koo-loo-rei-ah). The koulouria man is a musical, mournful fellow, and if you listen, his voice will grow fainter and fainter in the dis-

A string  
of  
garlic.



General View of Athens and the Acropolis.

tance, with such perfect diminuendo that you fancy you hear it even when that is no longer possible. The koulouri is a species of hot roll, usually sold from a flat board which the vender carries on top of his head.

While on the subject of mournful cries, I must not forget the man who sells "pantoufes," dwelling for a long time on the "ou." The French scholar will recognize the word, *pantoufles* (slippers). They are carried through the streets slung two and two on a long stick, and are sold largely to servant girls who make their employers pay for them. *Pantoufles*, about one pair a month, are a perquisite of service in Athens, according to unwritten law.

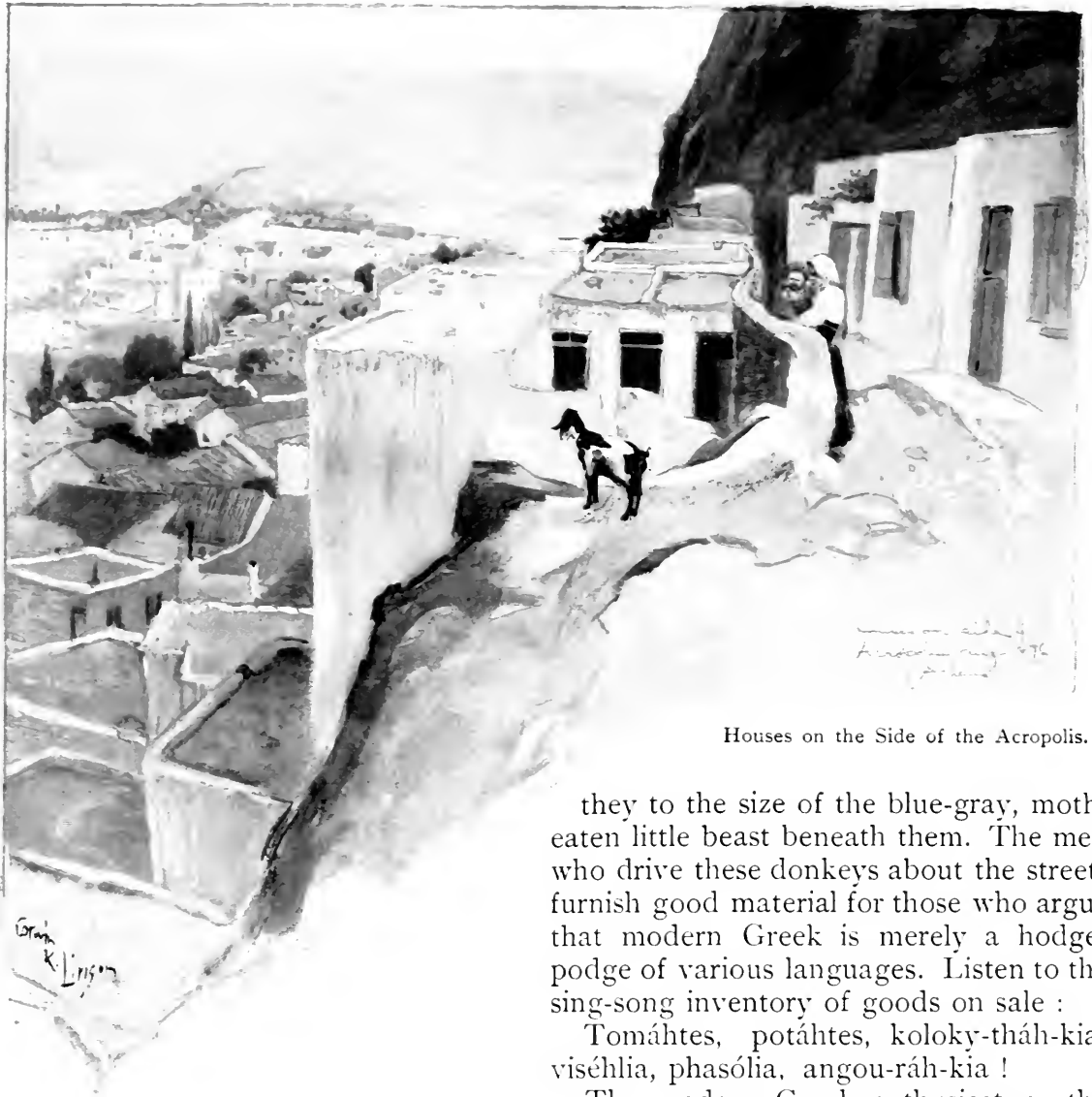
Then there are insinuating cries, uttered in an inquiring tone, that depend for their penetrating quality on a long "e," that favorite sound in modern Greek. Such are (phonetically spelled) *Seeka*, *Stapheelia*, *radheekia*, *peenes* (Figs, grapes, wild greens, *pinnas*).

The wild greens are sold from bags by very old, bent, and witch-like women, who become so associated with that one senile plaint, uttered in a cracked voice, that one no longer regards them as thinking and

talking women. They have ceased to be old gossips, they are birds of some ancient mythologic sort and that is their cry—"Radheekia! Radheekia!"

The *pinnas* are enormous clams with a narrowish, flat shell. They are as wide as a man's hand, or wider, and a foot or more in length. They are carried in a flat basket, with the hinge ends in the centre, like the spokes of a wheel. Save for about a teacupful of clam at the hinge end, the shells are entirely empty. If you buy a half dozen the merchant chips a little hole in the shell of one and then empties the contents of the other five into the receptacle thus made.

The garlic vender carries his fragrant wares in long ropes, thrown over his shoulders. The Greek word for garlic is *σκόρδος*—a good old word and a good old plant, highly relished in Greece and believed to possess many mysterious, health-giving properties. It is also a sovereign prophylactic against the evil eye. The baby or the pet goat is quite safe against this evil, who wears a kernel of garlic in a little bag tied around the neck. Garlic is eaten raw by the peasantry and laboring classes with their bread, and for this rea-



Houses on the Side of the Acropolis.

son the Europeanized Athenians—the society people—pretend to abhor it. But this is only an affectation. They periodically retire to the country and have garlic debauches, and at such times the young ladies are not to be seen. No genuine Athenian can live three months without garlic. And why should he? 'Tis a classic plant, most respectable in its antiquity, and not to be disowned by people whose chief pride is their ancient lineage.

One of the most typical sounds in any Eastern city—and Athens is at least semi-Oriental—is the creak! creak! of the huge paniers which the patient little donkeys carry, one on each side. All that is visible of the approaching animal is the head, twisted around sideways and tied down to keep him from taking toll. The two great baskets, side by side and laden with fruit or vegetables, seem to move of their own accord, so disproportionate are

they to the size of the blue-gray, moth-eaten little beast beneath them. The men who drive these donkeys about the streets furnish good material for those who argue that modern Greek is merely a hodge-podge of various languages. Listen to the sing-song inventory of goods on sale:

Tomáhtes, potáhtes, koloky-tháh-kia, viséhlia, phasólia, angou-ráh-kia!

The modern Greek enthusiast, on the other hand, can reply that we have here three words of Greek derivation, applied to articles botanically akin to those eaten to-day—kolokinthia, phasolia, angouria (Vegetable marrow, beans, cucumbers). As for tomatoes and potatoes, it is perfectly legitimate to apply new names to them, as they are new things. By this sensible process such philological monstrosities are avoided as pomme de terre and pome d'oro.

The turkey merchant is the most wonderful of street venders. He arrives with two or three hundred birds, which he drives about town for a week or two, selling them one by one. He is armed with a long pole, with which he touches up lazy or quarrelsome birds. They gobble continuously, and he shouts above the din: "Gállous, Gallópoula, Gallopóúles" (Turkey cocks, little turkeys, little hen turkeys)! When one drove meets an-

other face to face, or at right angles, they pass through without confusion, and no bird changes masters.

These are only a few of the street-cries of Athens which, mingled with the barking of dogs, the braying of donkeys, and the shouts of children, relieve the loneliness of the poorer quarters during the

who knows how to go about it. Tawny swarms of bees drift down the slopes of Hymettus in the early morning, and home again at night, and all day long they buzz among the purple blossoms of the wild thyme. Rustics lure them into antique conical hives, and betray their confidence by robbing them, selling the product with-



Street Leading Down from the Acropolis.

busy hours of the day. I cannot mention them all, but there is one other which I must not forget, "Meli ! Meli" (Honey, honey)! The vender is a shepherd from the slopes of Mount Hymettus, from the pages of the old poets. He carries a branch in his hand, to which is attached, by its base, a great triangle of honey made from flowers of the wild thyme. He does not get far nor shout many times.

But do not despair of obtaining all the Hymettus honey you want, even if you do not happen to see this shepherd. The thing is easy enough for the housekeeper

out difficulty to Athenian families. Who tastes the genuine Hymettus honey will find no cause of disillusionment, Professor Mahaffy to the contrary notwithstanding ("Rambles in Greece," page 156). The genial professor seems to have formed his unfavorable impression from the honey furnished him at some hotel table, which may not have been a fair sample.

The street pedler and his donkey are not seen in their greatest glory on the principal thoroughfares, the streets known as Hermes, Kephissia, University, Academy, Stadion. These all debouch into



Typical Greek House.

Constitution Square, like rivers into a lake. Hermes Street is where the ladies do their shopping; Kephissia is lined with modern residences, and is a fashionable drive; University and Academy streets are named after the beautiful buildings which adorn them, and the Hodos Stadiou connects the Square of the Constitution with Concord Square, between which plies a line of noisy *vis-a-vis*, or four-seated wagons drawn by equine skeletons. These latter are driven furiously to and fro with much hissing and cracking of long whip-lashes and more bi-lingual profanity. The poor animals are kept in motion continually, whether business be dull or brisk, for, like bicycles, they have a tendency to fall down when quiescent. There were never any horses in the world so lean as they, except those of the old Fifth Avenue stage line in New York.

One has but to strike off at right angles from any of the principal arteries at almost any point to get into a genuine "native quarter," to get among the homes of Greeks who dwell in Athens winter and summer, who earn their living in the various industries of the city, and whose men folks take their recreation at the little cafés which are as thick as saloons in an American city. There is nothing in Athens

which corresponds exactly to our tenements. Labor and materials are cheap, and a family of very moderate means can own its own house, invariably a two-story building of stone and stucco, surrounded by an adobe wall. Within the court thus formed there is sure to be a tree or two, and a few flowers. The northern slopes of the Acropolis, the regions about the so-called Theseion, the Areopagus and the Temple of the Olympian Zeus, the lower approach to Lycabettus, and the road to Phaleron are crowded thick with these dwellings.

The old city extended, as indicated by the traces of the ancient wall, on the south to a little ways beyond the theatre of Dionysus; on the east, to the Arch of Hadrian, including in Roman times the Zappeion district; and on the north, about to Stadion Street and the Dipylon, taking in Pnyx Hill. It thus appears that the modern town has greatly outgrown, in respect of area, its glorious forerunner, though we must take into account that there were many suburbs in old times outside the walls.

The place of the tenement is taken in the modern capital of Greece by the *avlé*, or court, and the houses built around three sides of it. This court is usually shaded

by a large tree or two, and in its floor of beaten earth is scooped out a little basin, kept full of water from the bryse, or common hydrant.

Here the ducks of the various families make friends and disport together, and the numerous dogs and chickens satisfy their thirst. Each family occupies on an average two rooms, from which, it is needless to say, children of all ages overflow until the court resembles the playground of a public school.

The café, like the saloon in Anglo-Saxon and Celtic cities, is the club of the poor. It consists of a hospitable room for winter and a shaded bit of sidewalk, or a little court for summer. Here the men of the neighborhood gather to play dominoes, to talk politics or business or to arrange marriages. Black coffee at from five to twenty lepta the cup (one to four cents) is the universal beverage, and the cigarette and the narghile are the only modes of smoking. The narghile is most affected by the old-time Athenians, those who cling to the fast-disappearing fustanella or bracha, or who still wear it in their hearts. The latter is the island costume, breeches of strong homespun whose voluminous seat hangs like a bag between the knees and reaches nearly to the ground. To be the genuine thing, it should be of cloth whose thread was twisted by patient fingers from a tuft of

snowy wool nesting in the crotch of an old-fashioned distaff. (When we use the word "old-fashioned" in this connection,

we are thinking of fashions coeval with the Pyramids and Mycenæ.) Throughout the country regions and islands of Greece all the cloth that is used in the household is made by hand from the wool; and upon the back streets of Athens estimable peasant women may be seen standing in the doorways twirling spinning-whorls similar to those used by the handmaidens of Helen of Troy.

Hand-loom are still in use in the Greek capital, as they are in the villages, and the silk-spinner, with his portable wheel, is a common sight in shaded alleys—a reminder of the times when the great ladies of Venice arrayed themselves sumptuously in Greek silk and when it was made into

trousers for the indolent beauties of a thousand Turkish harems.

After the café, the *fourno* (oven) is the institution which plays the largest part in the lives of an Athenian neighborhood. Very little baking is done in Greek kitchens, a wise arrangement due to the warm climate. The stove is merely a cube of masonry, breast high, with holes on the upper surface in which charcoal is burned for broiling steaks and boiling pots. A flue, opening on the face of the cube, furnishes a draft, and the children of the



"In his stately flowing robe."





The Nike Apteros and the Propylaea, Acropolis.

household are called into frequent requisition to fan this flue with a turkey's wing when the pot refuses to boil. To the *fournos* are carried all roasts, and children or servants are continually running to and fro with copper pans containing a leg of lamb garnished with potatoes, a grinning goat's head reposing in a bed of tomatoes, tomatoes themselves, stuffed with minced goat's meat, or a large fish twisted into a semicircle and seasoned with onions and parsley. The various sweetmeats mentioned above are also baked at the *fournos*, which consists of a great cave wherein a fire is built. When the cave is sufficiently hot the fire is pushed back and the bread and waiting dishes are put in. No other impression of childhood lingers so vividly in the mind of the expatriated Greek as that of the neighborhood oven. When the doors are thrown open at night, disclosing that great cavern of fire, a dozen silent, dark-eyed children are sure to be looking in through the low stone archway of the shop, and the kindly baker with his long-handled rake pulling out the fragrant

loaves or turning the stone or copper platters, makes a picture very like that which they have been taught concerning the Evil One. The loaves, of coarse, wholesome bread, are piled on a platform by the wide window and, when you choose one, the baker jumps up among them with his bare feet and throws it to you.

The fragrance which wafts from his place is due to the wild thyme which he burns in his oven, brought to him from the slopes of Hymettus and the other contiguous hills on donkeys. The bread is made of meslin, in round loaves, each weighing an oke (two pounds and five-eighths) and selling for 60 lepta (about eight cents). The price is fixed by law, and the least disposition on the part of the bakers to raise prices or to give underweight arouses an instant storm of popular indignation—as happened when a youthful Chicago operator

attempted not long ago "to corner" the wheat market of the world.

Among the rank and file of Greeks, about the only ones who ever taste white bread are the priests and their families, who eat the fine loaves brought to the churches for communion purposes. This one fact is typical of the social standing of the *Papas* or priest, who is a man of immense influence and honor among the Greeks, who have not been corrupted by the fashionable scepticism of the age. His hand is kissed by his parishioners, his opinion on all matters is received with the greatest deference, he is the central figure in the most vital ceremonies of the community—birth, marriage, death. The two classes that add most to the picturesque effect of the streets and cafés are the priests and officers. That the service of Mars and that of the Prince of Peace are considered equally desirable in Greece is evident from the fact that there are over eight thousand priests to a population of two millions, and



An Athens Kitchen.

that there is one officer to every twelve men in the army. The concentration of all classes in such a city as Athens, causes one to meet at every turn a group of officers or a priest in his stately flowing robe and tall, thatched hat. The priests wear their hair and beards long that they may be as distinct as possible from the Western clergy, and they perhaps marry for the same reason—though a bishop must be a single man. On official occasions they let down their long back hair, of which they are often justly proud. Papas Ioannes Pappageorgios, now located at the village of Poros, has reddish brown hair which flows in a magnificent waving mane nearly to his hips. He is a sort of male Lady Godiva. All the ceremonials of the Greek Church are pompous and impressive to the highest degree attainable, and the wardrobe of the priest is adequate to his entire *répertoire*.

Marriage and death furnish the most picturesque processions. The *dot* system prevails, and unions are usually arranged on business principles. The bride's proeka, or dowry, consists of furniture and other useful articles as well as of money, and these are carried to the residence selected for the young couple by a frolic throng of friends, headed by music—usually a couple of violins and a guitar. When the parties are sufficiently wealthy, carriages are hired and piled full of beds and bedding, chairs,

wardrobes, bureaus, cooking utensils, etc. A special display is made of the silk pillows which the bride has embroidered with her own fair hands. A separate carriage is devoted to these, and they are arranged conspicuously on the seats.

The possibility of getting an unexpected view of the corpse, which is carried exposed in a shallow coffin, renders a Greek funeral procession a spectacle which nervous foreigners would do well to avoid. Old men and women arrayed in sombre black, young girls and children in white and half buried in flowers—all the dead are



For the Baker's Oven.



Yearly Midnight Easter Service Before the Metropolitan Cathedral.

thus borne for the last time through the streets of the city which has been their home. You are perhaps stopping at one of the hotels, and hear the solemn music of the dead march. You run to the window and look down and there, turned toward you in the awful calm of death is a face of marble whiteness, and a rigid form, the poor helpless hands crossed upon the breast. In former times high dignitaries of the church were borne to the grave, seated in a chair placed upon an elevated platform. But this display was too spectacular even for the Athenians, and it was finally abandoned. The coffin-lid, upholstered with richly embroidered silk and hung with a huge wreath, is carried at the head of the processions, which derive additional pomp from the numerous banners and symbols of the Church held high in

air. Priests, relatives, and mourners follow on foot, and the men sitting at the cafés or in the open doors rise, remove their hats and cross themselves as the corpse passes. In the case of an officer in the army, his charger, caparisoned in black, is led with him on this last expedition of all.

The procession of Good Friday should be mentioned while we are on the subject, for it is in reality a public, official representation of the funeral of Christ. Processions set out from the



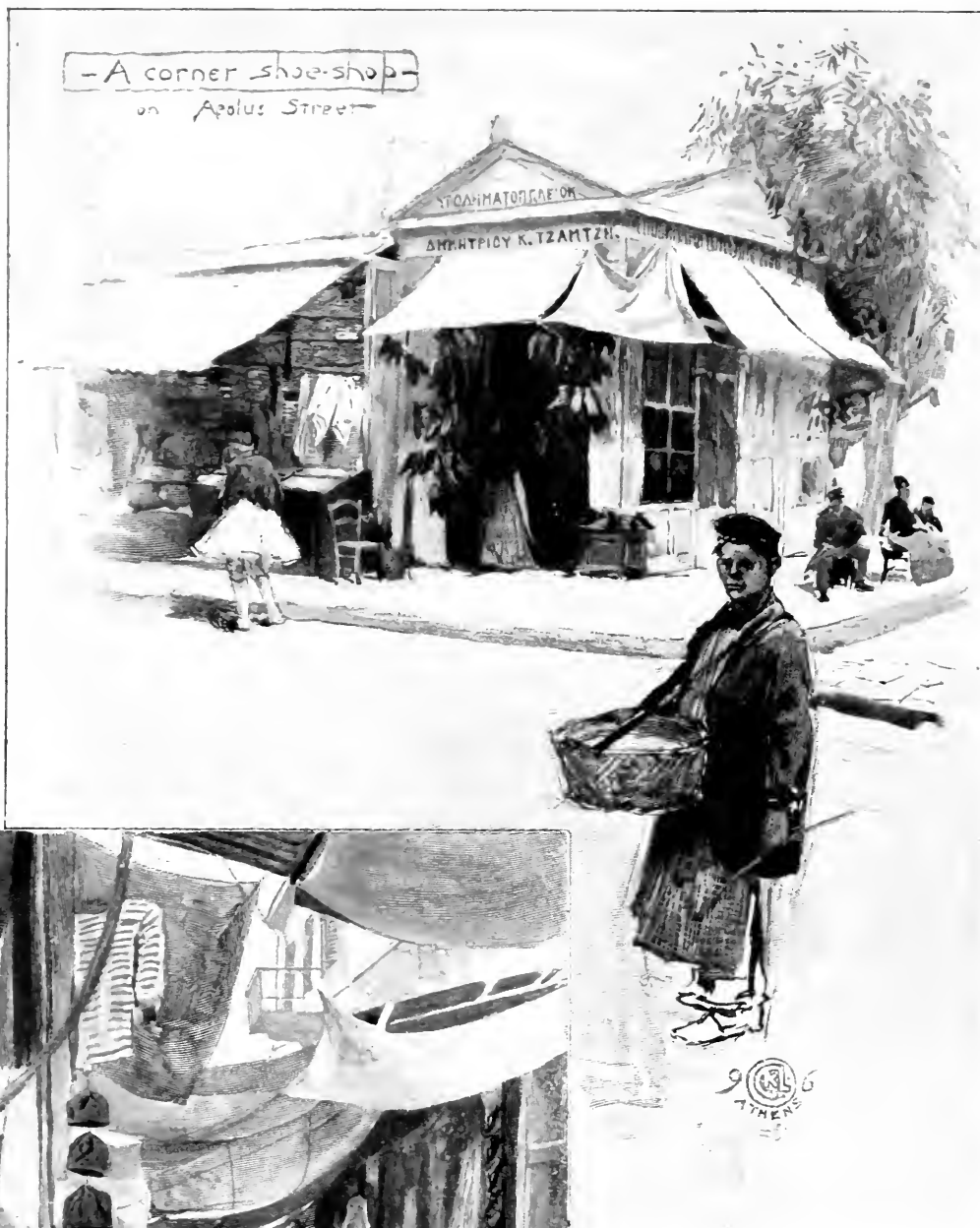
various churches by night, carrying all the sacred banners and emblems. They are led by a number of priests escorting an embroidered velvet figure of the Christ and followed by an interminable line of mourners, bearing lighted candles. The principal procession starts from the Metropolitan church, and is furnished with a squad of soldiers who march with re-



A Wedding Among the People.

versed arms and with a military band that plays a dirge. Sometimes two or three long lines of lighted candles can be seen at the same time, winding down toward Constitution Square from different parts of the city. This ceremony brings the personality of Christ home with great vividness to the common people, occurring as it does at a time when long fasting has rendered them peculiarly susceptible to impressions of an emotional or imaginative nature. The Greeks are honest and grim fasters. There are about one hundred and fifty-three fast days out of the three hundred and sixty-five, when life is sustained by means of bread and green olives, red caviare, garlic, sea urchins (echini), ink fish, lobsters, and such other denizens of the sea as are popularly thought to be "without blood."

Greek ritual worship reaches its high tide on the eve before Easter, at which time services are conducted in the Metropolitan church by the Metropolitan himself. Quite early in the evening the worshippers begin to arrive at the sacred edifice, which is soon filled to stifling, and a great throng gathers in the square without, where a platform has been erected, that is filled early in the evening by Greek lay dignitaries and official foreigners. The service is long and impressive, but through it all the vast audience is awaiting the moment when the venerable priest shall light his candle, symbolical of the light which shall break upon the eyes of the dead in Christ when they arise from the tomb. As the hour of midnight approaches, the eagerness of the throng in the square be-



Shoe Lane.

comes more and more intense. At last a sigh of relief is heard. Someone clinging to a pillar or sitting upon the steps of the platform has seen within the church. They are lighting their candles there, they are coming out. Sporadic tips of flame flicker into being at far distances apart, they bloom in solid patches like little wind-blown stars scampering in troops into the sky, the streets become rivers of twinkling candles, they wink and flare in a hundred windows. The venerable Metropolitan, superb in flowing robes and vestments embroidered in gold, emerges from the church with his suite and mounts to the platform. A hush falls upon that devout throng and



the litany continues. At last the tremendous announcement is made, in a voice of solemn conviction, "Christos Aneste" (Christ is risen), and every candle in the square—in all the tributary streets and in all the windows is raised and lowered three times, once for the Father, once for the Son, and once for the Holy Spirit. The Easter service is ended, the long fast is over. Great joy seizes upon all hearts and a feeling of brotherhood and love overflows. Women sob in the excess of emotion and enemies kiss each other with the kiss of peace, murmuring "Christ is risen, He is risen indeed!"

Then the congregation breaks up and goes home, still carrying the lighted candles that soon scatter all over the city, like little lines and squads of moving stars. The first thing the Greek does when he reaches home is to light, from his candle, the lamp which burns before the eikon, then he breaks the long fast with a dish of soup, made from the entrails and feet of the Easter lamb, seasoned with egg and lemon. But a small portion is taken, for it is necessary to prepare the stomach for the feasting of the morrow. It is a pretty poor Greek who cannot afford at least a piece of lamb on Easter Sunday, although he may not eat meat any other day of the year.

It will be seen that the Church does much toward the entertainment of the people. These theatrical ceremonials will be very interesting and suggestive to the student who remembers that the drama has always had its origin in religion; that it sprung in Greece from the worship of Dionysus, and in England from the mystery plays. To the ordinary observer, theatrical pageants seem very much at home in a kingdom so small that one can well imagine he is observing it from a box or a seat in the parquet—an effect that is height-

ened by a background of ruins, mediæval churches, crooked streets, and perhaps a chorus of Albanians in ballet-dancing costume—the King's guard—in front of the palace. And ever and anon there is a fanfare announcing that some member of the royal family has started on a drive, or is just returning from one.



Smoking a Narghile.

From Athens to Phaleron is the favorite carriage promenade, and when His or Her Majesty sets forth, all the fashion of the city is not far behind. Arrived at the beach the King and Queen or the King and his daughter walk up and down in the most democratic manner possible, usually followed by a fat dachshund.

Kephissia, a few miles up in the mountains, and Phaleron, are often referred to as the "two lungs" of Athens. There are many fine villas at both places, and their contiguity to the capital renders it



possible to get out of the heat at any time in less than an hour.

Foreigners must obtain their ideas of Greek customs and character mostly from the public and out-of-door manifestations. There are but three or four Greek houses in all Athens open to them, a form of exclusiveness which was inflicted upon the English during the occupancy of Corfu and which occasioned much bitter criticism. My knowledge of the Greek character leads me to believe that they keep their doors shut from shyness rather than from motives of economy. The Greek cannot quite rid himself of so many hundreds of years of Turkish influence, and his house has borrowed seclusion from the harem. You may stay for weeks in a country village without ever seeing a pretty young girl. But do not deceive yourself: many a roguish pair of eyes has been "taking stock" of you through closed shutters, and if your bearing lacks in the least essential of dignity you have been the subject of uncomplimentary laughter; for the Greek maiden hath a shrewd wit and is much given to ridicule. In Athens the married ladies of wealth, who have travelled abroad, go about with more freedom, but the girls are ferociously chaperoned. The window-cushion is found in all the houses, a long pillow upon which the ladies rest their elbows while they gaze down into the street. Hours are spent in this occupation, which is quite typical of the peasant's ideal of a lady—a woman who has nothing to do. Indeed, there is a saying among the poor people, "She sits on her balcony and eats pumpkin seeds." But I would not convey the idea that the "New Woman" is

entirely unknown in Athens. She has made her appearance there and, so far, is doing a world of good. Her example is putting her charming sisters more and more in touch with the western world, where they belong. Mrs. Calirrhoe Parren is editor of a woman's paper, the *Ephemeris ton Kyrion* (The Ladies' Journal), which advocates increased education and

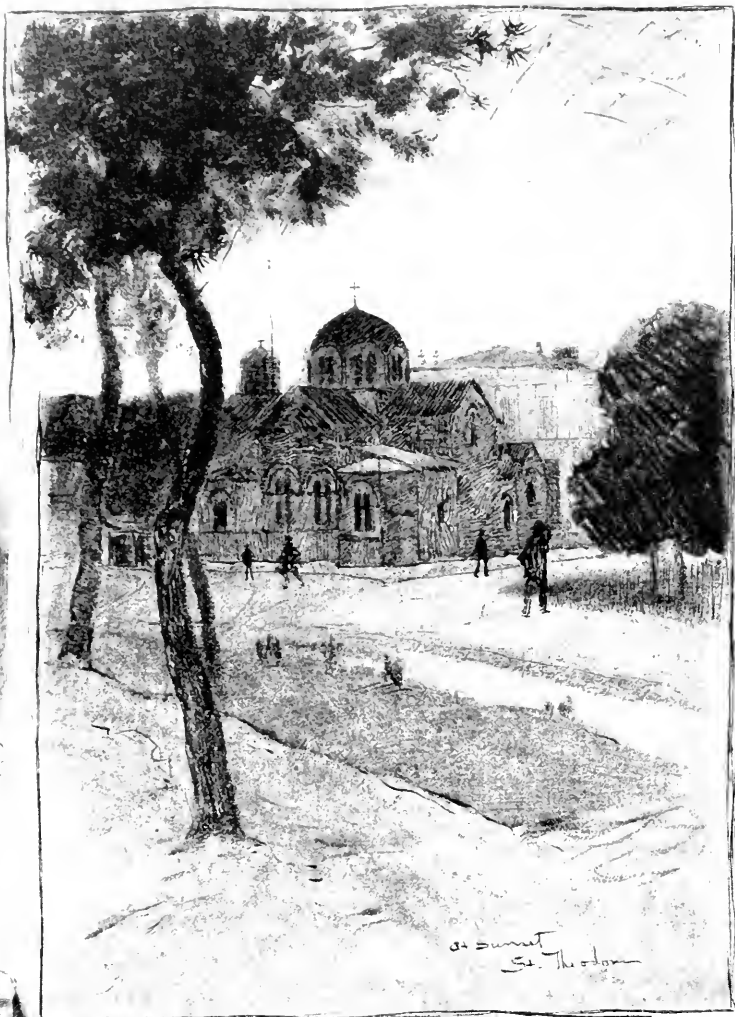
independence on the part of women: and Maria Kalopothakes, daughter of the missionary, is an excellent surgeon, who has a hospital of her own and treats the poor free of charge.

Shopping is a more elaborate, time-consuming and minute process even than with us. The Oriental method of doing business still prevails. The dealer sets a price, the buyer another, and there is often three or four hours of patient will contest before a compromise is reached. The patron asks "How

much is this piece of silk?" "One dollar a yard" is the reply. "Thirty cents" is offered. The merchant is thrown into something resembling an apoplectic fit. He swears by his father's soul that it cost ninety-five cents. The lady takes a seat with a sigh, and, after twenty minutes, inquires, innocently, "Finally, thirty cents?" "Never! But to keep you and not lose your custom, you may have it for what I paid, ninety-five cents." "Kaiemeni!" sighs the lady, sarcastically (You poor thing)! There are a dozen or more women sitting about the store. When finally the proprietor comes down to a price that one is willing to pay, she rises, receives her bundle and departs, declaring, good-naturedly, that she has been swindled, and that she will never come back again. The business part of the



A Greek Papas.



St. Theodoros

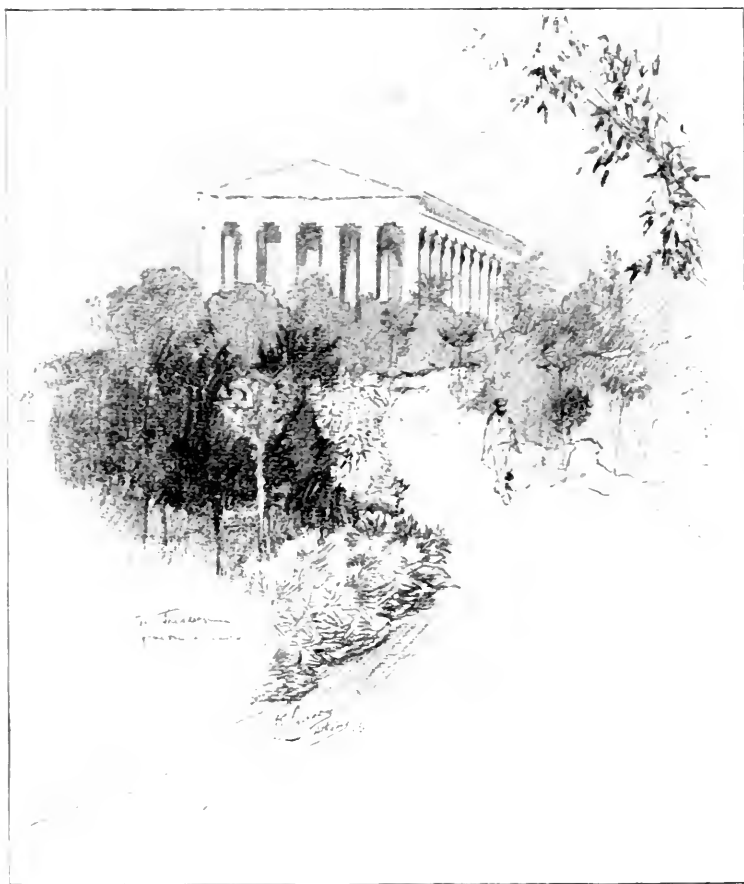
Conrad Kilian

the old  
Byzantine  
church  
and some  
trees

The pediment  
above

Drawn by C. K. Linson.

An Old Byzantine Church.



The Theseion from the Gardens.

town is largely composed of streets devoted to single industries. Thus the brass workers are all together on a thoroughfare appropriately called "Hephæstus Street." They hammer out of brass such things as cooking implements, dippers for making coffee, tall candle-sticks. The din of their pounding is deafening. "Shoe Lane" is a quaint, narrow street, much frequented by tourists. It is festooned with *tsaroukia*, the shoes worn by the peasantry, with elaborately ornamented belts, tobacco-pouches and similar articles, which the workmen make sitting at their benches in wide-open doors.

I know of no city in the world that has so few beggars as Athens. The Greek is too proud by nature to take kindly to soliciting alms. Those that do exist take up the business as a profession, and are a sort of annex to the Church. They exemplify the saying of Christ, "The poor ye have with ye always," and are cheap and convenient objects for the practice of Christian charity. Despite the existence of the one lepton piece ( $1/5$  cent), kept in circulation solely for the beggars, many of them are wealthy. For the benefit of

those contemplating a trip to Athens, I will mention that the only effective way to rid one's self of a beggar is to jerk the head backward or slightly to elevate the eyebrows—the way that the gods said "No" in Homeric times.\*

I have spoken mostly about Greek Athens, because that is the phase of the city which one cannot know without long residence in the shadow of the Acropolis—certainly not without a speaking command of the language. As for the hotels, the public buildings, the museums, the more important of the ancient monuments, behold, are they not written down in the chronicles of Murray and Baedeker? In many respects Athens is the most delightful of all Mediterranean towns, as a place of residence. It is, as it was in Roman times, a sentimental capital and a resort of scholars. One is sure to meet there sooner or later, on terms of charming intimacy, the best of the world's scholars, writers, artists, sculptors, and architects. The diplomatic set is the same as the diplomatic set in all other capitals, and the circle of interesting people thus brought together is

\* ἀνένευε δὲ παλλὰς, *Iliad* 6, 311.

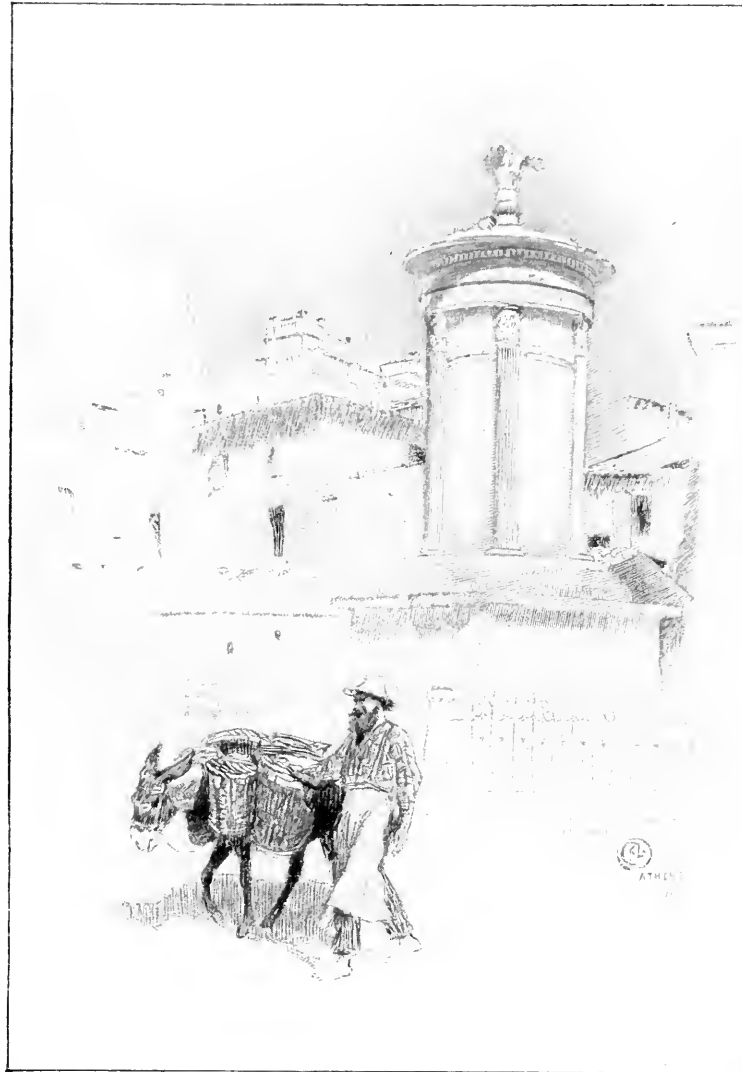
augmented by the archæological institutes of France, Germany, England, and the United States.

The American Institute of Classical Studies is a beautiful building whose balconies command a view of Hymettus, the Attic plain and the distant sea. Its learned director, Dr. Rufus B. Richardson, has greatly distinguished himself by his discoveries at Corinth, where the school is now carrying on excavations. Rich people who wish to advance the cause of science and sustain the lustre of the American name in a peaceful field, should not forget this most excellent and ably conducted institute. They should emulate the example of Dr. Joseph Clark Hoppin of Bryn Mawr, who has recently founded a scholarship for young women wishing to finish their studies at Athens, and of other enlightened gentlemen who have made contributions to the excavation fund. Under most favorable circumstances the Americans must be wide awake to keep pace with Drs. Dorpfeldt and Homolle of the German and French schools. Nor are the Greeks themselves behind in this branch of investigation, led as they are by the able and energetic

Dr. Kavvadias, to whose labors are largely due the fact that the National Museum is admirably arranged and contains treasures of inestimable value. Herein many lectures of the various schools are given, and rooms are let furnished to students. Much of the work on a great publication that is soon to be brought out by American students under the direction of Professor Charles Waldstein, embodying the results of the excavations at the Argive Heræum, has been done in a room of the Athens museum. Mr. Herbert De Cou, formerly instructor in Sanscrit, and later in Greek at the University of Michigan, is working there now on the bronze department of

the book. He was sent over by the Archæological Society of America.

The classical graduate of one of our colleges should be able to read news items in the daily papers almost from the start.



Choragic Monument of Lysicrates.

The editorials are a different matter. There are about fifty papers printed in the city, daily, weekly, and monthly, of which the principal are the *Asty*, *Acropolis*, and *Neologos*, each morning; the *Estia* and *Ephemeris*, afternoon sheets, and the *Kodon* and *Romeos*, weeklies. The *Acropolis* claims a daily circulation of 10,000.

There is not much solidarity among the literary workers of Athens, nor does there exist any school of enthusiasts as in London or Paris. A few names, however, are worthy of mention, of men who are working along original lines and interpreting the native life and character. Demetrius Bikelas is known in America for his

"Tales of the Ægean," which has been translated into English. His short story, "The Plain Sister," should be included in all collections, however limited in number, which aim to give the best short stories of modern literature. Mr. Bikelas is wealthy and resides, during a portion of each year, in a pretty house which he has recently built. He speaks English perfectly. His translations from Shakespeare are the best that exist in modern Greek.

George Drosines is the author of many poems and several novels, among which are "A Campaigner's Tales," "The Herb of Love," "Amaryllis."

George Soures is, perhaps, the best known of Athenians among the Athenians themselves. He is editor of a satirical weekly *Soures's Romeos*, written entirely in verse, even to the date and the advertisements. He has a biting wit, encyclopædic knowledge, a keen gift of ridicule, and remarkable facility in versification. He is familiarly known as "The Modern Aristophanes," and is a real power in a land where ridicule is feared even more than bullets.

Among the modern playwrights the one man who has written tragedy worthy of comparison with, say, that of Sardou, is Demetrius Vernardakes, the famous philologist. His "Fausta" is a work of considerable merit. There are a host, too, of minor poets, and many of them have written songs that have caught the popular

fancy, and are sung by moonlight by the fishermen of the Ægean, or at early dawn by the lone watchers of the vineyards. Is there a Greek living who does not know "To Proto Astro," by Ioannes Polemes? I can think of nothing that brings back to my mind more sweetly the land of purple sunsets, of glorious moonlights, of great memories, of softest skies, of all enfolding seas. I hear it now in fancy, sung by students to the soft throbbing of a guitar. I smell again the breath of the pepper-trees that line the street of beautiful Queen Amaliea, long dead, and I hear the ecstasy of the nightingales deep in the King's garden :

#### NIGHT'S FIRST STAR.

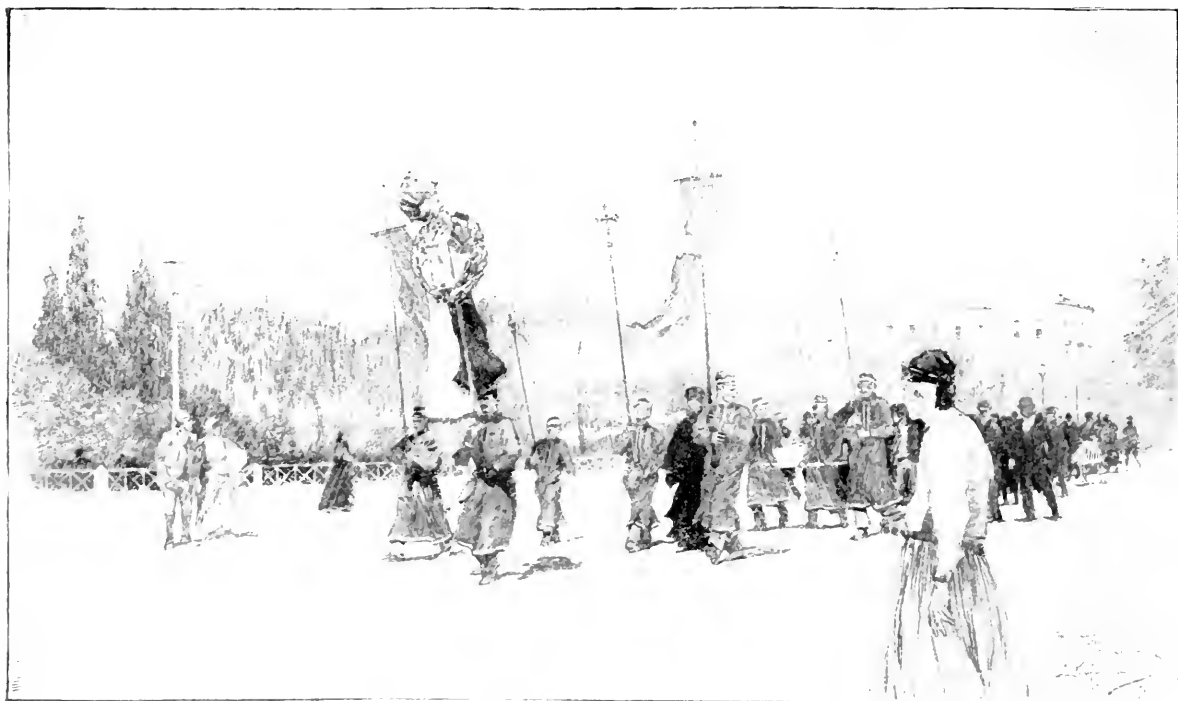
The first of all the stars of night  
In heaven is shyly beaming,  
The waves play in their gowns of white  
While mother sea lies dreaming.

Among the leaves on gentle wing  
A balmy zephyr flutters,  
The nightingale begins to sing  
And all love's sorrow utters.

For you the zephyr sighs, my love,  
In passion low and tender,  
For you the little stars above  
Dispense their yearning splendor.

For you the tiny waves, ashore  
Their garnered foam are bringing;  
For you his love-song, o'er and o'er,  
The nightingale is singing.

For you from yonder mountain high  
The moon pours out her measure,  
For you all day I moan and sigh,  
My little dear, my treasure !



A Funeral Procession.

# THE PLACE OF ABANDONED GODS

By Arthur Colton



THE hut was built two sides and the roof of sodded poles; the roof had new clapboards of birch bark, but the rest had once belonged to a charcoal burner: the front side was partly poled and partly open, the back was the under-slope of a rock. For it stood by a cliff, one of the many that show their lonely faces all over the Cattle Ridge, but this was more tumultuous than most, full of caves made by the clumsy leaning bowlders; and all about were slim young birch-trees in white and green, like the demoiselles at Camelot. Old pines stood above the cliff, making a soft, sad noise in the wind. In one of the caves above the leafage of the birches we kept the idols, especially Baal, whom we thought the most energetic; and in front of the cave was the altar-stone that served them all, a great flat rock and thick with moss, where ears of corn were sacrificed, or peas or turnips, the first-fruits of the field; or, of course, if you shot a chipmunk or rabbit, you could have a burnt offering of that kind. Also the altar-stone was a council chamber and an outlook.

It was all a secret place on the north side of the Cattle Ridge, with cliffs above and cliffs below. Eastward, half a mile, lay the Cattle Ridge Road, and beyond that the Ridge ran on indefinitely; southward, three miles down, the road took you into Hagar; westward the Ridge, after all its leagues of length and rigor of form, broke down hurriedly to the Wyantenaug River, at a place called the Haunted Water, where stood the Leather Hermit's hut and beyond which were Bazilloa Armitage's bottom-lands and the Preston Plains railroad station. The road from the station across the bridge came through Sanderson Hollow, where the fields were all over cattle and lively horses, and met the Cattle Ridge Road to Hagar. And last, if you looked north from the altar-stone, you saw a long, downward sweep of woodland, and on miles and miles

to the meadows and ploughed lands toward Wimberton, with a glimpse of the Wyantenaug far away to the left. Such were the surroundings of the place of abandoned gods. No one but ourselves came there, unless possibly the hermit. If anyone had, it was thought that Baal would pitch him over the cliffs in some manner, mystically. We got down on our hands and knees, and said, "O, Baal!" He was painted green, on a shingle; that is, most of him; but his eyes were red. It was reached from the Cattle Ridge Road by trail, for the old wood road below was grown up to blackberry brambles, which made one scratched and bloody and out of patience, unless it were blackberry time.

And on the bank, where the trail drops into the climbing highway, there Aaron and Silvia were sitting in the June afternoon, hand in hand, with the filtered green light of the woods about them. We came up from Hagar, the three of us, and found them. They were strangers, so far as we knew. Strangers or townsmen, we never took the trail with anyone in sight; it was an item in the Vows. But we ranged up before them and stared candidly. There was nothing against that. Her eyes were nice and blue; at the time they contained tears. Her cheeks were dimpled and pink, her brown dress dusty, and her round straw hat cocked a bit over one tearful blue eye. He seemed like one who had been growing fast lately. His arms swung loosely as if fastened to his shoulders with strings. The hand that held her small hand was too large for the wrist, the wrist too large for the arm, the arm too long for the shoulders. He had the first growth of a downy mustache, a feeble chin, a humorous eye, and wore a broad-brimmed straw hat and a faded black coat, loose and flopping to his knees. A carpet-bag lay at his feet, but half full and fallen over with an air of depression. He seemed depressed in the same way.

"What's she crying for?" asked Moses Durfey, stolidly.



Aaron peered around at her shyly.

"She's skeered to go home. I ain't skeered, but I mote be 'fore I got there."

"What's your name?"

"Wa—all——"

He hesitated. Then, with loud defiance:

"It's Mr. an' Mrs. Bees."

A red squirrel clambered down a low-hanging branch overhead, and chattered sharply, scattering flakes of bark. Aaron, still holding Silvia's hand, leaned back on the bank and looked up. All lines of trouble faded quickly from his face. He smiled, so that his two front teeth stood out startlingly, and held up a long forefinger.

"Cherky little cuss, ain't he?"

The squirrel became more excited. Aaron's finger seemed to draw him like a loadstone. He slid down nearer and nearer, as far as the branch allowed, to a foot or two away, chattering his teeth fearfully. We knew that anyone who could magnetize so flighty and malicious a person as a red squirrel; must be a magician, however simple he might be otherwise. Aaron snapped his finger and the squirrel fled.

"We'd better be movin', Silvy."

Silvia's tears flowed the faster, and the lines of trouble returned to Aaron's face.

"Why don't she want to go home?" persisted Moses, stolidly.

We drew close beside them now and sat on the bank. Moses and I by Aaron, Chub Leroy by Silvia. Chub was thoughtful. Silvia dried her eyes and said, with a gulp:

"It's pa."

"That's it." Aaron nodded and rubbed his sharp nose. "Ol' man Kincard, it's him."

They both looked at us trustfully. Moses saw no light in the matter.

"Who's he?"

"He's my father-in-law. He ain't goin' to like it. He's a sneezer. What he don't like gen'ally gets out o' the way. My snakes! He'll put Silvy up the chimney an' me in the stove, an' he'll light the fire."

He chuckled and then relapsed into trouble. His emotions seemed to flit across his face like sunbeams and shadows on a wall, leaving no trace behind them, or each wiped out by the next.

"Snakes! We might jes' as well set here."

Silvia wept again. Moses's face admitted a certain surprise.

"What'll he do that for?"

While Aaron told their story, Silvia sometimes commented tearfully on his left, Moses stolidly on his right, and the red squirrel with excitement overhead; Chub and I were silent; the woods for the most part kept still and listened too, with only a little sympathetic murmur of leaves and tremble of sunbeam and shadow.

The Kincard place, it seemed, lay five miles away, down the north side till you cleared the woods, and then eastward among the foothills. Directly across the road stood the four-roomed house where the Bees family once lived. It was "rickety now and rented to rats." The Bees family had always been absent-minded, given to dying off and leaving things lying around. In that way Aaron had begun early to be an orphan and to live with the Kincards. He was supposed to own the old house and the dooryard in front of it, but the rats never paid their rent, unless they paid it to the ol' man or the cat; and Mr. Kincard had a low opinion of Aaron, as being a Bees, and because he was built lengthways instead of sideways and knew more about foxes than cows. It seemed to Aaron that a fox was in himself a more interesting person; that this raising more potatoes than you could eat, more tobacco than you could smoke, this making butter and cheese and taking them to Wimberton weekly, and buying nothing much except mortgages and bank accounts, somewhere involved a mistake. A mortgage was an arrangement by which you established strained relations with a neighbor, a bank account something that made you suspicious of the bank. Now in the woods one dealt for direct usefulness, comfort, and freedom of mind. If a man liked to collect mortgages rather than fox skins, it was the virtue of the woods to teach tolerance; but Mr. Kincard's opinion of Aaron was low and active. There was that difference between a Kincard and a Bees point of view.

Aaron and Silvia grew up a few years apart on the old spread-out farm, with the wooded mountain-side heaving on the

south and stretching east and west. It was a neighborhood of few neighbors, and no village within many miles, and the ol' man was not talkative commonly, though he'd open up sometimes. Aaron and Silvia had always classed themselves together in subdued opposition to their grim ruler of destiny. To each other they called him "the ol' man," and expressed by it a reverential but opposed state of mind. To Aaron the undoubted parts of life were the mountain-side of his pleasures and the level fields of his toil. Wimber-ton was but a troubled glimpse now and then, an improbable memory of more people and houses than seemed natural. Silvia tended to see things first through Aaron's eyes, though she kept a basal judgment of her own in reserve.

"He always licked us together since we was little," said Aaron, looking at Silvia with softly reminiscent eye. "It was two licks to me for Silvy's one. That was square enough, an' the ol' man thought so. When he got set in a habit he'd never change. It was two to me for Silvy's one."

Aaron told him, but a week now gone, that himself and Silvia would wish to be married, and he had seemed surprised. In fact he came at Aaron with the hoe-handle, but could not catch him, more than a lonesome rabbit. Then he opened up astonishingly, and told Aaron of his low opinion of him, which was more spread-out and full of details than you'd expect. He wasn't going to give Aaron any such "holt on him as that," with a guarantee deed, whatever that was, on eternity to loaf in; and he set him the end of the week to clear out, to go elsewhere forever. To Aaron's mind that was an absurd proposal. He wasn't going to do any such foolishness. He sold his collection of skins to a farmer named Shore, and one morning borrowed a carpet-bag and came over the Cattle Ridge hand in hand with Silvia.

From Preston Plains they hired a team, drove over the line into York State, and were married. The farmer named Shore laid that out for them. He had a back score of trouble with the ol' man.

"Silvy's got a cat," added Aaron, "an' she ketches rats to please herself. Silvy thinks she oughter ketch rats to be obligin'. Folks that live up these trees don't act that way. No more did Shore."

Here Aaron looked shrewd and wise.

"I wish Sammy was here," murmured Silvia, lovingly.

"Firs' rate cat," Aaron admitted. "Now, we didn't marry to oblige each other. Each of us obliged hisself. Hey?"

Silvia opened her eyes widely. The idea seemed a little complicated. They clasped hands the more tightly.

"Now," said Aaron, "Silvy's skeered. I ain't skeered, but I mote be when I got there."

A blue-jay flew shrieking down the road. Aaron looked after with a quick change of interest.

"See him! Yes, sir. You can tell his meanness the way he hollers. Musses folks' eggs."

Aaron no longer surprised us now, nor did Silvia. We accepted them. We had standards of character and conduct, of wisdom and of things possible, but they were not set for us by the pulpit, the statute book, or the market-place. We had often gone forth on expeditions into the mystical beyond, always with a certain purpose to achieve there, and always at some point it had been necessary to come home and face the punishment, if there were any, and have supper, and go to bed. Home could not be left permanently and another existence arranged, any more than the feet could be taken from the earth permanently. It had been found impractical. Aaron and Silvia were like ourselves. They might conceive of living away from the farm-house under the mountain-side a few days. They shrank from facing old Kincard with his hoe-handle or horse-whip, but one must go back eventually. We recognized that their adventure was bold and peculiar; we judged the price likely to be appalling; we gave them frank admiration for both. None of us had ever run away to be definitely married, or suffered from a hoe-handle or a horse-whip, and yet all these were things to be conceived of and sympathized with.

"I knowed a blue-jay," went on Aaron, thoughtfully, "that lived near the end o' Shore's land, an' he never 'peared to like anything agreeable. He used to hand around other folks' nests and holler till they was distracted."

Silvia's snuffling caught his ear, and

once more the rapid change passed over his face.

"Wa-all," he said, "the ol' man'll be lively. that's sure. I'd stay in the woods, if it was me, but women"—with a large air of observation—"has to have houses."

"We've got a haouse," broke in Chub, suddenly.

We exchanged looks furtively.

"They'll have to take the Vows," I objected.

"We've took 'em," said Aaron. "Parson——"

"You'll have to solemn swear," said Moses. "Will you solemn swear?"

"I guess so."

"And if you tell, you hope you drop dead."

The blue-jay flew up the road again, shrieking scornfully. The red squirrel trembled and chattered his teeth on the branch overhead. All else in the woods were silent while Aaron and Silvia took the Vows.

And so we brought them, in excitement and content, to the place of the abandoned gods. Baal lurked far back in his cave, the cliff looked down with lonely forehead, the distant prospect was smooth and smoky. Neither the gods nor the face of the world offered any promise or threat. But Aaron and Silvia seemed to believe in the kindness of not-human things. Silvia fell to chattering, laughing, in unforeboding relief from sudden and nearby evil.

Aaron had a surprising number of silver dollars, due to Shore and the fox skins, by means of which we should bring them supplies from Hagar; and so we left them to the whispering gossip of leaves, the lonely cliff, the lurking Baal, and the smooth, smoky prospect.

No doubt there were times to Aaron and Silvia of trembling awe, dumb delight, conversations not to the point, so that it seemed more successful merely to sit hand in hand and let the moon speak for them, pouring light down silvery gulfs out of the abundant glory within her. Glory within and silvery gulfs—in fact, the moon expressed it for them. There could be seen, too, the dawn, as pink as Silvia's cheeks, but, after all, not so interesting. A hermit thrush sang of things holy at dawn, far down the woodland, while the birch-leaves trembled delicately and the breeze was the

sigh of a world in love; and of things quietly infinite at sunset in the growth of rosy gloom.

"It's nice," Silvia might whisper, leaning to Aaron, the action true and sufficient, the words something that might have been worse if it had tried to be better.

"That's a hermit-thrush down there, Silvy. He opens his mouth, and oh, Lord! Kingdom's comin'."

"Yes!"

"Little brown chap with a scared eye. You don't ever see him hardly."

"You don't want to, do you, Aaron?" after a long silence.

"Don' know as you do."

There would be a tendency, at least, to look at things that way, and talk duskily as the dusk came on, and we would leave them on the altar-stone to take the trail below.

But early in the afternoon it would be lively enough, only Silvia had a prejudice against Baal, that might have been dangerous if Baal had minded it; but he did her no harm. She referred to Elijah and those prophets of Baal, and we admitted he had been downed that time, for it took him when he wasn't ready, and generally he was low in his luck ever since. But we had chosen him first for an exiled dignity who must needs have a deadly dislike for the other dignity who had once conquered him vaingloriously, and so be in opposition to much that we opposed, such as Sunday-school lessons, sermons, and limitations of liberty. It might be that our reasonings were not so concrete and determined, but the sense of opposition was strong. We put it to Silvia that she ought to respect people's feelings, and she was reasonable enough.

Old Kincard, it seemed, was an interesting and opinionated heathen, and Silvia had not experienced sermons and Sunday-schools. That explained much. But she had read the Bible, which her mother had owned before she died at some obscure period, and we could follow her there, knowing it to be a book of naturally strong points, as respects David for instance, Joseph, and parts of Revelations.

Aaron did not care for books, and had no prejudice toward any being or supposition that might find place in the woods. Anyway the altar-stone was common to

many gods and councils, and we offered it to Silvia, to use as she liked. I judge she used it mostly to sit there with Aaron, and hear the hermit-thrush, or watch the thick moonlight pour down the scoop of the mountain.

That stretch of the Wyantenaug which is called the Haunted Water is quiet and of slow current, by reason of its depth, and dark in color, by reason of the steep fall of the Cattle Ridge and the pines which crowd from it to the water's edge. The Leather Hermit's hut stood up from the water in the dusk of the pines.

He came to the valley in times within the memories of many who would speak if they were asked, but long enough ago to have become a settled fact ; and if any did not like him, neither did they like the Wyantenaug to flood the bottom lands in spring. The pines and the cliffs belonged to the Sandersons, who cared little enough for either phenomenon. But this was known, that he had suffered conviction of sin in the tan yards of some distant city, and then the widening of a hidden crease in his brain to a crevasse, into which fell, with a crash, all purposes and desires save one. He had fled away from the city, called by him "Destruction," and came into Wyantenaug Valley as a hermit and prophet, whose business in this world, henceforth, was silence and solitude, with now and then the denunciation of a certain sin in some one person. These denunciations, from their rarity and distinctness, were matters of date and chronicle in the valley. Bazilloa Armitage was denounced under the head of a man with a muck rake, on June 2, 1875. People whom the hermit denounced did not forget it, or wish it to happen again. It might be funny, but it did not sound so. There was too much system and conviction in it. One could not enjoy it personally, unless, perhaps, his humor lay so deep as not to be stirred to ordinary occasions.

We often met him on the Cattle Ridge, saw him pass glowering through the thicket with shaggy gray beard and streaming hair. Sometimes he wore a horse-robe over his leathern vestment. He was apt to be there Sundays, wandering about, and maybe trying to make out in what respect he differed from Elijah the Tishbite ; and although we knew this, and knew it was in him to

cut up roughly if he found out about Baal, being a prophet himself both in his looks and his way of acting, still he mostly went to and fro on the other side of the crest, where he had a trail of his own ; and you could not see the altar-stone from the top of the cliff, but had to climb down till you came to a jam of bowlders directly over it.

We did not know how long he may have stood there, glowering down on us. The smoke of the sacrifice was beginning to curl up. Baal was backed against a stone, looking off into anywhere and taking things indifferently. Silvia sat aside, twirled her hat scornfully, and said we were "silly." Aaron chewed a birch-twigg, and was very calm.

We got down on our hands and knees, and said, "O, Baal !"

And the hermit's voice broke over us in thunder and a sound as of falling mountains. It was Sunday, June 26, 1875.

He denounced us under the heads of "idolators, gone after the abomination of the Assyrians ; babes and sucklings, old in sin, setting up strange gods in secret places ; idle mockers of holy things, like the little children of Bethel, whereby they were cursed of the prophet and swallowed of she-bears ;" three headings with subdivisions.

Then he came down thumping on the left. Silvia shrieked and clung to Aaron, and we fled to the right and hid in the rocks. He fell upon Baal, cast him on the altar-fire, stamping both to extinction, and shouted :

"I know you, Aaron Bees and Silvia Kincard !"

"N-no, you don't," stammered Aaron. "It's Mrs. Bees."

The hermit stood still and glared on them.

"Why are you here, Aaron and Silvia Bees ?"

Aaron recovered himself, and fell to chewing his birch-twigg.

"Wa-all, you see, it's the ol' man."

"What of him ?"

"He'd lick us with a hoe-handle, wouldn't he, hey ? An' maybe he'd throw us out, after all. What'd be the use ? Might as well stay away," Aaron finished, grumbling. "Save the hoe."

The hermit's glare relaxed. Some recollection of former times may have passed

through his rifted mind, or the scent of a new denunciation drawn it away from the abomination of Assyria, who lay split and smoking in the ashes. He leaped from the altar-stone, and vanished under the leafage of the birches. We listened to him crashing and plunging, chanting something incoherent and tuneless, down the mountain, till the sound died away.

Alas, Baal-Peor ! Even to this day there are twinges of shame, misgivings of conscience, that we had fled in fear and given him over to his enemy, to be trampled on, destroyed and split through his green jacket and red eye. He never again stood gazing off into anywhere, snuffing the fumes of sacrifice and remembering Babylon. The look of things has changed since then. We have doubted Baal, and found some restraints of liberty more grateful than tyrannous. But it is plain that in his last defeat Baal-Peor did not have a fair chance.

Concerning the hermit's progress from this point, I can only draw upon guesses and after report. He struck slantingwise down the mountain, left the woods about at the Kincard place, and crossed the fields.

Old Kincard sat in his doorway smoking his pipe, thick-set, deep-chested, long-armed, with square, rough-shaven jaws, and steel-blue eyes looking out of a face like a carved cliff for length and edge. The hermit stood suddenly before and denounced him under two heads—as a heathen unsoftened in heart, and for setting up the altar of lucre and pride against the will of the Lord that the children of men should marry and multiply. Old Kincard took his pipe from his mouth.

"Where might them marriers an' multipliers be jes' now?"

The hermit pointed to the most westward cliff in sight from the doorway.

"If you have not in mind to repent, James Kincard, I shall know it."

"Maybe you'd put them ideas o' yourn again?"

The hermit restated his position accurately on the subject of heathen hearts and the altar of lucre.

"Ain't no mistake about that, hermit? Wa-all, now——"

The hermit shook his head sternly, and strode away. Old Kincard gave a subterranean chuckle, such as a volcano might

give purposing eruptions, and fixed his eyes on the western cliff, five miles away, a grayish spot in the darker woods.

Alas, Baal-Peor !

Yet he was never indeed a wood-god. He was always remembering how fine it had been in Babylon. He had not cared for these later devotions. He had been bored and weary. Since he was gone, split and dead, perhaps it was better so. He should have a funeral pyre.

"And," said Chub Leroy, "we'll keep his ashes in an urn. That's the way they always did with people's ashes."

We came up the Cattle Ridge Road Monday afternoon, talking of these things. Chub carried the urn, which had once been a pickle-jar. Life still was full of hope and ideas. The hermit must be laid low in his arrogance. Apollo, now, had strong points. Consider the pythoness and the oracle. The hermit couldn't prophesy in the same class with a pythoness, it wasn't likely. The oracle might run,

He who dwells by the Haunted Water alone,  
He shall not remain, but shall perish.

We came then to the hut, but Silvia would have nothing to do with Baal's funeral, so that she and Aaron wandered away among the birches, that were no older than they, young birches, slim and white, coloring the sunlight pale green with their leaves. We went up to the altar-stone, and made ready the funeral, and set the urn to receive the ashes, decently, in order. The pyre was built four-square, of chosen sticks. We did not try to fit Baal together much; we laid him on as he came. And when the birch-bark was curling up and the pitchy black smoke of it was pouring upward, we fell on our faces and cried:

"Alas, Baal ! Woe's me, Baal !"

It was a good ceremony. When you are doing a ceremony, it depends on how much your feelings are worked up, of course, and very few, if any, of those we had done—and they were many—had ever reached such a point of efficiency as the funeral of Baal-Peor. Moses howled mournfully, as if it were in some tooth that his sorrow lay. The thought of that impressiveness and luxury of feeling lay

mellow in our minds long after. "Alas, Baal!"

Somebody snorted near by. We looked up. Over our heads, thrust out beyond the edge of the bowlders, was a strange old face, with heavy brows and jaws and grizzled hair.

The Face was distorted, the jaws working. It disappeared, and we sat up, gasping at one another across the funeral pyre, where the black smoke was rolling up faster and faster.

In a moment the Face came out on the altar-stone, and looked at us with level brows.

"What ye doin'?"

"My goodness!" gasped Moses. "You aren't 'nother hermit?"

"What ye doin'?"

Chub recovered himself.

"It's Baal's funeral."

"Jes' so."

He sat down on a stone and wiped the Face, which was heated. He carried a notable stick in his hand.

"Baal! Wa-all, what ailed him?"

"Are you Silvia's ol' man?" asked Chub.

"Jes' so—er—what ailed Baal?"

Then we told him—seeing Baal was dead and the Vows would have to be taken over again anyway—we told him about Baal, and about the Leather Hermit, because he seemed touched by it, and worked his face and blinked his sharp hard eyes uncannily. Some hidden vein of grim ideas was coming to a white heat within him, like a suppressed molten stratum beneath the earth, unsuspected on its surface, that suddenly heaves and cracks the faces of stone cliffs. He gave way like that at last, and his laughter was the rending tumult of an earthquake.

Aaron and Silvia came up through the woods hastily to the altar-stone.

"I say," cried Chub. "Are you going to lick 'em? It's two to Aaron for one to Silvia."

"Been marryin' an' multiplyin', hev ye?"

He suppressed the earthquake, but still seemed mostly interested in Baal's funeral.

Aaron said, "She's Mrs. Bees, anyhow."

"Jes' so. Baal's dead. Wa-all! 'That hermit's some lively."

"We'll get an oracle on him," said Moses. "What you going to do to Aaron and Silvia?"

Here Silvia cast herself on the ol' man suddenly and wept on his shoulder. We had often noticed how girls would start up and cry on a person.

Maybe the earthquake had brought up subsoils and mellowed things; at least Kincard made no motion to lick someone, though he looked bored, as any fellow might.

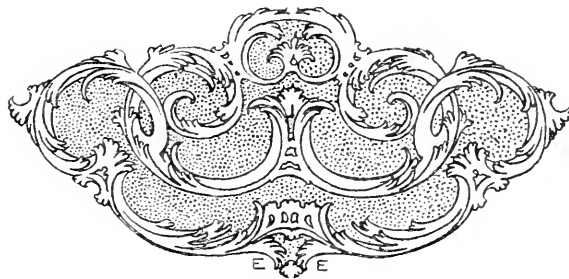
"Oh, wa-all, I don' know—er—what's that there oracle?"

"He who dwells by the Haunted Water alone, He shall not remain, but shall perish."

"It's going to be like that," said Chub. "Won't it fetch him, don't you think?"

"It oughter," said the ol' man, working his jaw. "It oughter."

The black smoke had ceased, and flames were crackling and dancing all over the funeral pyre. The clearer smoke floated up against the face of the lonesome cliff. Aaron and Silvia clasped hands unfrightened. The ol' man now and then rumbled subterraneously in his throat. Peace was everywhere, and presently Baal-Peor was ashes.





# A JUBILEE PRESENT

MORE ADVENTURES OF THE AMATEUR CRACKSMAN

By E. W. Hornung

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN



THE Room of Gold, in the British Museum, is probably well enough known to the inquiring alien and the travelled American. A true Londoner, however, I myself had never heard of it until Raffles casually proposed a raid.

"The older I grow, Bunny, the less I think of your so-called precious stones. When did they ever bring in half their market value in £. s. d.? There was the first little crib we ever cracked together—you with your innocent eyes shut. A thousand pounds that stuff was worth; but how many hundreds did it actually fetch? The Ardagh emeralds weren't much better; old Lady Melrose's necklace was far worse; but that little lot the other night has about finished me. A cool hundred for goods priced £405; and £35 to come off for bait, since we only got a tenner for the ring I bought and paid for like an ass. I'll be shot if I ever touch a diamond again! Not if it was the Koh-i-noor; those few whacking stones are too well known, and to cut them up is to decrease their value by arithmetical retrogression. Besides, that brings you up against the Fence once more, and I'm done with the beggars for good and all. You talk about your editors and publishers, you literary swine. Barabbas was neither a robber nor a publisher, but a six-barred, barbed wired, spike-topped Fence. What we really want is an Incorporated Society of Thieves, with some public-spirited old forger to run it for us on business lines."

Raffles uttered these blasphemies under his breath, not, I am afraid, out of any respect for my one redeeming profession, but because we were taking a midnight airing on the roof, after a whole day of June in the little flat below. The stars shone overhead, the lights of London

underneath, and between the lips of Raffles a cigarette of the old and only brand. I had sent in secret for a box of the best; the boon had arrived that night; and the foregoing speech was the first result. I could afford to ignore the insolent asides, however, where the apparent contention was so obviously unsound.

"And how are you going to get rid of your gold?" said I, pertinently.

"Nothing easier, my dear rabbit."

"Is your Room of Gold a roomful of sovereigns?"

Raffles laughed softly at my scorn.

"No, Bunny, it's principally in the shape of archaic ornaments, whose value, I admit, is largely extrinsic. But gold is gold, from Phœnicia to Klondike, and if we cleared the room we should eventually do very well."

"How?"

"I should melt it down into a nugget, and bring it home from the U. S. A. tomorrow."

"And then?"

"Make them pay up in hard cash across the counter of the Bank of England. And you *can* make them."

That I knew, and so said nothing for a time, remaining a hostile though a silent critic, while we paced the cool black leads with our bare feet, softly as cats.

"And how do you propose to get enough away," at length I asked, "to make it worth while?"

"Ah, there you have it," said Raffles. "I only propose to reconnoitre the ground, to see what we can see. We might find some hiding-place for a night; that, I am afraid, would be our only chance."

"Have you ever been there before?"

"Not since they got the one good, portable piece which I believe that they exhibit now. It's a long time since I read of it—I can't remember where—but



We crawled together into the gardens.—Page 222.

I know they have got a gold cup of sorts worth several thousands. A number of the immorally rich clubbed together and presented it to the nation ; and two of the richly immoral intend to snaffle it for themselves. At any rate we might go and have a look at it, Bunny, don't you think ? ”

Think ! I seized his arm.

“ When ? When ? When ? ” I asked, like a quick-firing gun.

“ Now—the sooner the better—while old Theobald's away on his honeymoon.”

Our medico had married the week before, nor was any fellow-practitioner taking his work—at least not that considerable branch of it which consisted of Raffles—during his brief absence from town. There were reasons, delightfully obvious to us, why such a plan would have been highly unwise in Dr. Theobald. I, however, was sending him daily screeds, and both matutinal and nocturnal telegrams, the composition of which afforded Raffles not a little enjoyment.

“ Well, then, when—when ? ” I began to repeat.

“ To-morrow, if you like.”

“ Only to look ? ”

The limitation was my one regret.

“ We must do so, Bunny, before we leap.”

“ Very well,” I sighed. “ To-morrow it is ! ”

And the morrow it really was.

I saw the porter that night, and, I still think, bought his absolute allegiance for the second coin of the realm. My story, however, invented by Raffles, was sufficiently specious in itself. That sick gentleman, Mr. Maturin (as I had to remember to call him), was really, or apparently, sickening for fresh air. Dr. Theobald would allow him none ; he was pestering me for just one day in the country while the glorious weather lasted. I was myself convinced that no possible harm could come of the experiment. Would the porter help me in so innocent and meritorious an intrigue ? The porter hesitated. I produced my half-sovereign. He was lost. And at half-past eight next morning—before the heat of the day—Raffles and I drove to Kew Gardens in a hired landau which was to call for us at mid-day and wait until we came. The porter had assisted me to carry my invalid down-stairs, in a carrying-chair hired (like

the landau) from Harrod's Stores for the occasion.

It was little after nine when we crawled together into the gardens; by half-past my invalid had had enough, and out he tottered on my arm; a cab, a message to our coachman, a timely train to Baker Street, another cab, and we were at the British Museum—brisk pedestrians now—not very many minutes after the opening hour of 10 A.M.

It was one of those glowing days which will not be forgotten by many who were in town at the time. The Diamond Jubilee was upon us, and Queen's weather had already set in. Raffles, indeed, declared it was as hot as Italy and Australia put together; and certainly the short summer nights gave the seas of wood and asphalt and the continents of brick and mortar but little time to cool. At the British Museum the pigeons were crooning among the shadows of the grimy colonnade, and the stalwart janitors looked less stalwart than usual, as though their medals were more than they could support. I recognized some habitual Readers going to their labor underneath the dome; of mere visitors we seemed among the first.

"That's the room," said Raffles, who had bought the two-penny guide, as we studied it openly on the nearest bench; "number 43, up-stairs and sharp round to the right. Come on, Bunny!"

And he led the way in silence, but with a long methodical stride which I could not understand until we came to the corridor leading to the Room of Gold: there he turned to me for a moment.

"A hundred and thirty-nine yards from this to the open street," said Raffles, "not counting the stairs. I suppose we *could* do it in twenty seconds, but if we did we should have to jump the gates. No, you must remember to loaf out at slow march, Bunny, whether you like it or not."

"But you talked about a hiding-place for a night?"

"Quite so—for all night. We should have to get back, go on lying low, and saunter out with the crowd next day—after doing the whole show thoroughly."

"What! With gold in our pockets——"

"And gold in our boots, and gold up the sleeves and legs of our suits! You leave

that to me, Bunny, and wait till you've tried two pairs of trousers sewn together at the foot! This is only a preliminary reconnoitre. And here we are."

It is none of my business to describe the so-called Room of Gold, with which I, for one, was not a little disappointed. The glass cases, which both fill and line it, may contain unique examples of the goldsmith's art in times and places of which one heard quite enough in the course of one's classical education; but, from a professional point of view, I would as lief have the ransacking of a single window in the West End as the pick of all those spoils of Etruria and of ancient Greece. The gold may not be so soft as it appears, but it certainly looks as though you could bite off the business ends of the spoons, and stop your own teeth in doing so. Nor should I care to be seen wearing one of the rings; but the greatest fraud of all (from the aforesaid standpoint) is assuredly that very cup of which Raffles had spoken. Moreover, he felt this himself.

"Why, it's as thin as paper," said he, "and enamelled like a middle-aged lady of quality! But, by Jove, it's one of the most beautiful things I ever saw in my life, Bunny. I should like to have it for its own sake, by all my gods!"

The thing had a little square case of plate-glass all to itself at one end of the room. It may have been the thing of beauty that Raffles affected to consider it, but I, for my part, was in no mood to look at it in that light. Underneath were the names of the plutocrats who had subscribed for this national gewgaw, and I fell to wondering where their £8,000 came in, while Raffles devoured his two-penny guide-book as greedily as a school-girl with a zeal for culture.

"Those are scenes from the martyrdom of St. Agnes," said he. . . . "translucent on relief . . . one of the finest specimens of its kind." I should think it was! Bunny, you Philistine, why can't you admire the thing for its own sake? I should like to have it only to live up to. There never was such rich enamelling on such thin gold; and what a good scheme to hang the lid up over it, so that you can see how thin it is! I wonder if we could lift it, Bunny, by hook or crook?"



"Going to run me in, officer?" said he.

"You'd better try, sir," said a dry voice at his elbow.

The madman seemed to think we had the room to ourselves. I knew better, but, like another madman, had let him ramble on unchecked. And here was a stolid constable confronting us, in the short tunic that they wear in summer, his whistle on its chain, but no truncheon at his side. Heavens! how I see him now: a man of medium size, with a broad, good-humored, perspiring face, and a limp, dark mustache. He looked sternly at Raffles, and Raffles looked merrily at him.

"Going to run me in, officer?" said he. "That *would* be a joke—my hat!"

"I didn't say as I was, sir," replied the

policeman. "But that's queer talk for a gentleman like you, sir, in the British Museum!" And he wagged his helmet at my invalid, who had taken his airing in frock-coat and top-hat, the more readily to assume his present part.

"What!" cried Raffles, "simply saying to my friend that I'd like to lift the gold cup? Why, so I should, officer, so I should! I don't mind who I say it to. It's one of the most beautiful things I ever saw in all my life."

The constable's face had already relaxed, and now a grin peeped under the limp mustache. "I daresay there's many as feels like that, sir," said he.

"Exactly; and I say what I feel, that's

all," said Raffles, airily. "But seriously, officer, is a valuable thing like this quite safe in a case like that?"

"Safe enough as long as I'm here," replied the other, between grim jest and stout earnest. Raffles studied his face; he was still watching Raffles; and I kept an eye on them both, without once putting in my word.

"You appear to be single-handed," observed Raffles. "Is that wise?"

The note of anxiety was capitally caught: it was at once personal and public-spirited, that of the enthusiastic savant,

afraid for a national treasure which few appreciated as he did himself. And, to be sure, the three of us now had this treasury to ourselves; one or two others had been there when we entered; but now they were gone.

"I'm not single-handed," said the officer, comfortably. "See that seat by the door? One of the attendants sits there all day long."

"Then where is he now?"

"Talking to another attendant just outside. If you listen you'll hear them for yourself."



We listened, and we did hear them, but not just outside. In my own mind I even questioned whether they were in the corridor through which we had come; to me it sounded more as though they were just outside the corridor.

"You mean the fellow with the billiard-cue who was here when we came in?" pursued Raffles.

"That wasn't a billiard-cue! It was a pointer," the intelligent officer explained.

"It ought to be a javelin," said Raffles, nervously. "It ought to be a poleaxe. The public treasure ought to be better guarded than this. I shall write to the *Times* about this—you see if I don't!"

All at once, yet somehow not so suddenly as to excite suspicion, Raffles had become the elderly busybody with nerves; why, I could not for the life of me imagine; and the policeman seemed equally at sea.

"Lor' bless you, sir," said he, "I'm all right; don't you bother your head about me."

"But you haven't even got a truncheon!"

"Not likely to want one, neither. You see, sir, it's early as yet; in a few minutes these here rooms will fill up; and there's safety in numbers, as they say."

"Oh, it will fill up soon, will it?"

"Any minute now, sir."

"Ah!"

"It isn't often empty as long as this, sir. It's the Jubilee, I suppose."

"Meanwhile, what if my friend and I had been professional thieves? Why, we could have overpowered you in an instant, my good fellow!"

"That you couldn't; leastways, not without bringing the place down about your ears."

"Well, I shall write to the *Times* all the same. I'm a connoisseur in all this sort of thing, and I won't have unneces-



Nor did they hear the dull crash.—Page 226.

sary risks run with the nation's property. You said there was an attendant just outside, but he sounds to me as though he were at the other end of the corridor. I shall write to-day!"

For an instant we all three listened; and Raffles was right. Then I saw two things in one glance. Raffles had stepped a few inches backward, and stood poised upon the ball of each foot, his arms half raised, a light in his eyes. And another kind of light was breaking over the crass features of our friend, the constable.

"Then shall I tell you what I'll do?" he cried, with a sudden clutch at the whistle-chain on his chest. The whistle flew out, but it never reached his lips. There were a couple of sharp smacks, like double barrels discharged all but simultaneously, and the man reeled against me so that I could not help catching him as he fell.

"Well done, Bunny! I've knocked him out—I've knocked him out! Run you to the door and see if the attendants have



heard anything, and take them on if they have."

Mechanically I did as I was told. There was no time for thought, still less for remonstrance or reproach, though my surprise must have been even more complete than that of the constable before Raffles knocked the sense out of him. Even in my utter bewilderment, however, the instinctive caution of the criminal did not desert me. I ran to the door, but I sauntered through it, to plant myself before a Pompeian fresco in the corridor; and there were the two attendants still gossip-

ing outside the further door; nor did they hear the dull crash which I heard, even as I watched them out of the corner of each eye.

It was hot weather, as I have said, but the perspiration on my body seemed already to have turned into a skin of ice. Then I caught the faint reflection of my own face in the casing of the fresco, and it frightened me into some semblance of myself as Raffles joined me with his hands in his pockets. But my fear and indignation were redoubled at the sight of him, when a single glance convinced me that





The porter and I staggered up-stairs with my decrepit charge.—Page 229.

his pockets were as empty as his hands, and his mad outrage the most wanton and reckless of his whole career.

"Ah, very interesting, very interesting, but nothing to what they have in the museum at Naples or in Pompeii itself. You must go there some day, Bunny. I've a good mind to take you myself. Meanwhile—slow march! The beggar hasn't moved an eyelid. We may swing for him if you show indecent haste!"

"We!" I whispered. "We!"

And my knees knocked together as we came up to the chatting attendants. But Raffles must needs interrupt them to ask the way to the Prehistoric Saloon.

"At the top of the stairs."

"Thank you. Then we'll work round that way to the Egyptian part."

And we left them resuming their providential chat.

"I believe you're mad," I said bitterly as we went.

"I believe I *was*," admitted Raffles; "but I'm not now, and I'll see you through. A hundred and thirty-nine yards, wasn't it? Then it can't be more than a hundred and twenty now—not as much. Steady, Bunny, for God's sake. It's *slow* march—for our lives."

There was this much management. The rest was our colossal luck. A hansom was being paid off at the foot of the steps outside, and in we jumped, Raffles shouting



F. C. Yohn

*Drawn by F. C. Yohn.*

He bid the cup of gold a ridiculous farewell.—Page 230.

"Charing Cross!" for all Bloomsbury to hear.

We had turned into Gower Street, without exchanging a syllable, when he struck the trap-door with his fist.

"Where the devil are you driving us?"

"Charing Cross, sir."

"I said King's Cross! Round you spin, and drive like blazes, or we miss our train! There's one to York at 10.35," added Raffles as the trap-door slammed; "we'll book there, Bunny, and then we'll slope through the subway to the Underground, and so to ground *via* Baker Street and Earl's Court."

And actually within half an hour he was seated once more in the hired carrying chair, while the porter and I staggered up-stairs with my decrepit charge, for whose shattered strength even one hour in Kew Gardens had proved too much! Then, and not until then, when we had got rid of the porter and were alone at last, did I tell Raffles, in the most nervous English at my command, frankly and exactly what I thought of him and of his latest deed. Once started, moreover, I spoke as I have seldom spoken to living man; and Raffles, of all men, stood my abuse without a murmur; or rather, he sat it out, too astounded even to take off his hat, though I thought his eyebrows would have lifted it from his head.

"But it always was your infernal way," I was savagely concluding. "You make one plan, and you tell me another——"

"Not to-day, Bunny, I swear!"

"You mean to tell me you really did start with the bare idea of finding a place to hide in for a night?"

"Of course I did."

"It was to be the mere reconnoitre you pretended?"

"There was no pretence about it, Bunny."

"Then why on earth go and do what you did?"

"The reason would be obvious to anyone but you," said Raffles, still with no unkindly scorn. "It was the temptation of a minute—the final impulse of the fraction of a second, when Roberto saw that I was tempted, and let me see that he saw it. It's not a thing I care to do, and I sha'n't be happy till the papers tell me the poor devil

is alive. But a knock-out shot was the only chance for us then."

"Why? You don't get run in for being tempted, nor yet for showing that you are!"

"But I should have deserved running in if I hadn't yielded to such a temptation as that, Bunny. Why, it was a chance in a hundred thousand! We might go there every day of our lives, and never again be the only outsiders in the room, with the billiard-marking Johnnie practically out of earshot at one and the same time. It was a gift from the gods; not to have taken it would have been flying in the face of Providence."

"But you didn't take it," said I. "You went and left it behind."

I wish I had had a Kodak for the little smile with which Raffles shook his head, for it was one that he kept for those great moments of which our vocation is not devoid. All this time he had been wearing his hat, tilted a little over eyebrows no longer raised. And now at last I knew where the gold cup was.

It stood for days upon his chimney-piece, this costly trophy whose ancient history and final fate filled newspaper columns, even in these days of Jubilee, and for which the flower of Scotland Yard was said to be seeking high and low. Our constable, we learnt, had been stunned only, and, from the moment that I brought him an evening paper with the news, Raffles's spirits rose to a height inconsistent with his equable temperament, and as unusual in him as the sudden impulse upon which he had acted with such effect. The cup itself appealed to me no more than it had done before. Exquisite it might be, handsome it was, but so light in the hand that the mere gold of it would scarcely have poured three figures out of melting-pot. And what said Raffles but that he would never melt it at all!

"Taking it was an offence against the laws of the land, Bunny. That is nothing. But destroying it would be a crime against God and Art, and may I be spitted on the vane of St. Mary Abbot's if I commit it!"

Talk such as this was unanswerable; indeed, the whole affair had passed the pale of useful comment; and the one course left for a practical person was to

shrug his shoulders and enjoy the joke. This was not a little enhanced by the newspaper reports, which described Raffles as a handsome youth, and his unwilling accomplice as an older man of blackguardly appearance and low type.

"Hits us both off rather neatly, Bunny," said he. "But what they none of them do justice to is my dear cup. Look at it; only look at it, man! Was ever anything so rich and yet so chaste? St. Agnes must have had a pretty bad time, but it would be almost worth it to go down to posterity in such enamel upon such gold. And then the history of the thing. Do you realize that it's five hundred years old and has belonged to Henry the Eighth and to Elizabeth among others? Bunny, when you have me cremated, you can put my ashes in yonder cup, and lay us in the deep-delved earth together!"

"And meanwhile?"

"It is the joy of my heart, the light of my life, the delight of mine eye."

"And suppose other eyes should catch sight of it?"

"They never must; they never shall."

Raffles would have been too absurd had he not been thoroughly alive to his own absurdity; there was, nevertheless, an underlying sincerity in his appreciation of any and every form of beauty, which all his nonsense could not conceal. And his infatuation for the cup was, as he declared, a very pure passion, since the circumstances debarred him from the chief joy of the average collector, that of showing his treasure to his friends. At last, however, and at the height of his craze, Raffles and reason seemed to come together again as suddenly as they had parted company in the Room of Gold.

"Bunny," he cried, flinging his newspaper across the room, "I've got an idea after your own heart. I know where I can place it after all!"

"Do you mean the cup?"

"I do."

"Then I congratulate you."

"Thanks."

"Upon the recovery of your senses."

"Thanks galore. But you've been damnably unsympathetic about this thing, Bunny, and I don't think I shall tell you my scheme till I've carried it out."

"That will be time enough."

"It will mean your letting me loose for an hour or two under cloud of this very night. To-morrow's Sunday, the Jubilee's on Tuesday, and old Theobald's coming back for it."

"It doesn't much matter whether he's back or not if you go late enough."

"I mustn't be late. They don't keep open. No, it's no use your asking any questions. Go out and buy me a big box of Huntley & Palmer's biscuits; any sort you like, only they must be theirs, and absolutely the biggest box they sell."

"My dear man!"

"No questions, Bunny; you do your part and I'll do mine."

Subtlety and success were in his face. It was enough for me, and I had done his extraordinary bidding within a quarter of an hour. In another minute Raffles had opened the box and tumbled all the biscuits into the nearest chair.

"Now newspapers!"

I fetched a pile. He bid the cup of gold a ridiculous farewell, wrapped it up in newspaper after newspaper, and finally packed it in the empty biscuit-box.

"Now some brown paper. I don't want to be taken for the grocer's young man."

A neat enough parcel it made, when the string had been tied and the ends cut close; what was much more difficult was to wrap up Raffles himself in such a way that even the porter should not recognize him if they came face to face at the corner. And the sun was still up. But Raffles would go, and when he did I should not have known him myself.

He may have been an hour away. It was barely dusk when he returned, and my first question referred to our dangerous ally, the porter. Raffles had passed him unsuspected in going, but had managed to avoid him altogether on the return journey, which he had completed by way of the other entrance and the roof. I breathed again.

"And what have you done with the cup?"

"Placed it!"

"How much for? How much for?"

"Let me think. I had a couple of cabs, and the postage was a tanner, with another twopence for registration. Yes, it cost me exactly five-and-eight."

"*It cost you?* But what did you *get* for it, Raffles?"

"Nothing, my boy."

"Nothing!"

"Not a crimson cent."

"I am not surprised. I never thought it had a market value. I told you so in the beginning," I said, irritably. "But what on earth have you done with the thing?"

"Sent it to the Queen."

"You haven't!"

Rogue is a word with various meanings, and Raffles had been one sort of rogue ever since I had known him; but now, for once, he was the innocent variety, a great gray-haired child, running over with merriment and mischief.

"Well, I've sent it to Sir Arthur Bigge, to present to her Majesty, with the loyal respects of the thief, if that will do for you," said Raffles. "I thought they might take too much stock of me at the G. P. O. if I addressed it to the Sovereign herself. Yes, I drove over to St. Martin's le Grand with it, and I registered the box into the bargain. Do a thing properly if you do it at all."

"But why on earth," I groaned, "do such a thing at all?"

"My dear Bunny, we have been reigned over for sixty years by infinitely the finest

monarch the world has ever seen. The world is taking the present opportunity of signifying the fact for all it is worth. Every nation is laying of its best at her royal feet; every class in the community is doing its little level—except ours. All I have done is to remove one reproach from our fraternity."

At this I came round, was infected with his spirit, called him the sportsman he always was and would be, and shook his daredevil hand in mine; but, at the same time, I still had my qualms.

"Supposing they trace it to us?" said I.

"There's not much to catch hold of in a biscuit-box by Huntley & Palmer," said Raffles; "that was why I sent you for one. And I didn't write a word upon a sheet of paper which could possibly be traced. I simply printed two or three on a virginal post-card—another half-penny to the bad—which might have been bought at any post-office in the kingdom. No, old chap, the G. P. O. was the one real danger; there was one detective I spotted for myself; and the sight of him has left me with a thirst. Whiskey and Sullivans for two, Bunny, if you please."

Raffles was soon clinking his glass against mine.

"The Queen," said he. "God bless her!"

## COMING RAIN

By Joseph Russell Taylor

HUNG in the shining north, light showers—  
As over a breast of silks and flowers  
Like dusky unbound hair—  
Trail weeping: but the west is dark,  
And the rain-crow's tripping voice. O hark!  
Treads down the echoing air!  
Hark, how the bobolinks ripple and bubble!  
Out of the orchard what rapture of robins!  
And look, the brown-thrush up and facing the storm  
With a shaken jubilant splendor and storm of song  
And more than the heart can bear!  
O look and listen! the last lights glisten,  
Save for the moment's glare,  
O look and harken! the valleys darken,  
Fade, for the rain is there!



# THE SONS OF SLEEP

By Josephine Dodge Daskam

Now the wayfaring, now the restless Earth,  
Descrying on her dim and trackless verge  
The dear, awaited dawning of the night,  
Moves slowly in a languor of desire,  
And slips into the haven of her sleep.

Like dropping of the sweet and gradual rain,  
Full flooding all the parchèd doors of growth,  
The multitudinous lips of all the flowers,  
The whispering insistence of dry leaves,  
All cool and rill-like flowing, falls our sleep.

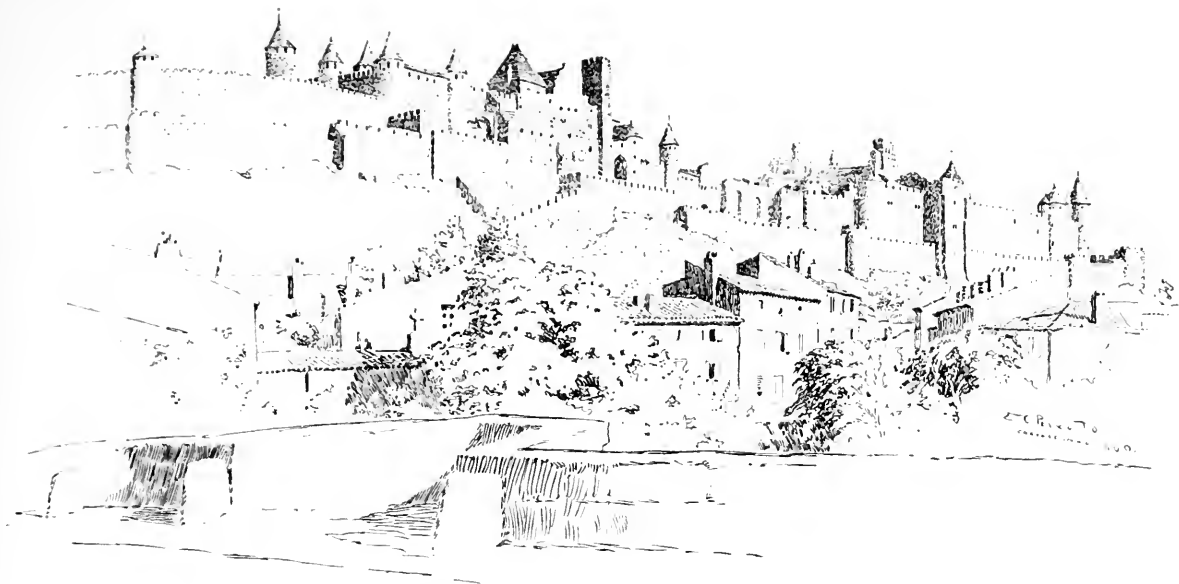
As the long thunderous surge of ocean waves  
That lull eternally the listening shore,  
Slow sweeping in from vast and caverned depths,  
Comes the white tide that washes loose our souls,  
To drown them tenderly in depths of sleep.

Soft stealing like the swathed and plumèd dusk,  
Enwrapped in shadows, shod with silences,  
Unceasing, unresisted, unobserved,  
Embosoming the lapsed and languid earth,  
Slips o'er the sons of men close-feathered sleep.

By day they walk diverse and isolate,  
Sunken in self they skulk their separate ways,  
Poor fugitives of Fate, awhirl in time,  
Groping for fellow-hands they dare not grasp,  
Grudging the thriftless hours they yield to sleep.

But now, relaxed and drifting with that stream  
Whereon they taste soft moments of the voyage  
Whose unknown port no seaman of us all  
Evaded ever, these swift, swarming souls  
As one glad band of brothers sink in sleep.

Surely the great and tireless Heart of all,  
Grievèd by day for their perversity,  
Joys in them as they lie, breast soft on breast,  
Hand locked in hand, a fathom deep in dreams,  
And brims anew the cooling wells of sleep !



The Castle and Walls from the Old Bridge.

## CARCASSONNE

By Ernest C. Peixotto

WITH THE AUTHOR'S DRAWINGS\*

WE may have read much of the Cité of Carcassonne and seen many photographs of its walls and towers, yet we do not seem in any way prepared, in our latter-day civilization for the strangeness of aspect of this mediæval city, crowning the rolling hills in which it is built with the silhouette of its double line of ramparts and the profile of its innumerable slate-roofed towers of irregular size, its crenellated castle and its fortress church. And strange to say, this *chef d'œuvre* of feudal fortification, carefully restored by Viollet-le-Duc and kept in splendid repair by an enlightened administration, is comparatively little visited by tourists, though seen from one of the much-travelled railways of southern France.

Yet one who spends a day or two in wandering along its well-kept *chemin de rondes* on whose broad flag-stones the spurred heels of steel-clad knights still seem to ring, or peeps through the long slits of the *meurtrières* or down the abysses of the machicolations, or climbs the wind-

ing stairs of its turrets, cunningly guarded by doors at unlooked-for angles, will come away with an object-lesson on feudal warfare which will light up the pages of history with a new interest. Every detail of barbican and portcullis, of drawbridge and postern-gate, of *hourds* and *volets*—every cunning system of attack and defence from the strong but ill-laid masonry of the Visigoth to the perfections of St. Louis and Philip the Hardy can here be studied from the life.

It takes but little imagination to people the silent streets of the Cité with armored crossbowmen, to see the populace rushing to the walls to pour boiling oil and hurl the very masonry of their houses upon the soldiers of the King.

After its redoubtable defences were completed this virgin city was never taken, for, during the whole period of the Middle Ages, when all the southwest of France was ravaged by the wars with England, and city after city was attacked and taken by Edward the Black Prince, the Cité of Carcassonne alone was deemed impregnable and only gave itself up when all of Languedoc had fallen before the conqueror.

\* Now from the top of the beetling walls

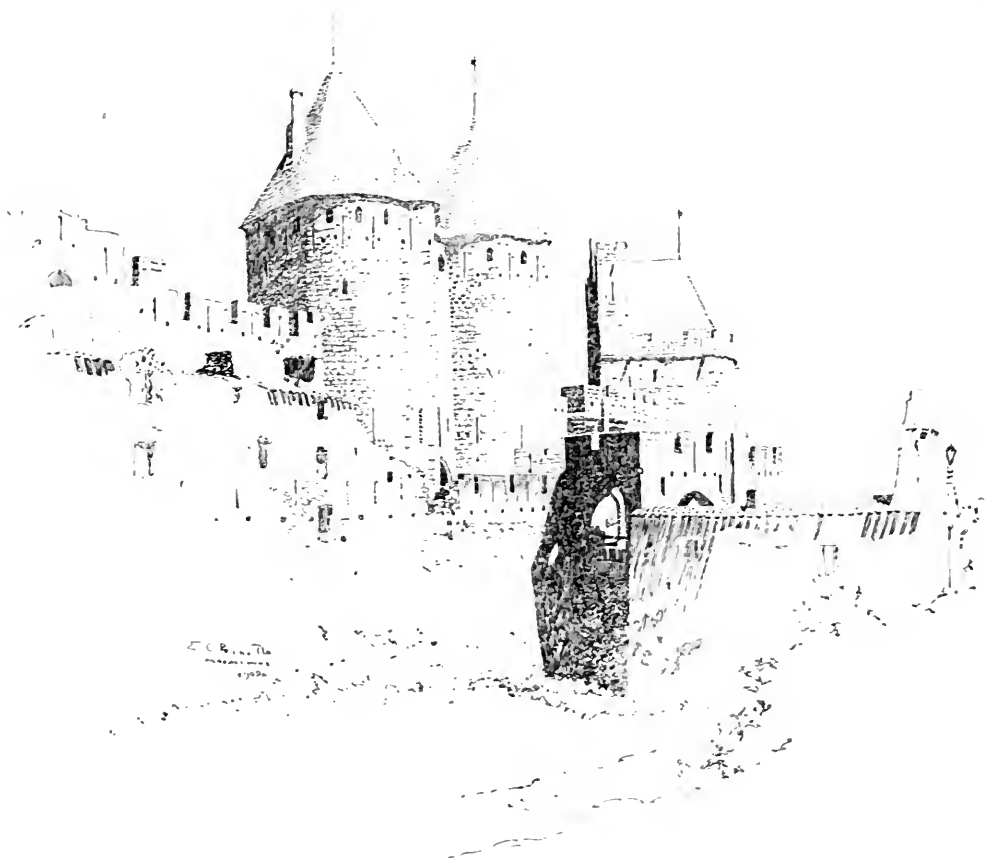
\* See, in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for December, 1899, and August, 1900, similarly illustrated papers on the Château of Chinon and Loches by the same author.

one looks over smiling valley lands—vineyards and orchards—far over to the sombre Montagne Noire on the one hand and to the snow-clad peaks of the Pyrenees on the other. Below, near us, flows the river Aude, spanned by its twelfth-century bridge, and on its far bank the new city of Carcassonne, itself six hundred years old and to-day a commercial town of some importance.

Within the walls of the old upper city, the narrow little streets are almost deserted—a few old women knitting or gossiping in the cool corners, a cat slinking along in the tiny shadows of the high southern sun. It was on one of those first hot days of June when I wandered through these little lanes as the noon hour approached, seeking to make arrangements for my lunch, so that I might be spared the descent of the long hill to my hotel in the new town. A turning of the street brought me before a café, but there I was told that they served no meals. Just beyond, in the rue de l'Aude, I met the wife of the *concierge* of the fortifications, a fresh-looking, kindly faced woman, to whom I explained my dilemma. But no, there was no place where Monsieur could dine.

I hinted—yes, it *was* a hint, and I confess it—that all I wanted was a bit of bread, an egg, and a salad, and she took the cue by saying, "*Pardi—I can provide that if Monsieur is not too exigeant.*" So we entered a neat little house, where I busied myself looking at photographs until lunch was announced.

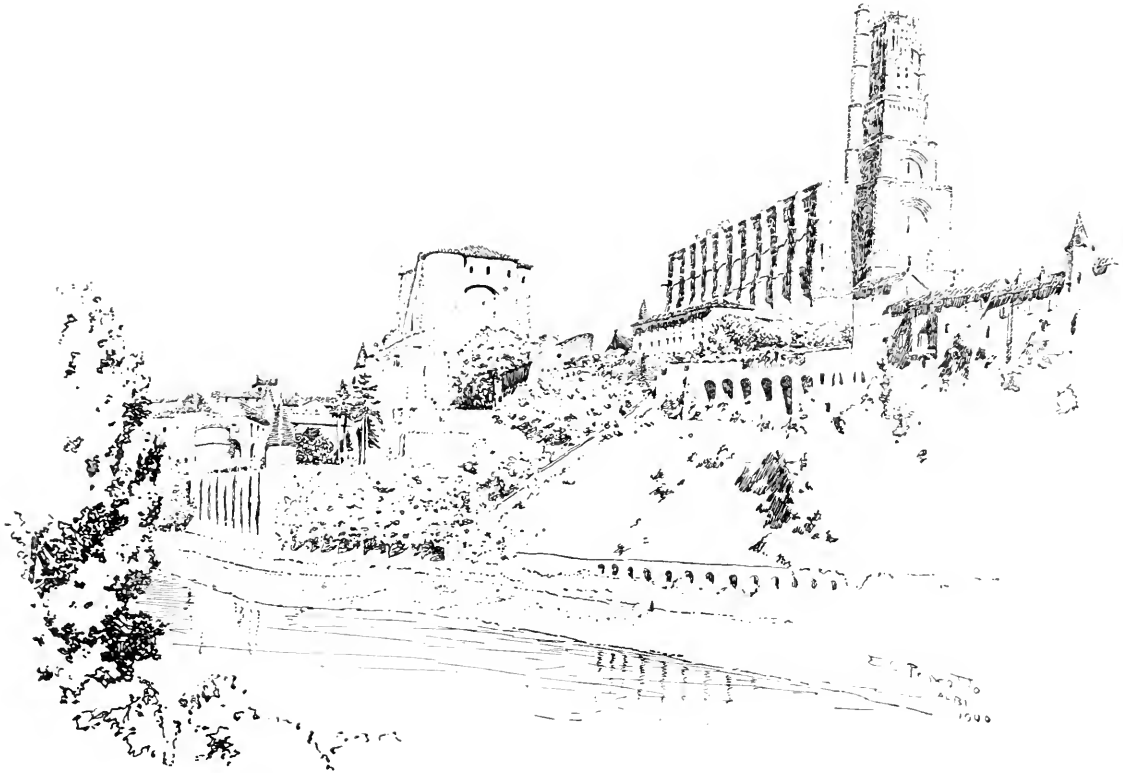
My cover was laid at a round table in the corner of the kitchen, with the custodian himself beside me and Madame across the table. But instead of the meagre meal which I had suggested, I found prepared a veritable little feast. The "best linen" was on the table, which was arranged with care, and on it were carefully disposed a rosy dish of radishes, fresh olives, sliced *saucisson d'Arles*, a pickled mackerel, and cold ham. Monsieur filled my glass with a charming grace and asked me to sample his wine, for it would be of special interest to me, having been grown on the very ramparts of Carcassonne! Yes, the little vineyard was just in front of the church of St. Nazaire, and they pressed the wine themselves. The sausage, too, proved to be native-born, and the ham was its own brother, for they were made from two little white pigs



The Porte Narbonnaise and Barbican.

which the custodian himself had raised the winter before ! So the luncheon passed—the eggs, the *tomates farcies* cooked in olive-oil and served in an earthen dish, the fresh crisp salad, *roquefort* and fruits—relished with a running fire of small talk and anecdote from my host and hostess. Then the coffee was ground in a little mill before my eyes, its delicious aroma filling the air, and served so strong and hot. An hour

later, when, as I rose to say good-by, my hand strayed toward my pocket, Madame lifted up her hands and cried, "*Mais, Monsieur, vous plaisantez !*" Happy people who have enough to give some away, and take in and feast a perfect stranger at their board—kindly folks of the Midi with their warm southern temperament, who carry, as my host expressed it, their hearts within their hands !



The Cathedral and Archbishop's Palace from the Banks of the Tarn, Albi.

## ALBI

By Ernest C. Peixotto

THE little local train had just traversed an uninteresting stretch of meadow-land when the huge red mass of the Cathedral of Albi loomed into view—a mass most imposing in size, but not picturesque when viewed thus over the flat grain-fields.

From the station I hurried through a succession of modern French provincial streets, some attempting to be boulevards by lining up their rows of young plane-trees, dotting the dazzling roadway with

their scanty shade, others filled with ill-stocked shops and paved with the roughest cobbles. Soon, however, the streets narrowed ; the houses took on a quainter aspect, huddled closer together for mutual support and protection, thrust out their upper stories on heavy corbels and raised their roof-lines into pointed gables and high-peaked dormer-windows ; and finally, an abrupt turning brought me into the market-place. It was nine in the morning, and the market was at its height—and such

a market!—one of those southern marts, where every bright color is displayed at once, where every heap of gray-blue cabbages and every pile of rich red berries and golden apricots is sheltered by an umbrella of a different hue—green, red, blue, purple—where every woman wears a bright kerchief or a knot of gay ribbon. And such a clatter of tongues, and such animation! How interesting the coifs! The old women in little, close-fitting caps, with wide double ruffles round the face, framing it in an aureole of white; the young women with their hair bound in gay plaid kerchiefs, covered by large straw hats of curious fashion, with low crowns bound by wide bands of velvet ribbon.

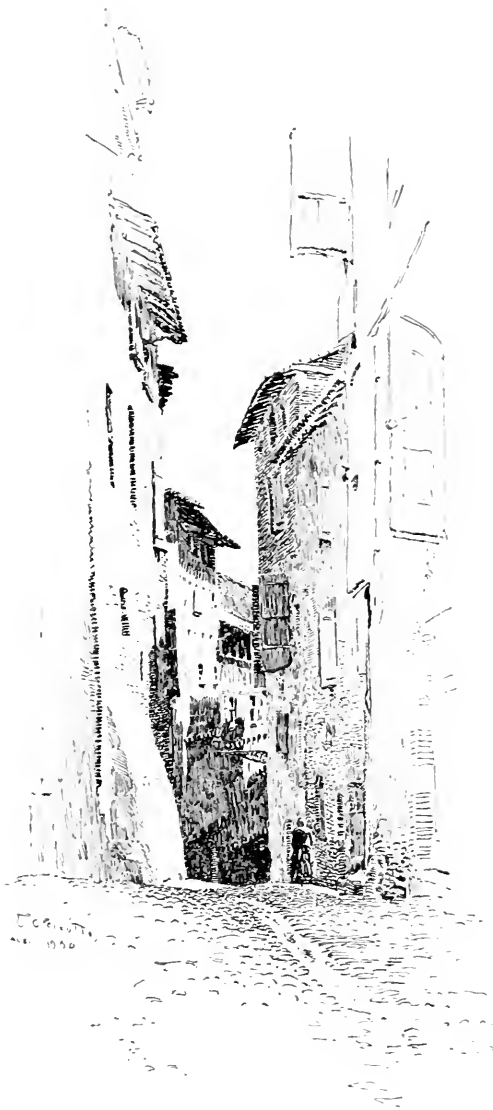
Behind this animated scene, brilliant in the glare of the hot southern sun, towers the red-brick apse of the Cathedral of Ste. Cecilia. Half way up to its roof-line, thick and solid walls, devoid of detail, seem by their threatening masses to defy all attack, and fill the mind with a feeling of mysterious fear. The upper half of these gigantic walls is pierced by long slits of windows, like loopholes, and the entire church, from basement to balustrade, is strengthened by round, tower-like buttresses, so that one is tempted to ask, "Is this a fortress—is it a church?" As we look at the crenellated portal of Dominique-de-Florence, it, too, is a castle gate, though decorated with statues of the Virgin and saints. But beyond it, we catch a glimpse of the marvellous baldaquin of the south portal in the richest flamboyant Gothic, and we say that surely

must be the entrance to a temple of God. The interior leaves no vestige of doubt in the mind—its soaring arches, its chapels, its rood-screen, whose stone is as delicately wrought as a piece of Valenciennes lace, whose canopied niches are peopled with countless statues and enriched with traceries of details so intricate that the mind is appalled at the power of imagination of him who conceived them; its delicate frescoes of the Last Judgment, with Giotto-like figures moving in landscapes of rare simplicity—all tell us that it is religious faith alone which has accomplished such marvels.

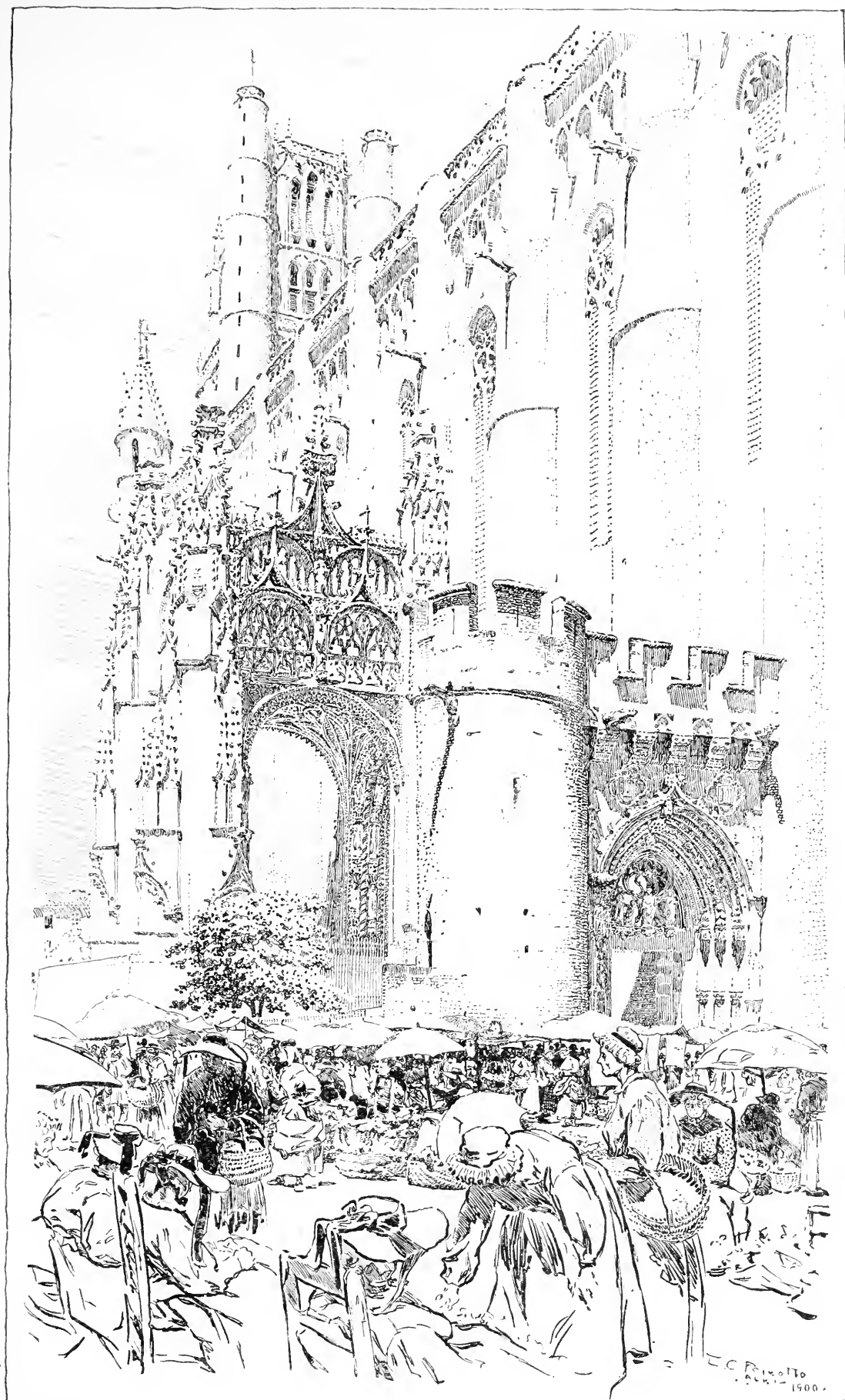
Around the Cathedral wind the crooked little streets of the old city which sought protection under its frowning walls and encircling ramparts—a twisting labyrinth of by-ways and alleys where the sun seems to bestow its rays regretfully—streets so narrow as to be quite impassable for wagons, where the passers-by are suddenly seen in a ray of sunshine as it squeezes in between the tall buildings, and then are swallowed up completely in the darkness beyond.

But the place where we liked best to linger was across the Tarn in the suburb of

La Madeleine. There in a garden, under the shade of a group of locust-trees, sitting in the cool, tall grasses, we passed the late afternoon hours. And what a view to look upon! Below us the broad river flowed lazily by. Across it the steep hill-side is shored up by long arcaded embankments, each supporting a lovely garden, whose flowers, trellises, and clamoring vines glow in the warm sunshine.



Side Street, Albi.



*Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.*

Albi Cathedral from the Market-place.



Groups of houses with rich ochre walls, bright shutters of green and blue, little iron-railed balconies and red-tiled roofs string their irregular course along the bluffs, ending in the prison-like mass of the archbishop's palace. Above, dominating all this rustic beauty, towers the glorious mass of the cathedral, its lofty west tower gorgeously transfigured by the setting sun, glowing like a coral in all the shades of red from shell-pink to richest crimson, detaching its luminous mass from the deep blue sky.

After the heat of the summer day, a delicious coolness refreshes the sun-beaten town, and every door and window is flung wide open. Each occupant abandons his four walls and sucks a breath of fresh air and simple amusement on the promenade. Here the giant sycamores and chestnuts interlace their century-old branches in a vaulted canopy of dark-green foliage and a darkness lowers; a veiled mystery, born of the approaching night, envelops the shadowy avenue. The massive tree-trunks—vague yet mighty columns—become solid walls as they disappear in the far

perspective, to where the city lights twinkle in the distance. Scattered among the trees, glow colored lanterns. Here a glint catches the falling waters of a fountain, lighting the sparkling jets of crystal; then a gleam falls full upon the white-gowned maidens as they walk arm in arm; or touches the red epaulets and white gloves and spats of the soldiers. The clear voices of the young people ring out in merry laughter, mothers tend their babes in arms, workmen drag their heavy-nailed boots as they shuffle along, while old men, showing an ample expanse of white waistcoat, lean heavily on their canes as they grumble their deep-rooted convictions to their companions. Gay little *kiosques* blaze out their attractions. Shooting-galleries and wheels of fortune, alluring chances in all sorts of seductive lotteries, make easy game of the soldiers. The military band blows forth its lustiest notes, and young and old forget their daily toil for bread—forget their burdens borne in the midday sun—and are happy in the night shadows under the spreading branches.



Albi.

# THE SENSE OF NONSENSE

By Carolyn Wells



ON a topographical map of literature, Nonsense would be represented by a small and sparsely settled country, neglected by the average tourist, but affording keen delight to the few enlightened travelers who sojourn within its borders. It is a field which has been neglected by anthologists and essayists; its only serious recognition, so far as we know, being a few pages in a certain "Treatise of Figurative Language," which says: "Nonsense; shall we dignify that with a place on our list? Assuredly will vote for doing so everyone who hath at all duly noticed what admirable and wise uses it can be, and often is, put to, though never before in rhetoric has it been so highly honored. How deeply does clever or quaint nonsense abide in the memory, and for how many a decade—from earliest youth to age's most venerable years."

Perhaps, partly because of this neglect, the work of the best nonsense writers is less widely known than it might be.

But a more probable reason is, that the majority of the reading world does not appreciate or enjoy real nonsense, and this, again, is consequent upon their inability to discriminate between nonsense of integral merit and simple chaff.

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear  
Of him that hears it. Never in the tongue  
Of him that makes it,

and a sense of nonsense is as distinct a part of our mentality as a sense of humor, and is by no means identical therewith.

It is a fad at present for a man to relate a nonsensical story, and then if his hearer does not laugh he says, gravely: "You have no sense of humor. That is a test story, and only a true humorist laughs at it." Now, the hearer may have an exquisite sense of humor, but he may be lacking in a sense of nonsense, and so the story gives him no pleasure. De Quincey said, "None but a man of ex-

traordinary talent can write first-rate nonsense." Only a short study of the subject is required to convince us that De Quincey was right; and he might have added, none but a man of extraordinary taste can appreciate first-rate nonsense. As an instance of this, we may remember that Edward Lear, "the parent of modern nonsense-writers," was a talented author and artist, and a prime favorite of such men as Tennyson, and the Earls of Derby; and John Ruskin placed Lear's name at the head of his list of the best hundred authors.

The sense of nonsense enables us not only to discern pure nonsense, but to consider intelligently nonsense of various degrees of purity. Absence of sense is not necessarily nonsense, any more than absence of justice is injustice.

Etymologically speaking, nonsense may be either words without meaning, or words conveying absurd or ridiculous ideas. It is the second definition which expresses the great mass of nonsense literature; but as there is a small proportion of written nonsense which comes under the head of language without meaning, it may be well to dispose of that first.

But again, there are verses composed entirely of words without meaning, which are not nonsense literature, because they are written with some other intent.

The nursery rhyme, of which there are almost as many versions as there are nurseries,

Eena, meena, mona, mi,  
Bassalona, bona, stri,  
Hare, ware, frown, whack,  
Halico, balico, we, wi, wo, wack,

is not strictly a nonsense-verse, because it was invented and used for "counting out," and the arbitrary words simply take the place of the numbers 1, 2, 3, etc.

Also, in the case of the nonsense-verses with which students of Latin composition are sometimes taught to begin their efforts, where words are used with no relative

meaning, simply to familiarize the pupil with the mechanical values of quantity and metre. It is only nonsense for nonsense' sake that is now under our consideration.

Doubtless the best and best-known example of versified words without meaning is "Jabberwocky." To us who know our *Alice* it would seem unnecessary to quote this poem here, but it is a fact that among the general reading community, the appreciators of Lewis Carroll are surprisingly few.

A man who writes for the leading literary reviews, when asked recently if he had read "Alice In Wonderland," replied, "No; but I mean to. It is by the author of 'As In a Looking-Glass,' is it not?"

*Jabberwocky.*

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!  
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!  
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun  
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:  
Long time the manxome foe he sought.  
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,  
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,  
The Jabberwock with eyes of flame,  
Came whiffing through the tulgey wood,  
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through, and through  
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!  
He left it dead, and with its head  
He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?  
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!  
Oh, frabjous day! Callooh! callay!"  
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;  
All mimsy were the borogoves  
And the mome raths outgrabe

Although (notwithstanding Lewis Carroll's explanations) the coined words are absolutely without meaning, the rhythm is perfect and the poetic quality decidedly apparent, and the poem appeals to the nonsense-lover as a work of pure genius. Bayard Taylor is said to have recited "Jabber-

wocky" aloud for his own delectation until he was forced to stop by uncontrollable laughter.

Here is another nonsense-verse of great merit, though compared with "Jabberwocky" it is unmusical.

When sporgles spanned the floreate mead  
And cogwogs gleet upon the lea,  
Uffia gopped to meet her love  
Who smeeged upon the equat sea.

Dately she walked aglost the sand;  
The boreal wind seet in her face;  
The moggling waves yalped at her feet;  
Pangwangling was her pace.

This verse, when published, was merely signed H. R. W.

But of far greater interest and merit than nonsense of words, is nonsense of ideas. Here, again, we distinguish between nonsense and no sense. Ideas conveying no sense are often intensely funny, and this type is seen in some of the best of our nonsense literature.

A perfect specimen is the bit of evidence read by the White Rabbit at the Trial of the Knave of Hearts:

They told me you had been to her,  
And mentioned me to him;  
She gave me a good character,  
But said I could not swim.

He sent them word I had not gone  
(We know it to be true);  
If she should push the matter on,  
What would become of you?

I gave her one, they gave him two,  
You gave us three or more;  
They all returned from him to you,  
Though they were mine before.

If I or she should chance to be  
Involved in this affair,  
He trusts to you to set them free,  
Exactly as we were.

My notion was that you had been  
(Before she had this fit)  
An obstacle that came between  
Him, and ourselves, and it.

Don't let him know she liked them best,  
For this must ever be  
A secret, kept from all the rest,  
Between yourself and me.

One charm of these verses is the serious air of legal directness which pervades their ambiguity, and another is the precision with which the metrical accent coincides

exactly with the natural emphasis. They are marked, too, by the liquid euphony that always distinguishes Carroll's poetry. Contrast the following, written by Henry Coggsell Knight in 1815 :

*Lunar Stanzas.*

Night saw the crew like pedlers with their packs  
Altho' it were too dear to pay for eggs;  
Walk crank along with coffin on their backs  
While in their arms they bow their weary legs.

And yet 'twas strange, and scarce can one suppose  
That a brown buzzard-fly should steal and wear  
His white jean breeches and black woollen hose,  
But thence that flies have souls is very clear.

But, Holy Father! what shall save the soul,  
When cobblers ask three dollars for their shoes?  
When cooks their biscuits with a shot-tower roll,  
And farmers rake their hay-cocks with their hoes.

Yet, 'twere profuse to see for pendant light,  
A tea-pot dangle in a lady's ear;  
And 'twere indelicate, although she might  
Swallow two whales and yet the moon shine clear.

But what to me are woven clouds, or what,  
If dames from spiders learn to warp their looms?  
If coal-black ghosts turn soldiers for the State,  
With wooden eyes, and lightning-rods for plumes?

Oh! too, too shocking! barbarous, savage taste!  
To eat one's mother ere itself was born!  
To gripe the tall town-steeple by the waste,  
And scoop it out to be his drinking-horn.

No more: no more! I'm sick and dead and gone;  
Boxed in a coffin, stifled six feet deep;  
Thorns, fat and fearless, prick my skin and bone,  
And revel o'er me, like a soulless sheep.

As nonsense, this is irreproachable, and among the best examples of the early writers. It differs from the *Evidence* verses in that its absurdities are introduced by means of incongruous substantives; while in Carroll's poem almost no substantives are used. The "Lunar Stanzas," too, are faulty in metrical construction, and lacking in euphony.

Compare the stanza beginning

But what to me are woven clouds, etc.

with Lewis Carroll's

Yet what are all such gayeties to me,  
Whose thoughts are full of indices and surds,  
 $x^2 + 7x + 53$   
 $= \frac{11}{3}$ .

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A well-known one of an older type is Thomas Moore's

*Nonsense.*

Good reader, if you e'er have seen  
When Phœbus hastens to his pillow,  
The mermaids with their tresses green  
Dancing upon the western billow.  
If you have seen at twilight dim,  
When the lone spirit's vesper-hymn  
Floats wild along the winding shore,  
The fairy train their ringlets weave  
Glancing along the spangled green  
If you have seen all this, and more,  
God bless me! what a deal you've seen!

In the early part of the seventeenth century, Bishop Corbet wrote the following nonsense :

Like to the thundering tone of unspoke speeches,  
Or like a lobster clad in logic breeches,  
Or like the gray fur of a crimson cat,  
Or like the mooncalf in a slipshod hat,  
E'en such is he who spake, and yet, no doubt,  
Spake to small purpose when his tongue was out.

A slightly different type is found in verses that refer to objects in terms the opposite of true, thereby suggesting ludicrous incongruity.

Here is one from *Punch* :

*Ballad of Bedlam.*

Oh, lady wake! the azure moon  
Is rippling in the verdant skies,  
The owl is warbling his soft tune,  
Awaiting but thy snowy eyes.  
The joys of future years are past,  
To-morrow's hopes have fled away;  
Still let us love, and e'en at last  
We shall be happy yesterday.

The early beam of rosy night  
Drives off the ebon morn afar,  
While through the murmur of the light  
The huntsman winds his mad guitar.  
Then, lady wake! my brigantine  
Pants, neighs, and prances to be free;  
Till the creation I am thine,  
To some rich desert fly with me

Another :

'Tis midnight, and the setting sun  
Is slowly rising in the west;  
The rapid rivers slowly run,  
The frog is on his downy nest.  
The pensive goat and sportive cow,  
Hilarious, leap from bough to bough.

Another of this kind is the tale from *Mother Goose* of three children, which

was first published in 1662 and was sung So with Bret Harte's  
to the tune of "Chevy Chase."

Three children sliding on the ice  
Upon a summer's day,  
As it fell out they all fell in,  
The rest they ran away.

Now, had these children been at home,  
Or sliding on dry ground,  
Ten thousand pounds to one penny  
They had not all been drowned.

You parents all that children have,  
And you too that have none,  
If you would have them safe abroad,  
Pray keep them safe at home.

Slightly different from these is the non-sense-verse that uses word-effects, which have been confiscated by the poets and tacitly given over to them.

A fair example of this is

*Blue Moonshine.*

Mingled aye with fragrant yearnings,  
Throbbing in the mellow glow,  
Glint the silvery spirit-burnings,  
Pearly blandishments of woe.

Aye! forever and forever,  
Whilst the love-lorn censers sweep,  
Whilst the jasper winds dis sever  
Amber-like the crystal deep,

Shall the soul's delirious slumber,  
Sea-green vengeance of a kiss,  
Teach despairing crags to number  
Blue infinities of bliss.

Also this touching quatrain :

Oh! to be wafted away  
From this black Aceldama of sorrow,  
Where the dust of an earthy to-day  
Makes the earth of a dusty to-morrow.

The following verses by Barry Pain are in a similar vein, but in their mechanical form they belong to the department of parody.

The lilies lie in my ladies' bower,  
(Oh! weary mother drive the cows to roost);

They faintly droop for a little hour;  
My lady's head droops like a flower.

She took the porcelain in her hand,  
(Oh! weary mother drive the cows to roost);

She poured; I drank at her command;  
Drank deep, and now—you understand!  
(Oh! weary mother drive the cows to roost).

*Swiss Air.*

I'm a gay tra, la, la,  
With my fal, la, la, la,  
And my bright—  
And my light—  
Tra, la, le. [Repeat.]

Then laugh ha, ha, ha,  
And ring, ting, ling, ling,  
And sing fal, la, la,  
La, la, le. [Repeat.]

A refrain of nonsense-words is a favorite diversion of many otherwise serious poets.

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
is one of Shakespeare's many musical nonsense-refrains.

Burns gives us :

Ken ye aught o' Captain Grose?  
Igo and ago,  
If he's 'mang his freens or foes?  
Iram, coram, dago.  
Is he slain by Highlan' bodies?  
Igo and ago;  
And eaten like a weather haggis?  
Iram, coram, dago.

And an old ballad, written before the Reformation, has for a refrain :

Sing go trix,  
Trim go trix,  
Under the greenwood tree.

While a celebrated political ballad is known by its nonsense-chorus.

Lilliburlero bullin a-la.

Mother Goose rhymes abound in these nonsense refrains, and they are often fine examples of onomatopœia.

## II

By far the most meritorious and most interesting kind of nonsense is that which embodies an absurd or ridiculous idea, and treats it with elaborate seriousness. The greatest masters of this art are undoubtedly Edward Lear and Lewis Carroll. These two contemporary Englishmen were men of genius, deep thinkers and hard workers.

Lear was an artist-draughtsman, his subjects being mainly ornithological and zoölogical. Lewis Carroll (Charles L. Dodg-

son) was an expert mathematician and a lecturer on that science in Christ Church, Oxford.

Both these men numbered among their friends many of the greatest Englishmen of the day. Tennyson was a warm friend and admirer of each, as also was John Ruskin.

Lear's first nonsense-verses, published in 1846, are all written in the form of the well-known stanza beginning :

There was an old man of Tobago.

He asserts that this form of verse (which has since come to be known by the name of "Limerick") was not invented by him, but was suggested by a friend as a useful model for amusing rhymes. It proved so in his case, for he published no less than two hundred and twelve of these "Limericks," of which the following are fair specimens :

There was an old man of Thermopylæ.  
Who never did anything properly ;  
But they said : " If you choose  
To boil eggs in your shoes,  
You cannot remain in Thermopylæ."

There was an old person of Ware  
Who rode on the back of a bear ;  
When they said, " Does it trot ? "  
He said : " Certainly not,  
It's a Moppsikon Floppsikon bear."

There once was a man with a beard  
Who said, " It is just as I feared !—  
Two Owls and a Hen,  
Four Larks and a Wren  
Have all built their nests in my beard."

There was an old person of Wick,  
Who said, " Tick-a-Tick, Tick-a-Tick,  
Chickabee, Chickabaw,"  
And he said nothing more,  
This laconic old person of Wick

There was an old person of Woking,  
Whose mind was perverse and provoking ;  
He sate on a rail,  
With his head in a pail,  
That illusive old person of Woking.

In regard to his verses, Lear asserted that " nonsense, pure and absolute," was his aim throughout ; and remarked further, that to have been the means of administering innocent mirth to thousands was surely a just excuse for satisfaction. He pursued his aim with scrupulous consistency, and his absurd conceits are fantastic and ridiculous, but never cheaply or vulgarly funny.

Twenty-five years after his first book came out, Lear published other books of nonsense verse and prose, with pictures which are irresistibly mirth-provoking. Lear's nonsense-songs, while retaining all the ludicrous merriment of his Limericks, have an added quality of poetic harmony. They are distinctly *singable*, and many of them have been set to music by talented composers. Perhaps the best-known songs are " The Owl and The Pussy-Cat," and " The Daddy-Long-Legs and The Fly."

Lear himself composed airs for " The Pelican Chorus," and " The Yonghy-Bonghy Bò," which were arranged for the piano by Professor Pomè, of San Remo, Italy. One stanza of each of these songs will show the rhythmical movement of the lines as well as their delicious absurdity.

On the coast of Coromandel  
Where the early pumpkins blow,  
In the middle of the woods  
Lived the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.  
Two old chairs and half a candle,  
One old jug without a handle,  
These were all his worldly goods ;  
In the middle of the woods,  
These were all the worldly goods  
Of the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò  
Of the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.

King and Queen of the Pelicans we ;  
No other Birds so grand we see !  
None but we have feet like fins !  
With lovely leathery throats and chins !  
Ploffskin, Pluffskin, Pelican Jee !  
We think no Birds so happy as we !  
Plumpskin, Ploshkin, Pelican Jill !  
We think so then, and we thought so still !

As a fair example of Lear's most characteristic work, perhaps " The Pobble " is as good as any :

*The Pobble Who Has No Toes.*

The Pobble who has no toes  
Had once as many as we ;  
When they said, " Some day you may lose them  
all ; "

He replied, " Fish fiddle de-dee ! "  
And his Aunt Jobiska made him drink  
Lavender water tinged with pink ;  
For she said, " The World in general knows  
There's nothing so good for a Pobble's toes ! "

The Pobble who has no toes  
Swam across the Bristol Channel ;  
But before he set out he wrapped his nose  
In a piece of scarlet flannel.  
For his Aunt Jobiska said, " No harm  
Can come to his toes if his nose is warm ;  
And it's perfectly known that a Pobble's toes  
Are safe—provided he minds his nose."



The Pobble swam fast and well,  
 And when boats or ships came near him,  
 He tinkledy-binkledy-winkled a bell  
 So that all the world could hear him.  
 And all the Sailors and Admirals cried,  
 When they saw him nearing the farther side,  
 "He has gone to fish for his Aunt Jobiska's  
 Runcible Cat with crimson whiskers!"

But before he touched the shore—  
 The shore of the Bristol Channel,  
 A sea-green Porpoise carried away  
 His wrapper of scarlet flannel.  
 And when he came to observe his feet,  
 Formerly garnished with toes so neat,  
 His face at once became forlorn  
 On perceiving that all his toes were gone!

And nobody ever knew,  
 From that dark day to the present,  
 Whoso had taken the Pobble's toes,  
 In a manner so far from pleasant.  
 Whether the shrimps or crawfish gray,  
 Or crafty mermaids stole them away,  
 Nobody knew; and nobody knows  
 How the Pobble was robbed of his twice five toes!

The Pobble who has no toes  
 Was placed in a friendly Bark,  
 And they rowed him back and carried him up  
 To his Aunt Jobiska's Park.  
 And she made him a feast at his earnest wish,  
 Of eggs and buttercups fried with fish;  
 And she said, "It's a fact the whole world  
 knows,  
 That Pobbles are happier without their toes."

Although like Lear's in some respects,  
 Lewis Carroll's nonsense is of a somewhat  
 more refined type. There is less of the  
 grotesque and more poetic imagery. But  
 though Carroll was more of a poet than  
 Lear, both had the true sense of nonsense.  
 Both assumed the most absurd condi-  
 tions, and proceeded to detail their con-  
 sequences with a simple seriousness that  
 convulses appreciative readers, and we  
 find ourselves uncertain whether it is the  
 manner or matter that is more amusing.  
 Lewis Carroll was a man of intellect and  
 education; his funniest sayings are often  
 based on profound knowledge, or deep  
 thought.

Like Lear, he never spoiled his quaint  
 fancies by over-exaggerating their quaint-  
 ness or their fancifulness, and his ridicu-  
 lous plots are as carefully conceived, con-  
 structed, and elaborated, as though they  
 embodied the soundest facts. No funny  
 detail is ever allowed to become *too* funny;  
 and it is in this judicious economy of ex-  
 travagance that his genius is shown. As  
 he remarks in one of his own poems:

Then, fourthly, there are epithets  
 That suit with any word—  
 As well as Harvey's Reading Sauce  
 With fish, or flesh, or bird.

Such epithets, like pepper,  
 Give zest to what you write;  
 And, if you strew them sparingly,  
 They whet the appetite:  
 But if you lay them on too thick,  
 You spoil the matter quite!

It is more difficult to quote from Car-  
 roll than from Lear, for Lewis Carroll's  
 greatest works, the "Alice" books, are  
 coherent and continuous tales. But many  
 of the poems are detachable, and one of  
 the best is the song which is called

*Ways and Means.*

I'll tell thee everything I can;  
 There's little to relate.  
 I saw an aged aged man,  
 A-sitting on a gate.

"Who are you, aged man?" I said,  
 "And how is it you live?"  
 His answer trickled through my head  
 Like water through a sieve.

He said, "I look for butterflies  
 That sleep among the wheat:  
 I make them into mutton-pies,  
 And sell them in the street.

"I sell them unto men," he said,  
 "Who sail on stormy seas;  
 And that's the way I get my bread—  
 A trifle, if you please."

But I was thinking of a plan  
 To dye one's whiskers green,  
 And always use so large a fan  
 That they could not be seen.

So, having no reply to give  
 To what the old man said,  
 I cried, "Come, tell me how you live!"  
 And thumped him on the head.

"I sometimes dig for buttered rolls,  
 Or set limed twigs for crabs;  
 I sometimes search the grassy knolls  
 For wheels of Hansom cabs.

"And that's the way" (he gave a wink)  
 "By which I get my wealth—  
 And very gladly will I drink  
 Your Honor's noble health."

I heard him then, for I had just  
 Completed my design  
 To keep the Menai Bridge from rust  
 By boiling it in wine.

I thanked him much for telling me  
The way he got his wealth,  
But chiefly for his wish that he  
Might drink my noble health.

And now if e'er by chance I put  
My fingers into glue,  
Or madly squeeze a right-hand foot  
Into a left-hand shoe,  
Or if I drop upon my toe  
A very heavy weight,  
I weep, for it reminds me so  
Of that old man I used to know—  
Whose look was mild, whose speech was slow,  
Whose hair was whiter than the snow,  
Whose face was very like a crow,  
With eyes, like cinders, all aglow,  
Who seemed distracted with his woe,  
Who rocked his body to and fro,  
And muttered mumblingly, and low,  
As if his mouth were full of dough,  
Who snorted like a buffalo—  
That summer evening, long ago,  
A-sitting on a gate.

Both Lear and Carroll suffered from the undiscerning critics, who persisted in seeing in their nonsense a hidden meaning—a cynical, political, or other intent, veiled under the apparent foolery. Lear takes occasion to deny this in the preface to one of his books, and asserts not only that his rhymes and pictures have no symbolical meaning, but that he “took more care than might be supposed to make the subjects incapable of such misinterpretation.”

Likewise, “Jabberwocky,” was declared by one critic to be a translation from the German, and by others its originality was doubted. The truth is, that it was written by Lewis Carroll at an evening party; it was quite impromptu, and no ulterior meaning was intended. “The Hunting of the Snark” was also regarded by some as an allegory, or, perhaps, a burlesque on a celebrated case in which the *Snark* was used as a personification of popularity, but Lewis Carroll protested that the poem had no meaning at all.

Certain verses which occur at intervals in “Sylvie and Bruno” are characteristic bits of Carroll’s nonsense.

He thought he saw a Banker’s clerk  
Descending from the ’bus;  
He looked again, and found it was  
A Hippopotamus,  
“If this should stay to dine,” he said,  
“‘There won’t be much for us!’”

He thought he saw a Rattlesnake  
That questioned him in Greek;  
He looked again, and found it was

The middle of next week,  
“The one thing I regret,” he said,  
“Is that it cannot speak!”

He thought he saw a Coach-and-Four  
That stood beside his bed;  
He looked again, and found it was  
A Bear without a head.  
“Poor thing,” he said, “poor silly thing!  
It’s waiting to be fed!”

A favorite trick of the Nonsensists is the coining of words to suit their needs, and Lear and Carroll are especially happy in their inventions of this kind.

Lear gives us such gems as scroobious, meloobious, ombliferous, borascible, slo-baciously, himmeltanious, flumpetty, and mumbian; while the best of Lewis Carroll’s coined words are those found in “Jabberwocky.”

### III

ANOTHER of the great Nonsensists is W. S. Gilbert. Unlike Lear or Carroll, his work is not characterized by absurd words or phrases; he prefers a still wider scope, and invents a ridiculous plot. The “Bab Ballads,” as well as Mr. Gilbert’s comic opera librettos, hinge upon schemes of ludicrous impossibility, which are treated as the most natural proceedings in the world. The best known of the “Bab Ballads” is no doubt “The Yarn of the ‘Nancy Bell,’” which was long since set to music and is still a popular song. In addition to his talent for nonsense, Mr. Gilbert possesses a wonderful rhyming facility, and juggles cleverly with difficult and unusual metres.

The Ballads are long and the following extracts are couplets from

*Ferdinando and Elvira, or the Gentle Pisman.*

“Love you?” said I, then I sighed, and then I  
gazed upon her sweetly—  
For I think I do this sort of thing particularly  
neatly—

“Tell me whither I may hie me, tell me, dear  
one, that I may know—  
Is it up the highest Andes? down a horrible vol-  
cano?”

But she said, “It isn’t polar bears, or hot vol-  
canic grottoes,  
Only find out who it is that writes those lovely  
cracker mottoes.”

Seven weary years I wandered—Patagonia, Chi-  
na, Norway,  
Till at last I sank exhausted, at a pastrycook his  
doorway.

And he chirped and sang and skipped about, and  
laughed with laughter hearty,  
He was wonderfully active for so very stout a  
party.

And I said, "O, gentle pieman, why so very,  
very merry?  
Is it purity of conscience, or your one-and-seven  
sherry?"

"Then I polish all the silver which a supper-  
table lacquers;  
Then I write the pretty mottoes which you find  
inside the crackers."

"Found at last!" I madly shouted. "Gentle  
pieman, you astound me!"  
Then I waved the turtle soup enthusiastically  
round me.

And I shouted and I danced until he'd quite a  
crowd around him,  
And I rushed away, exclaiming, "I have found  
him! I have found him!"

Here are a few verses from

*Gentle Alice Brown.*

"Oh, holy father," Alice said, "'twould grieve  
you, would it not?  
To discover that I was a most disreputable lot?  
Of all unhappy sinners, I'm the most unhappy  
one!"

The padre said, "Whatever have you been and  
gone and done!"

"I have helped mamma to steal a little kiddy  
from its dad,  
I've assisted dear papa in cutting up a little lad,  
I've planned a little burglary, and forged a little  
check,  
And slain a little baby for the coral on its neck!"

The worthy pastor heaved a sigh, and dropped a  
silent tear,  
And said, "You mustn't judge yourself too heav-  
ily, my dear.  
It's wrong to murder babies, little corals for to  
fleece;  
But sins like these one expiates at half-a-crown  
apiece.

"Girls will be girls—you're very young, and  
flighty in your mind;  
Old heads upon young shoulders we must not  
expect to find;  
We mustn't be too hard upon these little girlish  
tricks—  
Let's see—five crimes at half-a-crown—exactly  
twelve-and-six."

In regard to his Bab Ballads, Mr. Gil-  
bert gravely says that "they are not, as a

rule, founded on fact," and remembering  
their gory, and often cannibalistic tenden-  
cies, we are grateful for this assurance. An  
instance of Gilbert's appreciation of other  
people's nonsense is his parody of Lear's  
verse:

There was an old man in a tree  
Who was horribly bored by a bee;  
When they said, "Does it buzz?"  
He replied, "Yes, it does!  
It's a regular brute of a bee!"

The parody attributed to Gilbert is  
called "A Nonsense-Rhyme in Blank  
Verse:"

There was an old man of St. Bees,  
Who was stung in the arm by a wasp;  
When they asked, "Does it hurt?"  
He replied, "No, it doesn't,  
But I thought all the while 'twas a Hornet!"

Thackeray wrote spirited nonsense, but  
much of it had an under-meaning, political  
or otherwise, which bars it from the field  
of sheer nonsense; the nearest to it is the  
familiar "Little Billee."

The sense of nonsense is no respecter  
of persons; even staid old Dr. Johnson  
possessed it, though his nonsense-verses  
are marked by credible fact and irrefutable  
logic. Witness these two examples:

As with my hat upon my head  
I walked along the Strand,  
I there did meet another man  
With his hat in his hand.

The tender infant, meek and mild,  
Fell down upon the stone;  
The nurse took up the squealing child  
But still the child squealed on.

The Doctor is also responsible for,

If a man who Turnips cries,  
Cry not when his father dies,  
'Tis a proof that he would rather  
Have a turnip than a father.

The statement of self-evident or inevi-  
table truth, when some unusual or extraor-  
dinary occurrence is looked for, is a dis-  
tinct department of nonsense.

"The Sun" is by J. Davis:

The Sun, yon glorious orb of day,  
Ninety-four million miles away,  
Will keep revolving in its orbit  
Till heat and motion reabsorb it.

This quatrain is by Gelett Burgess :

My feet they haul me round the house,  
They hoist me up the stairs ;  
I only have to steer them and  
They ride me everywhere.

The following bits of similar nonsense are anonymous :

The Autumn leaves are falling,  
Are falling here and there.  
They're falling through the atmosphere  
And also through the air.

The night was growing old  
As she trudged through snow and sleet ;  
Her nose was long and cold,  
And her shoes were full of feet.

How very sad it is to think  
Our poor benighted brother  
Should have his head upon one end,  
His feet upon the other.

Under this type may be included Long-fellow's

There was a little girl  
And she had a little curl  
Right in the middle of her forehead.  
When she was good  
She was very good indeed  
And when she was bad she was horrid.

In contrast to these are the verses which are content to give merely a hint of their real meaning—a mild expression of feeling, where a burst of passion might naturally be expected.

By rhetoricians this might be called *litotes* or *meiosis*, but our consideration of nonsense deals with the spirit of the work and not with its mechanical construction.

Examples of insufficient results are :

Susan poisoned her grandmother's tea ;  
Grandmamma died in agony.  
Susan's papa was greatly vexed,  
And he said to Susan : " My dear, what next ? "

Baby sat on the window-seat ;  
Mary pushed Baby into the street ;  
Baby's brains were dashed out in the " arey."  
And mother held up her forefinger at Mary.

Cleopatra, who thought they maligned her,  
Resolved to reform and be kinder.  
" If, when pettish," she said,  
" I should knock off your head,  
Won't you give me some gentle reminder ? "

I dined with a friend in the East, one day,  
Who had no window-sashes ;  
A sunbeam through the window came  
And burnt his wife to ashes.  
" John, sweep your mistress away," said he,  
" And bring fresh wine for my friend and me."

Among our best writers there are few who have not dropped into nonsense, or semi-nonsense, at one time or another. A poem that is nonsense to the unlettered, though to the Greeks not entirely foolishness, is from the pen of Dr. O. W. Holmes :

*Estivation.*

In candent ire the solar splendor flames ;  
The foles, languescent, pend from arid rames ;  
His humid front the cive, anhelng, wipes,  
And dreams of erring on ventiferous ripes.

How dulce to vive occult to mortal eyes,  
Dorm on the herb with none to supervise,  
Carp the suave berries from the crescent vine,  
And bibe the flow from longicaudate kine.

To me also, no verdurous visions come  
Save you exiguous pool's confervascum,—  
No concave vast repeats the tender hue  
That laves my milk-jug with celestial blue.

Me wretched ! Let me curr to quercine shades !  
Effund your albid hausts, lactiferous maids !  
Oh, might I vole to some umbrageous chump,—  
Depart,— be off,— excede,— evade,— erump !

This small extract is from Swinburne's best contribution to nonsense-lore :

*Nephelidia.*

From the depth of the dreamy decline of the dawn  
through a notable nimbus of nebulous noon-shine,  
Pallid and pink as the palm of the flag-flower that  
flickers with fear of the flies as they float,  
Are they looks of our lovers that lustrously lean  
from a marvel of mystic miraculous moon-shine,  
These that we feel in the blood of our blushes that  
thicken and threaten with sobs from the throat ?

Tennyson gives a bit of fanciful nonsense in

*Minnie and Winnie.*

Minnie and Winnie  
Slept in a shell,  
Sleep, little ladies !  
And they slept well.

Two bright stars  
Peep'd into the shell,  
" What are they dreaming of ?  
Who can tell ? "

Started a green linnet  
Out of the croft ;  
Wake, little ladies,  
The sun is aloft !

Thomas Hood's fun depends mainly on puns, but " Faithless Nelly Gray " is

among the nonsense classics and here are two stanzas :

Ben Battle was a soldier bold,  
And used to war's alarms ;  
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,  
So he laid down his arms !

Now, as they bore him off the field,  
Said he, " Let others shoot,  
For here I leave my second leg,  
And the Forty-Second Foot ! "

So far as we know, Kipling has never printed anything which can be called nonsense-verse, but it is doubtless only a question of time when that branch shall be added to his versatility. His " Just So " stories are capital nonsense-prose, and the following rhyme proves him guilty of at least one Limerick :

There was a small boy of Quebec,  
Who was buried in snow to his neck ;  
When they said, " Are you friz ? "  
He replied, " Yes I is—  
But we don't call this cold in Quebec."

Eugene Field's delightful verses are rarely real nonsense, but the Dinkey-Bird nearly approaches it :

In an ocean, way out yonder  
(As all sapient people know),  
Is the land of Wonder-Wander,  
Whither children love to go ;  
It's their playing, romping, swinging,  
That give great joy to me,  
While the Dinkey-Bird goes singing  
In the Amfalula Tree.

The tale of Mr. Finney and his Turnip has been attributed to Longfellow, but the evidence is not conclusive.

According to Gelett Burgess, the test of good nonsense is its quotability ; and his work stands this test admirably, for what absurd rhyme ever met with such instant and wide-spread popularity as

I never saw a Purple Cow,  
I never hope to see one ;  
But I can tell you anyhow  
I'd rather see than be one.

*The Lark*, which Mr. Burgess edited for two years, is the only periodical which has ever been devoted entirely to intelligent nonsense. On its pages may be found the following :

I'd never dare to walk across  
A Bridge I could not see ;  
For much afraid of falling off,  
I fear that I should be.

I wish that my Room had a Floor ;  
I don't so much care for a Door,  
But this walking around  
Without touching the ground  
Is getting to be quite a bore !

The Roof it has a lazy time  
A-lying in the sun ;  
The walls they have to hold him up,  
They do not have much fun.

I'd rather have habits than clothes,  
For that's where my intellect shows.  
And as for my hair,  
Do you think I should care  
To comb it at night with my toes ?

Another from *The Lark* is the production of Mr. Bruce Porter :

It was an indigent Hen,  
Who picked up a corn now and then ;  
She had but one leg  
On which she could peg,  
And behind her left ear was a wen.

The most familiar bit of nonsense-prose is by S. Foote, and it is said that Charles Macklin used to recite it with great gusto :

" She went into the garden to cut a cabbage-leaf to make an apple-pie, and at the same time a great she-bear coming up the street, pops its head into the shop. ' What, no soap ? ' so he died. She imprudently married the barber, and there were present the Pickaninnies, the Joblilies, the Gayrulies, and the Grand Panjandrum himself with the little round button on top, and they all fell to playing catch-as-catch-can till the gunpowder ran out at the heels of their boots."

An old nonsense-verse, attributed to an Oxford student, is the well-known,

A centipede was happy quite,  
Until a frog in fun  
Said, " Pray which leg comes after which ? "  
This raised her mind to such a pitch,  
She lay distracted in the ditch  
Considering how to run.

College songs contain many bits of funny nonsense, which, however, are too crude to deserve serious consideration.

These two sporadic verses are unclassified :

There was a young maid who said, " Why  
Can't I look in my ear with my eye ?  
If I give my mind to it,  
I'm sure I can do it,  
You never can tell till you try."

Mary Jane was a farmer's daughter,  
Mary Jane did what she oughter.  
She fell in love—but all in vain !  
Oh, poor Mary ! oh, poor Jane !

# THE POINT OF VIEW

IT was a striking and curious idea that was entertained by John Bright that, in course of time, only noble motives and noble personages would be made the themes of literature. Far away and problematical as such a consummation may seem, the dramatic motives used by novelists and playwrights have certainly undergone, with the passing of centuries, some very notable modifications. It has not, for instance, been remarked how small is the use that latter-day literature finds it possible to make of hatred as a great dramatic passion. By this I mean, of course, personal hatred, hatred from man to man. Hatred of certain causes and principles we have everywhere treated, hatred of theories and ideas. But individual, personified enmity, intense enough to last a lifetime, and bending all the events of existence to its malignant will, is employed very charily nowadays in any literary or dramatic work that aims to be a faithful presentment of the conditions of modern life, of progressive society. There is plenty of treachery, of base betrayal, of evil-wishing, but all this malice is shown as being directed toward any individual whatever who may chance to stand in the way of another's selfish advancement; it is far more rarely exhibited as concentrated with unswerving, fatalistic tenacity against the welfare of one particular man. We have no repugnance to delineations of unappeasable hatred, rising to the lurid grandeur of inextinguishable passion, if the personages involved are depicted as belonging to the classes of society into which the elements of civilization have as yet inadequately penetrated. And it does not matter whether those classes are sought for among the mountaineers of Sicily or Montenegro or Tennessee, or whether they come from those lower districts of the great modern cities that supply occupation to the police courts. For it is well enough recognized that there are social layers in every progressive population, in which all the signs and instincts of savagery can be found as persistently alive as in the most retrograde of semi-barbarous communities. But hatred as an overpowering passion, a great dramatic motive, introduced into the midst of studies of the civilized manners and morals of to-day, would make us uneasy, and

The Decline of  
Hatred.

shock us as bad art, because out of focus. When Balzac paints his terrible Cousine Bette, pursuing for years a whole family with her envious fury, and working relentlessly for its ruin, he lays stress upon her anti-social nature in all respects, and is careful to stamp her clearly as one of the untamed units that modern society bears along in its current, but that really belong to a past stage of human evolution.

Since the passion of love has, according to Mr. Henry Finck, and indeed all thoughtful historians of the subject, gathered complexity, tenderness, and romantic and emotional force, with the onward movement of the race—since, though more restrained, it is really far greater than in primitive man—this rather discredited position in which the opposite passion of hatred now finds itself may advantageously be thought upon by those who hold pessimistic views of the moral betterment of mankind. It is not stating the case truthfully to say that we have less passion altogether in these days. It appears to be true that we have less possibly of this one black passion. That seems much to suggest in the face of some of the dark shadows of modern existence. But such things must be judged in large masses. Literature and the drama are mouldings of our life, and if a Thackeray or an Ibsen will not dare, in constructing a tragic story out of the materials of the passions he sees about him, to make too great use of exclusive hatred for one human being as a motive, it is because (in its most headlong, unreasoning manifestations) this motive is actually losing somewhat of its hold on the nature of men. The element in antique tragedy that gives it its tremendous dramatic effect is, precisely, in almost every case, hatred. No ancient ever brought love forward with greater power to wring the soul than Edmond Rostand brings it forward in the shape of Cyrano. But love with the ancient dramatist—and love in the tales of mediæval writers—is foiled by hatred as great as itself: the love of the step-mother of Hippolytus by the avenging hatred of a goddess; the love of the maiden of the Middle Ages by the hatred of clansmen, the inherited feuds of families. And as to that last presentation of hatred—hatred carried on from one generation to another as a duty to



forebears—it is of course an especially magnificent mine of pathetic, and what our modern writers would call “stunning,” situations. As a reality, however, how dead beyond resuscitation is this dramatic motive! The modern son may be loyally attached to his father’s friends. His father’s enemies may wax fat and kick, but there shall be no espousal by him of buried quarrels.

In a word, to be a “good hater” has ceased, in the most advanced view of the present, to be a “picturesque” accomplishment. And that surely is significant. Far and long as may be the way between the first subduals of animal instincts and their ultimate extirpation at the millennium, it is indubitable that when certain failings can no longer be invested with an air of splendor that takes the imagination they are really on the home-stretch. Hatred could be handled in the noble style when men saw in all nature-forces deities that would avenge, as a personal outrage to them, all human wrong-doing. Hatred in that august connection had dignity; a dignity that lingered long about the conception of hating. Now and then the drag-net of the contemporary newspaper will bring to the surface some strange history of animosity hugged through a lifetime, and wreaking itself in final vengeance on the victim. The history startles the cultivated reader as if it came from another world. And yet he may reflect that it is really only a few centuries since passions of this sort were, given due cause, not felt to be lowering to otherwise fine characters; since they were, indeed, in certain circumstances enjoined and fostered, as a proof of a chivalrous spirit. When men and women hate violently to-day in books and plays they are not fine characters; and their evil machinations, powerful as they may be on the destinies of others, have not the *furia* and the grand manner of the great passions. The moralist may, if he look at the matter with insight, have cause for satisfaction in this; though it is conceivable that the novelist and the dramatist should sometimes regret, in the change, a loss of the matchless opportunities that come of the treatment of all the primal, elemental emotions.

RECENT discussion of social questions, and still more of certain burning political questions, has been pervaded by the increasing use of a term that seems to me to be substantially misapplied

—seems indeed peculiarly to be one of the words without wisdom that darken counsel.

It is the term “commercialism,” employed to denote tendencies toward hard and crafty selfishness, toward greed and unfairness, chicane and the deliberate sacrifice of the rights of others. Some of those who have shown the greatest fondness for this word, and have packed it with the most offensive implication, have been themselves men of affairs, honorably successful in business, who ought to know how really wide of the mark it is. Others—they are naturally the more numerous and less scrupulous—are politicians who find in the word a convenient appeal to passions from which those suffer most who know little of commerce save as the field of gains they can not attain and can only dimly apprehend. Still another class to whom the term seems particularly attractive, and who may well be excused for not understanding the error of its application, includes the ministers of the gospel, who rightly seek to judge the duties of the hour by the sublime but difficult teachings of the founder of their religion.

Probably the general use of “commercialism” in the unfavorable sense has been much aided by the increasing study of German and French social and economic writers, especially the latter, with many of whom of the more extreme type the sum of all things hard, mean, cruel, and narrow is expressed in what has become at once an epithet of contempt and a party war-cry—*le bourgeois*. France has even imposed this phrase on Germany, and it glows oddly on many a rough and ragged German page. But Germany is not likely to incur from the spirit it embodies the trials and perils through which France has passed and is passing. The Teutonic mind tempers its sentiments too readily in the cold bath of practical interests and is, moreover, blessed with a plentiful lack of the logic that has wrought such mischief in French life. It may evolve, as the tradition has it, a camel from its inner consciousness, but it does not essay to hitch the camel to the cart or the chariot in actual life. The French mind—by which, of course, I can mean only the mind of those Frenchmen with whom a foreign student of French literature and journalism can become imperfectly acquainted—is apt to be as limited as it is logical. It makes little practical allowance for that inevitable margin of defect in

Why Commercialism?

the premises and equally inevitable mental twist which are about the only sure and stable elements in any problem to which human beings address themselves. It is on this account that it has built up a notion so cynical and so perverted of the qualities of the class to which France, after her indomitable peasantry, owes most of her advancement, especially in the last century. The *bourgeoisie*, which French socialists and many French social economists, airily aided by the swarm of lighter writers, present as petty, grasping, and tricky, has not only given to the country the greatest number of its men of light and leading, but has been the chief force in that mighty process by which despotism, at once sordid and splendid, has been replaced by a system of substantial justice and equality in rights and opportunities.

Why, indeed, in any country fairly to be called free, should the essential spirit of trade be supposed to be base, and commercialism be used as a term to describe what is least generous and enlightened in politics and in society? Doubtless the traits implied exist in trade, but they are not dominant; they are not characteristic. There is hypocrisy among the clergy; we do not designate that unpleasant tendency in other classes as clericalism. There is craft and deceit among lawyers; but legalism is not an epithet of reproach. The fact is, as I see it, that there is no occupation in which men engage from any motive that is on the whole conducted more honorably, and the net result of which for the race is more beneficent, than commerce. It is not avowedly philanthropic, and its fleets are not openly chartered for Altruism. The object of those who pursue it is unquestionably material gain, an object not wholly unknown in any pursuit with which I am acquainted. But, to use a famous phrase of Lord Salisbury's, "the nature of things, if you please, or the Providence of God, if you please to put it so," has decreed that over any great area and through any long period commerce advances and can advance only in equal step with order, peace, and fair dealing. Even on a small scale and in the ordinary enterprises of a trading community, the common sense of mankind recognizes, as the lesson of experience, that "honesty is the best policy," and, despite the conspicuous instances of successful rascality, the ancient adage is justified. As for the lesson to be learned in the larger field, it is

not so easily grasped, but I think it can be found there. A journalist of my acquaintance used to say that S. P. Q. R. on the Roman standards stood for "Small Profits and Quick Returns." What is true is that where the Roman banners went there went a more general and stable order, greater security for life and property, and greater opportunity for the peaceful and gainful occupations of men than had before been known. The Roman had the inspired wit to know that the tribute he sought could most easily and richly be had from peoples relatively contented and industrious, and trade and civilization marched with his legions over his well-built roads toward the farthest corners of the known world. Within the last century, the *par Britannica*—enforced at the point of the bayonet in a hundred little wars, no doubt, but still established—has been the condition precedent of the extension of a world-wide commerce, and the general order and justice and prosperity thus advanced has been due to the need of English traders for paying customers. Commercialism in its true historic and scientific sense implies qualities and tendencies the reverse of those usually attributed to it in the practice of which I complain. We shall do better in our fight with the vices of society and politics if we call them by their proper names, and drop an epithet at once inaccurate and offensive.

THE movement directed toward the beautifying of public school-houses, which is becoming more and more marked, is one of the most important that have taken place in connection with the cause of education in America. The architectural beauty and dignity of certain school-buildings erected not only in the larger cities but even in the small townships, in some States, have recently been noticeable. Where nothing has yet been done tending to improve upon the old-time, barrack-like school-house, it is at least freely admitted in principle that a school should be outwardly acceptable to the eye. It is also now admitted that it should, whenever possible, be inwardly adorned, with reproductions—casts, engravings, fine photographs—of beautiful things: the masterpieces of architecture, painting, sculpture. The significance of all this lies in the recognition it implies of a fact that hitherto has received little or no practical acknowledgment

The Unconscious  
Æsthetic  
Education.

in our American life. We have always acted, in many ways, as if we assumed that the sense of the beautiful could be acquired as some persons acquire wealth, as some others get learning, and others again make shoes; that it could be obtained, that is, by putting forth will-power and taking an industrious interest in the subject. But the present effort, to make the school-building a place that shall exert an enlightening influence on the æsthetic nature of the most youthful scholar, shows a growing understanding that the love and the perception of beauty do not come to anyone merely by willing that they shall. Reading, study, observation, a sincere desire for communion with the beautiful, may deepen, intensify, and illuminate such love and perception. But the essence, the germ, of them, to be truly vital, must have been built into the constitution before there was any conscious exercise whatever of the will with regard to them. If the appropriate means of cultivation be brought to bear soon enough, a child who has in any degree the right gifts comes to feel confusedly what beauty is, and has his imagination and his emotions surely enlarged and uplifted while profoundly unaware of the process of absorption.

In the many usually bootless comparisons made between the American and the European education (bootless because so much is to be said on both sides), the latter has of course always had the undisputed advantage granted to it at this point. There is a juster conception in European countries of what the development of the æsthetic nature means, and of what it entails. The necessary elements for the unconscious æsthetic education of early youth lie, moreover, under the hand there. They do not need to be sought for. It is, on the contrary, almost impossible to keep out of their way. School-buildings in Europe have indeed had, usually, nothing to boast of over ours. Some of the great public schools of England excepted, they are generally not conspicuous for charm. The average French school, for both sexes, and of all grades, has in fact always been noted for its barrenness, its gloom, its unpromising ugliness. Many are the Frenchmen who have looked back with enduring depression and resentment to their school years, and the present effort of M. Demolins to introduce English ideas of wholesome cheer and of out-door sports into the scholas-

tic establishments of his countrymen is felt to be a much-needed reform. But the immediate environment, at home or at school, can better afford to be uninspiring, where especial streams of suggestion, historical, legendary, poetic, and plastic, flow in upon the receptive boy and girl from the outer life. Such boyish reminiscences as those of George du Maurier in "Peter Ibbetson," such lovely pictures of little girlhood in Paris as Mme. Alphonse Daudet has preserved and collated out of her own experience, give the measure of what those sources of suggestion can be to a really imaginative child. Cut off from such influences—from parks full of historical associations to play in, century-old galleries to be taken to on holiday afternoons, the sight of historic buildings, ruins, fountains—it is certain that the youthful American is, as to his æsthetic side, at a disadvantage. It is foolish to seek to disguise or deny the disadvantage. It is far better to look at it frankly for what it is, and then try to supply whatever substitutes our own conditions may yield for these missing forces of æsthetic formation.

And since we are continually putting up new schools and more schools, noble architecture in them seems to be one of our best substitutes. Its silent lessons of symmetry, order, restraint, and dignity are enforced with that unhurried, unwearied persistence that tells at last on the most heedless. The public school gives to many children who come from ignorant or badly managed homes, their first idea of what authority, and the proper submission to authority, signify. They are incalculably more apt to be made to feel that these are beneficent instead of irksome things, if the outward forms under which they present themselves are chastened and impressive, rather than mean and slovenly. It was the Greek idea that all the public buildings of a republic should have a character that would help to educate its inhabitants to become worthy citizens. The American public school has this function primarily. And we have yet, as a people, to learn fully how much such an end is aided, how much the elements of moral character are developed, by that unconscious æsthetic education that comes from spending years, early in life, face to face for many hours each day, with the fruits of art, with work of man that is rightly, honestly, and beautifully done.

# THE FIELD OF ART

## ARCHITECTURAL PRACTICE MUTUALITY, NOT INDIVIDUALITY

### I

THE Field of Art for October, 1900, was occupied by discussion of ways and means. The question was as concerning architecture—the fine art of architecture—and the demand was for fuller and better means of proceeding, for more obvious ways out of an embarrassment. The whole world of art needs to have the means made more perfect and the ways made more obvious; but this need is not because of fault in the sculptors' or the painters' methods so very much; the sculptors and painters are not doing so badly. It is in the art upon which all arts depend that better means of work and clearer ways to achievement must be sought.

How was it in Paris just now at the summer-long show by the banks of the Seine? Consider all that: the vast collection of modern sculpture of which a large proportion was well worth gathering together; the much larger show of paintings, of which again a still larger proportion was of value; the models, the decorative pieces, the pastels, the prints from line and from etching, the jewelry of artistic design, the bronze and the silver, the furniture from traditional and from novel designs—all making a brave show and (here is the *crux*) all housed in buildings as unintelligent and as uninteresting as if they were not newly erected in ambitious, wealthy, and artistical Paris. The Palace of Fine Art was, indeed, merely dull, merely a non-existence, in an artistic sense, but the buildings filling the Esplanade des Invalides and those lining the Champ de Mars were hideous; they were shocking to the eyes alike of experienced students and of wide-awake beginners. Where was the architecture which was to strengthen and sustain all that painting and all that sculpture? Where was the chance offered by the builder to that nobler carving and coloring which as compared to the carving and coloring of little movable ob-

jects is as Harvard University to a dancing-school? There were, indeed, the architectural sculptures of the frieze on the west front of the Palace of Fine Art and that on the Porte Binet; and there was a fountain and a great specimen of terra-cotta architecture from the Sèvres factory, of all of which much might be said. France has great workmen and great artists even in the despised and neglected fine art of architecture, but these are, and their works in the great Exposition were, exceptions indeed. As to what the managers of the exhibition thought of the aid which architecture might give to the graphic and plastic arts, to the arts of expression and of record, may be judged by the fact that there was absolutely no place for the display of decorative windows of glass, stained, painted, or worked in translucent mosaic. The Germans hammered up some booths in which their own windows, made avowedly of American opalescent glass, could be seen, but France gave no display which would not have been inadequate to a county fair, nor did the Exposition provide for the glass of France, Austria, Belgium, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, or the United States any hall, gallery, or room, however inadequate, in which that important architectural art could be considered. Or as to architectural sculpture—the writer is not aware that a single object or structure in the whole vast Exposition was in any way concerned with that. The clay-modelled, colored, and glazed pieces of sculpture cited above were there as exhibits of ceramic ware, nor would even the artistic and intelligent management of the Sèvres factory have claimed for their creations that they were qualified to speak for and to represent the architectural sculpture of the period.

In short, the Paris exhibition was one continuous symphony of triumphant hope for the fine arts other than that most vast of all and primarily the most important, the art of architecture. As to that fine art the exhibition was a wail, a long-drawn note of despair.

To comment upon our seemingly hopeless state comes Mr. Wight, designer of the Na-

tional Academy of Design building in New York, thirty-five years ago, of the Street Art Building at Yale College, the Brooklyn Mercantile Library, and other such structures in close sequence, but who now for many years has been outside of the actual profession. He has to do actively with building, and critically in official position under the State Government of Illinois with the examining and licensing of architects. He writes of the proposed gathering of a certain number of architects together, architects who shall agree to work in absolute harmony as to the style to be followed and the methods of design. Whether such an alliance takes the form of a business enterprise or whether it organizes itself as a closely limited society of men of one mind agreeing together to be bound, and that for a certain length of time, by definite rules; whether also it be a large or a small association, and whether it be limited to one city or one State, or might gradually become as wide as the nation—all that is probably indifferent to Mr. Wight and to those who think as he does. Indifferent? Well, not indifferent, but each and all of those conditions must be felt to be inessential. The essential thing is to get agreement among a certain number of men.

There may be other proposals. Other possible schemes may be suggested even in these columns. For the present we have to consider Mr. Wight's proposal; and let him who thinks ill of the avowed necessity of sinking individuality in mutuality know that neither in the days of great architecture nor in the present time does anybody know who has designed a building—who is responsible for the good or the bad in an architectural design. In the present time it is notorious that the secrets of an architectural office are like those of the Council of Ten, and this not merely in the sense that the merit or demerit of a design is chargeable upon we know not whom among the chief and his senior employees, but also because it is almost inconceivable that any design be exclusively the work of one man. The chief brings home the notes of what is absolutely essential in the plan, and perhaps a suggestion or two as to how the outside had better be treated. One of his "designers" takes this up and works it out, and the chief overrules him in this and in that, and the client comes in and overrules the chief and all, and puts everything in a different train of conclusion. The

designer of the Capitol at Albany is just as far to seek as the designer of the Cathedral of Rheims.—R. S.

## II

A SYMPOSIUM was held in Chicago not so long ago. It was held at a well-known club composed of literary men, one of the traditions of which club is that its name or object shall never be mentioned in print. Several of its members who happen to be architects took part in this symposium. The subject was, "Can Architecture again become a Living Art?" It will be seen from the wording of this question that the demise of architecture was assumed, and that whoever cared to argue its resurrection or the contrary must first assent to this premise. The result was naturally unsatisfactory. There was no chance for anyone who believed that at the present time there was any vitality left in the art of architecture. Yet to those who accepted this dogma there was an endless field for that speculation in which the participants naturally indulged.

The Illinois Chapter of the American Institute of Architects found the subject of this symposium, modified and thoughtfully considered, to be just the one to excite its interest. The subject had been considered before, though cursorily, by various writers, but it had not been made sufficiently hackneyed to be dull. In fact it affected the whole being of everyone who might call himself an architect. It took strong hold upon the present writer, who, at that time, had retired from professional practice, and was thereby enabled to do his thinking without prejudice or self-interest. He proposed to the Illinois Chapter to make this the subject for an entire winter's discussion, dividing it into two parts, thus making it possible for anyone who desired to do so to assert, affirm, and prove that architecture was still a living art. But whether it was on account of the fact that at that time the architects found but little to do in the way of creating architecture, or because it seemed in each man's experience that the world of architecture had come to an end, or for any other reason unknown, only one member ventured to raise his voice in maintaining that architecture was still alive. The nature of the two questions to be considered was such that a full opportunity was given to those who would demonstrate not only that architecture was dead, but why it was dead.

Throughout this paper it is assumed that the architect as a professional man, practising a calling which dates only from the time of Philibert de l'Orme in France and from that of Inigo Jones in England, has come to stay—and that we must make the best of him. Before 1540 in France, before 1580 in England, all the great architecture of history was created, we do not know exactly how, but certainly not by professional architects. It is not, therefore, a question, Whether architecture can become a living art with or without architects as the main instruments of its evolution, but rather, Can this evolution of light from chaos be the handiwork of the architectural profession as it is now constituted? In the course of discussion at the meeting of the Illinois Chapter, one gentleman thought that under certain conditions of education this wished-for result might follow. Another speaker demanded that architects should become missionaries, that they should enter politics and make their views heard wherever they might; but he said also that each individual among them must live up to his ideals and *that individuality which is strong may become fraternal*. This is the only suggestion which this speaker made that could lead up to the formation of guilds, fraternal corporations for the performance of those duties which are now undertaken by individuals.

### III

WHAT was said in the debate above described would need no explanation nor amplification unless it should be for the elaboration of a scheme for the organization of corporate architectural guilds. It may be necessary to furnish such comment, if it were to convince some sceptics that the suggestion is not altogether chimerical. It might be necessary to prove that from a business point of view such companies would not be inconsistent with modern business methods. In that case, however, the author would be accused of proposing to organize architectural trusts and combinations; or even conspiracies, for all these are words flung at one who suggests anything tending to bury or conceal individuality for the sake of the common good to be derived from association and fraternity. I will, therefore, add only this, namely, that the corporate guilds could only be organized by architects coming together

in groups composed of kindred spirits sufficient in number for complete business organizations in which the interests and reputations of the individuals are merged into those of the corporation.

We have seen during ten years past the operation of what the profession has nicknamed "plan factories," in which a successful architect, or firm of architects acting as the principal, has organized a large establishment having departments presided over by experts in the different branches of building construction, to which is added a *department of designing*, these heads of departments all being employees with great numbers of subordinates under them. The largest of these establishments is the one which the United States Government has maintained for the last forty years, and which is known as the office of the Supervising Architect of the Treasury Department. Yet the most active and prominent architects in the United States, some of whom are said to maintain "plan factories" themselves, have waged a relentless warfare against the methods of designing Government buildings which have been practised in the Government office for the last twenty years, and that for the reason that these methods were detrimental to the progress of architectural art in our country. It has only been through those efforts of individuals and the intelligence and foresight of Lyman J. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury, that an obsolete though imperfect law has been put into force which has made it possible without the intervention of special acts of Congress to employ individual architects for important Government work. And moreover the same wise man has invoked the Civil Service laws of the United States to make it possible to employ for life a permanent and able supervising architect after a fair competitive examination.

It has transpired that some of the so-called "plan factories" have already ceased to exist, and that others have been curtailed in their dimensions. One reason for this is that they are not adapted to the necessary fluctuations in the volume of the architect's business. However, if we use the term "plan factory" for greater clearness of illustration, it might be suggested that a "corporate guild" would be a "plan factory" in which all the experts would be interested parties, the subordinates all novitiates of different degrees and all with opportunities for promotion. In



its government it would be a republic with elective officers from the one Master Architect downward, and provision would necessarily be made for voluntary additions and retirements. It is presupposed that such a guild would be organized on the principle of intellectual co-operation, that it would acknowledge rules of action, and that it would be a school of mutual instruction within itself. It is not supposed that any such organization could be started full fledged, or could become immediately a business success. Like any other undertaking its reputation, which at first would be that of the individuals or of some of the individuals composing it, would grow and would soon become the reputation of the guild itself. Its perpetuity would be assured, for the deaths of individual members would have only a temporary effect. It would always possess the young blood of action and the old blood of counsel and reason.

#### IV

WHAT is Evolution in Architecture? It has been demonstrated by many of its historians what it is, but they have not always told us that what they were describing was in any sense evolutionary, or why it was so. The application of distinctive names to the styles that have flourished in certain periods of time has connected the styles with the periods so firmly in our minds, that we are naturally led to the thought that the change from one to the other was abrupt rather than gradual. They were so gradual as to be imperceptible to those who caused them, and it is only possible now to fix dates approximately; and fixing them in one country would not serve for any other, even an adjoining one. Every slight change of detail in a new building counted only as one of the minute steps of a continuous development of one idea from another. Those advances which contributed most largely to evolution were mainly structural, and developed from changes in material. The work of different hands and heads

had a wonderful similitude. When a dozen master builders were creating works of architecture, each with knowledge of what the others were doing, and the style and treatment were so nearly the same in all of them that one could hardly detect a difference, there could not have been any charges or counter-charges of plagiarism. There must have been a community of interest. Investigation shows that every time a change took place it was adopted in future work by all, until another step forward could be taken. The old methods were dropped as fast as the new ones were adopted, even in the enlargement of buildings. Where every improvement, when tested and approved, was universally adopted and perpetuated, there was evolution. They did not talk about it or write about it in those days; they were *at it* all the time, unconsciously.

The modern independent designer spurns the thought of copying anything his neighbor has done, though he may be willing to use the same ancient model; and he indignantly protests if anything he does is copied. Evolution in architecture is impossible in such a case. It is only possible when every one copies the best work of his neighbor, and adds something to it of his own; and his neighbor thanks him for so doing, and goes and does likewise.

If we should take the models of Roman architecture for our starting-point, and recognize and freely adopt all the materials and methods of construction that we now have, we would in time evolve a new architecture which would differ little from what we might get if we started with Byzantine or Gothic, provided all the architects adhered to the precept contained in the last sentence. So from whatever point of view we regard the question, "Can Architecture again become a Living Art?" it will always be found that the first essential is that the architect shall drop his individuality. It is in this respect that the profession of the architect differs from that of the painter, the sculptor, or any other artist.

P. B. WIGHT.





*Drawn by Denman Fink.*

ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE NEW COUNTRY.

"For this they have toiled and saved and suffered patiently."

—Among the Immigrants, page 303.

# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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The Main Road to Zanzibar.

## ALONG THE EAST COAST OF AFRICA

By Richard Harding Davis

IF a man were picked up on a flying carpet and dropped without warning into Lorenzo Marquez he might guess for a day before he could make up his mind where he was, or determine to which nation the place belonged.

If he argued from the adobe houses with red-tiled roofs and walls of cobalt blue, the palms, and the yellow custom-house, he might think he was in Santiago; the Indian merchants in velvet and gold embroideries seated in deep, dark shops which breathe out dry, pungent odors, might take him back to Bombay; the Soudanese and Egyptians in long blue night-gowns and freshly ironed fezzes would remind him of Cairo; the dwarfish Portuguese soldiers, of Madeira, Lisbon, and Madrid, and the black, bare-legged policemen in khaki with great numerals on their chests, of Benin, Sierra Leone, or Zanzibar. After he had noted these and the German, French, and English mer-

chants in white duck, and the Dutch-men-of-warsmen, who look like ship's stewards, the French marines in coal-scuttle helmets, the British Jack-tars in their bare feet, and the native Kaffir women wrapped in a single, gorgeous shawl with a black baby peering from between their shoulder-blades, he would justly decide, by using the deductive methods of Sherlock Holmes, that he was just aft of the Dahomey Village in the Midway Plaisance of the Chicago Fair.

Since the beginning of the Boer War Lorenzo Marquez has risen into a prominence which, judging from its face value and not from its geographical position, it does not seem to deserve. Several hundred years ago Da Gama sailed into Delagoa Bay and founded the town of Lorenzo Marquez, and since that time the Portuguese have always felt that it is only due to him and to themselves to remain there. They have great pride of race,



Beira.

and they like the fact of their possessing and governing a colony ; so up to the present time, in spite of many temptations to dispose of it, they have made the ownership of Delagoa Bay an article of their national religion. But their national religion does not apparently require of them to improve their property. And to-day, it is much as it was when the sails of Da Gama's fleet first stirred its poisonous vapors.

The harbor itself is an excellent one and the bay is twenty-two miles long, but there is only one landing-pier, and that such a pier as would be considered inconsistent with the dignity of the Larchmont Yacht Club. To the town itself Portugal has been content to contribute as her share the gatherers of taxes, collectors of customs and dispensers of official seals. She is indifferent to the fact that almost all of the enormous quantities of general merchandise, wine, and machinery that enter her port is brought there by foreigners; she only asks to be allowed to sell them stamps. Her importance in her own colony is that of a toll-gate at the entrance of a great city.

Lorenço Marquez is not a city, either from its physical or moral advantages, which one would select for a home. When I was first there, the deaths from fever were averaging fifteen a day, and men

who dined at the club one evening were buried hurriedly before midnight, and when I returned in the winter months, the fever had abated, but twenty men were robbed on the night we arrived. The fact that we complained to the police about one of the twenty robberies struck the commandant as an act of surprising and unusual interest. We gathered from his manner that the citizens of Lorenço Marquez look upon being robbed as a matter too personal and selfish with which to trouble the police. It was perhaps credulous of us, as our hotel was liberally labelled with notices warning its patrons that "Owing to numerous robberies in this hotel, our guests will please lock their doors." This was one of three hotels owned by the same man ; one of the others has been de-



One-half of the Street Cleaning Department of Mozambique.

scribed as the "tough" hotel, and at the other, a few weeks previous, a friend had found a puff-adder barring his bed-room door. The choice was somewhat difficult.

On her way from Lorenzo Marquez to Beira the Kanzlar kept close to the shore, and showed us low-lying banks of yellow sand and coarse green bushes. There was none of the majesty of outline which

sands, with a low stone breakwater, but without a pier or jetty, the lack of which gives it a temporary, casual air as though it were more a summer resort than the one port of entry for all Rhodesia. It suggested Coney Island to one, and to others Asbury Park and the board-walk at Atlantic City. When we found that in spite of her Portuguese flags and naked blacks, Beira reminded us of nothing except an



Going Visiting in Her Private Tram-car.

reaches from Table Bay to Durban, none of the blue mountains of the Colony, nor the deeply wooded table-lands and great inlets of Kaffraria. The rocks which stretch along the southern coast and against which the waves break with a report like the bursting of a lyddite shell, had disappeared, and along Gazaland and the Portuguese territory only swamps and barren sand-hills accompanied us in a monotonous yellowline. From the bay we saw Beira as a long crescent of red-roofed houses, many of them of four stories with verandas running around each story, like those of the summer hotels along the Jersey coast. It is a town built upon the

American summer-resort; we set to discovering why this should be, and decided it was because we saw again stretches of white sand, after the red dust of the Colony and the Transvaal, and instead of corrugated zinc, flimsy houses of wood, which you felt were only opened for the summer season and which for the rest of the year remained boarded up against driven sands and equinoctial gales. Beira need only to have added to her "Sea-View" and "Beach" hotels, a few bathing suits drying on a clothes-line, a tin-type artist, and a merry-go-round, to have made us feel perfectly at home. Beira being the port on the Indian Ocean which feeds



Mashonaland and Matabeleland and the English settlers in and around Buluwayo and Salisbury. English influence has proclaimed itself there in many ways. When we touched, which was when the British soldiers were moving up to Rhodesia, the place, in comparison with Lorenzo Marquez, was brisk, busy, and clean. Although both are ostensibly Portuguese, Beira is to Lorenzo Marquez what the cleanest street of Greenwich Village, of New York City, is to "Hell's Kitchen" and the Chinese Quarter. The houses were well swept and cool, the shops were alluring, the streets were of clean shifting white sand, and the sidewalks, of gray cement, were as well kept as a Philadelphia doorstep. The most curious feature of Beira is her private tram-car system. These cars run on tiny tracks which rise out of the sand and extend from one end of the town to the other, with branch lines running into the yards of shops and private houses. The motive power for these cars is supplied by black-boys who run behind and push them. Their trucks are about half as large as those on the hand-cars we see flying along our railroad tracks at home, worked by gangs of Italian laborers. On some of the trucks there is a bench only, others are shaded by awnings, and a few have carriage-lamps and cushioned seats and carpets. Each of them is a private conveyance; there is not one which can be hired by the public. When a merchant wishes to go down town to the port, his

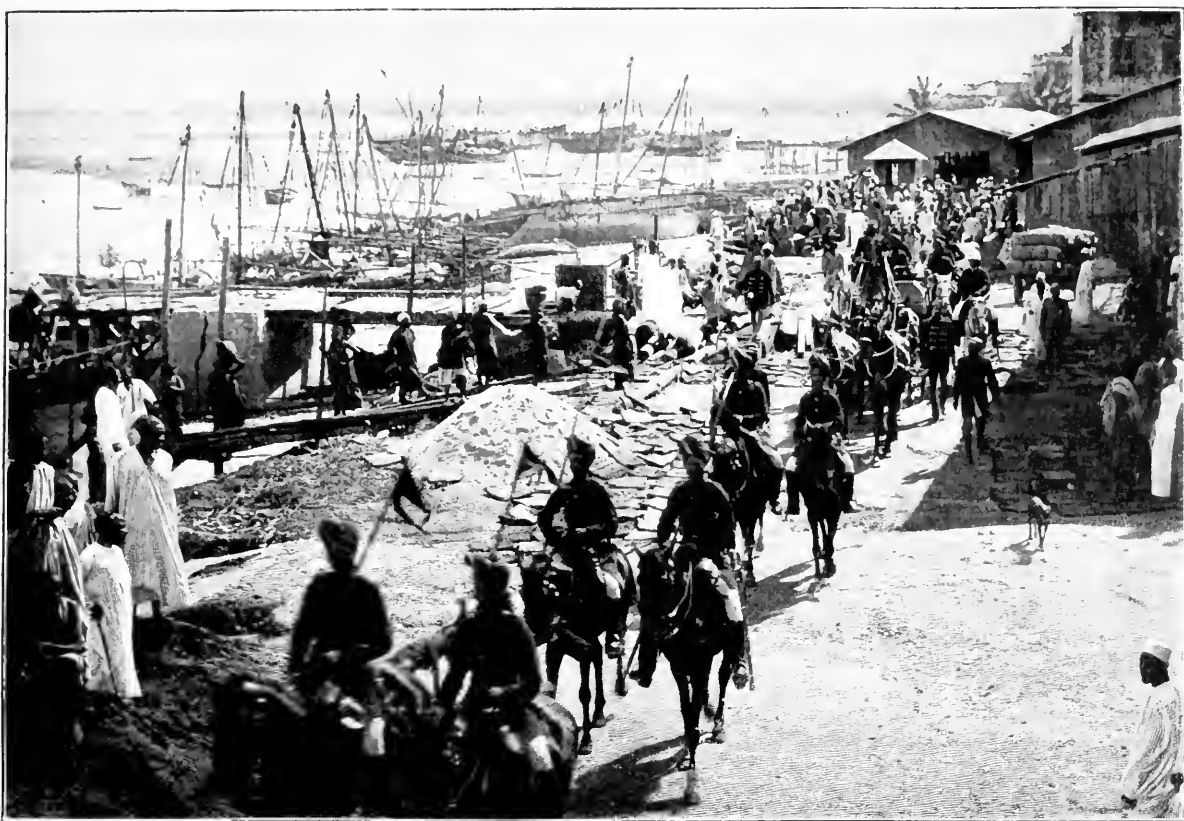
black boys carry his private tram-car from his garden and settle it on the rails, the merchant seats himself, and the boys push him and his baby carriage to whatever part of the city he wishes to go. When his wife is out shopping and stops at a store the boys lift her car into the sand in

order to make a clear track for any other car which may be coming behind them. One would naturally suppose that with the tracks and switch-boards and sidings already laid, the next step would be to place cars upon them for the convenience of the public, but this is not the case, and the tracks through the city are jealously reserved for the individuals who tax themselves five pounds a year to extend them and to keep them in repair. After the sleds on the island of Madeira these private street-cars of Beira struck me as being the most curious form of conveyance I had ever seen.

Beira was occupied by the Companhia de Mozambique with the idea of feeding Salisbury and Buluwayo from the north, and drawing away some of the trade which at that time was monopolized by the merchants of Cape Town and Durban. But the tse-tse fly belt lay between Beira on the coast and the boundary of the Chartered Company's possessions, and as neither oxen nor mules could live to cross this, it was necessary, in order to compete with the Cape-Buluwayo line to build a railroad through the swamp and jungle. This road is now in operation. It is two hundred and twenty miles in length



The High White-walled Streets of Zanzibar.



The Sultan of Zanzibar in his State Carriage.

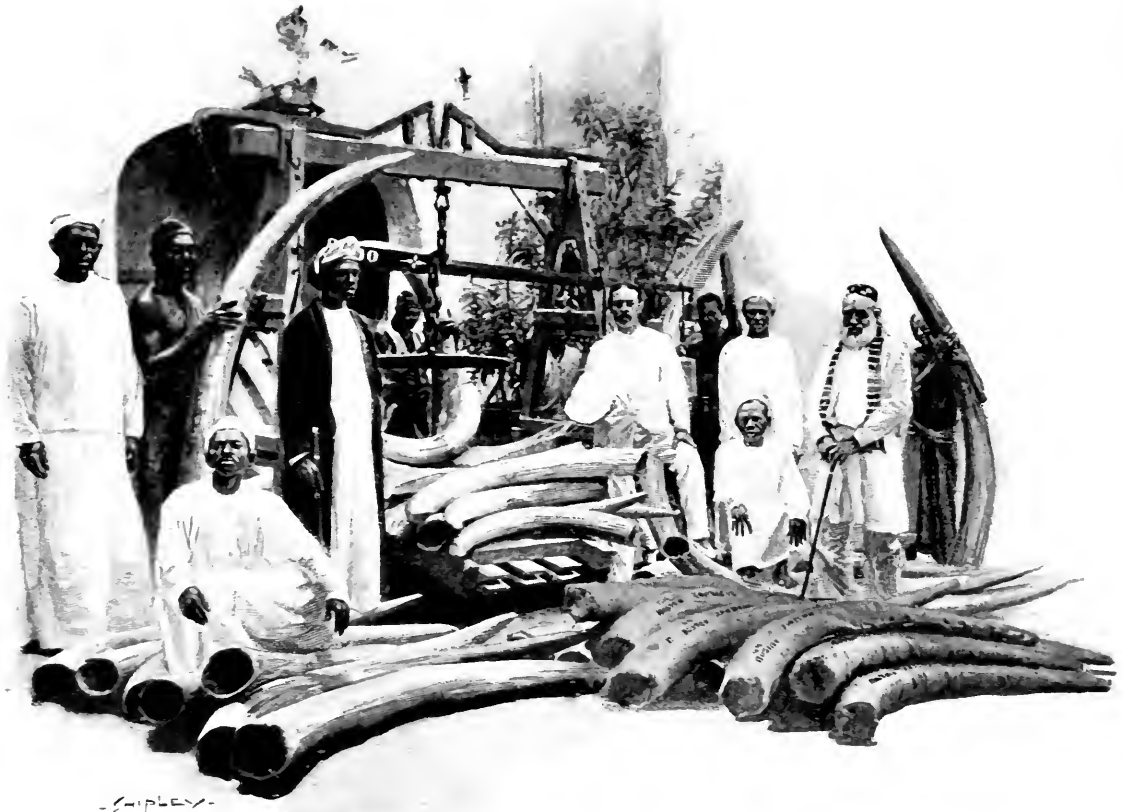
and in the brief period of two months, during the long course of its progress through the marshes, two hundred of the men working on it died of fever. Some years ago, during a boundary dispute between the Portuguese and the Chartered Company, there was a clash between the Portuguese soldiers and the British South African police. How this was settled and the honor of the Portuguese officials satisfied, Kipling has told us in the delightful tale of "Judson and the Empire." It was off Beira that Judson fished up a buoy and anchored it over a sand-bank upon which he enticed the Portuguese gunboat. A week before we touched at Beira, the Portuguese had rearranged all the harbor buoys, but, after the casual habits of their race, had made no mention of the fact. The result was that the *Kanzlar* was hung up for twenty-four hours. We tried to comfort ourselves by thinking that we were undoubtedly occupying the same mud-bank which had been used by the strategic Judson to further the course of empire.

The *Kanzlar* could not cross the bar to go to Chinde, so the *Adjutant*, which belongs to the same line and which was created for these shallow waters, came to the

*Kanzlar*, bringing Chinde with her. She brought every white man in the port, and those who could not come on board our ship, remained contentedly on the *Adjutant*, clinging to her rail as she alternately sank below, or was tossed high above us. For three hours they smiled with satisfaction as though they felt that to have escaped from Chinde, for even that brief time, was sufficient recompense for a thorough ducking and the pains of sea-sickness. On the bridge of the *Adjutant*, in white duck and pith helmets, were the only respectable members of Chinde society. We knew that they were the only respectable members of Chinde society, because they told us so themselves. On her lower deck she brought two French explorers, fully dressed for the part as Tartarin of Tarascon might have dressed it in white havelocks, and gaiters buckled up to the thighs, and claspings express rifles in new leather cases. From her engine-room came stokers from Egypt, and from her forward deck Malays in fresh white linen, Mohammedans in fez and turban, Portuguese officials, chiefly in decorations, Indian coolies and Zanzibari boys, very black and very beautiful, who wound and

unwound long blue strips of cotton about their shoulders, or ears, or thighs as the heat, or the nature of the work of unloading required. Among these strange peoples were goats, as delicately colored as a meerscham pipe, and with the horns of our red deer, strange white oxen with humps behind the shoulders, those that are exhibited in cages at home as "sacred

If they wish a better proof of how really small it is, how closely it is knit together, how the existence of one canning-house in Chicago supports twenty stores in Durban, they must follow, not the missionary, nor the explorers, not the punitive expeditions, but the man who wishes to buy, and the man who brings something to sell. Trade is what has brought the lati-



An Ivory Warehouse. Zanzibar.

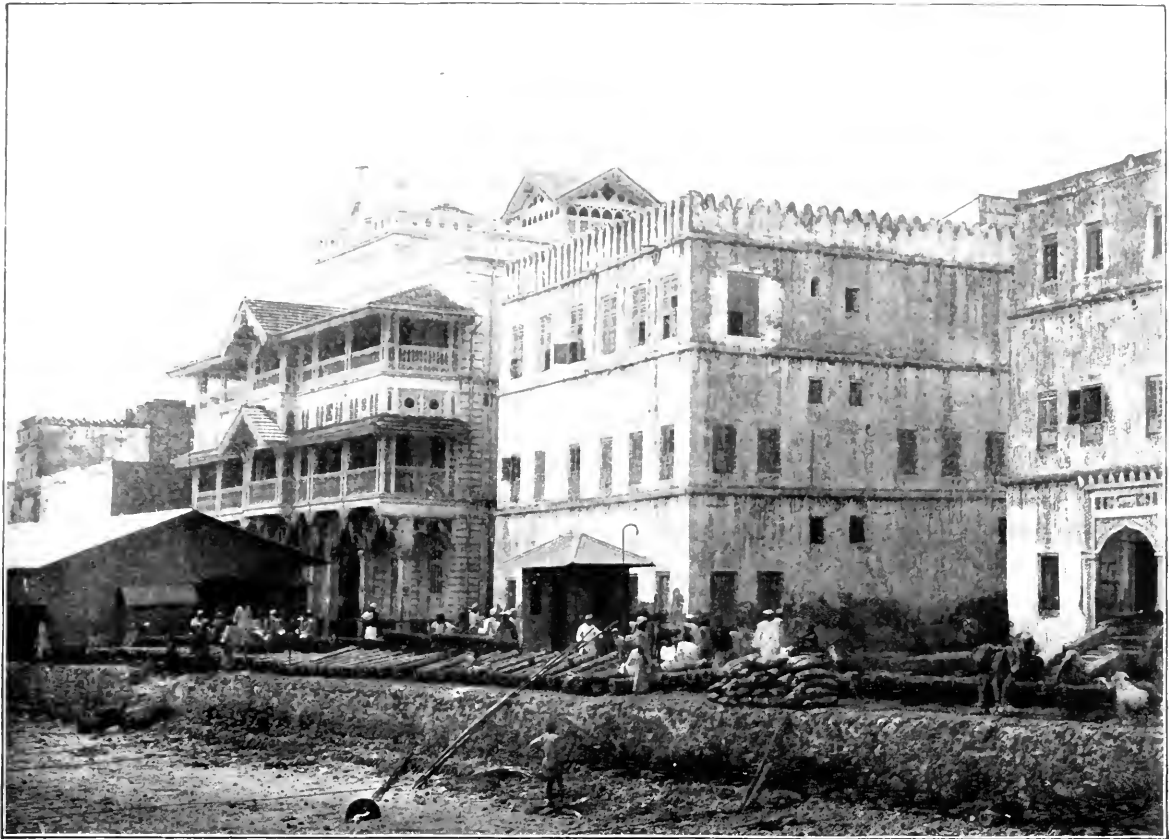
These tusks are worth from five hundred to two thousand dollars each.

buffalo," but which here are only patient beasts of burden, and gray monkeys, wild-cats, snakes and crocodiles in cages addressed to "Hagenbeck, Hamburg." The freight was no less curious: assegais in bundles, horns stretching for three feet from point to point, or rising straight, like poignards; skins, ground-nuts, rubber, and heavy blocks of bees-wax wrapped in coarse brown sacking and which in time will burn before the altars of Roman Catholic churches in Italy, Spain, and France.

People who met a friend from their own city at the Exposition in Paris last year would say, "Well, to think of meeting *you* here. How small the world is after all!"

tudes together and made the world the small department store it is, and forced one part of it to know and to depend upon the other.

The explorer tells you, "I was the first man to climb Kilamajaro." "I was the first to cut a path from the shores of Lake Nyassa into the Congo Basin." He even lectures about it, in front of a wet sheet in the light of a stereopticon, and because he has added some miles of territory to the known world, people buy his books and learned societies place initials after his distinguished name. But before his grandfather was born and long before he ever disturbed the waters of Nyassa the Arabs



Custom house, Zanzibar.



Chain-gangs of Petty Offenders Outside of Zanzibar.



Native Huts Outside of Tanga.

and Phœnicians and Portuguese and men of his own time and race had been there before him to buy ivory, both white and black, to exchange beads and brass bars and shaving-mirrors for the tusks of elephants, raw gold, copra, rubber, and the feathers of the ostrich. Statesmen will modestly say that a study of the map showed them how the course of empire must take its way into this or that undiscovered wilderness, and that in consequence, at their direction, armies marched to open these tracts which but for their prescience would have remained a desert. But that was really not the reason the armies went there. A woman wanted three feathers to wear at Buckingham Palace, and to oblige her a few unimaginative traders, backed by a man who owned a tramp steamer, opened up the east coast of Africa; another wanted a sealskin sacque, and fleets of ships faced floating ice and cold and destruction under the Northern Lights. The bees of the Shire Riverway help to illuminate the cathedrals of St. Peters and Notre Dame, and back of Mozambique thousands of rubber-trees are being planted to-day, because, at the other end of the globe, people want tires

for their bicycles; and because the fashionable ornament of the natives of Swaziland is, for no reason, no longer blue-glass beads, manufacturers of beads in Switzerland and Italy find themselves out of pocket by some thousands and thousands of pounds.

The traders who were making the world smaller by bringing cotton prints to Chinde to cover her black nakedness, her British Majesty's consul at that port, and the boy lieutenant of the paddle-wheeled gunboat which patrols the Zambesi River, were the gentlemen who informed me that they were the only respectable members of Chinde society. They came over the side with the gratitude of sailors the Kanzlar might have picked up from a desert island, where they had been marooned and left to rot. They observed the gilded glory of the Kanzlar smoking-room, its mirrors and marble-topped tables, with the satisfaction and awe of the California miner, who found all the elegance of civilization in the red plush of a Broadway omnibus. The boy-commander of the gunboat gazed at the refugees from Johannesburg in the ladies' saloon with fascinated admiration.

"I have never," he declared, breath-





H. S. H. Hamud bin Muhamad bin Said, the Sultan of Zanzibar.

(Autograph and portrait presented to the author.)

lessly. "I have never seen so many beautiful women in one place at the same time! I'd forgotten that there were so many white people in the world."

"If I stay on board this ship another minute I shall go home," said Her Majesty's consul, firmly. "You will have to hold me. It's coming over me—I feel it coming. I know I shall never have the strength to go back." He appealed to the sympathetic lieutenant. "Let's desert together," he begged.

In the swamps of the east coast the white exiles lay aside the cloaks and masks of crowded cities. They do not try to conceal their feelings, their vices, nor

their longings. They talk to the first white stranger they meet of things which in the great cities a man conceals even from his room-mate, and men they would not care to know, and whom they would never meet in the fixed social pathways of civilization, they take to their hearts as friends. They are too few to be particular, they have no choice, and they ask no questions. It is enough that the white man, like themselves, is condemned to exile. They do not try to find solace in the thought that they are the "foretrekkers" of civilization, nor take credit to themselves because they are the pathfinders and the pioneers who bear the





Sudanese Soldiers with a German Officer on the Outskirts of Tanga.

heat and burden of the day. They are sorry for themselves, because they know, more keenly than any outsider can know, how good is the life they have given up, and how hard is the one they follow, but they do not ask anyone else to be sorry. They would be very much surprised if they thought you saw in their struggle against native and Portuguese barbarism, fever, and savage tribes, a life of great good and value, full of self-renunciation, heroism, and self-sacrifice.

On the day they boarded the *Kanzlar* the pains of nostalgia were sweeping over the respectable members of Chinde society like waves of nausea, and tearing them. They smiled mockingly at the ladies on the quarter-deck, as you have seen prisoners grin through the bars with a grim appreciation of their own condition; they were even boisterous and gay, but their gayety was that of children at recess, who know that when the bell rings they are going back to the desk again.

A little English boy ran through the smoking-room, and they fell upon him, and quarrelled for the privilege of holding him on their knees. He was a shy, coquettish little English boy, and the boisterous, noisy men did not appeal to him. To them he meant home and family and the old nursery, papered with colored pictures from the *Christmas Graphic*. His stout, bare-legs and tangled curls and

sailor's hat, with H. M. S. Mars across it, meant all that was clean and sweet-smelling in their past lives.

"I'll arrest you for a deserter," said the lieutenant of the gunboat. "I'll make the consul send you back to the Mars." He held the boy on his knee fearfully, handling him as though he were some delicate and precious treasure that would break if he dropped it.

The agent of the Oceanic Development Company, Limited, whose business in life is to drive savage Angonis out of the jungle, where he hopes in time to see the busy haunts of trade, begged for the boy with eloquent pleading.

"You've had the kiddie long enough now," he urged. "Let me have him. Come here, Mr. Mars, and sit beside me, and I'll give you fizzy water—like lemon-squash, only nicer." He held out a wet bottle of champagne alluringly.

"No, he is coming to his consul," that youth declared. "He's coming to his consul for protection. You are not fit characters to associate with an innocent child. Come to me, little boy, and do not listen to those degraded persons." So the "innocent child" seated himself between the consul and the chartered trader, and they patted his fat calves and red curls and took his minute hands in their tanned fists, eying him hungrily, like two cannibals. But the little boy was quite

unconscious and inconsiderate of their hunger, and, with the cruelty of children, pulled himself free and ran away.

"He was such a nice little kiddie," they said, apologetically, as though they felt they had been caught in some act of weakness.

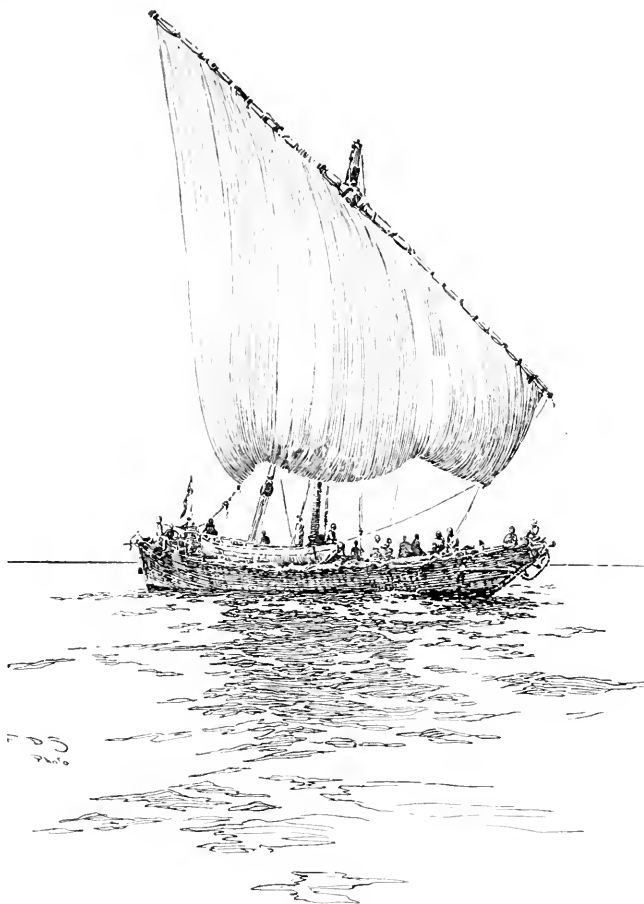
"I haven't got a card with me; I haven't needed one for two years," said the lieutenant, genially. "But fancy your knowing Sparks! He has the next station to mine; I'm at one end of the Shire River and he's at the other; he patrols from Fort Johnson up to the top of the lake. I suppose you've heard him play the banjo, haven't you? That's where we hit it off—we're both terribly keen about the banjo. I suppose if it wasn't for my banjo, I'd go quite off my head down here. I know Sparks would. You see, I have these chaps at Chinde to talk to, and up at Tete there's the Portuguese Governor, but Sparks has only six white men scattered along Nyassa for three hundred miles."

I had heard of Sparks and the six white men. They grew so lonely, that they agreed to meet once a month at some central station and spend the night together, and they invited Sparks to attend the second meeting. But when he arrived he found that they had organized a morphine club, and the only six white men on Lake Nyassa were sitting around a table with their sleeves rolled up, giving themselves injections. Sparks told them it was a "disgusting practice," and put back to his gunboat. I recalled the story to the lieutenant, and he laughed mournfully.

"Yes," he said; "and what's worse is

that we're here for two years more, with all this fighting going on at the Cape and in China. Still, we have our banjos, and the papers are only six weeks old, and the steamer stops once every month."

Fortunately there were many bags of bees-wax to come over the side, so we had time in which to give the exiles the news of the outside world, and they told us of their present and past lives: of how one as an American filibuster had furnished coal to the Chinese Navy; how another had sold "ready to wear" clothes in a New York department store, and another had been attaché at Madrid, and another in charge of the forward guns of a great battle-ship. We exchanged addresses



A Typical Slave Dhow.

and agreed upon the restaurant where we would meet two years hence to celebrate their freedom, and we emptied many bottles of iced-beer, and the fact that it was iced seemed to affect the exiles more than the fact that it was beer.

But at last the ship's whistle blew with raucous persistence. It was final and heartless. It rang down the curtain on the mirage which once a month comes to mock Chinde with memories of English villages, of well-kept lawns melting into the Thames, of London asphalt and flashing hansoms. With a jangling of bells in the engine-room the mirage disappeared, and in five minutes the Kanzlar became a gray tub with a pennant of smoke on the horizon line.

I have known some men for many years, smoked and talked with them until improper hours of the morning, known them well enough to borrow their money,



A German Store at Tanga, the Warehouse Below, the Living-rooms Above.

their razors even, and parted from them with never a pang. But when our ship abandoned those boys to the unclean land behind them, I could see them only in a blurred and misty group. We raised our hats to them and tried to cheer, but it was more of a salute than a cheer. I had never seen them before, I shall never meet them again—we had just burned signals as our ships passed in the night—and yet, I must always consider among the friends I have lost, those white-clad youths who are making the ways straight for others through the dripping jungles of the Zambesi, “the only respectable members of Chinde Society.”

The profession of the slave-trader, unless it be that of his contemporary, the pirate preying under his black flag, is the one which holds you with the most gruesome and fascinating interest. Its inhumanity, its legends of predatory expeditions into unknown jungles of Africa, the long return marches to the coast, the captured blacks who fall dead in the trail, the dead pulling down with their chains those who still live, the stifling holds of the slave-ships, the swift flights before pursuing ships-of-war, the casting away, when too closely chased, of the ship’s cargo, and the sharks that followed, all of these come back to one as he walks the shore-wall of Mozambique. From there he sees the slave-dhows in the harbor, the jungles on the mainland through which the slaves came by the thousands, and still come

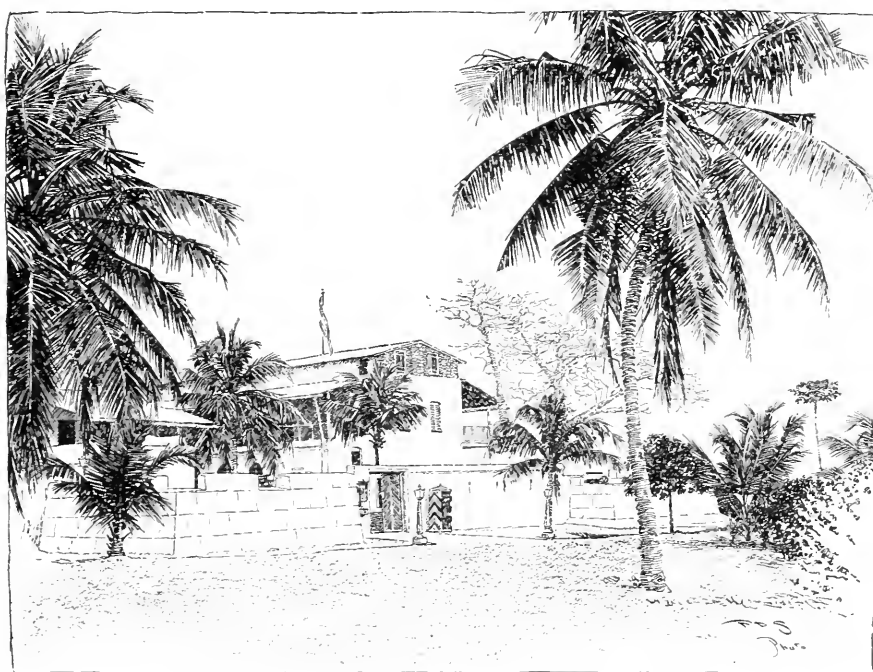
one by one, and the ancient palaces of the Portuguese governors, dead now some hundreds of years, to whom this trade in human agony brought great wealth, and no loss of honor.

Mozambique in the days of her glory was, with Zanzibar, the great slave-market of East Africa, and the Portuguese and the Arabs who fattened on this traffic built themselves great houses there, and a fortress capable, in the event of a siege, of holding the garrison and all the inhabitants as well. To-day the slave-trade brings to those who follow it more of adventure than of financial profit, but the houses and the official palaces and the fortress still remain, and they are, in color, indescribably beautiful. Blue and pink and red and light yellow are spread over their high walls, and have been so washed and chastened by the rain and sun, that the whole city has taken on the faint, soft tints of a once brilliant water-color. The streets themselves are unpeopled, empty and strangely silent. Their silence is as impressive as their beauty. In the heat of the day, which is from sunrise to past sunset, you see no one, you hear no footfall, no voices, no rumble of wheels nor stamp of horses’ hoofs. The bare feet of the native, who is the only human being who dares to move abroad, makes no sound, and in Mozambique there are no carriages and no horses. Two bullock-carts which collect scraps and refuse from the white staring streets are the only carts

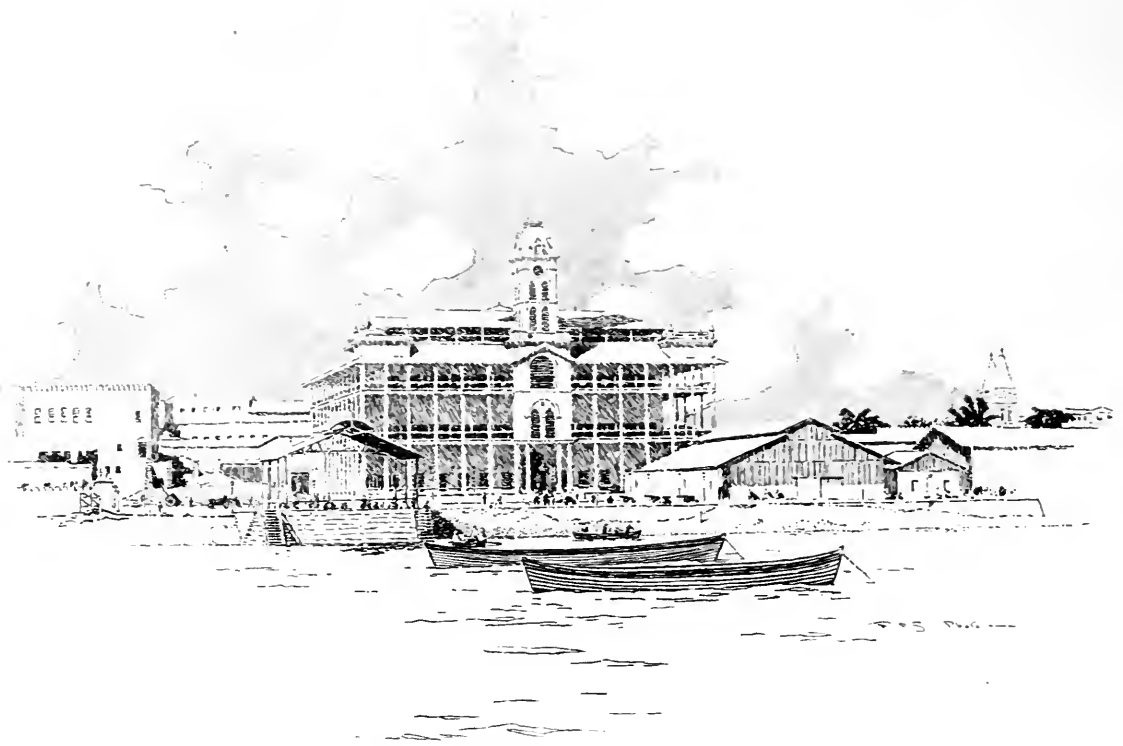
in the city, and with the exception of a dozen 'rikshas are the only wheeled vehicles the inhabitants have ever seen. I have never visited a city which so impressed one with the fact that, in appearance, it had remained just as it was four hundred years before. There is no decay, no ruins, no sign of disuse; it is, on the contrary, clean and brilliantly beautiful in color, with dancing blue waters all about it, and with enormous palms moving above the towering white walls and red tiled roofs, but it is a city of the dead. The openwork iron doors, with locks as large as letter-boxes, are closed, the wooden window-shutters are barred, and the wares in the shops are hidden from the sidewalk by heavy curtains. There is a park filled with curious trees and with flowers of gorgeous color, but the park is as deserted as a cemetery; along the principal streets stretch mosaic pavements formed of great blocks of white and black stone, they look like elongated checker-boards, but no one walks upon them, and though there are palaces painted blue, and government buildings in Pompeiiian red, and churches in chaste gray and white, there are no sentries to guard the palaces, nor no black-robed priests enter or leave the churches. They are like the palaces of a theatre, set on an empty stage, and waiting for the actors. It will be a long time before the actors come to Mozambique.

It is, and will remain, a city of the fifteenth century. It is now only a relic of a cruel and barbarous period, when the Portuguese governors, their "gentlemen adventurers," and the Arab slave-dealers, under its blue skies, and hidden within its barred and painted walls, led lives of magnificent debauchery, when the tusks of ivory were piled high along its water-front, and the dhows at anchor reeked with slaves, and when in the market-place, where the natives now sit bargaining over a bunch of bananas or a basket of dried fish, their forefathers were themselves bought and sold.

In the five hundred years in which he has claimed the shore line of East Africa from south of Lorenzo Marquez to north of Mozambique, and many hundreds of miles inland, the Portuguese has been the dog in the manger among nations. In all that time he has done nothing to help the land or the people which he pretends to protect, and he keeps those who would improve both from gaining any hold or influence over either. It is doubtful if his occupation of the East Coast can endure much longer. The English and the Germans now surround him on every side. Even handicapped as they are by the lack of the seaports which he enjoys, they have forced their way into the country which lies beyond his and which bounds his on every side. They have opened up this



The Residence of the German Governor at Tanga.



The Sultan's New Palace, Zanzibar.

country with little railroads, with lonely lengths of telegraph wires, and with their launches and gunboats they have joined, by means of the Zambesi and Chinde Rivers, new territories to the great Indian Ocean. His strip of land, which bars them from the sea, is still unsettled and unsafe, its wealth undeveloped, its people untamed. He sits at his café at the coast and collects custom-dues and sells stamped paper. For fear of the native he dares not march five miles beyond his sea-port town, and the white men who venture inland for purposes of trade or to cultivate plantations do so at their own risk, he can promise them no protection. The land back of Mozambique is divided into "holdings," and the rent of each holding is based upon the number of native huts it contains. The tax per hut is one pound a year, and these holdings are leased to any Portuguese who promises to pay the combined taxes of all the huts. He also engages to cut new roads, to keep those already made in repair, and to furnish a sufficient number of police to maintain order. The lessees of these holdings have given rise to many and terrible scandals. In the majority of cases, the lessee, once out of reach of all authority and of public opinion, and wielding the power of life and

death, becomes a tyrant and task-master over his district, taxing the natives to five and ten times the amount which each is supposed to furnish, and treating them virtually as his bondsmen. Up along the Shire River, the lessees punish the blacks by hanging them from a tree by their ankles and beating their bare backs with rhinoceros hide, until, as it has been described to me by a reputable English resident, the blood runs in a stream over the negro's shoulders, and forms a pool beneath his eyes.

You hear of no legitimate enterprise fostered by these lessees, of no development of natural resources, but, instead, you are told tales of sickening cruelty, and you can read in the consular reports, others quite as true; records of heartless treatment of natives, of neglect of great resources, and of hurried snatching at the year's crop and a return to the coast, with nothing to show of sustained effort or improvement or steady development. The incompetence of Portugal cannot endure. Now that England has taken the Transvaal from the Boer, she will find the sea-port of Lorenzo Marquez too necessary to her interests to leave it much longer in the itching palms of the Portuguese officials. Beira she also needs to feed Rhodesia, and

the Zambesi and Chinde Rivers to supply the British Central African Company. Farther north, the Germans will find that if they mean to make German Central Africa pay, they must control the seaboard. It seems inevitable that, between the two great empires, the little kingdom of Portugal will be crowded out, and having failed to benefit either herself or anyone else in South Africa, she will withdraw from it, in favor of those who are fitter to survive her.

There is no more interesting contrast along the coast of East Africa than that presented by the colonies of England, Germany, and Portugal. Of these three, the colonies of the Englishmen are, as one expects to find them, the healthiest, the busiest, and the most prosperous. They thrive under your very eyes; you feel that they were established where they are, not by accident, not to gratify a national vanity or a ruler's ambition, but with foresight and with knowledge, and with the determination to make money; and that they will increase and flourish because they are situated where the natives and settlers have something to sell, and where the men can bring, in return, something the natives and colonials wish to buy. Port Elizabeth, Durban, East London, and Zanzibar belong to this prosperous class, which gives good reason for the faith of those who founded them.

On the other hand, as opposed to these, there are the settlements of the Portuguese, rotten and corrupt, and the German settlements of Dar Es Salaam and Tanga which have still to prove their right to exist. Outwardly, to the eye, they are model settlements. Dar Es Salaam, in particular, is a beautiful and perfectly appointed colonial town. In the care in which it is laid out, in the excellence of its sanitary arrangements, in its cleanliness, and in the magnificence of its innumerable official residences, and in their sensible adaptability to the needs of the climate, one might be deceived in believing that Dar Es Salaam is the beautiful gateway of a thriving and busy colony. But there are no ramports of merchandise along her wharves, no bulwarks of strangely scented bales blocking her water-front; no lighters push hurriedly from the shore to meet the ship, although she is a German ship, or to receive her cargo of articles "made in Ger-

many." On the contrary, her freight is unloaded at the English ports, and taken on at English ports. And the German traders who send their merchandise to Hamburg in her hold come over the side at Zanzibar, at Durban, and at Aden, where the English merchants find in them fierce competitors. There is nothing which goes so far to prove the falsity of the saying that "Trade follows the flag" as do these model German colonies with their barracks, governor's palace, officers' clubs, public pleasure parks, and with no trade; and the English colonies, where the German merchants remain, and where, under the English flag they grow steadily rich. The German Emperor, believing that colonies are a source of strength to an empire, rather than the weakness that they are, has raised the German flag in Central East Africa, but the ships of the German East African Company, subsidized by him, carry their merchandize to the English ports, and his German subjects remain where they can make the most money. They do not move to those ports where the flag of their country would wave over them.

Dar Es Salaam, although it lacks the one thing needful to make it a model settlement, possesses all the other things which are needful, and many which are pure luxuries. Its residences, as I have said, have been built after the most approved scientific principles of ventilation and sanitation. In no tropical country have I seen buildings so admirably adapted to the heat and climatic changes and at the same time more in keeping with the surrounding scenery. They are handsome, cool-looking, white and clean, with broad verandas, high walls, and false roofs under which currents of air are lured in spite of themselves. The residences are set back along the high bank which faces the bay. In front of them is a public promenade, newly planted shade-trees arch over it, and royal palms reach up to it from the very waters of the harbor. At one end of this semicircle are the barracks of the Soudanese soldiers, and at the other is the official palace of the Governor. Everything in the settlement is new, and everything is built on the scale of a city, and with the idea of accommodating a great number of people. Hotels and cafés, better than any one finds in the older settle-



ments along the coast, are arranged on the water-front, and there is a church capable of seating the entire white population at one time. If the place is to grow, it can do so only through trade, and when trade really comes all these palaces and cafés and barracks which occupy the entire water-front will have to be pushed back to make way for warehouses and custom-house sheds. At present it is populated only by officials, and, I believe, twelve white women.

You feel that it is an experiment, that it has been sent out like a box of children's building blocks, and set up carefully on this beautiful harbor. All that Dar Es Salaam needs now is trade and emigrants. At present it is a show place, and might be exhibited at a world's fair as an example of a model village.

In writing of Zanzibar I am embarrassed by the knowledge that I am not an unprejudiced witness. I fell in love with Zanzibar at first sight, and the more I saw of it the more I wanted to take my luggage out of the ship's hold and cable to my friends to try and have me made Vice-Consul to Zanzibar through all succeeding administrations.

Zanzibar runs back abruptly from a white beach in a succession of high white walls. It glistens and glares, and dazzles you; the sand at your feet is white, the city itself is white, the robes of the people are white. It has no public landing-pier. Your rowboat is run ashore on a white shelving beach, and you face an impenetrable mass of white walls. The blue waters are behind you, the lofty fortress-like façade before you, and a strip of white sand is at your feet.

And while you are wondering where this hidden city may be, a kind friend takes you by the hand and pilots you through a narrow crack in the rampart, along a twisting fissure between white-washed walls where the sun cannot reach, past great black doorways of carved oak, and out suddenly into the light and laughter and roar of Zanzibar.

In the narrow streets are all the colors of the Orient, gorgeous, unshaded, and violent; cobalt blue, greens, and reds on framework, windows, and doorways; red and yellow in the awnings and curtains of the bazaars, and orange and black, red and

white, yellow, dark blue, and purple, in the long shawls of the women. It is the busiest, and the brightest and richest in color of all the ports along the East African coast. Were it not for its narrow streets and its towering walls it would be a place of perpetual sunshine. Everybody is either actively busy, or contentedly idle. It is all movement, noise, and glitter, everyone is telling everyone else to make way before him; the Indian merchants beseech you from the open bazaars; their children, swathed in gorgeous silks and hung with jewels and bangles, stumble under your feet, the Sultan's troops assail you with fife and drum, and the black women, wrapped below their bare shoulders in the colors of the butterfly, and with teeth and brows dyed purple, crowd you to the wall. Outside the city there are long and wonderful roads between groves of the bulky mango-tree of richest darkest green and the bending palm, shading deserted palaces of former Sultans, temples of the Indian worshippers, native huts, and the white walled country residences and curtained verandas of the white exiles. It is absurd to write them down as exiles, for it is a Moham-medan Paradise to which they have been exiled. The exiles themselves will tell you that the reason you think Zanzibar is a paradise, is because you have your steamer ticket in your pocket. But that retort shows their lack of imagination, and a vast ingratitude to those who have preceded them. For the charm of Zanzibar lies in the fact that while the white men have made it healthy and clean, have given it good roads, good laws, protection for the slaves, quick punishment for the slave-dealers, and a firm government under a benign and gentle Sultan, they have done all of this without destroying one flash of its local color, or one throb of its barbaric life, which is the showy, sunshiny, and sumptuous life of the Far East. The good things of civilization are there, but they are unobtrusive, and the evils of civilization appear not at all, the native does not wear a derby hat with a kimona, as he does in Japan, nor offer you souvenirs of Zanzibar manufactured in Birmingham; Reuter's telegrams at the club and occasional steamers alone connect his white master with the outer world, and so infrequent is the visiting stranger that the local

phrase-book for those who wish to converse in the native tongue, seems to be compiled chiefly for the convenience of midshipmen on boarding a slaver.

Zanzibar is an "Arabian Nights" city, a comic-opera capital, a most difficult city to take seriously. There is not a street, nor any house in any street, that does not suggest in its architecture and decoration the untrammelled fancy of the scenic artist. You feel sure that the latticed balconies are canvas, that the white adobe walls are supported from behind by braces, that the sunshine is a carbon light, that the chorus of boatmen who hail you on landing will reappear immediately costumed as the Sultan's body-guard, that the women bearing water-jars on their shoulders will come on in the next scene as slaves of the harem, and that the national anthem will prove to be Sousa's Typical Tune of Zanzibar.

Several hundred years ago the Sultans of Zanzibar grew powerful and wealthy through exporting slaves and ivory from the mainland. These were not two separate industries, but one was developed by the other and was dependent upon it. The procedure was brutally simple. A slave-trader, having first paid his tribute to the sultan, crossed to the main land, and marching into the interior made his bargain with one of the local chiefs for so much ivory, and for so many men to carry it down to the coast. Without some such means of transport there could have been no bargain, so the chief who was anxious to sell would select a village which had not paid him the taxes due him, and bid the trader help himself to what men he found there. Then would follow a hideous night attack, a massacre of women and children, and the taking prisoner of all able-bodied males. These men, chained together in long lines, and each bearing a heavy tooth of ivory upon his shoulder, would be whipped down to the coast. It was only when they had carried the ivory there, and there was no further use for them that the idea presented itself of selling them as well as the ivory. Later, these bearers became of equal value with the ivory, and the raiding of native villages and the capture of men and women to be sold into slavery developed into a great industry. The industry continues fit-

fully to-day, but it is carried on under great difficulties, and at a risk of heavy punishments. What is called "domestic slavery" is recognized on the Island of Zanzibar, the vast clove plantations which lie back of the port employing many hundreds of these domestic slaves. It is not to free these from their slight bondage, but to prevent others from being added to their number that the efforts of those who are trying to suppress the slave-trade is to-day directed. What slave-trading there is at present is by Arabs and Indians. They convey the slaves in dhows from the mainland to Madagascar, Arabia, or southern Persia, and to the Island of Pemba, which lies north of Zanzibar, and only fifteen miles from the mainland. If a slave can be brought this short distance in safety he can be sold for five hundred dollars; on the mainland he is not worth more than fifteen dollars. The channels, and the mouths of rivers, and the little bays opening from the Island of Pemba are patrolled more or less regularly by British gunboats, and junior officers in charge of a cutter and a crew of half a dozen men, are detached from these for a few months at a time on "boat service." It seems to be an unprofitable pursuit, for one officer told me that during his month of boat service he had boarded and searched three hundred dhows, which is an average of ten a day, and found slaves on only one of them. But as, on this occasion, he rescued four slaves, and the slavers, moreover, showed fight, and wounded him and two of his boat's crew, he was more than satisfied.

The trade in ivory, which has none of these restrictions upon it, still flourishes, and the cool, dark ware-rooms of Zanzibar are stored high with it. In a corner of one little cellar they showed us twenty-five thousand dollars worth of these tusks piled up as carelessly as though they were logs of wood in a wood-shed. One of the most curious sights in Zanzibar is a line of Zanzibari boys, each balancing a great tusk on his shoulder, worth from five hundred to two thousand dollars, and which is unprotected except for a piece of coarse sacking.

The largest exporters of ivory in the world are at Zanzibar, and though probably few people know it, the firm which

carries on this business belongs to New York City, and has been in the ivory trade with India and Africa from as far back as the fifties. In their house at Zanzibar they have entertained every distinguished African explorer, and the stories its walls have heard of native wars, pirate dhows, slave-dealers, the English occupation, and terrible marches through the jungles of the Congo, would make valuable and picturesque history. The firm has always held a semi-official position, for the reason that the United States Consul at Zanzibar, who should speak at least Swahili and Portuguese, is invariably chosen for the post from a drug-store in Yankton, Dak., or a post-office in Canton, O. Consequently, on arriving at Zanzibar he becomes homesick, and his first official act is to cable his resignation, and the State Department instructs whoever happens to be general manager of the ivory house to perform the duties of acting-consul until further notice. So, with the exception of a month or two every four years the ivory house has always held the eagle of the consulate over its doorway. The acting-consul at the present time, and the manager of the ivory house, is Harris Robbins Childs. Mr. Childs is well known in New York City, is a member of many clubs there, and speaks at least five languages. He understands the native tongue of Zanzibar so well that when the Prime Minister of the Sultan took us to the palace to pay our respects, Childs talked the Sultan's language so much better than did his own Prime Minister that there was much joking and laughing in consequence. The present Sultan is a most dignified, intelligent, and charming old gentleman. He is popular both with his own people, who love him with a religious fervor, and with the English, who unobtrusively conduct his affairs. He has a great admiration and respect for Queen Victoria, and Her Majesty's representative, Sir Arthur Hardinge, who is of the Alfred Milner type of administrator, and one of the broadest-minded and ablest of English diplomats, finds that in his efforts for the good of the protectorate the Sultan meets him half way.\*

There have been sultans who have acted

\* Since this article was written Sir Arthur Hardinge has been promoted to a more important post.

less wisely than does Hamud bin Muhammad bin Said. A few years ago one of these, Said Khaled, defied the British Empire as represented by several gunboats, and dared them to fire on his ship of war, a tramp steamer which he had converted into a royal yacht. The gunboats were anchored about two hundred yards from the palace, which stands at the water's edge, and at the time agreed upon, they sank the sultan's ship of war in the short space of three minutes, and in a brief bombardment destroyed the greater part of his palace. The ship of war still rests where she sank, and her topmasts peer above the water only three hundred yards distant from the windows of the new palace. They serve as a constant warning to all future sultans.

The new palace, which has been built for the present sultan, is of somewhat too modern architecture, and is not nearly as dignified as are the massive white walls of the native houses which surround it. But within it is a fairy palace, hung with silk draperies, tapestries, and hand-painted curtains; the floors are covered with magnificent rugs from Persia and India, and the reception-room is crowded with treasures of ebony, ivory, lacquer work, and gold and silver. There were two thrones, which I especially remember, made of silver dragons, with many scales, and studded with jewels. The Sultan did not seem to mind our openly admiring his treasures, and his attendants, who stood about him in gorgeous-colored silks heavy with gold embroideries, were evidently pleased with the deep impression they made upon the visitors. The Sultan was very gentle and courteous and human, especially in the pleasure he took over his son and heir, who is at school in England. He seemed very much gratified when we suggested that there was no better training-place for a boy than an English public school. He seemed to think that as Americans such an opinion must be unprejudiced. Before he sent us away, he gave Childs, and each of us, one of the photographs which is reproduced with this article.

The German settlement of Tanga was our next port. We arrived there just as a blood-red sun was setting behind great and gloomy mountains. The place itself was bathed in damp hot vapors, and sur-

rounded even to the water's edge by a steaming jungle. It was more like what we expected Africa to be than was any other place we had visited, and the proper touch of local color was supplied by a trader, who gave, as his reason for leaving us so early in the evening, that he needed sleep, as at his camp the night before, three lions had kept him awake until morning.

The bubonic plague prevented our landing at Mombassa, Aden, Suez, and Port Saïd. We saw them only through field-glasses from the ship's side, so that there is, in consequence, much that I cannot write of the East Coast of Africa. But the trip, which allows one merely to

nibble at the coast, is worth taking again when the bubonic plague has passed away. It is certainly worth taking once. If this article has failed to make that apparent, the fault lies with the article and the writer. It is certainly not the fault of the East Coast, not the fault of the Indian Ocean, that "sets and smiles, so soft, so bright, so blooming blue," nor the fault of the busy coast towns, nor of the exiles and "remittance men" who are dragging the telegraph wire from Cape Town to Cairo, nor of any lack of interest which the East Coast presents in its problem of trade, of conquest, and of the survival of the fittest among nations.

## THE FATE OF FAUSTINA

### MORE ADVENTURES OF THE AMATEUR CRACKSMAN

By E. W. Hornung

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHNN

"Mar—ga—rl,  
e perzo a Salvatore!  
Mar—ga—rí,  
Ma l'ommo è cacciatore!  
Mar—ga—rl,  
Nun ce aje corpa tu!

Chello ch' è fatto, è fatto, un ne parlammo cchieù!"

A PIANO-ORGAN was pouring the metallic music through our open windows, while a voice of brass brayed the words, which I have since obtained, and print above for identification by such as know their Italy better than I. They will not thank me for reminding them of a tune so lately epidemic in that land of aloes and blue skies; but at least it is unlikely to run in their heads as the ribald accompaniment to a tragedy; and it does in mine.

It was in the early heat of August, and the hour that of the lawful and necessary siesta for such as turn night into day. I was therefore shutting my window in a rage, and wondering whether I should not do the same for Raffles, when he appeared in the silk pajamas to which the chronic solicitude of Dr. Theobald confined him from morning to night.

"Don't do that, Bunny," said he. "I

rather like that thing, and want to listen. What sort of fellows are they to look at, by the way?"

I put my head out to see, it being an obvious rule of our quaint establishment that Raffles must never show himself at any of the windows. I remember now how hot the sill was to my elbow, as I leant upon it and looked down, in order to satisfy a curiosity in which I could see no point.

"Dirty-looking beggars," said I, over my shoulder: "dark as dark; blue chins, oleaginous curls, ear-rings; ragged as they make them, but nothing picturesque in their rags."

"Neapolitans all over," murmured Raffles behind me; "and that's a characteristic touch, the one fellow singing while the other grinds; they always have that out there."

"He's rather a fine chap, the singer,"

said I, as the song ended. "My hat, what teeth! He's looking up here, and grinning all round his head; shall I chuck them anything?"

"Well, I have no reason to love the Neapolitans; but it takes me back—it takes me back! Yes, here you are, one each."

It was a couple of half-crowns that Raffles put into my hand, but I had thrown them into the street for pennies before I saw what they were. Thereupon I left the Italians bowing to the mud, as well they might, and I turned to protest against such wanton waste. But Raffles was walking up and down, his head bent, his eyes troubled; and his one excuse disarmed remonstrance.

"They took me back," he muttered. "My God, how they took me back!"

Suddenly he stopped in his stride.

"You don't understand, Bunny, old chap; but, if you like, you shall. I always meant to tell you some day, but never felt worked up to it before, and it's not the kind of thing one talks about for talking's sake. It isn't a nursery story, Bunny, and there isn't a laugh in it from start to finish; on the contrary, you've often asked me what turned my hair gray, and now you're going to hear."

This was promising, but Raffles's manner was something more. It was unique in my memory of the man. His fine face softened and set hard by turns. I never knew it so hard. I never knew it so soft. And the same might be said of his voice, now tender as any woman's, now flying to the other extreme of equally unwonted ferocity. But this was toward the end of his tale; the beginning he treated characteristically enough, though I could have wished for a less cavalier account of the island of Elba, where, upon his own showing, he had met with much humanity.

"Deadly, my dear Bunny, is not the word for that glorified snag, or for the mollusks, its inhabitants. But they started by wounding my vanity, so perhaps I am prejudiced after all. I sprung myself upon them as a ship-wrecked sailor—a sole survivor—stripped in the sea and landed without a stitch—yet they took no more interest in me than you do in Italian organ-grinders! They were decent enough. I didn't have to pick and steal

for a square meal and a pair of trousers; it would have been more exciting if I had. But what a place! Napoleon couldn't stand it, you remember, but he held on longer than I did. I put in a few weeks in their infernal mines, simply to pick up a smattering of Italian; then got across to the mainland in a little wooden timber-tramp; and ungratefully glad I was to leave Elba blazing in just such another sunset as the one you won't forget.

"The tramp was bound for Naples, but first it touched at Baïæ, where I carefully deserted in the night. There are too many English in Naples itself, though I thought it would make a first happy hunting-ground when I knew the language better and had altered myself a bit more. Meanwhile I got a billet of several sorts on one of the loveliest spots that ever I struck on all my travels. The place was a vineyard, but it overhung the sea, and I got taken on as tame sailor-man and emergency bottle-washer. The wages were the noble figure of a lira and a half, which is just over a bob, a day, but there were lashings of sound wine for one and all, and better wine to bathe in. And for eight whole months, my boy, I was an absolutely honest man. The luxury of it, Bunny! I out-heroded Herod, wouldn't touch a grape, and went in the most delicious danger of being knifed for my principles by the thieving crew I had joined.

"It was the kind of place where every prospect pleases—and all the rest of it—especially all the rest. But may I see it in my dreams till I die—as it was in the beginning—before anything happened at all! It was a wedge of rock sticking out into the bay, thatched with vines, and with the rummiest old house on the very edge of all, a devil of a height above the sea: you might have sat at the windows and dropped your Sullivan-ends plumb into blue water a hundred and fifty feet below.

"From the garden behind the house—such a charming old garden, Bunny—oleanders and mimosa, myrtles, rosemary and red tangles of fiery, untamed flowers—in a corner of this garden was the top of a subterranean stair down to the sea; at least there were nearly two hundred steps tunnelled through the solid rock; then an iron gate, and another eighty steps in the open air; and last of all a cave fit for

pirates a-penny-plain-and-twopence-colored. This cave gave upon the sweetest little thing in coves, all deep blue water and honest rocks ; and here I looked after the vineyard shipping, a pot-bellied tub with a brown sail, and a sort of dingy. The tub took the wine to Naples, and the dingy was the tub's tender.

"The house above was said to be on the identical site of a suburban retreat of the admirable Tiberius ; there was the old sinner's private theatre, with the tiers cut clean to this day, the well where he used to fatten his lampreys on his slaves, and a ruined temple of those ripping old Roman bricks, shallow as dominos and ruddier than the cherry. I never was much of an antiquary, but I could have become one there if I'd had nothing else to do ; but I had lots. When I wasn't busy with the boats I had to trim the vines, or gather the grapes, or even help make the wine itself in a cool, dark, musty vault underneath the temple, that I can see and smell as I jaw. And can't I hear it and feel it too ! Squish, squash, bubble ; squash, squish, guggle ; and your feet as though you had been wading through slaughter to a throne. Yes, Bunny, you mightn't think it, but this good right foot, that never was on the wrong side of the crease when the ball left my hand, has also been known to

. . . crush the lees of pleasure  
From sanguine grapes of pain."

He made a sudden pause, as though he had stumbled on a truth in jest. His face filled with lines. We were sitting in the room that had been bare when first I saw it ; there were basket-chairs and a table in it now, all meant ostensibly for me ; and hence Raffles would slip to his bed, with schoolboy relish, at every tinkle of the bell. This afternoon we felt fairly safe, for Theobald had called in the morning, and Mrs. Theobald still took up much of his time. Through the open window we could hear the piano-organ and "Mar—ga—rì" a few hundred yards farther on. I fancied Raffles was listening to it while he paused. He shook his head abstractedly when I handed him the cigarettes ; and his tone hereafter was never just what it had been.

"I don't know, Bunny, whether you're a believer in transmigration of souls. I

have often thought it easier to believe than lots of other things, and I have been pretty near believing in it myself since I had my being on that villa of Tiberius. The brute who had it in my day, if he isn't still running it with a whole skin, was or is as cold-blooded a blackguard as the worst of the emperors, but I have often thought he had a lot in common with Tiberius. He had the great high sensual Roman nose, eyes that were sinks of iniquity in themselves, and that swelled with fatness, like the rest of him, so that he wheezed if he walked a yard ; otherwise rather a fine beast to look at, with a huge gray mustache, like a flying gull, and the most courteous manners, even to his men ; but one of the worst, Bunny, one of the worst that ever was. It was said that the vineyard was only his hobby ; if so, he did his best to make his hobby pay. He used to come out from Naples for the week-ends in the tub when it wasn't too rough for his nerves—and he didn't always come alone. His very name sounded unhealthy—Corbucci. I suppose I ought to add that he was a count, though counts are two-a-penny in Naples, and in season all the year round.

"He had a little English, and liked to air it upon me, much to my disgust ; if I could not hope to conceal my nationality as yet, I at least did not want to have it advertised ; and the swine had English friends. When he heard that I was bathing in November, when the bay is still as warm as new milk, he would shake his wicked old head and say, 'You are very audashuss—you are very audashuss !' and put on no end of side before his Italians. By God, he had pitched upon the right word unawares, and I let him know it in the end !

"But that bathing, Bunny ; it was absolutely the best there ever was. I said just now the water was like wine ; in my own mind I used to call it blue champagne, and was rather annoyed that I had no one to admire the phrase. Otherwise I assure you that I missed my own particular kind very little indeed, though I often wished that *you* were there, old chap ; particularly when I went for my lonesome swim ; first thing in the morning, when the Bay was all rose-leaves, and last thing at night, when your body caught phos-



phorescent fire ! Ah, yes, it was a good enough life for a change ; a perfect paradise to lie low in ; another Eden until . . .

“ My poor Eve ! ”

And he fetched a sigh that took away his words ; then his jaws snapped together, and his eyes spoke terribly while he conquered his emotion. I pen the last word advisedly. I fancy it is one which I have never used before in writing of A. J. Raffles, for I cannot at the moment recall any other occasion upon which its use would have been justified. On resuming, however, he was not only calm, but cold ; and this flying for safety to the other extreme is the single instance of self-distrust which the present Achates can record to the credit of his impious Æneas.

“ I called the girl Eve,” said he. “ Her real name was Faustina, and she was one of a vast family who hung out in a hovel on the inland border of the vineyard. And Aphrodite rising from the sea was less wonderful and not more beautiful than Aphrodite emerging from that hole !

“ It was the most exquisite face I ever saw or shall see in this life. Absolutely perfect features ; a skin that reminded you of old gold, so delicate was its bronze ; magnificent hair, not black but nearly ; and such eyes and teeth as would have made the fortune of a face without another good point. I tell you, Bunny, London would go mad about a girl like that. But I don’t believe there’s such another in the world. And there she was wasting her sweetness upon that lovely but desolate little corner of it ! Well, she did not waste it upon me. I would have married her, and lived happily ever after in such a hovel as her people’s—with her. Only to look at her—only to look at her for the rest of my days—I could have lain low and remained dead even to you ! And that’s all I’m going to tell you about that, Bunny ; cursed be he who tells more ! Yet don’t you run away with the idea that this poor Faustina was the only woman I ever cared about. I don’t believe in all that ‘ only ’ rot ; nevertheless I tell you that she *was* the one being who ever entirely satisfied my sense of beauty ; and I honestly believe I could have chucked the world and been true to Faustina for that alone.

“ We met sometimes in the little temple

I told you about, sometimes among the vines ; now by honest accident, now by flagrant design ; and found a ready-made rendezvous, romantic as one could wish, in the cave down all those subterranean steps. Then the sea would call us—the sweetest sea in all this world—and there was the dingy ready to our hand. Oh, those nights ! I never knew which I liked best, the moonlit ones when you sculled through silver and could see for miles, or the dark nights when the fishermen’s torches stood for the sea, and a red zig-zag in the sky for old Vesuvius. We were happy. I don’t mind owning it. We seemed not to have a care between us. My mates took no interest in my affairs, and Faustina’s family did not appear to bother about her. The Count was in Naples five nights of the seven ; the other two we sighed apart.

“ At first it was the oldest story in literature—Eden *plus* Eve. The place had been a heaven on earth before, but now it was heaven itself. So for a little ; then one night, a Monday night, Faustina burst out crying in the boat ; and sobbed her story as we drifted without mishap by the mercy of the Lord. And that was an older story still.

“ She was engaged—what ! Had I never heard of it ? Did I mean to upset the boat ? What was her engagement beside our love, ‘ Niente, niente,’ crooned Faustina, sighing yet smiling through her tears. No, but what did matter was that the man had threatened to stab her to the heart—and would do it as soon as look at her—that I knew.

“ I knew it merely from my knowledge of the Neapolitans, for I had no idea who the man might be. I knew it, and yet I took this detail better than the fact of the engagement, though now I began to laugh at both. As if I was going to let her marry anybody else ! As if a hair of her lovely head should be touched while I lived to protect her ! I had a great mind to row away to blazes with her that very night, and never go near the vineyard again, or let her either. But we had not a lira between us at the time, and only the rags in which we sat barefoot in the boat. Besides, I had to know the name of the animal who had threatened a woman, and such a woman as this.



*Draxon by F. C. Yohn.*

"We met . . . sometimes among the vines."—Page 280.

"For a long time she refused to tell me, with splendid obduracy; but I was as determined as she; so at last she made conditions. I was not to go and get put in prison for sticking a knife into him—he wasn't worth it—and I did promise not to stab him in the back. Faustina seemed quite satisfied, though a little puzzled by my manner, having herself the racial tolerance for cold steel; and next moment she had taken away my breath. 'It is Stefano,' she whispered, and hung her head.

"And well she might, poor thing! Stefano, of all creatures on God's earth—for her!

"Bunny, he was a miserable little undersized wretch—ill-favored—servile—surly—and second only to his master in bestial cunning and hypocrisy. His face was enough for me; that was what I read in it, and I don't often make mistakes. He was Corbucci's own confidential body-servant, and that alone was enough to damn him in decent eyes: always came out first on the Saturday with the *spese*, to have all ready for his master and current mistress, and stayed behind on the Monday to clear and lock up. Stefano! That worm! I could well understand *his* threatening a woman with a knife; what beat me was how any woman could ever have listened to him; above all, that Faustina should be the one! It passed my comprehension. But I questioned her as gently as I could; and her explanation was largely the threadbare one you would expect. Her parents were so poor. They were so many in family. Some of them begged—would I promise never to tell? Then some of them stole—sometimes—and all knew the pains of actual want. She looked after the cows, but there were only two, and brought the milk to the vineyard and elsewhere; but that was not employment for more than one; and there were countless sisters waiting to take her place. Then he was so rich, Stefano.

"'Rich?' I echoed. 'Stefano?'

"'Sì, Arturo mio.'

"Yes, I played the game on that vineyard, Bunny, even to going by my own first name.

"'And how comes he to be rich?' I asked, suspiciously.

"She did not know; but he had given

her such beautiful jewels; the family had lived on them for months, she pretending an avocat was taking care of them for her against her marriage. But I cared nothing about all that.

"'Jewels! Stefano!' I could only mutter.

"'Perhaps, the Count has paid for some of them. He is very kind.'

"'To you, is he?'

"'Oh, yes, very kind.'

"'And you would live in his house afterwards?'

"'Not now, mia cara—not now!'

"'No, by God you don't!' said I in English. 'But you would have done so, eh?'

"'Of course. That was arranged. The Count is really very kind.'

"'Do you see anything of him when he comes here?'

"Yes, he had sometimes brought her little presents, sweetmeats, ribbons, and the like; but the offering had always been made through this toad of a Stefano. Knowing the men, I now knew all. But Faustina, she had the pure and simple heart, and the white soul, by the God who made it, and for all her kindness to a tattered scapegrace who made love to her in broken Italian between the ripples and the stars. She was not to know what I was, remember; and beside Corbucci and his henchman I was the Archangel Gabriel come down to earth.

"Well, as I lay awake that night, two more lints of Swinburne came into my head, and came to stay:

God said 'let him who wins her take  
And keep Faustine.'

"On that couplet I slept at last, and it was my text and watchword when I awoke in the morning. I forget how well you know your Swinburne, Bunny; but don't you run away with the idea that there was anything else in common between his Faustine and mine. For the last time let me tell you that poor Faustina was the purest and the best I ever knew.

"Well, I was strung up for trouble when the next Saturday came, and I'll tell you what I had done. I had broken the pledge and burgled Corbucci's villa in my best manner, during his absence in Naples. Not that it gave me the slightest trouble;



Brought him down with a bullet.—Page 289.

but no human being could have told that I had been in, when I came out. And I had stolen nothing, mark you, but only borrowed a revolver from a drawer in the Count's desk, with one or two trifling accessories; for by this time I had the measure of these damned Neapolitans. They are spry enough with a knife, but you show them the business end of a shooting-iron, and they'll streak like rabbits for

the nearest hole. But the revolver wasn't for my own use. It was for Faustina, and I taught her how to use it in the cave down there by the sea, shooting at candles stuck upon the rock. The noise in the cave was something frightful, but high up above it couldn't be heard at all, as we proved to each other's satisfaction pretty early in the proceedings. So now Faustina was armed with munitions of self-



F. C. YOHNN

"He had let me in before he knew who was finished."—Page 289.

defence: and I knew enough of her character to entertain no doubt as to their spirited use upon occasion. Between the two of us, in fact, our friend Stefano seemed tolerably certain of a warm week-end.

"But the Saturday brought word that the Count was not coming this week, being in Rome on business, and unable to return in time; so for a whole Sunday we were promised peace; and made bold plans

accordingly. There was no more merit in hushing this thing up. 'Let him who wins her take and keep Faustine.' Yes, but let him win her openly, or lose her and be damned! So on the Sunday I was going to have it out with her people—with the Count and Stefano as soon as they showed their noses. I had no inducement, remember, ever to return to surreptitious life within a cab-fare of

Wormwood Scrubbs. Faustina and the Bay of Naples were quite good enough for me. And the prehistoric man in me rather exulted in the idea of fighting for my desire.

"On the Saturday, however, we were to meet for the last time as heretofore—

him to his face if it was not the case. And it was; he admitted it with many shrugs; being a conveniently weak person, whom one felt almost ashamed of bullying as the occasion demanded.

"The fact was, however, that the Count had sent for him on finding he had



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"As tight as man was ever gagged or bound."—Page 289.

just once more in secret—down there in the cave—as soon as might be after dark. Neither of us minded if we were kept for hours; each knew that in the end the other would come; and there was a charm of its own even in waiting with such knowledge. But that night I did lose patience: not in the cave but up above, where first on one pretext and then on another the direttore kept me going until I smelt a rat. He was not given to exacting overtime, this direttore, whose only fault was his servile subjection to our common lord. It seemed pretty obvious, therefore, that he was acting upon some secret instructions from Corbucci himself, and, the moment I suspected this, I asked

to go to Rome, and had said he was very sorry to go just then, as among other things he intended to speak to me about Faustina. Stefano had told him all about his row with her, and moreover that it was on my account, which Faustina had never told me, though I had guessed as much for myself. Well, the Count was going to take his jackal's part for all he was worth, which was just exactly what I expected him to do. He intended going for me on his return, but meanwhile I was not to make hay in his absence, and so this tool of a direttore had orders to keep me at it night and day. I undertook not to give the poor beast away, but at the same time told him I had not the



faintest intention of doing another stroke of work that night.

"It was very dark, and I remember knocking my head against the oranges as I ran up the long, shallow steps which ended the journey between the direttore's lodge and the villa itself. But at the back of the villa was the garden I spoke about, and also a bare chunk of the cliff where it was bored by that subterranean stair. So I saw the stars close overhead, and the fisherman's torches far below, the coastwise lights and the crimson hieroglyph that spelt Vesuvius, before I plunged into the darkness of the shaft. And that was the last time I appreciated the unique and peaceful charm of this outlandish spot.

"The stair was in two long flights, with

an air-hole or two at the top of the upper one, but not another hole till you came to the iron gate at the bottom of the lower. As you may read of an infinitely lighter place, in a finer work of fiction than you are ever likely to write, Bunny, it was 'gloomy at noon, dark as midnight at dusk, and black as the ninth plague of Egypt at midnight.' I won't swear to my quotation, but I will to those stairs. They were as black that night as the inside of the safest safe in the strongest strong-room in the Chancery Lane Deposit. Yet I had not got far down them with my bare feet before I heard somebody else coming up in boots. You may imagine what a turn that gave me! It could not be Faustina, who went barefoot three seasons of the four, and yet there



"I saw a white-headed old chap looking at me through a shop-window."—Page 290.

was Faustina waiting for me down below. What a fright she must have had! And all at once my own blood ran cold: for the man sang like a kettle as he plodded up and up. It was, it must be, the short-winded Count himself, whom we all supposed to be in Rome!

"Higher he came and nearer, nearer, slowly yet hurriedly, now stopping to cough and gasp, now taking a few steps by elephantine assault. I would have enjoyed the situation if it had not been for poor Faustina in the cave; as it was I was filled with nameless fears. But I could not resist giving that grampus Corbucci one bad moment on account. A crazy handrail ran up one wall, so I carefully flattened myself against the other, and he passed within six inches of me, puffing and wheezing like a brass band. I let him go a few steps higher, and then I let him have it with both lungs.

"'Buona sera, eccellenza signori!' I roared after him. And a scream came down in answer—such a scream! A dozen different terrors were in it; and the wheezing had stopped, with the old scoundrel's heart.

"'Chi sta la?' he squeaked at last, gibbering and whimpering like a whipped monkey, so that I could not bear to miss his face, and got a match all ready to strike.

"'Arturo, signori.'

"He didn't repeat my name, nor did he damn me in heaps. He did nothing but wheeze for a good minute, and when he spoke it was with insinuating civility, in his best English.

"'Come nearer, Arturo. You are in the lower regions down there. I want to speak with you.'

"'No, thanks. I'm in a hurry,' I said, and dropped that match back into my pocket. He might be armed, and I was not.



He was peeping through the blind.—Page 290.

"'So you are in a hurry!' and he wheezed amusement. 'And you thought I was still in Rome, no doubt; and so I was until this afternoon, when I caught train at the eleventh moment, and then another train from Naples to Pozzuoli. I have been rowed here now by a fisherman of Pozzuoli. I had not time to stop anywhere in Naples, but only to drive from station to station. So I am without Stefano, Arturo, I am without Stefano.'

His sly voice sounded preternaturally sly in the absolute darkness, but even through that impenetrable veil I knew it for a sham. I had laid hold of the handrail. It shook violently in my hand; he also was holding it where he stood. And these suppressed tremors, or rather their detection in this way, struck a strange chill to my heart, just as I was beginning to pluck it up.

"'It is lucky for Stefano,' said I, grim as death.

"'Ah, but you must not be too 'ard on 'im,' remonstrated the Count. 'You have stole his girl, he speak with me about it, and I wish to speak with you. It is very audashuss, Arturo, very audashuss! Perhaps you are even going to meet her now, eh?'"

"I told him straight that I was.

"'Then there is no 'urry, for she is not there.'

"'You didn't see her in the cave?' I

cried, too delighted at the thought to keep it to myself.

"'I had no such fortune,' the old devil said.

"'She is there, all the same.'

"'I only wish I 'ad known.'

"'And I've kept her long enough!'

"In fact I threw this over my shoulder as I turned and went running down.

"'I 'ope you will find her!' his malicious voice came croaking after me. 'I 'ope you will—I 'ope so.'

"And find her I did."



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Raffles had been on his feet some time, unable to sit still or to stand, moving excitedly about the room. But now he stood still enough, his elbows on the cast-iron mantelpiece, his head between his hands.

"Dead?" I whispered.

And he nodded to the wall.

"There was not a sound in the cave. There was no answer to my voice. Then I went in, and my foot touched hers, and it was colder than the rock . . . . Bunny, they had stabbed her to the heart. She had fought them, and they had stabbed her to the heart!"

"You say 'they,'" I said gently, as he stood in heavy silence, his back still turned. "I thought Stefano had been left behind?"

Raffles was round in a flash, his face white-hot, his eyes dancing death.

"He was in the cave!" he shouted. "I saw him—I spotted him—it was broad twilight after those stairs—and I went for him with my bare hands. Not fists, Bunny; not fists for a thing like that; I meant getting my fingers into his vile little heart and tearing it out by the roots. I was stark mad. But he had the revolver—hers. He blazed it at arm's length, and missed. And that steadied me. I had smashed his funny-bone against the rock before he could blaze again; the revolver fell with a rattle, but without going off; in an instant I had it tight, and the little swine at my mercy at last."

"You didn't show him any?"

"Mercy? With Faustina dead at my feet? I should have deserved none in the next world, if I had shown him any in this! No, I just stood over him, with the revolver in both hands, feeling the chambers with my thumb; and as I stood he stabbed at me; but I stepped back to that one, and brought him down with a bullet.

"'And I can spare you two or three more,' I said, for my poor girl could not have fired a shot. 'Take that next one with you—and that—and that!'"

"Then I started coughing and wheezing like the Count himself, for the place was full of smoke. When it cleared my man was very dead, and I tipped him into the sea, to defile that rather than Faustina's cave. And then—and then—we were alone for the last time, she and I, in our own pet haunt; and I could scarcely

see her, yet I would not strike a match, for I knew she would not have me see her as she was. I could say good-by to her without that. I said it; and I left her like a man, and up the first open-air stairs with my head in the air, and the stars all sharp in the sky; then suddenly they swam, and back I went like a lunatic, to see if she was really dead, to bring her back to life. . . . Bunny, I can't tell you any more."

"Not of the Count?" I murmured at last.

"Not even of the Count," said Raffles, turning round with a sigh. "I left him pretty sorry for himself; but what was the good of that? I had taken blood for blood, and it was not Corbucci who had killed Faustina. No, the plan was his, but that was not part of the plan. They had found out about our meetings in the cave: nothing simpler than to have me kept hard at it overhead and to carry off Faustina by brute force in the boat. It was their only chance, for she had said more to Stefano than she had admitted to me, and more than I am going to repeat about myself. No persuasion would have induced her to listen to him again; so they tried force; and she drew Corbucci's revolver on them, but they had taken her by surprise, and Stefano stabbed her before she could fire."

"But how do you know all this?" I asked Raffles, for his tale was going to pieces in the telling, and the tragic end of poor Faustina was no ending for me.

"Oh," said he, "I had it from Corbucci at his own revolver's point. He was waiting at his window, and I could have potted him at my ease where he stood against the light listening hard enough but not seeing a thing. So he asked whether it was Stefano, and I whispered, 'Si, signore'; and then whether he had finished Arturo, and I brought the same shot off again. He had let me in before he knew who was finished and who was not."

"And did you finish him?"

"No; that was too good for Corbucci. But I bound and gagged him about as tight as man was ever gagged or bound, and I left him in his room with the shutters shut and the house locked up. The shutters of that old place were six inches thick, and the walls nearly six feet; that was on the Saturday night, and the Count

wasn't expected at the vineyard before the following Saturday. Meanwhile he was supposed to be in Rome. But the dead would doubtless be discovered next day, and I am afraid this would lead to his own discovery with the life still in him. I believe he figured on that himself, for he sat threatening me gamely till the last. You never saw such a sight as he was, with his head split in two by a ruler tied at the back of it, and his great mustache pushed up into his bulging eyes. But I locked him up in the dark without a qualm, and I wished and still wish him every torment of the damned."

"And then?"

"The night was still young, and within ten miles there was the best of ports in a storm, and hundreds of holds for the humble stowaway to choose from. But I didn't want to go farther than Genoa, for by this time my Italian would wash, so I chose the old Norddeutscher Lloyd, and had an excellent voyage in one of the boats slung inboard over the bridge. That's better than any hold, Bunny, and I did splendidly on oranges brought from the vineyard."

"And at Genoa?"

"At Genoa I took to my wits once more, and have been living on nothing else ever since. But there I had to begin all over again, and at the very bottom of the ladder. I slept in the streets. I begged. I did all manner of terrible things, rather hoping for a bad end, but never coming to one. Then one day I saw a white-headed old chap looking at me through a shop-window—a window I had designs upon—and when I stared at him he stared at me—and he wore the same rags. So I had come to that! But one reflection makes many. I had not recognized myself; who on earth would recognize me? London called me—and here I am. Italy had broken my heart—and there it stays."

Flippant as a schoolboy one moment, playful even in the bitterness of the next, and now no more giving way to the feeling which had spoilt the climax of his tale, Raffles needed knowing as I alone knew him for a right appreciation of those last words. That they were no mere words I know full well. That, but for the tragedy of his Italian life, that life would have sufficed him for years, if not for ever, I did and do still believe. But I alone see him

as I saw him then, the lines upon his face, and the pain behind the lines; how they disappeared, and what removed them, you will never guess. It was the one thing you would have expected to have the opposite effect, the thing indeed that had forced his confidence, the organ and the voice once more beneath our very windows:

"Margarita de Parete,  
era à sarta d'è signore;  
se pugneva sempe e ddede  
pe pensare a Salvatore!

"Mar—ga—ri,  
e perzo e Salvatore!  
Mar—ga—ri,  
Ma l'ommo è cacciatore!  
Mar—ga—ri,  
Nun ce aje corpa tu!

Chello ch'è fatto, è fatto, un ne parlammo  
cchieù!"

I simply stared at Raffles. Instead of deepening, his lines had disappeared. He looked years younger, mischievous and merry and alert as I remembered him of old in the breathless crisis of some mad-cap escapade. He was holding up his finger; he was stealing to the window; he was peeping through the blind as though our side street were Scotland Yard itself; he was stealing back again, all revelry, excitement, and suspense.

"I half thought they were after me before," said he. "That was why I made you look. I daren't take a proper look myself, but what a jest if they were! What a jest!"

"Do you mean the police?" said I.

"The police! Bunny, do you know them and me so little that you can look me in the face and ask such a question? My boy, I'm dead to them—off their books—a good deal deader than being off the hooks! Why, if I went to Scotland Yard this minute, to give myself up, they'd chuck me out for a harmless lunatic. No, I fear an enemy nowadays, and I go in terror of the sometime friend; but I have the utmost confidence in the dear police."

"Then whom do you mean?"

"The Camorra!"

I repeated the word with a different intonation. Not that I had never heard of that most powerful and sinister of secret societies; but I failed to see on what grounds Raffles should jump to the conclusion that these every-day organ-grinders belonged to it.

"It was one of Corbucci's threats," said he. "If I killed him the Camorra would certainly kill me; he kept on telling me so; it was like his cunning not to say that he would put them on my tracks whether or no."

"He is probably a member himself!"

"Obviously, from what he said."

"But why on earth should you think that these fellows are?" I demanded, as that brazen voice came rasping through a second verse.

"I don't think. It was only an idea. That thing is so thoroughly Neapolitan, and I never heard it on a London organ before. Then again, why have they come back?"

I peeped through the blind in my turn; and, to be sure, there was the fellow with the blue chin and the white teeth watching our windows, and ours only, as he bawled.

"And why?" cried Raffles, his eyes dancing when I told him. "Why should they come streaking back to us? Doesn't

that look suspicious, Bunny; doesn't that promise a lark?"

"Not to me," I said, having the smile for once. "How many people, should you imagine, toss them five shillings for as many minutes of their infernal row? You seem to forget that that's what you did an hour ago!"

Raffles had forgotten. His blank face confessed the fact. Then suddenly he burst out laughing at himself.

"Bunny," said he, "you've no imagination, and I never knew I had so much! Of course you're right. I only wish you were not, for there's nothing I should enjoy more than taking on another Neapolitan or two. You see, I owe them something still! I didn't settle in full. I owe them more than ever I shall pay them on this side Styx!"

He had hardened even as he spoke: the lines and the years had come again, and his eyes were flint and steel, with an honest grief behind the glitter.

## A BATTLE AND A QUARREL

By Frederick Palmer



HE nickname of "Plain John Dobbins," which he acquired at the Academy, and also the essentials of his sober yeomanry stock, still clung to him as a captain of regular cavalry twenty years after his graduation. If he had been as good in his first year at West Point as he was in his second in mathematics he would have been in the Engineers. Poor in the theories at the Riley war school, he invariably won victories in practice.

So it was with his courtship. He began by fairly dogging the footsteps of a very beautiful and popular girl, who deprecated his suit only to accept him when she had sounded the depths of his character with the deep-sea lead of a love whose existence she had been slow to recognize. Their friends, at first wondering how long before Mary would be flirting with other men and a home would be ruined, eventually spoke of Mrs. Dobbins as a woman who was a little too orthodox for an army post.

"Even if you do believe it," as the Colonel's wife said, "there's no need of

drumming it into the ears of others that the sun rises and sets under your husband's hat and the buttons on his blouse are the sole remaining members of the planetary system."

The Spanish War found them fifteen years married. She followed him to Tampa; and met him, his arm in a sling, at Montauk, with her hair almost white from having killed him at least twice a day and ten times a night during his absence. The joy of having him back buried any bitterness that had risen in her heart because he had received no recognition.

"I know I'm foolish about John," she told a young officer in the Adjutant-General's office, "but I just can't help it."

After Montauk there was a period of rest in the home barracks in Dakota, and then orders to the wearing business of making our hold on new tropical possessions more than titular. Two months after the captain had sailed for the Philippines she left San Francisco. If she had not been a day at sea when his troop (dis-mounted), attached to the Sixty-third Volunteer Infantry, was ordered to the Camarines Provinces, which are two days' sail



from Manila, he would have cabled her to remain in the States. He left a letter with a friend telling her to wait for further word as to the practicability of joining him. She arrived to find that one woman had already gone to the Camarines. This was the wife of her husband's old lieutenant, who had a "Mex" commission as major in the Sixty-third.

"Where Mrs. Lane can go, I can go," said Mrs. Dobbins.

A kindly quartermaster, without asking the commanding general for permission (because he knew that it would be refused), put her aboard a transport which was sailing immediately. In four days after she had set foot in Manila she was at Brigade Headquarters in Nueva Caceres. On the afternoon of the fifth day, after a ride of thirty miles in dust and heat, the driver of the army wagon which carried her and the mail drove into the little plaza of the town of Lingat in a dramatic manner worthy of the occasion, pulling up short with the side of the seat occupied by Mrs. Dobbins next to the door of the municipal building.

When the group of men in the shade of the trees saw that a white woman was in the wagon, two or three who were in undershirts bolted into their quarters, while the others tried to slick up their clothes by a spasmodic brushing with their hands. When they saw that the white woman was the Captain's wife, they were prevented from cheering only by the instinctive realization that the Captain disliked demonstrations.

"Well, I'm—well, I never!" said the Sergeant, who was with the troop before the Captain himself. Consequently he enjoyed certain privileges.

"Tell me quick, Sergeant," she said, as he assisted her to alight, "where's my husband? I didn't wire for fear he might telegraph me to wait until he could come for me. Don't say a word to him. I want to give him a surprise."

"We're expecting him back every minute. He's been over to one of his other towns, Daet. He's got the troop in three towns now, forty men to a town. Oh, they spread out the regulars just as far as they'll go, as usual, Mrs. Dobbins."

Before the Sergeant had finished speaking they heard the sound of hoofs, and the "big Captain who rides the big Amer-

ican horse and eats in a hurry and never sleeps," as the natives described him, rode into the plaza. The next moment his wife was in his arms.

"You're awfully thin, John!" she exclaimed, as she looked up through her tears at her idol.

"Worked off my fat, girl," he said. "That's all. I'm as tough and healthy as a cayuse. As long as I get enough saddle it doesn't matter, whether I'm in the Dakotas at forty below, or in the Camarines at a hundred in the shade."

He did not notice that she had grown more gray and wrinkled since he last saw her. She would always be young to him.

Picking their way among the quartermaster's stores and the troop equipments in the basement, he led her up the rickety stair into the four living-rooms, where the Filipino servants, who had watched from the window with many wriggles and gesticulations the embrace of a strange white "Americano" lady—the first they had ever seen—by their master, now stood in a line of grins, white shirts and trousers, and naked brown feet and greeted her with profound bows and "Good-day, Señora!"

"So this is our palace and these are our dependents, John!" she said, as she began to look the place over. Palace! A mental note of the shabbiness of the quarters, compared to those of Mrs. Lane at Bigao, made her hasten to say the more cheerfully: "We shall be as comfortable as two bugs in a rug—I mean as comfortable as bugs on ice. Heavens! Isn't it scorching! I made the driver start at 2 A.M., so that I wouldn't have to stop at Mrs. Lane's for tiffin, and could be with you. I'm hungry as a bear."

John bounded into the kitchen, whereupon the three servants ceased staring and hastened the preparation of the meal.

"And so you didn't want to tiffin with Mrs. Lane?" he asked, in order to hear her say again how anxious she was to be with him.

"No. I wanted to have a look at my big husband again. And I don't like Mrs. Lane. Why, that young thing is putting on the airs of a General's wife over her Mex rank! Is it true, John, that you are supposed to salute him?"

"Yes, his volunteer commission makes him my superior officer."

"That boy, whom you taught all the soldiering that he knows! And do you actually have to take orders from him?"

"Yes—in a way."

"It's outrageous!"

"But he tries to be very nice about it," he added, permitting himself this little stroke of diplomacy to cover his wounded pride, for her sake. At the same time he looked at her questioningly, wondering if, after all, even Mary was not a little disappointed with him for failing of promotion. She set all doubts at rest by springing into his arms.

"It's no matter if you're a sergeant. It's no matter if you're a private in the rear ranks!"

"I know that. I know that, Mary. If I didn't know it—I would lose heart."

A flurry at the door interrupted them. They looked around to see the Presidente and two members of the Common Council, as elected under General Order No. 43, standing, hats in hand, in a state of doubt and embarrassment. The great news had travelled fast, and they had come to pay their respects to the wife of the Captain. The Presidente placed his rickety carriage, the only one in town, at Mrs. Dobbins's service to drive in every evening. After him, more deliberately, the next day, came the leading Chinese merchants with presents of silk and pina cloth. Both offers were refused by the Captain himself, as a matter of official discretion. But Mrs. Dobbins, though she did not mean to, recalled that Mrs. Lane spoke of driving in the Presidente's carriage and of the beautiful presents which she had received from the local officials. In fact, Mrs. Lane might have been expected to speak of such things to the wife of the man who formerly had ranked her husband. In the old days on the plains Mrs. Dobbins had more than once put young Mrs. Lane "in her place."

"You see, Mary," explained the Captain, "I'm trying to teach these people what honest government is. When I refused their first lot of gifts they came again with more elaborate ones. When I refused again they asked me how much money I wanted, or what it was that I wanted. I told them that I wanted to be honest and I wanted them to be honest. That's the way I read the Presi-

dent's proclamation and General Order No. 43."

The Chinese, who had heard of the English methods in Hong-Kong, concluded that this must be the peculiar characteristic of all big white men with blond hair, and proceeded to adapt themselves to the new conditions and make the best of them—as they always do abroad and never at home. But the little Presidente had not heard of the English methods in Hong-Kong. He knew only the Spanish method, which was his method—his civilization—and that of those beneath him. So he secretly thought that the Captain was a dunce, who would be recalled in disgrace some day by the American don who was at the head of affairs in Manila. Even as little presidentes go, the little Presidente of Lingat was a bad man.

*Noblesse oblige* compelled Mrs. Dobbins to go to a ball at the Presidente's house, where she tried to talk "pidgin" Spanish with mestiza ladies and to eat six courses of pork with potatoes boiled in grease; and then gave a ball at her own house with a supper which was just as detestable to her half-breed guests as theirs had been to her. With that, the social possibilities of the place were fully exploited.

The life of one white man in a Filipino town can never be as lonely as that of a lone white woman. Even if he accepts the Spanish habit of overfed siestas, which was not the habit of the early Spanish conquerors and cannot agree with the constitutions of a vigorous young people rejoicing in their strength, it cannot be.

Work was wine and meat to John. The details of company command divided into three garrisons, with only a second lieutenant fresh from the Academy to assist him, were five times as great as in a post at home, and yet far less onerous than the new experience of civil administration, which he followed with the interest of a mathematician in a problem. He was never talkative. When he was with his wife he read and smoked, resting supremely happy in the consciousness of her presence.

At first, she had taken some interest in studying Spanish, which her husband had mastered well enough to speak with the Presidente without the aid of an interpreter. At first, she had tried to prepare

dishes which she knew that her husband liked. But what was the use of learning Spanish which was only provincial? What was the use of cooking when she was never sure whether or not John would be home to a meal? He had hired the Presidente's carriage for her, but what was the use of driving in clouds of dust to look at banana-trees, bamboo-groves, paddy-fields, and lumbering caribao? There came a time when John unknowingly irritated her if he spoke of the glorious tropical sunrises that he had seen from the back of his horse on his morning tour.

It was her first experience away from a post where there was not some society. She had always thought that John alone would be sufficient to her happiness. In truth, he had been a foil to the rest of the world. She had come back to her quiet, forceful husband as to a retreat from the talk and gossip of the post. She had not foreseen that a retreat becomes a hermitage if you are restricted to it.

As the days wore on she did little but lie on a long chair, with thoughts passing through her mind which used to have no place there. She grew sick of the sight of brown faces and bare limbs: of naked infants dying of small-pox in their mothers' arms: of children, with shirts reaching only to their navels, wriggling up the bamboo rungs of the ladders leading to nipa huts. Or, to be diagnostic, she was suffering from the little liver devils of the tropics which fatten on lassitude and starve on exercise.

One unusually hot morning John came in with a map of Africa in perspiration on the back of his blouse and his hair gray with dust and matted to his head. He had his mail, which he had just received, in his hand. He dropped into a chair, called to the houseboy to make sure that the tank supplying the shower-bath was full, and began to read the orders from Head-quarters as if they were the gospel as well as the law. His wife looked at him and then at some bits of paper, the remains of a letter which she and the little devils had torn to pieces in exasperation as soon as she had read it. Mrs. Lane had written to say:

"We expected you up to see us before this. The Major was speaking only to-day about how lonesome you must be. He says that you can come on the mail wagon

any time you wish, and he will see that you are escorted back. Regimental head-quarters is here now, you know, and we have the band to play every evening. We have had two balls, and, of course, being the only white woman here with twelve officers, I danced till I was like a rag."

John was unusually absorbed. He had just been told again that the Presidente, while so fawningly loyal, was plotting to deliver the town over to an insurgent attack; and he had caught a Chinese trader cheating the people with false weights. Moreover, a communication in his hand held out no hope of detaching any of Major Lane's battalion as reinforcements for his three towns. Perhaps he was abrupt in reply to his wife's questions. At all events, the time had come for the outburst which she had long been holding back.

"The Presidentes may amuse you, but they don't amuse me," she said. "Think what my life is here—Dreyfused—with no hope of anything better if I depend on you! Yes, Dreyfused! With the chances that the whole parcel of volunteers will be taken into the regulars as they stand, while I have to courtesy to school-girls who rank me out of quarters! Look at your own classmates who are colonels and lieutenant-colonels! Look at your own lieutenant who is a major! You haven't even written to the senators from your own State! You seem to like to vegetate in this ghastly place, while I suffer!"

Her angrily spoken sentences came as so many blows in the face to her husband. He slowly and mechanically folded up his letters, rose and took three or four steps toward the bathroom, before he found a few poor words.

"I'm—I'm sorry, Mary," he said.

She was already repentant of her abrupt complaint. At tiffin she vainly looked for him to say something upon which she could, with a show of self-respect, hang her plea for forgiveness. After an awkward moment of silence, when he rose from a meal of a few mouthfuls, he said:

"Mary, perhaps a trip to Japan would do you good. You may go, if you wish—or to the States, or anywhere. My expenses are nothing here. You will have most of our income."

He spoke so coldly, so definitely, that

she was instantly in a temper of independence.

"Yes, I will," she said. "I'll go and enjoy myself as other women do. This life of devotion is all very well, but it brings precious little reward, I notice."

"Very good. To-morrow, or next day, or whenever you wish, we can start you off with an escort to Nueva Caceres."

For the moment the woman was bolstered up with her own anger. The man? He passed down the stairs in a daze. To him her words were final. For he knew only how to fight, not how to quarrel.

As he left the building without any particular destination in view he was conscious only of a wish that he might be spared the misery of seeing her again, now that he knew that repugnance had taken the place of love in her heart. He was too preoccupied to notice that the figure coming across the square was running. He did not even recognize it as the familiar one of Juan Mendez, a Filipino property-holder whose blood had not been poisoned by a Spanish strain, until two agitated brown hands were actually under his nose.

"They are coming!" cried Mendez. "I have been up the road and seen them! Four or five hundred, with rifles! They have gathered from all the bands in the country around. The Presidente is guiding them! He hates you! All the drones and schemers hate you! You have not let them make us pay taxes. They know that you have few men. Now they have come for revenge—to burn my home—to kill me—to kill all who are honest! Let me have a rifle! Let me help you!"

The sound of a shot from an outpost put the seal to Mendez's statement.

"No. You go tell the people to take cover, Juan. And tell them that there is no danger. The Americanos will protect them."

"But there are hundreds and you are only a handful!"

"Then we shall get the more rifles."

"Ah, Capitan, you are not Spanish—you are not Spanish!" said Mendez, laughing hysterically and becoming quite confident.

While the bugle was sounding to "fall in" and the men were rushing from the shady places where they were resting to

their accoutrements, the Captain went up the bamboo ladder two steps at a time to the tower of the church, which commanded a view of the surrounding country.

He took it for granted that Mendez's numbers could be divided by two, and of this only half would be armed. His vision flew over the foliage in which nestled the nipa roofs of the town, past the open stretch of paddy-field to the bamboo-grove which bordered it. Just beyond, hugging the cover of the river-bank and apparently intending to debouch from the grove and charge across fatal open ground with Oriental perversity, was a column of white figures. Through the glasses each seemed to be carrying a black stick, which was, of course, a rifle. When his practised eye told him that there were actually three if not four hundred, he only smiled a little more grimly and confidently. During his rides he had mapped the country in his mind. His plan for dealing with such an emergency as this had been made long ago. After scanning the horizon to make sure that an attack was not to be directed from two sides he hastened back down the stairs.

His wife was standing by the entrance. He started, and paused long enough to say, in a tone distinctly military:

"Yes, the church is the best place for you. Stray bullets might go through the walls of the house. There is no danger. The affair will be over in half an hour."

And then he passed on.

Her anger going as quickly as it had come, Mrs. Dobbins had hurried from the table to the window and had watched her husband cross the square, his erect figure bearing no sign of his distress of mind. She had overheard Juan's excited tale, and had corroboration of the overwhelming force of the enemy from the outpost who came running into the square after the Captain had entered the church. As an army woman she knew what such odds meant; as a wife she knew that her husband would attack in flank, no matter what the force against him, and that failure meant annihilation, with him cheerfully exposing himself to the last moment. Yet the only sign that she longed for forgiveness before he went into action was the imploring gesture of arms outstretched toward his retreating back.

As the Captain stopped in front of his waiting garrison, two pale, almost emaciated creatures, wavering under the load of their rifles, came out of the barracks and took their places in the line of forty men, each of whose faces bore that individual realization of what was before him and that stern intention to go through with it which are so characteristic of the American soldier.

"Stoke and Leman," he said to the sick ones, "I thought you were in hospital with dysentery."

"We was, sir," said Stoke, "but if you're willing, we ain't now."

The Captain divided the force into two parts, one part under the Sergeant, with Gelley, the surgeon, attached, and the other under his own command.

"I'm going to take my men," he said to the Sergeant, "and pass under cover of a path, to the west of the main road leading north, then come out on the road so as to be at right angles with the bamboo and with your position. You are to go to the northern outskirts of the town, and as our friends come out of the bamboo you are to hold them back and not let them get near enough to become overconfident. If they come too near, understand, they'll get a grip and their numbers will count. When we begin firing from the roadway, throw it into 'em till your rifles blister your hands. When we charge, you charge. Mind your sights and don't fire high. We'll get 'em all right."

Thereupon, he gave the word and the two columns started off at the double. After he had taken three or four steps with his column he stopped suddenly at the thought of the danger to his wife from some sniper in the town who might bring his rifle out of hiding and begin to throw bullets about among the women and children. He detached Stoke and Leman from the ranks.

"You will stand guard over Mrs. Dobbins," he said. "Search anyone for arms who wants to enter the church."

"Yes, sir," they replied, in broken voices, while he hurried on to catch up with his command.

To them this disappointment meant as much as for a playwright to have his play rehearsed up to the night of presentation and then refused a hearing. Still, they had

the satisfaction of the philosophy which lies behind the Sergeant's saying, that "orders 's orders, and you can usually rely on 'em to be disagreeable."

When they reported themselves with a statement of their duty to Mrs. Dobbins, she bade them, with great asperity, to go to the front, where they were needed. They stood stock-still and merely repeated the Captain's words.

"But won't you do this for me—for a woman—your Captain's wife?" she pleaded. "Every man, every rifle, ought to be out yonder."

"We'd do 'most anything for the Captain's wife," Stoke replied, "except not do as we're told by the Captain in a fight."

"Very well, then," she said, "if you have to stay, I don't."

She started in the direction which her husband had taken.

"Don't, Mrs. Dobbins!" they begged. "Bullets is going to be perty thick here in a minute. Think how the Captain would worry! Don't!"

She did not even give their protests the deference of arresting her steps.

The two sick men looked at each other for a minute, in doubt. Then Stoke had a flash of wisdom.

"We was left to guard her, not to guard the church," he said. "My God! If anything happened to her I wouldn't face the Captain for Rockefeller's fortune."

Then, following correct tactics, one went to the right and the other to the left of Mrs. Dobbins, as if she were a column and they her flankers. So they followed her by the road and by the path her husband had taken, until all instinctively halted as they heard the crash of a Krag volley.

"It's the Sergeant's line, not his," Mrs. Dobbins thought, pressing on.

Immediately the answering bullets of the insurgents began thripping through the banana-trees. At first they were few; then a storm. When Stoke saw two spits of dust in the road in front of her, he rushed to her side, crying, in a tone of command:

"Mrs. Dobbins, you must take cover! If you don't we'll have to carry you by force."

"I'll go if you'll go to the front," she replied.

"One of us will," he answered, as he almost carried her behind the protecting trunk of a big mango-tree. "Leman," he added, as he drew his hand out of his pocket, "odd or even? The fellow who goes has to tell the Captain that he did it on his own."

Leman won. With an exclamation of joy he started on the run, blowing the dust out of his sights as he went. He was ten yards away when he fell in a heap. Stoke ran to him and found him already unconscious, with a hole over the heart. Another waif of the world, taken by the regular recruiting office from a life of uselessness and turned into a man and an expert—who had learned how to smile when he heard the cry of loafers in garrison towns, "Will you work, soldier?" and had still smiled when the volunteers told him how they carried San Juan Hill—had fallen doing his duty in the simple way of the Service. Stoke picked up his dead comrade's rifle and laying it on the big root of the mango-tree beside him, looked out into the thicket with flashing eyes, as confident of the power of the instrument in his hands as any white man ever was in a brown man's country.

There is no suspense like the suspense of being under fire out of sight of the combatants. After the first Krag volley, all the firing had come from the insurgent side. Mrs. Dobbins, as she listened to the passing of the bullets, imagined the worst.

For an explanation, we must turn to the Sergeant, who, at this juncture, was as airy as the belle of a ball. His men were barely on their bellies scanning the line of earth over their sights, when the white figures broke out of the bamboo. He waited for them to come within seven hundred yards. Then, in answer to his volley, they passed out of sight as suddenly as if the earth had opened and swallowed them.

"Oh, ho, my gugu callers, so you've laid down behind a paddy dyke to take account of stock, have you?" he called. "Get down, clear down, boys, and don't shoot till the target's up again."

After firing for five minutes without hitting anyone except poor Leman, the insurgents rose and began to advance by rushes. Our men now had to rise on their

elbows and return the fire. Butts was the first man wounded. He got "it" in the shoulder at the same moment as a complaint from the Sergeant for exposing himself unnecessarily. Then Stanley's head dropped down on his rifle stock with a bullet hole between the eyes. No one noticed these incidents besides the Sergeant and the Surgeon.

Many insurgents were falling, many were wavering, and others kept on less surely but, nevertheless, gaining ground. When they were within three hundred yards their bugle bade them halt. Our men, whose rifle-barrels hissed if touched by a perspiring hand, knew that the supreme moment was yet to come.

As the insurgents crawled forward to reform their line, their officers recalled to them all the encouragements of the weeks in which this "grand attack" by the mobilization of small guerilla bands and individuals with hidden rifles had been preparing. They told them again of the weakness of the garrison and fanned their wrath against the American Captain who had been making the people trust him. They shouted the prospect of the American supplies and money in the town; of the award of the Captain's watch to the man who killed or captured him; of the loot of Mendez's house and the killing of the traitorous citizens who had failed to pay their taxes to the Republic. The absence of fire from our side encouraged them to think that we had fled. So they rose again with the confidence of the first charge, and all the bullets which the Sergeant's little corps could throw seemed to have no effect upon them.

"Pot those in front!" the Sergeant called. "Then the others will see 'em fall. Leave that officer who's waving his sword to me!"

He aimed at the officer and missed. He fired again with greater care and the officer dropped. Still other officers sprang forward, and there was now no cessation in the movement, which seemed to have the grip of a charge which feels that it is going home and becomes reckless of the cost.

"Is that all you can do?" asked the Sergeant, awakening from the absorption of his own sharpshooting to notice that the fire from his men was slackening.



There was no reply. Not even the man next to him had heard him speak.

"Burleigh!" he shrieked, turning his attention entirely from the field to his men, "Burleigh, what are you doing behind that root? Funking it?"

Then he saw that Burleigh was dead; and he saw that he had only eight men firing—eight men whose faces were set with the purpose of making the most of the inevitable.

"If any man opens the clip to his magazine 'fore there's a gugu within ten foot of him, I'll pommel him till he's black and blue. Pump it into 'em! Pump——" the Sergeant's yell was drowned by the triumphing cry of the Filipinos of "Gangway Americanos!" as they started forward at a dead run.

As if in answer to the insurrectos's taunt, the broken volley of men falling into position in haste spoke from the side of the road. The insurrectos stopped with the shock of the flank fire like a beast wounded in the side as it is about to reach its prey. "Plain John Dobbins" never looked finer than now, his face lighted with the enthusiasm and the preoccupation of the business at hand, which was to maintain the accuracy of the fire of twenty excited men; for that, and not shouting or the beating of drums, is the art of company command, and, therefore, the way of the Service. With the instinct of the animal, the insurgents turned in the direction from which the wound had been inflicted and desperately replied to the fire.

It was then that the Captain, who was standing erect despite his preachings about the necessity of a line officer taking cover, whirled half round with the impact of a blow that stung his left forearm. He looked down to see blood, and immediately forgot the wound in watching for the moment when the enemy's fire should be so far reduced as to warrant a charge with the minimum of exposure. So short was the range that he drew his revolver and emptied its chambers with the zest of personal encounter.

It is not in the blood and marrow under brown skins to grapple with a flank fire. The insurgents' impulse of desperation did not last long. They imagined that there were a thousand Americans, instead of a handful which they could easily sweep

away with the bayonet. When they saw the big forms in blue shirts and khaki spring out of the rut by the roadway, everyone sought to save his own life—if his legs were too weak with fear to carry him, by lying prone on the ground and crying for mercy; if not, by running for the bamboo.

Without his charge the Captain would not have considered that he had administered a "licking." He stopped in the middle of the field with his bugler at his elbow, while his men went in chase. As he looked around at the dead and the dying and the prisoners, he heard a familiar voice crying, "Medico!" (surgeon). Its source was the parched lips of the Presidente—a bullet through his shoulder and a Mauser rifle on the ground by his side.

"Mercy! mercy!" he begged. "The wicked ones kidnapped me and forced me to fight."

"Yes," the Captain replied, "you've made a great fool of yourself. However, you mustn't think that I believe your lie."

And the little Presidente nestled closer to the earth for fear of accidents as the Sergeant and his eight remaining men, who had charged with the moral force of a division, came hurrying forward to catch the rest of the line. The Captain stopped them.

"What are your casualties?" he asked.

"Well, Stanley, Burleigh, and Smith are dead and Swanson's perty bad. The others 'll recover, I guess—great guns, sir! Don't you know that you've been hit in the arm?"

"I should say he had!" said Surgeon Gelley, coming up and instantly ripping open the Captain's sleeve with his knife.

"Not much," said the Captain. "Went clean through."

"I suppose if two went clean through you wouldn't have it bandaged," said Gelley, applying a "first aid." "Blood trickling off your fingers—not much! Nipped an artery—not much! Here, put this sling over your head; that'll do for the present. If you don't go back to the house I'll order you. Now you're sick, I'm your boss."

"I don't want the men to get too far afield," the Captain told the Sergeant. "Call them in. Make the Presidente's house a hospital and have the prisoners carry in their wounded."

And the little Presidente was already proudly thinking that our victory did not count, because we were such fools as not to take advantage of it.

As he walked unsteadily across the field so as to have the shade of the trees back to the plaza, the Captain began to feel the effects of reaction. He involuntarily put his free arm to his head as if to steady it. At the roadside he met his wife, whom Stoke could hold back no longer after the fire had diminished. The sight of her brought up the events of the morning and all its contingent misery, which had been momentarily forgotten.

"John," she asked, "is it bad?"

"We've licked them good and hard," was the reply, "but we had to pay a price. Four killed——"

"Not them! Your arm, I mean."

"That's nothing."

"But there's a great red spot on the bandage."

"Always is, Mary. It doesn't stop bleeding the minute that you slap a 'first aid' onto it."

Meanwhile he had continued to walk. Now he stopped suddenly and, staggering almost to the point of falling, asked, in a military manner:

"What are you doing here? I thought I left you at the church."

What she wanted to reply was, "Because I loved you and couldn't wait for you to forgive me." But he seemed at once too weak and too formidable in his dusty khaki and flapping, bloody sleeve to recur to the subject.

"I wanted to—to see," she stammered.

"To see!" he repeated. "And if we had been driven back?"

She made no reply.

They went on in silence, save for the plunking of their feet in the thick, hot dust—until, without any warning, there was a sharp report from the roadside, followed by the peculiar thud of a bullet striking flesh.

The Captain whirled and fell, with the blood gushing from his leg, but facing his antagonist. The instinct of his profession gave him strength for the time being. His vision was quite clear again. Only a few yards away he saw peering over the root of a mango-tree a black, pock-marked face. The assassin had partly risen on

his elbow while his rifle rested on the root, as if entranced by the effect of his deed. Then he seemed to comprehend that it was life for life and took aim again as the Captain reached for his revolver only to remember that the chambers were empty. There followed a report, the sound of a bullet going high over the Captain's head in the bamboo, and a blow with the stock of a rifle which crushed in the Filipino's skull.

"There, you swine!" Stoke said. "You ain't worth a cartridge."

Then he went to the assistance of Mrs. Dobbins, who had her thumb pressed with all the strength of her arm just above the wound. With his bayonet Stoke made a tourniquet and applied his own first-aid bandage. He was about to start back to the field for a stretcher when he espied a full-grown manikin peeking out of a nipa hut. So he and the native bore the prostrate man to the house on a piece of nipa thatch.

It seemed to the Captain that his bearers were travelling up and down the swells of a rolling sea of dust, as through a hot fog which stifled him he saw his wife hurrying ahead to prepare the way. His racing thoughts again dwelt entirely upon what had passed between them in the morning.

"How old she looks! Grown old suffering under a yoke. She's trying to do her duty," he told himself. "That's what she has been doing for years, in contrition, with all the love out of her heart. And I have never known it until to-day! Never knew it until when she let the mask fall I saw that she loathed the sight of me. How easy it would be—an artery, Stoke said—and save further trouble. I would leave her sufficient income, and——"

The next that he knew he was drinking iced water out of a glass held by Gelley, while his wife was at the surgeon's elbow.

"Hemorrhage stopped, all right, old chap," Gelley said, cheerfully. "You'd have been done for in two minutes if Stoke hadn't put the tourniquet on. I'm not going to have you undressed or excited in any way till all danger is passed. I'll peep in at the door again in ten minutes and want to find you sound asleep. Meanwhile, I'm going back to poor Swanson and try to save him."

Contrary to expectations, the iced water had revived the Captain and taken him back to the train of irrational thought which he was following when he had become unconscious. As the resultant determination gained force in his mind he said, abruptly :

"Mary, I can sleep easier if you will go outside and lie down and rest."

"Then I will," she said, cheerfully, not daring to excite him by any protest, much less relieve herself of the burden of self-blame which lay heavier and heavier upon her heart.

The subterfuge served his purpose. His strength grew with his idea.

"She will have income enough and both of us will have peace. No one—will suspect a suicide," he whispered. "They—will—say—I was delirious, as Smith was when he tore his bandages off in Cuba. In two minutes, Gelley said——"

With an effort he reached the knot of the bandage around his leg, but he could not untie it. He fumbled in his pocket, took out his knife, leaned against the pillow while he laboriously opened it. He slipped the blade under the outside strand of the bandage. Then he suddenly recalled, smiling in the cynicism of his conception, that he had not yet written the report of his action.

"I'll make it a true report," he said, in a mocking whisper.

He took a piece of paper and a pencil from the table at the head of his bed and wrote, in trembling characters :

"For four months I have been holding three towns with one hundred men, while I have been denied reinforcements from the full battalion at Bigao. I do not consider my losses against four hundred unreasonably heavy, considering that the enemy was organized in, and marched unnoticed from, the battalion's sphere of influence."

"And now," he thought. Once he bent over, only to fall back in exhaus-

tion. The second attempt was more successful. He laid his hand upon the knife.

Again he was arrested in the execution of his purpose: this time by a sob from the adjoining room. His wife, who had been suppressing her emotion, had now involuntarily put her agony into words. He listened.

"Oh, if he only could understand!" she was saying. "If he only knew how I love him and hate myself for what I said!"

His delirium had passed. He fell back upon his pillow with the smile of one who has found life worth living again.

"Mary!" he called.

She came on tiptoe.

"Mary," he said, "I think that I could sleep better if you were in the room with me."

The wife picked up that novel report, and, before her husband thought of it again, had sent it to the patient and well-abused one in Manila.

"As if I had anything to do with promotions," he remarked, grimly.

He smiled to himself—for his American sense of humor never deserted him—and enclosing the letter, wrote on his familiar pad :

"This is not military and was written by Captain Dobbins in a delirium. However, it states the truth. Confidential."

The Adjutant-General, who opened this letter after one from a Congressman's wife pleading that her son be sent home, remarked :

"Why will such men always hide themselves when they ought to know that we are looking for them? Can't they read in the newspapers that it pays to advertise?"

Wherefore, he wrote a two-months' extension of leave for an officer who, under the devoted ministrations of his wife, was happily convalescing in the mountains of Japan.



Some sat wearily on the benches, their hands clasped in their laps.—Page 304.

## AMONG THE IMMIGRANTS

By Arthur Henry

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DENMAN FINK

I WAS standing one day last winter at the Barge Office, when a boat full of immigrants arrived. A strong wind was blowing from the sea, and the water of the harbor was tossing savagely. It was a bitter day for the three hundred and more creatures packed like cattle on the barge, for most of them were venturing alone into an unknown country. There were very few with more than ten dollars. Some knew that relatives were waiting for them, but to many more the future was all uncertain. They knew no one here, had no place to go, and were landing with only a few coins in their pockets. But it was plain enough that none of these people anticipated evil. No one can watch a load of immigrants land, without being struck by the astonishing signs of hope and confidence about them all. There has never been any exag-

geration of this. Incredible as it may seem to one who knows how grim is the struggle for life among the masses in America, it is evident that this is still the land of promise to the poor of Europe. They trooped up the gang-plank, dragging their great bags of luggage behind them or bearing it strapped to their backs. Most of the women wore thick boots and short calico dresses, with shawls over their heads and shoulders. The children, clinging to their skirts, looked as if they had never cried nor asked for anything. They were nearly all Russians from the southern provinces, and Russian Poles. Even the babies of this race seem to bear whatever comes to them with a calm and sturdy patience. The men, as they hurried past the officers at the entrance, made a hasty obeisance, ducking their bodies and uncovering their heads.



Men, women, and children of every tribe and race.—Page 304.

The officers, to whom all this is a part of the day's grind, only answered with loud orders to "move along," to "get on," to "shove ahead with you there;" but the eager faces, the strange manners and costumes got into my wits, and I found myself bowing and smiling in answer. A number of them, catching my eye, trotted over to shake hands with me and cry, "Jacksemas." The crowd was kept moving rapidly, until they stood in a close herd before the door leading to the floor above—an immense hall—where the first inspection takes place. Admitted here, they passed in single file along a way between two railings. Close by the door stood a physician who pounced upon the heads of the passing immigrants and, pulling them toward him, rumbled the hair and peered closely at the scalp for favus. If no disease was found, they were passed on to the next

physician, whose duty it is to detect trachoma.

This inspector has acquired an amazing speed and accuracy. He stands directly in the path of the approaching immigrant, holding a little stick in his hand. By a quick movement and the force of his own compelling gaze, he catches the eyes of his subject and holds them. You will see the immigrant stop short, lift his head with a quick jerk, and open his eyes very wide.

The inspector reaches with a swift movement, catches the eye-lash with his thumb and finger, turns it back, and peers under it. If all is well, the immigrant is passed on to the civil examiners. Most of those detained by the physicians are Jews. It is pitiful to see the look of apprehension or terror that flashes into the faces of those who are detained. They have evidently known nothing of the restrictions. News travels slowly among the cabins on the Russian plains, and although the steamship companies are obliged to return all properly



They trooped up the gang-plank, dragging their great bags of luggage.—Page 301.

excluded immigrants, free of charge, and are supposed to refuse passage to them on the other side, about three in every hundred are barred for one cause or another. But these immigrants seem to know nothing of all this. America has always been for them the free country—the paradise that it was possible, perhaps, to some time reach before death. For this they have toiled and saved and suffered patiently. Among these that I watched was a family of five. They were Polish peasants.

The father was fifty, but he looked ten years older. His long white hair fell from his fur cap almost to his shoulders. His face was peaked and lined with a net-work of wrinkles, but they seemed more like the dimples of age than its ravages. He smiled at whoever looked at him, and peered up from under his gray eyebrows, from the simple blue eyes of a child. He could not lift his head, for his shoulders were bent and stiff. The mother was a little, slender, old woman of forty. She carried a boy of six in her arms, closely wrapped in a blanket. Another boy of twenty-two or -three and a girl of nineteen followed. They all seemed very much surprised when their heads were seized and examined, and the girl's cheeks, plump and rosy before, became very red. The boy scowled and muttered some protest, but the old man bobbed his head and laughed. He had worked for twenty years and saved a few cents every week, by depriving himself of everything, to reach America. His troubles were over now. He had sold everything he owned, and having travelled to the seaport and bought passage for his family, and lived on the way, had arrived with a little money left, tied in one corner of a red cotton handkerchief. A little rumpling of his hair now would not hurt him. As they were passing the last physician, they were stopped.

"What's this?" said the doctor. "Let me see the boy."

He took the little fellow from his mother,



Peering wistfully at the officials and visitors.—Page 304.

threw off the blanket, and looked at his legs. He stood him on his feet. He could not walk. "I thought so," said he, and passed them all into the little pen with the detained.

The woman caught the boy and held him close in her arms, murmuring softly to him and paying little heed to anything about her. The old man seemed a little bewildered, and questioned those in the pen with him. None of them seemed to know why they were kept there, while the others passed on.

"What is the matter with the boy?" I asked the inspector.

"Paralysis."

"Will that be sufficient to exclude him?"



"Not that in itself. It is only contagious diseases that would directly bar anyone from entrance."

"Then, why have you stopped them?"

"We must find out if there is any danger of this boy's becoming a public charge. This family will have to show what resources they have. If they are all poor and have no relatives here who will guarantee to take care of the child, it will have to go back."

"And the whole family with it?"

"They will arrange that to suit themselves. The mother, of course, would have to go with it. If the older boy and girl want to stay and the parents are willing, we will probably admit them, but if they have no money and no responsible friends, the old man, his wife, and the cripple will have to go."

"Do they know this?"

"Probably not."

"How long will it be before this case is disposed of?"

"Two or three days. They will have to wait until the court of inquiry can reach them. All those others are ahead of them."

He pointed to the great pens that surrounded us, and which, sunk half a story lower than the floor where we were standing, looked like long, wide pits, filled with restless animals. There were hundreds of them—men, women, and children of every tribe and race. Some sat wearily on the benches, their hands clasped in their laps, their eyes fixed upon the floor. As many as could reach the barred partitions leaned

against them, peering wistfully at the officials and visitors.

A tall young Russian mountaineer, with a high fur hat, felt boots, and long coat

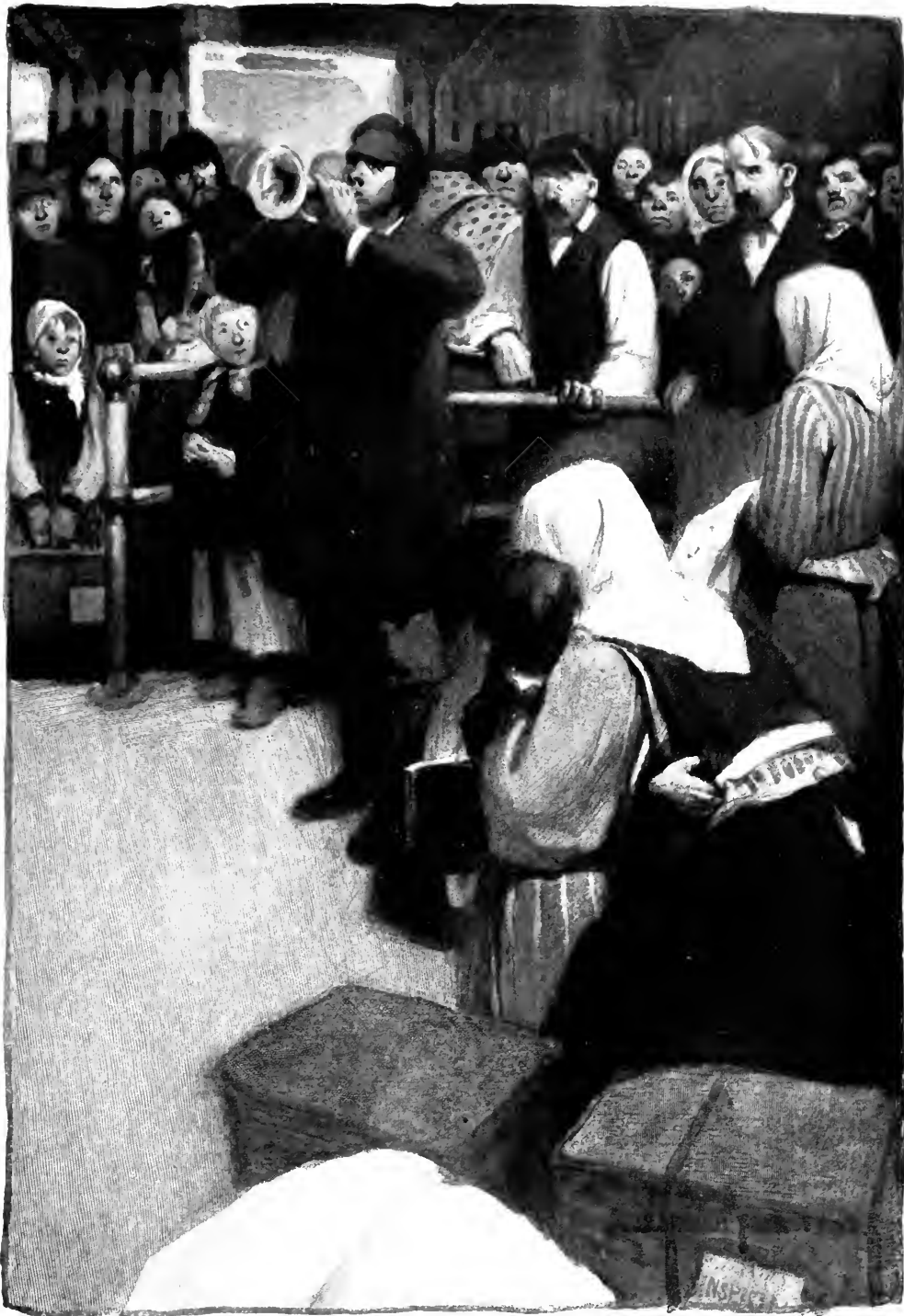
of undressed bear-skin, strode steadily back and forth from one end to the other of the long cage without once looking up or changing the gloomy, hunted expression of his face. All these were held for lack of money, or on suspicion that they had come as contract laborers, or on some charge cabled from the other side. Here was an old white-haired shrivelled woman who had arrived on a ticket sent her by her children in Dakota. She had no money, and was detained while the Government agents sent for information as to the responsibility of the children. If they proved to be able to take care of her and sent enough money to take her safely there, she would be sent to

them; if not, she would have to go back. She had waited now for three days without quite understanding why, without a word of complaint or inquiry. She sat all day on her bag of clothes, leaning against the wall, her eyes closed, now and then nodding in a partial doze.

Nearly all the detentions are caused by lack of money. There were young girls who had been sent for by their husbands, but who had failed to meet them, and sad-faced mothers, with their little families, who had come unbidden to find the man who had deserted them. These were waiting while the Government was searching for the husbands.



The tall mountaineer stood quietly, his hands clasped behind his back.—Page 303.



Threw back his head and began at once to play.—Page 308.

Meanwhile the long line was filing past the physicians. Nearly all of them proved sound and well. The majority of them were strapping young fellows with clear fair skins and fearless blue eyes, and plump Polish girls from sixteen to twenty, who carried their little brothers or sisters or the household goods of the family on their backs, as blithely as if bearing the lunch to a picnic.

Not far from the last examining physi-

cian stood a man who bawled and beckoned to the advancing line, urging them to move on. They could not understand a word he said, and seemed to look upon his uproar as a part of the commotion of a landing-place. As they reached him, he separated them according to their nationality or language, which he seemed able to determine at a glance, and sent them up the long aisles partitioned off by rails for the purpose. When they had all



He stepped briskly to the rail without looking toward the bench.—Page 311.

been assorted and stood in parallel rows the length of the room, a general order was given, and the several lines began to move. At the end of each aisle is a desk where an interpreter sits and questions every emigrant in his own language. He looks at his store of money and compares his story with the account already in his possession, which has been supplied by the ship's company that brought him. If there is anything wrong, he passes on and is free to find all the gold pieces that are left in the streets, but if he has only a few copper coins, as is generally the case, he is sent down into one of the pits until such time as he can convince the Government that he can take care of himself, or that someone will do it for him.

On the day that I watched the proceeding, an incident occurred that seemed to me unusual and dramatic, although Commissioner McSweeney assures me such things happen every day.

I was standing by one of the desks, and the official who was making the examinations interpreted his questions and the answers for me. I was constantly amazed at the revelations. Whole families cheerfully admitted that they had no money at all, expected no one to meet them, had no work engaged, and no place to go. This did not seem to concern them. They answered every question readily, and spoke with smiling good-nature. They had left trouble behind them, and wanted only to pass on to the good-fortune before.

Among the penniless ones was a tall, young fellow, carrying a little bag of black cloth. He was a Pole, about twenty years old. His hair was black, and fell about his ears in curls. His cheeks were round and smooth, but a perceptible down covered his lip. He looked frankly into the eyes of the interpreter, shrugged his shoulders, and laughed when asked how much money he had.

"Come, come," said the officer, sharply, "how much money have you?"

"None," said the Pole, still smiling.

"Anyone here to meet you? Any relatives?"

"No."

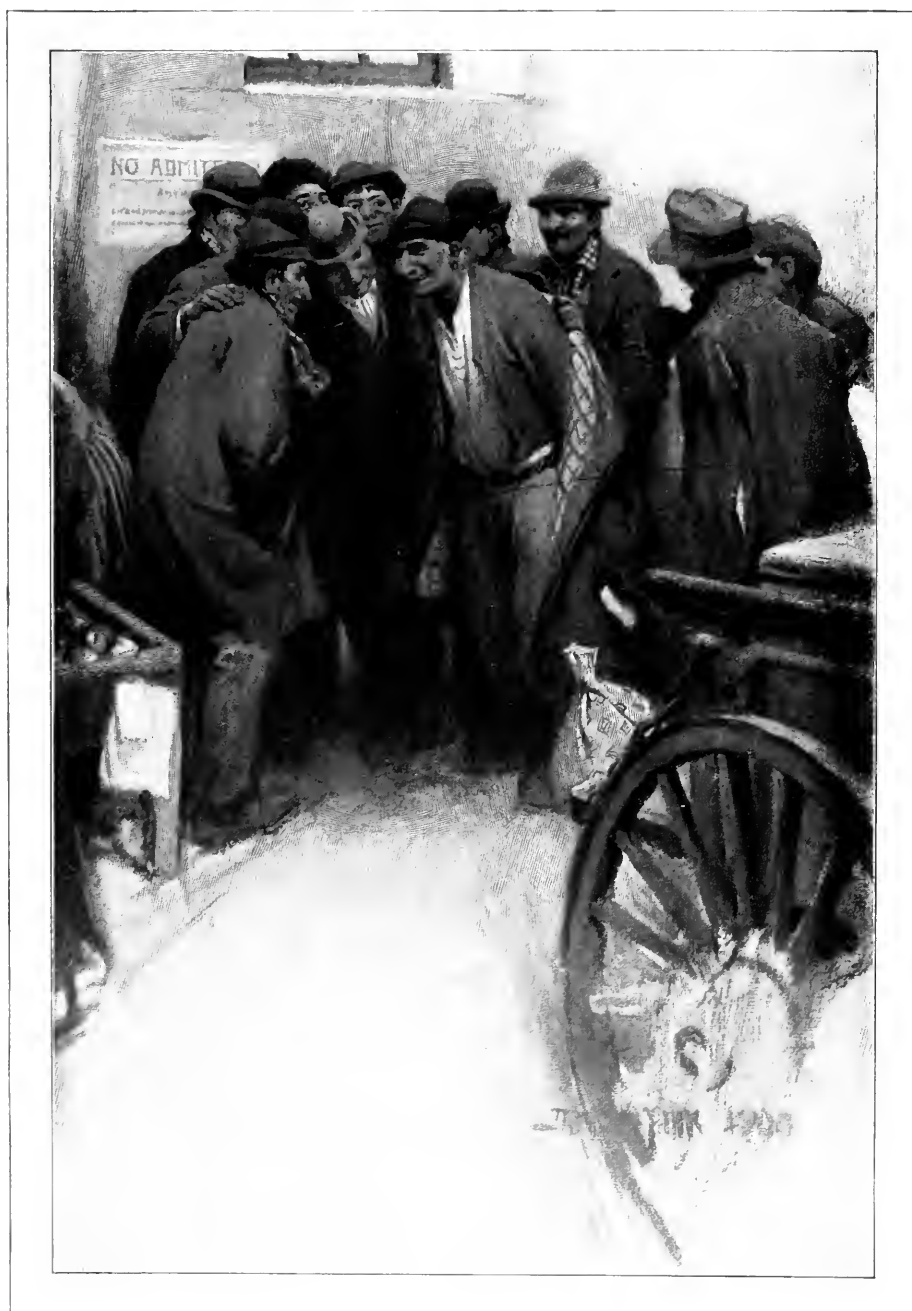
"Where are you going?"

"I will go first to Fall River. I have a friend there. And then I will see all the country. I will make money. You will hear of me."

The officer looked at him sharply. This was something new to him.

"But don't you know you can't come in here if you have no money and no friends to speak for you? How will you get to Fall River? Where will you eat and sleep to-night?"

"I will be all right," replied the boy, confidently. "With this," he ad-



Insisted that he should put it on.—Page 311.

ded, tapping his bag. "I can go anywhere."

"What have you in there?"

He laughed, and, opening the bag, took out a cornet. It seemed to speak aloud of the care that was lavished on it. Anyone could see it belonged to one who loved it.

"Can you play it well?" asked the official, a little more kindly, for the manner of the boy had awakened curiosity.

"Shall I show you?" he asked, in answer.

"Yes, step one side here and tune away while I let the others pass."

The boy stepped out into an open space, and, lifting the horn to his lips, threw back his head and began at once to play the Intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana." After the first note everyone in the great building stood still and listened. The long lines of immigrants were motionless, and even the meanest among them seemed to feel the charm of the pleading notes. The forlorn prisoners in the pits looked up and their anxious faces became tender. The tall mountaineer stood quietly, his hands clasped behind his back. When the music ceased there was a burst of ap-

plause. The sound of clapping hands and shouts of "Bravo!" "Good boy!" "Give us some more!" came from even the unseen regions of the great building, for the clear, true notes of the horn had penetrated everywhere. The physicians, who had a few moments before rumbled the boy's hair and peered unceremoniously into his eyes, joined in the applause; the red-faced man who had roughly jostled him in line roared now, in a hearty voice, "You're all right!" and the officer who had sharply questioned him slapped him on the back. Commissioner McSweeney, who had come up from his office at the call of the horn, asked for the particulars, and, turning to the agent of the Fall River Line of boats, said:

"Give this fellow a passage, including meals, and charge it to me."

"I will charge it to myself," replied the agent, as he took the young Pole's arm and led him away.

Accompanied by one of the interpreters, I descended into a pit, full of those waiting to be examined by the Court of Inquiry. Everyone we approached handed us without hesitation the little slips containing their story and the cause of deten-



They were standing, hand in hand, on the steps, looking curiously about them.—Page 311.

tion, made out by the examiner at the desk or the physician. Every case was full of pathos, and it needed no other emphasis than the patient, hopeful, and yet anxious faces of those we questioned.

There was one old Italian by the gate as we entered. He had been standing with his face pressed against the bars, and trying eagerly to catch the attention of anyone who passed. He said nothing, but his eyes constantly sought those of the officials or the visitors, and if by any chance he caught a glance from them his face wrinkled into the most alluring smile as he held out his paper for inspection. No one paid any attention to him, but he never for a moment lost heart or ceased his efforts.

When we entered he followed us about, and if we stopped to question anyone, there he was by our elbows, smiling, bowing, and extending his paper in a trembling hand. He was being held for the arrival of a son from Newark, who had for some reason failed to meet him the day before. He was dressed very scantily, and must have suffered in the bitter weather. He wore only a thin, short coat, too small for him; a cotton shirt open at the breast; a pair of overalls, reaching only a little below the knees, and boots that did not match. He was called to the Court while we were still questioning him, and I followed.

This Court of Inquiry is a unique tribunal. It consists of five judges, one of whom, Major Semsey, acts as interpreter. He it is who questions all those who come before it, for there is scarcely a dialect of Europe he cannot speak like a native.

Every day in the year, Sundays and holidays included, this Court holds its sessions, for no service nor feast nor festival could be enjoyed with the knowledge that hundreds of troubled souls were spending those hours in despair. One would think that men passing upon thousands of cases in a year would become hardened to appeals upon their sympathies. But the fact is, such scenes as are constantly enacted here never can become trite. The stories told and retold every hour are always intensely interesting. They are simple and brief, but so real and the tragedies so apparent that again and again the Major's voice softens and the moisture fills his eyes

as he questions. He sits at one end of a long table that serves as a bench, and summons the next applicant to the rail before him with a short stick he always holds. This he taps on the Bible and Crucifix just inside the rail, and when the oath has been taken, he pushes the hand away with it. Then he speaks to the immigrant in the language of his home, and though his voice is sharp and his words quick and commanding, these people seem to feel the kindly heart behind them and answer with faces full of the pleasure they feel at the sound of their familiar dialect. His brusque manner never disconcerts them, but, as if braced and relieved of whatever fear they have felt, they fix their eyes upon him and speak as eagerly and quickly as he. Ordinarily, the Major repeats what he has learned to the Board after every answer, but sometimes he forgets to do this in the interest of the story told.

The old Italian I followed was ordered to a seat on a bench beside a rosy-cheeked girl of his own race and a Polish woman with three sturdy children.

A German boy, just of age, was standing by the rail. He had just been sworn. He stood very straight, and there was a pronounced air of gentleness and courage in his appearance. His face betrayed imagination and refinement.

"This report," said one of the judges, reading from the paper sent down by the examiner at the desk, who had first questioned the boy, "says that he has been sent here by his guardian to reform, and that he has about two dollars American money."

The Major said, "He don't look like a fellow who needs to reform." Then he questioned him. The boy did not seem to understand at first, but, when he did, smiled slightly and spoke for a moment in a quiet way, and his voice was unusually musical.

"I thought so," said the Major. "He has come to this country to 'better himself.' The fellow upstairs translated it 'reform.'" The judges smiled, and the Major continued to question.

"His guardian bought his passage, but gave him no money," he translated, and after the next question added: "He has been a waiter for the last six years, and his wages were turned over to his guardian."



He has never had any of the money he earned, and the moment he was of age he came to America."

Then the Major seemed to hear something that interested him. He asked a number of questions rapidly, and then listened closely while the boy spoke at length. His soft, persuasive voice became lower and lower. His eyes filled with tears, and he paused for a moment, moving his hand slowly over the rail before him, back and forth. Then he looked at the Major, brushed his eyes, and concluded his statement with a brave smile.

The Major cleared his throat, and, whirling around so as to face the Court, said, in the gruffest voice he could command, but with the moisture in his eyes that so often is summoned there:

"I asked him about his guardian, and if he had any property over there. He says the man he calls his guardian is no relation to him so far as he knows. His father, whom he has never seen, gave him away when he was a baby. He knows nothing of him, nor of his mother. Some day, when he has made a little money, he will try to find her, but he is afraid she is dead, for she would not have deserted him. I asked him why he never tried to learn who his father is, if only to know whether he has any property—he could make his father help him. He said that he would take nothing from a father who would give him away, and wanted never to know him. He hopes we will not send him back. He will get work at once in some restaurant, if he has to begin with nothing. He hopes to educate himself and become a good citizen. I move to admit."

Every judge promptly voted likewise, and the boy was dismissed with a recommendation to the agent for the German Emigrant Society in another part of the building. This much is certain, anyone who leaves the Barge Office to enter this country will find help if he is able and willing to work, for every nationality looks after its own.

The Polish mother was questioned. She was going with her three children to a son in Wyoming, who had sent her steamboat and railroad tickets and a little money. She now had four dollars, and on this amount she expected to reach Wyoming.

"They are Poles," said the Major, as if that were recommendation enough. "If they started for a trip around the world on four cents, they would do so cheerfully, and they would make the journey, too. You don't see any Poles begging or living in charitable institutions. They are a healthy, hard-working, and clear-headed lot. They are honest, too. They are about the only people we have who don't lie when the truth would serve them better."

The young Italian girl was called for by her brother. He was a dapper little fellow. He wore a very good black cut-away, striped trousers with new creases in them, a light box overcoat, alpine hat, and patent leather shoes. He carried new gloves and a cane, and wore a carnation in his buttonhole. His black hair was plastered in two full curves low on his forehead. It shone like silk. He had arrived at the Barge Office early that morning to meet his sister, and had been promptly locked up in a little room with some fifty others who were waiting for friends or relatives. He had stood in this closely packed prison for three hours, without knowing the reason, but with a good-natured confidence in the Government.

"Stay there till you are called," said the official, as he crowded him in with the others, and he waited without a word.

The girl was an almost perfect blonde. She looked more like a Swede than an Italian, but on a second glance you could detect the South in the warmth of her coloring and the sombre expression of her blue eyes. It was her race and not her condition of mind that produced the half-melancholy, languid gaze she fixed upon the Major. She had been detained because the Court had received a strange anonymous letter denouncing her as an immoral girl. The judges placed little faith in it, as it was unsigned, and, after looking at the girl, they had still less. She told where she was born, her age, the names of her relatives in Italy, and said that her brother would meet her. She gave his name, address, and business.

"Have you any enemy?" asked the Major, in Italian.

"No, Signor."

"Have you ever had a lover?"

"Si, Signor."

"More than one, I guess."

"Si, Signor."

There was just a suggestion of a grave smile about her pretty red lips.

"Ever refused to marry anyone?"

"Si, Signor."

"Just before leaving home?"

"Si, Signor."

The Major waved her away, and she went quietly to her bench.

"That letter was probably written in revenge," said he.

The brother was called, and he came jauntily in, bowing and smiling. He stepped briskly to the rail without looking toward the bench. The girl half rose and sat down again quickly, but, though she said nothing and resumed her waiting patiently, her eyes shone with delight, her color deepened, and she held her head fondly to one side as she gazed at her brother. It had been three years since she had seen him. He could speak English, and answered every question with a smile and little nod of the head. He had come for his sister. He corroborated all her statements. He was a barber, had two hundred dollars in the bank and fifty dollars with him.

"Are you married?"

"No, but I intend to be."

"When?"

"In two, three years—when I have sent for all my family and my wife's mother and little sister. They live near my people in Italy."

They showed him the accusing letter. He read it and handed it back, saying, quietly: "It is not so. She is a good girl."

The Court voted to admit, and he was told to take his sister and go.

By much the same process my old Italian was given to his son, who proved that he could provide for him, and I followed the two out of the building.

When they reached the sidewalk they were surrounded by some ten or twelve

young Italians, who had come with their friend to help welcome the old man. One of them took off his overcoat and insisted that he should put it on. A number of them divided his bags among them; they slapped him on the back and laughed and cried at the signs of his joy. I saw them all climb into an express wagon belonging to one of them and ride off toward a Jersey ferry, with the old man smiling and tearful in their midst.

A few days later, as I was entering the Barge Office again, I saw the young Polish boy and girl who had been detained with the little cripple. They were standing, hand in hand, on the steps, looking curiously about them. I learned that the old father and mother, with the child, had been excluded. They had wept a little, but would not allow the son and daughter to go back with them. The old man had just missed his paradise after twenty years of toil and hope, but he was resigned in the good-fortune of his children.

"What will become of them?" I asked the Major.

"Oh, they will live on nothing, as they have done, and in two years, at the most, those children will send for them. They are Poles and by to-morrow they will be working at something."

It is a mistake to think that this country is being made a dumping-ground for Europe's rubbish. Year by year we are acquiring, by a process of natural selection, the pick of the nations. Those who possess thrift, courage, and ambition make their way here. The dull, the indolent, and the hidebound stay at home. The third and fourth, if not the second generation from these sturdy emigrants give us good Americans. The danger that we have most to fear is that we, too, will grow old as a nation, and that this constantly inflowing tide of new blood will be diverted to the ancient lands becoming young again.

# THE STAGE REMINISCENCES OF MRS. GILBERT

Edited by Charlotte M. Martin

11



It was in 1869 that Mr. Daly opened his first Fifth Avenue Theatre, in Twenty-fourth Street, where now is the Madison Square Theatre. It was in this theatre that Mr. Daly first showed New York what he could do as a manager. The little hall that had stood there next the Fifth Avenue Hotel had been turned into a theatre by "Jim" Fiske, and taken by John Brougham for his second Lyceum. Brougham was no business man, and Fiske was. Some difficulty arose, and the delightful old actor walked out of the house, never to return as manager. Mr. Daly stepped into his place to make a success of this second Lyceum, as Wallack had made a success out of the failure of the first Lyceum, down near Broome Street, nearly twenty years before.

Mr. Daly had begun life in this town as a journalist on the staff of the *Courier*. Even then he was trying to write plays, and had to live down the disappointment of having his earliest attempts refused, mislaid in manager's desks, and forgotten altogether. He got his first chance when he adapted "Leah the Forsaken" from a German play, for Miss Bateman, who was starring in this country under her father's management. It was Mr. Bateman, by the way, who gave to Henry Irving his first opening in London. "Leah" was a success in this country and in England, where Bateman produced it at the Adelphi Theatre in 1863. The play is still a favorite, though many have forgotten that it was the first of Mr. Daly's adaptations from the German. He also dramatized Charles Reade's "Griffith Gaunt" for Smith and Baker, who had the New York Theatre on Broadway for a time. Lewis Baker had been my manager in Louisville and Cincinnati, and his daughter was to be the present Mrs. John Drew.

As for the New York Theatre, we were all to know it better under Mr. Daly's own

management in 1873. It was in this theatre, by the way, that "Under the Gaslight," Mr. Daly's first original piece, was brought out. It ran for fifty nights, and was revived for the Worrell sisters. It not only stood that revival, but many, many others, and is alive to-day. I have been told that it was for this play of "Under the Gaslight" that Mr. Daly invented the modern spectacular theatre poster. He produced his second original play, "A Flash of Lightning," at the Broadway, while I was still at that theatre. That was the first time I ever saw "The Governor."

After all this early experience, Mr. Daly saw his chance to get the Fifth Avenue Theatre for his own, and it proved the beginning of thirty years of all kinds of managerial work. During those years there was hardly an actress or actor of any note who did not, at one time or another, appear under his direction. He did everything, from "handling" big stars to running a stock company and setting up comic operas. The big stars often cost him more than they brought in. Once I know, when he was managing some one very important and very expensive, it so happened that we of the stock company, who were also "on the road," had to pass through the car where Mr. Daly and his star were sitting, to get to our own part of the train, and they made joking pretence of not knowing us, and of our being beneath notice anyway. As I passed the "Governor" I whispered to him: "You needn't snub us; we're making more money for you than your star, and you know it." And indeed we were.

For my part, I have never believed in the big-star system of modern days. They absorb so much money with their enormous salaries that it is impossible to support them properly and yet make any money. My first manager, John B. Rice, of Chicago, always refused to have Forrest play in his theatre, although the two men were good friends. He reasoned this way: Forrest drew good money for the week or fortnight of his stay, but he



The Late Augustin Daly and his Two Boys.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York. In the collection of Mrs. Gilbert.

ruined the business of the theatre for weeks after and weeks before his visit. He was so great an actor that before he came everybody was saving up money to see him : and after he had gone, it was some time before anyone would pay any money to see an inferior man. Forrest understood the position entirely, and the two men never quarrelled over the fact that each chose to make his fortune in his own way.

It is impossible to say when Mr. Daly began to learn his business, but he was always at it, from the days when he organized his brothers and their playmates into a dramatic company, and gave plays in the smoke-house of his early home in North

Carolina, and later in the back-parlor of his mother's house in Virginia. Even then he wrote the plays, gave out the parts, and managed the whole thing with an iron hand. Mr. Daly never told me a word of all this—he rarely talked about himself anyway—but at our regular New-Year dinners of later years, Judge Daly, his famous brother, often gave us anecdotes of their common childhood. I remember he told us once that Augustin never acted in these boyish plays, but would often rush in among them all and show them how to do things. And often, too, “ he would flare up and discharge the lot of us. And we would have to come round to his way of thinking, and eat humble pie, before we could

get engaged again," to quote one of Judge Daly's stories. In all their games and plays Augustin was undisputed master, and he rode them all, though he was never willing to "be horse" himself.

Yet I have seen him on his hands and knees, making a most obedient horse for his own boys. He was devoted to those two boys, planning their future with more care and thought than he ever put into the plays on which all their fortunes depended. One of the children promised to follow in his father's footsteps, for only the Christmas before he died, he had written a little play that was given at home, with their father and mother in the audience. I have often thought that Mr. Daly would have been a very different man if his boys had lived. But they both died on the same day, one in the morning and one at night. It was malignant diphtheria. They were manly little fellows of perhaps eight and ten, or a little older. That was all a long time ago.

The first Fifth Avenue Theatre opened with a good piece, 'Tom Robertson's "Play," and a good company, made up of E. L. Davenport, William Davidge, James Lewis, George Clark, Agnes Ethel, Fanny Davenport, Mrs. Chanfrau, and others famous then and now. "Play" was followed by one or two regulation pieces, and by a starring season of Mrs. Scott-Siddons in Shakespeare and old comedies. I believe "Caste" was revived for a time. "Caste" was not so well done with Daly as with Barney Will-

iams; many little niceties that would naturally surround the *Marchioness* were overlooked. Wallack had bought the rights of the play in this country, but Florence produced his version first at the Broadway. A good deal of litigation grew out of it, and Florence claimed that he had memorized

the play, line for line, during the performances he had seen in England. He certainly had all the "business," and if anyone had sold or given him the play "under the rose," the secret was kept wonderfully well. In the end the courts here decided in his favor, for there was no copyright law or anything like it to protect Wallack, and Florence had been the first to produce the piece, and it was well produced. Florence used to say all the other parts were better done than his. A remark rather more modest than true.

Mr. Daly followed his revival of "Caste" with "Frou-frou." That was his first important adaptation from the French, and it was followed by

many others before he again turned to Germany for his originals. I fancy that he read neither French nor German; I know that he spoke neither. But he used to have a literal translation made of the play he wished to use, and then he would turn it and twist it about, fitting the parts to the members of his company, and adapting it all to his audience. In "Frou-frou," for instance, the *Baronesse de Cambrai*, the part I did, was a young woman in the original, only a few years older than *Frou-frou* herself, but of the world worldly. Mr. Daly brought her



William Florence.

From a photograph by I. Gurney, New York. In the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.



Mrs. Gilbert.

From a tintype in the possession of Mrs. Charlotte M. Martin.

up more nearly to my real age, while retaining all the worldliness of the character. And he did it so well and so thoroughly that never a word remained in my lines to give a hint of the younger woman.

After "Frou-frou" came "Man and Wife," based on Wilkie Collins's novel. Mr. Daly had commissioned Mr. Collins to dramatize the book. Now Mr. Daly wanted everything just *when* he wanted it, and would stand no delays, and English people don't work on those lines. At last Mr. Daly got tired of waiting for this particular play, and made one of his own from the book. There was no difficulty with Mr. Collins about it, I believe, for Mr. Daly wrote him quite courteously that, if the play ordered did not come to hand at a certain date, he would be obliged to use his own version. And he did. I suppose that, so far as any contract was con-

cerned, Mr. Collins had broken it, and certainly there was no law in those days to protect his book from being used over here; but when the piece proved to be a success, Mr. Daly sent him a thousand dollars. Just one little point to show how keen Mr. Daly's sense of dramatic value was. *Hester Dethridge*, my part in the play, he made as prominent as he possibly could. Indeed, it became *the* part in the piece, for he saw how much could be done with the weird creature who, in her pretended dumbness, never said a word, yet saw and heard everything, and, in a way, controlled a good deal of the action of the play. Mr. Collins, on the other hand, left *Hester* entirely out of his version.

"Man and Wife" led to a modification of our company. Agnes Ethel had become such a favorite in "Frou-frou" that Mr. Daly was anxious to have her take the



part of *Anne Sylvester*, the principal emotional character in this new piece ; while Clara Morris, a recent recruit, was put in for the second part—what is known as the “comic relief.” Miss Ethel’s rôle was that of a young girl, deceived by a Scotch marriage, you know. The general attitude of mind toward all that sort of thing was so different then that her friends and advisers prevailed upon her to refuse the part, even if it meant her final withdrawal from the company. Miss Morris was at once put in Miss Ethel’s place, and Fanny Davenport was given the comic part, making certainly a much more complete cast than that originally intended : for Clara Morris had in her the real stuff of an emotional actress, and Fanny Davenport had in those days a light, pretty touch in a merry part.

Fanny Davenport was with us for several years, and worked her way steadily through what were then the regulation stages from comic chambermaid to leading lady. She was the only one of her father’s children who inherited his talent to any great extent, though the others have done good work. E. L. Davenport was a wonderfully interesting man, a curiously fine nature, a student and a gentleman. He was a wonderfully versatile actor, too, but that by no means follows, as a necessary conclusion.

After “Man and Wife” came a star engagement of Charles Mathews, and then another play founded on a novel of Wilkie Collins, “No Name.” In the dramatizing of this the author assisted Mr. Daly, so you see there was no ill feeling over the matter of “Man and Wife.”

Bronson Howard’s rattling comedy, “Saratoga,” was the first native piece that Mr. Daly produced, and it held the stage for a good many nights. It crossed the ocean, took an English name, “Brighton,” won Mr. Howard an English wife, and became a favorite play in Charles Wyndham’s ré-

pertoire. Indeed, it is only a few years since he revived it with distinct success. But we, who knew it first in its youth, like to think of it as it was before any changes were made.

Then came “The Savage and the Maiden,” “suggested,” as the playbill said, “by a chapter in ‘Nicholas Nickleby,’” and I did *Ninetta Crummles*, the *Infant Phenomenon*, to Lewis’s *Savage*. No one needs to be introduced to the elderly infant of the *Crummles* company, but few of my friends would recognize me, now, in that low-necked white muslin frock,



Mrs. Gilbert.

Taken in 1865, when Mrs. Gilbert was with Mrs. John Wood. From a photograph by Brady, Washington, D. C. In the collection of Mrs. Gilbert.

those pantalettes and ankle-ties, with two long plaits of hair down my back. And “Jimmie” Lewis as the *Savage* ! I lent him an old wig that I had worn long before, in the performance of “Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp,” at the Broadway, a tremendous affair with two long braids, that had been wired so that they stood high above the head, and then bent forward. I remember that as part of that head-dress Mr. Gilbert and I had taken huge pins, as long as the modern hat-pin, covered their heads with tinsel, and stuck them round like a great halo of gems. I lent those to Lewis, too, and he was an object ! Then we did the regulation “Nickleby” act—Davidge was a perfect *Crummles*—supplemented by my old dances from “Pocahontas” and some



Mrs. Gilbert.

From a photograph by H. Rocher, Chicago. In the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.

new suggestions from Mr. Daly. I know he wanted us to do some funny business with a table. When Lewis was chasing me I was to run under it, while Lewis was to get over it. In showing us how he wanted it done the "Governor" was all over the stage, and seemed to be on the table and under it at the same time. It was thorough-going farce, of a kind that seems to have died out. What makes it pathetically comic to me now was that on one night, when we were playing it, my boy, who was a member of the Seventy-first Regiment, was called out, with his comrades, to put down some sort of riot up Harlem way. And while he was in danger of being shot, or at least hurt, at

any moment, there was I jiggling about in a short muslin frock. As soon as I was free I rushed round to the armory of the regiment—it was in Sixth Avenue then—but could get no word of him. By the next morning, though, when Fanny Morant came round to comfort me, thinking that the G. H. Gilbert, who had been shot, was my son, I knew that he was safe. That is my last very distinct recollection of the first Fifth Avenue Theatre, though I know Mr. Daly's original play, "Divorce," had a good run there. On the afternoon of January 1, 1873, not long after the matinée audience had dispersed, the little theatre was burned out, and we were homeless.

By that time we were too successful, and too popular. I am glad to say, to be allowed to be idle, and Mr. Daly was not long in finding some sort of shelter for us. He took the old New York Theatre on Broadway, the scene of his own first success as a playwright, and, in sixteen days, had it thoroughly overhauled and put in order for us. It had been a Unitarian church, and had passed through many hands and odd fortunes since its congregation had given it up. We used to say, in somewhat disrespectful fun, that we had to dress in among the grave-stones. The old place stood on Broadway, opposite Waverley Place, and the "Old London Street" was built on its site. I am not sure but that a part of the walls, still standing there, are the walls of the old theatre, and even, perhaps, of the old church. It was numbered 728, and that number remains there. It clings, also, in the memories of all good New Yorkers as the title of one of the prettiest plays brought out in the present Daly's Theatre. We did that same play in London afterward, under its secondary title, "Casting the Boomerang." The English courts refused to allow Mr. Daly to keep the original title, since it had already been used in England for another version of the same play that had been produced there with small success.

It is only my impression that Mr. Daly got the name for this play from this number, but I guess I am right. He took his names from everywhere, and always had a string of them for plays and characters. We got so that we were all on the lookout for them, as we went through the streets,

and would often call out: "There's a queer name, Governor!" He found some very funny ones for "Jimmie" Lewis and me. "Dollars and Sense" was one of his best titles, I think. I know when he was trying to find a name for that particular piece he read a whole list of titles to

us once at breakfast, and I said: "Oh, I like that one." Then it was spelled "Dollars and Cents," and it was Judge Daly who suggested the change. "Let the old man keep his dollars," he said, "but the old woman has the sense."

We were at the old New York Theatre only from January to June, in 1873. By that time the second Fifth Avenue Theatre, on Broadway at the corner of Twenty-eighth Street, had been built, or made over, for Mr. Daly.

Among the stars at the second Fifth Avenue Theatre, we had Edwin Booth in 1875, not long after his attempt to run

his own theatre had ended so disastrously. He was warmly greeted, and the New York people did their best to show their admiration and sympathy for him. Everyone knows the history of his later professional years too well for me to retell it here, but modern playgoers will be interested to know that when Booth did "Hamlet" under Mr. Daly's management at this period, Maurice Barrymore was the *Laertes* and John Drew the *Guilderstern*. Georgie Drew, John's sister, and later Barrymore's wife, was also in the company at this time. Charles Coghlan tried to do "Hamlet" at this same theatre, at one of his benefits. He was our leading man at one time, and a great favorite, but the very manner and finish, that made him such a success in the modern society pieces of



Miss Fanny Davenport.

From a photograph by C. D. Fredricks & Co., New York. In the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.

our stock-company, worked against him as *Hamlet*, and his was a curiously self-controlled, passionless Prince of Denmark.

Before Booth, Carlotta Leclercq had been the star for one season, appearing in "Pygmalion and Galatea" and "The Palace of Truth," two plays written by W. S. Gilbert for the Kendals. Carlotta Leclercq had been Fechter's leading lady. It is only a few years now since she died in London, but it is a long time since she appeared on any stage, save for one or two short London engagements. The only other famous name among Mr. Daly's stars at this time is that of Adelaide Neilson, who played her regular *répertoire* in the theatre in 1877.

But the real attraction of these years, from '74 to '77, was the stock-company, and it held good names and did capital work. Why, at one time or another we had Fanny Davenport, Sara Jewett, Charles Coghlan, Maurice Barrymore, Georgie and John Drew, and James Lewis. By the time "Pique" was put on in '75 Fanny Davenport was leading lady, and in that particular play we all had strong parts. "Pique" was not an adaptation, but an entirely original work by Mr. Daly, and it ran two hundred nights, a wonderful run then, and a good run at any time. People forget sometimes that Mr. Daly was a writer of plays, as well as an adapter and manager. He needed the barest outline on which to build a play; something he had seen in a book or read in a newspaper would give him the idea, and he would fill it in, and work it out with parts to suit us all.

It was when "Pique" was nearing the close of its run that trouble began to break

out at the second Fifth Avenue Theatre, although it took a year or more to bring it to a head. There is no use in reviewing quarrels at this late date, but I have always felt that the people "behind" the theatre thought that they could get on just as well without Mr. Daly's manage-

ment. I know that they treated him badly, and he lost money, and things were very much out of joint for a time. Sides were taken, of course, and the company was broken up. Lewis left, after a battle royal with the "Governor," and only those were retained who were necessary to support Miss Davenport in a starring tour, Barrymore and Drew being the principal ones. There was really no room for me in that work, but Mr. Daly said I was to "go along" until I made some other engagement. At that time there



Miss Fanny Davenport.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York. In the collection of Mrs. Gilbert.

were only two other big stock-companies in New York, the Union Square under Mr. Palmer, and Wallack's old company. Mr. Daly talked over my going to one or the other quite frankly, but confessed he would prefer my joining Wallack, as Palmer had already succeeded in getting several of his old company away. Indeed, Miss Morant, who had left Daly's some time before and was at this time with Mr. Palmer, got into the way of coming to take me for long drives, when the conversation used generally to turn toward the advantage of being at the Union Square Theatre.

As it happened, I went there finally, but the reason was a purely personal one. My boy was failing steadily by this time, and I felt that travelling about the country would hasten his death, and seized any opportunity to get back and be settled in

New York. So I, too, left Mr. Daly under a cloud of misunderstanding, for it was during one of his temporary absences that the letter from Mr. Palmer came, and I had no chance to explain to the "Governor" my private reasons for hurrying away in what looked like a heartless fashion. He told me long afterward that it was not until he saw my boy's death in the paper, that he understood what seemed to be my desire to get quit of his own sinking ship. He went abroad after this, and for a time we neither saw him nor heard from him.

In the meanwhile I was doing the *Chanoinesse*, in "A Celebrated Case," at Palmer's Theatre. It was a favorite part of mine, and it was a favorite with the public too, but for many reasons I was never really at home at the Union Square, and I shortly rejoined Mr. Lewis, who was playing under Mr. Abbey's management. Agnes Booth was in that company too, and we toured the country. Once, when we were in some little town near New York, we heard that Mr. Daly had returned, had taken the old Olympic—my first New York theatre—and was to open it with *l'Assommoir*. I do not remember whether it was a version of his own or the English version, "Drink," in which Charles Warner made his big hit. I wanted very much to see Mr. Daly, but was in a quandary about it. If his play were a success, he could not help feeling that we were willing enough to gather around him as soon as his foot was on the ladder again; if it were a failure, he might feel that we were triumphing over him a little. I thought it over a good deal, and it all resolved itself into one thing—I simply was sure that I wanted to see the "Governor" again, play or no play. So I managed to run up to town and get to the Olympic

while he was still rehearsing his piece. As I went in by the box-office I saw him standing well down the corridor. When he saw me he came forward with both hands out and real pleasure in his face. We had a good long talk, and he begged me to run in and see him whenever I could get to New York, for he had many things to say to me. *L'Assommoir* was no great success, and the Olympic was given up, and the theatre which, I am glad to say, still bears Mr. Daly's name was built. Mr. Daly wanted me to go back to him, but for the time I was under contract to Mr. Abbey. However, even we of the company could see that things were not going well with our manager, and that a break-up was not far ahead. And before long I was free to sign with Mr. Daly.



Edwin Booth.

From a photograph by F. Gutekunst, Philadelphia, Pa.  
In the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.

I was anxious to have "Jimmie" Lewis back in the company, too, and sounded the "Governor" about it. "Well, bring him in to see me some day," Mr. Daly said; "I fancy we can arrange all that. I got rid of a lot of hard feeling and bad blood in crossing that ocean." So Lewis and I came into the orchestra chairs one day when Mr. Daly was superintending a rehearsal. He came over and shook hands, quietly and pleasantly, just as if there had never been any quarrel, and everything was arranged beautifully. And then, oddly enough, Lewis made a great fuss over the very first part that was given him. In "Our First Families" it was. "There," he said, his face all twisted up with half-laughing disgust with himself, "you see how it is. I can't help it. I'm a born kicker, and I shall always be a kicker."

With the opening of the new theatre came the succession of successful plays, adaptations from the German and Shake-

spearian revivals, that spread over so many years, and took us from New York to England, Germany, and France and back again. John Drew had rejoined the company, and Ada Rehan had come to Mr. Daly, from Albany I think. But it matters very little just where she had come from ;

what is important is that she had had, even at that early age, the good, old-fashioned training in general work. I know that at one time she had been with Mrs. John Drew in Philadelphia, and anyone who had had that experience was the better for it. With such preparation Miss Rehan was as ready to take up the work that fell to her under Mr. Daly's management as John Drew was to undertake his. Mr. Lewis and I were old "play"-mates, and so we four—"The Big Four" someone has called

us—grew to understand one another thoroughly, and our working together was not only a pleasure to our audiences, but a real delight to us.

The first of the four to go was John Drew, and although his going takes me rather far forward in my story, it had best be told here. No one can blame a man for making his fortune in his own way in this workaday world of ours. Wiseacres and prophets shook their heads and said : "Drew cannot live without Daly, and Daly can get on very well without Drew ;" and some said just the opposite. As it proved, both sets of prophets were wrong. Although Mr. Drew was sadly missed in our company, his place was filled, and well filled ; and all of us who cared for him have rejoiced in his success and prosperity as a star. But at the time of his leaving we were sorry to have him go, and Mr. Daly was very sore about it, did not like

it, and showed that he did not. During Mr. Drew's last year with us his position was none too comfortable, and he needed all his tact to carry him through. We played our regular New York season, then toured the country, and then went abroad.

All over this country the word had got about that that was to be Mr. Drew's last season with the company, and of course everybody wanted to see him ; and they did their best to call him before the curtain. But Mr. Daly would never let him take a call alone ; he would rather have the entire company "out." So it went on, until it came to our last day on this side, a Saturday in San Francisco. For the *matinée* a play was given in which Miss Rehan had a strong *rôle*, and immediately after that performance she and Mr. Daly took train for New York, leaving

us to do some piece in the evening that would do very well without Miss Rehan. The idea was that, by leaving those few hours earlier, they would catch a steamer that would give them a week in London before the rest of the company would arrive. The audience knew that it was John Drew's last night, and the people simply let themselves go in their determination to show him their appreciation. After the play was over the usual number of calls was answered by all the principal players together, and then we went to our dressing-rooms. But the applause went on, and it was evident that it was Drew they wanted. The difficulty was to get someone to go on with him, for no one dreamed of disobeying the unspoken rule of the absent "Governor." The leading lady sent word that she was not dressed, and Mr. Dorney, the acting manager, came to me. "What shall I do ?" he said. I



Miss Agnes Ethel.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York. In the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.



had my bodice half unbuttoned, but I fastened it up in a hurry. "Where is he?" I asked, "I'll go with him:" and I started out for the stage. Drew was standing there, waiting to take me on. Then it came over me that it was *his* call, that he had earned it, and should have it, whatever happened. So I would not let him take me on, but I took him, well into the middle of the stage. Then I patted his arm, looked up and nodded in his face, and left him there to make his acknowledgments alone. He understood, but he never said a word about it. Only, when he passed me in the wings, he stooped and kissed me. "God bless you, Grandma!" he whispered.

I suppose everybody has kept the "stage waiting" at one time or another. I can remember doing it twice. The first time was in the little Fifth Avenue Theatre on Twenty-fourth Street. The theatre belonged to Jay Gould and "Jim" Fiske, and Mr. Daly was only lessee. In spite of the "Governor's" rules, Mr. Fiske would come into the green-room once in a while, and sit there chatting with one or another of us. So we all knew him in a way, and when the news of his murder reached us we were terribly upset. We heard it first just as the play was beginning, and all through the evening we were eager for any scrap of information. I had received my "call" in good time, and was on my way to the stage, when someone said something about Fiske, and I stopped deliberately to listen, forgetting everything else for the moment. I had not the slightest excuse for being late for my entrance, and there was nothing to do but fine me or forgive me. Mr. Daly chose

to forgive—although he was usually severe in dealing out fines—for he thought the circumstances unusual.

The second experience was altogether comic. It happened in Philadelphia, where we were playing "Dollars and Sense" in our opening engagement in

this country after our return from a trip abroad. Mr. Daly always made very close connections, and this time we were due to get in to New York on Sunday, and play in Philadelphia on Monday night. As it happened, we were late in getting in, and had to anchor off Coney Island all night. What with Sunday celebrations and rockets down there, and the excitement that always comes with getting home, we didn't sleep much! We got up to our dock in the morning, and I had just time to run up to my home, get a bit of lunch, and catch the one-o'clock train to Philadelphia. By that



Miss Clara Morris.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York. In the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.

time I was rather tired and thoroughly miserable, for I sometimes get the worst of my sea-sickness after I am on shore. However, the first act of the play went all right, and as I did not have to go on until the end of the second act, and had no change to make in my costume, I thought I would rest a bit. I rolled up the shawl I wore in the character for a pillow, took off my bonnet, slipped my most tired foot out of its shoe, and lay down on the floor of my dressing-room. I had no idea, whatever, of going to sleep. The first thing I knew was a great buzzing, then I sat up with a start. My door was full of faces, the "Governor's" looming up above them all, and all of them rather frightened. They didn't know whether I was ill, or had fainted, or what

was the matter. "The stage is waiting," said Mr. Daly. The way I got on my loose shoe and reached for my bonnet soon satisfied them that I was all right. My dressing-room was close to the stage, and I rushed on the nearest side, the wrong side, of course. There was poor Lewis making talk to cover my delay, but he had unconsciously become so English that he was saying: "I suppose my wife is quarrelling with the cabby over a sixpence." It was my business to run up to him and throw my arms around his neck. Coming in on the wrong side, of course I seized him from behind. He choked in his surprise, and even the audience had to see that that comic effect was unrehearsed and all my fault; but it couldn't see the scene that had taken place in my dressing-room, and that is one I shall never forget.

Our playing in Philadelphia at that time had especial point, for we had given our farewell performance there before sailing. I forget the play, but it was something in which I had no part. Still I had to be at the theatre, for it was from there that we were all to start. So I went down in my bonnet and wrap with my travelling-bag ready to take the midnight train to New York with the rest. Mr. Daly had asked me to be on hand, and had arranged a little scene that he thought would prove bright and amusing. When the piece was over the usual calls were received and answered. Finally they got Mr. Daly just by himself, and began to cry, "Speech, speech." Mr. Daly shook his head—a speech was something he rarely made. Then he said: "I have got someone here who can do it much better," and fetched me out, travelling-bag and all. I bowed to the audience, became confused and bewildered, and at last turned to him.

"What shall I say?"

He leaned over and whispered something to me and I repeated it aloud, got more confused, hesitated, and turned to him again. Again he whispered, and I repeated. I have no recollection now of the exact words, but I know they ended with a hope that they would not forget us,

for we should never forget them. The house liked it, and even Miss Rehan, Mr. Drew, and the rest never dreamed that our tiny comedy was not impromptu. It was like the "Governor" to give me a chance to say good-by to good friends.

It was he who first called me "Grandma." Sometimes when he felt especially friendly he would say "Gran." Sometimes, too, I was "Nan," for he had a great liking for my Christian name. "Come along, Anne Hartley," he would say, or when he was

registering at an hotel: "I want Anne Hartley Gilbert written just here, it will look so well!" And of course I would write it.

One of the last times we were all together in Brooklyn, Mr. Daly took Miss Rehan and me to dinner between the plays on a matinée day. At table I passed him a visiting card and asked him if he had ever heard of that person. It was an old-old-fashioned thing, with a satin surface, its edges so stained and yellow that they looked as if someone had been trying to paint a wreath about them. On it, written as if with a silver point, was "Anne Jane Hartley," and on its back was the address of someone in Conduit Street, London. Why I had kept it all those years, I don't know, but I had found it the very morning of our dinner, when turning over just the few bits of things I had kept from my girlhood, and had put it in my purse, as a surprise for the "Governor," knowing that he liked everything that was old, even my old name. And, indeed, he fairly chuckled over it.



William Davidge.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York. In the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.



His Excellency M. de Witte, Minister of Finance.

## RUSSIA OF TO-DAY

BY HENRY NORMAN, M.P.

V

### M. DE WITTE AND THE NEW ECONOMIC RÉGIME

FROM the unique and impressive spectacle of absolute autocracy ; from the docile, child-like masses of the people ; from the vastness of Siberia, slowly awakening to consciousness and productivity under the stimulus of a railway which links Moscow to the China Sea ; from the beauty

and Babel of the Caucasus ; from the conquest and annexation of the proud peoples and historic cities of Central Asia—I turn in this paper to a wholly different aspect of the Russia of to-day. No romantic story introduces it ; no clash of arms or diplomatic intrigue echoes through it ; the camera affords it but one single illustration—the portrait of a man. To my thinking, however, it exhibits the most wonderful Russia of all.

“ The Russian State is by far the great-

est economic unit on the face of the globe."\* To ninety-nine readers out of a hundred, this statement will doubtless be startling. It certainly was to me, when I first met with it, yet the facts to justify it are not far to seek. The Russian State draws an annual net profit of 45,000,000 roubles from its forests, mines, and agricultural property. It receives annually 80,000,000 roubles from its communities of ex-serfs for the use of land it ceded to or purchased for them. It is building by far the longest and most costly railway in the world, and it owns and works over 20,000 miles of railways, the net revenue on which is equal to one-seventh of the net revenue of all the railways of the United States.

In 1898 it received £180,000,000 into its coffers, nearly one-half of which sum was not produced by taxation. Its budget is greater than that of France by more than \$200,000,000.

In 1890, when one of the banks of London was unable to meet its obligations, the Russian Government had with it on current account a balance of so many millions of pounds that when the Bank of England came to the rescue a request was immediately made to Russia not to dispose of her balance before a certain date, since to do so would be to precipitate a financial crisis of the utmost gravity. Finally, besides being a capitalist and a banker of this magnitude, the Russian State is also a metallurgist and a spirit-merchant. In a word, the proud claim is made for it that it is the greatest land-owner, the greatest capitalist, the greatest constructor of railways, and carries on the largest business in the world. This is the aspect of contemporary Russia of which I propose to treat in the present paper. I need hardly add that it can be but a glance at a great and complex subject.

To some people statistics offer the liveliest interest; to most they are dull and soporific. Therefore I do not wish to fill my allotted space with tabulated figures,

\* For this phrase, and for many of the statistical facts which follow and justify it, I am indebted to the publications and the kindness of one of the most remarkable of living statisticians, a gentleman whose profound knowledge is only equalled by that personal modesty which has specifically forbidden me to mention him otherwise than as the Editor of the *Bulletin Russe*, a quarterly journal of financial statistics.

and fortunately an easy way of escape presents itself. Economic, industrial, and commercial Russia of to-day is, in a large degree, the work of one living statesman, and in his convictions and his activity its direction is incarnate. This man is Monsieur de Witte, Minister of Finance, and his career is many chapters of the story of how modern Russia, in this aspect, came to be what she is. Few people who know him well would dispute the opinion that he is probably the ablest and most far-seeing statesman in Europe to-day, and certainly no other exercises so great an influence as he upon the course of events. Outside Russia, however, and the higher circles of diplomacy and finance, he is comparatively little known, and not much that is accurate has ever been written about him. From every point of view, therefore, his story is worth telling, but I must preface it by the remark that while I am writing these words in St. Petersburg, during my second visit to Russia, he is in the Crimea, and I have consequently no opportunity of submitting any point to him for correction or elucidation. He has no notion that I am writing about him, and in no way whatever, directly or indirectly, is any word here due to his inspiration.

Serge Yulievich Witte was born in 1849, in the Caucasus, where his father, of German descent, was Director of State Domains. His mother, *mère* Fadayeef, was the daughter of the Governor of Saratof under the Emperor Nicholas, and of a Princess Dolgoruki, one of the oldest and best-known Russian noble families. His first studies were pursued at the *Gymnasium* of Tiflis, which must have been a very strange place fifty years ago, with its extraordinary mixture of Georgians, Armenians, Caucasians, Persians, and the like, all much more strongly marked with their national characteristics than they are in the same city to-day. To such an environment in early youth M. de Witte's wide outlook in after-life may probably be traced. From Tiflis he passed to the University of Odessa, where it is said he presented Georgian as the "foreign language" necessary to his graduation in 1870, thus compelling the faculty to import a professor of Georgian to examine

him. Like many another, he found in journalism the ladder to public life. M. Katkoff, the well-known editor of the Moscow *Viedomosti*, being first his pattern and afterward his chief, whom he supported enthusiastically in more than one of his hard-fought campaigns for a new ideal of Russian patriotism. He was also a collaborator of the famous Aksakof. M. de Witte's first post was a modest one in the service of the Odessa Railway, which at that time belonged to the State. He rose steadily from one grade to another, and his personal qualities were so highly esteemed that the municipality of Odessa elected him to the post of honorary magistrate, a kind of judicial arbitrator to whose decision both parties in a dispute can agree to refer the issue between them. At this time, too, the Odessa Railway, together with other adjoining lines, was conceded by the State to private enterprise and the whole, amounting to 2,000 miles of road, formed into the important Southwest Railway Company, of which M. de Witte, who had attracted favorable official notice by a work upon the principles of a universal railway tariff, ultimately adopted throughout Russia, became general manager after ten years of service. During the Russo-Turkish War he also greatly distinguished himself by administrative skill and energy in forwarding troops and supplies to the front.

In 1887 M. Bunge, Minister of Finance, resigned this office, and was succeeded by M. Vishnegradski, a man of great natural gifts and greater acquired knowledge. He had been for several years president of the Southwest Railway and other important companies, and, being therefore intimately acquainted with M. de Witte's career and capabilities, one of his first acts was to offer the latter a post in the Ministry of Finance. M. de Witte declined this, not unnaturally preferring his own independent position, but a dramatic incident which occurred soon afterward led him inevitably to St. Petersburg. As manager of the Southwest Railway it was his duty to accompany the Imperial train which met with the terrible catastrophe at Borki, when the Tsar, the Tsaritsa, and their children so narrowly escaped death. On this occasion M. de Witte's action recommended him so strongly to the Tsar that

soon afterward M. Vishnegradski's repeated invitation was backed by an Imperial command, and he accepted the post of Director of Railways, specially created for him. In March, 1892, he was appointed by the Emperor Minister of Ways and Communications; during M. Vishnegradski's long illness he undertook the duties of the Finance Department; and when the latter was compelled in August to retire from public life, M. de Witte was appointed, provisionally at first, and afterward formally, Minister of Finance. This was in January, 1893, and consequently by his own unaided ability he had reached the highest administrative post in the Russian Empire at the age of forty-four. In the very same year he fought the great tariff war with Germany and showed the world once for all that he could handle colossal issues of national finance with the utmost hardihood and that, having once entered upon a struggle, he would stop at nothing to bring it to a successful conclusion. Since that time his high-tariff neighbors have taken good care to give him no ground for reprisals.

The key to M. de Witte's economic views may be found in the fact that at an early period of his career he published a work entitled "The Political Economy of Friedrich List." The latter (1789-1846, "the politico-economic Messiah of two worlds") was an apostle of what may be called "educational protection," and this has been throughout his life, and it still remains, the fundamental principle of M. de Witte's economic statesmanship. Such a principle assuredly needs no explanation or comment for American readers, to whom it must be familiar alike in theory and in practice. M. de Witte's statesmanship has been directed, up to the present time, to four ends, of which this educational protection is the first and chief. A brief experiment he made, but dropped as soon as wider knowledge showed it to be unsound, may be just mentioned for the sake of contrast. He began with a belief in "rag-baby" currency — the issue of assignats, irredeemable paper money, for the payment of the cost of public works. Of this nothing more need be said than that the greatest achievement of his public life has been won in precisely the reverse

direction. The second subject to which he turned his attention was the fluctuation in exchange of the gold price of the rouble. These fluctuations seem almost incredible to-day, in view of the stability now so brilliantly established. In February, 1888, the rouble was quoted in London at 19 pence; in September, 1890, it sprang suddenly to 31 pence; by December, 1891, it had fallen to 21 pence. Between 1877 and 1896 the highest and lowest rates in London and New York respectively were 2s. 9d. and 1s. 7d., and 67 cents and 38 $\frac{2}{3}$  cents. The most pronounced gambling took place upon the Berlin bourse. In 1891 the hundred-rouble note had actually been quoted at rates varying from 245.10 marks to 191.50 marks. Financial reform, or indeed any important financial operation, was almost impossible to a country whose currency was thus the sport of the money-gamblers, so M. de Witte resolved to strike, and—perhaps remembering what the tariff war with Germany had cost him—at Berlin. So he struck, with his accustomed boldness, straight from the shoulder. It was decided that from January 1, 1894, to December 31, 1895, the gold price of the hundred-rouble note should not fall below 216 marks, and Berlin was informed that as many paper roubles as she cared to sell would be bought at that rate. Berlin sold gayly for eight months, and M. de Witte bought, then, when the final time for delivery came, her speculators had to go upon their knees to the Russian Minister of Finance and beg him of his mercy not utterly to ruin them all. He consented to let them off easily, and there has been no gambling in the rouble since. The Russian statistical historian remembers that not long ago an empty space used to be pointed out in the Berlin Stock Exchange, and questioners were told, "That is where speculators in the rouble stood." *Campi ubi Troja fuit.*

The rouble being thus placed upon a stable basis of exchange, the next step was obviously to the gold standard, and this supreme reform constitutes the third of M. de Witte's aims. The policy which had stopped the gambling at Berlin was continued till November, 1897, by which time experience had shown conclusively that the resources of the Russian treas-

ury were sufficient to enable it to announce definitively that payments would henceforth be made in gold specie, and by an Imperial *ukaz* of November 14, 1897, every rouble note was made to bear upon its face an undertaking to that effect. The most remarkable fact about this resumption of specie payments is the enormous contraction of paper money by which it was accompanied. On January 1, 1892, the amount of paper roubles issued was 1,121,000,000; to-day it is 630,000,000. That is, over £52,000,000 of paper money was withdrawn from circulation, the public being literally compelled to take gold. And what makes this enormous contraction the more remarkable, if not indeed unique, is that as in Russia the State alone issues paper money, these notes were not withdrawn in one form to be reissued in another.

M. de Witte's fourth great undertaking—the first in point of time—is under way to-day, but it will not be concluded for several years. This is the Government monopoly of the sale of alcohol. Hitherto his official achievements have been in the line of economic science, connected only indirectly with social problems. His latest legislation, however, strikes deep to the very roots of popular welfare. Drunkenness is a great curse in Russia, as everywhere. The consumption of alcohol per head is not so great there as in the United Kingdom, but it does more harm, for there is in Russia an entire class, the peasants—the very class upon whom in the last analysis the prosperity and security of the country rests, which is impoverished and degraded by drink to an extent not found in any class of any other country. The very virtues of the Russian peasant—his good-humor, his sociability, his kindness of heart—make him an easy victim, and to these must be added the terrible loneliness of his life, the long black evenings of winter, the total absence of any other form of entertainment, his ignorance and illiteracy, and finally the poisonous filth which has been all that he could buy in the shape of drink. To the late Emperor Alexander III. belongs the credit of seeing that this evil, destroying his people wholesale, must absolutely be stopped so far as legislation can stop it,



but hitherto no Russian statesman has been found courageous enough to carry the gigantic task to its logical conclusion. Already in 1885 a law had been passed prohibiting the sale of spirits apart from the sale of food, except in corked bottles, and forbidding the establishments permitted to sell spirits by the bottle to consist of more than one room, or to have on the premises any spirits in open vessels. This law killed the drinking-house, pure and simple, but the peasant could still drink all he desired by going to a *traktir*, or restaurant, where a few bits of fish and bread were also for sale. It did nothing to prevent the sale of physiologically noxious spirit, and, most important, it left the publican free to buy the peasant's labor or produce for spirit—the most ruinous course of all. The Emperor Alexander III. perceived that what had been done so far was after all but a half-measure, and that nothing short of a State control of the retail sale of drink would save the peasant from ruin. But M. Bunge, the first Minister of Finance to whom the opportunity was given, dared not seize it; M. Vishnegradski, the second, determined to do so, but always put off the first step till the morrow; M. de Witte, fresh from his financial success, and looking for new legislative worlds to conquer, has taken upon himself the burden of this reform.

The principles upon which he has acted are briefly as follows: A man drinks for three reasons: First, because he has a natural desire to do so; second, because he is excited to do so; third, because he is given credit to enable him to do so. From the first of these reasons drinking is seen to be inevitable: complete prohibition is impossible, and the evasion of it only leads to more destructive drinking than that for which a cure is sought. But the second and third causes given above can be removed: it shall be no man's interest to excite another to drink, and no man shall be supplied with drink on credit. Incidentally, no man shall drink stuff which poisons him physically and destroys him morally. Therefore it follows that nobody except the State shall make either a direct or indirect profit from the sale of spirit. This is what the law of 1894 is bringing about in Russia, a few provinces

at a time. By 1904 the whole manufacture and sale of spirit in the Russian Empire will be a strict government monopoly; it will be of pure quality; it will not be sold by the glass except *bona fide* with food; and it will be sold for cash only. I have heard not a little complaint and indeed denunciation of this legislation, but in my opinion it is a magnificent reform, under the peculiar conditions of Russian life, and redounds to the honor alike of the monarch who perceived its necessity, and of the statesman who is carrying it into effect.

In one respect this reform offers far less difficulty in Russia than, for instance, in England. In the latter country a man gets drunk, at his pleasure, upon brandy or whiskey or gin or rum or beer; in the former the only intoxicant known to the people is vodka. There remains, of course, nothing to prevent the peasant from buying his bottle of vodka and drinking it at home, but there, at any rate, as has been well said, "the blandishments of the publican would probably be replaced by conjugal remonstrances."

Finally, in this connection, what has been the financial result of monopoly so far as it has gone? Monopoly was certainly not introduced into Russia for any profit it might bring—the other reasons for it were so overwhelming as to render that one unnecessary, but it has been a source of additional revenue to the State, all the same, for in 1898 the net profit was over £3,000,000.

I have said above that the system of "educational protection"—in plain language, the development of home industries by means of high duties upon imported manufactured articles and upon raw material which the country itself is also able to produce—has been the central idea of M. de Witte's national policy. With the resulting industrial and commercial Russia of to-day he is more closely identified than any other man. In his latest report to the Emperor he points to this with pardonable pride. Classifying the national industrial production under nine heads—textiles, food, animal products, wood, paper, chemicals, pottery, manufactured metal, and various—from 1878 to 1887 Russia produced 26,000,000 roubles'

worth ; from 1888-1892 the output was 41,000,000 roubles'; and from 1893-1897 it had risen to no less than 161,000,000 roubles'. That is, the progress of the figures of industrial business—the industrial turn-over—during the latest quinquennial period was four times that of the preceding period, and six times that which ended ten years ago. The figures relating to the extraction and production of minerals are as striking as those of manufacture. Of coal, petroleum, pig-iron, iron, and steel, Russia produced in 1877 a total of 1,700,000 tons ; in 1898 she produced close upon 24,000,000 tons. Such figures are alone a sufficient justification of M. de Witte's policy, but as, under the Emperor, he controls the economic and industrial future of Russia, and as foreign capitalists will certainly turn their attention more and more to this country, it is worth while to quote from his own lips a lucid summary and defence of his actions. He gave this in an official speech a few years ago, but I have never seen it in English.

"History shows," he said, "that exclusively agricultural countries, even when they are politically independent and internationally powerful, are economically restricted to the rôle of tributary colonies to industrial countries, which are, so to speak, their metropolis. In exclusively agricultural countries neither intensive agriculture nor an accumulation of capital is possible. A large spirit of enterprise is never found there. Technical knowledge is rare there, and as our own experience shows, even the food of the people depends upon circumstances now of one kind, now of another, and against which agriculture cannot contend. . . . The best protection that can be afforded to agriculture consists in assuring for it a market at home for its products, and remunerative wages for labor which finds no occupation on the land. . . . The ultimate aim of the protectionist system is therefore to enfranchise our national production from its dependence alike upon foreign labor and foreign markets, and to raise our country to an economic unity of an independent importance. Like all other methods of action, protection should only be regarded as a temporary measure, in force until the time comes when its object is reached.

"It is not, however, surprising that many persons think this temporary measure should be permanent. Those who benefit by protection are not disposed to let themselves be deprived of all the advantages which it brings them. That is why we see a certain dissatisfaction at the influx of foreign capital for industrial purposes, capital which creates competition, which in its turn lowers prices and reduces profits. We sometimes hear individual interests, shielding themselves behind a sham patriotism, speaking of 'squandering the natural resources of our country,' or of the 'enslavement of our people to foreigners.' It is not the first time that such complaints are heard. They arose in the days of Peter the Great, when he wished to 'open a window toward Europe.' The Great Reformer himself had to overcome this 'patriotic' wish to preserve routine, ignorance, the spirit of isolation—in a word, all the fetters which confine the vital forces of the country. . . .

"The protectionist system has the effect of creating a school for our young industry. Important results have already been obtained in this respect. Doubtless this school costs us dear. The Russian consumer pays a high price for manufactured articles : that is the chief reproach that can be made against protection. But it is precisely for this reason that the present phase must be traversed as quickly as possible, and this again is why we must attract a large amount of foreign capital into Russia.

"Unhappily, the amount of available Russian capital is insufficient ; agriculture supplies almost none at all, and hoarded capital can hardly be attracted toward industrial enterprise. Abroad, capital is plentiful, and it is cheap ; we must seek it there. Beyond all question it is better to see foreign capital flowing into Russia, than to witness the importation of foreign products. For it is by means of this foreign capital that Russian production itself will be developed, obtaining for its own profit, at the lowest calculation, ninety per cent. of the value of the manufactured article."

This speech is not only M. de Witte's reply to the so-called "pro-Russian"

party, which detests foreigners and all their ways and works, and to those who charge him with destroying a natural agricultural community in order to create an artificial industrial one, but it is a concise summary of Russian economic policy. It deserves, therefore, the most careful attention in other countries.

Alongside his invitation to foreign capital, as a counterpoise to the protectionist régime—that is, to replace by it that healthy and necessary competition which a high tariff of itself tends to suppress—M. de Witte has done much to supply capital in Russia with its helpmate, labor. To give one example only, since the emancipation of the serfs every peasant has had the theoretical right to a passport (without which he cannot move outside his native village). In practice, however, he was almost as tightly chained to the soil as before; for passports are issued by the village community, the *mir*, and the *mir* only gave them to men whose payments of taxes were not in arrears. But as the *mir* is always in arrears of payment, for which all its members are jointly and severally responsible, it could refuse a passport to anybody. Moreover, if a number of men were working in a factory away from home, and that factory for any reason were closed, the police of the place immediately shipped all the workmen back to their own communes. M. de Witte has gained for every Russian of the laboring classes the right to a passport for at least one year. This reform, simple in itself, is obviously of the greatest importance in the development of industrial enterprise.

I have said nothing so far of the finances, national and international, of the Russian Empire. This is far too big a subject to be discussed adequately within the limits of my space, even if I myself possessed the technical qualifications for so very difficult a task, but as it has become of late a matter of frequent and familiar public comment a few words may not be out of place.

The Russian national debt is now over £650,000,000 (\$3,162,250,000), equal to that of England, and second only to that of France. Upon this she pays a yearly interest of about £26,000,000 (\$126,-

500,000). Now, in view of these vast figures and the long series of Russian loans that have been floated (chiefly in France) during the last few years, popular opinion, and indeed to a large extent educated opinion also, have come to regard Russia as a country which is not paying its way, which is expanding and undertaking new enterprises far beyond its financial resources, and which can only keep going by constantly borrowing from its neighbors. And this opinion is often popularly illustrated by pictures of Russian statesmen and financiers running about the world trying to raise loans.

In one sense it is perfectly true that Russia needs money; but in the sense in which the above opinions are commonly stated and believed, they are wholly inaccurate. The Russian public debt is very large, but it is being paid off at the present time at the rate of £2,500,000 a year. During the past ten years no less than £30,000,000 has been paid off. This striking fact is usually overlooked. Moreover, as security for its debt the Russian State (I am not speaking of the country of Russia: the difference is vital) has natural resources and productive public works surpassing in value those of any other State in the world. Besides its enormous mineral wealth, which has hardly been scratched as yet, it draws, for instance, an annual net revenue of £4,750,000 from its forests; and while the United States has almost exhausted its timber, and Europe is looking around anxiously to see where its wood and wood-pulp are to come from in a few years, the Russian State has 200,000,000 acres of real forest as yet untouched. (Official figures give a far larger area than this, but I am speaking of genuine forest, not mere forest-land.) Russia's peasants pay the State an annual rent of £8,460,000. It owns and works over 20,000 miles of railway. Its budget shows a considerable surplus every year—with these surpluses the Trans-Siberian Railway has been largely built. These considerations will place the financial position of Russia in a new light for most people, but what follows will astonish still more all who have not looked carefully into the matter. I turn now to Russian loans.

During the past fourteen years Russia has borrowed enormously—that is what

strikes the popular imagination. Probably £185,000,000 worth of her debt—nine hundred million dollars—is held in France to-day. But during these fourteen years Russia has converted and redeemed in cash previous loans amounting to over £440,000,000. In fact—and I have for this statement the signed authority of the most eminent statistician in Russia—from 1887 to 1900 *the Russian treasury has not received from new loans a single penny of capital more than the old capital it repaid its creditors.*

How baseless, therefore, is the widespread notion that Russia, like a spendthrift, borrows to fill the gap between her income and her expenditure, is thus seen. But why, it will perhaps be asked, does Russia borrow at all under these circumstances? For two reasons: First, to pay off more costly debts—loans previously contracted at a higher rate of interest—and thus to unify her debt, both for her own economy and for the convenience of her creditors; second, to construct public works necessary alike for the development of her national resources, and in order that many of the great industries which this development has already called into existence, and which largely depend upon Government orders for their support, may not languish and disappear, and thus perhaps fail her when she needs them most. This is what happens: Potential traffic justifies a new railway between two points; either the State finds the money in the first place, or it authorizes a company to do so, and as the company cannot dispose of its bonds the State takes them over at second hand; the railway is constructed and gets to work; the State borrows abroad as much as it has lent to the railway; instead of the bonds on, say, blue paper of the railway, there are the bonds on, say, white paper of the Russian public debt. These are precisely the circumstances under which much of Russia's national indebtedness has been incurred. In conclusion, the truth is that the Russia Government is glad to borrow money, at a lower rate than before, to pay off debts bearing the higher interest, or to carry out productive works, for the reasons I have given above; but it is under no present necessity whatever—and has not been for twenty years—to borrow at rates which do not fulfil the above conditions.

The directions in which foreign capital has been employed in Russia, or may be, are very numerous indeed. The cotton-spinning mills of Moscow and St. Petersburg are the first example that comes to mind, and their profits in the past have been enormous—reaching sometimes fifty per cent. and even more. The iron industry of to-day is largely a result of foreign enterprise, and the New Russia Company, Ltd., is one of the most remunerative businesses in the world. In the first six months of this year Russia produced 1,400,000 tons of pig-iron. But the Belgians have of late years established many joint-stock foundries and rolling-mills on principles which have proved—as they were doubtless intended to be—much more profitable to the promoters, who are safely out of them, than to the unfortunate shareholders who remain. Unless my investigations on the spot misled me, there will be numerous bankruptcies among Belgian enterprises in Russia, with their chimerical capital, before long, and this will undoubtedly injure the industrial repute of Russia, although her government can hardly be said to be blameworthy in the matter at all. The petroleum industry at Baku is almost entirely the work and the capital of foreigners, led by the great names of Rothschild and Nobel. Last year the total Russian output of petroleum was 8,467,927 tons, or 61,969,000 United States barrels, and it is steadily increasing. Such a production, in so short a time, would have been impossible unless foreign capital and wise and generous Russian regulations had worked hand in hand.

During the nine years 1890—1898 Russia produced ten and a half million ounces of fine gold. During the last four years the production has fallen off somewhat, but it is beyond question that there are vast deposits still untouched in Siberia, and that under a more enlightened official régime than that at present in force foreign enterprise would be able to exploit them.

Russia has vast deposits of coal, but for some reason or other neither Russians nor foreigners are working them to any great extent. The demand is increasing much more rapidly than the supply, prices have accordingly jumped upward, industries are gravely embarrassed, the State railways are a million tons short, and it has

been necessary to lower, temporarily, or even abolish altogether, the high duty upon imported coal. One cargo of this from the United States has already reached Kronstadt. Mr. Cook, the British Commercial Agent, calculates that the total Russian production for 1900 will be 15,500,000 tons, but that this will be one and a half million tons below the requirement. Yet in Siberia, as I described in my second article, the largest coal deposit in the world has been discovered and proved.

The manganese industry of the Caucasus offers, so far as I am able to judge, a remarkable opportunity for judicious investment of a certain kind, and, indeed, the mineral development of the whole Caucasus district will probably astonish the world some day. As for the Urals, their extraordinary richness in minerals is a matter of common knowledge, but few people realize what openings they present for foreign capital. Central Asia is as yet an unknown land to engineers and capitalists, but the opportunities there for a combination of the two—and I speak from careful examination on the spot—are great, and cannot fail to be seized before long.

This hasty summary by no means exhausts the directions in which M. de Witte's policy of educational protection invites foreign capital to come and establish a healthy competition with men and means in Russia. So far only a few capitalists have discovered Russia and her economic régime; they are chiefly Englishmen and Belgians, with comparatively few French companies and hardly a single German one. Not that joint-stock enterprise does not already exist on a large scale, for of Russian and foreign companies no fewer than three hundred and eighty-five declared a dividend during the first six months of last year, their total nominal capital being £73,000,000, and their average dividend no less than 11.6 per cent. But it may be regarded as certain that unless some international catastrophe should interrupt peaceful relations, men and associations with large sums of money to invest will turn their attention and their talents more and more toward Russia.

As so much ignorance prevails about Russia, and the general opinion of the world takes an unfavorable and unjust

view of her economic position and her commercial possibilities, I have naturally been led to give prominence to facts favorable to her and attractive to others. But I would not be thought to suggest that fortunes are to be picked up in Russia any more than elsewhere, or that it is sufficient merely to bring capital into the country to reap an immediate and rich pecuniary harvest. Far from it. In Russia, as elsewhere, plenty of people are waiting to sell you the worthless thing at the top price. The conditions of Russian industrial and commercial life are peculiar, and no enterprise can succeed which does not take them closely into account. Every country presents its own particular difficulties, and Russia at least as many as any other. There is here a way to do things, and a way not to do them. The openings for foreign capital are naturally known to comparatively few. Moreover, if the present policy of the State were to change its direction or lose its vigor, the whole future relations of Russia and foreigners would be different. Foreign faith in Russian economic freedom is as yet a tender plant, and it might easily be blighted. So far, however, Russia's record is a good one. Nobody has ever lost a farthing by trusting the Russian State. Six hundred joint-stock companies have existed since 1894, and of these not one hundred show shares below par. London cannot say as much. In thirty years only three banks have failed. The official conditions of the investment of foreign capital are more liberal than those of the United States, and the official attitude is one of sympathy and intelligence. And so long as his Majesty Nicholas II. rules over All the Russias, and M. de Witte is his Minister of Finance, or the successors to Tsar and Minister are equally far-seeing and wise-minded, there need be no fear that these conditions and this attitude will be altered. Indeed, among the many reasons Russia has for substantial gratitude toward her present Tsar, the fact that he should so clearly perceive M. de Witte's patriotic genius and firmly uphold him against his many enemies, constitutes by no means the least.

I have done with dulness. Having considered the theory at such length, let us

take a look at the practice. Come with me and see the thing itself at work.

In the south of Russia there is a large flourishing town, owned entirely by Englishmen, the seat of a large and prosperous industry, created by Englishmen, the most striking example of how foreign enterprises, wisely conducted under Russian laws, may thrive in Russia. Few people know of this, nor did I until I began to investigate the conditions attaching to foreign investments in Russia and to look for a typical case to describe. Yet such is the town of Usofka, the site of the New Russia Company, Ltd. You will not, by the way, find its shares in the list of quotations; they are all privately held, and nobody who has any would be likely to sell.

The founder of Usofka was the late John Hughes. He was at one time manager of the Millwall Iron-works, on the Thames; he built the Plymouth Breakwater Fort; and he made his first acquaintance with Russia by building the Constantine Fort at Kronstadt in 1864. His friendship with Todleben, the defender of Sevastopol and the saviour of the situation before Plevna, had something to do with his interest in Russia. Under Imperial protection he was sent to the south to search for coal. He found it, and the New Russia Company is the outcome. Now the management of the great concern is in the hands of his sons, and to them I have to express my warm thanks for hospitality and most interesting opportunities of inspection.

The railway station of Usovo and the town of Usofka are both named after John Hughes. They lie in the extreme south of Russia, just north of the Sea of Azov and about a third of the way from Rostov to Odessa. Much thumbing of the time-table is necessary to get there. As I came up the Black Sea from Batum, I left the steamer at Novorossisk (where there is the largest grain-elevator in the world) and went by train to Rostov. Thence to Khartsisk, and thence again to Yasinovataya—fairly unknown country, as you see. There at dusk a phaëton and dashing pair awaited me, and an eighteen-verst drive, quickly covered, across the steppe, brought me to my destination. As I entered the house a valse of Chopin was being played on the

piano. "You will find us in the billiard-room, when you're dressed," said my host. It seemed like a dream, so much civilization, all of a sudden, after months spent in provincial Russia, in Siberia, and in Central Asia.

The New Russia Company's estate, owned, not leased, extends to some 60,000 acres. Half of this is coal-bearing land, and one-half of this half shows enough coal to last the company for two hundred years. In fact, the company sells coal, and no iron-works would do this unless there was plenty to spare. Some distance away there are 2,700 acres of limestone property. The supply of iron comes from the hematite mines of Krivei-rog, where the ore averages from fifty-eight to sixty-five per cent. of metallic iron. These mines, of which the New Russia Company's share is 2,500 acres, are about three hundred miles away. There is enough ore in sight to last the company for from fifteen to twenty years. After that a fresh supply must be found. Its source is hardly a secret.

The manufacturing side of Usofka is like a huge iron-works anywhere else—a forest of chimneys, belching forth smoke and steam; a row of blast-furnaces, clouding the day and illuminating the night; great stretches of coke ovens; mountains of slag; acres of workshops; miles of railway with banging trucks and shrieking engines—the whole familiar industrial inferno. Beside it are two of the colliery pit-heads, and adjoining it on the other side is the town. This has no resemblance to a Russian provincial town; it is regularly laid out, its houses are solidly built and neatly kept, indeed many of them are luxurious; there is a whole street of capital shops, a co-operative store, a public garden, a branch of the Imperial Bank, a Cossack barrack. The streets are numbered on the American plan, and are called "Lines"—there are fifty "Lines," if I remember aright. The whole place, as a glance shows, is prosperous and well governed. It has no fewer than 30,000 inhabitants, and it has no other *raison d'être* than the New Russia Company, Ltd. Close the iron-works, and next week this town, as big as Colchester or Topeka would be deserted.

The pay-sheet of Usofka contains 12,000 men, and £50,000 a month is paid



in wages. This gives some idea of the scale of the company's operations, and of the benefit to Russia which this foreign enterprise confers. But the figures of output are perhaps even more informative. There are six large blast-furnaces, five working, and one kept in reserve. These are worked with what I believe is called a "ten-pound pillar." Last year the output of pig-iron was 335,000 tons. For the production of steel there are ten open-hearth furnaces (into which the metal is carried hot—an improvement, unless I am mistaken, upon English methods) and two Bessemer converters. Last year 50,000 tons of steel billets were produced. The rolling-mills, in which I noticed that an electric trolley carried the red-hot ingots from one rolling-table to another—a very useful little time-saver introduced locally—turned out last year 150,000 tons of rails. Besides this, 10,000 tons of "merchant iron" and 8,000 tons of "Spiegeleisen" were produced and sold. From the company's coal mines, six in all, 650,000 tons was lifted, of which about 30,000 tons was sold. Last year the Company made and used 350,000 tons of coke, and bought more besides, and it raised from its own mines at Krivei-rog 500,000 tons of iron ore. One other interesting item is that the company has a large farm adjoining the town, for the production of vegetables and forage, and that it ploughs every year some 8,000 acres of land.

To complete the appreciation of this great industrial enterprise, and its significance for Russia, two other facts should be borne in mind: first, that in 1870 there were only a few huts on the steppe where now this busy town thrives; and second, that the whole of the output during these thirty years has been used in Russia, and not a yard or a pound sent to any other country.

The workmen at a Russian place like this present many contrasts with labor elsewhere. Originally they were all from the land, attracted for a time by the higher wages, or actually driven from home by poverty. They worked in the mill for a few months and then took their savings back to the village home. Many of them are still of this class, but now these stay as a rule for three or four years, and there has in addition grown up a regular work-

ing class, dissociated forever from the soil. The growth of this proletariat is one of the most striking developments in modern Russia, and in time will undoubtedly transform many old conditions. Their wages are both low and high—low in actual money, high because the labor is inefficient. The lowest rate is 80 kopecks, about 1s. 8d. or forty cents, a day, and this rises, with the skill and responsibility of the recipient, until rollers and fitters and furnace-men draw from three and a half to four roubles, say 7s. 6d. to 8s. 6d.—\$1.75 to \$2—a day. Moreover, any factory in Russia is handicapped by the great number of saints' days and Imperial fête-days, when work ceases by official order. In fact, the working-days only average about twenty-one a month. The character of the laborers may be judged from the fact that they occasionally take a nap upon the railway line! I myself saw a man stretched on his face fast asleep on the iron plates which form the roof of a blast-furnace, with his head a few inches from a shaft up which at any moment poisonous gases might burst.

Foreign enterprises in Russia usually either fail or pay what would be regarded in England, at any rate, as very large dividends; and if they fail it is generally from their own fault. But they have to face a good many conditions which an English or American employer would find almost intolerable. For instance, the precautions they have to take against accidents are infinite, and if a man is killed the police procedure which follows is a perfect inquisition. For example, the foreign head of the department in which the victim worked cannot leave the country until a verdict is reached and penalties inflicted, and the various trials and inquiries may last a year or more. Again, in Russia the State imposes upon private enterprise obligations which elsewhere it discharges itself. At Usofka, since I am taking this as a typical business, the company has to support schools, in which are eight hundred scholars; a hospital, in which there are one hundred beds and six doctors; a force of police consisting of three head constables, four sub-constables, and seventy-six men; and even to make a contribution to the guard of one hundred and fifty mounted Cossacks quartered in the town.

These obligations, however, are a joke in comparison with the taxes which the company must pay. First, there is the tax on output —  $1\frac{1}{2}$  kopecks per *pud* (thirty-six pounds) of pig-iron produced. This works out at two shillings a ton: last year, therefore, the company paid over £33,000 under this tax. Second, there are the *zemstvo* taxes—call them rates. These amount to £10,000. Third, last year a new cumulative tax on general profits was added, and, as the New Russia Company had paid a dividend of fifty per cent., this tax was ten per cent. Fourth, as this is an English company, there is the income tax at home.

But even yet I have not touched upon the severest handicap of all. This can only be explained rather technically. Ironmasters will understand it, and others must believe that it is far harder than exists elsewhere in the world. I allude to the tests which the material supplied to Government, of course a customer much larger than all the rest put together and doubled, has to pass before it is accepted.

Take rails, for instance, very much the most important item. First, a 35-foot rail must not vary in length more than three millimetres from the standard. Second, a 5-foot rail, previously frozen, placed upon supports 3 feet apart, receives two blows from a half-ton "monkey," falling from a height of from  $8\frac{1}{2}$  to  $9\frac{1}{2}$  feet according to the weight of the rail, and must not break or show any defect. Third, after a deflection test of from 14 to 17 tons pressure the rail must not show a permanent "set" of more than .75 millimetre. Fourth, a tensile strain of 65 kilos. to the square millimetre (about 40 tons to the square inch) must not produce an elongation of more than six per cent. And fifth, the figure produced by this strain, added to the elongation and multiplied by 2, must reach eighty-two. I am assured that a British or American rail-maker would refuse a contract requiring these tests, which at Usovka are most scrupulously applied by a committee of Russian engineers.

Still I have not done with the hard side. After all these conditions, obligations, taxes, and tests, it might be

thought that the company could put its own price upon its output. But it is not the company which fixes the price—the Minister of Finance fixes it for it. When I was at Usovka the Government was giving its orders for steel rails at the price of one rouble ten kopecks a *pud*, which I work out as the equivalent of £7 5s. per ton. A year previously the price was 1.35 roubles. The Government gives its order, and you take it or leave it. If you leave it, a door is opened in the tariff wall and in come the British and American producers. Thus at this little game the Government always holds the four aces.

Poor foreign enterprise in Russia! Well, not exactly. Mr. Hughes went off to look for a fresh cue when I hinted a curiosity concerning the dividends of the New Russia Company, but I had a suspicion that if anybody could buy its shares at many times their par value he would think himself lucky. I afterward looked up these dividends for the last ten years and found them to be as follows: Nineteen per cent., sixteen per cent., twenty-eight per cent., thirty per cent., twenty-four per cent., one hundred and twenty-five per cent., fifteen per cent., twenty per cent., twenty-five per cent., twenty per cent. And at one point in this pleasing record the share capital was doubled! Indeed a list of the concerns working in Russia, with foreign capital, which have paid between fifteen and fifty per cent. dividend would make the foreign investor's mouth water.

In conclusion, since I have described foreign enterprise in Russia as typified in this great English business, I must add one word of reservation. The New Russia Company was founded when foreign capital was admitted under easier conditions than exist nowadays, for to-day the Government would not sell such properties outright, as it did in 1870. Moreover, John Hughes, who founded it, had the foresight of a commercial Prometheus. But I do not hesitate to say, as my last word, that for the foreign capitalist, if he knows where and how to go to work, there are opportunities to-day every bit as promising as those which Mr. Hughes foresaw and utilized thirty years ago.

ST. PETERSBURG, November 13, 1900.

# OUR TWO UNCLES

By Sydney Herman Preston

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. A. LINNELL



It is no wonder that I did not enlarge upon my uncle's talents to my wife. True, during our six months' married life we had shared each other's thoughts and feelings without reserve—that is, if Marion had kept anything from me I would have been heart-broken, while I would not have dreamed of concealing anything from her—yet a favorable moment for announcing that I had an uncle did not arrive. Indeed, the thought of telling Marion filled me with a nervous dread, so that, when I guiltily attempted to lead up to the subject, I stammered and avoided her eyes until she declared that I must have something on my mind, an insinuation which I indignantly repelled. I might have mentioned him casually, as the black sheep of the family, if I could have learned that any of Marion's near relatives were otherwise than virtuous and respectable, but they were beyond reproach, and in the face of such a phalanx of integrity I could not wilfully flaunt the statement that my only uncle was a rascal. Besides, how did I know that I had an uncle? He hadn't written home for a year and a half, and such neglect could only mean that he no longer lived in a world where a moving tale of misfortune might be exchanged for a remittance. For his drafts on the credulity of his relatives were generally duly honored, on the ground that he would be less likely to return home if his requests were granted. As a writer of fiction he was realistic, picturesque, careful in detail, but, alas!—inconsecutive. For instance, on one occasion he lost his left arm while coupling cars (tintype enclosed, coat-sleeve empty); four months later, other disasters having intervened, his left arm was mangled by a vicious dog from which he had rescued a child. (See tintype, with arm in sling.)

How could I, then, unfold such a tale to Marion, when she talked so constantly

of her dear old Uncle Andrew, that the contrast between the two men was always in my mind? I scarcely shared her enthusiasm for the old gentleman, whom I had never seen, for I knew he had been opposed to our marriage, and had actually wanted Marion to wait another year, until his return from Europe, so that he could see for himself whether his favorite niece had chosen a desirable husband, or not. Besides, it wasn't easy to get up an affection for a man, however estimable, who had studied my photograph attentively and then remarked that I had a weak mouth. Marion told me this with innocent gayety, and laughed at my indignation. If I had shared her belief that it was merely an absurd notion, I might have laughed with her, but I had always suspected that I lacked decision, and it was annoying to be prodded in such a vulnerable spot. I had supposed my failing would remain a secret, for I assiduously cultivated a decided manner, and the habit of acting instantly in emergencies, without giving myself time to consider whether I was doing the right or the wrong thing.

I smothered my prejudice as much as possible, however, when Marion talked of Uncle Andrew, and tried to sympathize with her in the belief that he was a paragon, but I failed to appreciate his oddities with her loving delight. It seemed to me detestable, for instance, that a man should so pride himself on punctuality that he would never sit down to dinner, in his own house, one minute before or after the proper hour; that he should make a practice of timing his arrival at a railway-station to within one minute of train-time, and then expostulate with the officials if the train was five seconds late in starting. He was punctilious in matters of form, as a rule, but I was warned that when he made us a visit I must remember that he disliked being met at the station, or having inquiries made as to his state of health,

or solicitude expressed for his comfort. I was also to remember a vast number of his other likes and dislikes—in fact, while I would not have ventured to express such an opinion, I was convinced that my wife's uncle was an old curmudgeon, and I wondered how she could be so blind to his faults. I was quite aware of my Uncle Harry's imperfections, yet I wouldn't have traded him for Uncle Andrew.

The two men were opposites in character, and everything else. Her uncle was old, crotchety, wealthy, saving, honest, respectable, truthful; mine was young, agreeable (in manner), poor (usually), a spendthrift when possible, a swindler, a liar. Uncle Andrew was a retired leather merchant, owning stocks in railroads, mines and mills; Uncle Harry had never been in trade, though he may sometimes have been driven by starvation to menial labor on railroads, in mines, or mills. Uncle Andrew, when he hired a cab, would naturally hire it by the hour, and pay the exact sum stated in the tariff; Uncle Harry, if he had any money, would promptly hire one by the day, regardless of expense. The driver, if a congenial, whole-souled man, would be treated to free drinks and a dinner, and paid with princely liberality; but if crabbed and suspicious, he might be left to wait in vain at the front entrance to some museum or other public building for hours after his fare had departed through some side or rear door.

I laid the letter on the breakfast-table, without reading beyond the first page. The disturbing phantom of my scapegrace uncle, that I had so often dismissed from my brain since our marriage, loomed large and near, no longer a baseless fabric, but a threatening reality. I looked up at Marion. She was staring at me with wide-open, frightened eyes.

"Henry," she gasped, "what makes you look like that? What has happened?"

"Oh, nothing," I said, with a reassuring smile. "At least nothing of any consequence—merely a note from Uncle —"

"Uncle Andrew—to you! Oh, Henry, is he ill?"

"Of course not. I was about to say that this is a letter from my Uncle Harry."

"Your Uncle—Harry! I didn't know you had an Uncle *anything*?"

"Well, I didn't either. I hoped—that is, we all thought he must be dead by this time. You see," I explained, in response to her look of horror, "he was a sort of rolling-stone—always travelling—always getting dead-broke—always writing home for money. Then, when his letters ceased, more than a year ago, we naturally thought——"

"Oh!" said Marion, with a tinge of reproach in her tone. "And what is his letter about?"

I handed it over to her to read. Her cheeks flushed and her eyes sparkled as she turned the first page. "How romantic! How generous!" she exclaimed. "He heard of our marriage and of your appointment when he was in the Mexican mines, and started north with twenty thousand dollars in his belt, meaning to give you half for a wedding present. Henry! do you understand?"

I nodded gloomily. "I read that far," I answered, grimly. "Go on—see if there isn't a request for ten dollars by return mail."

"I don't believe there's anything of the kind: it sounds perfectly true. How can you look so gloomy over the loss of the money when he escaped with his life from those awful bandits?"

"It isn't the loss of the money—I'd be cheerful enough if he had escaped without his life, but——"

"You mustn't make such jokes," she interrupted. "I'll not listen to them."

"Go on reading, then," I said.

"'I was penniless,'" she read, aloud, "'but I have been working my way north with a determination to invoke the power of the United States Government to claim compensation from the Mexicans. I would let the matter drop, for I am used to bad luck, if it were not for your ten thousand—but you shall have it yet."

"'It affects me more than I can say, to think that since last we met you have reached man's estate without yielding to the sin and folly that have ruined my life. And now, with a true wife to keep you straight, you are safe; while I, at the age of thirty, must look back (but not forward, thank Heaven!) on a career of weak indulgence. Be thankful, Harry, that it is

only in outward appearance that you resemble your

Unfortunate, but loving.

Uncle H.

"P. S. I send you a basket of peaches. It is a trifling gift, but I gathered them for you, and took care to put in big ones clear to the bottom. These fruit-growers are such rascals that I believe it's the only honestly packed basket that ever came from this Michigan district. I'm sorry I haven't enough money to prepay the express charges, but if you will kindly do so I will send the amount later.

'H. C.'"

Marion dropped the letter with an hysterical shriek. "Whatever does this mean?" she demanded in bewilderment, inclined to both laughter and tears.

That question I could not answer. Moreover, I could not invent an answer or any plausible theory that fitted in with my knowledge of my uncle's character. I laughed with Marion at the absurd contrast between the mythical ten thousand dollars and the still nebulous basket of fruit: then I fumed and sputtered over the insinuation that I needed a wife to keep me straight: later, I wildly declared that he was trying to make me a receiver of stolen peaches, and that I wouldn't pay ten cents for express charges.

I didn't. I paid one dollar and five cents; then I asked the delivery-man if he had a family. He had nine children. I loathed peaches, I said, persuasively, and I would feel obliged to him if he would take them home. He went down the steps without a word, looking back as he drove away until he reached the corner, when his wondering mouth closed on a peach.

What made me most uneasy was the fact of my uncle not having followed his usual custom of asking for money. He hadn't even given an address to which a remittance might be sent, if I were soft-hearted enough to wish to send one: and I could only guess that this letter was meant to pave the way for some exceptional demand, unless—but I would not let myself dwell upon the possibility that he might be on his way to visit us. To my surprise, Marion was more interested than depressed by my account of his mis-

deeds: in fact, she was so entertained that I began to view him more from an artistic stand-point and less from his personal undesirability as a near relative. Certainly, my uncle was a rascal, but he wasn't a dull rascal. Though I began to feel a sympathetic toleration for his existence, I wouldn't admit that he hadn't stolen the peaches. Marion rebuked me for suspecting him. "Why," she declared, indignantly, "you are positively ungrateful! Think of the privations he has endured! Probably he's been working as a farm-hand and earned them as wages; besides, the nature of the present makes it quite affecting. It's just as if he had sent flowers from his own garden."

I began to see that I could not afford to let Marion think that I was lacking in fine instincts, so I relented outwardly; inwardly, I vowed that I would feel just as callous if my uncle had sent flowers from his own grave.

## II

THE cold November wind, howling fiercely outside, seemed to emphasize the cosiness of the little house on the evening of our first tea-party. We looked upon it in the light of a house-warming on a small scale for, after marrying as soon as I was sure of a modest income, we had had the pleasure of gathering our house-keeping possessions together by degrees, as the money was saved to pay for them. Consequently, every article, from the toasting-fork in the kitchen to the lace-curtains in the parlor, was hallowed by the remembrance of our first joy of ownership and the associations connected with its purchase. And then, when our long-wished-for tea-set was bought, we were at last able to entertain our friends.

It was a small company, but it could not fail to be a jolly one, with Harold Jones there. He had been my closest friend at college, and my marriage had not lessened our regard for each other. He was full of the kindly, sparkling humor that Marion and I both found refreshing, and if we had been his engaging grandchildren, playing with new toys he could not have shown more delighted interest in our doings. It pains me to recall that I was responsible for his leaving

our house that night, looking like a funeral mute, yet Harold himself—generous soul!—forgave me the next day, gratefully remembering the occasion as the delightful evening when he first met my cousin, Jean Acres. Afterward, when I looked back on the merry time we had in the dining-room over our tea, I realized with a pang how cruel our enjoyment must have seemed to the shivering, hungry man, who looked on through the slats of the window-shutters.

We had finished, and I was about to follow the others into the parlor, when a scratching noise at the window caused me to turn. As I looked, the shutter swung slowly outward; a man's face, haggard and wan, emerged from the surrounding darkness into the shaft of light.

We gazed steadily into each other's eyes. For my part, I was motionless with the horror of the thought that the face was mine, transformed by some ghostly reflection of the window-pane; then, with a flash of memory I recalled my uncle's appearance as I had seen him ten years before, a carefully dressed, erect, debonair young man; dark-brown eyes that sparkled with a mocking light, a ready smile, an almost courtly manner.

This form was stooped; the eyes dull and heavy; a weary, care-worn curve about the mouth—and yet, it was my Uncle Harry. In his eyes I read a questioning appeal, not for charity, but for rightful recognition. I was at liberty to draw down the blind and shut him out in the cold and darkness: he was waiting to see if I were the sort of man who would be content to revel in luxury and leave my own flesh and blood to hunger and despair. If so, he had pride enough, and perhaps strength enough, to turn silently away.

A rush of pitying sympathy welled up within me. I made a gesture of invitation, closing the door leading to the front part of the house; a moment later the rear door opened.

"Blood," said my Uncle Harry, hoarsely, as he gripped my extended hand, "is thicker than water."

Mine was leaping in my veins so that I could not speak, but his eyes were already fixed on the table with the longing gaze of a starved animal, and my silence

was unnoticed. I cleared a place for him, leaving him to satisfy his hunger while I went into the parlor.

It was the beginning of a hopeless attempt to appear to be in the same room with our invited guests, and also to spend a goodly portion of the time with the uninvited one. I hoped the others did not notice my periodical disappearances, but I could see that Marion looked plainly disturbed every time I returned from the dining-room. I ignored her occasional swift appealing glances of inquiry, and, divining her intention to excuse herself for the purpose of investigation, I relentlessly checkmated every such movement by vanishing myself, when the danger became imminent. Harold, too, I fancied, suspected me of surreptitiously gorging myself on the left-over delicacies, for when he caught sight of me slipping into a chair near the door, for the third time, he was suddenly convulsed with laughter, but when I looked at him sternly he buried his face in his handkerchief and pretended to sneeze. He atoned for this, however, by laughing uproariously at my remarks, inventing a point when necessary, for although I assumed a convivial manner, in my attempts to be entertaining, my mind was distracted by the problem of how to get rid of my uncle.

Fortunately, he was most willing to be got rid of, for he admitted being in desperate straits. Not for a million dollars would he take the risk of a detective tracking him to my house, thus bringing disgrace upon me. He was innocent of present wrong-doing, but the pitiless sleuth-hound of the law, not content to let a man who had once made a false step earn an honest living, had raked up some bygone flaw in his career.

I pitied the man, as I saw the weary hunted look in his eyes, his shabby clothes, and the effort he made to carry himself bravely. But later in the evening he began to revive, and when I professed a willingness to lend a helping hand, his eyes became moist with grateful emotion. If I could spare enough money to land him in Pittsburg and a few dollars besides, he would be able to get work and pay me in a few weeks. He would try to make himself worthy—my confidence would not be misplaced—I would never regret—he



could say no more, but he leaned back in the chair, shielding the upper part of his face with one hand : the silence was eloquent.

It seemed a reasonable proposition, and my impulse was to give him the money at once : then I decided it would be as well to see him off, so I promised to meet him at the Central Station in time for the midnight Chicago Express. I hastily got my second-best overcoat from the hall-rack, leaving him to put it on and make his way out, while I went back to the parlor, relieved in mind.

Our guests arose to go, not long afterward. While the ladies were upstairs I helped Mr. Lancey, the curate, into his overcoat ; then I heard Harold call out, from the back hall, " Say, Harry, I can't find my coat ! "

A glance at the rack showed me what had happened. Harold's was gone, but my second-best coat was still there. I grabbed it with one hand and dragged Harold into the dining-room with the other, feeling that it was a comparatively trifling matter that his coat was missing, since I had been mercifully preserved from giving the Rev. Joseph Lancey's away.

" Hush ! " I whispered, closing the door. " Don't tell anyone—it's *gone*."

" Gone ! " he echoed, staring at me stupidly.

" Yes, yes," I said, impatiently : " I gave it away—get into this."

" You gave it away ! " he gasped, jerking his arm out of the sleeve just as I had almost got it encased.

" I did," I repeated, with determined restraint, following him up as he tried to edge himself around to the other side of the table. " It's gone, but I'm going to let you have this one for to-night. Stand still," I commanded, as he wriggled protestingly, " you ought to be thankful——"

" I want my own coat," he declared, in a high, complaining tone. " Give me my——"

" Don't shout like that ! " I snapped, fiercely, for I was afraid his voice had reached Mr. Lancey. " You're acting like a baby, but you couldn't get it if you sat down on the floor and howled. I—gave—it—away. Come, get in."

He stood like a manikin while I slipped the coat on, then began again, ingratiating-

ly, as I buttoned him up, " Try to think what you did with it, old man. You hid it for a joke, I suppose, and then you forgot *where*. Would it be in that little cupboard under the stair ? If you get it for me now I'll promise to drop around to-morrow and try this thing on, but I wouldn't be seen in it to-night. I want my own——"

He broke off at my look of desperation, and I set my teeth together in silence. I got two buttons fastened at the top of the ulster and two at the bottom, but the middle ones were impossible.

I stepped back to view my handiwork, and burst into a fit of laughter at the absurd figure he made. The ulster touched the floor behind and was some inches shorter in front ; there was a dreadful bulge at the waist, and only the tips of his fingers showed from the sleeves.

" Harold," I gasped, " it's an awfully—good joke. You'll laugh—when—when you—see the point ! "

His lips parted, but only to begin solemnly, " Give me my own——"

He stopped at my fierce gesture. " I tell you for the last time, I—gave—it—away. I'll bring it to you to-morrow—I'm going to the Chicago Express at midnight, and——"

" Harry," he pleaded, " try to brace up and think of what you are saying. If you had given it away you couldn't have it to bring to me to-morrow—and don't you see if you go to Chicago you won't be here anyway. Far better—I mean, far funnier——" he interjected a feeble laugh, " to drag it from its hiding-place to-night, and then I can have——"

I left him abruptly—just in time. The Lanceys and Jean Acres were in the hall, saying good-night. Jean suddenly began to choke. Looking back I saw Harold emerging from the dining-room. " He says he gave——" he began.

" Yes, yes," I said, in a loud tone, shaking his fingers : " we'll arrange that to-morrow, Harold. Good-night."

I turned to look for Jean, for Harold was to see her home. She was in the parlor trying to stifle her laughter by burying her head in a sofa-cushion. " Oh, Harry," she asked, " where *did* he get such a coat ? "

" Hush ! " I answered. " I gave it to him. Come along quickly—he's waiting."

I had to urge her to hurry, for she de-



"Henry," she gasped, "what makes you look like that?"--Page 337.

clared she would die if she saw him again ; indeed, by the time we reached the front door, Harold had followed the Lanceys. I called him, and he waddled back, expectantly. "Are you going to give me—" he began.

"Harold," I said, reprovingly, "you've forgotten Miss Acres."

My cousin went out, with her handkerchief up to her face, forgetting to say good-night, or unable to speak.

The moment the door closed, Marion turned to me. "What *have* you been doing?" she cried. "What's the matter with Jean? What has happened to Mr. Jones? Why did he tell me as he went out not to let you go to Chicago?"

My uncle was awaiting me in the shadow of the station building. "See here, Harry," he began, in an injured tone : "this is a good warm coat, but if I went on wearing it I'd be arrested on suspicion. Look!"

I had to laugh as I looked, for the coat, that had been made to fit Harold's short and rotund figure, hung like a sack on his tall frame, while his legs and arms projected absurdly. He laughed, too, when I explained the mistake, and when I had

parted with my well-fitting best overcoat and had donned Harold's he was profuse in his thanks, but his manner became distinctly patronizing.

"I tell you what, my boy," he said, "I haven't had a fit like this for years. Some people give away cast-off clothes and feel mighty generous, but I could swear that this is brand-new."

I sighed—with a touch of pride in my obvious virtue ; with regret for my lost garment ; with thankfulness that I had been saved from such mistaken self-righteousness.

"It reminds me," he went on, "of something that happened to me last week." He chuckled merrily.

"What was that?" I asked.

"An old gentleman whom I had never seen before presented me with his own ticket from Chicago to Cleveland."

He paused for comment. I made none, for I didn't believe a word of it.

"It's a fact," he continued. "He even took the trouble to run after the train and hand it to me. But the most curious thing about it is that you have his photograph on your dining-room mantel-piece."

"Impossible!" I exclaimed. "That's Andrew Sinclair, my wife's uncle. Catch

him giving away his ticket ! He's a hard-headed old Scotchman." I laughed, scornfully.

My uncle looked at me curiously. "Harry," he said, after a pause, "I gather that the old gentleman isn't a great favorite of yours, so I'll tell you the incident without reserve. A week ago to-day I was as anxious to get away from Chicago as I am to get away from here. I had only a dime in my pocket when I went down to the depot, but I thought something might turn up. It did. Just as the train for the East began to move I saw an old gentleman rushing out of the building with a grip in his left hand and a ticket in his right. If there had been time for

a second thought I might have resisted the temptation, but there wasn't. I jumped on the rear platform of the last car just as he arrived, puffing like a grampus. I stretched out one hand, invitingly, and—" he stopped, gasping with laughter.

"You didn't—ha ! ha !"

"Well, there wasn't time to ask questions. He may have wanted to be helped on board, but it looked as if he were offering me the ticket, so I——"

"You—you took it !" I exclaimed, struggling to be stern. "Didn't you—didn't you know that was wrong ?"

"Well," he answered, gravely, with a little sigh, "the fact is—I *didn't*. I acted on an impulse. I needed the ticket : he didn't. It couldn't have mattered much to him to wait for the next train—I couldn't wait. I can see now that it *was* wrong, but somehow I can't *feel* that it was. For one thing, he looked to me like a man who could pay for a special train as easily as for a ticket."

He paused, but with such distinct note of anxious inquiry that I hastened to assure him that Uncle Andrew was one of the wealthiest men in Cleveland. From his manner I became suddenly aware, too late, that my tone had implied approbation of his conduct.

"The conductor came out of the door just then," he went on, with a chuckle, "so I waved my hand and shouted 'Good-by, uncle ; love to aunt !' I'm blessed if the old boy didn't take out his handkerchief and wave it in reply. It was quite a relief to me, for I saw that he was game, and didn't mean to give himself away by making a fuss."

I had difficulty in concealing the exultant merriment that possessed me when I heard how Marion's uncle had missed his train. I knew it was wrong of me to feel as I did, but in spirit I reminded him that if I *had* a weak mouth I would know better than to be fleeced by my Uncle Harry. I knew, too, that I was virtually rewarding the wrong-doer when I gave him ten dollars and his ticket, in place of five, as I had intended, yet I did so, cheerfully.

The express made a ten-minute stop, and I accompanied him into the car.



I would have waited to wave a last adieu from the platform, but he suggested that my coat was attracting attention and bade me an affectionate farewell. As I turned to leave, he thrust his hand into a pocket of the overcoat and called after me, "Oh, Harry, you forgot"—he broke off suddenly, looking confused—"some cigars and a match-box," he went on. "I'll keep them, if you don't mind."

"Keep them, by all means," I responded, heartily.

As I went through the waiting-room a Pullman porter passed me on the run. "Heah," he said to the ticket-agent, "the gen'laman made a mistake—he wants this ticket changed from Pittsburg to Cleveland."

I stopped him as he was hurrying back with the ticket. "What sort of a looking man is he?" I asked, putting my hand into my pocket.

"Lordy, sah!" he exclaimed, starting in alarm. "I thought you was him. You 's as like as peas—'cept," he added, with a grin, "youah ovahcoats ain't alike."

That impertinence cost him fifteen cents—I gave him a dime instead of a quarter.

The train was moving when I reached the platform, and I jumped upon a truck to get a clear view of the rear first-class coach. He wasn't there. As I stood transfixed, the Pullman rolled slowly past and in the brilliantly lighted smoking saloon sat my Uncle Harry. He was leaning back in an attitude of luxurious abandonment; in one hand he held a lighted cigar, in the other a glittering object, at which he gazed in fond anticipation. My eyes were dazzled by the sparkle until, as he slowly raised it, I saw, too late, my precious cut-glass and silver brandy-flask, ruthlessly torn from a respectable home in our sideboard cupboard.

I walked homeward, choosing the most secluded streets, acutely conscious that I was neither short nor stout. For the first time I understood Harold's insistent longing for his own coat, and I ardently wished that he had it—nor was I consoled by the thought that when it once more graced his form I would have to wear my abandoned, shabby ulster.

Until this final proof of my uncle's depravity, I had plumed myself on being both astute and generous in my treatment



"Don't tell anyone—it's gone."—Page 340.

of him; but now, I had the bitterness of knowing that I had been neither—my coat, my money, my precious flask were utterly thrown away. But this consideration was a trifle, in comparison to the dread that his raid upon me was only preliminary to the carrying out of some deeper scheme. True, he was gone, and certainly to Cleveland; and Cleveland was three hundred miles west; but then, to him, distance was nothing, and he was as careless of time as of money.

I stopped before a letter-box, thrusting my hand into my breast-pocket with the vague idea that I had a letter to mail. It was empty; then I remembered with a smile that I carried letters in my own coat pocket, and not in Harold's. The smile ended in a groan, for in an instant I knew that Marion had that morning given me a letter addressed to her uncle. Had I left it in the pocket of my lost coat? Alas! I didn't know. Over and over again I tried to conjure up a vision of myself dropping it into a box. Sometimes the vision appeared, but only to fade away.

By the time I reached home I had decided not to mention the matter to Marion.

A doubt lodged in her fertile brain might develop in an hour into a blighting, peace-destroying belief in coming disaster. How could I think, then, of giving her needless pain? It would be time enough in a week, if a reply didn't arrive, to explain how her letter might have been lost. In the meantime, no harm could be done, for there was nothing of importance in it, and my uncle would certainly take care to give the man whose ticket he had stolen a wide berth.

It was a week after our tea-party, that, with secret self-gratulation, I handed Marion a letter from her Uncle Andrew. She opened it eagerly, then her smile died away and a puzzled look crossed her face; as she turned the page she dropped the letter, covering her face with her hands. In an instant I was beside her, as she sank into a chair and closed her eyes.

"What is it?" I cried. "What has happened?"

"Oh!" she wailed. "Poor Uncle!"

I thought he must be dead, and felt shocked and sorry for her: yet I could think of nothing to show my sympathy, but, "When—when did he die?"

Her eyes opened. "Worse—far worse!" she gasped. "His mind—" her voice was choked with sobs.

I stooped to pick up the letter. "*Don't!*" she cried, vehemently. "I'll tell you. His mind is—*gone!*"

So was the letter—she had thrown it into the fire.

"Marion," I said, sternly, "why did you burn that letter?"

"Because," she answered, defiantly, "it was my own: and though uncle isn't responsible for what he wrote, I couldn't



The absurd figure he made.—Page 340.

bear you to see what he imagines about—you."

It was half an hour before I succeeded in convincing her that I hadn't any feelings, and that I must know; then I picked out the truth in small pieces.

"He thinks," began Marion, "that you are visiting him." She smiled pathetically.

"Good Heavens!" I exclaimed.

"He imagines that you—you brought him my letter."

I groaned in dismay. "Is that—all?"

"N—no—not quite. He said he liked the frank way in which—you admitted—having—oh, oh! I can't!"

"Go on," I urged, frantically. "I don't mind a bit."

"—having stolen—oh, dear!—his ticket, but—"

"Ha! ha!—but—?"

"—when you said you had—had been drinking—"

"The devil!" I shouted.

"*Henry!*"

"It's all right—I meant *my* uncle—drinking?"

"—at the time, and that it was her— . . . oh, how dreadful!—her—"

I gripped her arm in anguish. He had confessed that I was a thief, a drunkard—was there yet a lower deep? "Wait—one moment," I gasped. "*Now*—make it short. . . . It was her—"

"—editary!" she cried, explosively.

I burst into a wild peal of laughter. "Is that all?" I demanded.

"The rest was dreadfully mixed up. He wanted your appetite removed—of course he meant improved—and he'd pay all expenses. You had a wonderful head for business, and three months at the G. C. would make a new man of you; and then—"

"Three months at *what?*?"

"The *G. C.*—whatever that means. What do you suppose he meant?"

I smiled compassionately. "Stop," said Marion, putting her hand to her head,—"don't speak—it's coming back. . . . There—I've got it! I remember he said it made a new man of him."

"What did?" I cried, in astonishment.

"The Golf Club!"

We took the midnight express for Cleveland. My one desire was to confront our uncles—both together, if possible. Marion was equally indignant. Now that she knew her uncle was sane, she was vehement in her denunciations of him, while I tried to fan the flame of her resentment by declaring that he was an innocent old man, who had been gulled by the devilish ingenuity of my too clever uncle. Then Marion wished me to understand that her uncle was a man of intellect and good breeding, who should have known better; but that from my own account my uncle acted in the way that might have been expected of him. Whereat, I squirmed, relapsing into silence.

We had a miserable night. After lying awake for hours I dressed at dawn and went into the smoking-saloon. The brakeman and Pullman conductor were there, beguiling the time by telling each other tales. I sat down to smoke, listening idly.

"Did you hear what struck Gaffney the other day?" the brakeman was saying. "It 'd be as much as a man's life's worth to mention droppin' a letter to him—or missin' a train; much less losin' a conductor. He was runnin' from Cleveland to Buffalo on No. 17, an' when he was takin' up the tickets he come to a swell-dressed young feller, sittin' by himself, with his head hangin' down as if he was asleep. You know Gaffney's way of askin' for tickets? Well, he gives this chap a shake besides, to wake him up, an' he jumps to his feet an' cusses Gaffney to beat the band. 'Who do you

think you are?' says he. 'Is it the colonel of a regiment, or a stage-coach robber? I'll teach you how not to treat a gentleman,' says he.

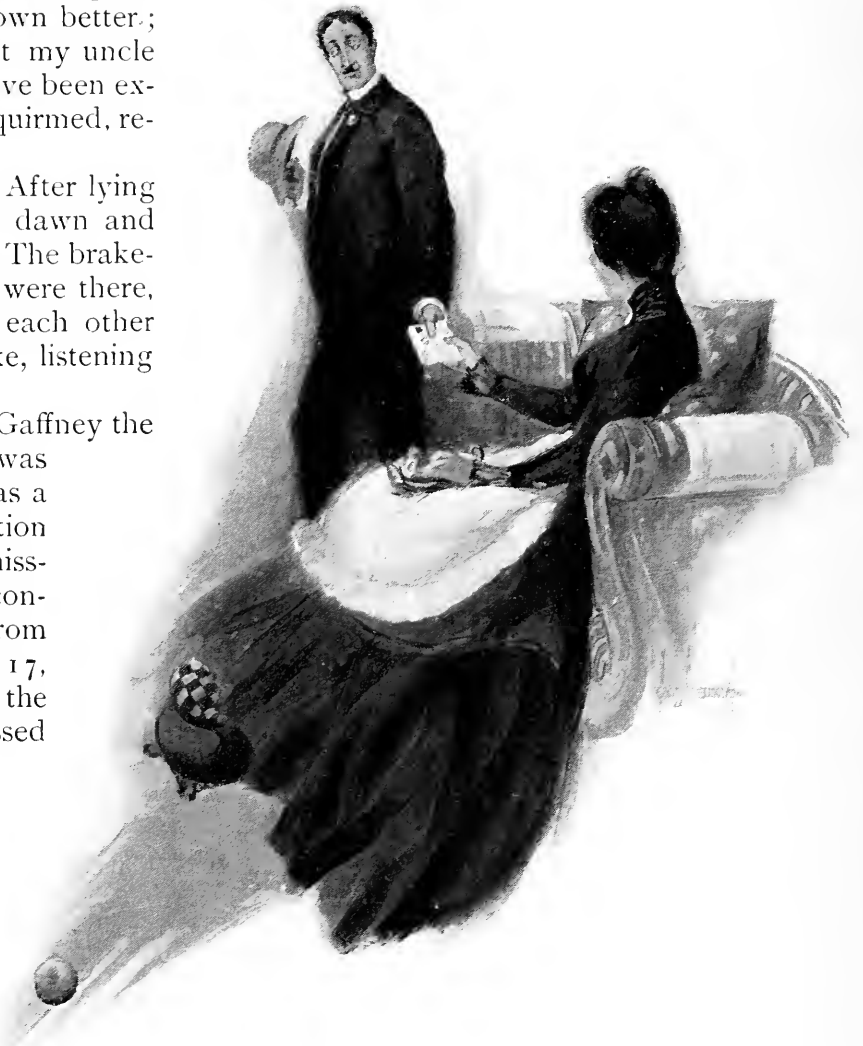
"'Ticket or money?' roars Gaffney, flarin' up. 'An' be quick about it, too.'

"'Curse your impertinence,' says the other. 'You'll have no ticket from me till you ask polite.'

"Gaffy turns fairly white, an' reaches for the bell-rope. 'Go on,' says the feller, sort o' mockin'; 'pull it, if you dare—break the comp'ny's rules, and put a man off between stations in the winter, an' let 'em in for five thousand dollars damages again. Great head you have!'

"Gaffy was bustin' with rage, an' looked as if he was goin' to haul him out on the spot. Bill Morse was brakin' that trip.'

"Well, Gaff turns away an' tells Bill to signal the driver to stop at Fairview.



I handed Marion a letter from her Uncle Andrew.  
Page 344.



‘Now, my brave lawyer,’ says he, ‘pay your fare, or off you go.’ ‘Hold up!’ says the feller. ‘I’ll lay down my fare for you to pick up, if all them tickets in your pockets is punched. Look!’ says he, to the passengers—‘look at the guilt in his face!’ He dursn’t show them, for he’s been knockin’ down fares.’

‘The train began to slow up, and Gaffney hadn’t time to answer if he’d ‘a wanted to—he beckoned Bill. ‘Ho, ho!’ says the chap. ‘Afraid to tackle me alene? Don’t be skeered—I won’t resist. I’ve a right to be on this train, but if you handle me gentle I won’t hurt you.’

‘Come along,’ says Gaff, takin’ him by the arm.

‘Not a step,’ says he; ‘you’ve got to put me off—then I can prove you used force.’

‘In the end, Gaff an’ Bill had to make a chair of their arms an’ carry him off like an invalid. He’d let himself go limp like a wet rag, an’ Bill says you’d ‘a swore he weighed half a ton. He’d got Gaff sort o’ shook up with his talk, an’ made him think he was in for trouble, so they took mighty good care not to let him knock agen anythin’, an’ to set him down easy. The feller was chucklin’ all the way out, an’ he sings out to the passengers, ‘We’ll all be back presently.’ Everyone was laughin’ like mad.

‘When they got out to the platform Bill seen him slip a letter out of his pocket an’ then put his foot on it as they stood him up. ‘Run, Bill, an’ tell Dick to let her go for all she’s worth, or we’ll miss the southern connections,’ says Gaff. Bill told the driver an’ then clumb onto the baggage-car. Gaffy give the signal, an’ was jest goin’ to step onto the parlor when the feller moves his foot an’ calls out, ‘Look at the letter you dropped!’ Gaffy stooped to pick it up, and the feller nabbed him from behind, like a spider

catching a fly. The train pulled out, but Gaff couldn’t move hand nor foot, though he was yelling like a Comanche. When the train was well off the feller let go his holt, an’ Gaff made for the semaphore like a crazy steer. He got there jest as



“We’ll all be back presently.”

the train passed the switch, an’ of course the driver couldn’t see the signal. They run three miles afore Bill found that Gaffy was missin’; then they run back to pick up his remains, thinkin’ he had fell off, but there he was on the depot-platform. He’d had a round with the feller, an’ got knocked out.

‘They’d lost twenty minutes, an’ the despatcher was callin’ up for news of the train. Gaff got aboard in a hurry, an’ they pulled out again, leavin’ the feller

on the platform, but Jee-ruslem! didn't he jump onto the parlor an' come walkin' through as bold as brass! Bill says he thought Gaffy was goin' to have a stroke when he seen him, but he dursn't tackle him again. He goes to wash the blood

on how he behaves, an' on my uncle's advice.'

"When they heard Andrew Sinclair was his uncle there was great exchange of cards, an' he got quite thick with the crowd. Some of them went off to the smoker to have a little game, an' I guess that feller raked in most of the stakes they put up on the quiet. Anyway, old Colonel Jelks got dead-broke. Bill picked up one of the cards, an' the name on it was Henry Carton. They say that's the name of the chap that married the niece that'll come in for old Sinclair's money, an' that he wasn't much, but——"

I had heard enough—too much! Plainly my uncle had fled—no, not fled—he had gone off like a rocket, with a spectacular display of my visiting cards and Uncle Andrew's greenbacks—a display made possible, no doubt, by his successful histrionic personation of me; for I knew that however much he might enjoy his own performance, he always played for money.

When we reached Cleveland I sent Marion to the waiting-room while I went to choose a hack. As I left her I noticed a train-newsboy gazing at me with his mouth open. Suddenly he ran off, calling out, "Gaffney—Gaffney!"

I smiled at the name, remembering the brakeman's tale; but a moment later I was confronted by a savage-looking man in a conductor's uniform,

with a swollen face and a strip of plaster on one cheek.

"Now, sir," he shouted, "you can't bluff me again! It's a charge of obstructing the running of trains this time. I've got you!"

"Have you, indeed?" I asked, with interest, my gaze focussed on the most prominent bruise. "May I ask *who* has got me?"

"Do you mean to pretend you don't know me?" he roared.



"Now, sir," he shouted, "you can't bluff me again."

off his face, tellin' Bill not to take his eyes off that devil, an' he'll have him nabbed at Erie, but he give up that idea. You see there was a lot of Cleveland high-flyers on board, on the way to the Buffalo races, an' I'm blamed if they didn't come crowdin' round offerin' to pay the feller's fare: but he pulls out a wad as big as your fist. 'It ain't a question of money, gentlemen,' says he; 'it's the principle of the thing. I won't pay fare to that hoodlum, but my future proceedin's depends

"I never saw you before," I said, haughtily, and, my anger rising at his manner, I added, "I never could have forgotten your amiable and honest countenance, and gentlemanly demeanor."

"In all my life," he said, his hands clenched and his voice quivering with passion, "I never heard a tongue like yours, Holmes," as a police officer edged his way through the crowd, "get this devil locked up."

Interference with the running of a train is a grave offence, and although I was allowed a few moments' conversation with Marion, and spared the ignominy of being sent to a police station, it was thought advisable to lock the door of the room in which I awaited the arrival of her uncle.

The humiliation of my position did not soften my feeling of resentment toward him, and I was prepared to receive him with chilling formality; for the longer I pored over the matter, the more clearly I

could see that most of the trouble arose from his false estimate of my character. To realize how easily and completely he had been duped by my rascally uncle was some slight compensation for my own trouble, but I felt that he must show a proper appreciation of my sterling qualities before I could overlook his mistake. Indeed, I set my teeth and lips firmly together and, in imagination, challenged him to state instantly whether my mouth looked weak or not.

It was at this moment that the door opened; my wife's Uncle Andrew was looking at me with a funny twinkle in his eyes. Then he slapped his knee, and burst into a loud "ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!"

I made a frantic clutch at my dignity, but I found myself going off into a "ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

We both stopped abruptly. He looked at me with a slight frown.

"Mr. Sinclair," I said, coldly, "may I ask what you are laughing about?"



My wife's Uncle Andrew was looking at me with a funny twinkle in his eyes.

"I was just going to ask what you found so funny," said he.

"Well," I said, trying to repress a grin of satisfaction, "it isn't my turn, but I'll answer first, if you wish. I was just thinking how my Uncle Harry—ha, ha, ha!—took you in!"

He frowned fiercely. "Really," he said, gruffly, "I don't see—" then he smiled again. "I was laughing to think of how he did you up."

I winced—we both looked grave—there was a brief silence during which we looked into each other's eyes. Suddenly we shook hands warmly.

"Come away up to the house," said Uncle Andrew.

During the drive from the station he had little to say, while I had so much to think about that I remained silent, at first. I was surprised to find my prejudice giving place to a sudden liking—a feeling which a furtive study of his face intensified. The gruffness that I had imagined was absent, and under his somewhat dignified and self-reliant manner he was evidently repressing a humorous outbreak, probably out of regard for my feelings. I had expected him to express contrition for having supposed that Uncle Harry was I, and also to satisfy my eager curiosity as to how he had been swindled, but he didn't seem to be in a

hurry to begin. Could he think that I was responsible for the money loss? Should I offer to make it good? Certainly Marion would take that stand—but was it not an absurdly quixotic idea? Again, if I were going to mount the pedestal of moral obligation anyway, had I not better do so at once, without waiting to be pushed up by my wife? And if I took this step quite of my own volition would she not be likely to enthusiastically declare that I was the best and noblest man that ever lived? But how could I afford the money *if*—if he *shouldn't* refuse it? And how could I forego the consciousness of superior virtue by neglecting to make the offer?

Suddenly it occurred to me that I was giving way to indecision. "Mr. Sinclair!" I exclaimed, frantically, putting my hand into my pocket, "I must pay you—for my uncle! How much did he . . . cost?"

Uncle Andrew looked at me in bewilderment. I had to elaborate and explain my meaning, making a stronger case than I had planned. He frowned a little, then smiled, then—grinned!

"Harry," he said, looking benevolent, "your uncle cost me—let me see—not quite what the entertainment was worth. You will pardon me for saying that you haven't his head for—business."

## THE TRANSFORMATION OF THE MAP

(1825-1900)

By Joseph Sohn

WHY, where is Patagonia? was the astonished query recently put to me by an old schoolmate, as, carelessly turning the leaves of his little son's geography, he suddenly came upon a recent map of South America. The boundaries which we boys had once regarded as immutable had changed; and the map, which the vivid impressionism of youth had engraved so firmly upon our memory, was no longer in existence. The experience of my friend, a man of considerable intelligence, is not an isolated instance. The rapidity of our geographical progress within the last decades has rendered it extremely difficult for the layman to follow

the course of events. For this reason, it may not be inappropriate at the close of the century, to present a picture of the marvellous transformation which the face of our map has undergone within a life-time.\*

In 1825, three great continents were practically unexplored. Australia, or New Holland, as it was then called, was nothing more than a *terra incognita*—a mere geographical idea; the vast expanse of Africa—with the exception of the Mediterranean region and the little settlement at the Cape—was still the land of wonder and

\* The momentous and permanent changes have taken place since the second decade of the 19th century, when the world was beginning to recover from the strife and turmoil of the Napoleonic Wars.



South America, 1825.\*  
Cities of 25,000 or over (•).

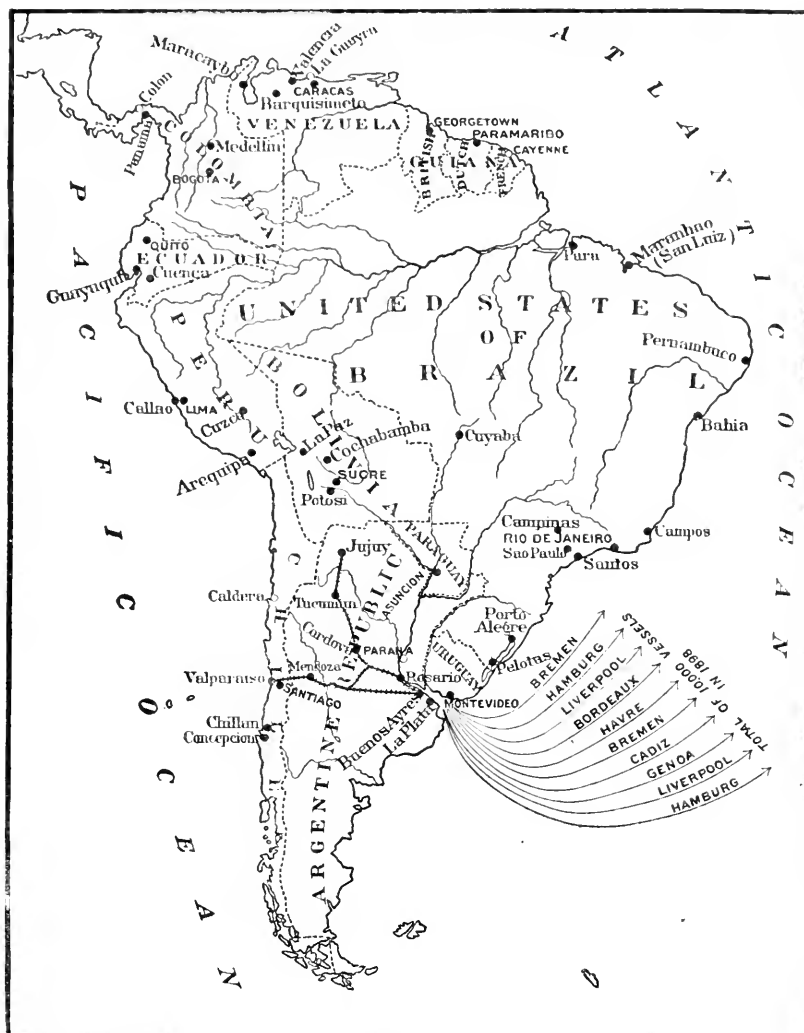
conjecture, as it had been in the days of the Romans; while Central Asia, with its millions of inhabitants, was effectually closed to Europeans. In the south, Nature had reared her mighty barrier, the Himalayas; and in the east, we find China immured, both in a literal and figurative sense, within that gigantic wall of exclusiveness, which seemed designed to screen forever from the prying gaze of the civilized world the sacred and inviolable "Empire of the Sun."

Yet it is upon the American Continent that the most marvellous changes have been wrought—changes, whose magnitude we, the living witnesses, can scarcely appreciate. As the rising flood impercept-

ibly but steadily advances the water-line, thus constantly altering the contour of the beach, so the swelling tide of population, surging westward, has, throughout this entire century, surely but incessantly pushed forward that long western boundary-line of 1,600 miles, the outlines of which have never for a moment remained the same. These outlines are usually indicated somewhat arbitrarily by the admission of States; a surer guide, however, is furnished by the comparative increase of population in those districts which, seventy-five years ago, lay upon the outskirts of civilization:

Southern Frontier States.		Same States.	
1820	Av. Pop. to Sq. M.	1900	Av. Pop. to Sq. M.
Georgia.....	5.78	Georgia.....	37.26
Alabama.....	2.48	Alabama.....	34.99
Mississippi.....	1.63	Mississippi.....	33.12
	9.89		105.37
General average for three States, 3.3, of which 40.57 per cent. Negro.		General average for three States, 35.12, of which about 50 per cent. Negro.	

\* The statistical material upon which these maps are based has been suggested by the author, and supplied by him from the following sources: "Malte-Brun's Geography" (1828), Atlases by Bruë 1822 and Tanner (1823), "Bell's System of Geography, Popular and Scientific" (1828), "Chinese Repository" (1833-34), "Captain Hall's Narrative," Arthur Paul's "Territorial Tyranny of the Turk," C. P. Lucas's "Historical Geography of the British Colonies," "Statesman's Year Book" (1900), "Annual Encyclopedia" and "Century" (1897), "Royal" (1898), and Rand & McNally (1895) Atlases.



South America, 1900.

Cities of 25,000 or over (\*). Only the two great trunk lines mentioned in the text are here shown.

Western Frontier States.		Same States.	
1820	Av. Pop. to Sq. M.	1900	Av. Pop. to Sq. M.
Indiana.....	4.10	Indiana.....	69.23
Illinois.....	0.99	Illinois.....	85.11
Missouri.....	1.01	Missouri.....	44.76
	6.10		199.10
General average for three States, 2.03.		General average for three States, 66.38.	

To-day we are the only country bounded by the two great oceans of the globe, and it would seem as if our manifest destiny of becoming the greatest of maritime nations were approaching its fulfilment. Already has our frontier been advanced to the Philippine archipelago, that splendid line of sentinels guarding the entrance to the most important maritime highway of Asia, the China Sea. But perhaps some reader may object to the term "frontier," as applied to these islands. Let us see. Geographical progress to-day is measured by the rapidity of travel. Now, in 1825, a traveller setting out from New York for

Fort Dearborn (the present site of Chicago), would have been compelled to journey in peril and discomfort almost continuously for three or four weeks before reaching our frontier outpost in the wilderness: at present, the distance of 10,000 miles from New York to the Philippines may be traversed in about the same time—with the difference, however, that the tourist travels in comfort and luxury all the way.

Yet as comfort and luxury increase, daring and hardihood seem to decline. We all remember the recent obstinate resistance to the annexation of the Philippines—the fear that Dewey's daring conquest inspired. Yet the old grandsires of New England were men of different mettle: for in vessels, some of which were of astonishingly low tonnage as compared with our modern steamers, they managed to make their way around Cape Horn to these islands, and the following is their splendid record for 1827:



*Vessels Engaged in the Carrying Trade of the Philippines in 1827.*

Spanish.....	34	Portuguese.....	3
United States....	19	Dutch.....	2
Chinese Junks....	9	Danish.....	1
English.....	7	Hamburg.....	1
French.....	7	Brazilian.....	1

So deeply engrossed have we been with our affairs at home, that we have scarcely had time to follow the progress of our neighbors. Turning to Canada, we find that, in 1825, the country from Quebec to Montreal, a distance by river of one hundred and eighty miles, was "one long village," which Captain Hall, in his somewhat rambling style, thus describes: "On either shore a strip of land, seldom exceeding a mile in breadth, bordered by aboriginal forests, and thickly studded with low-browed farm-houses, white-washed from top to bottom, to which a long barn and stables are attached, and commonly a neat plot of garden-ground, represents all that is inhabited of Lower Canada." This thin line of habitations, situated on a clearing between river and forest, has now widened into the flourishing Province of Quebec, with a population exceeding 1,500,000; and new provinces, hitherto unknown on the map, have recently been opened to settlers. I shall never forget the delight with which we boys used to gaze at the old map of the British possessions; for beyond Canada proper and British Columbia there was nothing to bound—oh, those boundaries!—except the great area designated as the Northwestern Territory. All this is now changed; and the Northwestern Territory has been divided into ten great sections on the map, a few of which are unfavorably known to our schoolboys under the euphonious titles Saskatchewan, Assiniboia, Manitoba, Athabasca, Keewatin, and Yukon—cold northern lands, yet not unproductive, as demonstrated by the rapid colonization of Manitoba, the population of which increased 247 per cent. within the decade witnessing the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Not less wonderful have been the changes to which our southern neighbor, Mexico, has been "subjected." In 1825, the northern boundaries of Mexico comprised considerably over one-fourth of

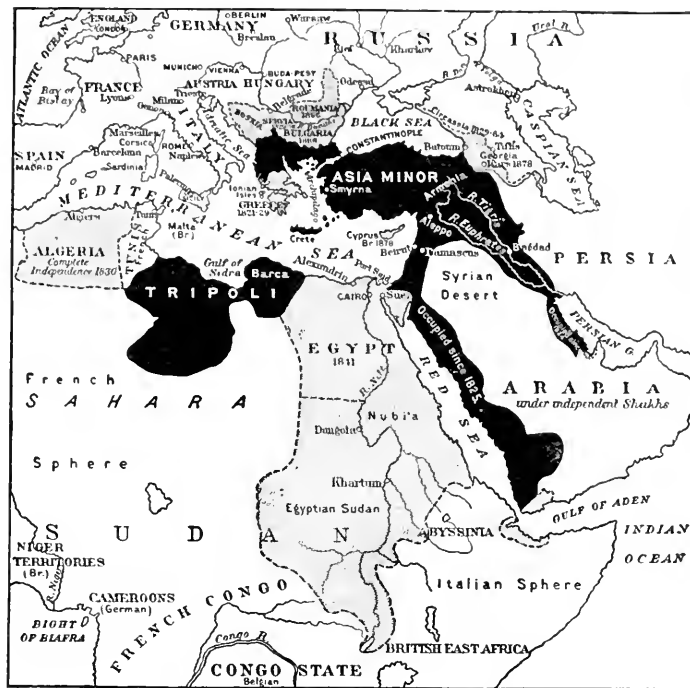
what is now United States territory: at present, the Rio Grande constitutes the "natural boundary" between the two countries. Yet this "natural boundary" has already become obliterated in a commercial sense by the pioneers of Anglo-Saxon civilization, the railroad and the telegraph; and the history of modern development in Mexico may be said to have begun on that momentous day in 1884 when the first railroad from the United States pushed its way across the frontier. Since that time the exports of our southern neighbor have quadrupled, while nearly three-fifths of them have been diverted to the United States. The light of progress has at last spread beyond the border; and the Mexico of 1870, with its wretched bridle-paths and its twenty-four lines of old-fashioned stage-coaches, has been converted into a growing country, spanned by over 7,000 miles of railroad and 41,000 miles of telegraph.

I have given the introduction to this article a slightly juvenile coloring, and rightly so; for geography is a science peculiarly identified with the spirit of youth. In all rural districts, the most popular games of our children are founded upon the elements of discovery, exploration, pioneering, and surveying. I would here refer only to the improvised camp. Our books of juvenile fiction cater to this innate sentiment; while the lives of the great pioneers and explorers of all times give evidence of the possession of attributes usually identified with the period of youth. Yet geography, perhaps the most interesting of all sciences, is still taught almost solely from the old-fashioned maps, containing, in a remote corner of the page, a hieroglyphic entitled a "scale of miles." This method, frequently unsupplemented by comparative maps, has led to the grossest misconception as to relative areas. The Middle Atlantic States are usually presented entire on one page, while upon the next a great number of Southern States are bunched together—among which Tennessee, almost equal in area to New York, appears like a minute wedge. With the large map of the United States firmly established in the mind as a standard of measurement—and it is so established in the minds of ninety-nine out of one hundred Americans who have been taught

at our schools—the little island of Madagascar, in reality not very much smaller than Texas, appears so near to the parent coast as to suggest that a vigorous hop-skip-and-jump might land an enterprising native upon the mainland. Although our magazine writers—at present among our most popular instructors—have from time to time dispelled a few of these illusions, I have found it necessary to introduce the paragraph on South America by a brief reference to one of the most glaring defects of our educational system.

The boundaries of the South American States have been set largely by nature, while their inviolacy against foreign encroachment has been secured by the Monroe Doctrine. Yet within this natural sphere of development great changes have been effected; vast provinces have been divided into states; and these again now appear as great confederations, somewhat resembling our own Federal Government. Thus the Province of Colombia has been divided into three gigantic republics, one of which alone, Venezuela, is in itself considerably larger than all the Atlantic and Gulf States from Maine to Louisiana combined. When, therefore, we speak of Colombia, Venezuela, and Ecuador, we allude to an area greater in extent than the entire region east of the Indian Territory. Shortly before the partition of Colombia, there arose in the centre of the South American Continent the Republic of Bolivia—larger in extent than the whole Triple Alliance. Uruguay and Paraguay have also appeared upon the map; while Patagonia has been absorbed by the Argentine Republic, a country about three-fifths the size of the United States.

I would here emphasize a very important fact in relation to South America. Upon every map of our own country, the state, with its counties and townships, the border state, and the territory, at once appear; and it becomes a comparatively easy matter to trace the development of cultivation westward. The map of South America presents no such lines of de-



Map of Turkish Empire, 1825—1900.  
Present Empire in black; parts lost since 1825, in stipple.

marcation. There, in 1825, almost the entire continent was fringed by a very narrow border of civilization; and since that time this border has slowly and gradually broadened. An extremely interesting item of information in this regard is furnished by that eminent Scottish geographer, James Bell, who, writing in 1828, tells us that "Gran-Para, Rio Negro, Minas Geraes, Goyas, San Paulo and Matto Grosso are inland provinces of which very little is known." In other words, while the enormous coastline of Brazil—longer than the distance from New York to Liverpool—was here and there dotted with towns and settlements, the belt of civilization did not extend over one hundred miles inland.

To-day, the belt has widened somewhat, but it is still comparatively narrow. Thus the province of Goyaz in Brazil—about as far inland as Michigan from New York—is nothing more than a large "territory," averaging less than one inhabitant to the square mile. The same may be said of the northern provinces. True, a few of the coast states upon the extreme eastern projection of the continent have an average population about equal to that of Maine; yet even in Sergipe and Rio Janeiro, the most densely inhabited of the Brazilian states, the population average does not exceed that of South Carolina.



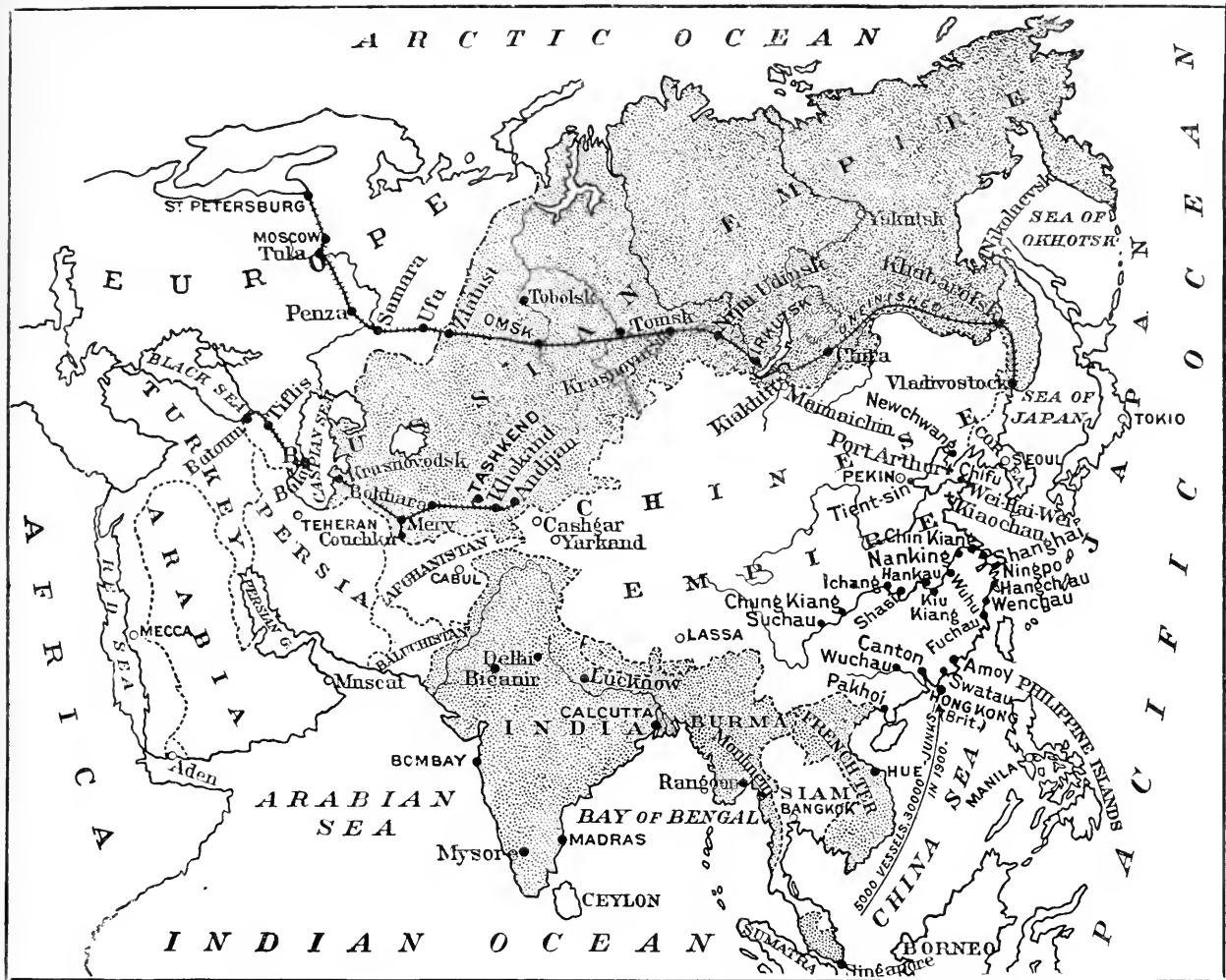
Asia, 1825.

\* British territory in India darkened. Important places in European possessions and British treaty-ports in China (•).

In Venezuela and Colombia almost the same conditions may be said to prevail : what we should designate as the territorial line, the limit of cultivation, already begins within two hundred and fifty to three hundred miles from the sea. Indeed, upon the Chilian coast, this line occasionally dwindles to considerably less than one hundred miles ; and behind the rocky wall of Chili—that mighty wall 2,000 miles in length—is the thinly inhabited territory of the Argentine Republic. Yet it is here, notwithstanding the sparsity of population, that the greatest progress in cultivation is being made. Here a line of railroad already spans the continent from Valparaiso to Buenos Ayres ; another great trunk-line, with its numerous and extensive branches, extends northwestward obliquely across the continent for a distance of nearly 1,000 miles ; and at Buenos Ayres, the eastern terminus, ten lines of steamers transport the produce of the country abroad. As

soon, however, as the Intercontinental Railroad is built, we may note a change similar to that effected in Mexico ; and a greater share of the extensive traffic of the South American metropolis, now almost entirely controlled by Germans, may then be diverted to the United States.

While the geographical progress of North and South America must be gauged by the minimizing process, by the division of vast territories into collective groups of ever smaller constituents, the geographical progress of Europe must be measured by the amalgamation of petty political units into great national bodies. Thus Germany, once described by Heine as peacefully slumbering under the tender guardianship of thirty-six monarchs, has now become a political unit, and, barring England, our most formidable competitor in the commerce of the world ; Austria, also, has gathered together her wayward and intractable children and endeavored peace-



Asia, 1900.

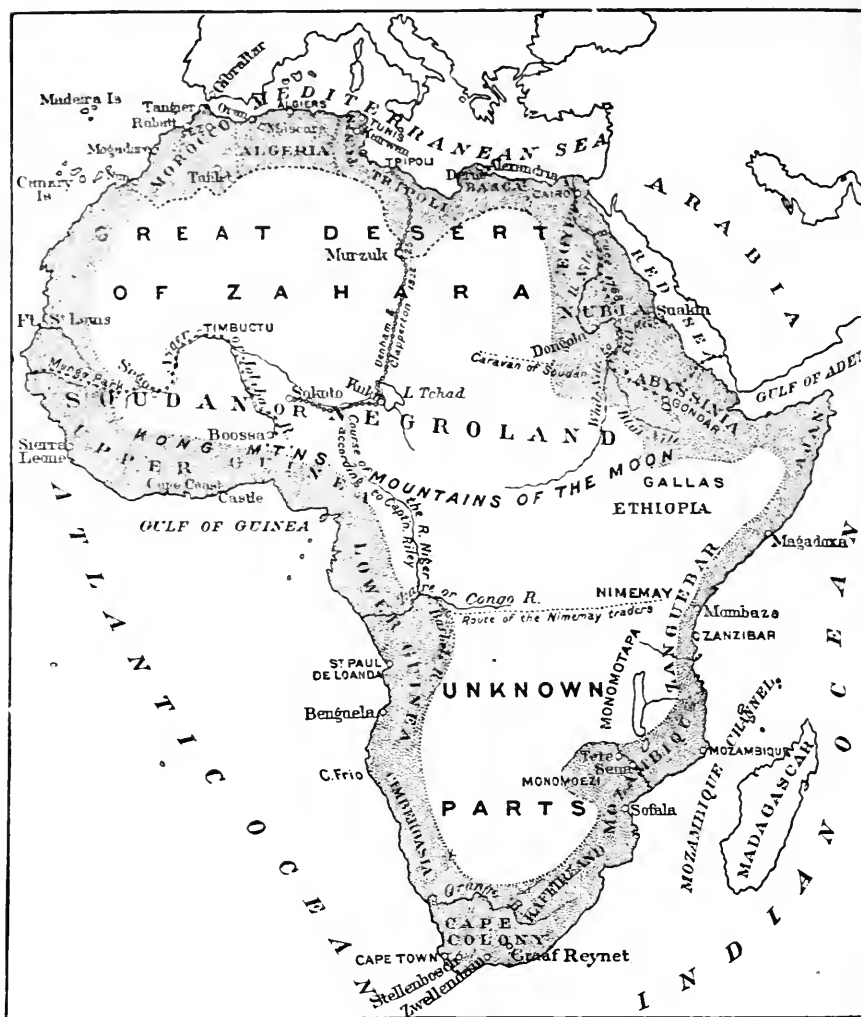
European possessions on the continent darkened. Important places in European territory and British treaty-ports in China (\*). Naval stations of the European Powers (+).

fully to unite them under one sceptre ; while Italy, by obliterating her petty political barriers, has rung down the curtain forever upon " Fra Diavolo " and his romantic fellow-brigands.

But let us turn from *opera-bouffe*—for such it is when compared with the vast combinations effected elsewhere—to the consideration of a grim reality : the gradual dissection of the " Turk." The abbreviation of the Turkish Empire has been so gradual that the rapidity of its effacement from the map of Europe is scarcely realized. The Turkish Empire has been reduced in Europe alone from about 200,000 square miles in 1825, to not quite 63,000, in 1900. In other words, European Turkey in 1825 was as large as France ; while to-day it is little more than half as large as Italy—an enormous shrinkage. " The Turk must prepare himself for flight across the Bosphorus to the desolate plains and ruined cities of the Asiatic peninsula, where, like

another Marius amidst the ruins of Carthage, he may take up his abode in that vast necropolis of departed grandeur." This remarkable prediction, made seventy-five years ago, has actually come to pass, as the reader may verify by consulting a good map of Asia for 1825, where he may trace, as it were, far upon the western border and as if emerging from it, the head and front of a hippopotamus, distinctly and clearly outlined. This was Asiatic Turkey. To-day, the two forelegs of this hippopotamus, elongated until they extend well down along the Arabian peninsula, mark the gradual but steady flight of the Turk along the borders of the Red Sea.

The nineteenth century will ever be memorable as marking a climax in the long migration of the human family westward. During the past seventy-five years the stream of population has at last completed the circuit of the globe. Perhaps the most dramatic illustration of this fact

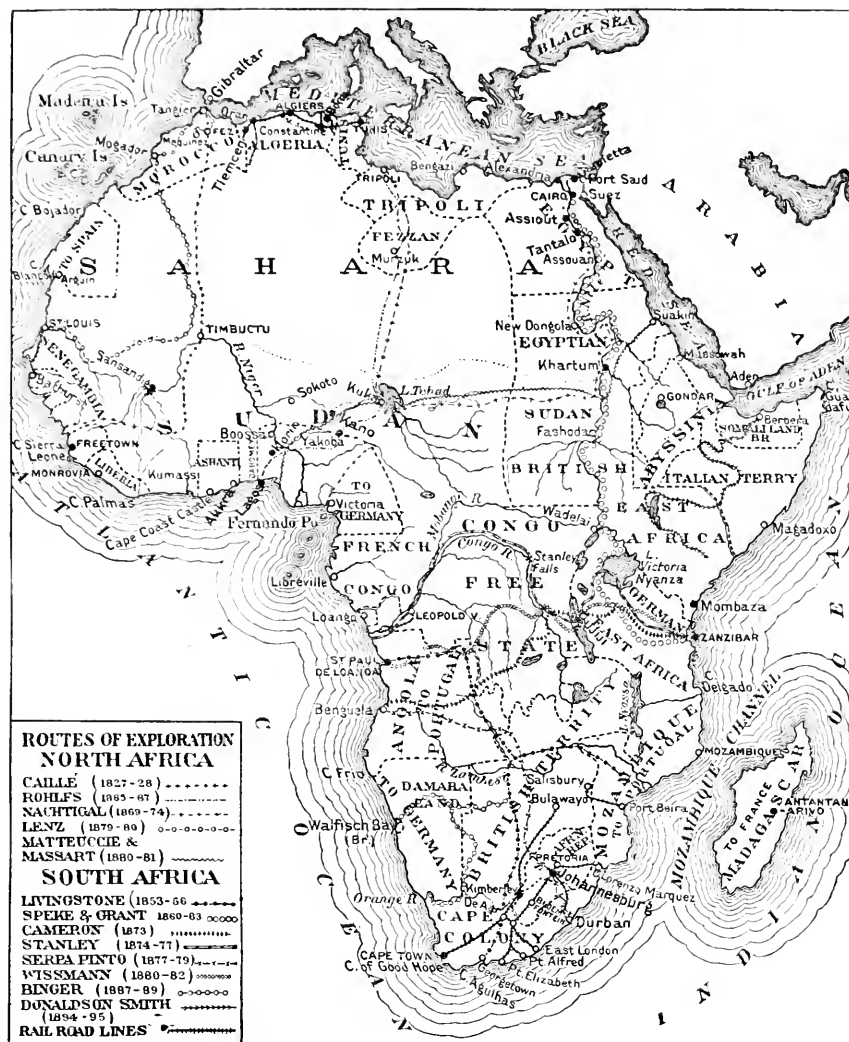


Africa, 1825.

was afforded on that memorable day in May, 1898, when Dewey's despatch of the battle of Manila, flashed across Asia, Europe, and the Atlantic Ocean, to America, was, within a very brief interval after its delivery at Hong-Kong, announced to the people of San Francisco. Yet our century not only marks a climax, but also a turning-point. So rapid has been our progress, that the western nations have already turned about to Europeanize that cradle of civilization whence they started—unfortunately still a cradle—the Asiatic Continent; and this Europeanizing—and perhaps I may be permitted to say, Americanizing—of Asia, has now led to the so-called “Far Eastern Question,” involving the most complicated political problem of the age. Here again the impetus was given by the Anglo-Saxon race, which had at last succeeded in gaining a permanent footing upon the Asiatic Continent. Step by step England has pushed forward her empire.

In 1825 British territory in Hindostan consisted principally of the coastlands. Gradually, however, we see the area widening, until it not only fills the peninsula, but overflows the rim upon either side, spreading into Burma on the east and toward Beloochistan upon the west—the former of which is now tributary to the British Crown.

The rise of the Indian Empire constitutes the most brilliant page of modern history—a page which but awaits the illuminating genius of a Prescott in order that the full splendor of its import may be revealed. Never has the superiority of mind over matter been illustrated upon so gigantic a plan—except, perhaps, in the realm of the saga. According to an ancient Asiatic tradition—so dramatically described by Richard Wagner—one of a higher race, a race “light as day,” is destined, by virtue of a magic ring, to control the whole vast horde of the Nibe-



Africa, 1900.

Cities of 25,000 or over (\*).

lungs, and to make it subservient to his bidding. That ancient tradition of the Indo-Germanic race is to-day being verified in the land whence ages ago it had its origin. Under the spell of the white enchanter, 200,000,000 of dusky Nibelungs have been set to work, delving and burrowing in mines, ploughing and furrowing the soil, and constructing roads and railways to the coast, whence an inexhaustible hoard of treasure is transported to the land of the white conqueror, 7,000 miles away. The astonishing fact in relation to India is that the total number of Europeans has increased from 40,000 in 1825, a mere handful, to 100,000 in 1900—100,000 British to 200,000,000 natives, or fifteen per cent. of the total population of the globe. Yet still the work is ceaselessly progressing under the eye of the master. Half the soil is already under tillage; the exports have increased twelve-

fold within a lifetime; and the British zone of occupation has quadrupled in area. And here the interesting question presents itself, Shall we Americans, about to enter upon a new era of geographical development, succeed in exercising an equally potent influence over the natives of our newly acquired possessions, in order that they may become instrumental to our national purpose?

The Emperor of China, in 1832, issued an order to all the maritime provinces of his realm to put the ships of war in repair, so that they might sweep the seas from time to time and drive away any European vessels appearing on the coast. Poor Emperor of China! To-day the tables are turned upon him, and the European war-vessels are hovering about the coast, ready at the slightest notice to gobble up a morsel in the shape of a new treaty-port, a coal-ing-station, or a colony. The changes



have indeed been most wonderful. In 1832, the port of Canton—the only port, excepting Macao, open to Europeans—was visited by eighty-nine ships; in 1898, 40,000 foreign vessels entered the twenty-three treaty ports of the Chinese Empire. These harbor and river ports, clearly indicated on the map on page 355, well illustrate the present extension of European influence in China.

Passing down the coast to a point directly opposite the Philippine Islands, we find that Cochin-China, in 1825, was visited only by a few Chinese junks. This territory now belongs to France; and with its acquisition by that Power the necessity of "bounding" the fossil states of Cambodia, Tonking, and Annam has been removed. From Siam also—the whole of which seems upon our maps about as large as Delaware—France recently received a little present of a tract equal in extent to the whole group of Middle Atlantic States. Yet Siam, the "Kingdom of the Free," is now sandwiched in between 3,000 miles of interrupted European possessions; and her king sits upon his throne like the famous "Kaiser Rothbart" of the legend—a petrified monarch.

If the friendlier attitude of China toward the Western Powers may be traced largely to the efforts of Anson Burlingame, an American of the Americans, the awakening of Japan, as well as her astonishingly rapid development, may be attributed to the influence of men like Commodore Perry, Townsend Harris, and others too numerous to mention. It seems as if yesterday when Japan, that outpost of the Asiatic Continent, was a colorless waste upon the map—a bare and inhospitable region, in a commercial sense almost as inaccessible as the North Pole; and we have but to read the following description of Japanese exclusiveness in 1830, to realize how difficult it is to foretell the possibilities of a nation:

"The Chinese and Dutch are allowed to enter the harbors. . . . When the Dutch ships are expected, watchmen are placed on the highest hills in the neighborhood of the port which they are to enter, so that their approach is known a considerable time before their arrival. In Nagasaki, the Dutch merchants during their residence are restricted to a rock two

hundred and thirty-eight paces long, where they live in a state of complete seclusion and solitude, immersed in a total ignorance of the world beside. The only exports of Japan at this time are copper and raw camphor. The profits of the trade, however, are said to be so inconsiderable *that only two European ships have of late been annually dispatched.*" Yet, within the memory of many still living, the Japanese Archipelago has blossomed into "Garlands of Flowers," an ancient and beautiful native title; and to-day Japan is the only Asiatic power worthy of the name—the only Oriental empire that will bear comparison with European nations.

While studying the changes on land we frequently overlook the marvellous transformation wrought upon the face of the sea. It is almost incredible, but nevertheless true, that in 1825 the Black Sea was still practically sealed to the ships of Christian nations. The China Sea had its pirates; the Euxine, at the very gates of Europe, its no less formidable corsairs, fit companions of their fellow-brigands on land. For ages the Sultan had possessed the power to shut or to open the gates of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles at pleasure. In 1829, however, Russia acquired nearly the entire stretch of coastland upon the northern borders of the Black Sea; and this hitherto dark and inhospitable expanse was at once unlocked to the Christian states of Europe. To-day the Black Sea is one of the great maritime centres of the globe, crowded with the shipping of all nations. The red flag of Turkey, like that of Spain, has everywhere waved as a symbol of exclusiveness; and wherever it has been removed, we note a complete transformation. Witness the extraordinary development of Odessa, the Chicago of Russia: a mere plain in 1792, when the Black Sea was a maritime desert; an insignificant port of 35,000 inhabitants in 1820; and to-day, a great world-city, with a population of over 400,000. Or compare the narrow and dirty little Turkish town of Alexandria in Egypt with its 14,000 inhabitants (in 1820), to the modern metropolis of Africa (under British protectorate) with a population of 320,000.

Russia has successively unlocked the several doors leading into Asia from the west. She has opened the gateway of

the Euxine, broken down the ancient barrier of the Caucasus, and encircled the Caspian; and to-day she stands before the threshold of the Hindu-Kush, the last barrier that separates her from the British possessions in Asia. Beneath her vise-like grasp, Turkey, Persia, Turkestan, Khiva, and Bokhara have gradually succumbed. The states which twenty-five years ago were known as independent Asiatic kingdoms, have dwindled away, and their boundaries have become obliterated. There is but one of consequence remaining; and in the light of present conditions, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that China, the Turkey of the Far East, is bounded on the west and north by Russia, on the east by the assembled fleets of Europe and Japan, and on the south by England and France.

The Anglo-Saxon people are distinguished by singular contrasts, nowhere exhibited so prominently as in their colonial history. These divergent qualities, so well exemplified to-day in the person of Admiral Dewey, may perhaps be expressed in the brief triplicate, "audacity, tenacity, and sagacity." Thus England makes her conquests by startling deeds of reckless daring; she clings to her possessions with the tenacity of the bull-dog; and she does not discuss the morsel until she is prepared to do so in quiet and comfort. For fully fifty years after Captain Cook's daring exploit, England maintained her title to Australia; and not until she was firmly established in India, and had prepared a maritime highway to the Island Continent—a highway lined with colonies, coaling stations and light-houses—did she inaugurate an active process of colonization. Yet this process, once begun, has been so rapid that Australia may already boast of 1,300 towns and 4,000,000 inhabitants, largely recruited from that splendid racial element, the Scottish. Nearly 12,000 miles of railroad have been constructed, several of the lines penetrating toward the heart of the continent for a distance of six hundred miles; while the telegraph line from Adelaide to Port Darwin, a distance of 2,000 miles across mountain and desert, unquestionably ranks as one of the greatest achievements in

the records of transcontinental communication.

Few that gaze upon the map of Africa on page 357, with its well-defined political divisions, realize the element of humor that enters into this partition. The symmetrical slicing of the African pie vividly suggests a careful arrangement among boys as to the division of a prize which they have yet to obtain. The following figures, taken from the most recent reports, will tend to dispel a few of the grandiose illusions concerning the Dark Continent:

*Proportionate Native and European Population in a few States of Central Africa.\**

Central African States.	Native Population.	European Population.
Congo Free State.....	30,000,000	1,474
French Congo & Gabun...	5,000,000	300†
German East Africa.....	4,000,000	1,000
Kamerun.....	3,500,000	253
Togoland.....	2,500,000	107
East Africa Protectorate..	2,500,000	390
Gold Coast ...	1,474,000	150
Central Africa Protectorate	845,000	300
British Central Africa ....	650,000	350
Sierra Leone .....	75,000	225
Gambia.....	50,000	62
Total .....	50,594,000	4,611

\* Figures for Portuguese Africa not obtainable.

† Besides garrison.

It appears, therefore, that the greater part of Central Africa is still largely confined to huge "claims." In the Sûdan and the south, where the European element is more numerous, boundary disputes have already arisen; and these disputes in Africa may assume a magnitude unparalleled in the annals of colonial enterprise. For it should be remembered—and this is, perhaps, the most interesting fact in relation to African colonization—that here, for the first time in history, nearly every great nation appears as a political claimant. Uncle Sam alone, like the late King Ludwig of Bavaria, may comfortably ensconce himself in his private box, an interested spectator of this unique political "Drama of the Future."

# THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE IN AMERICA

By Brander Matthews



WHEN Benjamin Franklin was in England in 1760, he received a letter from David Hume commenting on the style of an essay of his writing and on his choice of words; and in his reply Franklin modestly thanked his friend for the criticism and took occasion to declare his hope that we Americans would always "make the best English of this island our standard." And yet when France acknowledged the independence of the United States in 1778 and Franklin was sent to Paris as our minister, Congress duly considered the proper forms and ceremonies to be observed in doing business with foreign countries and finally resolved that "all speeches or communications may, if the public ministers choose it, be in the language of their respective countries; and all replies or answers, shall be in the language of the United States."

What is "the language of the United States?" Is it "the best English of" Great Britain? as Franklin hoped it would always be. Franklin was unusually farsighted, but even he could not foresee what is perhaps the most extraordinary event of the nineteenth century—an era abounding in the extraordinary—was the marvellous spread and immense expansion of the English language. When the century began it was spoken possibly by twenty-two million people; and when the century closed it was native in the mouths of probably more than one hundred and thirty millions. In the British Isles the English language had come to maturity, and there it had been made illustrious by a splendid literature; but at the end of the nineteenth century, not a third of those who had English for their mother-tongue dwelt in Great Britain and Ireland; and more than half of the people who spoke English were inhabitants of the United States, a country no longer having any political connection with the British Isles. It is not only along the banks of the Thames and the Tweed and

the Shannon that children are now losing irrecoverable hours on the absurdities of English orthography, a like wanton wastefulness there is also on the shores of the Hudson, of the Mississippi, and of the Columbia, while the same A B C's are parroted by the little ones of those who live where the Ganges rolls down its yellow sand and of those who dwell in the great island which is almost riverless. No parallel can be found in history for this sudden spreading out of the English language in the past hundred years—not even the diffusion of Latin during the century when the rule of Rome was most widely extended.

Among the scattered millions who now employ our common speech in England itself, in Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, in the United States and Canada, in India and in Australia, in Egypt and in South Africa, there is no stronger bond of union than the language itself. A certain unity of sentiment may show itself now and again; but there is no likelihood that any political association will ever be achieved. The tie that fastens the more independent colonies to the mother-country is loose enough now, even if it is never further relaxed; and less than half of those who have English for their mother-tongue owe any allegiance whatever to England. The English-speaking inhabitants of the British Empire are apparently fewer than the inhabitants of the American republic; and the population of the United Kingdom itself is only a little more than half the population of the United States.

To set down these facts is to point out that the English language is no longer a personal possession of the people of England. The power of the head of the British Empire over what used to be called "the Queen's English" is now as little recognized as her power over what used to be called "the King's Evil." We may regret that this is the case or we may rejoice at it; but we cannot well deny the fact itself. And thus we are face to face with more than one very interesting ques-

tion. What is going to become of the language now it is thus dispersed abroad and freed from all control by a central authority and exposed to all sorts of alien influences? Is it bound to become corrupted and to sink from its high estate into a mire of slang and into a welter of barbarously fashioned verbal novelties? What, more especially, is going to be the future of the English language here in America? Must we fear the dread possibility that the speech of the peoples on the opposite sides of the Western Ocean will diverge at last until the English language will divide into two branches, those who speak British being hardly able to understand those who speak American, and those who speak American being hardly able to understand those who speak British? Mark Twain is a humorist, it is true, but he is very shrewd and he has abundant common sense; and it was Mark Twain who declared a score of years ago that he spoke "the American language."

## II

THE science of linguistics is among the youngest, and yet it has already established itself so firmly on the solid ground of ascertained truth that it has been able to overthrow with ease one and another of the theories which were accepted without question before it came into being.

For example, time was—and the time is not so very remote, it may be remarked—time was when the little group of more or less highly educated men, who were at the centre of authority in the capital of any nation, had no doubt whatsoever as to the superiority of their way of speaking their own language over the manner in which it might be spoken by the vast majority of their fellow-citizens deprived of the advantages of a court training. This little group set the standard of speech; and the standard they set was accepted as final and not to be tampered with under penalty of punishment for the crime of *lèse-majesté*. They held that any divergence from the customs of speaking and writing they themselves cherished was due to ignorance, and probably to obstinacy. They believed that the court-dialect which they had been brought up to use was the

only true and original form of the language; and they swiftly stigmatized as a gross impropriety every usage and every phrase with which they themselves did not happen to be familiar. And in thus maintaining the sole validity of their personal habits of speech, they had no need for self-assertion, since it never entered into the head of anyone not belonging to the court-circle to disparage for a second the position thus tacitly declared.

Yet, if modern methods of research have made anything whatever indisputable in the history of human speech, they have completely disproved the assumption which underlies this implicit claim of the courtiers. We know now that the urban-dialect is not the original language of which the rural dialects are but so many corruptions. We know indeed that the rural dialects are often really closer to the original tongue than the urban dialect; and that the urban dialect itself was once as rude as its fellows, and that it owes its pre-eminence rarely to any superiority of its own over its rivals, but rather to the fact that it chanced to be the speech of a knot of men more masterful than the inhabitants of any other village, and able therefore to expand their village to a town and in time to a city, which imposed its rule on the neighboring villages, the inhabitants of which being by that time forgetful that they had once striven with it on almost equal terms. Generally it is the stability given by political pre-eminence which leads to the development of a literature, without which no dialect can retain its linguistic supremacy.

When the sturdy warriors whose homes were clustered on one or another of the seven hills of Rome began to make alliances and conquests they rendered possible the future development of their rough Italic into the Latin language which has left its mark on every modern tongue. The humble allies of the early Romans, who possessed dialects of an equal antiquity and of an equal possibility of improvement, could not but obey the laws of imitation; and they sought, perforce, to bring their vocabulary and their syntax into conformity with that of the men who had shown themselves more powerful. Thus one of the Italic dialects was singled out by fortune for an extraordinary

future and the other Italic dialects were left in obscurity, although they were each of them as old as the Roman and as available for development. These other dialects have even suffered the ignominy of being supposed to be corruptions of their triumphant brother.

The French philologist, Darmesteter, concisely explained the stages of this development of one local speech at the expense of its neighbors. As it gains in dignity its fellows fall into the shadow. A local speech thus neglected is a *patois*; and a local speech which achieves the dignity of literature is a dialect. These written tongues spread on all sides and impose themselves in the surrounding population as more noble than the *patois*. Thus a linguistic province is created and its dialect tends constantly to crush out the various *patois* once freely used within its boundaries.

In time one of these provinces becomes politically more powerful than the others and extends its rule over one after another of them. As it does this, its dialect replaces the dialects of the provinces as the official tongue, and it tends constantly to crush out the various dialects as these had tended constantly to crush out the various *patois*. Thus the local speech of the population of the tiny island in the Seine, which is the nucleus of the city of Paris, rose slowly to the dignity of a written dialect and the local speech of each of the neighboring villages sank into a *patois*—although originally it was in no wise inferior. In the course of centuries Paris became the capital of France, and its provincial dialect became the official language of the kingdom. When the kings of France extended their rule over Normandy and over Burgundy and over Provence, the Parisian dialect succeeded in imposing itself upon the inhabitants of those provinces as superior: and in time the Norman dialect and the Burgundian and the Provençal were ousted.

The dialect of the province in which the king dwelt and in which the business of governing was carried on, could not but dispossess the dialects of all the other provinces: and thus the French language as we know it now was once only the Parisian dialect. Yet there was apparently no linguistic inferiority of the *langue*

*d'oc* to the *langue-d'oui*; and the reasons for the dominion of the one and the decadence of the other are purely political. Of course, as the Parisian dialect grew and spread itself, it was enriched by locutions from the other provincial dialects and it was simplified by the dropping of many of its grammatical complexities not common to the most of the others.

The French language was developed from one particular provincial dialect probably no better adapted for improvement than any one of half a dozen others; but it is to-day an instrument of precision infinitely finer than any of its pristine rivals, since they had none of them the good fortune to be chosen for development. But the *patois* of the peasant of Normandy or of Brittany, however inadequate it may be as a means of expression for a modern man, is not a corruption of French, any more than Doric is a corruption of Attic Greek. It is rather in the position of a twin brother disinherited by the guile of his fellow more adroit in getting the good-will of their parents. The literary skill of the Athenians themselves, and not the superiority of the original dialect, this it is that makes us think of Attic as the only genuine Greek, just as it was the prowess of the Romans in war which raised their provincial dialect into the language of Italy, and then carried it triumphant to every shore of the Mediterranean.

### III

THE history of the development of the English language is like the history of the development of Greek and Latin and French: and the English language as we speak it to-day is a growth from the Midland dialect, itself the victor of a struggle for survivorship with the Southern and Northern dialects. "With the accession of the royal house of Wessex to the rule of Teutonic England," so Professor Lounsbury tells us, "the dialect of Wessex had become the cultivated language of the whole people—the language in which books were written and laws were published." But when the Norman conquest came, although to quote from Professor Lounsbury again,

"the native tongue continued to be spoken by the great majority of the population, it went out of use as the language of high culture ; " and " the educated classes, whether lay or ecclesiastical, preferred to write either in Latin or in French—the latter steadily tending more and more to become the language of literature as well as of polite society." And as a result of this the West-Saxon had to drop to the low level of the other dialects ; " it had no longer any pre-eminence of its own." There was in England from the twelfth to the fourteenth centuries no national language, but every one was free to use with tongue and pen his own local speech, although three provincial dialects existed, " each possessing a literature of its own and each seemingly having about the same chance to be adopted as the representative national speech."

These three dialects were the Southern (which was the descendant of Wessex, once on the way to supremacy) ; the Northern and the Midland (which had the sole advantage that it was a compromise between its neighbors to the north and the south). London was situated in the region of the Midland dialect, and it was therefore " the tongue mainly employed at the court " when French slowly ceased to be the language of the upper classes. As might be expected in those days before the printing-press and the spelling-book imposed uniformity, the Midland dialect was spoken somewhat differently in the Eastern counties from the way it was spoken in the Western counties of the region. London was in the Eastern division of the Midland dialect, and London was the capital. Probably because the speech of the Eastern division of the Midland dialect was the speech of the capital, it was used as the vehicle of his verse by an officer of the court—who happened also to be a great poet and a great literary artist. Just as Dante's choice of his native Tuscan dialect controlled the future development of Italian, so Chaucer's choice controlled the future development of English. It was Chaucer, so Professor Lounsbury declares, " who first showed to all men the resources of the language, its capacity of representing with discrimination all shades

of human thought and of conveying with power all manifestations of human feeling."

The same writer tells us that " the cultivated English language, in which nearly all English literature of value has been written, sprang directly from the East-Midland division of the Midland dialect, and especially from the variety of the East-Midland which was spoken at London and the region immediately to the north of it." That this magnificent opportunity came to the London dialect was not due to any superiority it had over any other variety of the Midland dialect ; it was due to the single fact that it was the speech of the capital—just as the dialect of the Île-de-France in like manner served as the stem from which the cultivated French language sprang. The Parisian dialect flourished and branched out and imposed itself on all sides ; within the present limits of France it choked out the other local dialects, even the soft and lovely Provençal ; and beyond the boundaries of the country it was accepted in Belgium and in Switzerland.

So the dialect of London has gone on growing and refining and enriching itself as the people who spoke it extended their borders and passed over the wide waters and won their way to far countries until to-day it serves not merely for the cockney Tommy Atkins, the cowboy of Montana, and the larrikin of Melbourne ; it is adequate for the various needs of the Scotch philosopher and the American humorist ; it is employed by the Viceroy of India, the Sirdar of Egypt, the governor of Alaska and the general in command over the Philippines. In the course of some six centuries the dialect of a little town on the Thames has become the mother tongue of millions and millions of people scattered broadcast over the face of the earth on the shores of all the seven seas.

#### IV

If the Norman conquest had not taken place the history of the English race would be very different, and the English language would not be what it is, since it would have had for its root the Wessex variety of the Southern dialect. But the Norman



conquest did take place, and the English language has for its root the Eastern division of the Midland dialect. The Norman conquest it was which brought the modest but vigorous young English tongue into close contact with the more highly cultivated French. The French spoken in England was rather the Norman dialect than the Parisian (which is the true root of modern French), and whatever slight influence English may have had upon it, does not matter now, for it was destined to a certain death. But this Norman-French enlarged the plastic English speech against which it was pressing, as Scott shows us in the earlier part of "*Ivanhoe*." English adopted many French words, not borrowing them, but making them our own, once for all, and not dropping the original English word, but keeping both with slight divergence of meaning.

Thus it is in part to the Norman conquest that we owe the double vocabulary wherein our language surpasses all others. While the framework of English is Teutonic, we have for many things two names, one of Germanic origin and one of Romance. Our direct, homely words, that go straight to our hearts, and nestle there—these are most of them Teutonic. Our more delicate words, subtle in finer shades of meaning—these often come to us from the Latin through the French. The secondary words are of Romance origin, and the primary words of Germanic. And this—if the digression may here be hazarded—is one reason why French poetry touches us less than German, the words of the former seeming to us remote, not to to say sophisticated, while the words of the latter are akin to our own simpler and swifter words.

One other advantage of the pressure of French upon English, in the earlier stages of its development, when it was still ductile, was that this pressure helped us to our present grammatical simplicity. Whenever the political intelligence of the inhabitants of the capital of a district raises the local dialect to a position of supremacy, so that it spreads over the surrounding districts and casts their dialects into the shadow, the dominant dialect is likely to lose those of its grammatical peculiarities not to be found also in the other dialects. Whatever is common to them all is pretty sure

to survive, and what is not common may or may not be given up. The London dialect, in its development, felt the influence, not only of the other division of the Midland dialect, and of the two rival dialects, one to the north of it and the other to the south, but also of a foreign tongue spoken by all who pretended to any degree of culture. This attrition helped English to shed many minor grammatical complexities still retained by languages who had not this fortunate experience in their youth.

Perhaps the late Richard Grant White was going a little too far when he asserted that English was a grammarless tongue; but it cannot be denied that English is less infested with grammar than any other of the great modern languages. German, for example, is a most grammarful tongue; and Mark Twain has explained to us (in "*A Tramp Abroad*") just how elaborate and intricate its verbal machinery is. One reason why the Volapuk, kindly invented as a universal language by a learned German, was foredoomed to failure, was because it had the syntactical convolutions of its inventor's native tongue.

By its possession of this grammatical complexity, Volapuk was unfitted for service as a world-language. A fortunate coincidence it is that English, which is becoming a world-language by sheer force of the energy and determination of those whose mother-speech it is, should early have shed the most of these cumbersome and retarding grammatical devices. The earlier philologists were wont to consider this throwing off of needless inflections as a symptom of decay. The later philologists are coming to recognize it as a sign of progress. They are getting to regard the unconscious struggle for short-cuts in speech, not as degeneration, but rather as regeneration. As Krauter asserts, "The dying out of forms and sounds is looked upon by the etymologists with painful feelings; but no unprejudiced judge will be able to see in it anything but a progressive victory over lifeless material." And he adds, with terse common sense: "Among several tools performing equal work, that is the best which is the simplest and most handy." This brief excerpt from the German scholar is borrowed here from a paper prepared for the Modern Language As-

sociation by Professor C. A. Smith, in which may be found also a dictum of the Danish philologist, Jespersen: "The fewer and shorter the forms, the better; the analytic structure of modern European languages is so far from being a drawback to them that it gives them an unimpeachable superiority over the earlier stages of the same languages." And it is Jespersen who boldly declares that "the so-called full and rich forms of the ancient languages are not a beauty, but a deformity."

In other words, language is merely an instrument for the use of man; and like all other instruments, it had to begin by being far more complicated than is needful. The watch used to have more than a hundred separate parts; and now it is made with less than two score, losing nothing in its efficiency and in precision. Greek and German are old-fashioned watches; Italian, and Danish and English are watches of a later style. Of the more prominent modern languages, German and Russian are the most backward, while English is the most advanced. And the end is not yet, for the eternal forces are ever working to make our tongue still easier. The printing-press is a most powerful agent on the side of the past, making progress far more sluggish than it was before books were broadcast, yet the English language is sloughing off its outworn grammatical skin. Although in the nineteenth century the changes in the structure of English have probably been less than in any other century of its history, still there have been changes not a few.

For example, the subjunctive mood is going slowly into innocuous desuetude; the stickler for grammar, so called, may protest in vain against its disappearance, its days are numbered. It serves no useful purpose; it has to be laboriously acquired; it is now a matter of rule and not of instinct; it is no longer natural; and therefore it will inevitably disappear sooner or later. Careful investigation has shown that it has already been discarded by many even among those who are very careful of their style—some of whom, no doubt, would rise promptly to the defence of the form they have been discarding unconsciously. One authority declares that although the form has seemed to survive it has been empty of

any distinct meaning since the sixteenth century.

This is only one of the tendencies observable in the nineteenth century; and we may rest assured that others will become visible in the twentieth. But when English is compared with German, we cannot help seeing that the most of this work is done already. Grammar has been stripped to the bone in English; and for us who have to use the language to-day it is fortunate that our remote ancestors who fashioned it for their own use without thought of our needs, should have had the same liking we have for the simplest possible tool, and that they should have cast off, as soon as they could, one and another of the grammatical complexities which always cumber every language in its earlier stages and most of which still cumber German. In nothing is the practical directness of our stock more clearly revealed than in this immediate beginning upon the arduous task of making the means of communication between man and man as easy and as direct as possible. Doubly fortunate are we that this job was taken up and put through before the invention of printing multiplied the inertia of conservatism.

## V

It was the political supremacy of Paris which made the Parisian dialect the standard of French; and it was the genius of Dante which made the Tuscan dialect the standard of Italian. That the London dialect is the standard of English is due partly to the political supremacy of the capital and partly to the genius of Chaucer. As the French are a home-keeping people Paris has retained its political supremacy, while the English are a venturesome race and have spread abroad and split into two great divisions, so that London has lost its political supremacy, being the capital now only of the less numerous portion of those who have English as their mother-tongue.

It is true, of course, that a very large proportion of the inhabitants of the United States, however independent politically of the great empire of which

London is the capital, look with affection upon the city by the Thames. Their feeling toward England is akin to that which led Hawthorne to entitle his record of a sojourn in England "Our Old Home." The American liking for London itself seems to be increasing; and, as Lowell once remarked, "We Americans are beginning to feel that London is the centre of the races that speak English, very much in the sense that Rome was the centre of the ancient world." It was at a dinner of the Society of Authors that he said this, and he then added, "I confess that I never think of London, which I also confess I love, without thinking of the palace David built, 'sitting in the hearing of a hundred streams'—streams of thought, of intelligence, of activity."

While the London dialect is the stem from which the English language has grown, the vocabulary of the language has never been limited by the dialect. It has been enriched by countless words and phrases and locutions of one kind or another from the other division of the Midland dialect and from both the Northern and the Southern dialects—just as modern Italian has not limited itself to the narrow vocabulary of Florence. Yet in the earlier stages of the development of English, the language was advantaged by the fact that there was a local standard. The attempt of all to assimilate their speech to that of the inhabitants of London tended to give uniformity without rigidity. As men came up to court they brought with them the best of the words and turns of speech peculiar to their own dialect; and the language gained by all these accretions.

Shakespeare contributed Warwickshire localisms not a few, just as Scott procured the acceptance of Scottisms hitherto under a ban. As Spencer had gone back to Chaucer, so Keats went to the Elizabethans and dug out old words for his own use; and William Morris pushed his researches farther and brought up words almost pre-Chaucerian. Every language in Europe has been put under contribution at one time or another for one purpose or another. The military vocabulary, for instance, reveals the former superiority of the French, just as the

naval vocabulary reveals the former superiority of the Dutch. And as modern science has extended its conquests, it has drawn on Greek for its terms of precision.

Under this influx of foreign words, old and new, the framework of the original London dialect stands solidly enough, but it is visible only to the scholarly specialist in linguistic research. But the latest London dialect, the speech of the inhabitants of the English capital at the end of the nineteenth century, has ceased absolutely to serve as a standard. Whatever utility there was in the past in accepting as normal English the actual living dialect of London, has long since departed without a protest. No educated Englishman any longer thinks of conforming his syntax or his vocabulary to the actual living dialect of London. Indeed, so far is he from accepting this as a standard that he is in the habit of holding it up to ridicule as a cockney corruption. He likes to laugh at the tricks of speech that he discovers on the lips of the Londoners, at their dropping of their initial *h*'s more often than he deems proper and at their more recent substitution of *y* for *a*—as in "*tyke the cyke, Ljdy.*"

The local standard of London has thus been disestablished in the course of the centuries simply because there was no longer a necessity for any local standard. The speech of the capital served as the starting-point of the language; and in the early days a local standard of usage was useful. But now, after English has enjoyed half a thousand years of growth, a standard so primitive is not only useless, it would be very injurious. Nor could any other local standard be substituted for that of London without manifest danger—even if the acceptance of such a standard were possible. The peoples that speak English are now too widely scattered and their needs are too many and too diverse for any local standard not to be retarding in its limitations.

To-day the standard of English is to be sought not in the actual living dialect of the inhabitants of any district or of any country, but in the language itself, in its splendid past and in its mighty present. Five hundred years ago, more or less,

Chaucer sent forth the first masterpieces of English literature ; and in all those five centuries the language has never lacked poets and prose-writers who knew its secrets and could bring forth its beauties. Each of them has helped to make English what it is now ; and a study of what English has been is all that we need to enable us to see what it will be—and what it should be. Any attempt to trammel it by a local standard, or by academic restrictions, or by schoolmaster's grammar-rules, is certain to fail. In the past, English has shaken itself free of many a limitation ; and in the present it is insisting on its own liberty to take the short-cut whenever that enables it to do its work with less waste of time. We cannot doubt that in the future it will go on its own way, making itself fitter for the manifold needs of an expanding race which has the unusual characteristic of having lofty ideals while being intensely practical. A British poet it was, Lord Houghton, who once sent these prophetic lines to an American lady :

That ample speech ! That subtle speech !  
Apt for the need of all and each ;  
Strong to endure, yet prompt to bend  
Wherever human feelings tend.  
Preserve its force ; *expand its powers* ;  
And through the maze of civic life,  
In Letters, Commerce, even in Strife,  
Forget not it is yours and ours.

## VI

THE English language is the most precious possession of the peoples that speak it and that have for their chief cities, not London alone, or Edinburgh or Dublin, but also New York and Chicago, Calcutta and Bombay, Melbourne and Montreal. The English language is one and indivisible, and we need not fear that the lack of a local standard may lead it ever to break up into fragmentary dialects. The hands on the dial of linguistic progress never go backward. There is no danger now that the Americans will seek to differentiate their speech from the speech of the British, or the Australians theirs from the speech of the Americans, as the Norwegians are trying to differentiate from the Danish. English will be uniform in all the four quarters of the

world, and it will modify itself as occasion serves. We can already detect divergencies of usage and of vocabulary ; but these are but trifles. The steamship and the railroad and the telegraph bring the American and the Britain and the Australian closer together nowadays than were the users of the Midland dialect when Chaucer set forth on his pilgrimage to Canterbury ; and then there is the printing-press, whereby the newspaper and the school-book and the works of the dead and gone masters of our literature bind us together with unbreakable links.

These divergencies of usage and of vocabulary—London from Edinburgh, and New York from Bombay—are but evidences of the healthy activity of our tongue. It is only when it is dead that a language ceases to grow. It needs to be constantly refreshed by new words and phrases, as the elder terms are exhausted. Lowell held it to be part of Shakespeare's good fortune that he came when English was ripe and yet fresh, when there was an abundance of words ready to his hand, but none of them yet exhausted by hard work. So Mr. Howells has recently recorded his feeling that anyone who now employs English "to depict or to characterize finds the phrases thumbed over and worn and blunted with incessant use," and experiences a joy in the bold locutions which are now and again "reported from the lips of the people."

From the lips of the people—here is a phrase that would have sadly shocked a narrow-minded scholar like Dr. Johnson. But what the learned of yesterday denied—and, indeed, have denounced as rank heresy—the more learned of to-day acknowledge as a fact. The real language of a people is the spoken word, not the written. Language lives on the tongue and in the ear ; there it was born, and there it grows. Man wooed his wife and taught his children and discussed with his neighbors for centuries before he perfected the art of writing. Even to-day the work of the world is done rather by the spoken word than by the written. And those who are doing the work of the world are following the example of our remote ancestors who did not know how to write ; when they feel new needs they will make violent efforts to supply these needs, devising fresh

words put together in rough-and-ready fashion, ignorantly often. The mouth is ever willing to try verbal experiments, to risk a new locution, to hazard a wrenching of an old term to a novel use. The hand that writes is always slow to accept the result of these attempts to meet a demand in an unauthorized way. The spoken word bristles with innovations while the written word remains properly conservative. Few of these oral babes are viable and fewer still survive: while only now and again does one of these verbal foundlings come of age and claim citizenship in literature.

In the antiquated books of rhetoric which our grandfathers handed down to us, there are solemn warnings against neologisms—and neologism was a term of reproach designed to stigmatize a new word as such. But in the stimulating study of certain of the laws of linguistics, which M. Bréal, the foremost of French philologists, has called "*La Sémantique*," we are told that to condemn neologisms absolutely would be most unfortunate and most useless. "Every progress in a language is, first of all, the act of an individual, and then of a minority, large or small. A land where all innovation should be forbidden, would take from its language all chance of development." And M. Bréal points out that language must keep on transforming itself with every new discovery and invention, with the incessant modification of our manners, of our customs, and even of our ideas. We are all of us at work on the vocabulary of the future, ignorant and learned, authors and artists, the man of the world and the man in the street; and even our children have a share in this labor, and by no means the least.

Among all these countless candidates for literary acceptance, the struggle for existence is very fierce, and only the fittest of the new words survive. Or, to change the figure, conversation might be called the lower house, where all the verbal coinages must have their origin, while literature is the upper house, without whose concurrence nothing can be established. And the watchdogs of the treasury are trustworthy; they resist all attempts of which they do not approve. In language as in politics, the power of the democratic principle is getting itself more widely acknowledged. The people blunders more often

than not, but it knows its own mind; and in the end it has its own way. In language as in politics, we Americans are really conservative. We are well aware that we have the right to make what change we please, and we know better than to exercise this right. Indeed, we do not desire to do so. We want no more change in our laws or in our language than is absolutely necessary.

We have modified the common language far less than we have modified the common law. We have kept alive here many a word and many a meaning which was well worthy of preservation, and which our kin across the seas had permitted to perish. Professor Earle, of Oxford, in his comprehensive volume on "*English Prose*," praises American authors for refreshing old words by novel combinations. When Mr. W. Aldis Wright drew up a glossary of the words, phrases, and constructions in the King James translation of the Bible and in the Book of Common Prayer, which were obsolete in Great Britain in the sense that they would no longer naturally find a place in ordinary prose-writing; Professor Lounsbury pointed out that at least a sixth of these words, phrases, and constructions are not now obsolete in the United States, and would be used by any American writer without fear that he might not be understood. As Lowell said, our ancestors "unhappily could bring over no English better than Shakespeare's," and by good fortune we have kept alive some of the Elizabethan boldness of imagery. Even our trivial colloquialisms have often a metaphoric vigor now rarely to be matched in the street-phrases of the city where Shakespeare earned his living. Ben Jonson would have relished one New York phrase that an office-holder gives an office-seeker, "the glad-hand and the marble-heart," and that other which described a former favorite comedian as now having "a fur-lined voice."

## VII

WHEN Tocqueville came over here in 1831, he thought that we Americans had already modified the English language. British critics, like Dean Alford, have often animadverted upon the deterioration of the

language on this side of the Atlantic; American humorists, like Mark Twain, have calmly claimed that the tongue they used was not English, but American. It is English, as Mark Twain uses it, and English of a vigor and a clarity not surpassed by any living writer of the language, but in so far as American usage differs from British, it was according to the former and not according to the latter. But they differ in reality very slightly, indeed; and whatever divergence there may be, is rather in the spoken speech than in the written. That the spoken speech should vary is inevitable and advantageous to the language, since the more variation is attempted, the better opportunity the language has to freshen up its languishing vocabulary, and to reinvigorate itself. That the written speech should widely vary, would be the greatest of misfortunes.

Of this, there is now no danger whatever, and never has been. The settlement of the United States took place after the invention of printing; and the printing-press is a sure preventive of a new dialect nowadays. The disestablishment of the local standard of London, leaves English free to develop according to its own laws and its own logic. There is no longer any weight of authority to be given to contemporary British usage over contemporary American usage—except in so far as the British branch of English literature is more resplendent with names of high renown than the American branch. That this is the case in the nineteenth century—that

the British poets and prose writers outnumber and outvalue the American, must be admitted at once; that it will be the case in the twentieth century may be doubted. And whenever the poets and prose writers of the American branch of English literature are superior in number and in power to those of the British branch, then there will be no doubt as to where the weight of authority will lie. The shifting of the centre of power will take place unconsciously; and the development of English will go on just the same after it takes place as it is going on now. The conservative forces are in no danger of overthrow at the hands of the radicals, whether in the United States or in Great Britain, or in any of her colonial dependencies.

Perhaps the principle which will govern can best be stated in another quotation from M. Bréal: "The limit within which the right to innovate stops, is not fixed by any idea of 'purity' (which can always be contested); it is fixed by the need we have to keep in contact with the thought of those who have preceded us. The more considerable the literary past of a people, the more this need makes itself felt as a duty, as a condition of dignity and force." And there is no sign that either the American or the British half of those who have our language for a mother-tongue, are in danger of becoming disloyal to the literary past of English literature, that most magnificent heritage—the birthright of both of us.

## GRETCHEN

"O LOVE!" he said, and laid on mine his hand,  
 And I beheld the yearning of his eyes,  
 Nor aught beside beheld; yet no surprise  
 Caught at my heart; well could I understand  
 Half-spoken words—nay, but unspoken sighs,  
 Surely it was not words my cheek that fanned—  
 This was the way to God, Himself had planned,  
 The way to God Himself, through Paradise.  
 What trust hath mortal heart but that Great Name!  
 So he who calleth upon Love no whit  
 Of terror feels, nor doubt begot of it.  
 Do I speak truly? Answer, ye who sit  
 At life's full board, rose-crowned and without blame.—  
 These were the steps by which I hither came.





## THE SETTLEMENT IN CHINA

By Thomas F. Millard

**T**HE hour of the settlement in China, now so rapidly nearing, finds the situation clouded with doubt and suspicion, when it really should warrant only hopeful confidence. In the great amount of matter concerning China which has recently been printed, I have noticed what seems to me a disposition on the part of correspondents to ignore whatever is simple and obvious, and give prominence to "fakes" of the wildest character, or to facts susceptible of ready distortion. A majority have written as nationalists rather than unprejudiced observers. Error has also been strengthened by so-called "official" reports, which are often nothing more than a carefully conducted system of misrepresentation. All this, coming at a time when a correct understanding of conditions in the East is so essential to the peace of the world, is most unfortunate, and carries a distinct element of international danger.

To understand the Chinese situation well enough for all practical purposes does not require one to read elaborate books of travel, or exhaustive treatises written to exploit pet theories, or works designed to shape public thought for political purposes. In such works, the fundamental facts which would enable a rational man to reach a rational conclusion are buried in a confusion of details and argument. Neither is it necessary, so far as the forthcoming settlement is concerned, to go back beyond the events of the last six months. With

those events I have a familiarity acquired by personal observation on the scene, and I believe that a plain narration of some of the more significant matters is the best way to present the subject to the mind of the reader, so that he may, if he desires, intelligently follow the coming actions of the powers.

Even if it were safe, as a general proposition (which it is not), to accept the official utterances of the various powers as reliably reflecting their desires and intentions respecting China and each other, it would be foolish to trust to indefinite and elastic statements, when we have their actual conduct to guide us to a surer judgment. London, Berlin, Paris, St. Petersburg, Washington, Vienna, and the rest, are the fountains whence that palavering, at once disguised and defined by the name diplomacy, flows: China is the country whose unhappy fate has been to record, in untold suffering and horror, the grim, indelible reality. We have seen London, preaching benevolence by the column to quiet a troubled national conscience, countenance and participate in a bloody campaign of revenge; Berlin, professing friendship to the Chinese Empire and desire for its preservation, rushes into terrible excesses in an attempt to cripple and dismember it; Paris, shouting for speedy restoration of peace, indulges her troops in an orgy of license and loot at the expense of helpless non-combatants; St. Petersburg, full of expressed good intentions and good-will to all men, does not check the gross conduct of her brutal soldiery;

Washington, more consistent if less ready, and writhing under prolonged detriment to her vast interests, yet lacks the courage of conviction, and hesitates to face the situation boldly, confining herself to lamentations.

It is one thing to profess a policy, another to pursue it. The professed policies of the powers, if conscientiously pursued, would not only have mitigated and curtailed the real disturbances in China, but would have already restored normal conditions throughout the empire. A policy may not always be carried out exactly as planned, but divergences which tend toward complete reversal, as indicated in what is done as distinguished from what is talked, should justly be regarded with suspicion. England has for many years been proselyting for the "open door" policy. This we have understood to mean free and equal trade for the world throughout the boundaries of the Chinese Empire. For the "open door," she has made strenuous efforts to enlist the sympathy and support of the United States, and we have gradually come (and justly, I think) to regard it with favor. Now what must we think of England's professions in the light of her conduct in China, in a time when deeds spoke louder than words? Germany, arriving, belated, on the scene, saw fit to reignite the barely flickering flame of war and prosecute—with a purely benevolent object, of course—a punitive campaign. I have already had my say about that. She, however, could not have conducted it, in the face of the displeasure of Russia, Japan, and the United States, without the countenance and support of England. Alone, she would not have dared to challenge the censure of the world.

It is not my purpose to attempt to analyze the designs of the powers in the light of their recent actions. With the facts before it, the world may find its own conclusions. No one can claim for the campaign of revenge, a military necessity: it must, therefore, have been a political move. No one can doubt that it was calculated to prolong indefinitely the disturbances and postpone a settlement. No more can we doubt that it had in it all the dangers of a goad applied to a cowed, but not helpless, population. It threw wide the door

to international discord, and actually, in many instances, invited it to enter. Drawing a curtain before its unutterable barbarity, and casting aside its purely moral aspects (if, indeed, they can ever be truly separated from the political), does it not seem, as a matter of policy, that a course more fraught with danger to the "open door," which is inseparable from a unified China, could not have been devised? Yet it virtually rested with England—and I base this statement, not on the diplomatic argument which we are so familiar with through reading the foreign correspondence in the newspapers, but on actual occurrences in China—to say yea or nay to the punitive campaign, and to bring about a situation which would have forced an early and easy settlement.

No one desires to abridge the existing era of good feeling between England and the United States, but I am afraid that England's attitude toward China in the forthcoming settlement must not be taken entirely for granted. Nor can I blind myself to the fact that her actual conduct in China has been neither always in sympathy with the "open door," nor considerate of the interests of the United States. For, next to China, the United States has, more than any other nation, footed the bill for the punitive campaign, and stands to suffer most from an irrational or delayed settlement. To state a few not generally known facts will make this clear.

The United States has a larger trade in Pechili province, the locality directly affected by the war, than any other foreign power. Nearly three-fourths of our total Chinese trade enters through the port of Tien-tsin, for distribution throughout the northern provinces. The reason lies in the excellence and cheapness of American heavy cotton fabrics, such as are used by the great mass of Chinese for clothing in the colder parts of the empire. In North China, American trade is well established and already predominant. Farther to the south, our lighter cottons and other manufactured goods are still struggling to gain the vantage ground occupied by England and Germany. During the half year just passed, Pechili province has been devastated. Trade has not only been stopped, but the purchasing power of the inhabitants impaired for years to come. The

campaign of revenge prolonged the period of business disruption, while at the same time it invoked the spirits of loot and destruction, and daily widened their area of operations. England and Germany both have considerable trade in North China, but their main spheres of commercial influence lie to the south, in provinces which the war has not touched. The great districts tributary to Canton and Shanghai have pursued the even tenor of their way, suffering only the retarding influences of uneasiness and apprehension. It is, therefore, not surprising that powers whose material interests were being damaged but slightly could view a prolongation of the war with more equanimity than one that felt, deep in the vitals of her Eastern trade, every wanton stab given North China. Perhaps this complaisance of England and Germany has a practical side. During the temporary disability of your competitor's right hand, he will probably be unable to make much headway with his left.

The press of the world has been lately printing (always, I notice, under a London date line) many queer stories of Russia's conduct in China. These are always attended by a budget of alarming inferences as to the sinister designs of the Great Bear. It requires no seer to discover England's hand at the pen. Now, let England have Russophobia if she must, but it will hardly profit America to catch the disease. Let us see what Russia has really done in China. During the time when there was fighting to do she did her share; brutally, as is her nature—but "there are others." The riot element in North China crushed, she proposed cessation of punitive expeditions, and early withdrawal, to the limit of security, as the best and quickest way to peace and a satisfactory settlement. She promptly did withdraw most of her troops, thereby reducing the quantity, if not the quality, of their ravages. Japan and the United States followed her example. She earnestly desired England and Germany to get out also, and, instead of merely wringing her hands, like the United States, tried a little practical diplomacy to hurry them. She dallied along with the Tientsin-Peking Railway until it was impossible to repair it before winter set in, thereby greatly increasing the difficulty of maintaining large numbers of foreign troops

in the Chinese capital. It has been suspected, also, that hers was the hand that so effectually wrecked the railway to Shan-hai-Kwan (military engineers tell me that the bridges were too scientifically destroyed for the work to have been done by Chinese), and rendered that place comparatively valueless as a winter port. If she did these things, they were perfectly consistent with her openly expressed policy.

I, for one, fail to appreciate the point of view that urges the right of other powers to interfere in shaping the future destiny of China, while growling at everything Russia does. Russia is most vitally interested. Her territory is contiguous to China. Nor has she as yet, notwithstanding the sceptical comment of the English press, given any evidence of bad faith in regard to the "open door," to which she is now pledged; or, to write more exactly, she is pledged to the preservation of the Chinese Empire, which means the same thing, and is the first step. As for Russia's supremacy in Manchuria, that is already an established fact. Since she policed that turbulent country, and has made commerce less precarious, by suppressing predatory bands of nomadic Tartars, the trade of the United States in Manchuria has increased five hundred per cent. As neither we, nor any of the other powers that I know of, are prepared to furnish the 75,000 troops necessary to police the great province, it seems that we should rather thank Russia for doing it than blame her. We cannot do better than rely on her assurance of free trade, especially as we realize that when Russia gets ready to move her boundary down to the great wall no one will be able to prevent her. These remarks about Russia's policy in Asia are not misplaced in any article bearing on the Chinese settlement, for we shall hear much nonsense about it during the next year.

By the time this paper is printed the campaign of revenge, yielding to satiety and bitter winter, will probably have run its course, and the way to a settlement be opened. No more important questions than those involved in this settlement have come before the world for decision in many years. The influence of the decision, whatever form it may take, will be felt in the uttermost parts of the earth. No one of the powers need expect to es-

cape its far-reaching effects. Nothing that vitally affects one-third of the total population of the earth can fail, nowadays, to affect the other two-thirds also. Such a crisis should summon to consider it whatever of fairness and wisdom the world can command.

If intelligent people of all nationalities have not realized by now that they were carried off their mental balance last summer and fall by a fit of emotional hysteria, nothing anybody can write will ever make them know it. I take it for granted that they do appreciate the bathetic climax to our scare, and are prepared, in present and in future consideration of the matter, to get back to the safe ground of reason. Let us then take a hasty look at the situation in China, not as visionaries paint it, but as it really is.

The patriarch among nations which now exist on earth, China is none the less imposing, nor to be less respected, because she is at present surrounded by a halo of pathos. Now that I have seen her from within, I marvel at the mist of misrepresentation which has, in the guise of partial truths, been wrapped, by a myriad of book-writers, about her. It seems to me that the average traveller who writes about China, unable to overcome his amazement at innumerable petty social customs so different from those to which he is used, overlooks the most fundamental and important elements in the enduring national structure. That China is badly and tyrannically governed, that she is rotting away from age, and will fall into pieces unless Western civilization assists her in managing her internal affairs, are familiar conclusions persistently thrust before the world by the class of commentators I have in mind.

I do not agree with such conclusions, but I mention them here, not in order to air my own views, but because they become pertinent on account of the certainty of their being assumed as facts in the discussion of the terms of the forthcoming settlement. The brevity of this article forbids elaboration of my own point of view, but I believe that China has still a great deal of vitality, and that it is today, in any profound analysis, a well-governed country. Furthermore, I believe that any outside attempt to govern China is certain to have disastrous results, not

only to the empire, but also to the powers who interfere and the world at large. All sound governments are founded upon, and derive their strength from, a certain mental reciprocity between the population and the governing authority. This is usually called "the consent of the governed." Is it not preposterous to assume that the Chinese Government could have endured thousands of years unless it rested on such consent? Its very endurance is a passive guarantee, to which history can present no parallel. I think that when a European says that China has a bad government, what he really means is that it is a *different* government from the one to which the European is accustomed. This class of observer seems unable to comprehend that what would satisfy him perfectly, would not content the Chinese at all. The Chinese Government, as it exists to-day, is the result of peculiar social and economic processes, working in certain grooves for centuries upon centuries. No Western civilization can replace, in internal industrial and political utility, the conditions which now obtain. And is it not conceit gone mad, for nations, which are, comparatively speaking, mere babes in age, to apply to the Chinese Empire terms suggesting instability?

Only the other day I met an American friend, a lawyer, who questioned me about the Chinese.

"I guess they're very uncivilized?" he said.

"Why, not at all," I replied. "They were civilized when our forefathers were naked savages."

He seemed a bit staggered by my answer, although he must already have known what I told him.

"Well, if they're so civilized," he retorted, "how does it happen that we can lick them so easily?"

This was the first time I had heard the notion, that a man's claim to superior civilization rests on his ability to kill some other man, put so tritely. That this idea is so general and deep-seated, even among the most intelligent classes, must puzzle people who cherish the belief that enlightenment is the guide of Western progress.

It is with no desire to condone the offences committed by Chinese mobs against foreign residents in North China that I

here mention the fact that the latter are in a certain degree responsible for what occurred, but to call attention to a dangerous element in China's affairs, and one which should be considered, in all its bearings, in discussing any settlement that will really settle. The missionaries are a disturbing factor, but not the vital one. National rage is ever easily roused by meddling with a national religion. This trait is not peculiar to the Chinese. Other nationalities are known to possess it. In regard to this matter, it is their patience that we must marvel at. The real root of the recent disturbances lies in the ever-present labor question. Labor-saving machinery is the monster now threatening the internal peace of the empire, and the foreigner is responsible for its presence there. Think of a vast nation where the ranks of productive labor are filled to overflowing, even when the most antiquated and cumbersome methods are used, and where tens of millions of men and women earn but a precarious livelihood; think of that nation threatened, against her consent, with the introduction of mechanical methods which will abruptly deprive vast sections of her population of employment, and disrupt her whole social and industrial system. Think, American, how you would regard such an invasion of our territories. Do you not debar the Chinese, and all so-called pauper labor? You object, and will clean your gun at the very intimation of such a thing, to the Chinese coming to compete against you with only his body and his empty hands. How much more would you object if he brought with him, and proposed to set down in your midst, an engine which could hourly perform a task you could not do in a year? And yet you would have your remedies. You could find plenty of unoccupied land to till, and could still keep body and soul together, if you worked hard enough. Or you might emigrate and try your luck in another country.

This, and more, is what Western civilization is thrusting upon China, and insisting that she shall take her medicine, even though it be at the point of the bayonet. But the Chinese has no unoccupied land to till. His agriculture is already forced to economies of which you have never dreamed. Nor can he emigrate in any

numbers. Western civilization, insisting on its God-given right to come and go at will in the land of the Chinese, decisively bars him out. The evolution of production causes a constant displacement, and consequent shifting, of applied human energy. Schoolboys are taught this in their political economy, but men forget it. I am not arguing against labor-saving machinery. There can be no progress without it. But there is always a limitation to its introduction, and graduated expediency is that limitation. China's industrial situation is such at the present moment that to push her an inch will cause terrible suffering, while to suddenly force her a step will be to create a cataclysm. Should this vast force of human energy, insistently demanding sustenance of the earth, be suddenly cut loose from its present environments, who can foresee the direction it might take? And if we should force such a calamity upon China, could we or our posterity hope to escape the retribution? For they whose bread was thus suddenly snatched away would not all die. If such was the law, the logical termination of labor-saving invention would be depopulation of the earth. The subject, in itself, is worthy of far abler presentation than I can give it. I have introduced it merely that readers may think of one of the least understood of the reasons behind the Chinese anti-foreign agitation.

Is this matter of a settlement one to be approached in a self-satisfied and cocksure spirit of conceit? Is not the very assumption that we have large interests in China equivalent to an admission that errors in the settlement will react on those interests? If we have such interests in China (and we certainly have), they are a part of her, and are inseparable from her. Of what do they consist? They do not lie in the direction of colonization, for the country is already overpopulated; nor yet industrial development, for that, as we have seen, is attended by perils. The real foreign interests in China lie in *trade*, and her safe development must be along the lines of promotion of trade. China's ability to trade depends on her purchasing power, which is vested in the general prosperity of her people. In other words, foreign interests in China are founded on China's prosperity, and to secure that

should be the primary object of the settlement. China must be awakened, but she must be roused gradually.

Besides the great question of the fate of the empire, these matters must be considered in the settlement:

*a.* Indemnities.

*b.* Guarantees for the future.

Though, just at present, the question of the punishment of Chinese who participated in the riots of last summer is occupying the first place in the preliminary negotiations, that of the indemnities to be demanded by the powers is the rock upon which the settlement is likely to split. I predict, without hesitation, that a majority of these demands will be outrageously exaggerated, and some of them purposely so, in order to create difficulties.

The indemnity claims may be divided into two general classes: government and individual, the latter being, of course, ultimately lumped in with the former. I think a little light on the individual claims and their character will not be amiss. They will be presented by foreign residents, who have suffered, or claim to have suffered, pecuniary damage at the hands of Chinese mobs. Now I have investigated this matter not a little, and am convinced that the average foreign resident in North China has made money, not lost it, out of the recent unsettled conditions.

I do not know how I can better illustrate the true state of affairs here than by narrating one of many cases that have come under my personal observation. A foreigner, who has resided for many years in Tien-tsin and has an extensive acquaintance among influential Chinese, was intrusted by some of his Celestial friends, on their being compelled by the disorders to remove to a safer locality, with the care of their property during their absence. This property embraced residences, godowns, junks, wharves, and various buildings utilized for commercial purposes, lying in both the foreign concession and native city of Tien-tsin, and worth millions of dollars.

Thousands of troops of all nationalities poured into Tien-tsin, the strain of peril was relieved, and the tendency of affairs to revert to normal began to assert itself. There was immediately a pressing demand for buildings of all kinds, for supplies and

materials, and particularly for water transportation. Then did the astute foreign resident begin to get in his work. He told the military authorities that he had a friend of another nationality who had a lot of buildings and water transportation which might be rented. His friend would probably want a pretty stiff rental, but he would make the best terms possible. At the same time the "friend" saw his own military authorities and told them the same story with the necessary changes. In this way each evaded occupation by military seizure, and succeeded in renting the property of his Chinese friends at exorbitant figures. Many of the godowns and shops contained great supplies of rice and miscellaneous food and goods. All these things were sold.

Some day it will be possible for these Chinese to return to Tien-tsin. They may find the bare walls of their property, but nothing more. If they ask explanations, they will be informed that the troops looted their residences. Should they inquire about the vast stores in their godowns, "confiscated" will be all the satisfaction they will get. They can only gather together the wrecks of their property, and begin a struggle against irretrievable ruin.

The type which can so use the situation has its representatives of every nationality, and all grades of infamy, throughout China. A great number of the personal indemnity claims will be presented by such men. Need I say that such claims should be rigidly scrutinized? And does it not follow that if the whole mass of claims is so leavened, that all should be subjected to equal scrutiny? Upon careful investigation I am convinced that \$1,000,000 would repair all the damage done to foreign property in North China. If the percentage of some claims I have seen is maintained through them all, the total will be equal to the taxable value of an American city of 300,000 inhabitants. Yet the foreign population affected by the disturbances is only five or six hundred. Missionary claims even should be closely investigated, for the missionaries have collected large sums, often by methods open to criticism, which they should be compelled to credit against any indemnity.

Now, let us take a glance at the other class of indemnities—the government claims. Such claims will arise out of the



fact that the impotency of the Chinese Government to suppress internal disorders in the empire and protect foreign residents, forced the powers, at great expense, to do the work for her. As to just what China should pay for, and what she should not, there is room for great difference of opinion. Take Germany's course. She sent a large expedition to China, at great expense. It arrived too late to accomplish any legitimate purpose, but equity would demand that she be reimbursed to that extent. However, once in China, she became a veritable bull in a China shop. She instituted a war of her own, and inflicted enormous damage upon China, while incidentally reimbursing herself in the way of loot. Where, now, do Germany and China stand? How shall we arrange the balance-sheet? To Germany's credit must be placed the expenses of her expedition, both coming and returning, and the personal claims of her citizens residing in China. On China's side, equity would array the wanton desolation of her towns, and the loot plundered from her people.

But we know, beforehand, that Germany will add up her side of the balance-sheet, with interest, and totally reject China's offsets. We know, beforehand, that the powers will press their demands. They will compel repayment for the property of their citizens, but will pocket the loot pilfered from the Chinese, and refuse restitution. They will insist that China rebuild the damaged foreign residences in Tien-tsin and Peking, but who will raise again the smouldering homes of the Chinese?

Admitting that the powers will insist upon China paying indemnities, caution and the interests of all demand that a reasonable limit be set, and that limit should certainly lie within China's ability to pay. There are signs in the air that indicate an intention on the part of certain powers to exceed this limit, with the purpose of making an opening through which *territorial indemnity* can be brought into the settlement. Watch how the powers line up on this proposition, when it arises, and you will be able to detect the real and pretended friends of the "open door" and a united China. In this insidious way will Dismemberment lift its head, and it must be crushed to guarantee the peace of the world.

Discussion of the settlement should be removed from China, and taken out of the hands of some of the men who are now representing the powers in the negotiations. Sir Claude Macdonald, the British Minister, elucidated a great truth in giving his reasons for requesting to be transferred.

"I do not consider," he is said to have remarked, "that I or any other man whose life was in danger during the siege of the legations, is qualified to negotiate now with the Chinese Government in a proper spirit."

Had some other ministers at Peking followed Sir Claude's example, they might have relieved their governments of great embarrassment, and the progress of the preliminary note might have been accelerated.

Looking at the mere question of interest, policy is on the side of morals and humanity. The United States will be in a position, should she assist in bringing about a satisfactory settlement, to open an almost unlimited future for her trade in China. Of all the powers, her moral and political conduct throughout this affair shines brilliantly. *And the Chinese know it.* Why, in October, while Marshal von Waldersee was conducting the ludicrous Pao-ting-fu campaign, and bravely making war on non-combatants; while from Hong-Kong and Shanghai dire fears of an uprising of all China were given currency and credence by the credulous; while the English press printed in China was assuring the world that the great mass of the Chinese still believed that the allies had been routed by the Imperial troops before the walls of Peking; at that very time a special commissioner for the United States and a number of American naval officers were being banqueted by a Viceroy in Hankau, a thousand miles from the coast, in the very heart of the Yang-tse valley. At the table, where sat more than thirty "top-side" Chinese, all men of great influence in the commercial and political life of the empire, reference was made by one of them, in an after-dinner speech in English, to the conduct of the United States as contrasted with that of other powers. The speaker cited many facts which showed perfect knowledge of the situation, and particularly referred to the refusal of Admiral Kempf to participate in the bom-

bardment of the Taku forts, and expressed the hope that the restoration of peace would lead to closer commercial relations between China and America. If the United States, with the shortest haul to China of any of the trade rivals, and with such good-will to aid, does not manage to secure a superior footing in the Far East, it will be her own fault.

Much depends on the settlement. The

way is not essentially difficult, if the light of reason is kept burning, and pitfalls are avoided. I should like to see the United States, not content with a passive attitude of propriety, put a shoulder to the wheel, and give a push in the right direction. In this case, the right direction will be to protect China against dismemberment and too radical and rapid compulsion to extreme modernity.

## THE POINT OF VIEW

THE remarks made, a few months ago by Professor Münsterberg of Harvard, on some of the educational methods of a not remote past as compared to those in vogue at the present day, had, aside from their direct and specific bearing, a very vital interest of a general kind. In every department of the intellectual life there is, in our time, a tendency visible to exalt the power of mechanism. Systems and methods have, in pedagogy, supplanted almost wholly the faith in the quickening force of personal inspiration; and in the diffusion of letters and the arts, which is our great contemporary pride and boast, a similar inclination to go by rule and rote cannot be overlooked. Mechanism of the material, palpable sort has contributed in enormous measure to that diffusion: it is photography and the various "processes" of reproduction that render cheaply accessible all the masterpieces of the plastic arts; it is mechanical pianos and organs that have recently made it possible for those who live far from the large centres to gain some notion of what great orchestral compositions are like. But, along with the predominance of this material mechanism, there goes a mechanical way of regarding the arts, of regarding literature, which is quite as striking as the mechanical drift in education of which Professor Münsterberg had such very suggestive things to say.

This state of affairs is a natural outgrowth of the desire that is in everybody nowadays to read as much, and to know as much, and to lay claim to as much, as anybody else. It is the normal outcome of the wish of the great public to acquire culture by the gross, and with a special-delivery stamp. No one should

comprehend this better than those persons who are pursuing specifically the student's and the artist's life. Nevertheless, such persons cannot bring themselves to be complacent with regard to many of the features of the situation. Professor Münsterberg undoubtedly spoke for many another guide and instructor of youth when he deprecated the scant value placed, at the present, on the personal equation in teaching. There are artists who do not hesitate to declare that cheap and poor illustrations, instead of creating a sort of democratic art-feeling, as public opinion prefers to hold that they do, merely tend to vitiate taste at its source. To put forth such opinions against the tide demands, however, some little courage. It is certainly as much as the peace of mind of a man of letters is worth to intimate—be his reputation as firmly established as it may—that some of the books that have recently had their hundred thousand readers may not have been constructed with the finest literary art. The great public does not relish having its likes considered questionable. It has always shown this touchiness, but it has never shown it so resentfully as now, because it has never, with respect to subjects intellectual, assumed so much, been so assertively and peremptorily confident as now. Thus, instead of diffusion of education and of letters and the arts drawing the multitude and the initiates of the artistic and scholastic professions into closer sympathy, it can be said that there are points at which a new antagonism and irritation has been set up between them by the process. Those who have the real culture and have been willing to pay the full cost of it, and those who wish the culture but neither know the cost nor pay it, are not

Machinery  
and the  
Real Culture.

understanding each other very well just now. This is inevitable; yet one may take consolation in the thought that the misunderstanding cannot last indefinitely, when the conditions of the problem come to be more generally grasped. If we see the habit of reading spreading to cover an immense area we must perforce expect it to spread by a species of hypnotic contagion, rather than by the individual action of a fresh enthusiasm springing up in each separate breast. If to read, to study, to love art, becomes an imitative impulse, a badge of gentility, people will read, will learn, will admire, what the most of their neighbors do; they will not consult their own feeling, they will not exercise discrimination, develop the sense of distinctions. And real culture—the whole higher life of the mind—is all a matter of distinctions. Discrimination is the breath of it, and individual feeling—strong, passionate, individual feeling—is its very heart-beat. Without spontaneity of emotion before the familiar spectacle of the world, without the personal, new-found accent to translate that emotion, we should have no art, and the æsthetic existence would have no meaning.

The real culture is, then, to put the matter plainly, as rare now as it was before the desire for universal education; and it is likely to continue to be as rare. Machinery cannot bestow it; and you can't have universal education without machinery. Many think, now, that because the elements of culture (those of its elements, at least, that come from books) are given into their hands the consummate product is within their easy reach as well. It is a delusion natural in the first blind rush of ambition and aspiration; but it is one that, some time, must come to an end. The student and the artist know better. The great public, some day, will know better too.

THERE was a period during which Mr. Henry James stood, for certain reasons, alone amongst American writers, and one might say, perhaps, indeed amongst writers of English. He was, in all that period, engaged in the effort to do a difficult thing: namely, to use idiomatically his own

The "Artistic"  
Writers.

tongue, and to treat of the sentiments, impulses, and interests that move, characteristically, English-speaking men and women, and yet at the same time to permeate his work with a certain atmosphere, a peculiar shade of distinction,

derived directly from a foreign inspiration; that of the French people and the French literature. Latterly, however, Mr. James has had followers. There exist amongst us at present a little group of writers who have the same ideal. They are, primarily, "artistic" writers, and in so far they are less in the tradition of the Anglo-Saxon literature than in that of France.

If it were not otherwise important, this fact would become so on account of the objections which it awakens in certain quarters. Mr. Henry James has always had what would be called a "special public." A portion of the reading world has found a peculiar delight in everything he did; another portion has taken exception to his entire literary development. There is a class of persons that has no liking for "artistic" writing, is impatient of it, and pronounces it insincere. It will tell you that Mr. Henry James's gifts have been spoiled by his "affectations"; by such things, for instance, as certain Gallisms of phrase (and it is to be feared that when these are met with they are affectations); and a too-conscious arrangement, too much "posing," of situations and characters. These things are said by the ignorant, but sometimes too by those who in the presence of the products of a very high culture have no sense of embarrassment or uneasiness, and who appreciate the beauty of a very refined literary manifestation. Such persons say them because they are so strongly imbued with the feeling of the independence and dignity of their race's literary traditions that to own the sway of an alien literary influence appears to them, for a serious writer, almost puerile. The feeling here is akin to that which has long since decided that there are no adequate translations. *Traduttore, traditore*—the Italians have it. The language, the life, and the methods of work of a people hang together. To every writer his appointed sphere, with its limitations; in which limitations lie, precisely, his richest opportunities. Clearly these are legitimate sentiments. But it should be obvious that it is pushing them too far to regard any writer who is strongly affected by foreign artistic forms as one who has disloyally and frivolously renounced his birthright to follow after strange gods.

That there is an inclination, and a widely diffused inclination, so to do need not be concealed. It finds a nationalistic literary

party to support it in every country. It finds opposition everywhere, also, in another party, which recognizes that singleness and sincerity for a writer reside in the purpose, the intention, of his work; and that, if these be right, he is at perfect liberty to adopt in his *façon* whatever style, or mode, or vehicle of expression best suits and most stimulates him. A passing-on of working methods from the artists and writers of one country to those of another is continually taking place. It quickens invention as nothing else does, and produces some of the most extraordinarily successful artistic results. Few Germans, if any, ever wrote their language as the late Friedrich Nietzsche could write it. As a philosopher his pretensions might be aberrations, but he had a master hand in making the involved German phrase move with epigrammatic directness. It was a style, if not inspired by latter-day French writers, still essentially French in its aims and its effects. And to read it was to appreciate the full value of a Gallic graft on the ponderous richness of the Teuton sentence, and to perceive for the latter new possibilities. The work of the Italian d'Annunzio, in another order of interests, shows the worth of the French influence on the "shaping" of the novel, which, in Italy, in modern times, had become in the last degree poor and inartistic. The content of this author's books is indigenous enough; their æsthetic passion, notably, of a sort essentially Italian. But it is hard to see how, without the French pattern to go by, d'Annunzio, or the other important Italian novelists of the period, would have succeeded in lifting such a formless thing as the Italian romance had come to be into an object of art. Cases of this kind, of the enrichment of literature by transference of *procédés*, are so innumerable that it is a source of wonder that a view should still persist which considers any art that is in any sense "exotic" as a sterile hybrid, a thing not for fructification, but for ornament—for the "ivory tower." In that view such native art as that of Mr. Howells—or even of Mr. Hamlin Garland—would naturally do for American literature what the art of Mr. Henry James could never do. But, as a matter of fact, the germinal powers of the exotic forms (provided always they be accompanied by that necessary sincerity in the intention) are precisely as great as those of the soil-fed art.

Moreover, in this matter of the literary

influence of the French, the forces at play are, of course, not local and temporary, but wide and old as the race. The ideal of lightness, trimness, compression, of extreme subtlety of presentation and interpretation, we call French now because it has been more fully realized in the literary output of France than in that of any other nation of modern times. Nevertheless, it reaches backward into Athens, and all our civilization has been groping after it, and now finding and now losing it again, since Athens. There will always be writers who, whatever the main currents of their national literature, will forever seek it as an innate need of their nature. Edgar Allan Poe, pursuing that ideal in the America of 1830, is the consummate example. And it is just that—the "manner of doing"—that constitutes, practically, the whole of modern French influence. Ideas—the stuff with which we work—have come of late rather more from other countries. There have been few French men of letters in recent times who have given as much of the raw material of thought to the world as Ibsen or Tolstoy. Their—the Frenchmen's—appeal has been that of fashioners of the material. But that, exactly, is an eternal appeal. Ideas may have their seasons, but the striving for perfection in how to put a thing is never without its body, large or small, of worshipping votaries.

THAT some have in them the principle of growth and that others appear entirely to lack it is, undoubtedly, the great distinction that divides the sheep from the goats. But while the personality that grows and unfolds is obviously following the law of the higher life, there is perhaps nothing that the world at large seems, on the whole, to object to more keenly than the signs of this growing and unfolding as they make themselves manifest in the course of a life or the development of a talent. There never was a genius in statesmanship, a Burke or a Bismarck, who did not have to face, at some period, bitter reproaches for inconsistency. There have been few writers whose books showed the possession of a philosophy of life who have not been called upon to explain (to be sure, they have not usually taken the trouble to respond to the call) why principles enunciated by them at one time showed discrepancies with ideas put forth by them at another. In private intercourse one knows

Specialization  
and the Growth  
of Talent.

that it is extremely disconcerting to the average mortal to find that his friend or his blood-relation is "changing." The changing may be a phase of growth; but the average mortal does not care for such phases. They derange his habits. When he has once hit upon a companion, an author, a statesman, to his taste, he desires to go on liking him for the precise reasons that compelled the liking at first. He demands stability in a world of flux.

This demand is not wholly absurd. It has an element of pathos. It is an expression of the universal longing of mankind to fix itself, to catch at something that will stay; a longing always baffled, and, if one can but recognize it under some of its various foolish disguises, pitiful enough. Blocking up the path of a developing personality, however, it is undeniable that it is a terrible obstacle. And it is likewise undeniable that there is at this moment a greater danger to growing talent from this same cause than perhaps ever before. Specialization in every line of ability is becoming so increasingly characteristic of the day that there are departments of endeavor in which the worker has arrayed against him the entire weight of public influence whenever he is tempted to follow freely the inner promptings of his talent, and to try experiments, to feel his way along new openings. An actor who makes a success of one order of characterizations is debarred from essaying another, and a different, order. A writer who triumphs in one "field" must live in that field thenceforward. This is no unimportant thing, and it deserves to be considered more carefully than we are wont to do. It is not that specialization keeps contemporary men of first-rate powers from the all-round development which was possible to the great men of the Renaissance. A great painter to-day must be content to be a great painter only, he cannot be a sculptor and a poet as well. This may be accepted. The matter, rather, to be regretted is that modern specialism stands often in the way of the unfolding and perfecting of talent even within the limits of the one chosen calling.

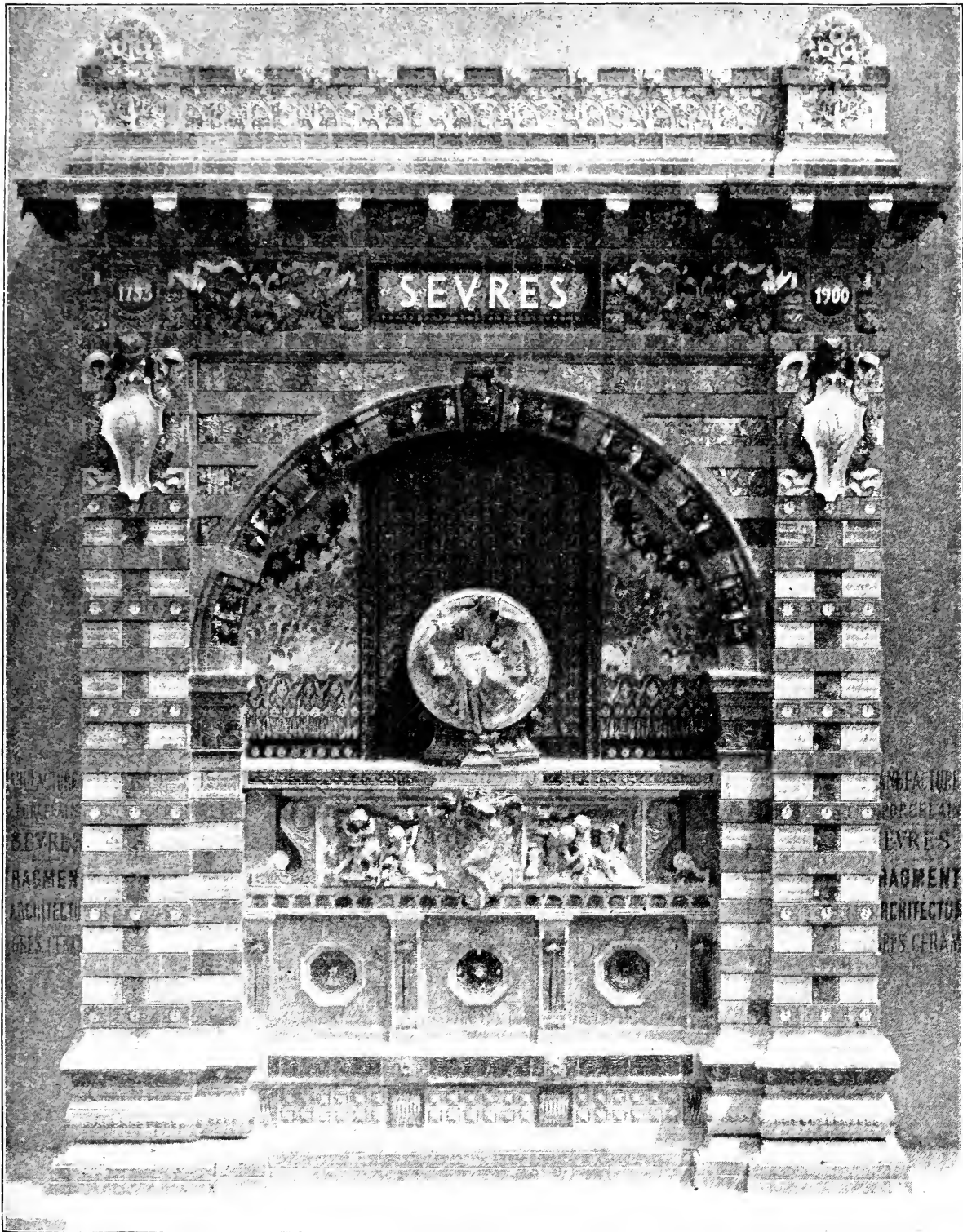
There is no full life, in any craftsmanlike sense, without ceaseless, and, as nearly as possible, untrammelled experimentation; and by this same *tâtonnement*, by this grasping in new directions, the craftsman inevitably comes to be something different from what he was before, and frequently to wish to do somewhat different things. It is to be expected; and, if the mental life of a generation is to be

generous and splendid, it is above all things to be desired. Taine set excellently the standard of judgment in these matters in his criticism of Sainte-Beuve. No one more than Sainte-Beuve was disliked for passing through "phases" of development, for growing lukewarm to friends and causes at one time hotly espoused. But it was perfectly clear to Taine that these episodes, often deplorable in themselves, were but the variants of the man's mental life; the constant of it was his unswerving faithfulness to truth, as he came, at one time or another, to see it, and to the light as it flashed out upon him from hither or yon.

There must, in brief, be a certain fluidity in the movement onward of any genius, any talent. And it is to this that the present fashion of specialization within a specialty offers so many obstacles. If it had been known, before his last visit to America, that Paderewski's style of interpretation had—as was plainly the case—passed into a new stage, that it had a shade less of the emotional poetry that had come to be his accepted hue of specialization in piano-playing, the musical adepts might have been more than ever eager to hear him, that they might study and understand the causes and problems of the change, but the concert public perhaps would have been secretly inclined to stay away. For the public looks to every artist to give it the exact specialty that it has come to associate with his name. Granted that the specialty commonly represents the best of which the artist is capable, it is nevertheless a loss to him to be too rigidly held to the same. The æsthetic instinct, it need not be forgotten, is founded primarily on the love of play. A clever child, with expanding faculties, varies his play infinitely. An artist has the same impulses. Failure may thinkably attend some of his side ventures, but if those ventures spring from the honest and honorable desire to test his strength and his artistic weapons, and not from the wish merely to strike into a new path because popular favor blows that way, failure should not be accounted to him as a disgrace. Specialism has become a necessity of our scientific age; but in so far as it causes the multitude to erect barriers that arrest the light-hearted evolution of powerful gifts, it has indubitably the drawbacks of its advantages, at least where the arts are concerned. It is not easy to suggest a remedy, but the point is worth pondering.



# THE FIELD OF ART



FRENCH ARCHITECTURAL DECORATION: THE SÈVRES MANUFACTORY AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION

THE Field of Art is fortunate in having in hand a long paper devoted to this subject and written especially for the purpose by Alexandre Sandier, *Directeur pour les Travaux d'Art* at Sèvres. The

article is much too long for use in one number even without illustrations, and the photographs provided by Mr. Sandier seem necessary to a full understanding of the conditions. The subject will be pursued in a future number.

The Sèvres manufactory, originating at the



Château of Vincennes in 1745, was made the Royal Factory of Porcelain in 1753, and was moved to Sèvres in 1756. Until 1790, and usually on New Year's day of each year, its productions were exhibited in the apartments of the king at Versailles. There were brought together the most important productions of the year and the personages of the court contended with one another for the possession of these pieces, paying often exorbitant prices, in order to do pleasure to the sovereign as soon as he had made his own selection.

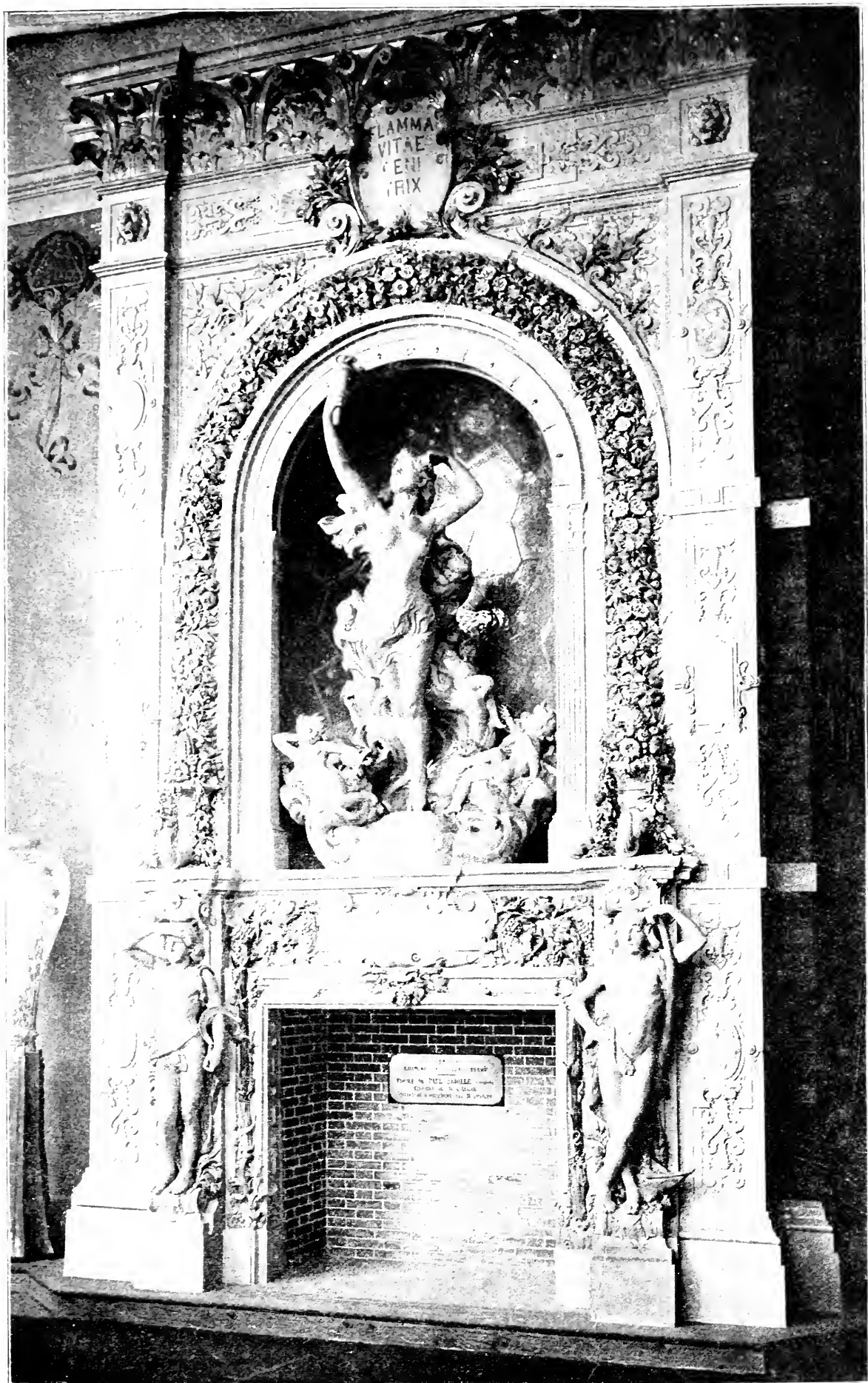
Until 1769 all the pieces turned out by the Sèvres workshop were in soft paste. In that year the chemist Macquer offered to the king the first pieces made in hard or kaolinic porcelain, the first that had been manufactured in France. 1783 is another important date for the manufactory. Up to that time there had been made only small pieces, mostly objects for table use, but in the course of that year there was made the great vase now in the Gallery of the Louvre Museum, two metres high, made from a model furnished by the sculptor Boizot, and mounted in wrought and gilded bronze by Thomire.

During the Revolution the Manufactory of Sèvres passed through a serious crisis. Money was lacking, and sales were organized in 1793 and again in 1797 without great pecuniary success; but in 1800 an auction was held at the Louvre which produced a larger sum, and at last in 1805 the existence of the manufactory was assured. At that time the sum of 264,000 francs, included in the civil list, was appropriated; in 1850 this credit was raised to 350,000 francs, and to-day it has reached the sum of 580,000 francs.

The principal materials made and used at Sèvres are: 1st, the celebrated soft paste (*pâte tendre*), called also French porcelain, rather an opaque glass than a porcelain in the proper sense of the word; 2d, hard porcelain of Sèvres whose composition was decided on by Brongniart in 1836. This is the hardest of all porcelains, and requires the greatest heat of the furnace: a temperature of about 1,400° centigrade (2,488° Fahrenheit); 3d, the new paste fixed upon by Lauth and Vogt, after experiments which terminated in 1882. This requires a less elevated temperature than No. 2 and approaches in character the Chinese and Japanese porcelains—like them it allows of a richer system of coloration; 4th, stone-ware, to the discussion of which our attention is now mainly turned.

From the point of view of artistic design the work done at Sèvres has always mirrored the French art of the time. During the eighteenth century the admirable soft paste preserved perfectly the style and the taste of Madame de Pompadour; and the beautiful pieces of hard porcelain, of the epoch of Louis XVI., repeated the comparative severity of design which we associate with that reign. In the nineteenth century, the pretentious designs of the Empire are followed by that absence of all taste which marked the Restoration and the reign of Louis Philippe. During this period porcelain, that white and translucent material, disappears completely under an opaque coat of chrome green or of cobalt blue, and what little of the surface remains white is crowded with patterns in gold. This is also the epoch of pictures painted upon porcelain—portraits upon coffee pots and cups, and copies of pictures by Boucher on vases. Then comes the chaos of the Second Empire; but this epoch of uncertainty and experiment is too near our own time to be judged with impartiality.

The efforts now being made to find a ceramic material fit for decorative construction, capable of bearing a heat as great as that required for porcelain and capable of receiving the same glazes and enamels, have caused surprise. It is not true, however, that the Sèvres establishment has ever limited its work to the making of porcelain—there have been made at Sèvres ornamental glass for windows, enamels on copper, Cloisonné enamels, Faience, properly so-called, and enamelled mosaic, so that the investigations and experiments in these different branches include practically all the *arts du feu*—almost all the industrial arts depending upon the heat of the furnace. There still remained the important branch of stone-ware, which had not been taken up. The peculiar qualities of this material, its resistance to pressure and to blows, its unalterable quality and color recommended it for use in building. It is true that the present attempt grew out of a consultation held at the manufactory itself concerning the fabrication of porcelain bricks. Now, to employ a material as costly as porcelainous clay, and one whose known deposits are so limited in number and extent would have been necessarily very expensive and also very unwise. It was important not to allow this erroneous idea to go farther; important to show that the same results might be reached with a



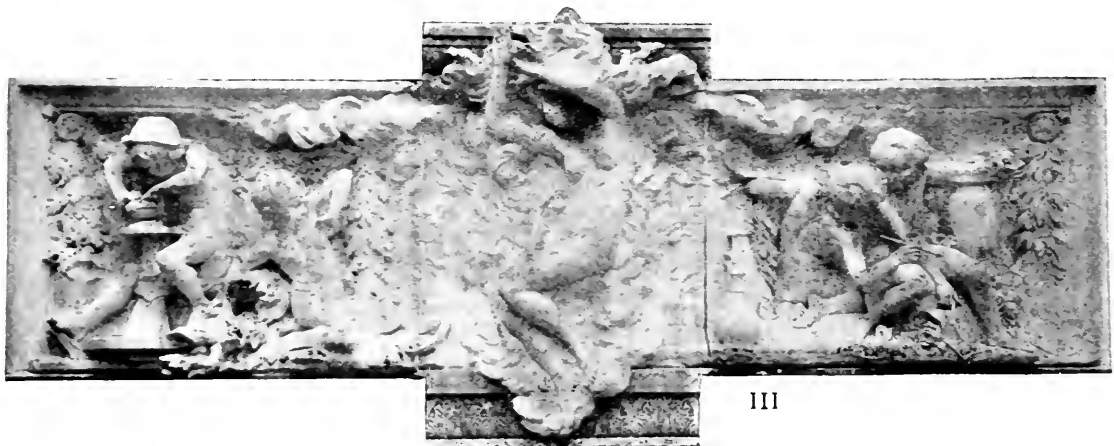
material of slight pecuniary value and one whose natural deposits were in a sense inexhaustible. To make this clear there was undertaken the study of a new paste for stone-ware which should be able to endure the heat of the porcelain furnace and which should possess the same coefficient of expansion as porcelain; one which could, therefore, receive the same glazes and the same enamels without danger of the cracking or the crazing of the surface. The stone-ware thus obtained might even be covered by a thin layer of porcelain, and this once thoroughly baked might have much of the decorative effect of porcelain itself.

It had been hoped that a pavilion might be erected, a building of some size, which might contain the Sèvres exposition for 1900. Unfortunately this plan had to be abandoned and a specimen—a single bay of the proposed façade—was erected in the Avenue des Invalides (Fig. I.): and even this had to be carried out with some modification in detail. Thus the great window which would have filled the arched head of the opening was replaced by decoration in stone-ware showing all the effects possible of the use of this material in the way of the coloring of smooth surfaces. The medallion made in a single piece, more than a metre in diameter, represents *Keramics*; and below it is a great bas-relief illustrating the work at Sèvres. In the centre of this there is a delicate figure representing *Flame*; on the left a little workman with a wheel turning a shallow vase and an attendant of the oven

feeding the fire with wood, at the same time protecting himself from the scorching heat; on the right a sculptor and a painter are seen studying the form and the color decoration of the vase (Fig. III.). All this sculpture is the work of Mr. Coutan, whose recent election to the Institute of Fine Arts crowns worthily his artistical career. The panels below this bas-relief are filled with plaques of stone-ware crystallized on the surface, producing an agreeable effect. The large pilasters, the archivolt, and the entablature, are built of stone-ware bricks thirty centimetres high covered with *mat* or dull-surfaced enamel, in which red, yellow, and dark green are the controlling colors. As it stands this work is important enough to allow of an accurate judgment concerning the application on a large scale of stone-ware to the construction of buildings, and the proof that this material offers advantages to the architect so great as to give us hope of its speedy further development in this direction.

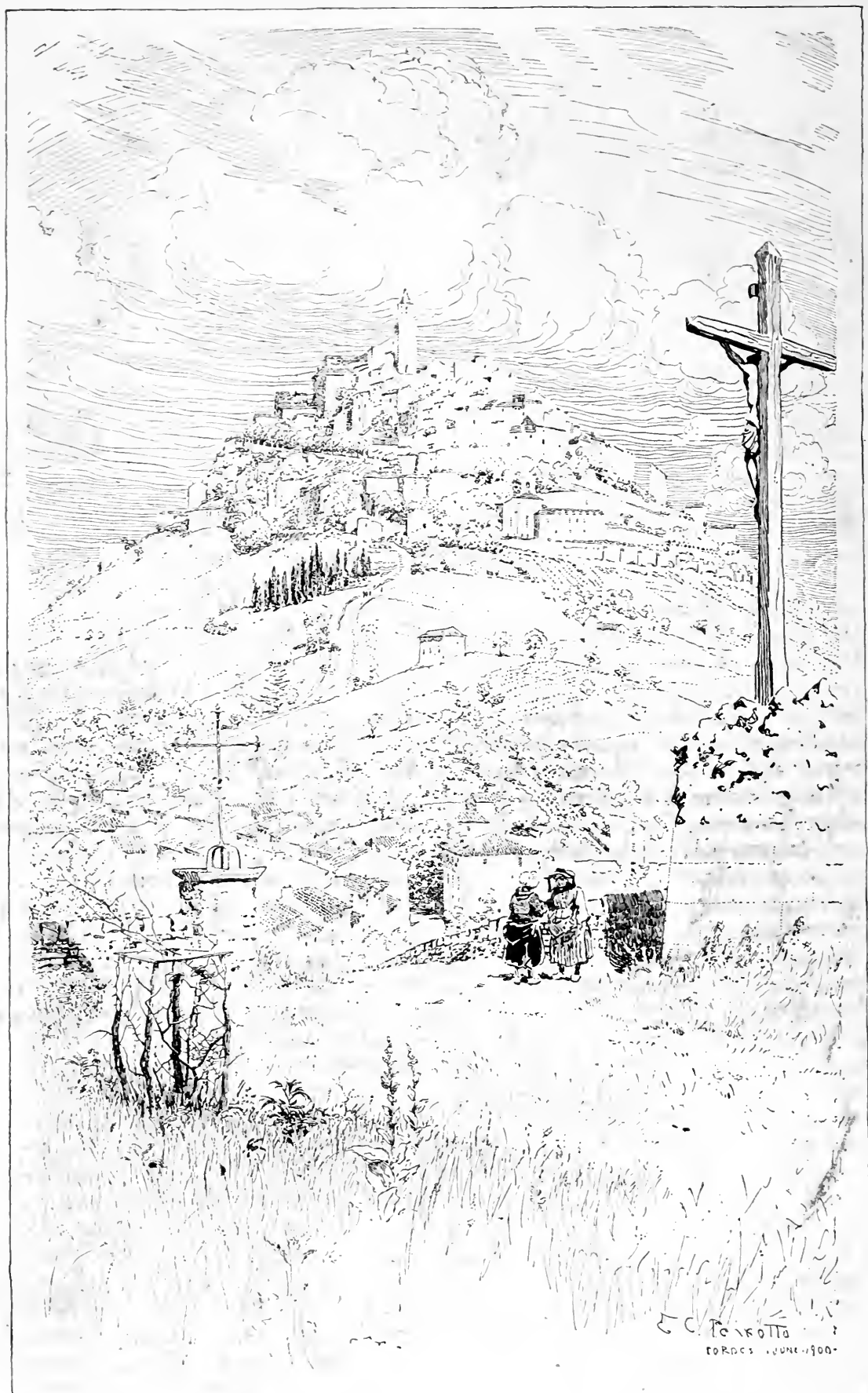
The monumental chimney-piece by Mr. Paul Sédille, the statue of the Republic by Mr. Boucher, and some vases of great dimensions must also be named. The chimney-piece named above (Fig. II.) is built of stone-ware in its natural gray color, adorned, however, by some colored enamels. Thus the vine-leaves, the grapes and the grape garland which surround the niche have the colors of nature. The figure in the niche personifies *Flame*: she is surrounded by smoke in which are seen playing salamanders and gnomes.

ALEXANDRE SANDIER.



III





*Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.*

CORDES.

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## THE SOUTHERN MOUNTAINEER

By John Fox, Jr.

DRAWINGS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE COLLECTION OF R. C. BALLARD-THRUSTON,  
LOUISVILLE, KY.

IT was only a little while ago that the materialists declared that humanity was the product of heredity and environment; that history lies not *near* but *in* Nature; and that, in consequence, man must take his head from the clouds and study himself with his feet where they belong, to the earth. Since then, mountains have taken on a new importance for the part they have played in the destiny of the race, for the reason that mountains have dammed the streams of humanity, have let them settle in the valleys and spread out over plains; or have sent them on long detours around. When some unusual pressure has forced a current through some mountain-pass, the hills have cut it off from the main stream and have held it so stagnant, that, to change the figure, mountains may be said to have kept the records of human history somewhat as fossils hold the history of the earth.

Arcadia held primitive the primitive inhabitants of Greece, who fled to its rough hills after the Dorian invasion. The Pyrenees kept unconquered and strikingly unchanged the Basques—sole remnants perhaps in western Europe of the aborigines who were swept away by the tides of Aryan immigration; just as the Rocky Mountains protect the American Indian in primitive barbarism and not wholly subdued to-day and the Cumberland range keeps the Southern mountaineer to the backwoods civilization of the revolution. The reason is plain. The mountain

dweller lives apart from the world. The present is the past when it reaches him; and though past, is yet too far in the future to have any bearing on his established order of things. There is, in consequence, no incentive whatever for him to change. An arrest of development follows; so that once imprisoned, a civilization, with its dress, speech, religion, customs, ideas, may be caught like the shapes of lower life in stone, and may tell the human story of a century as the rocks tell the story of an age. For centuries the Highlander has had plaid and kilt; the peasant of Norway and the mountaineer of the German and Austrian Alps each a habit of his own; and every Swiss canton a distinctive dress. Mountains preserve the Gaelic tongue in which the scholar may yet read the refuge of Celt from Saxon, and in turn Saxon from the Norman-French, just as they keep alive remnants like the Rhæto-Roman, the Basque and a number of Caucasian dialects. The Carpathians protected Christianity against the Moors, and in Java, the Brahman faith took refuge on the sides of the Volcano Gunung Lawa and there outlived the ban of Buddha.

So, in the log cabin of the Southern mountaineer, in his household furnishings, in his homespun, his linsey and, occasionally, in his hunting shirt, his coon-skin cap and moccasins one may summon up the garb and life of the pioneer; in his religion, his politics, his moral code, his folk





Spinning Wool, Poor Fork of the Cumberland River.

songs and his superstitions one may bridge the waters back to the old country, and through his speech one may even touch the remote past of Chaucer. For to-day he is a distinct remnant of Colonial times—a distinct relic of an Anglo-Saxon past.

It is odd to think that he was not discovered until the outbreak of the Civil War, although he was nearly a century old then, and it is really startling to realize that when one speaks of the Southern mountaineers, he speaks of nearly three millions of people who live in eight Southern States—Virginia and Alabama and the Southern States between—and occupy a region equal in area to the combined areas of Ohio and Pennsylvania, as big, say, as the German Empire and richer, perhaps, in timber and mineral deposits than any other region of similar extent in the world. This region was and is an unknown land. It has been aptly called “Appalachian America,” and

the work of discovery is yet going on. The American mountaineer was discovered, I say, at the beginning of the war, when the Confederate leaders were counting on the presumption that Mason and Dixon's Line was the dividing line between the North and South, and formed therefore the plan of marching an army from Wheeling, in West Virginia, to some

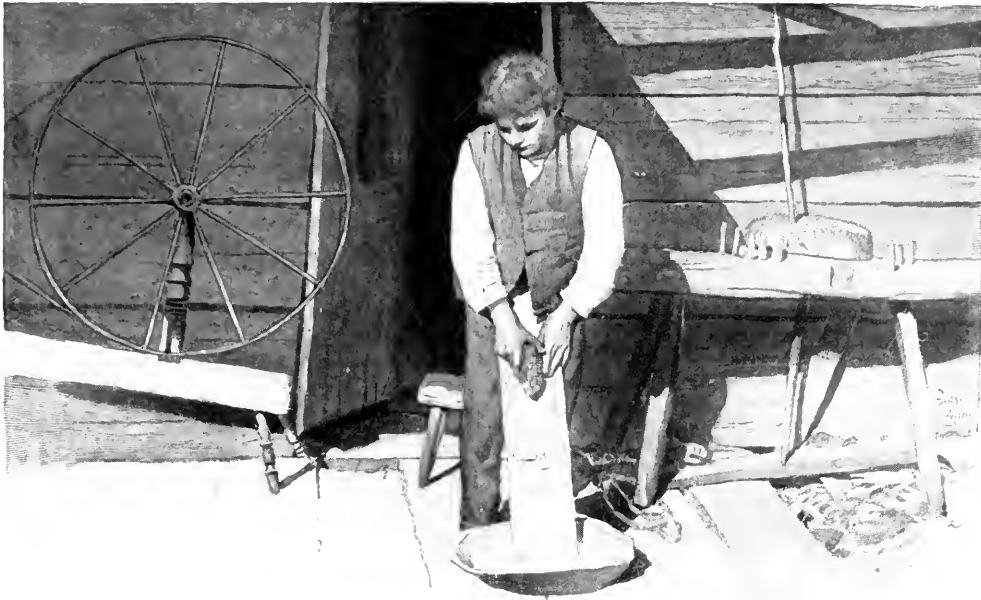


Washing at Flannery's Spring, Big Stone Gap, Wise County, Va.

point on the lakes, and thus dissevering the North at one blow. The plan seemed so feasible that it is said to have materially aided the sale of Confederate bonds in England, but when Captain Garnett, a West Point graduate, started to carry it out, he got no farther than Harper's Ferry. When he struck the mountains, he struck enemies who shot at his men from ambush, cut down bridges before him,

this non-slaveholding Southern mountaineer.

The war over, he went back to his cave and his cabin, and but for the wealth of his hills and the pen of one Southern woman, the world would have forgotten him again. Charles Egbert Craddock put him in the outer world of fiction, and in recent years railroads have been linking him with the outer world of fact. Religi-



"Gritting" Corn and Hand Corn-mill.

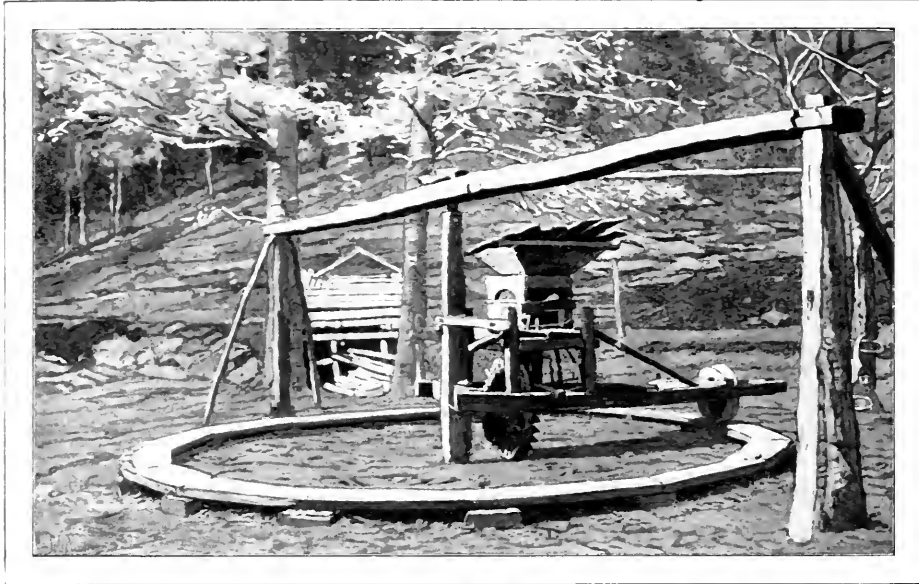
carried the news of his march to the Federals, and Garnett himself fell with a bullet from a mountaineer's squirrel rifle at Harper's Ferry. Then the South began to realize what a long, lean powerful arm of the Union it was that the Southern mountaineer stretched through its very vitals; for that arm helped hold Kentucky in the Union by giving preponderance to the Union sympathizers in the Blue-grass; it kept the East Tennesseans loyal to the man; it made West Virginia, as the phrase goes, "secede from secession;" it drew out a horde of one hundred thousand volunteers, when Lincoln called for troops, depleting Jackson County, Ky., for instance of every male under sixty years of age, and over fifteen, and it raised a hostile barrier between the armies of the coast and the armies of the Mississippi. The North has never realized, perhaps, what it owes for its victory to

ous and educational agencies have begun work on him; he has increased in political importance, and a few months ago he went down heavily armed with pistol and Winchester—a thousand strong—to assert his political rights in the State capital of Kentucky. It was probably one of these mountaineers who killed William Goebel, and he no doubt thought himself as much justified as any other assassin who ever slew the man he thought a tyrant. Being a Unionist, because of the Revolution, a Republican, because of the Civil War, and having his antagonism aroused against the Blue-grass people, who, he believes, are trying to rob him of his liberties, he is now the political factor with which the Anti-Goebel Democrats—in all ways the best element in the State—have imperilled the Democratic Party in Kentucky. Sooner or later, there will be an awakening in the mountainous parts of the other seven

States ; already the coal and iron of these regions are making many a Southern ear listen to the plea of protection : and some day the National Democratic Party will, like the Confederacy, find a subtle and powerful foe in the Southern mountaineer and in the riches of his hills.

In the march of civilization westward, the Southern mountaineer has been left

stories of votes yet being cast for Andrew Jackson are but little exaggerated. An old Tennessee mountaineer once told me about the discovery of America by Columbus. He could read his Bible, with marvellous interpretations of the same. He was the patriarch of his district, the philosopher. He had acquired the habit of delivering the facts of modern progress



Horse Mill, Abner Branch of Left Beaver Creek, Kentucky.

in an isolation almost beyond belief. He was shut off by mountains that have blocked and still block the commerce of a century, and there for a century he has stayed. He has had no navigable rivers, no lakes, no coasts, few wagon-roads, and often no roads at all except the beds of streams. He has lived in the cabin in which his grandfather was born, and in life, habit, and thought he has been merely his grandfather born over again. The first generation after the Revolution had no schools and no churches. Both are rare and primitive to-day. To this day, few Southern mountaineers can read and write and cipher ; few, indeed, can do more. They saw little of the newspapers and were changeless in politics as in everything else. They cared little for what was going on in the outside world, and indeed they heard nothing that did not shake the nation. To the average mountaineer the earth was still flat and had four corners. It was the sun that girdled the earth, just as it did when Joshua told it to stand still, and precisely for that reason. The

to his fellows, and it never occurred to him that a man of my youth might be acquainted with that rather well-known bit of history. I listened gravely, and he went on, by and by, to speak of the Mexican War as we would speak of the fighting in China ; and when we got down to so recent and burning an issue as the late civil struggle, he dropped his voice to a whisper and hitched his chair across the fireplace and close to mine.

"Some folks had other ideas," he said, "but hit's my pussonal opinion that *niggahs was the cause o' the war.*"

When I left his cabin, he followed me out to the fence.

"Stranger," he said, "I'd ruther you wouldn' say nothin' about whut I been tellin' ye." He had been a lone rebel in sympathy and he feared violence at this late day, for expressing his opinion too freely. This old man was a "citizen" ; I was a "furriner" from the "settlements" —that is, the Blue-grass. Columbus was one of the "outlandish," a term that carried not only his idea of the parts hailed



Whip-sawing at the Head of Brownie's Creek.

from but his personal opinion of Columbus. Living thus, his interest centred in himself, his family, his distant neighbor, his grist mill, his country store, his county town; unaffected by other human influences; having no incentive to change, no wish for it, and remaining therefore unchanged, except where civilization during the last decade, has pressed in upon him

times the hominy block that the pioneers borrowed from the Indians, and a hand-mill for grinding corn like the one, perhaps, from which one woman was taken and another left in biblical days. Until a decade and a half ago they had little money, and the medium of exchange was barter. They drink metheglin still, as well as moonshine. They marry early, and only



A Characteristic Mountain Home of the Poorer Type.

the Southern mountaineer is thus practically the pioneer of the Revolution, the living ancestor of the Modern West.

The national weapons of the pioneer—the axe and the rifle—are the Southern mountaineer's weapons to-day. He has still the same fight with Nature. His cabin was, and is yet in many places, the cabin of the backwoodsman—of one room usually—sometimes two, connected by a covered porch, and built of unhewn logs with a puncheon floor, clapboards for shingles and wooden pin and augur-hole for nails. The crevices between the logs were filled with mud and stones when filled at all, and there were holes in the roof for the wind and the rain. Sometimes there was a window with a batten wooden shutter, sometimes no window at all. Over the door, across a pair of buck antlers, lay the long, heavy, home-made rifle of the backwoodsman, sometimes even with a flint lock. One can yet find a crane swinging in a big stone fireplace, the spinning-wheel and the loom in actual use; some-

last summer I saw a fifteen-year-old girl riding behind her father, to a log church to be married. After the service, her pillow was shifted to her young husband's horse, as was the pioneer custom, and she rode away behind him to her new home. There are still log-rollings, house-raising, house-warmings, corn-shuckings and quiltings. Sports are still the same—as they have been for a hundred years—wrestling, racing, jumping, and lifting barrels. Brutally savage fights are still common in which the combatants strike, kick, bite, and gouge until one is ready to cry "enough." Even the backwoods bully, loud, coarse, profane, bantering—a dandy who wore long hair and embroidered his hunting shirt with porcupine-quills—is not quite dead. I saw one not long since, but he wore store clothes, a gorgeous red tie, a dazzling brass scarf-pin—in the bosom of his shirt. His hair was sandy, but his mustache was blackened jet. He had the air and smirk of a lady-killer, and in the butt of the huge pistol buckled around him, was





Interior of a Log Cabin on Brownie's Creek.

a large black bow—the badge of death and destruction to his enemies. Funerals are most simple. Sometimes the coffin is slung to poles and carried by four men. While the begum has given place to hickory bark when a cradle is wanted, baskets and even fox-horns are still made of that material.

Not only many remnants like these are left in the life of the mountaineer, but, occasionally, far up some creek it was possible, as late as fifteen years ago, to come upon a ruddy, smooth-faced, big-framed old fellow, keen-eyed, taciturn, avoiding the main-travelled roads; a great hunter, calling his old squirrel rifle by some pet

feminine name—who, with a coon-skin cap, the scalp in front, and a fringed hunting-shirt and moccasins, completed the perfect image of the pioneer as the books and tradition have handed him down to us.

It is easy to go on back across the water to the Old Country. One finds still among the mountaineers the pioneer's belief in signs, omens, and the practice of witchcraft; for whatever traits the pioneer brought over the sea, the Southern mountaineer has to-day. The rough-and-tumble fight of the Scotch and the English square stand-up and knock-down boxing-match were the mountaineer's ways of settling minor disputes—one or the other, according

to agreement—until the war introduced musket and pistol. The imprint of Calvinism on his religious nature is yet plain, in spite of the sway of Methodism for nearly a century. He is the only man in the world whom the Catholic Church has made little or no effort to proselyte. Dislike of Episcopalianism is still strong among people who do not know or pretend not to know what the word means.

"Any Episcopalians around here?" asked a clergyman at a mountain cabin. "I don't



Sweep Mill or Hominy Mortar on Lick Branch, Knox County, Ky.





A "Meetin'-house" of the Better Class.

know." said the old woman. "Jim's got the skins of a lot o' varmints up in the loft. Mebbe you can find one up thar."

The Unionism of the mountaineer in the late war is in great part an inheritance from the intense Americanism of the backwoodsman, just as that Americanism came from the spirit of the Covenanters. His music is thus a trans-Atlantic remnant. In Harlan County, Ky., a mountain girl leaned her chair against the wall of her cabin, put her large bare feet on one of the rungs and sang me an English ballad three hundred years old, and almost as long as it was ancient. She said she knew many others. In Perry County, where there are in the French-Eversole feud, McIntyres, McIntoshes, McKnights, Combs, probably McCombs and Fitzpatricks, Scotch ballads are said to be sung with Scotch accent, and an occasional copy of Burns is to be found. I have even run across the modern survival of the wandering minstrel—two blind fiddlers who were about the mountains making up "bal-lets" to celebrate the deeds of leaders in Kentucky feuds. One of the verses ran:

The death of these two men  
Caused great trouble in our land,  
Caused men to say the bitter word,  
And take the parting hand.

Nearly all songs and dance tunes are written in the so-called old Scotch scale, and like negro music, they drop frequently into the relative minor; so that if there be any truth in the theory that negro music is merely the adaptation of Scotch and Irish folk-songs and folk-dance, and folk-dances with the added stamp of the negro's peculiar temperament, then the music adapted is to be heard in the mountains to-day as the negro heard it long ago.

In his speech, the mountaineer touches a very remote past. Strictly speaking, he has no dialect. The mountaineer simply keeps in use old words and meanings that the valley people have ceased to use; but nowhere is this usage so sustained and consistent as to form a dialect. To writers of mountain stories, the temptation seems quite irresistible to use more peculiar words in one story than can be gathered from the people in a month. Still, unusual words are abundant. There are perhaps two hundred words, meanings, and pronunciations that in the mountaineer's speech go back unchanged to Chaucer. Some of the words are: afeard, afore, axe, holp, crope, clomb, peert, beast (horse), cryke, eet (ate), farwel, fer (far), fool (foolish—"them fool-women"), heepe, hit (it), I is, lepte, pore



Ferrying at Jackson, Ky.

(poor), right (very), slyk, study (think), souple (supple), up (verb), "he up and done it," usen, yer for year, yond, instid, yit, etc. There are others which have English dialect authority: blather, doated, antic, dreen, brash, faze (now modern slang), fernent, ferninst, master, size, etc. Many of these words, of course, the upper classes use throughout the South. These the young white master got from his negro playmates, who took them from the lips of the poor whites. The double negative, always used by the old English who seem to have resisted it no more than did the Greeks, is invariable with the mountaineer. With him a triple negative is common. A mountaineer had been shot. His friends came in to see him and kept urging him to revenge. A woman wanted them to stop.

"Hit jes' raises the ambition in him and *don't* do *no* good *nohow*."

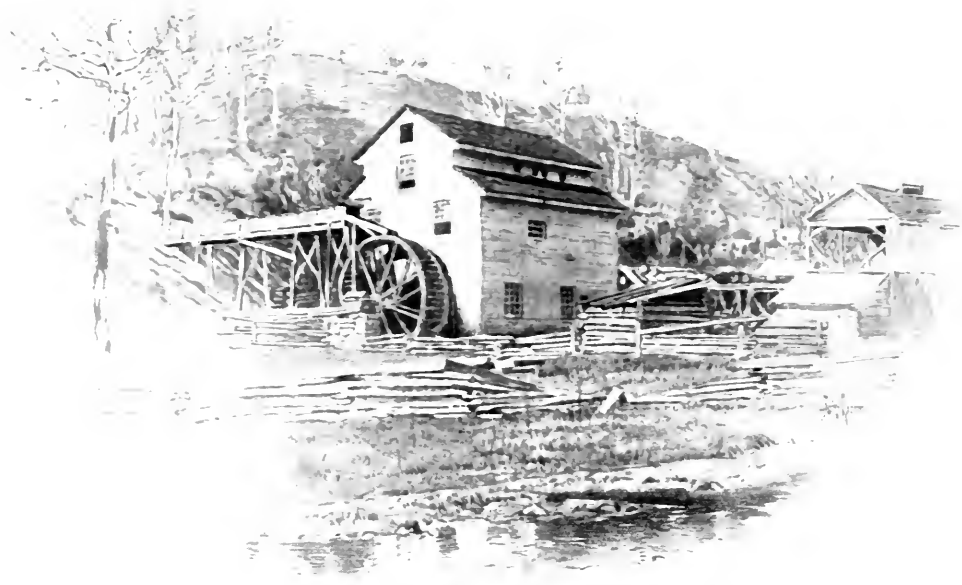
The "dialect" is not wholly deterioration then. What we are often apt to regard as ignorance in the mountaineer is simply our own disuse. Unfortunately, the speech is a mixture of so many old English dialects that it is of little use in tracing the origin of the people who use it.

Such has been the outward protective effect of mountains on the Southern moun-

taineer. As a human type he is of unusual interest.

No mountain people are ever rich. Environment keeps mountaineers poor. The strength that comes from numbers and wealth is always wanting. Agriculture is the sole stand-by and agriculture distributes population because arable soil is confined to bottom-lands and valleys. Farming on a mountain-side is not only arduous and unremunerative—it is sometimes dangerous. There is a well-authenticated case of a Kentucky mountaineer who fell out of his own corn-field and broke his neck. Still, though fairly well-to-do in the valleys, the Southern mountaineer can be pathetically poor. A young preacher stopped at a cabin in Georgia to stay all night. His hostess, as a mark of unusual distinction, killed a chicken and dressed it in a pan. She rinsed the pan and made up her dough in it. She rinsed it again and went out and used it for a milk-pail. She came in, rinsed it again, and went to the spring and brought it back full of water. She filled up the glasses on the table and gave him the pan with the rest of the water in which to wash his hands. The woman was not a slattern; it was the only utensil she had.

This poverty of natural resources makes



Browning's Grist Mill. One Mile and a Half Northwest from Jonesville, Lee County, Va.—An Overshot Wheel.

the mountaineer's fight for life a hard one. At the same time it gives him vigor, hardihood, and endurance of body; it saves him from the comforts and dainties that weaken; and it makes him a formidable competitor, when it forces him to come down into the plains, as it often does. For this poverty was at the bottom of the marauding instinct of the Pict and Scot, just as it is at the bottom of the migrating instinct that sends the Southern mountaineers west in spite of a love for home that is a proverb with the Swiss, and is hardly less strong in the Southern mountaineer to-day. Invariably the Western wanderer comes home again. Time and again an effort was made to end a feud in the Kentucky mountains by sending the leaders away. They always came back. The last but one of the Turners in the Howard-Turner feud was urged by his friends to leave the mountains. The Howard leader was "waitin' in the lorrel" for him, as the mountaineers characterize waiting in ambush—a thing the Turner scorned to do. His answer was that he would rather stay where he was a year and die than live to old age away

from home. In less than a year he was waylaid and killed.

It is this poverty of arable land that further isolates the mountaineer in his loneliness. For he must live apart not only from the world but from his neighbor. The result is an enforced self-reliance, and through that the gradual growth of an individualism that has been "the strength, the weakness: the personal charm, the political stumbling-block; the ethical significance and the historical insignificance



Grinding Corn with a Hand Corn-mill. Poor Fork, Harlan County, Ky.

of the mountaineer the world over." It is this isolation, this individualism that makes unity of action difficult, public sentiment weak, and takes from the law the righting of private wrongs. It is this individualism that has been a rich mine for the writer of fiction. In the Southern mountaineer, its most marked elements are religious feeling, hospitality, and pride. So far these last two traits have been lightly touched upon, for the reason that they appear only

corn-bread and potatoes for supper and for breakfast, cooked by the mountaineer. The stranger asked how far away his next neighbor lived. "A leetle the rise o' six miles I reckon," was the answer.

"Which way?"

"Oh, jes' over the mountain thar."

He had stepped six miles over the mountain and back for that little bag of meal, and he would allow his guest to pay nothing next morning.



Primitive Cotton-gin on Poor Fork of Cumberland River.

by contrast with a higher civilization that has begun to reach them only in the last few years.

The latch-string hangs outside every cabin-door if the men-folks are at home, but you must shout "hello" always outside the fence.

"We 'uns is pore," you will be told, "but y'u're welcome ef y'u kin put up with what we have."

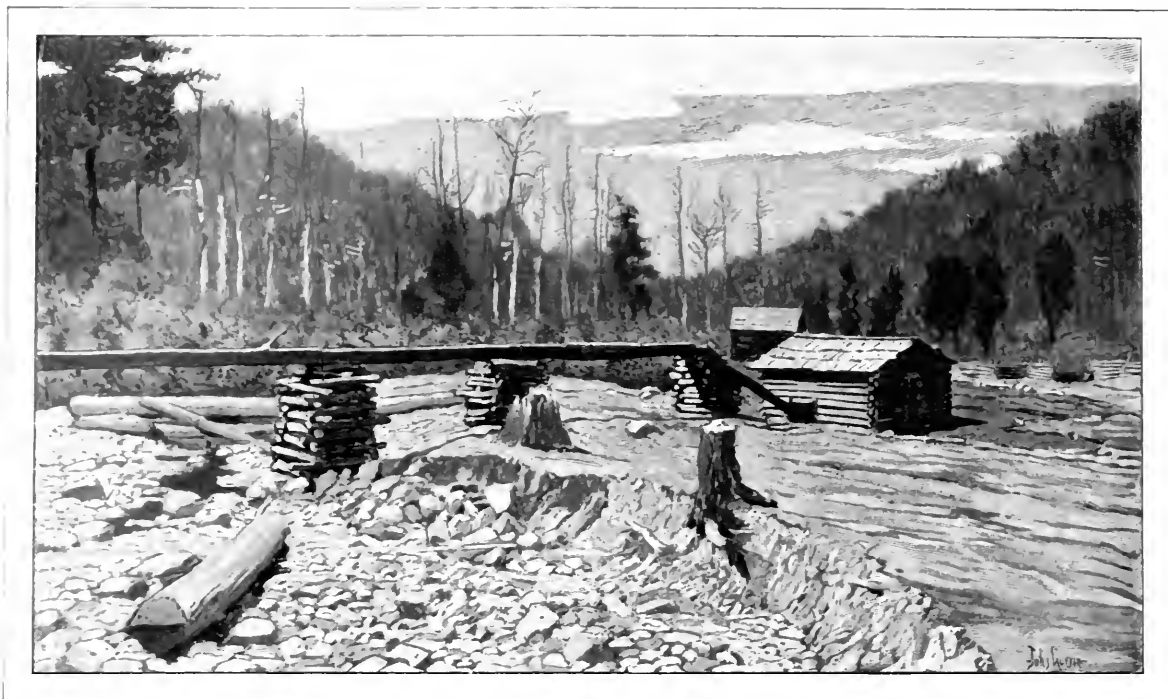
After a stay of a week at a mountain cabin a young "furriner" asked what his bill was. The old mountaineer waved his hand. "Nothin'," he said, "'cept come agin!"

A belated traveller asked to stay all night at a cabin. The mountaineer answered that his wife was sick and they were sorter out o' fixins' to eat, but he reckoned he mought step over to a neighbor's an borror some. He did step over and he was gone three hours. He brought back a little bag of meal, and they had

I have slept with nine others in a single room. The host gave up his bed to two of our party, and he and his wife slept with the rest of us on the floor. He gave us supper, kept us all night, sent us away next morning with a parting draught of moonshine apple-jack, of his own brewing by the way, and would suffer no one to pay a cent for his entertainment. That man was a desperado, an outlaw, a moonshiner, and was running from the sheriff at that very time.

Two outlaw sons were supposed to be killed by officers. I offered aid to the father to have them decently clothed and buried, but the old man, who was as bad as his sons, declined it with some dignity. They had enough left for that; and if not, why he had.

A woman whose husband was dead, who was sick to death herself, whose four children was almost starved, said, when she heard the "furriners" were talking



A Moonshine Still.

about sending her to the poor-house, that she "would go out on her crutches and hoe corn fust" (and she did), and that "people who talked about sending her to the po'-house had better save their breath to make prayers with."

It is a fact—in the Kentucky mountains at least—that the poor-houses are usually empty, and that it is considered a disgrace to a whole clan if one of its members is an inmate. It is the exception when a family is low and lazy enough to take a revenue from the State for an idiot child. I saw a boy once, astride a steer which he had bridled with a rope, barefooted, with his yellow hair sticking from his crownless hat—and in blubbering ecstasy over the fact that he was no longer under the humiliation of accepting \$75 a year from the State. He had proven his sanity by his answer to one question.

"Do you work in the field," asked the commissioner.

"Well, ef I didn't," was the answer, "thar wouldn't be no work done."

I have always feared, however, that there was another reason for his happiness than balm to his suffering pride. Relieved of the ban of idiocy, he had gained a privilege—unspeakably dear in the mountains—the privilege of matrimony.

Like all mountain races, the Southern

mountaineers are deeply religious. In some communities religion is about the only form of recreation they have. They are for the most part Methodists and Baptists—sometimes, Ironsides feet-washing Baptists. They will walk, or ride, when possible, eight or ten miles, and sit all day in a close, windowless log-cabin on the flat side of a slab supported by pegs, listening to the high-wrought emotional and, at times, unintelligible ranting of a mountain preacher, while the young men sit outside whittling with their Barlows and huge jack-knives, and swapping horses and guns.

"If anybody wants to extrIBUTE anything to the export of the gospels hit will be gradually received." A possible remark of this sort will gauge the intelligence of the pastor. The cosmopolitanism of the congregation can be guessed from the fact that certain elders, filling a vacancy in their pulpit, once decided to "take that ar man Spurgeon if they could git him to come." It is hardly necessary to add that the "extribution to the export of the gospels" is very, very gradually received.

Naturally, their religion is sternly orthodox and most literal. The infidel is unknown, and no mountaineer is so bad as not to have a full share of religion deep down, though, as in his more civilized



brother, it is not always apparent until death is at hand. In the famous Howard and Turner war, the last but one of the Turner brothers was shot by a Howard while he was drinking at a spring. He leaped to his feet, and fell in a little creek where, from behind a sycamore-root, he emptied his Winchester at his enemy, and between the cracks of his gun he could be heard, half a mile away, praying aloud.

The custom of holding funeral services for the dead annually, for several years after death, is common. I heard the fourth annual funeral sermon of a dead feud leader preached a few summers ago, and it was consoling to hear that even he had all the virtues that so few men seem to have in life, and so few to lack when dead. But in spite of the universality of religious feeling and a surprising knowledge of the Bible, it is possible to find an ignorance that is almost incredible. The mountain evangelist, George O. Barnes, it is said, once stopped at a mountain cabin and told the story of the crucifixion as few other men can. When he was quite through, an old woman who had listened in absorbed silence asked:

"Stranger, you say that that happened a long while ago?"

"Yes," said Mr. Barnes; "almost two thousand years ago."

"And they treated him that way when he'd come down fer nothin' on earth but to save 'em?"

"Yes."

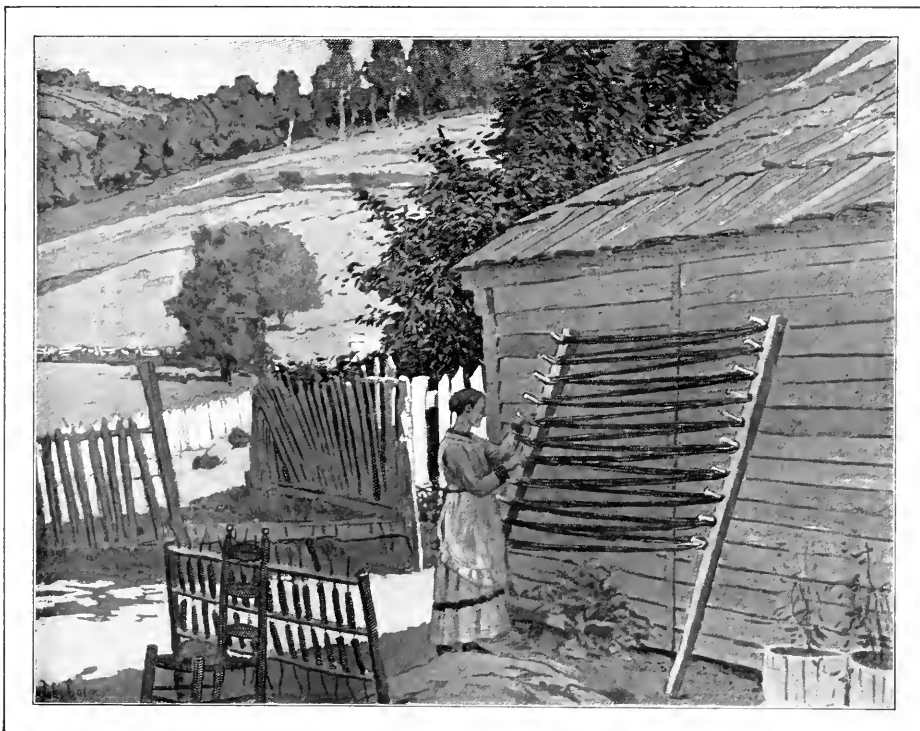
The old woman was crying softly, and she put out her hand and laid it on his knee.

"Well, stranger," she said, "let's hope that hit ain't so."

She did not want to believe that humanity was capable of such ingratitude. While ignorance of this kind is rare, and while we may find men who know the Bible from "kiver to kiver," it is not impossible to find children of shrewd native intelligence who have not heard of Christ and the Bible.

Now, whatever interest the Southern mountaineer has as a remnant of pioneer days, as a relic of an Anglo-Saxon past, and as a peculiar type that seems to be the invariable result of a mountain environment—the Kentucky mountaineer shares in a marked degree. Moreover he has an interest peculiarly his own; for I believe him to be as sharply distinct from his fellows, as the blue-grass Kentuckian is said to be from his.

(To be concluded in May.)



"Warping."





*Drawn by C. W. Hawthorne.*

"How'd you like to keep this job?" asked the walking delegate.—Page 406.

# THE UNION AND BILLY BELL

By Robert Alston Stevenson



HE paymaster of the Vulcan Machine Shop shoved up the window of his office with a bang, looked deliberately at the waiting crowd of workmen in the office-yard, scowled a little as he thought of his importance on pay-day, and shouted, "William Bell."

A young machinist stepped quickly up to the window, received his yellow pay envelope with a brisk thanks, and set off across the yards to the shops.

"George Brews—" The paymaster stopped suddenly.

"Gee!" he ejaculated.

"What's up?" asked his assistant.

"It looks like a row between Marini and Billy Bell."

The office force rushed to the window, as men do when they hear the preliminaries of a dog-fight. Outside, a little way from the window, stood Billy Bell, looking straight into the eyes of Marini, the walking delegate of the Machinists' Union. Two hundred men, standing about the yard, knew that something always happened when Marini stopped a man on pay-day, and nervously awaited results. The walking delegate had come into the yard unnoticed, as Billy left the window, and his first remark had not been heard. Billy's answer was clean cut.

"You're a liar," he said, slowly; "look in that envelope."

"Come now," answered Marini, "that's an old game; how about the rebate you paid back to the boss?"

"Come into the office. Baxter'll tell you I am square."

"I made Baxter show me his pay-roll yesterday; it's all right; he's too old to put down proof against himself on his own pay-roll; no use kicking, you've been cutting the union rate, and paying part of your wages back; you're a traitor to the union, you're——"

"Look at Billy," whispered the paymaster, who was something of a sport, to his assistant.

Billy's face was flushed, his arms hung loosely at his sides, but his fingers were gradually coming up into a tight fist. His right arm looked uneasy.

"You're a sneak," Marini went on.

"Who told you, was it Lave?" asked Billy.

"None of your business," answered Marini; "we've got proof. I wanted to show you up before the shop. I've done that," waving dramatically toward the workmen. "The union'll take care of your case Saturday night."

"Is that all?" asked Billy.

"Yes," sneered Marini.

It was all over in a minute; Billy struck but once. The Italian staggered back, stumbled and fell; he was up in a moment, instinctively feeling for the knife he carried in the old days; but suddenly remembering his dignity, he stopped, and looked after the group of highly shocked machinists that was hustling Billy away.

"You're all witnesses," he observed to the men about him; "be sure you are at the meeting Saturday," and showing his teeth in a smile that made them feel chilly, he walked rapidly out of the yard.

"Wasn't that a bird of a punch?" remarked the paymaster, turning to his case of envelopes again.

"Beauty," answered his assistant, "but I wouldn't give much for Billy's job now: Marini will hound him out of the union for that knockout."

"I bet he fights, and dies game."

"It will be the fight of his life, then," observed the assistant, and the business of pay-day went on as if nothing had happened. But something had happened; out in the shop Billy Bell had sworn to his friend, Lank Herrick, that if the union believed Marini's lie and fined him, he'd fight, if it broke him.

"You can't win," urged Lank.

"Mebbe not," said Billy, "but—" and this was the unusual thing—"I'm square, and Marini ain't going to bully me."

No one in the Machinists' Union, for years back, had dared to lift a voice against

its walking delegate, Antonio Lucca Marini. Employers hated him, everybody admired his grit, few men liked him, and he was feared in the union more than the iron law of wages.

The trouble began two years before, when Billy Bell, fresh from a little shop up the State, persuaded the foreman of the Vulcan Shop to give him a job. A few days after he was taken on, he was asked to join the union. He said he would consider the matter, and didn't understand why the old hands smiled and hoped that he would find it convenient to give them a favorable answer within the week. He did consider the matter carefully, and finally entered the union because he thought the principle was right, and that workingmen ought to combine to protect their interests. Then he made the mistake of forgetting all about the principles of trades unions, and paying strict attention to his job. He was ambitious, had no grievance against millionnaires, or the piece price paid in the Vulcan Shop, and hoped some day, by hard work, to better his position. The result was, that he soon attracted attention; in the offices because he turned out good work, in the shop because he managed to earn more money than was considered judicious by less capable workmen. The older men liked him, but the younger crowd, the men who wore flashy ties and very yellow shoes on Sundays—Billy never joined them on their Coney Island trips—thought he was entirely too fresh, and ought to be called down.

One day Lave, one of the laziest men in the shop, and consequently most apprehensive of the vulture-like habits of Capital, lounged up to Billy's bench, borrowed a chew and began, "Look here, Billy, do you know what you're doing?"

Billy nodded.

"What?" asked Lave, trapped.

"Minding my own business."

He thought it was a good joke and laughed, but it angered Lave.

"You're too fresh," Lave went on, "and you're going to get the piece price cut, if you don't let up and work like a white man."

"Go worry about your own work." Billy was a little nettled.

"The men ain't going to stand it," Lave

continued; "you're working against them, and you'll be taking bread out of their mouths"—Lave made speeches occasionally—"and I warn you to look out, you green countryman!"

"Lave, go back to your work," said a voice from behind. It was Mr. Baxter, the superintendent, who had been listening. Lave hurried away, sheepishly, but not before he had caught the superintendent's remark, "Billy, go ahead, and do your best; you will not regret it."

Of course Lave told his cronies that Billy was trying to curry favor with the boss, and after consultation with his bosom friend, the walking delegate, a studied effort was made to annoy the young machinist.

His tools disappeared, his locker was broken open and rifled of some of his cherished note-books, working drawings entrusted to him were mutilated, and hardest of all, for he was sensitive, Billy frequently heard half-finished sentences about the country sucker.

It ended in a row. Billy kept his temper and plodded along, until one morning he discovered that someone had tampered with the gear of his lathe, on which he had left an unfinished job the evening before, and his work, a delicate piece of experimental machinery, was ruined. Blaming himself for his own carelessness in not seeing that every thing was right before he threw on his power, he was about to report the affair to the foreman, when Lave came along looking satisfied.

"Is that the way you farmers do work?" he asked.

"How did you know anything was wrong," demanded Billy, suspiciously.

Lave grinned.

"Look here," Billy went on, angrily, "you're a low sneak."

"I ain't a sucker, anyhow."

Billy lost his head completely; turning quickly he hit Lave, and he hit him hard.

"I ain't even with you yet," Lave announced, after the excitement was over and the foreman was ordering the men back to their work, and that was what made Billy so angry, when Marini accused him of taking wages under the scale. It flashed on him that Lave and Marini were planning to drive him out of the union. He felt the injustice of it all, and then, angered at Marini's taunts, did the most impolitic

thing a machinist in New York could do—he struck the man who controlled the trade on Manhattan Island.

During the rest of the week Billy went about his work as usual, never losing hope that his friends in the shop would stand by him, when it came to the question whether he or Marini told the truth. Even big Sam Davis, the foreman, mentioned the matter one night on the way uptown. “Marini’ll have you fined, sure,” he remarked; “better pay it.”

“But I don’t pay back a rebate,” insisted Billy.

“I know it,” said Sam, “and the best men in the shop know you wouldn’t knife ’em, but they don’t run the union these days. Lave’s been laying for you; somehow he’s the only man that can work Marini; between ’em they run the ring. Better eat dirt, pay your fine and keep your job.”

“I’ll go broke first.”

“You’re huntin’ trouble,” remarked Sam, as he left the car.

Harmony Hall was crowded and blue with a thin tobacco-haze when Billy pushed through the doors on Saturday night. The story of how Marini had been knocked down had been told all over town, and most of the men were discussing it, when Billy walked up the aisle toward a few vacant seats in front. The hum stopped for a second, and one of Billy’s “How are you’s,” to a group of his shopmates sounded loud and very awkward. He took a seat, tried to fill his pipe and look around naturally, as he had always done before, but no one would look at him, so he puffed his pipe hot and watched the arc-light above the president’s table sputter and spit, until Lank Herrick took a seat beside him.

“Ain’t you afraid to sit by me?” asked Billy.

“Shut up,” whispered Lank; “this meetin’s packed; the fellows say to take you’re dose and wait; you ain’t got no show to-night.”

“They do, do they; they’re afraid, they’re a lot of——”

“Don’t be a fool,” interrupted Lank.

“Come to order,” shouted the chairman.

While the little secretary droned through his minutes the union smoked and chewed in silence; there was a little shuffle when Marini came in, looking sleek and capable. A moment later, the president poured a glass of water from the cracked pitcher beside him and took a drink, cleared his throat and asked, in a solemn voice, “Has the Executive Committee anything to report?”

The union took a long breath as Marini rose, put his right hand between the first and second buttons of his cutaway coat, and addressed the president in his public meeting voice:

“Mr. Chairman. I regret to report that there is a traitor in the union—in Harmony Hall to-night. During the past two weeks proof has come into the hands of the Executive Committee that a member of our brotherhood”—everyone turned to look at Billy, and then turned away again—“has been cutting our piece-work scale by paying back a rebate to his boss; that man is William Bell, of the Vulcan Shops. I move you, sir, that he be fined two hundred dollars, and suspended till he pays it.”

“Seconded,” from the back of the hall.

“All in favor,” mumbled the president.

The ayes yelled and stamped their feet. A few noes popped out here and there, but they were very weak.

“Carried and so ordered,” said the president, and mopped his face with a red handkerchief; he was glad his part was over.

Billy jumped to his feet. “It’s a lie,” he shouted, “I demand a hearing.”

“Out of order,” shouted the president; “a suspended member has no rights to the floor.”

Billy stared round the hazy, quiet room, no one would look at him. The chairman sat tapping the table softly with his gavel. The secretary scratched down his notes. Feeling lonely and hopeless he was about to sit down, when he caught sight of Lave’s face; it was filled with a satisfied grin. He sprang into the aisle and turned toward the audience. Everyone looked at him now.

“You call yourselves honest American workmen,” he shouted, in a husky voice, “and you convict a man without hearing his side. I know what you’d say”—turn-

ing to Marini—"you'd say the Executive Committee can keep evidence secret if it wants to. I know there's no use saying I'm innocent, to a pack of cowards, but I do say that I'll never pay that fine, and I'll fight the lying, sneaking cowards that put it on me, if I starve for it."

He picked up his hat, walked down the aisle, and through the crowd in the back of the hall to the narrow stairway that led down to Third Avenue.

Harlem seemed very far away that night, as he sat in the jerking, screeching cable-car. Billy wondered whether the fat, perspiring German that sat opposite him knew what it was to have his friends go back on him, and then he wondered what Annie McCready would say. His refusal to pay the fine meant that Marini could shut him out of any shop in New York, and that would mean that they would have to give up the plans they had made for the winter.

Later, in the little parlor of a flat in Harlem, he told her the whole story.

"Billy," she asked, when he had finished, and sat staring at the flickering gas-stove, "are you going to pay that fine?"

"I said I wouldn't, but——"

"I'll never marry you if you do." Annie tossed her head.

"I knew you'd back me up," said Billy; and now you know one of the reasons why Billy had worked so hard.

Monday morning Billy went down to the shop as usual, although he knew that the ring would not allow him to go on with his work until the fine was paid. It was out of the question to hope that the boss would take up his fight; there were too many large contracts on hand; besides, a strike was a costly matter. He was not surprised that the men avoided him, and only grunted when Lank told him that he had messed the whole business, by calling the union a pack of cowards.

"We were trying to get the solid men together," he explained, "and if you'd only kept your mouth shut we might have done something; everybody's mad now."

"I ain't built that way," said Billy, shortly.

"Well," said Lank, "I'll stick by you; we'll get our chance some day."

"Mr. Baxter wants you," shouted the dirty-faced errand boy, coming up.

Billy put on his coat, took his dinner-bucket, and a moment later entered the superintendent's office. Marini was there, looking suave and a trifle bored.

"Billy," said Mr. Baxter, wheeling his chair about, "Marini here accuses me of taking a rebate from you; I've given my word that it isn't so, and I want you to prove it."

"It's no use," said Billy, "Marini fired me out of the union Saturday night, without giving me a chance to say a word."

"Is that so?" asked Baxter, turning toward Marini.

"The union suspended him," answered the delegate.

"But it isn't so." Baxter brought his feet down with a thump.

"Ain't it?" answered Marini, smilingly; "anyhow, Bell can't work in this shop until he pays his fine; otherwise——"

"Otherwise——" repeated Baxter.

"I strike the shop."

"Strike it, then," shouted Baxter. "Billy, you go back to work. Marini, get out, quick; I'm running this shop."

"All right," answered Marini, picking up his hat.

Twenty minutes later, not a wheel was turning in the shop. Marini, leaning on his bicycle at the curb, waited until—dinner-bucket in hand, the men began to stream through the gates; then, satisfied that his order was being obeyed, he pedaled down Second Avenue, with Lave.

That afternoon the president of the company—a comfortable-looking gentleman with a white mustache, rose at a hastily summoned meeting of the directors, and in answer to Mr. Baxter's excited demand that an end should be put to Marini's tyranny, gently observed, "tut tut"—his game of golf had been interrupted at the sixth hole—"we must not be hasty; our Government contracts are under a penalty; besides, it appears to me that it would be a most extraordinary proceeding for us to champion a union man against his own union, most remarkable." He was wondering whether he could catch a train in time to play nine holes before dinner.

It was so voted. Two days later the shops were running, and Billy was looking for work.

Billy was not of the sort that stands on saloon corners and curses his hard luck. He knew that there was no use trying to get a job in New York, so, with a recommendation from Mr. Baxter, he crossed the Bridge and applied for work at the non-union shops in Brooklyn and Long Island City. Within a week he found a temporary position in a small shop in Astoria, and took it, hoping by hard work to make it permanent.

"I told you so," said Annie McCready, when he told her of his good luck; "you'll get there, in spite of them," and Billy worked hard and happily, until Lank told him that Marini and Lave had found out where he was and were watching him.

Not long after, as he came off the ferry one evening, he saw Lave and Marini waiting in the cage for the outgoing boat, and the next morning learned that they had been hobnobbing with the men in his shop whose non-union sympathies were weakest. From that day on he felt uneasy. Little by little he saw the union sentiment grow. Marini was working quietly and skilfully, and finally, timing his plans with a big contract, addressed a meeting of the men, talked them into the union, and informed their employers that if they didn't like it, and discharged the union men, he would have to order a strike.

The result of it all was that Billy was discharged without reasons, and found himself in midwinter without a job, willing, almost crazy to work, but unable to swing a hammer in his own trade. The non-union shops were running full-handed. He applied at all of them for work, even as far as Bergen Point, but nothing came of it. Gradually his savings disappeared, and the longing to work for work's sake gave way to the desperate, panicky feeling that comes when no work means suffering, helplessness, the charity organization perhaps; and that is a loathsome thing to the workingman.

Day after day he trudged up and down town, looking for work, any kind of work, but there were three men to every job, even the sandwich-board jobs, and he had to return at night to the hot, foul rooms and dirty bed of a fifteen-cent Bowery lodging-house. He had given up his old boarding-house long ago.

He found out what it was to envy a man with a hod and a steady job, and to look upon snow as a Godsend. He had often seen shivering men, in derby hats, shabby cutaway coats with the collars turned up and buttoned tight, shovelling snow, with hands bare, and thought they were queer-looking hoboes.

Then he thought unskilled labor beneath him, and that it was a man's own fault if he couldn't earn more than a dollar and a half a day. Now he was glad to stand, stamping, for hours before daylight in the cold, waiting for a brass check and the privilege to earn something to eat and a place to sleep. Of course it hurt his pride. To be compelled to give up your own business, and take a small clerkship would gall you—it was pretty much the same thing with Billy, only he had to hunt for a pick and shovel, instead of a pen and three-legged stool.

He grew sullen, and even found it hard to be cheerful on Saturday nights, when Annie called him her own gritty Bill, and a great many other things that used to give him courage to face a whole week's disappointment.

Lank Herrick, whom he occasionally met, said bluntly that he was a fool, but never stopped working to organize an opposition against the ring. He found the task easier, as the winter passed by. Marini had become insufferably ambitious; he ordered strikes on the slightest provocation in some shops and never found anything wrong in others, and it was whispered, as it always is whispered by union men against their leaders, that he was being bought off. Steady men, earning good wages, compelled to go out—they didn't know why, and after a week or two's idleness, at Marini's word ordered back, having won they didn't know what—began to chafe at the insecurity they felt. But Marini was a capable and clever leader. Learning of the discontent, he made the most brilliant speech of his whole career; told them that he was only establishing the power of the union; told how, single-handed, he had organized it and fought for it, during its early struggles for a shorter working day and better pay, and asked for harmony and support until the union was invincible. It was all true; he really believed that he was working for a great cause, and



the grumblers, winking at his personal ambitions and spites, forgave and forgot for a month or two. but Lank kept the discontent brewing.

Meanwhile, Billy struggled on. When winter broke it was somewhat easier to live, for he wasn't obliged to spend the few stray dollars he earned now and then, at odd jobs, on the detested lodging-house. He carried the banner. If you don't know what that means, follow the seedy individual whom the policeman pokes out of a stolen nap on the park bench. He can't afford even the Mills Hotel, and the law does not approve of his sleeping in the open air. It does permit him to walk all night, and he walks, stealing a nap here and there when he can, and the policeman's "move along" is his bad dream.

It's numbing work, from midnight to dawn, whether you're a tramp or only out of work, and the sleepy unwary are lucky if they escape the Island on a vagrancy commitment.

Billy carried his banner through the long nights, in the downtown parks, along the vacant lots on the river-front, and sometimes as far north as Harlem, until one red-letter morning he got a job with a pick in the Madison Avenue trolley ditches.

His back ached for days after he began work, but the mere thought of having something regular to do every day was grateful, and he was as cheerful as a discouraged, high grade mechanic, swinging a pick in a ditch with men he considers his inferiors, can be, until he found that his health was failing.

One afternoon, aching and tired, he was wearily drudging through the hard last hours when he heard his name called. He looked up and saw Marini leaning over the guard-rail. "How'd you like to keep this job?" asked the walking delegate.

Billy leaned against the ditch and looked at Marini.

"After blackmail are you?" He knew that Marini's political influence was worth while to the contractor.

"I'd call it interest on the fine," said Marini; "three dollars a week sent to my address will keep this job."

"Marini," said Billy, slowly, "if I wasn't too weak I'd smash in your face with this pick."

"No you wouldn't, you'd have more

sense. Think it over. I'll stop to-morrow to get your answer," said the delegate, moving away. He called the next day, but Billy was not in the ditch. The night before he had been taken to Roosevelt Hospital, delirious and down with typhoid fever.

Three months later, convalescent and almost well, Billy was standing looking through the iron fence of the Hospital yard at the bustling, hurrying crowd, dodging cars and a swarm of newsboys at the Fifty-ninth Street corner, when he saw Mr. Baxter hurrying along Ninth Avenue.

"Well, Billy;" called out the superintendent, thrusting his hand through the fence, "just the man I'm looking for; could you go to work next Wednesday?"

"I guess so," said Billy; "I get out day after to-morrow."

"Good," said Baxter; "heard the news? Marini has got up new demands about apprentices, shop rules, and a lot of nonsense no one can stand. He threatens a general holdup if we don't give in, but Lloyd & Rush, the Acton people, and our own concern have got up a combination to fight, and we're going to win, too. Sam Davis and Lank will stick by us, and we've got a job for you as assistant foreman; will you take it?"

"Yes," said Billy, "but you know I'm a union man."

"That's all right; we're not fighting the union; we're fighting Marini; we'll take on any union man that wants to work. Lank says that over half our men don't want this thing. They are tired of Marini's fool nonsense."

"All right," said Billy; "when do you want me?"

"Next Wednesday," answered the superintendent, running for his car.

Early the following Thursday morning Marini unlocked the door of the union's headquarters, over Lannigan's saloon, on Third Avenue. He threw up the windows, to get rid of the over-night beery, cigar-stump smell, sat down at his table, lighted his pipe and smiled. It was the day he had been waiting for. That afternoon the capitalists must give their answer—if they didn't submit, New York would see one of the biggest strikes in its history,

and he, the son of a banana vender, would lead it. Controlling large blocks of labor is just as much fun as playing with millions, and Marini felt comfortable.

He looked over the reports he had received from his delegates the night before, made a note of those shops where discontent over his demands was strongest, and was preparing to go out on a tour of the shops, when Lave came running up the steps, three at a jump.

"Locked out," he gasped.

"What?" shouted Marini.

"Vulcan people—here's a copy of the notice." It read:

"These shops will not operate until one week from date. No communication or interview will be held with the present head of the union organization. Union men, however, who are willing to assert their independence, can secure their former positions on application."

"The fools," sneered Marini, reaching for his telegraph blanks; "I'll strike the whole trade this morning."

But he was too late. Messages reporting a similar notice and lockout from all over Manhattan, Brooklyn, and Long Island City, began to pour in.

LABOR TRICKED, a foot high, in red ink, flared from the extras that invaded even the outlying districts, and by noon it was known all over New York that Marini, the walking delegate, had been caught napping.

For an hour or two everything was in confusion at head-quarters, but Marini's influence was soon felt. After telling the reporters what he thought about it, he sent delegates to bolster up the men who were known to be opposed openly to the recent demands, and then locking himself in, he wrote his famous speech on "Scab Labor."

That night it was delivered to a crowded public mass-meeting at Cooper Union, and while it did not openly advocate force, every one knew what would happen if the capitalists tried to run their works. The Governor read it and sent for his adjutant. Three regiments were ordered to hold themselves in readiness for service at an hour's notice. Marini used that as a text for two more speeches. The capitalistic combination had nothing to say.

Meanwhile, Billy, Sam Davis, and Lank were preparing for the approaching struggle. Many of the older men, as soon as they found out that the Vulcan directors were not going to import non-union labor, as most of the other mills were doing, agreed to go back to work. It was to be a fight, in the Vulcan Shops, of discontented workmen against a schemer. Lank had not been working in vain, during the winter. His friends volunteered in a body, and it's not an easy thing to work in strike times. It means more than stones, rotten eggs, and a beating or two; any man can stand that, with the police to help now and then. The hard part comes when children race through the street yelling, "Scab, scab, look at the scab," and women spit and scratch, shrieking out things that no man likes to hear.

The last day of the armistice Billy reported to Mr. Baxter that seventy men would go back to work, and was shot at as he left the works that night. The sensationals had been encouraging cranks to remember the rights of labor. Next morning, stonings took place all over town. Ten non-union men at Acton's were clubbed into the union, many others were frightened off, and the fight was on.

It was a busy day for Marini; all morning he sat in his office, listening to the excited reports of his men, who hurried in from the various shops.

"Work the crowds up," he advised, "but don't get caught yourselves."

Once he lost his temper; it was when Lave came in with the announcement that Billy Bell was successfully running the Vulcan scabs. "Make it hot for him," he ordered, and Lave went off with a picked crowd.

That afternoon the public, on its way uptown, read in the late editions that the leader of the strike regretted that outside loafers had used violence. He couldn't be responsible for the acts of a gang of bummers; anyhow, it was all the fault of grinding capital.

At that moment, Billy was looking out of the Vulcan offices at the mob that filled the street, opposite the big gate. "If the men stand this," he said to Lank, "they'll stand anything."

Outside, the crowd was waiting for the

quitting whistle. Women, with shawls over their heads, stood along the curb, innocent-looking men moved through the crowd, curious sightseers stood on tiptoe, back in the doorways, while excited boys darted everywhere, shouting, "Down with the scabs; we'll show 'em."

The big policemen, swinging their clubs by the wrist-straps, stared solemnly into space until the hoarse whistle began its evening moan, and then they gripped. A moment later the big gates swung back, a little sergeant walked slowly out, followed by a squad of officers, and then came the men. The crowd moved up a pace, but stopped as the policemen faced them. Slowly they were pushed back, and nothing might have occurred that night had not one of the men become panicky and started to run. It may have been the small boy that threw the egg, or the man that yelled, "Soak him," perhaps it was the evil genius of crowds; something turned that crowd into a swearing, fighting. One Idea'd Thing, and the air was full of bricks and fists. Policemen forgot politics in the face of the crazed mob, locust clubs swung out straight, in the skull-cracking end blow. A man went down, the mob was frantic, a policeman lost his club and was overpowered; it was hand-to-hand now, with bricks flying from behind, and gradually the workmen, with their guard, were forced back to the gate.

"Don't shoot," yelled the little sergeant to one of his men who, struck in the mouth with a stone, was spitting out teeth and profanity over his levelled revolver. "They're going to shoot yez down." shrieked a woman, and someone in the crowd fired, another revolver popped, and in a second the little sergeant was at the head of forty men, with revolvers levelled.

"Kill 'em," screamed a woman's voice from somewhere. "Fire high," ordered the sergeant, barked on the shoulder with a bullet. His orders were to shoot only in case of necessity.

The volley only maddened the mob. There was a sudden rush—the officers looked into barrels as impressive as their own, and the little sergeant, shouting, "Damn international complications," gave the order that left seven men lying on the cobble-stones. The mob stopped for a second and then broke, only to run into two

relieving squads that were closing in on the run along the side streets. The streets were clubbed clear in five minutes and it was over. People, living not ten blocks away, wondered why the ambulances were racing toward the East Side.

Before midnight, young fellows who drilled and danced in the imposing armories for the fun of the thing, looked serious as they laced their yellow leggins and stuffed their belts with real cartridges. The Governor had taken a hand in the fight.

The days dragged by, the State's show of force made riots impossible, and, barring occasional beatings and an attempted murder or two in the dark, the strike became orderly. The killing at the Vulcan Shops made the yellows froth head-lines, while the solemn press wrote long editorials on constitutional law. Marini's position was strengthened somewhat, and, although only two of the killed were machinists, he delivered the funeral oration. Three of the striking owners were compelled to shut down; they had taken on timid non-union labor, but the others, supported by anti-Marini men, managed to keep moving, short-handed as they were.

At the Vulcan Shops, Billy and his associates worked double time. A few of the men had deserted, but enough remained to keep the wheels moving, and gradually the force was recruited. It leaked out that Marini was having difficulty in keeping his ring together. The union meetings were stormy affairs, for the strikers were taking sides, it being openly known that Lave had fired the first shot at the Vulcan Shops. Some of them, sullenly, wanted to know why they should be kept out while union men were getting union wages in shops that agreed to employ union men and no others, reserving only the right to employ as many apprentices as they wanted, and to regulate their own shop-rules.

Marini pleaded principle, but he knew that he was not convincing. He gritted his teeth next morning, when he heard that twenty men, whom he had relied upon, had deserted to the Vulcan Shops.

"If we could only break that scab, Bell, and his gang, we'd win," he confided to Lave.

"We can," said Lave.

"How?" asked Marini.

Lave locked the doors before he whispered his answer.

The following night, Billy, who slept on a cot in the offices of the works, suddenly found himself on his feet, listening for the something that startled him. Outside on the pavement the sentry was pacing up and down, humming quietly to himself. He looked out of the window, facing the yard, and saw the flicker of a lantern down in the boiler-house. Sure that old Dan, the watchman, would call him if anything were wrong, he was getting into his cot again, when a low moan from below caught his ear. Grabbing his revolver, he ran down-stairs, opened the door and almost stumbled over the body of old Dan, who lay on the gravel, stunned and bleeding. He turned the old man over and tried to revive him, but could get no answer. Knowing that some devilry was afoot, he ran quickly to the boiler-house, and, standing in a shadow, peered through an open window. On their knees, in front of the main battery, two men were fumbling with a large package.

"Hurry," said one of them; "mebbe Dan'll come to."

"He's fixed," said the other, laying several yellow sticks on the floor. "Got the fuse? We'll lay it out to the fence; that'll give us time to get to the pattern-shop before she goes; mind, when you get over the fence, don't run away, yell fire till the crowd comes, then sneak."

"All right," answered the other, raising his face so that the red glow from the grate-bars fell on it. It was masked, but Billy recognized Lave.

"Come on," said his companion, and they moved toward the door. When they reached it Billy met them, covered Lave and said, suddenly, "Hands up; don't move or I'll shoot."

But Lave was too quick for him. Billy saw his arm go up, saw the flash, pulled his own trigger, and then — everything seemed to flash, he seemed to be moving rapidly backwards, there was an awful jolt and he shut his eyes. When he opened

them, a gentle face, wreathed with wavy hair and white crinkly things, was bending over him.

"What dropped?" asked Billy, weakly.

The nurse put her finger to her lips and made him drink something that put him to sleep.

In a few days, Billy was strong enough to hear the news. Lank Herrick, thinking ugly things about his creaky boots, came tiptoeing into the room, sat down awkwardly, and asked, "How are you feeling, Billy?"

"Fine," said Billy, "why don't you tell a fellow the news?"

"Oh, nothing's happening now," said Lank; "you and Lave were blown clean across the yard, and how you missed passing in your checks, nobody knows. Marini did. I guess your shots set the dynamite off, for Lave says they didn't. Anyhow, the boilers kept coming down in little pieces for an hour. When Lave came to he thought he was going to die, and owned up the whole business. He told a lot, too, the police wanted to know, about that row in Rinkle's saloon eight years ago, when Eddy Ross was stabbed, and nobody did it. I guess that's why Marini was always such good friends with Lave. That night I got the solid men together, and you just ought to have seen the way we run things for about fifteen minutes. Walking delegates and rings ain't popular with us just now. The strike's off. All the shops are running, except the Vulcan, and we will, as soon as we get new boilers."

"That puts me out," said Billy; "I'll never pay—"

"Who asked you to?" exclaimed Lank, "you blamed idiot; out of it! you're strictly in it; you're famous, your whole life history has been in the papers, picture and all, and you wouldn't know yourself. They say you showed up how unions oughtn't to be run, you've been elected to the Executive Committee, you're——"

"What did I tell you?" said a voice at the door. It was Annie McCready, with the nurse.

"I guess I'll go," said Lank.



## THREE DEATH-MASKS

By Marguerite Merington

A COMÉDIENNE

SHE has given us youth for years ;  
She has brought us smiles with tears,  
Laughter, light-hearted wiles.  
Like an April wind that veers  
From wet to shine were her smiles,  
Forever akin to tears.

O Time, with terrible ruth  
Robbing the years of youth,  
Turn down your wrinkled glass.  
Smiles were her prayers, in sooth,  
So, with a smile, let her pass  
From age to immortal youth !



THE FOOL

With whimsy bauble in his hand,  
With quip grotesque, grimask bizarre,  
He had not made us understand. . .  
But Death shows men for what they are.



Never (as we remembered now)  
That heart of his could he disguise ;  
No paltriness was on his brow ;  
And, oh, the sadness of his eyes !

The mocking measure of his choice  
Had carried no unkindly slur :  
'Twas wisdom smote with folly's voice ;  
And, oh, his eyes—how sad they were !

Then, that he wore the motley's rôle  
When life held higher state to give,  
It was the armor of a soul  
Too finely wrought and sensitive.

So, as we laid him to the earth,  
This thought made bitterness of dule :  
That we who had not dreamed his worth,  
His world—not he—had been the fool !

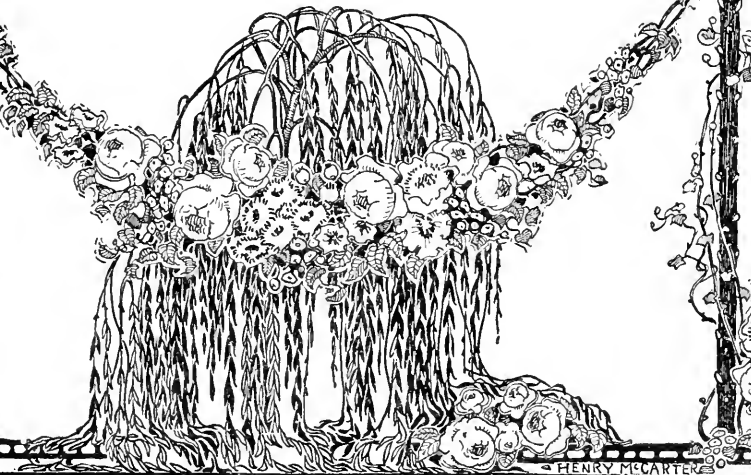


#### A TRAGEDY

In a cloistered calm, by a kneeling hill,  
Where the wild winds hold their breath,  
For dreamless ages the lake lay still  
As who sleep in the peace of death.

Fell into its breast, like a plummet-line,  
One quivering golden shaft,  
Waking its life with a call divine  
Till the soul of the waters laughed.

Then that wanton beam danced over the hill,  
Wherever his sweet day led,  
And the deep grew still as death is still,  
But not with the peace of the dead !







## SKIPPER

(BEING THE BIOGRAPHY OF A BLUE-RIBBONER)

By Sewell Ford

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE



AT the age of six Skipper went on the force. Clean of limb and sound of wind he was, with not a blemish from the tip of his black tail to the end of his crinkly forelock. He had been broken to saddle by a Green Mountain boy who knew more of horse nature than of the trashy things writ in books. He gave Skipper kind words and an occasional friendly pat on the flank. So Skipper's disposition was sweet and his nature a trusting one.

This is why Skipper learned so soon the ways of the city. The first time he saw one of those little wheeled houses, all windows and full of people, come rushing down the street with a fearful whirr and clank of bell, he wanted to bolt. But the man on his back spoke in an easy, calm voice, saying, "So-o-o! There, me b'y. Aisy wid ye. So-o-o!" which was excellent advice, for the queer contrivance whizzed by and did him no

harm. In a week he could watch one without even pricking up his ears.

It was strange work Skipper had been brought to the city to do. As a colt he had seen horses dragging ploughs, pulling big loads of hay, and hitched to many kinds of vehicles. He himself had drawn a light buggy and thought it good fun, though you did have to keep your heels down and trot instead of canter. He had liked best to lope off with the boy on his back, down to the Corners, where the store was.

But here there were no ploughs, nor hay-carts, nor mowing-machines. There were many heavy wagons, it was true, but these were all drawn by stocky Percherons and big Western grays or stout Canada blacks who seemed fully equal to the task.

Also there were carriages—my, what shiny carriages! And what smart, sleek-looking horses drew them! And how high they did hold their heads and how they did throw their feet about—just as if they were dancing on eggs.

"Proud, stuck-up things," thought Skipper.

It was clear that none of this work was for him. Early on the first morning of his service men in brass-buttoned blue coats came to the stable to feed and rub down the horses. Skipper's man had two

names. One was Officer Martin; at least that was the one to which he answered when the man with the cap called the roll before they rode out for duty. The other name was "Reddy." That was what the rest of the men in blue coats called him. Skipper noticed that he had red hair and concluded that "Reddy" must be his real name.

As for Skipper's name, it was written on the tag tied to the halter which he

said, "Halt" and "Forward!" But "Reddy" used none of these terms. He pressed with his knees on your withers, loosened the reins, and made a queer little chirrup when he wanted you to gallop. He let you know when he wanted you to stop, by the lightest pressure on the bit.

It was lazy work, though. Sometimes when Skipper was just aching for a brisk canter he had to pace soberly through the



The first time he saw one of those little wheeled houses . . . he wanted to bolt.—Page 412.

wore when he came to the city. Skipper heard him read it. The boy on the farm had done that, and Skipper was glad, for he liked the name.

There was much to learn in those first few weeks, and Skipper learned it quickly. He came to know that at inspection, which began the day, you must stand with your nose just on a line with that of the horse on either side. If you didn't you felt the bit or the spurs. He mastered the meaning of "right dress," "left dress," "forward," "fours right," and a lot of other things. Some of them were very strange.

Now on the farm they had said, "Whoa, boy," and "Gid a-a-ap." Here they

park driveways—for Skipper, although I don't believe I mentioned it before, was part and parcel of the mounted police force. But there, you could know that by the coat of arms in yellow brass on his saddle blanket.

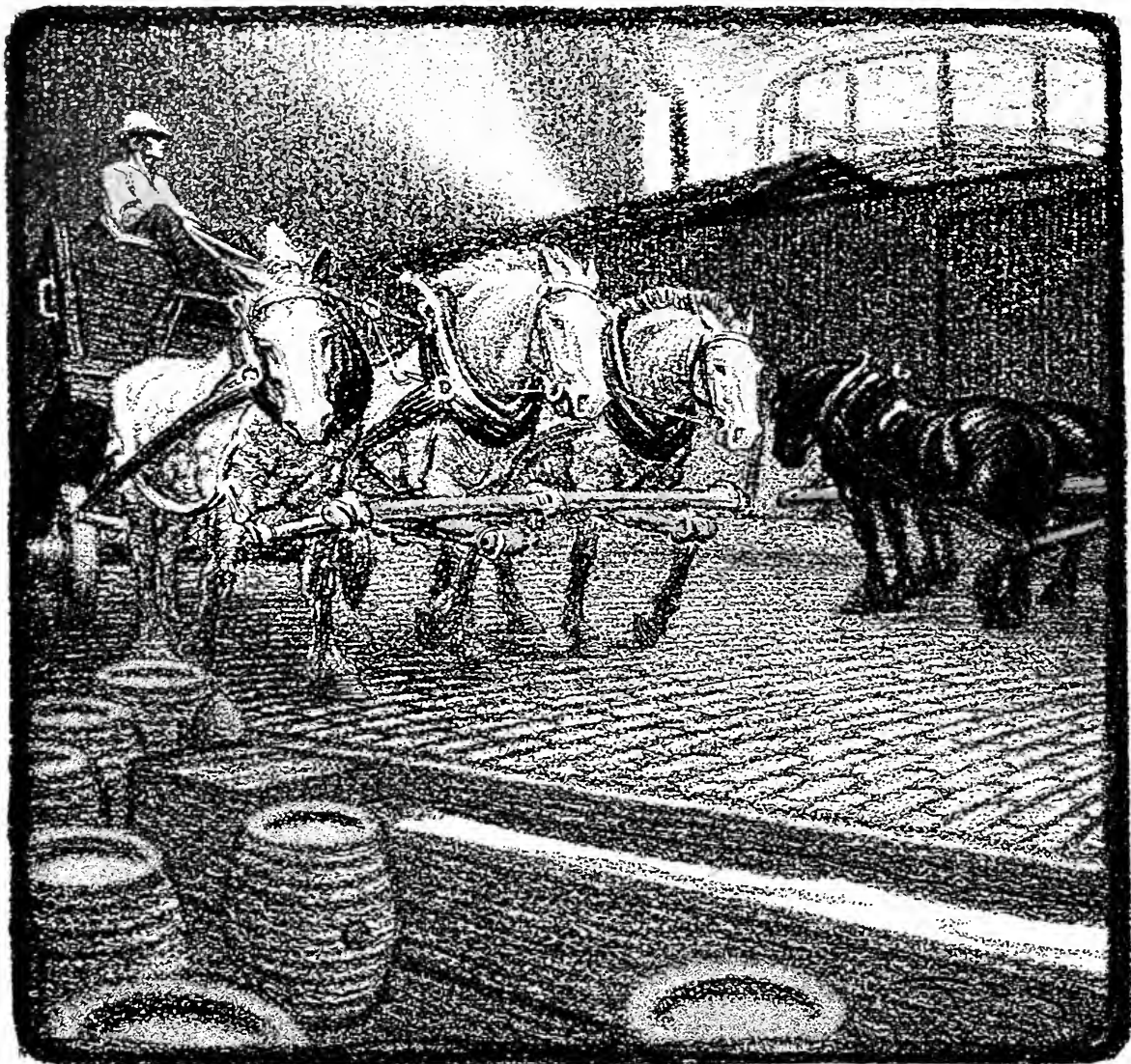
For half an hour at a time he would stand, just on the edge of the roadway and at an exact right angle with it, motionless as the horse ridden by the bronze soldier up near the Mall. "Reddy" would sit as still in the saddle, too. It was hard for Skipper to stand there and see those mincing cobs go by, their pad-housings all a-glitter, crests on their blinders, jingling their pole-chains and switching their absurd little stubs of tails. But

it was still more tantalizing to watch the saddle-horses canter past in the soft bridle path on the other side of the roadway. But then, when you are on the force you must do your duty.

One afternoon as Skipper was standing

But what was Reddy going to do? He felt him gather up the reins. He felt his knees tighten. What! Yes, it must be so. Reddy was actually going to try a brush with the runaway. What fun!

Skipper pranced out into the roadway



There were many heavy wagons.—Page 412.

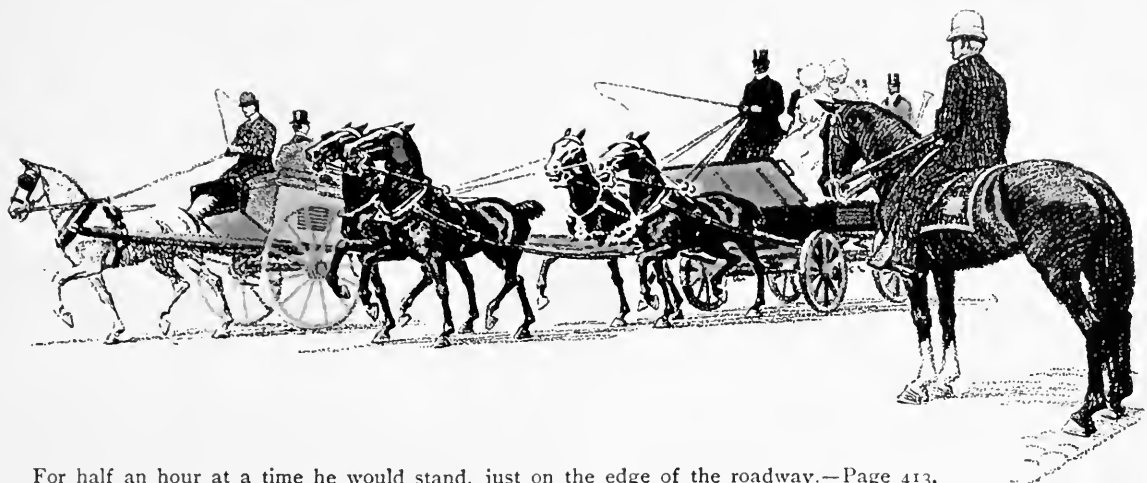
post like this he caught a new note that rose above the hum of the park traffic. It was the quick, nervous beat of hoofs which rang sharply on the hard macadam. There were screams, too. It was a runaway. Skipper knew this even before he saw the bell-like nostrils, the straining eyes, and the foam-flecked lips of the horse, or the scared man in the carriage behind. It was a case of broken rein.

How the sight made Skipper's blood tingle! Wouldn't he just like to show that crazy roan what real running was!

and gathered himself for the sport. Before he could get into full swing, however, the roan had shot past with a snort of challenge which could not be misunderstood.

"Oho! You will, eh?" thought Skipper. "Well now, we'll see about that."

Ah, a free rein! That is—almost free. And a touch of the spurs! No need for that, Reddy. How the carriages scatter! Skipper caught hasty glimpses of smart hackneys drawn up trembling by the



For half an hour at a time he would stand, just on the edge of the roadway.—Page 413.

roadside, of women who tumbled from bicycles into the bushes, and of men who ran and shouted and waved their hats.

"Just as though that little roan wasn't scared enough already," thought Skipper.

But she did run well; Skipper had to admit that. She had a lead of fifty yards before he could strike his best gait. Then for a few moments he could not seem to gain an inch. But the mare was blowing herself and Skipper was taking it coolly. He was putting the pent-up energy of weeks into his strides. Once he saw he was overhauling her he steadied to the work.

Just as Skipper was about to forge ahead, Reddy did a queer thing. With his right hand he grabbed the roan with a nose-pinch grip, and with the left he pulled in on the reins. It was a great

disappointment to Skipper, for he had counted on showing the roan his heels. Skipper knew, after two or three experiences of this kind, that this was the usual thing.

Those were glorious runs, though. Skipper wished they would come more often. Sometimes there would be two and even three in a day. Then a fortnight or so would pass without a single runaway on Skipper's beat. But duty is duty.

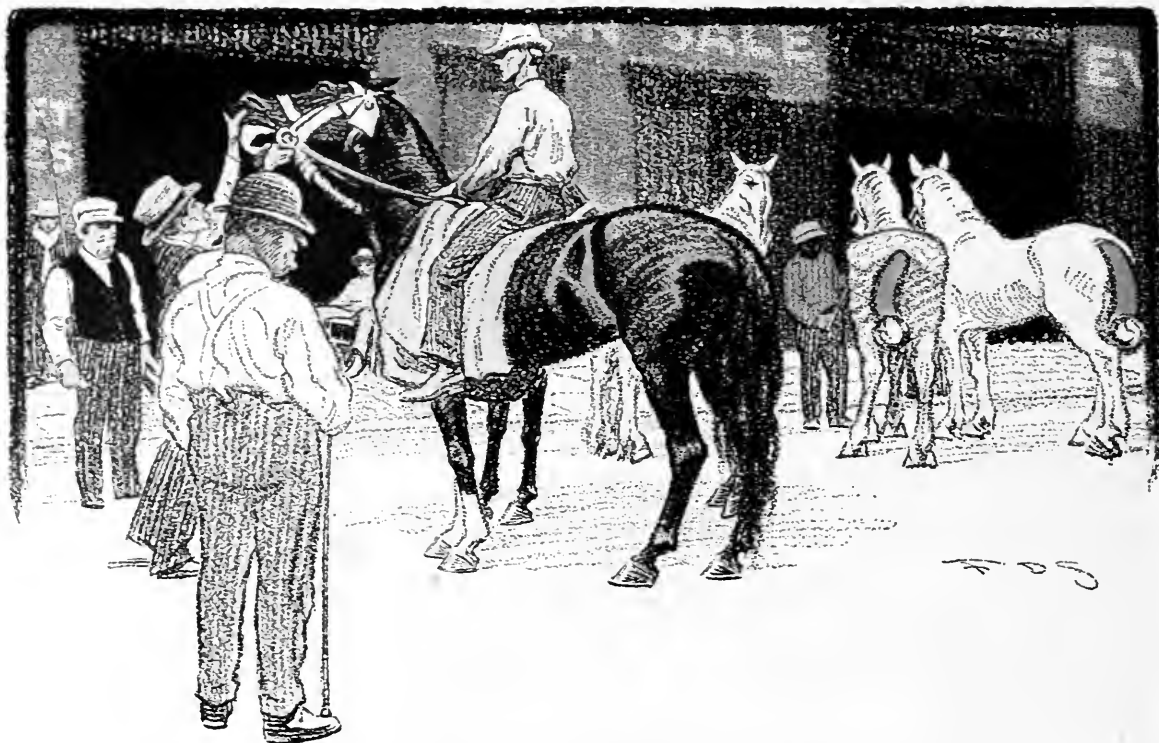
During the early morning hours, when there were few people in the park, Skipper's education progressed. He learned to pace around in a circle, lifting each forefoot with a sway of the body and a pawing movement which was quite rhythmical. He learned to box with his nose. He learned to walk sedately behind Reddy and to pick up a glove, dropped apparently by accident. There was always a sugar-plum or a sweet cracker in the glove, which he got when Reddy stopped and Skipper, poking his nose over his shoulder, let the glove fall into his hands.

As he became more accomplished he noticed that "Reddy" took more pains with his toilet. Every morning Skipper's coat was curried and brushed and rubbed with chamois until it shone almost as if it had been varnished. His fetlocks were carefully trimmed, a ribbon braided into his forelock, and his hoofs polished as brightly as Reddy's



He learned to box with his nose.





He was taken to a big building where there were horses of every kind.—Page 418.

boots. Then there were apples and carrots and other delicacies which Reddy brought him.

So it happened that one morning Skipper heard the Sergeant tell Reddy that he had been detailed for the Horse Show squad. Reddy had saluted and said nothing at the time, but when they were once out on post he told Skipper all about it.

"Sure an' it's app'arin' before all the swells in town you'll be, me b'y. Phat do ye think of that, eh? An' mebbe ye'll be gettin' a blue ribbon, Skipper, me lad; an' mebbe Mr. Patrick Martin will have a roundsman's berth an' chevrons on his sleeves afore the year's out."

The Horse Show was all that Reddy had promised, and more. The light almost dazzled Skipper. The sounds and the smells confused him. But he felt Reddy on his back, heard him chirrup softly, and soon felt at ease on the tan-bark.

Then there was a great crash of noise and Skipper, with some fifty of his friends on the force, began to move around the circle. First it was fours abreast, then by twos, and then a rush to troop front, when, in a long line, they swept around as if they had been harnessed to a beam by traces of equal length.

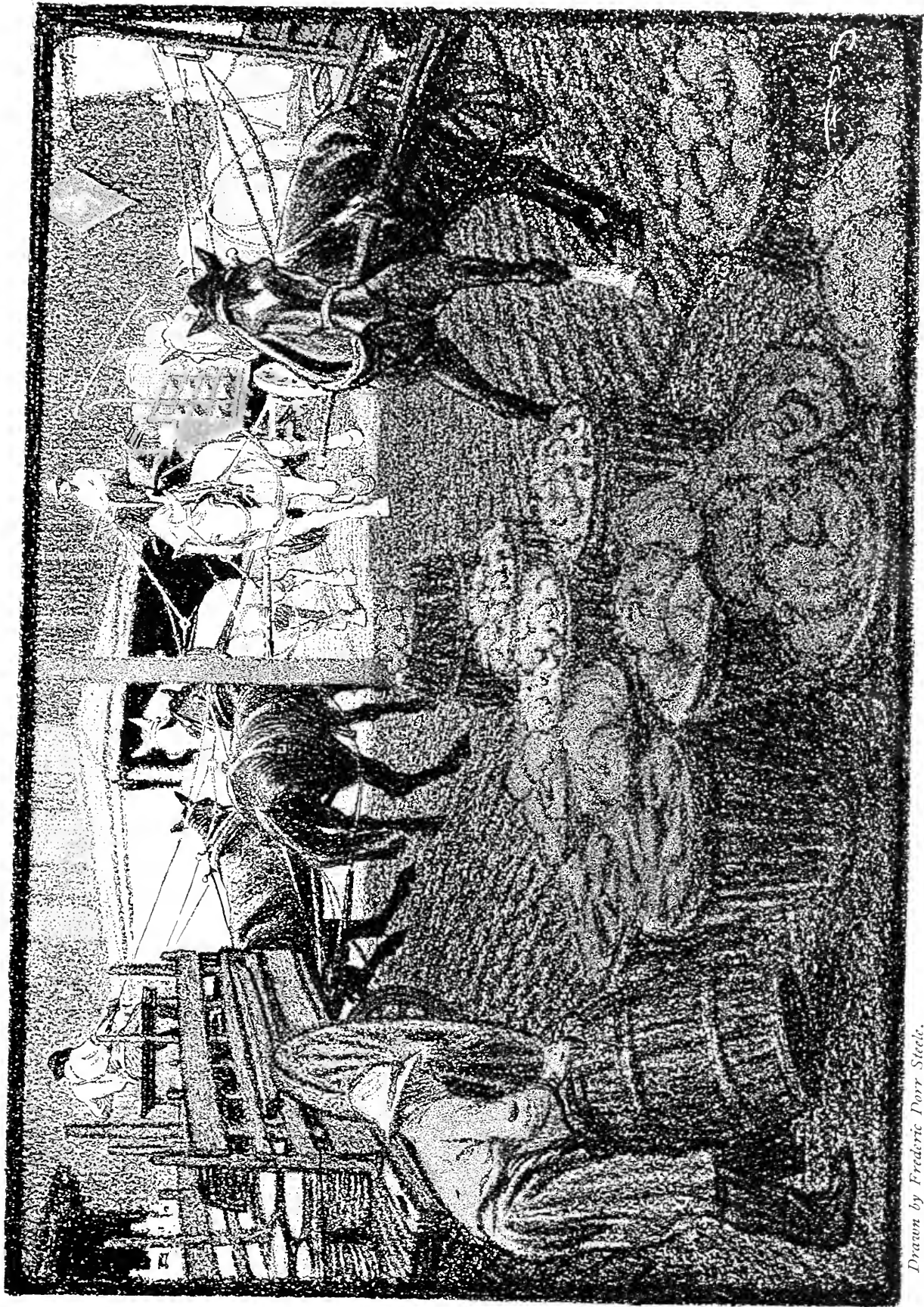
After some more evolutions a half-dozen

were picked out and put through their paces. Skipper was one of these. Then three of the six were sent to join the rest of the squad. Only Skipper and two others remained in the centre of the ring. Men in queer clothes, wearing tall black hats, showing much white shirt-front and carrying long whips, came and looked them over carefully.

Skipper showed these men how he could waltz in time to the music, and the people who banked the circle as far up as Skipper could see shouted and clapped their hands until it seemed as if a thunderstorm had broken loose. At last one of the men in tall hats tied a blue ribbon on Skipper's bridle.

When Reddy got him into the stable, he fed him four big red apples one after the other. Next day Skipper knew that he was a famous horse. Reddy showed him their pictures in the paper.

For a whole year Skipper was the pride of the force. He was shown to visitors at the stables. He was patted on the nose by the Mayor. The Chief, who was a bigger man than the Mayor, came up especially to look at him. In the park Skipper did his tricks every day for ladies in fine dress who exclaimed, "How perfectly wonderful!" as well as for pretty nursemaids who giggled and said, "Now did you ever see the likes o' that, Norah?"



*Drawn by Frederic Porro Steele.*

Drove him . . . to a big down-town market.—Page 418.



And then came the spavin. Ah, but that was the beginning of the end! Were you ever spavined? If so, you know all about it. If you haven't, there's no use trying to tell you. Rheumatism? Well, that may be bad; but a spavin is worse.

For three weeks Reddy rubbed the lump on the hock with stuff from a brown bottle, and hid it from the inspector. Then, one black morning, it was discovered. That day Skipper did not go out on post. Reddy came into the stall, put his arm around his neck and said "Good-by" in a voice that Skipper had never heard him use before. Something had made it thick and husky. Very sadly Skipper saw him saddle one of the newcomers and go out for duty.

Before Reddy came back Skipper was led away. He was taken to a big building where there were horses of every kind—except the right kind. Each one had his own peculiar "out," although you couldn't always tell what it was at first glance.

But Skipper did not stay here long. He was led out before a lot of men in a big ring. A man on a box shouted out a number, and began to talk very fast. Skipper gathered that he was talking about him. Skipper learned that he was still only six years old, and that he had been owned as a saddle-horse by a lady who was about to sail for Europe and was closing out her stable. This was news to Skipper. He wished Reddy could hear it.

The man talked very nicely about Skipper. He said he was kind, gentle, sound in wind and limb, and was not only trained to the saddle but would work either single or double. The man wanted to know how

much the gentlemen were willing to pay for a bay gelding of this description.

Someone on the outer edge of the crowd said, "Ten dollars."

At this the man on the box grew quite indignant. He asked if the other man wouldn't like a silver-mounted harness and a lap-robe thrown in.

"Fifteen," said another man.

Somebody else said, "Twenty," another man said, "Twenty-five," and still another, "Thirty." Then there was a hitch. The man on the box began to talk very fast indeed:

"Thutty-thutty-thutty-thutty—do I hear the five? Thutty-thutty-thutty-thutty—will you make it five?"

"Thirty-five," said a red-faced man who had pushed his way to the front and was looking Skipper over sharply.

The man on the box said "Thutty-five" a good many times and asked if he "heard forty." Evidently he did not, for he stopped and said very slowly and distinctly, looking expectantly around: "Are you all done?"

Thirty-five—once. Thirty-five—twice. Third—and last call—sold, for thirty-five dollars!"

When Skipper heard this he hung his head. When you have been a \$250 blue-ribboner and the pride of the force it is sad to be "knocked down" for thirty-five.

The next year of Skipper's life was a dark one. We will not linger over it. The red-faced man who led him away was a grocer. He put Skipper in the shafts of a heavy wagon very early every morning and drove him a long ways through the city to a big down-town market where men in long frocks shouted and



handled boxes and barrels. When the wagon was heavily loaded the red-faced man drove him back to the store. Then a tow-haired boy, who jerked viciously on the lines and was fond of using the whip, drove him recklessly about the streets and avenues.

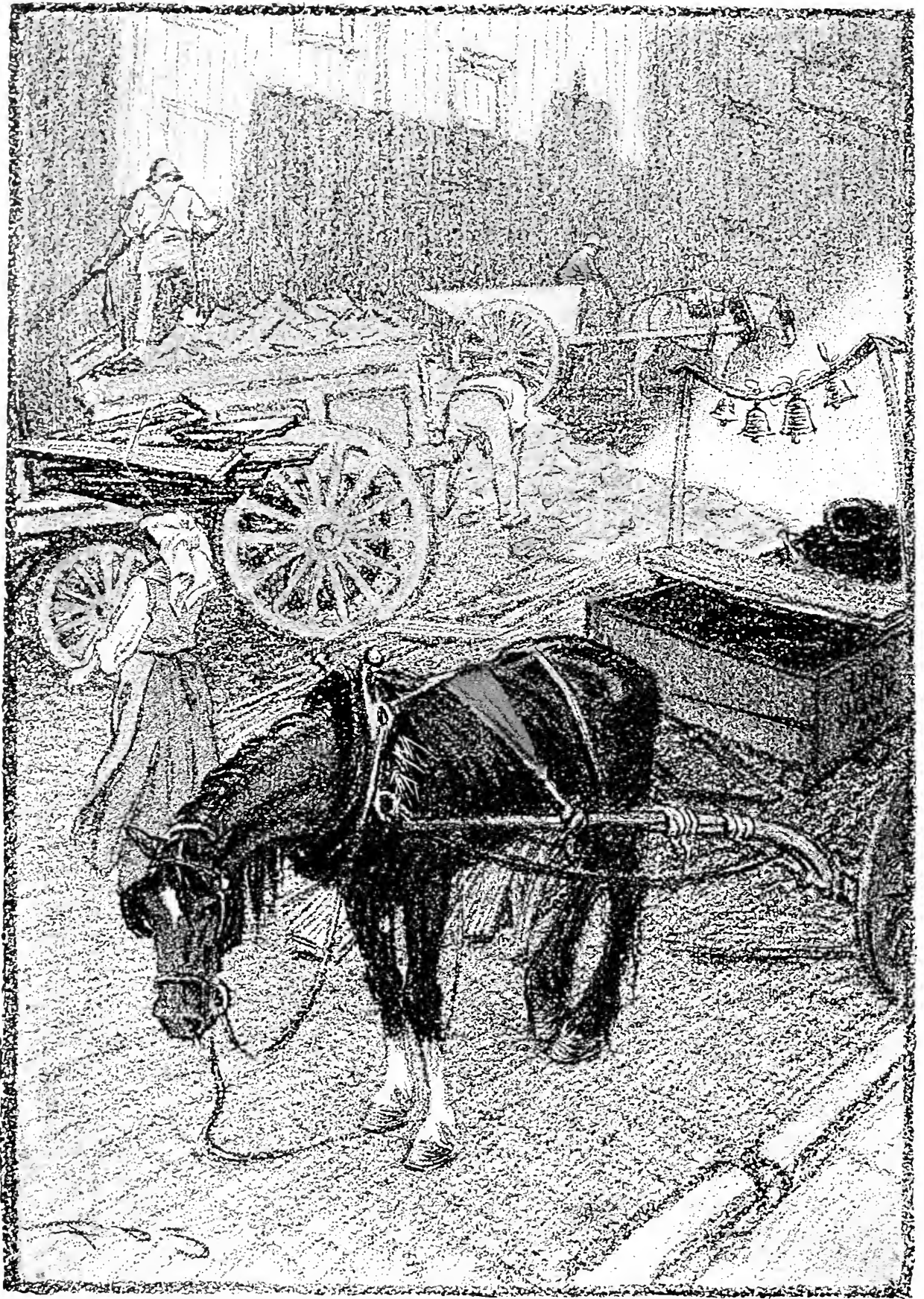
But one day the tow-haired boy pulled the near rein too hard while rounding a corner and a wheel was smashed against a lamp-post. The tow-haired boy was sent head first into an ash-barrel, and Skipper, rather startled at the occurrence, took a little run down the avenue, strewing the pavement with eggs, sugar, canned corn, celery, and other assorted groceries.

Perhaps this was why the grocer sold him. Skipper pulled a cart through the flat-house district for a while after that. On the seat of the cart sat a leather-lunged man who roared : "A-a-a-puls ! Nice a-a-a-puls ! A who-o-ole lot fer a quarter !"

Skipper felt this disgrace keenly. Even the cab-horses, on whom he used to look with disdain, eyed him scornfully. Skipper stood it as long as possible and then one day, while the apple fakir was standing on the back step of the cart shouting things at a woman who was leaning half way out of a fourth-story window, he bolted. He distributed that load of



Into one of these shanties . . . Skipper . . . was driven.—Page 421.



*Drawn by Frederic Dorr Steele.*

For many weary months Skipper pulled that crazy cart.—Page 421.



apples over four blocks, much to the profit of the street children, and he wrecked the wagon on a hydrant. For this the fakir beat him with a piece of the wreckage until a blue-coated officer threatened to arrest him. Next day Skipper was sold again.

Skipper looked over his new owner without joy. The man was evil of face. His long whiskers and hair were unkempt and sun-bleached, like the tip end of a pastured cow's tail. His clothes were greasy. His voice was like the grunt of a pig. Skipper wondered to what use this man would put him. He feared the worst.

Far up through the city the man took him and out on a broad avenue where there were many open spaces, most of them fenced in by huge bill-boards. Behind one of these sign-plastered barriers Skipper found his new home. The bottom of the lot was more than twenty feet below the street level. In the centre of a waste of rocks, ash heaps, and dead weeds tottered a group of shanties, strangely made of odds and ends. The walls were partly of mud-chinked rocks and partly of wood. The roofs were patched with strips of rusty tin held in place by stones.

Into one of these shanties, just tall enough for Skipper to enter and no more, the horse that had been the pride of the mounted park police was driven with a kick as a greeting. Skipper noted first that there was no feed-box and no hay-rick. Then he saw, or rather felt—for the only light came through cracks in the walls—that there was no floor. His nostrils told him that the drainage was bad. Skipper sighed as he thought of the clean, sweet straw which Reddy used to change in his stall every night.

But when you have a lump on your leg—a lump that throbs, throbs, throbs with pain, whether you stand still or lie down—you do not think much on other things.

Supper was late in coming to Skipper that night. He was almost starved when it was served. And such a supper! What do you think? Hay? Yes, but marsh hay; the dry, tasteless stuff they use for bedding in cheap stables. A ton of it wouldn't make a pound of good flesh.

Oats? Not a sign of an oat! But with the hay there were a few potato-peelings. Skipper nosed them out and nibbled the marsh hay. The rest he pawed back under him, for the whole had been thrown at his feet. Then he dropped on the ill-smelling ground and went to sleep to dream that he had been turned into a forty-acre field of clover, while a dozen brass bands played a waltz and multitudes of people looked on and cheered.

In the morning more salt hay was thrown to him and water was brought in a dirty pail. Then, without a stroke of brush or curry-comb he was led out. When he saw the wagon to which he was to be hitched Skipper hung his head. He had reached the bottom. It was unpainted and rickety as to body and frame, the wheels were unmated and dished, while the shafts were spliced and wound with wire.

But worst of all was the string of bells suspended from two uprights above the seat. When Skipper saw these he knew he had fallen low indeed. He had become the horse of a wandering junkman. The next step in his career, as he well knew, would be the glue factory and the bone-yard. Now when a horse has lived for twenty years or so, it is sad enough to face these things. But at eight years to see the glue factory close at hand is enough to make a horse wish he had never been foaled.

For many weary months Skipper pulled that crazy cart, with its hateful jangle of bells, about the city streets and suburban roads while the man with the faded hair roared through his matted beard: "Buy o-o-o-o-olt ra-a-a-a-ags! Buy o-o-o-o-olt ra-a-a-a-a-ags! Olt boddles! Olt copper! Olt iron! Vaste baber!"

The lump on Skipper's hock kept growing bigger and bigger. It seemed as if the darts of pain shot from hoof to flank with every step. Big hollows came over his eyes. You could see his ribs as plainly as the hoops on a pork-barrel. Yet six days in the week he went on long trips and brought back heavy loads of junk. On Sunday he hauled the junkman and his family about the city.

Once the junkman tried to drive Skipper into one of the Park entrances. Then for the first time in his life Skipper balked.

The junkman pounded and used such language as you might expect from a junkman, but all to no use. Skipper took the beating with lowered head, but go through the gate he would not. So the junkman gave it up, although he seemed very anxious to join the line of gay carriages which were rolling in.

Soon after this there came a break in the daily routine. One morning Skipper was not led out as usual. In fact, no one came near him, and he could hear no voices in the near-by shanty. Skipper decided that he would take a day off himself. By backing against the door he readily pushed it open, for the staple was insecure.

Once at liberty, he climbed the roadway that led out of the lot. It was late in the fall, but there was still short sweet winter grass to be found along the gutters. For a while he nibbled at this hungrily. Then a queer idea came to Skipper. Perhaps the passing of a smartly groomed saddle-horse was responsible.

At any rate, Skipper left off nibbling grass. He hobbled out to the edge of the road, turned so as to face the opposite side, and held up his head. There he stood just as he used to stand when he was the pride of the mounted squad. He was on post once more.

Few people were passing, and none seemed to notice him. Yet he was an odd figure. His coat was shaggy and weather-stained. It looked patched and faded. The spavined hock caused one hind quarter to sag somewhat, but aside from that his pose was strictly according to the regulations.

Skipper had been playing at standing post for a half-hour, when a trotting dandy who sported ankle-boots and toe-weights, pulled up before him. He was drawing a light, bicycle-wheeled road-wagon in which were two men.

"Queer?" one of the men was saying. "Can't say I see anything queer about it, Captain. Some old plug that's got away from a squatter; that's all I see in it."

"Well, let's have a look," said the other. He stared hard at Skipper for a moment and then, in a loud, sharp tone, said:

"Ten-shun! Right dress!"

Skipper pricked up his ears, raised his head, and side-stepped stiffly. The trot-

ting dandy turned and looked curiously at him.

"Forward!" said the man in the wagon. Skipper hobbled out into the road.

"Right wheel! Halt! I thought so," said the man, as Skipper obeyed the orders. "That fellow has been on the force. He was standing post. Looks mighty familiar, too—white stockings on two forelegs, white star on forehead. Now I wonder if that can be—here, hold the reins a minute."

Going up to Skipper the man patted his nose one or twice, and then pushed his muzzle to one side. Skipper ducked and countered. He had not forgotten his boxing trick. The man turned his back and began to pace down the road. Skipper followed and picked up a riding-glove which the man dropped.

"Doyle," said the man, as he walked back to the wagon, "two years ago that was the finest horse on the force—took the blue ribbon at the Garden. Alderman Martin would give a thousand dollars for him as he stands. He has hunted the State for him. You remember Martin—Reddy Martin—who used to be on the mounted squad! Didn't you hear? An old uncle who made a fortune as a building contractor died about a year ago and left the whole pile to Reddy. He's got a fine country-place up in Westchester and is in the city government. Just elected this fall. But he isn't happy because he can't find his old horse—and here's the horse."

Next day an astonished junkman stood before an empty shanty which served as a stable and feasted his eyes on a \$50 bank note.

If you are ever up in Westchester County be sure and visit the stables of Alderman P. Sarsfield Martin. Ask to see that oak-panelled box-stall with the stained-glass windows and the porcelain feed-box. You will notice a polished brass name-plate on the door bearing this inscription:

S K I P P E R .

You may meet the Alderman himself, wearing an English-made riding-suit, loping comfortably along on a sleek bay gelding with two white fore-legs and a white star on his forehead. Yes, high-priced veterinaries can cure spavin—Alderman Martin says so.

# A DAY WITH A TRAMP

By Walter A. Wyckoff



He was an American of Irish stock ; his name was Farrell ; he was two - and - twenty, a little more than six feet high, and as straight as an arrow. We met on the line of the Rock Island Railway just west of Morris, Ill., and this was the manner of our meeting :

But first, I should like to explain that in the course of eighteen months' experience as a wandering wage-earner, drifting from the Atlantic to the Pacific, this was the only day that I spent in company with a tramp.

It was in the character of a workingman and not as a tramp, that I began, in the summer of 1891, a casual experiment, by which I hoped to gain some personal acquaintance with the conditions of life of unskilled laborers in America. Having no skill, I could count on employment only in the rudest forms of labor, and I maintained consistently the character of a laborer—a very indifferent one, I am bound to own—yet finding it possible everywhere to live by the work of my hands.

I did tramp, it is true, walking in all some twenty-five hundred miles of the distance from Connecticut to California ; but I did it from set purpose, discovering that in this way I could get a better knowledge of the people and the country and of opportunities for work, than if I should spend my savings in car-fare from place to place. It cost me nothing to walk, and I not infrequently covered two hundred miles in the course of a week, but it generally proved that, in actual cash from the savings of my last job, I was out quite as much as I should have been had I ridden the distance. This was because it was often necessary to pay for food and lodging by the way, an odd job not always being procurable, and the people being far readier to give a meal than to take the trouble of providing work in payment for it. I could little blame them, and I soon began to make use of the wayside inns, trusting for contact with people more to chance acquaintance

and the admirable opportunities that came with every event of employment, when my savings were gone.

*Tramp* is a misnomer, I fancy, as descriptive of the mode of motion of the members of the professionally idle class which in our vernacular we call *hoboes*. The tramp rarely tramps ; he "beats his way" on the railroads.

Everyone knows of the very thorough-going and valuable work that Mr. Josiah Flynt has done in learning the vagrant world, not only of America, but of England, and widely over the Continent as well, and the light that he has let in upon the habits of life and of thought of the fraternity, and its common speech and symbols, and whence its recruits come, and why, and how it occupies a world midway between lawlessness and honest toil, lacking the criminal wit for the one and the will power for the other.

That the hobo, in going from place to place, makes little use of the highways, I can freely testify, so far as my very limited experience goes. His name was legion among the unemployed in Chicago, and he flocked about railway centres, but he was a rare bird along the country roads where work was plentiful.

It is easy to recount individually all that I met : a lusty Yankee beggar who hailed me as a brother one blistering July day, not far from the Connecticut border, when I was making for Garrisons ; a cynical wraith, who rose, seemingly, from the dust of the road, in the warm twilight of a September evening, in eastern Pennsylvania and scoffed at my hope of finding work in Sweet Valley ; a threadbare, white-haired German with a truly fine reserve and courtesy, who so far warmed to me, when we met in the frosty air of late November, on the bare, level stretch of a country road between Cleveland and Sandusky, as to tell me that he had walked from Texas, and was on his way to the home of friends near Boston ; then Farrell, in central Illinois ; and finally, a blear-eyed, shaggy knave, trudging the sleepers of the Union Pacific



in western Nebraska, his rags bound together and bound on with strings, and a rollicking quality in his cracked voice, who must have had difficulty in avoiding work among the short-handed gangs of navvies along the line.

All this is by way of fruitless explanation that I myself was not a tramp, but a workman, living by day's labor; a fruitless explanation, because a reputation once established is difficult to dislodge. I have grown accustomed to references to my "tramp days," even among those who knew my purpose best, and I had no sooner returned to my university than I found that to its members I was already known as "Weary," in which alliterative appellation I saw the frankest allusion to a supposed identification with the "Weary Willes" of our "comic" prints. And having incurred the name, I may as well lay bare the one day that I tramped with a tramp.

I am not without misgivings in speaking of Farrell as a tramp. He had held a steady job some weeks before, and our day together ended as we shall see; but if I was a hobo, so was he, and although clearly not of the strictest sect, and perhaps of no true sect at all, yet let us grant that, for the time, we both were tramps.

The line of a railway was an unusual course, for I much preferred the country roads as offering better walking, and far more hope of meeting the people that I wished to know. Heavy rains, however, had made the roads almost impassable on foot, and I was walking the sleepers from necessity.

The spring of 1892 had been uncommonly wet. The rains set in about the time that I quit work with a gang of road-makers on the Exposition grounds. So incessant were they that it grew difficult to leave Chicago on foot, and when, in the middle of May, I did set out, I got only as far as Joliet, when I had to seek employment again.

At the yards of the Illinois Steel Company I was taken on and assigned to a gang of laborers, mostly Hungarians. But my chief association of a week's stay there is with a boarding-house, and especially its landlady.

She was a girlish matron, with a face that made you think of a child-wife, but

she was a woman in capacity. Her baby was a year old, and generous Heaven was about to send another. Her boarders numbered seven when I was made welcome; and to help her in the care of a crippled husband and the child and guests, she had a little maid of about fifteen, while, to add to the income from our board, she took in all our washing, and did it herself with no outside help. She may have been twenty, but I should have guessed eighteen, and every man of us stood straight before her and did her bidding thankfully.

It was a proud moment, and one which made me feel more nearly on equal terms with the other men, when one evening she came to me and,

"John, you mind the baby this time while I finish getting supper," she said, as she put the child in my arms.

On the sofa in the sitting-room we would lay the little wide-eyed, sunny creature whom we rarely heard cry, and who never showed fear at the touch of our rough hands, nor at the thundering laughter that answered to her smiles and her gurgling attempts at speech.

The mother waited at the table, and joined freely in our talk. She had a way of saying "By gosh!" that fairly broke your heart, and at times she would stand still and swear softly, while her deep blue eyes widened in innocent surprise.

They were haunting eyes, and they followed me far out on the rain-soaked roads of the valley of the Illinois. The walking was not bad at first. Over a rolling country the way wound past woodland and open fields, between banks of rank turf and wild flowers; and, but for the evident richness of soil, and the entire absence of rock, it might have been a New England valley with nothing to suggest the earlier monotony of undulating prairie.

But the walking became steadily worse, until by nightfall each step was a painful pulling of a foot out of the mire then planting it in the mire ahead, with Morris a good ten miles beyond. I was passing in the late twilight a farm-house that stood close to the road. In his shirt-sleeves, and seated in a tilted chair on the porch, was a young farmer with a group of lightly clad children about him. He accepted the explanation that I found the

walking too heavy to admit of my reaching Morris that evening, and, readily giving me leave to sleep on his hay-mow, asked me in to have something to eat.

I was struck at first sight with a marked resemblance in him to my friend Fitz-Adams, the manager of the logging camp in Pennsylvania. All through our talk together, while seated on the porch in the evening, there were reminders in his manner and turns of speech and ways of looking at things of that very efficient boss.

He was living in apparent poverty. The house was small and slightly built and meanly furnished. Indeed, there was an effect of squalor in its scant interior, and in the unkempt appearance of his wife and children. But the man impressed you with the resolute reserve of one who bides his time and knows what he is about. It appeared in his evident contentment, joined with a certain hopefulness that was very engaging. It is true that the spring was wet, so wet that he had not yet been able to plant his corn, and it was growing late for planting, but, even if the crop should fail completely, he had much corn in the best condition, he said, left over from the uncommonly large crop of the year before, which would be selling in the autumn at a better price. He was depressed by the persistent rains, but not discouraged, and, as for the region in which he had cast his lot, he clearly thought it one of the best for a man beginning the world as a farmer. With land at fifty dollars an acre, there was a good market near at hand, and money on the security of the land could be had at five per cent. It was best to buy, he said. Four thousand dollars would secure a farm of eighty acres, and two hundred dollars would pay the interest, whereas the rental might reach three hundred or even three hundred and fifty. Unmistakably he was poor, but he was certainly not of the complaining sort, and I thought that it did not require a long look into the future to see him in full possession of the land and the owner of a more comfortable home besides.

When the barn-yard fowls wakened me in the morning the sun was rising to a cloudless dawn. But, by the time that I took to the road, all the sky was overcast

again, and progress was as difficult as on the night before. The stoneless soil was saturated, until it could absorb not another drop, and water formed a pool in every foot-print and ran in muddy streams in the wheel-tracks.

Two miles down the road was a railway. I reached it after an hour's hard walk and followed it to the tow-path of a canal, which afforded comparatively firm footing over the remaining eight miles into Morris. It was now ten o'clock, and for the past hour a steady drizzle had been falling, which increased to a down-pour as I entered the town. There I remained sheltered until nearly noon, when the rain ceased and I renewed the journey. The roads I knew by experience to be almost impassable, so I found the line of the Rock Island Railway and started west in the hope of reaching Ottawa by night.

Dense clouds lay heavily upon the fields that stood, many of them, deep in water. The moist air was hot and sluggish, but under foot was the hard road-bed, and the course was the straightest that could be cut to the Mississippi. The line was a double one, and the gutter between formed a good cinder-track, so that I had not to measure the distance from sleeper to sleeper at every step, which grows to be a horrible monotony.

I had cleared the town by two miles or more and was settling to the swing of a long walk when I saw, not far ahead, a gang of navvies at work; almost at the same moment there appeared, emerging from the fog beyond, the figure of a man. We were about equally distant from the gang, and I had passed the workmen only a few yards when we met. The impression grew as he drew near that here was a typical tramp, and, being unaccustomed to his order and its ways, I wondered how we should fare, if thrown together. But if I recognized him as a tramp, he had done as much by me; for, when we met, he hailed me as a *confrère* with,

"Hello, partner! which way?"

"I'm going to Ottawa," I said.

"How long will you hold Ottaway down?" he asked.

"Oh, I'm only passing through on my way to Davenport."

That was enough for Farrell as evidence of my being a hobo, however raw

a recruit : but there was a certain courtesy of the road which he wished to maintain, if he could, in the face of my awkward ignorance. I was conscious of an embarrassment which I could not understand.

"How far is it to Morris?" he asked next, and the opening should have been enough for any man, but I answered dully, with painful accuracy as to the distance that I had come.

Clearly nothing would penetrate such density but the frankest directness, so out he blurted :

"Well, partner, if you don't mind, I'll go with you."

Light dawned upon me then, and I tried to make up in cordiality for a want of intuition. Embarrassment was gone at once, and with an ease, as of long acquaintance, Farrell began to tell me how that, on the day before, he had lost his partner and for twenty-four hours had been alone. The loneliness was a horror to him, from which he shrunk, even in the telling, and he expanded, in the companionship of a total stranger, like a flower in light and warmth.

Without a moment's hesitation he abandoned the way toward Morris and turned back upon his former course, with a light-heartedness at having a partner that was highly flattering.

Here certainly was life reduced to simple terms. As we stood at meeting on the railway line, Farrell was as though he had no single human tie with a strong hold upon him. The clothes that covered him were his only possessions, and a toss of a coin might well determine toward which point of the compass he would go. The casual meeting with a new acquaintance was enough to give direction to an immediate plan and to change the face of nature.

There was trouble in his blue eyes when we met, the fluttering, anxious bewilderment that one sees in the eyes of a half-frightened child. It was an appeal for relief from intolerable loneliness ; all his face brightened when we set off together. He had the natural erectness of carriage which gives a distinction of its own, and, apart from a small, weak mouth, slightly tobacco-stained, and an ill-defined chin, he was good to look at, with his straight nose and

well set eyes and generous breadth of forehead, the thick brown hair turning gray about it and adding to his looks a good ten years above his actual two-and-twenty. A faded coat was upon his arm and he wore a flannel shirt that had once been navy blue, and ragged trousers, and a pair of boots, through rents in which his bare feet appeared. A needle was stuck through the front of his shirt, and the soiled white cotton with which it was threaded was wound around the cloth within the projecting ends.

However accustomed to "beating his way," instead of going on foot, Farrell may have been, he was a good walker. Stretching far ahead was the level reach of the road-bed, with the converging lines of rails disappearing in the mist. Our muscles relaxed in the hot, unmoving air, until we struck the gait which becomes a mechanical swing with scarcely a sense of effort. Then Farrell was at his best. Snatches of strange song fell from him and remembered fragments of stage dialogue with little meaning and with no connection, but all expressing his care-free mood. It was contagious. Oh, but the world was wide and fair, and we were young and free, and vagabond and unashamed ! Walt Whitman was our poet then, but I did not tell Farrell so ; for the new, raw wine of life was in his veins, and he sang a song of his own.

A breeze sprang up from the west, and the heavy mists began to move, but from out the east great banks of clouds rose higher with the sound of distant thunder, which drew nearer, until spattering rain-drops fell, fairly hissing on the hot rails. No shelter was at hand ; when the storm broke it came with vindictive fury and drenched us in a few moments. We walked on with many looks behind to make sure of not being run down, for we could scarcely have heard the approach of a train in the almost unbroken peals of thunder that nearly drowned our shouts. Then the shower passed ; the thunder grew distant and faint again, and from a clear sky the sun shone upon us with blistering heat, through air as still and heavy and as surcharged with electricity as before the storm.

Farrell had been quite indifferent to the rain, accepting it with a philosophic un-

concern that was perfect. There was certainly little cause to complain, for in half an hour our clothing was dry; meantime the expression of his mood was changed. He had been friendly before, but impersonal; now he wished to get into closer touch.

"Where are you from, partner?" he asked.

"I worked last winter in Chicago," I said.

"What at?"

"Trucking in a factory for awhile, then with a road-gang on the Fair Grounds. I had a job in Joliet, but I quit in a week," I concluded. I was short, for I knew that this was merely introductory, and that Farrell was fencing for an opening.

"I've been on the road seven weeks now, looking for a job, and, in that time, I ain't slept but two nights in a bed," he began.

"Two nights in a bed out of forty-nine?" I asked.

"Yes. In that time I've beat my way out to Omaha and back to Lima and up and down; and one night a farmer near Tiffin, Ohio, give me a supper and let me sleep in a bed in his wagon-house, and one wet night in Chicago I had the price of a bunk in me jeans, and I says to meself, says I, 'I'd sooner sleep dry to-night than get drunk.'"

It came then of itself, needing only an occasional prompting question, and the narrative was essentially true, I fancy; for, free from embellishment, it moved with the directness of reality.

Born in Wisconsin of parents who had emigrated from Ireland, Farrell was bred in an Illinois village, about fifty miles north of where we were walking at the time. His two sisters lived there still, he thought, but his mother had died when he was but a lad. His father was a day laborer at work in Peoria, so far as Farrell knew. He had not seen him for many years, and he kept up no contact with his people.

Much the most interesting part of the story to me was that which related to the past year. Farrell was twenty-two; he had grown up he hardly knew how, and was already a confirmed roadster, with an inordinate love for tobacco, and a well-developed taste for drink.

In the early summer he had drifted into Ottawa, the very town that we were nearing, and, being momentarily tired of the road, he sought and found a job in a tile factory. At this point his narrative grew deeply absorbing, because of the unconscious art of it in its simple adherence to life; but being unable to reproduce his words, I can only suggest their import.

It was a crisis in his history. The change began with an experience of a mechanics' boarding-house. He was a vagabond by breeding, with no clearly defined ideas beyond food and drink, and immunity from work. He was awaking to manhood, and there began to dawn for him at the boarding-house a sense of home, and of something more in the motherly care of the housekeeper.

"Say, she was good to me," was his own expression, "she done me proud. She used to mend me clothes, and if I got drunk, she never chewed the rag, but I see it cut her bad, and I swore off for good; and then I used to give her me wages to keep for me, and she'd allow me fifty cents a week above me board."

The picture went on unfolding itself naturally in the portrayal of interests undreamed of beyond idleness, and enough of plug and beer. The savings grew to a little store; then there came the suggestion of a new suit of clothes, and a hat and boots, and a boiled shirt and collar, and a bright cravat. Farrell little thought of the native touch of art in his description of how, when all these were procured, he would fare forth on a Sunday morning, not merely another man, but other than anything that he had imagined. A sense of achievement came and brought a dawning feeling of obligation, and a desire to take standing with other men, and to know something and to bear a part in the work of a citizen of the town.

Some glimmer had remained to him of religious teaching before his mother died, and, in the conscious virtue of new dress, he sought out the church, and began to go regularly to mass.

I knew what was coming then; there had been an inevitableness that foretold it in the tale, and I found myself breathing more freely when he began to speak without self-consciousness of the girl.

He said very little of her, but it was

not at all difficult to catch the ampler meaning of his words. Sunday began to hold a new interest, quite apart from Sunday clothes. He found himself looking forward through the week to a glimpse of her at church, but the week was far too long, and in the autumn evenings he would dress himself in his best, regardless of the jeers of the other men, and would walk past her father's corner grocery. Sometimes he saw her on the pavement in front of the shop, or helping her father to wait on customers within.

All this was very disturbing; a new world had opened to him with a steady job. It was unfolding itself with quite wonderful revelations in the home-life of his boarding-house, and the friendship of the matron, and the companionship of other workingmen, and the responsibility which was beginning to replace his former recklessness. Moreover, he was getting on in the tile factory. He was strong and active, and the chances of being transferred to piece-work was a spur to do his best at his present unskilled labor. Utterly unforeseen in its train of consequences had come into this budding consciousness, the vision of a girl. He had merely seen her at church, then seen her again, then found himself looking forward to sight of her, and unable to wait patiently for Sunday. The very thought of her carried with it a feeling of contempt for his former life, and a distressing sense of difference in their present stations, which developed, sometimes, into the temptation to get back to the road and forget. That was the temptation that was always in the background, and always coming to the fore when the craving for drink was strongest, or when the monotony of ten hours' daily labor grew more than commonly burdensome. For four months and more he had resisted now, and, as a reward, he had become just man enough to know feebly that he could not easily forget, even on the road.

How he plucked up courage to meet her I do not know, for he did not tell me, and not for treasure would I have asked him at this point of the story. He did meet her, however, and the wonder of it was upon him still, as he told me modestly, in quaint speech, that she smiled upon him.

Oh, ineffable mystery of life, that he, a hobo of a few months before, should be reading now in a good girl's eyes an answering liking to his own! He was little more than a lad, and she but a slip of a girl, and I do not know what it may have meant to her, but to him it was life from the dead. Very swiftly the winter sped and very hard he worked until he earned a job at piecework in the factory, and then harder than ever until he was making good wages. He could see little of her, for she had an instinctive knowledge of her father's probable displeasure, but there grew up a tacit understanding between them that kept his hope and ambition fired.

Nothing in experience could have been more wonderful than those winter months, when he felt himself getting a man's grip of things unutterable, that came as from out a boundless sea into the range of his strange awakening. And this new life was centred in her, as though she were its source. He lived for her, and worked and thought for her and tried to be worthy of her, and between his former and his present life was a gulf which by some miracle she had created.

It came upon him with the suddenness of a pistol-shot one evening late in March when they stood talking for a moment before saying good-night at her father's door. Thundering down the steps from the living rooms over the shop rushed the grocer, a large, florid Irishman. In a moment he was upon them, hot in the newly acquired knowledge that Farrell was "keeping steady company" with his daughter. His ire was up, and his Irish tongue was loosed, and Farrell got the sting of it. It lashed him for a beggarly factory laborer of doubtful birth, and, gaining vehemence, it lashed him for a hobo predestined to destruction, and finally, with strong admonition, it charged him never to speak to the girl and never to enter her home again.

If only he could have known, if only there had been a voice to tell him convincingly that now there had come a crucial test in his life between character and circumstance, a voice "to lift him through the fight"! But all his past was against him. In another hour he was dead drunk and he went drunk to work in the morning, and was discharged.

The pleading of his landlady was of no avail. He thought that he had lost the girl. Nothing remained but the road, and back to the road he would go, and soon, with his savings in his pocket, he was "beating his way" to Chicago. There he could live on beer and free lunches, and, at dives and brothels, he would blow in the savings of ten months and try to forget how sacred the sum had seemed to him, when, little by little, he added to it, while planning for the future. Its very sacredness gave a hellish zest to utter abandonment to loathsome vice while the money lasted; then he took again to begging on the streets with "a hard-luck story," until, in the warm April days, he felt the old drawing to the open country and began once more to "beat his way" up and down the familiar railway lines and to beg his bread from the kind-hearted folk, who, in feeding him, were fast completing his ruin.

We were entering Seneca now, and another thunder-storm was upon us, but, as it broke in a deluge of rain, we ran for shelter under the eaves of the railway station. A west-bound passenger-train drew in as we stood there.

"That's the way to travel," I heard Farrell say, half to himself. It was the sheltered comfort of the passengers that he envied, I supposed. But not at all.

"See that hobo?" he continued, and, following the line of his outstretched finger, I saw a ragged wretch dripping like a drowned rat as he walked slowly up and down beside the panting locomotive.

"Yes," I answered.

"The train's got a blind baggage-car on," he continued. "That's a car that ain't got no door in the end that's next the engine. You can get on the front platform when the train starts, and the brakemen can't reach you till she stops, but then you're off before they are and on again when she starts up. The fireman can reach you all right, and if he's ugly, he'll heave coal at you, and sometimes he'll kick you off when the train's going full speed; but generally he lets you be. That hobo come in two hours from Chicago and he's got a snap for as long as he wants to ride," he concluded.

Nevertheless, I was glad to see the train go without Farrell's saying anything

about joining our adventurous brother on the fore-platform of the "blind baggage-car."

In the seething sunlight that followed the storm we left the station and walked along the village street which lay parallel with the railway. At a mineral spring we stopped to drink, while a group of school-children who were loitering homeward stood watching us, the fascination in their eyes which all children feel in the mystery which surrounds the lives of vagabonds and gypsies.

On the outskirts of the village, when we were about to resume the railway, Farrell suggested that he should go foraging. He was hungry, for he had eaten nothing since early morning, while I had bought food at Morris. I promised to wait for him and very gladly sat down on the curbstone in the shade.

Two bare-foot urchins, their trousers rolled up to their knees, who had evidently been watching us from behind a picket-fence, stole stealthily out of the gate when Farrell turned the corner. Creeping as near as they dared, they gathered a handful of small, sun-baked clods and began to throw them at me as a target. It was rare sport for a time, but I was beyond their range and much absorbed in Farrell's story. Disappointed at not having the excitement of being chased back to the shelter of their yard, they gave up the game and seated themselves on the curb, with their naked, brown feet bathed in the pool which had formed in the gutter. I had become quite unconscious of them, when I suddenly realized that they were in warm discussion. It was about me, I found, for I heard one of them raise his voice in stern insistence.

"Naw," he said, "that ain't the same bum, that's another bum!"

Farrell returned empty-handed and a trifle dejected, I thought. His mind was evidently on food. A little farther down the line he pointed out a farm-house to the right and suggested our trying there. Along the edge of a soft meadow, where the damp grass stood high, nearly ready for mowing, we walked to a muddy lane which led to the barn-yard. A lank youth in overalls tucked into top-boots and a gingham shirt and a wide-brimmed straw hat stood in the open doorway of the



barn, calmly staring at us as we approached.

Farrell greeted him familiarly and was answered civilly. Then, without further parley, he explained that we were come for something to eat.

"Go up to the house and ask the boss," said the hired man.

The farmer was plainly well-to-do. His house was a large, square, white-painted, wooden structure topped with a cupola, and with well-kept grounds about it, while the farm buildings wore a prosperous air of plenitude. Just then a well-grown watch-dog of the collie type came walking toward us across the lawn, a menacing inquiry in his face.

"Won't you go?" suggested Farrell.

The hired man had caught sight of the dog, and there was a twinkle in his eye as he answered, airily,

"Oh, no, thank you."

"Does the dog bite?" Farrell ventured, cautiously.

"Yes," came sententiously from the hired man.

"We'd better get back to the road," Farrell said to me, and we could feel amused eyes upon us as we retraced our steps to the track.

Once more Farrell tried his luck; this time at a meagre, wooden, drab cottage that faced a country lane, a hundred yards from the railway. I watched him from the line and noticed that he talked for some time with the woman who answered his knock and stood framed in the door.

When he returned he had two large slices of bread in his hand and some cold meat.

"I didn't like to take it," he remarked. "Her husband's a carpenter and ain't had no work for six weeks. But she says she couldn't have me go away hungry. That's the kind that always helps you, the kind that's in hard luck themselves, and knows what it is."

He was for sharing the forage and, hungry as he was, he had not eaten a morsel of it when he rejoined me. That I would take none seemed to him at first a personal slight, but he understood it better when I explained that I had had food at Morris.

There was a cloudless sunset that evening, the sun sinking in a crimson glow

that foretold another day of great heat. The stars came slowly out over a firmament of slaty blue, and shone obscurely through the humid air. Farrell and I were silent for some time. Both of us had walked about thirty-six miles that day, and were intent on a resting-place. At last we began to catch the glitter of street-lights in Ottawa, and, at sight of them, Farrell's spirits rose. He was like one returning home after long absence. The sound of a church-bell came faintly to us. Farrell held me by the arm.

"You hear that?" he asked.

"Yes."

"That's the Methodist church bell."

I could see his face light up, as though something were rousing the best that was in him.

At the eastern end of the town, and close to the railway, we came upon a brick-kiln. Farrell was perfectly familiar with his surroundings now, and we stopped for a drink. For some reason the water would not run in the faucet, so we went around to a barn-like building in the rear. Through a large, open doorway he entered, while I remained outside. Soon I heard him in conversation with someone, who proved to be the night-watchman, and, finding that Farrell was not likely to rejoin me soon, I also entered.

Some moments were necessary to accustom one's eyes to the interior, but I could see at once the figure of a white-bearded old man lying at full length on a bed of gunny-sacks thrown over some sloping boards. His head was propped up, and he held a newspaper which he had been reading by the light of two large torches that hung suspended near him, and from which columns of black smoke rose, curling upward into dark recesses among the rafters. Everything was black with smut and grimy dust. Soon I could see that on one side were great heaps of coal that sloped away to the outer walls like the talus against a cliff.

Farrell was seated on a coal-heap, and was absorbed in the news of the town, as he gathered it from the old man. Quite unnoticed, I sat down on a convenient board and listened dreamily, hoping heartily the while that we should not have to go much farther that night.

Presently I found myself alert to what was being said, for they were discussing the question of a night's lodging. It was from the watchman that the suggestion came that we should remain where we were, and very readily we agreed. Taking a torch from its socket, he lighted us through a long passage to another room that was used as a carpenter's shop. A carpenter's bench ran the length of it, and the tools lay strewn over its surface. From a corner he drew a few yards of old matting, which he offered to Farrell as a bed; and he found a door off its hinges, which, when propped up at one end as it lay on the floor, made what proved that night a comfortable bed for me. With a promise to call us early, he left us in the dark, and, quickly off with our boots, we wrapped ourselves in our coats and were soon fast asleep.

The watchman was true to his word; for the stars were still shining when Farrell and I, hungry and stiff, set off down the track in the direction of the railway station. His mood was that of the evening before, as though, after years of wandering, he was returning to his native place. Recollections of those ten months of sober industry crowded painfully upon him, and he shrunk like a culprit from possible recognition. Yet every familiar sight held a fascination for him. With kindling interest he pointed out the locality of the boarding-house, and again held me by the arm and made me listen, until I, too, could catch the sound of escaping steam at the tile factory where he had worked.

The iron was entering into his soul, but he knew it only as a painful struggle between a desire to return to a life of work and the inertia that would keep him on the road. We walked on, in silence for the most part, under the morning stars that were dimming at the approach of day. When Farrell spoke, it was to reveal, unconsciously, the progress of the struggle within him.

"It ain't no use tryin' for a job; I've been lookin' seven weeks now." That was the lie to smooth the road to vagabondage.

"I'd have a hell of a time to get square in this town again. Everybody that knowed me, knowed I got fired for drink-

in'." That was the truth that made straight the gate and narrow the way that led to life.

In a moment of encouragement he spoke of the boarding-house keeper and of her promise to take him back again, if he would return to work; but his thoughts of the girl he kept to himself, and deeply I liked him for it.

We were leaving Ottawa behind, and a fear as of great darkness was upon me. With a sharp curve the railway swept around the base of bluffs that rose sheer on our right from the roadbed, rugged and grim in the twilight, the trees on top darkly outlined against the sky. At our left were the flooded lowlands of the Illinois bottom. We could see the decaying cornstalks of last year's growth just appearing above the water in the submerged fields, and, here and there, a floating out-building which had been carried down by the flood and was caught among the trees.

Was he man enough to hold fast to his chance, or would he allow himself to drift? This was the drama that was unfolding itself there in the dark before the dawn, under frowning banks beside a flooded river, while the silent stars looked down.

We came to another brick-kiln, with its buildings on the bank just above the railway. A light was shining from a shanty window, and a well-worn foot-path led from the road up through the underbrush of the hillside to the shanty door. A night-watchman was making a final round of the kiln to see that all was right before the day's work began.

Farrell stood still for a moment, the struggle fierce within him.

"Let's get a drink of water," he said, and I blessed the simple need.

The night-watchman led us to a spring and answered, encouragingly, Farrell's inquiry about a possible job.

"Go up and ask the boss," he said. "He's just finished his breakfast. That's his house," he added, pointing out the shanty with the light in the window.

From the foot of the path I watched Farrell climb to the shanty-door and knock. The door opened and the voices of two men came indistinctly down to me. My hopes rose, for it was not merely a question and a decisive reply, but the give and take of continued dialogue. The suspense

had grown to physical suffering, when I saw Farrell turn from the door and begin to descend the path.

I could not see his face distinctly ; but, as he drew nearer, I caught its expression of distress, and my heart was lead within me. The half-frightened, worried bewilderment that I had noticed on the day before was back in his eyes, as he stood looking into mine, evidently expecting me to speak. I remained silent.

"I've got a job," he said, presently, and I could have struck him for the joy of it.

"Me troubles is just begun, for the whole town knows me for a bum," he added, while his anxious eyes moved restlessly behind frowning brows. I said nothing, but waited until I could catch his eye at rest. Then out it came, a little painfully :

"I'll go to the boarding-house to-night,

when me day's work is done, and put up there, if the missus can take me."

"Good," I said, and I waited again until his gaze was steady upon me.

For a day we had tramped together, and slept together for a night, and, quite of his own accord, he had given me his confidence. We were parting, now that he had found work, and I hoped that I might receive the final mark of his trust, so I waited.

He read my question, and his eyes wandered, but they came back to mine, and he spoke up like a man :

"I can't, till I'm a bit decent again and got some clothes ; but I'll hold down me job, and, as soon as I can, I'll go back to her."

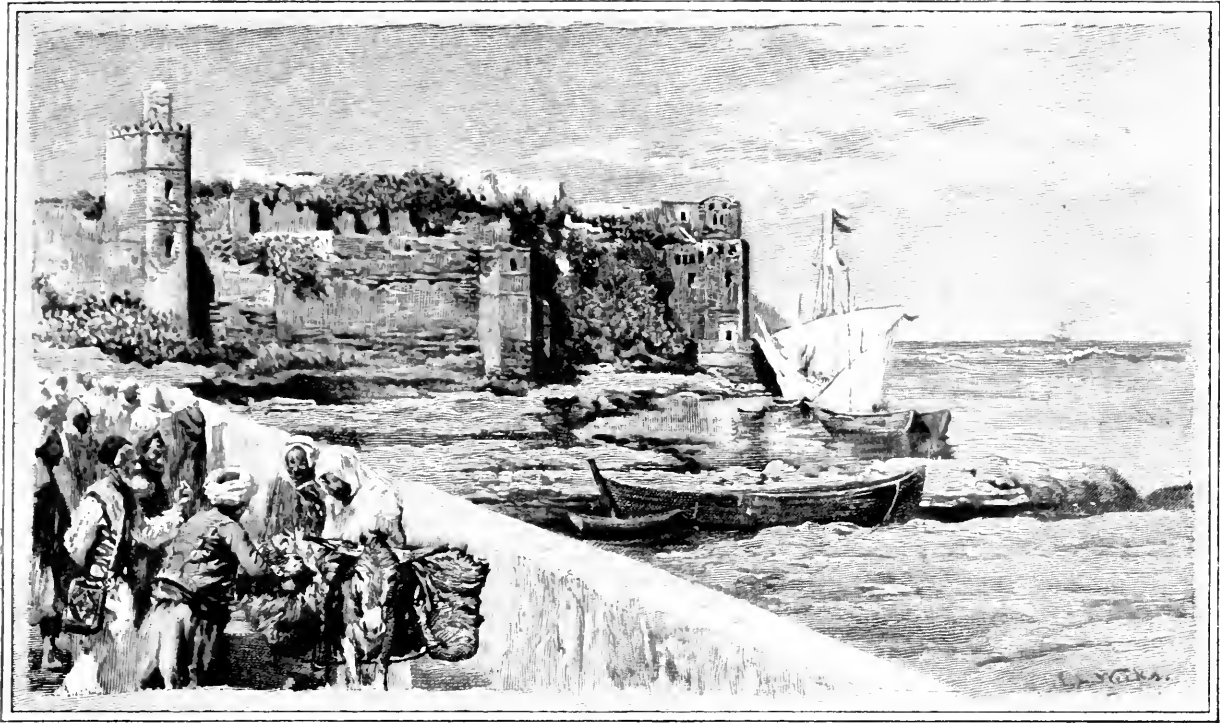
A warning whistle blew ; Farrell went up the path to take his place in the brick-kiln, and I was soon far down the line in the direction of Utica.



## TO SIXTEEN

By Charles Henry Webb

WHO could believe, my little queen,  
 So many years were thine—sixteen !  
 That sifting on thy head their gold  
 So many moons had o'er thee rolled !  
 But stranger still to me, a sage,  
 And more appalling than thine age,  
 Is that in all this waste of years—  
 So saidst thou, and with smiles, not tears,  
 Years that diplomas might have earned,  
 To love as yet thou hast not learned.  
 What, sixteen years ! Were it a week !  
 But in less time have girls learned Greek ;  
 And in less time have eyes less blue  
 Won hearts, yes, worlds—and lost them too.  
 In half the years that thou hast told  
 And not half trying, I've grown old.  
 If learned thou hast not, I, as true,  
 Have not forgot what once I knew.  
 Let me then straight thy teacher be—  
 Since I can nothing learn of thee !



Rabat, — The Casbah and Rabat Bah from the Marina.

## TWO CENTRES OF MOORISH ART

By Edwin Lord Weeks

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

### I

TANGIER may be likened to a gateway leading from the Present to the Past ; from the Europe of to-day backward into the twelfth century. The road beyond the city walls, which forks at different points, one route leading to Fez, one to Tetuan, another to Larache, fringed for some distance by gardens and modern villas, bears the unmistakable stamp of antiquity. Over such roads as this marched the first Roman legions, and such must have been the prehistoric paths traced by the feet of men and beasts of burden, winding from one village of huts to another. Deep and narrow grooves have been worn in the hillsides, divided one from the other by steep ridges, or by pyramids of earth and clay, crested with the stunted stems and roots of palmetto bushes : from the very depth of these furrows, and the height and steepness of the intervening ridges, one may easily divine that the

slow process of disintegration has been going on for ages. Even where they cross ledges of granite, these paths have been deeply cut, as if caused by glacial action. But Tangier itself, if it has ever been dignified with any monuments dating from the best periods of Moorish art, such as may still be found in the decaying cities beyond, shows scarcely a vestige of them to-day. It gives us no inkling of what we are to find when we have passed the inland ridges over which the white tracks wind, thread-like, toward the hazy rim of mountains in the south, or the high granite ridges behind Tetuan. Beyond this alluring horizon, again, lie the mysterious cities of the Moor, unchanged and unchanging save in their ceaseless, inevitable decay. No other Moslem country has so long resisted and successfully baffled the aggressive progress of modern civilization. While India has become a net-work of railways, and smooth macadamized roads run northward to the mountain barriers of the empire ; while

the Trans-Caspian Railway has opened an easy route for tourists even to Samarcand, there is not yet a single road over which wheeled vehicles may pass in the whole empire of Morocco. Although the isolation which has permitted the inhabitants to live on in the same conditions which were dear to their ancestors is mainly owing to the political and geographical causes which have made Morocco a bone of contention between European powers, not a little of its comparative immunity from the blessings attendant upon modern progress is due to the ingenious and subtle diplomacy of the Moorish race—a kind of diplomacy which consists in readily yielding an unimportant point, in promising, while eternally temporizing and always deferring the day of performance. Aided by the seemingly naïve but devious policy of these natural diplomats, as well as by the mutual jealousy and mistrust with which each European power views its neighbor's advances in Morocco, we may yet have many years in which to enjoy what is almost the only country left to grow old in its own way. The world can well afford to neglect this corner of Africa for a few decades yet, or even a century, and allow it to exist as a museum of antiquity, a working model of the Middle Ages; the silence of its cities undisturbed by noise of factories and tramways, and its broad, sunny reaches of open country untraversed by railways or macadamized roads.

No great effort of imagination is necessary in order to feel that between the landscape of Morocco, or even of Moorish Spain across the Straits, and the character of its people, their ideas of decorative art, and even their music, a marked and subtle affinity exists—to realize that in its highest development their art has been largely influenced by its environment. The vast, unbroken stretches of breezy upland, over which one must ride to reach the inland cities, whether vividly green with spring grain or sunburned from the summer heats, and streaked with violet under brooding cloud-shadows, with always the glittering rim of the Atlantic or mountain ridges whitening as they recede, for a horizon, are characterized by a certain impressive monotony, sel-

dom wearisome, since it serves to accentuate the charm of frequently recurring passages of surpassing beauty—

Where tides of grass break into foam of flowers,  
Or where the wind's feet shine along the sea.

The bridle-path lies often between brown, furrowed slopes, where the tall, dry thistles of last summer show in a silvery lining against the sky, or among meadows sprinkled with iris and asphodel; and there are veritable moorlands where the heather, here rank and woody, purples in its season, as in Scotland, but they have the added charm of the mellow golden sunlight of Africa. There are passages, too, of utter barrenness and sun-baked sterility, devoid of character but for occasional glimpses of the Atlas range, as on the route to Marrakesch from the sea-coast. Wherever a city appears in the distance, the horizontal lines of its walls, broken only by a rare mosque tower, repeat the forms of the mountain-ridges behind, which are seldom varied by peaks and pinnacles. These monotonous lengths of gray crenelated wall, stretching across level plains, or climbing steep hillsides in picturesque zigzags, as at Tetuan and Mequinez, might seem, like the barriers of the Atlas, designed to repel intruders and to hide what lies behind; and when once we have crossed the threshold, either of city gate or mountain-pass, we find ourselves among ruins and crumbling walls enclosing some gem of Moorish art, or among other waste and desert places, holding, in their solitude, a landscape of unexpected beauty.

## II

THE aim of the Moorish architect seems to have been, first, to impress the beholder by the severe rectangular mass of his edifice, or by the stateliness of battlemented walls rising high against the deep blue of the sky, and then to relieve the feeling of monotony, just when it begins to be oppressive, by fixing his attention upon some panel or space of richly wrought and concentrated ornament. Undoubtedly these masses of wall have a greater pictorial value to-day, crumbling, hoary, weather-stained, and patched with sombre colors, than in





*Drawn by E. L. Weeks.*

Inner Walls of Chella Gate.

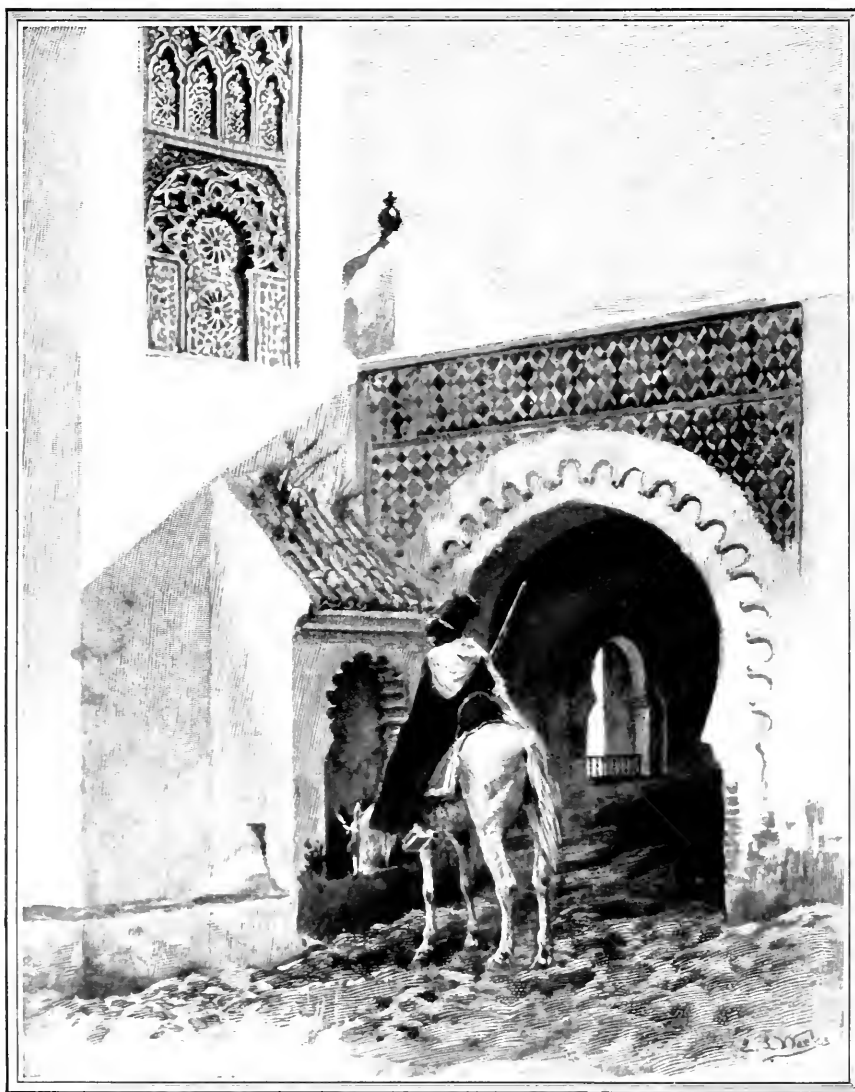


their prime. So also have the gems of exquisite workmanship, whether gateway, recess, or fountain, framed by the desert spaces of wall. From one source or another, certainly remote, and certainly not from the Christians, who were beginning, even in these early days, to load their churches exteriorly with ornament, the Moorish artist received the lesson of simplicity and concentration.

In early Moorish architecture but little attention was paid to the decoration of the outer surfaces, whether on city walls or the blank exteriors of houses, mosques, or palaces. But wherever a gateway, door, or street-fountain afforded the opportunity, a wealth of invention, both in color and design, was lavished upon it; and these ornamented portions, usually confined within rectangular spaces, gain

in effect from the contrast afforded by the surrounding blankness. In the most successful examples of such surface decoration each motive tells with the force of a picture well framed, and may be studied independently of its surroundings. One of the most satisfactory instances of this treatment is on the outer wall of the mosque at Cordova, where there is a long series of small portals, each flanked by a window on either side; while all are of the same size the details are more or less varied.

In the matter of interior decoration Moorish architects seem often to have gone to the other extreme, and to have left hardly a square yard of plain surface. The "patios," or inner courts of their houses, whether ancient or modern, glitter with tiled flooring, the walls with painted

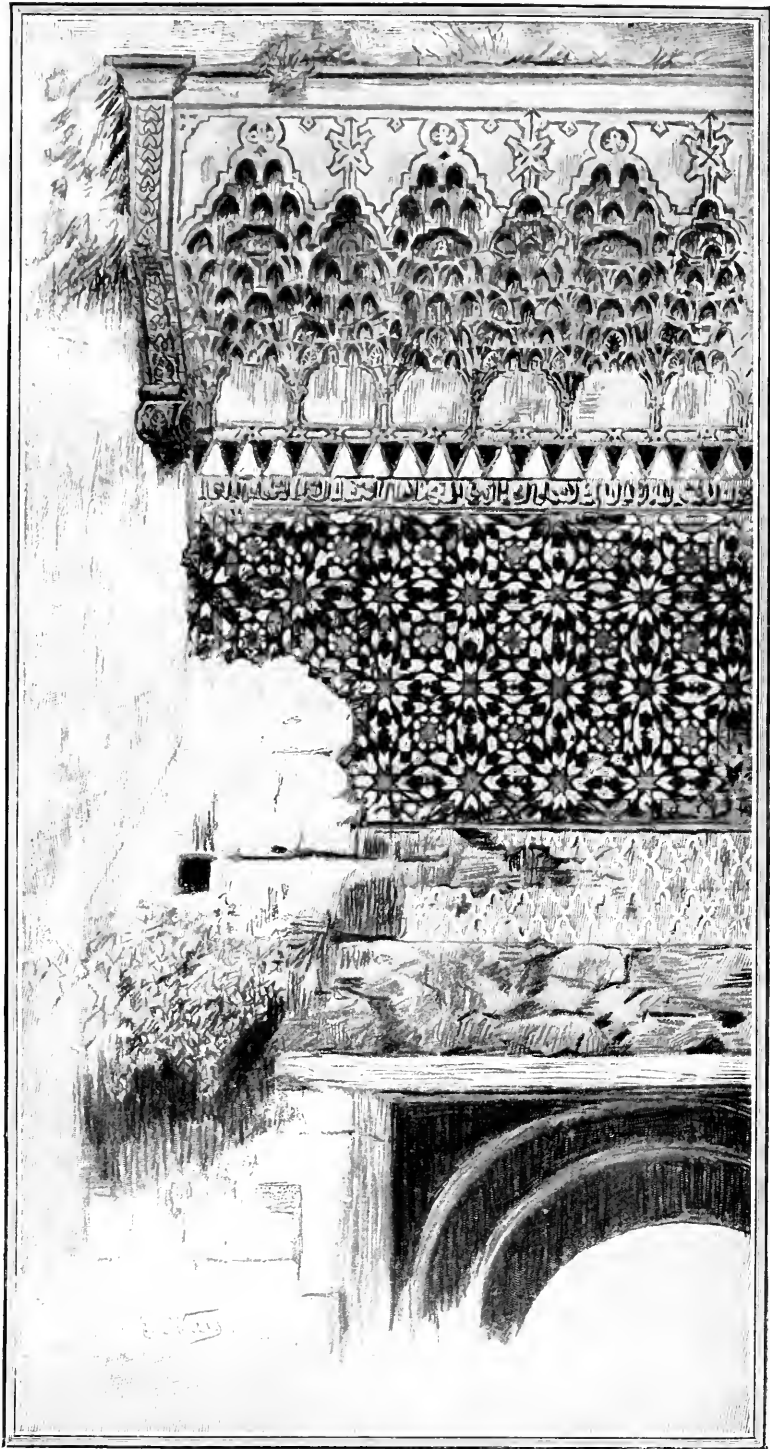


Mosque and Street Fountain, Tetuan.

Showing panel of ancient tile-work on the tower and more modern ornament below over the arch.

and stuccoed arabesques, and the doors are cunningly panelled or inlaid and enriched with color and gilding; domes similarly decorated rise above the stairways, and the rafters and ceilings of the rooms are treated in the same way. The narrow streets of Rabat, of Tetuan, and Sallee, heaped with the accumulated rubbish and filth of ages, trodden into a crusted paste, give not the faintest idea of what lies behind the rough stone walls freshly whitewashed, or streaked and patched with mould and moss. The first door we pass may open into a hovel, a stable, or into a courtyard surrounded by sculptured arcades, repeating the designs of the Alcazar or the Alhambra. The old houses built by Moorish dwellers on the Albaicin at Granada, and the few left at Cordova, differ but slightly from those created to-day across the Strait, and repeat the same fanciful designs.

The mosque tower, always the salient feature in the silhouette of a Moorish town, never varies from the traditional form of plain and severe outlines, inexorably determined by custom. It is always square and angular, with a smaller edition of itself perched on the top. Within these rigid lines Moorish architects have contrived to display a great deal of fancy and ingenuity in breaking up the plain surfaces with arabesques in relief, with colored tiles, and with graceful pointed windows, often approaching the Gothic in form, and which lend an air of lightness to the whole fabric. In spite of the unvarying monotony of their outlines, which, like everything Moorish, seems the result of some unwritten mysterious law,



Ancient Fondak at Sallee.

one would hardly wish them different, so well do they harmonize with their surroundings, giving the needed accent to the general horizontal tendency of walls and landscape. The finest examples are doubtless the Hassan Tower, the Kutubia, the Giralda of Seville, and the great shell which remains of the famous tower of Tlemcen. Many smaller towers are worthy, in actual beauty and in delicacy



Painted Wall-cupboard in the Old House at Rabat.

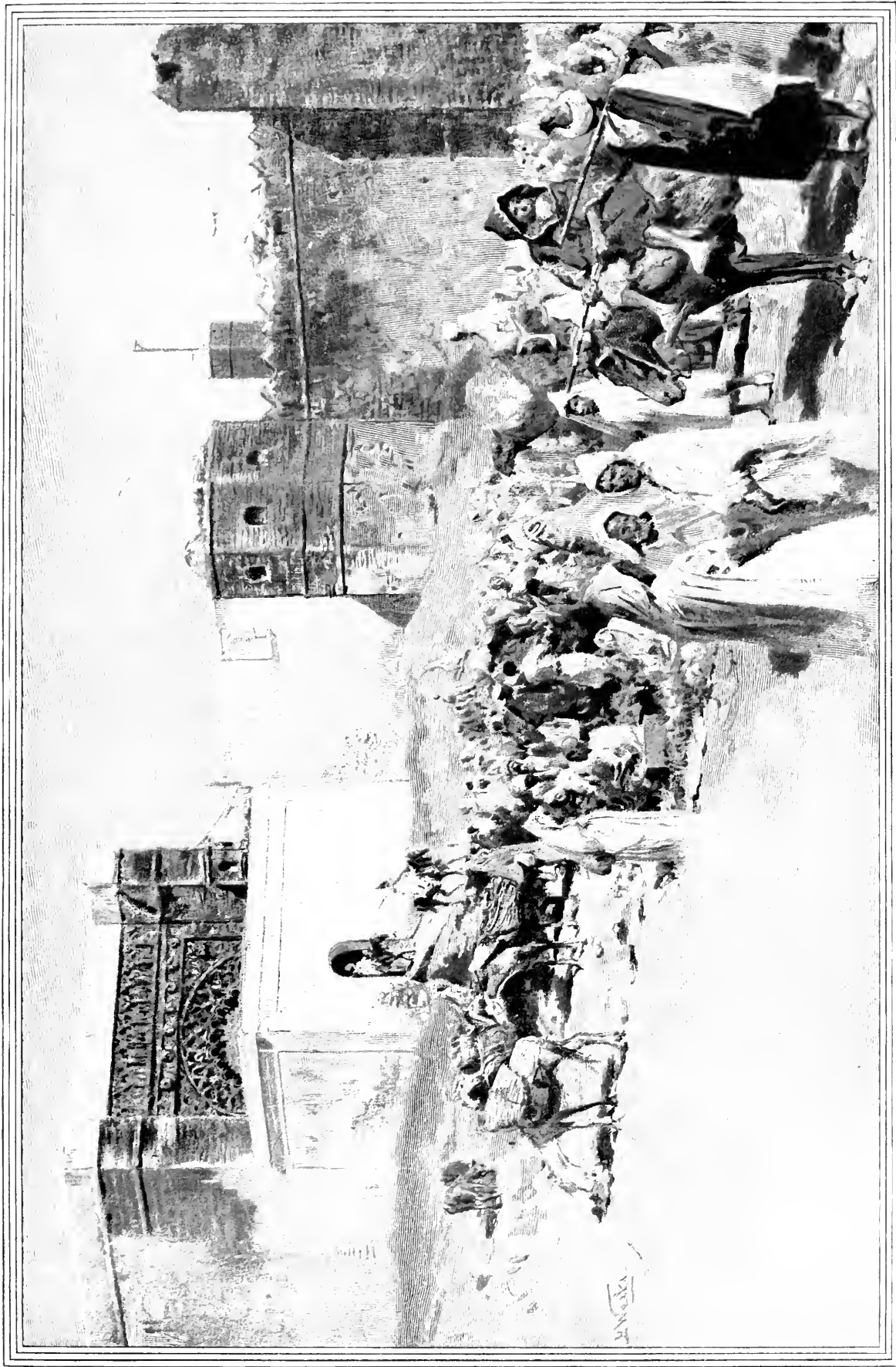
Moorish pottery above; below is shown a dado of straw matting made in Rabat, divided into panels, red and black, alternately.

of treatment, of being classed with them, like the tower of the ruined mosque at Chella, several at Tlemcen, and others at Granada, now converted into church towers, like those at Ecija in Andalusia. As we travel eastward it is interesting to note the gradual transition to the more slender minarets of Turkey and Persia. Beyond Algeria the square form no longer prevails, and at Tunis we find the hexagonal tower, surmounted by a gallery, where the muezzin chants his call to prayer; and at Cairo we begin to realize that the Arabian architect was a man of resources, of skill, and sometimes of genius. Thus by degrees we come to the slim circular minarets of the Turk, with extinguisher

tops, and one or more galleries, culminating at last in the round and slender glazed minars of Persia, Turkestan, and India. But, after all, we find nothing more stately, more dignified and impressive than the great, square towers of Morocco.

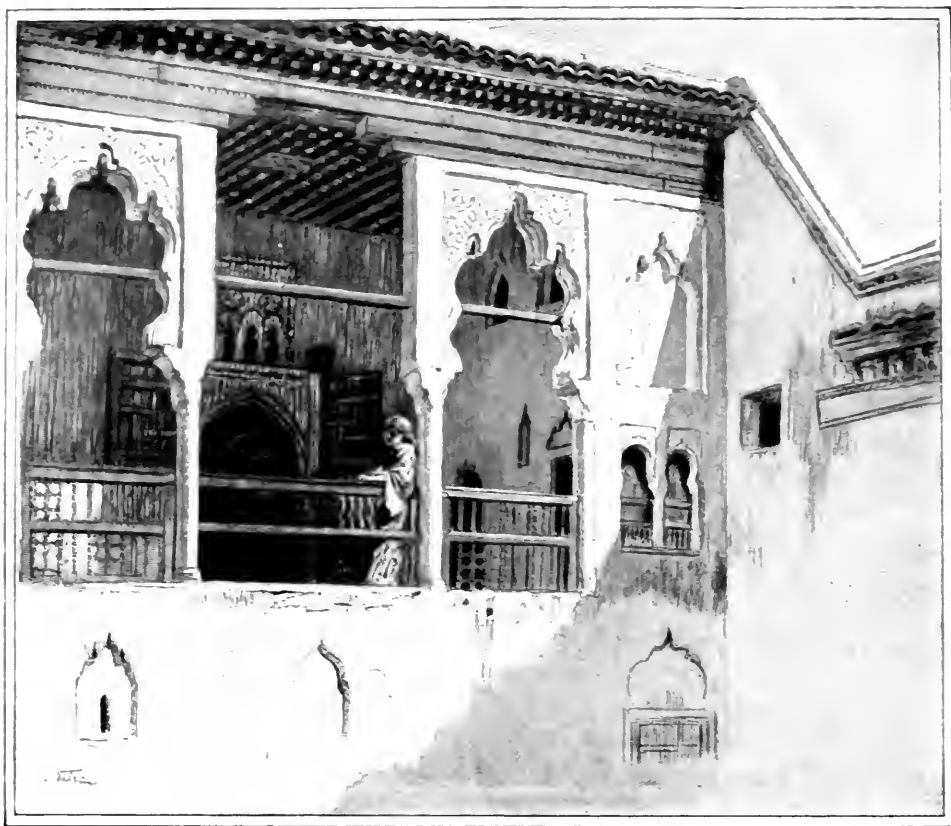
### III

OVERLYING the rare and scattered remains of Roman colonial days, and those which still proudly bear witness to the glory of the Moorish caliphs, are the landmarks of the Portuguese ascendancy, which are numerous in all the cities of the coast from Tangier to Mogador. The most interesting of these towns, from an historical point of view, and from the artistic value of its few monuments, as well as for the beauty of its landscape setting, is Rabat. According to Leo Africanus, who visited Morocco at the beginning of the sixteenth century, Rabat, which was even then in a ruinous condition, was founded by the Sultan Mansor, in order to threaten Spain. The broad tidal river, Bou Ragra, flowing past the rocky ledges on which Rabat is built, meets the Atlantic swells at a point just below the Red Castle, which rises like a lesser Alhambra, from the rocky promontory at its mouth. The river is bordered on the other side by a wide plain of sand, and beyond the sand lies Sallee, "the Holy," not long since undefiled by Christian feet. The Red Castle, or Casbah, of Rabat, overlooks the boiling surges of the bar formed by the gradual encroachments of the Sallee sands; and it is this bar which has destroyed the commerce of both cities, by rendering the river so difficult and uncertain of access. Night after night, when we wintered at Rabat, the little windows of our house, overlooking the Marina below the Casbah, shook and rattled to the thunder of the surf. For a month at a time it was impossible for the steamers, lying three miles out in the open, and ceaselessly rolling, to communicate with the shore. The great half-decked barges, or lighters, which took advantage of every lull to make for the outlet, were each manned by fifteen or twenty stalwart descendants of the famous "Sallee



*Drawn by E. L. Weeks.*

Walls of the Casbah, Rabat.



Gallery of Old House at Rabat.

Used as a Fondak, but partly falling into ruin. Had pointed arches of a rare design.

rovers." We often watched them on sunny and windless days, while we sat among the storks' nests on the upper terrace of the castle—days when by good rights the bar should have been quiet, but from some mysterious cause it was more boisterous than usual; and the valiant mariners, after struggling in vain, were chased back into the river by the serried ranks of breakers—for there is no anchorage, no roadstead or refuge of any kind, no land nearer, in a straight line, than Madeira, and the mountainous Atlantic swells roll in with resistless fury.

In the total absence of theatres, of horse-shows, of carnival or other mundane gayeties, we found no amusement more exciting than to descend the broad, green slopes of turf to the shore beyond the castle, there to lie among the rocks with the setting sun in our eyes, and to watch for the occasional mighty wave which thundered in through the caverns and gullies, to shoot upward through some circular opening, in a towering column of spray. An ancient battery, partly protected from the sea by a low wall of masonry, skirts the shore for some dis-

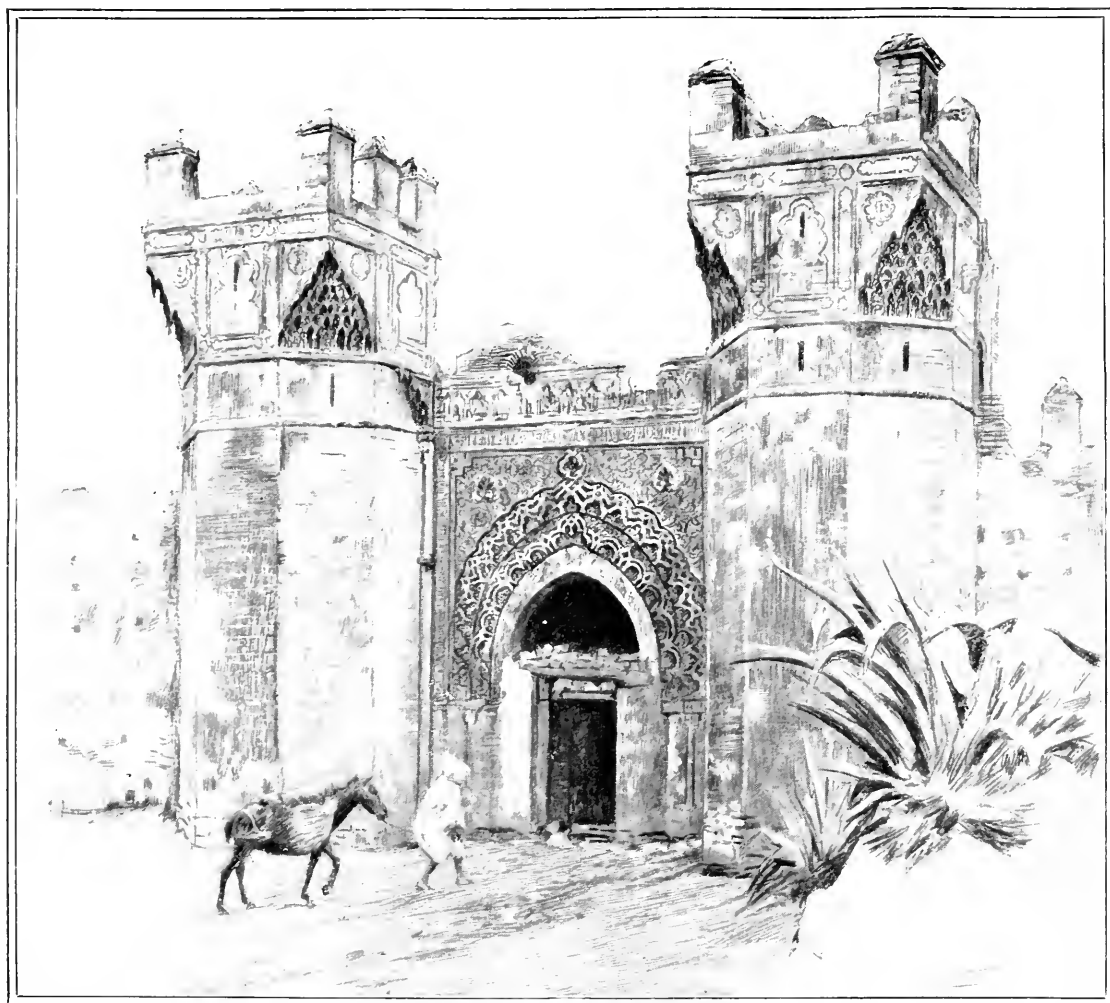
tance beyond the castle: some of the guns, those at least which are not dismounted, are on wooden trucks. One or two modern rifled guns, of as recent a date as the American Civil War, were hopelessly rusted and oxidized, so that the rifled lining could be pulled out by handfuls, but the bronze guns of Spanish and Portuguese workmanship, dating back to the days of the Armada, and which have been left to take care of themselves for centuries, are still in serviceable condition. With their arms and escutcheons, their grandiloquent inscriptions bearing the names and titles of various Christian majesties, and their handles wrought into the semblance of dolphins or sea-serpents, they would still do honor to any museum of artillery.

If the traveller does not care to tempt the bar and to run the risk of being carried on to Casa Blanca, the next seaport, he may go from Tangier by land in from two to four days. But there are wide and deep rivers to ford, and at the season when we started from Tangier there was also the chance of being overtaken by the autumn rains. Being burdened with



much baggage, including household utensils, as we knew that we should find neither hotel nor pension in Rabat, we preferred to face the perils of the sea. The evening preceding the sailing of the steamer *West* we passed at the German Legation, and the Chancellor, recalling his own experience and the tumultuous horrors of the bar, which he described to us with unnecessary and appalling realism, predicted that we should not be able to make a landing. Our misgivings did not, however, disturb our night's rest, and we were favored by fortune, for early in the morning we were gently wafted over the bar in a lighter and deposited, with our two Moorish servants and household effects, on the marina of Rabat. The circle of grave, and for the most part well-dressed, Moors which closed in around us expressed nothing of welcome in their attitude, nor, in fact, any emotion whatever; they seemed to be simply awaiting events. As our friend the Spanish Consul, Don S.

Gonsalvo Gomez de Melilla, was in a measure responsible for our coming, I set out in search of him, leaving the others, with the servants, to guard the luggage. The consul had written a most enthusiastic letter extolling the artistic glories of Rabat, and offering, with true Spanish hospitality, the shelter of his roof until we should be installed in a house of our own. I found him in bed, but having realized that his arduous duties of host and cicerone had fairly begun, he was soon ready to return with me to the custom-house and exert his official authority. Our friends were still undergoing the silent scrutiny of the same motionless circle. To say that the faces of these people expressed hostility, either open or concealed, might be going rather beyond the mark; but if any expression at all could be detected, it was of the nature of cold disapproval, and certainly not reassuring. But we were soon to learn that the Moor is not always to be read like an open book,



Gateway of Chella.



and before many days most of the circle to whom we were indebted for this chilly reception hastened to offer their friendship, in return for such trifling services as we could render. Every morning one or more of them would clamber up our steep stairway to beseech us, in broken English or Spanish, to translate a foreign letter or to straighten out a bill of lading. A few were cosmopolitans and citizens of the world, who had taken the measure of London and Paris, and they afterward improvised fêtes and tea-parties for us after the fashion of Moorish hospitality. But the house which the Consul had described to us in his letter—the Moorish villa with tiles and horseshoe arches—which we were to have for eight dollars a month, had tumbled down. Our only alternative was a house in the Jewish quarter, on the only street where a Christian was permitted to reside. We soon took possession, although the mansion was not peculiarly inviting, either within or without, and the door-key, of enormous size and weight, as Moorish keys usually are, was formally handed over to us.

#### IV

THE great landmark of Rabat, visible far out at sea, is the "Hassan Tower." Majestic and square of outline, it rises from the steep bank of the river, its severe, vertical lines cutting sharply against the level horizon of the high table-land which here bounds the limit of vision to the eastward. Seen from the outskirts of the town, or from the opposite shore of the river, the fact that it is the only object in a landscape of vast, sweeping lines, makes it peculiarly impressive. The dismantled ruins and broken arcades of the mosque at its feet show that it was planned on the same grand scale as its

two rivals, the Kotubia tower of Marrakesch\* and the Giralda of Seville. But the little supplementary tower at the top, which is complete in the Kotubia, and which in the Spanish tower has been replaced by a renaissance addition, is here wanting, showing that the tower was never completely finished. These three towers are believed by Moorish scribes to



Sid Bou Bekr at the Door of his Fondak.

have been erected by the same architect.† Leo Africanus speaks of this in his mention of Rabat, and says that three horses can ascend the ramp of the tower abreast. This "ramp" is a winding, inclined plane inside, which holds the place of stairway. With respect to its ornamental tracery it is, perhaps, the finest of all the three towers. In both this and the Kotubia there are details which have almost their counterparts in Gothic and Byzantine architecture, and they are both built of the same ruddy-colored stone, similar to that employed in some parts of the Alhambra, while the Seville tower is faced with

brick. The red castle, or Casbah, was formerly entered by a superb gateway of the same red stone, but the external opening is now partly masked and hidden by a low, white wall of modern construction. Upon entering the low door in this wall from the Sôk, or market-place, a turn to the right leads through a dark paved passage and out into the square or end of the street, on which the inner gate faces, at right angles, as usual, with the first gate. They are nearly alike, differing only in a few details. Both have fine "horseshoe" arches, slightly pointed, as are all Moorish arches of this period. Upon either side are the little columns formerly supporting a projecting roof, and also the sculptured shells, never lacking in these

\*Marrakesch is the Moorish name for the city of Morocco, one of the two capitals of the empire.

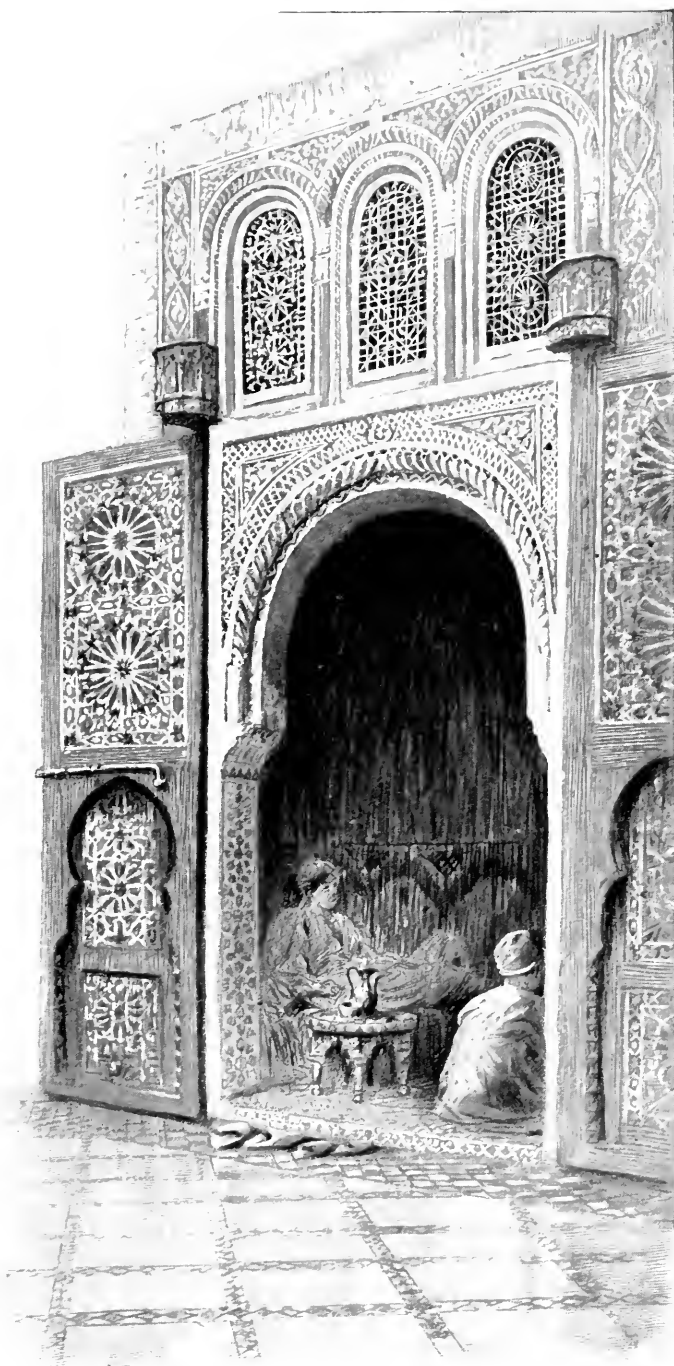
†Sir John Drummond Hay says, in his "Western Barbary," referring to the Kootsobia (Kotubia Tower): "Like in construction to the famous Giralda of Seville, and built by the same famous Geber."

monuments. In the great mosque tower at Tlemcen, which resembles in many respects the three towers mentioned above, these shells are nearly circular in form, suggesting a transition to the rosette employed by later Moorish architects. The arabesques and dentilated ornaments surrounding the inner arches of the Casbah gateways are bold in design and have sufficient relief to cast shadows both crisp and decided. The opening of the arch in the interior gateway has been walled up and whitewashed. This wall is pierced with a grated window above and a door below, giving access to the prison of Rabat. It was at the time of the great famine when we first saw this monumental prison, and we questioned Hadj Ben Aissa, a Moor with a sense of humor, in regard to the diet of the prisoners. The idea of feeding prisoners at all seemed to strike him as irresistibly ludicrous. For "if they gave them anything to eat," said he, "all the people would be clamoring to get in."

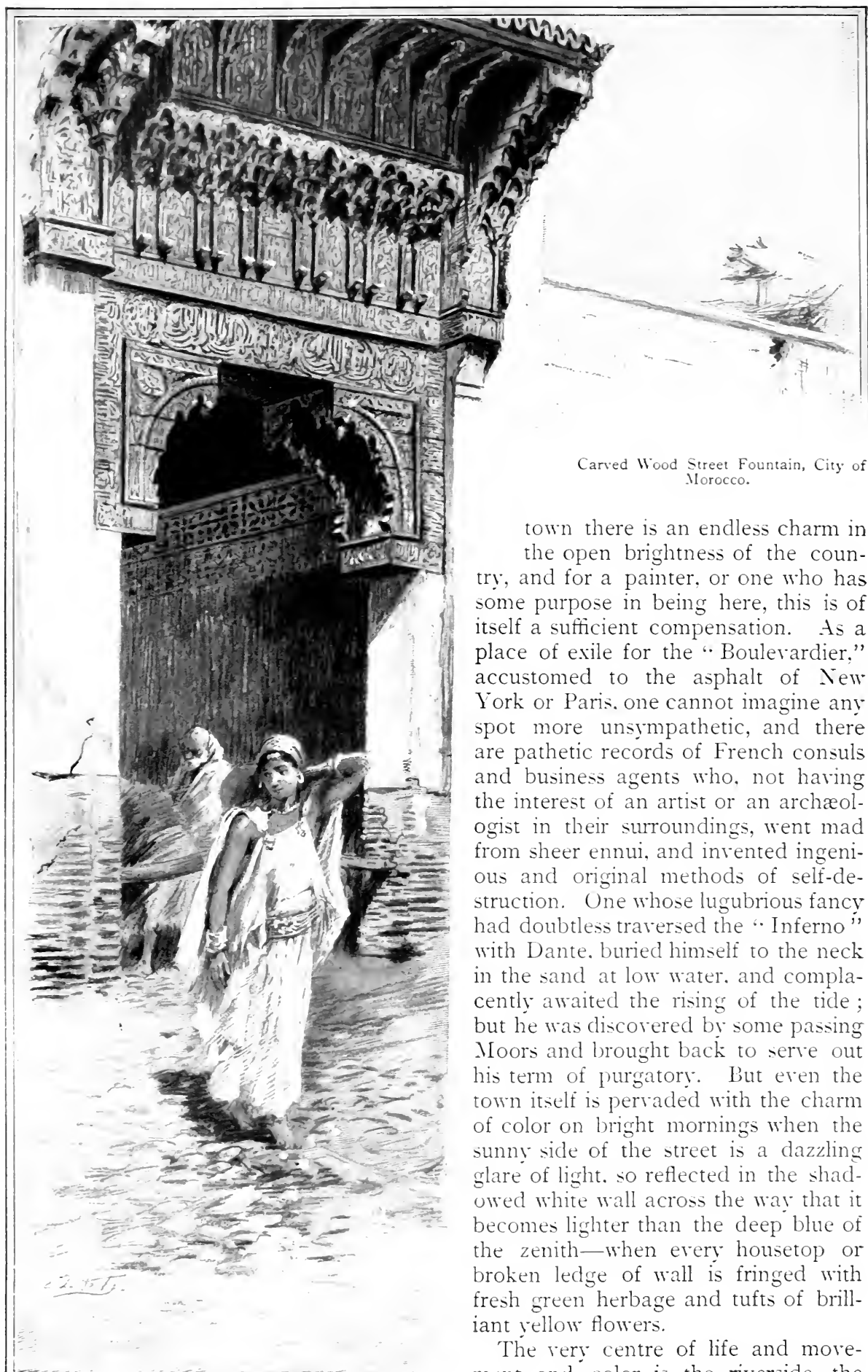
## V

RABAT has a distinctive character of its own, besides being almost exclusively Moorish in its whitewashed solemnity, wherein it differs from most other coast towns, which all have a rather mongrel semi-Portuguese aspect, with the exception of Saffi. This Moorish atmosphere is not altogether agreeable or salutary for the long residence of Europeans, being somewhat melancholy and suggestive of decay. The sad complexion of mind which grows upon one after being shut in for a length of time among the narrow lanes walled in by high buildings, so old that the oft-renewed layers of white-wash do not suffice to hide their mouldering decrepitude, is increased not a little by

the feeling one has of isolation, and of being cut off from Europe by the perpetual menace of the bar; it is almost as if one had made the final voyage across the Styx, to begin a ruminative and impersonal existence in a silent land where few echoes from the world one has left ever find an entrance. One may easily please himself, if he so wills, by indulging in this fancy, and the illusion is strengthened by the silent, shrouded figures of the people. But once outside the walls of the



Door in Old House of Sid Bou Bekr (Morocco).  
Showing painted woodwork (doors) stucco, arabesque over doorway and old tile work.



Carved Wood Street Fountain, City of Morocco.

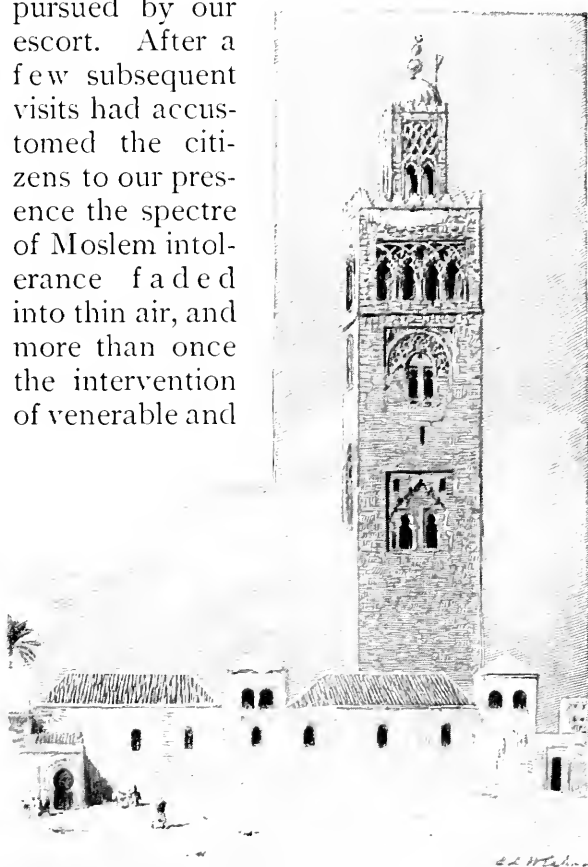
town there is an endless charm in the open brightness of the country, and for a painter, or one who has some purpose in being here, this is of itself a sufficient compensation. As a place of exile for the "Boulevardier," accustomed to the asphalt of New York or Paris, one cannot imagine any spot more unsympathetic, and there are pathetic records of French consuls and business agents who, not having the interest of an artist or an archæologist in their surroundings, went mad from sheer ennui, and invented ingenious and original methods of self-destruction. One whose lugubrious fancy had doubtless traversed the "Inferno" with Dante, buried himself to the neck in the sand at low water, and complacently awaited the rising of the tide; but he was discovered by some passing Moors and brought back to serve out his term of purgatory. But even the town itself is pervaded with the charm of color on bright mornings when the sunny side of the street is a dazzling glare of light, so reflected in the shadowed white wall across the way that it becomes lighter than the deep blue of the zenith—when every housetop or broken ledge of wall is fringed with fresh green herbage and tufts of brilliant yellow flowers.

The very centre of life and movement and color is the riverside, the

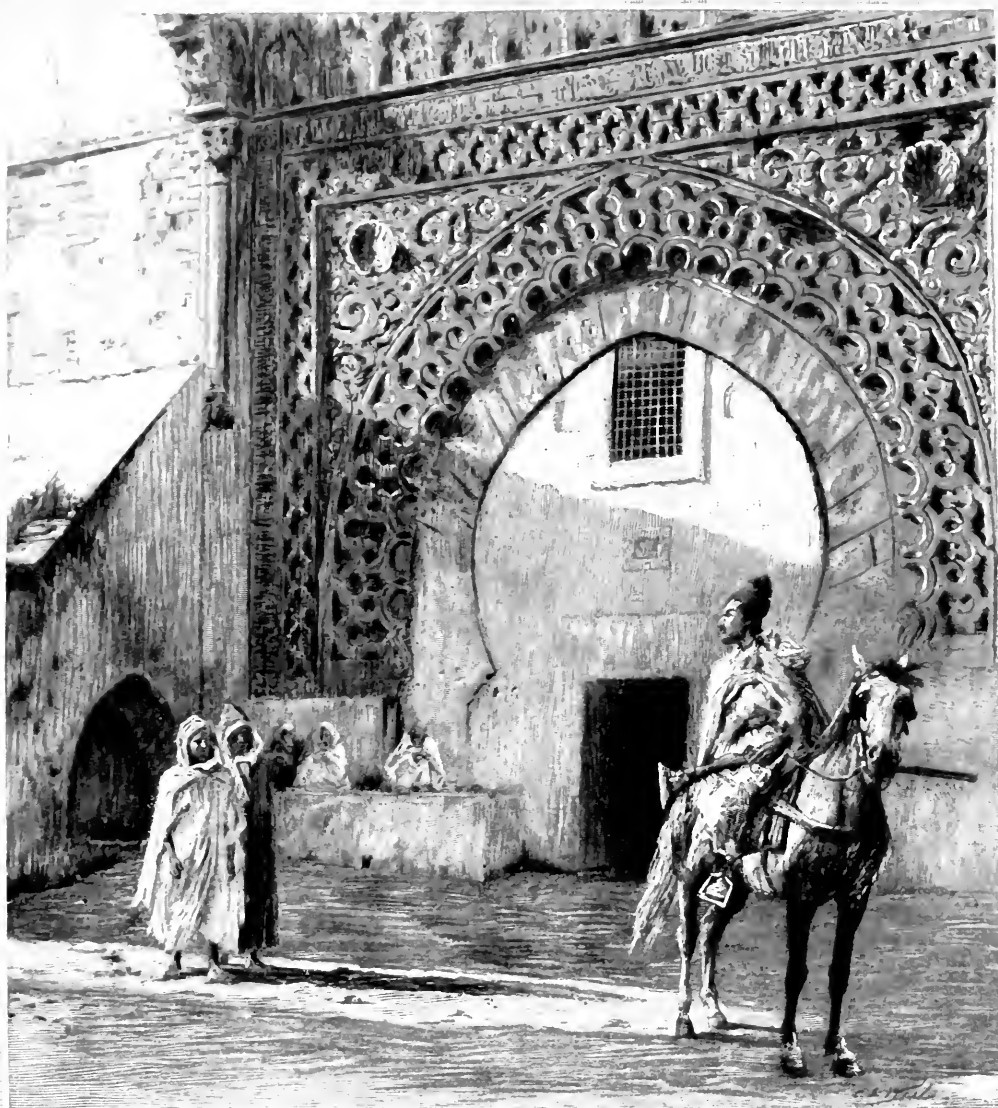
landing-place of the boats that ply across to the Sallee shore. The long main street of Rabat, which straggles off from the "marina," floored with flat circular mill-stones for much of its length, maintaining throughout a nearly parallel course to the river, turns sharply to the left near the water-gate at the end. Passing through the quarter of the dyers, who stand at their doors, with arms purple, violet, and crimson to the elbows, hanging up festoons of dripping woollen stuffs, wet and reeking from their malodorous vats, we descend a steep causeway down to the shore. Here we have to pick our way among green and fetid pools of filth, the drainage of the dyer's vats and the houses perched on the steep ledges above us. The broad river now lies before us, and the red, sandy shore opposite stretches away to the long walls of Sallee. The swiftly flowing current, full of eddies and swirls, reflects the varying tints of the sky, the steep bank of golden sand crowded with people, the black barges with their passengers and live-stock, suggesting a warp of changing azure crossed by threads of many colors.

Framed by the surrounding landscape—the lofty and solemn Hassan Tower on one side of the river, and on the other the glaring plain of sand dotted with moving figures in the direction of the gray walls of Sallee—this is one of the most animated spots in Morocco. I must admit that it was not without some degree of trepidation that we approached Sallee for the first time, escorted by our soldier, a cavalry trooper of a severe and sour countenance; for the Bashaw had allowed us a permanent guard of honor, quite as if we had constituted a legation by ourselves. The people of Sallee, we were told, were in the habit of receiving the infidel stranger with volleys of stones; and the Spanish Consul had said, while he grew eloquent over the attractions of the place, that it would be out of the question to attempt any sketches there. On this first occasion we elected to go on foot, the better to dodge such stray missiles as might find their way in our direction, and the lady of our party of three, whose curiosity was stronger than her discretion, refused to be left behind. As we trudged through the deep sand be-

tween half-picked skeletons—not of men, but of beasts which had succumbed to the famine—our first impression was a somewhat grewsome one, particularly as the guardian of this extra-mural cemetery was just then engaged in stacking up a donkey-load of bones, and other remains, against the wall near the gate. We had got well into the town, through the inner girdle of ruins and gardens, before the inhabitants began to realize that their sanctity was being profaned. Our reception was milder than we had been led to expect; most of the citizens who lined the walls and crowded the doorways contented themselves with merely staring at our companion with speechless amazement, for only those adventurous souls who had journeyed to Tangier, or whose business took them frequently to Rabat, had ever seen a European lady face to face, and there were but two living at that time on the other side of the river. A few stones were thrown, it is true, but by street urchins, who immediately took refuge behind the inviolable sanctity of mosque doors when pursued by our escort. After a few subsequent visits had accustomed the citizens to our presence the spectre of Moslem intolerance faded into thin air, and more than once the intervention of venerable and



Kotubia Mosque Tower, Morocco.



The Arch of the Inner Gateway of the Casbah.

authoritative Moors cleared the streets for us, and there was always some sturdy bystander who volunteered to perform police duty. But the most interesting and characteristic corner of Sallee, the little square flanked by the two entrances of the Great Mosque, we dared not attempt, at least not until the eve of our departure, for we could not have stationed ourselves there for five minutes without raising a riot, and even those enlightened Moors who had taken our part would have turned against us had we committed such a sacrilege. There were two entrances to this mosque, at right angles with each other, on either side of

the same corner in the square. Over these doors were massive cornices of carved wood, most elaborately wrought and evidently of great age. The colors, which still remain protected by the projecting portion above, are much obscured by dust and splashes of whitewash. The wall of the mosque within the left-hand door is covered with elaborate designs in stucco.

There is a gateway in the city wall on the eastern side, between two square towers of fine proportions, but the opening is walled up and unapproachable from without, for a dense and impenetrable thicket of prickly pear has grown up



around it. The road, which skirts the coast-line in the direction of Tangier, is spanned by an aqueduct of great height, built of massive blocks of stone; the road passes under three giant horse-arches, and the yellow wall just over the fountain, on the left, is an extraordinary patchwork of color, spotted, stained, and variegated with tufts of brilliant green; a good-sized fig-tree grows from a buttress, under the spring of the arch, more than thirty feet from the ground, and projects across one of the arches. This imposing work is probably of more recent date than those just referred to, and is believed to have been built by Christian captives. Sallee, or Sla, as it is called in Moorish, once a Roman city, was conquered by the Goths, afterward by the Arabs; in 660 of the Hegira it was besieged and taken by the King of Castile, who massacred or deported the inhabitants to make room for Christians. He only held his conquest for ten days, when it was surprised and recaptured by Yacoub, first king of the house of Marin. In those remote days Sallee probably included Rabat and its suburb of Chella, and being the port of the Kingdom of Fez, it became, according to old chronicles, a very flourishing city, with all the "ornaments, qualities, and conditions" necessary to make it an agreeable place of residence, and it was much frequented by foreign merchants, such as "Genoese, Venetians, Englishmen, and Flemings."

## VI

A SANDY lane, hedged in by blue-bladed aloes and prickly pears leads out to Chella, rather less than an hour's walk from the walls of Rabat.

When first we set forth in search of the ruined city the road was bordered by a double line of dead and decaying beasts of burden, mere wrecks most of them, with their ribs half-buried in the red sand. The old saying, that "no man

eversaw a dead donkey," became a threadbare jest with us before we had passed many hours in this country. All these animals had perished from starvation months before, when the great exodus from the inland villages had taken place, and they had fallen as their strength gave out; for at that time scarcely a blade of grass could be found, and the few scattered straws left in the furrows after the last poor harvests could have yielded but little nourishment. But at the time of our visit the winter rains, the failure of which the year before had caused the famine, had already set in, and the roadsides, with the fields on either hand, were rich with flowers and fresh-springing grain. Long lines of walls, often parallel, stretch across the country in every direction, arching above the road and enclosing other waste and stony places similar to those which we have already trav-



Detail of Hassan Tower.

ersed. In the last crumbling remnant of wall we came upon a magnificent gateway, giving entrance to the mausoleum of the dead sultans, and the sites of their fallen palaces.\* I cannot remember in any country a more noble and beautiful portal, or any monument which gives a more vivid impression of age and loneliness, standing as it does on a desolate plateau swept by the winds from the Atlantic, and where the only vegetation is a clump of stunted palmettoes, marking the burial-place of some forgotten Moorish saint.

In artistic beauty and good taste this gateway is unsurpassed by any similar work which Arab art has left us, either in Morocco or in Spain, or the farthest East. The pointed arch of the entrance is flanked by two projecting battlemented towers, square above and half octagonal below. The most original feature of the edifice is the way in which the corners of

\*The northeast gate, defended by two hexagonal projecting towers, is the finest monument of Arab architecture in Morocco. I have seen nothing to compare with it, either in Morocco or Fez. On the other side of the gate, in the northwest corner of the parallelogram formed by the enclosure are the ruins of a vast building, probably the palace of El Mansor.—M. Victor Tissot, "Itinéraire de Tanger à R'bat."



the towers have been cut away near their summits, showing five faces below. The triangular spaces thus left at each corner, sloping downward and inward from the angle of the tower, are filled in with deeply indented stalactite work of an admirable design. A similar use of this kind of ornament has been made in several minarets in Cairo, under the cornices supporting the upper galleries. The flat wall space around and above the arched entrance is embellished with fine arabesques, deeply cut, but now much effaced; some of these designs if not, as I imagine, peculiar to this edifice, are at least rarely met with in Arab architecture: the usual shells or "coquilles" decorating each corner above the arch, which are so familiar in other Moorish gateways of this epoch, are not wanting here. It is the opinion of M. Saladin, the well-known architect and student of Arab art, that the employment of these ornaments was due to Christian traditions rather than to any precedent found in Moorish art.

As in all Moorish gateways of this early

period, the other entrance opens at right angles with the first one. On the inner side the walls still show the original warm red color, being more sheltered from wind and weather, and the designs wrought on the stone, although simpler than those in the outer side, are yet graceful and effective.

A wonderful landscape lies before us as we enter the enclosure within the walls. The hillside, encumbered with ruins, slopes abruptly down to a deep hollow filled with tall trees and tangled undergrowth, all growing within the roofless walls of a mosque; its beautiful tower, not of great height, but richly decorated with tiles, underlying the open lacework of its surface ornamentation, rises from dense green thickets. From the gate where we entered, the eye ranges beyond the mosque tower, crowned with a stork's nest, across the green, marshy plains, and the blue, winding river, to the horizontal terraces of the high table-lands, in the direction of Fez.

Descending the hill, which is honey-



Street Fountain "El Chouaz," Morocco.

combed with Roman ruins beneath the *débris* of the old Moorish palaces, and pushing aside the briers and tangled vines, we enter the vestibule of the mosque, into which we penetrate by a pointed archway. The entire wall is encrusted with a mass of still brilliant tiles or "azulejos;" three colors predominate, black, blue, and yellow, and the design resembles in some degree that over the gate known as the "Puerta del Vino" in the Alhambra. Portions of the walls which are built of red stone still show delicately chiselled arabesques, similar in design to the stucco "motifs" left by the Moors in Spain. In one of the inner courts, among weeds and vines, lie the alabaster tombs of the Caliphs. As I remember them, they are long, three-sided shafts of alabaster, with the inscriptions sculptured in sharp relief, delicately cut but still quite clear and distinct.

## VII

THE short journey of three and a half days to Marrakesch from Mogador, the nearest seaport, had no connection with our sojourn in Rabat, but was undertaken at a later date, when a long season of bad weather at Tangier had obliged us to abandon the project of a winter trip to Fez. The bright summer weather which prevailed at Mogador in January, and the sleepy south wind that blew along the beach, bringing almost uninterrupted sunshine, caused us to linger on, loath to leave the most perfect climate we had ever enjoyed, and plunge into the unknown, which might not prove an agreeable change.\*

The one hundred and twenty-nine miles of country between Marrakesch and the sea may be briefly described as a series of barren plateaux gradually ascending as we approach the mountains; of deserts thinly speckled with low bushes, or with dead and stunted thorn trees of a ghastly paleness, which are covered, as well as the ground below, with clusters of

small white shells; of other desert tracts where there is even less vegetation; but by way of compensation there are hordes of small ground rats capering about, or sitting curiously at the doors of their innumerable burrows. Framed by this gaunt desolation were rare strips of Swiss landscape: intensely green verdure traversed by running water, and the great snow-capped chain ever rising higher.

It was a strange landscape into which we rode as we neared the city; the sun had risen in a cloudless sky, behind the dark ramparts of the Atlas, which now seemed to tower above us where the day before the intervening plain had seemed limitless. As we rode on, now faster, the irregular dark and tufted line surrounding the mosque-tower materialized into a fringe of stately date palms rooted among green gardens, and their plumy crests arose against the dazzling snow-fields above. One has only to imagine a forest of palms at Zermatt; and although the mountains were much farther away, one hardly realized it, so clear was the atmosphere. From the place where we halted, to await the return of our men, the gray and frowning walls of the city against this luminous background seemed of interminable extent. We saw no people while we waited, and no noise or rumor reached us from the vast bazaars as we speculated vaguely on the sort of reception which awaited us within the walls. This silence and suspense were becoming oppressive, when our men appeared, followed by a Jew with a huge key—the key of a house in the Jewish quarter, as Sid Bou Bekr had rather curtly sent word that the house and garden which we wanted were occupied. When we had passed through a few of the many gates, and people had begun to thicken in the streets, my companion seemed disappointed and somewhat humiliated at the lack of attention our caravan excited, for he had confidently expected the traditional volley of stones, if not martyrdom. It happened that Christians were not regarded with the usual disfavor just at that moment, since the Moors were not ungrateful for the relief extended to the sufferers during the last famine. It had long been the custom in these inland cities of Morocco to keep the stranger as

\* Here are some observations on the climate of Mogador, from the work of Messrs. Ball and Hooker. Out of 1,000 days 45 were rainy—785 clear—175 clouded—40 foggy. Mean temperature (Fahr.):—June, 70.8; July, 71.1; August, 71.2; December, 61.4; January, 61.2; February, 61.8.

far as possible a prisoner within his own gates, allowing him to traverse certain streets only, where there is little to see, to give him an indigestible feast in some remote garden, and send him home under a strong escort. This was to have been our fate, but our impatience to see the city in our own way, and to roam at will through the bazaars, could brook no delay. We rebelled successfully against the authority of the guard at our door and escaped into the streets, followed by the two guards, who dared not lose sight of us.

### VIII

My reception by Bou Bekr on the following morning was more cordial than might have been expected, considering the slight attention he had shown us on the day of our arrival—in fact, I did not intend to pay my respects to him at once, but our men contrived to take me past his door, which they considered to be the proper step, and in which they were doubtless right. The functionary happened to be in an amiable frame of mind, and assented most willingly to everything I proposed, which related chiefly to sketching in the streets, a highly objectionable business to the orthodox Moor. He offered every assistance in his power, and, as it luckily happened, the most fascinating thing I had yet seen was an old street fountain, situated close by the door of his "fondak."

Sid Bou Bekr usually sat during the morning hours, from six to eight, at the door of this "fondak," which in Morocco is a warehouse consisting of an open court surrounded by two tiers of arcades. As he probably had more important sources of revenue than could be derived from a retail business in salted and malodorous hides, this morning station was doubtless a pretext for gossip with strolling acquaintances, and for observing what was going on in the quarter.

He was sitting on the threshold with his spotless drapery carefully tucked up well out of the mud, and after the exchange of the usual preliminary courtesies he sent one of his men across the street to assist mine in mounting guard,

and even went so far as to hold up a warning finger when any chance loungeer halted to stare in wonder at my proceedings. The first man who approached too near was arrested and hustled off into the fondak, and after that salutary example no one ventured even to look in our direction. This fountain was perhaps the finest edifice of its kind in the city, consisting of a deep recess, overhung by a massive structure of carved cedar, and the projecting portion above was roofed with green glazed tiles. The design was extremely graceful, and the woodwork had probably been decorated with color at one time, but no trace of it now remains; the faded gray of the wood is far more attractive than the somewhat garish colors with which Moorish artists are wont to decorate these structures. A very similar design occurs in the entrance to the shrine of Sidi Bel Aziz, which still shows much of its original color, but so faded by time as to be harmonious and unobtrusive. This particular fountain, of which I do not remember the name, is probably the most ancient of any; the woodwork is cracked quite across in several places, and it certainly looks much older than the similar construction over the door of the Alcazar in Seville.

### IX

THE Kotubia mosque tower is one of the few monuments in Marrakesch which at first sight appears to be intact, but on a nearer inspection this, too, is seen to be sadly out of repair. Its height of two hundred and forty feet gains in effect from the low and horizontal lines of the mosque from which it rises. The principal entrance of the Casbah recalls the one at Rabat, but is not as fine in detail, although the design is similar, and the arabesques in relief are not as deeply cut. Like the gateway at Rabat, the opening has been partly filled up and reduced in size by whitewashed masonry. The chain of snowy summits forms a superb background to the somewhat grim and sombre architecture, and is conspicuous from every public square and barren open spot in the city. According to Messrs. Ball and Hooker, the highest summits of

Jebel Miltsin do not exceed 13,352 feet. But as the long, glittering wall rises abruptly from a level plain, not much over one thousand feet above the sea, they tower above us, although at a greater distance, some thousand feet higher than the Matterhorn, or even the Dom du Mischabel above Zermatt. At the time of our visit it rained heavily for several days, and when the clouds and mist were succeeded by the usual deep blue sky they were seen to be covered down to the foot-hills with a fresh mantle of snow.

To proclaim Marrakesch in its present forlorn and decayed condition to be a centre of Moorish art might lead one to expect as much of it as of Rabat and its environs, or of Fez and Mequinez, which might be more truly termed centres, and yet there are relics of its prouder days not inferior in artistic value to those of other places; and one must remember that there is no living centre of Moorish art at the present time. Should this crumbling shell of a city be thoroughly explored, and the inner mysteries of the Sultan's palaces and of private houses unveiled, many more remains perhaps of greater interest might be brought to light.

It would be impossible to imagine a spot more deeply buried beneath the dust of ages, or bound more irrevocably to the past, and more remote in every way from the life and movement of the present. Soon after its foundation by Jusef in 1062 it must have risen rapidly to the rank of a capital, and in the time of Africanus it was considered "one of the greatest cities in the world and the most noble of Africa." The fragmentary relics of its growing days, when it was a young and ambitious city in rivalry with Cordova and Seville—the mosque towers, fountains, and gates—are dropping to pieces day by day, and the rare patches of new masonry, traces of rude and hasty reparation, are like the new bits of cloth sewn on the tattered cloak of a "Santo," that indescribable mosaic of multicolored rags stitched and pieced together, layer upon layer, until it becomes the most perfect symbol of a Moorish city.

Even the fall of Granada might count as an event of yesterday to the citizen of Marrakesch; and yet there is noise and bustle and movement to-day in the long,

covered bazaars, each, after the customary fashion, devoted to one or two trades—the bazaar where nothing but second-hand shoes are sold, yellow shoes or "babooshes," is extensive enough to give the impression that it must be a populous and thriving centre which can devote so much space to that branch of commerce.

Marrakesch has a definite local color and atmosphere of its own, in which it seems more related to Cairo than to the northern cities of the empire. The walls and streets alike have a deeper, tawnier hue, in place of the universal whitewash; and the sombre black cloaks of the men of Sus are everywhere prevalent. These hooded mantles have a broad elliptical patch of deep orange on the lower part of the back, with a conventional design of red and white woven across it. An other eccentric garment occasionally seen is a sort of indigo-blue shirt profusely stitched and embroidered with quaint designs in colored silks or cotton. This garment originates in the Soudan and Senegal, and the coarse cotton of which it is made comes in rolls five inches wide, which are said to be used for small change in lieu of copper.

## X

I HAD accomplished, in some measure, my object in visiting the city, but my companion had not yet brought his mission to a climax, and he had, in fact, little hope of doing so, regarding it rather as a pretext for making the journey. A Moorish merchant owed the firm with which he was connected a large sum, and being unable, after repeated efforts, to collect any part of it, he had caused the debtor to be thrown into prison, which in Mogador is no light penalty, the state of Moorish prisons being taken into account. During his confinement the prisoner had managed, by some occult and complicated process known only to Moors, to transfer his debt to the shoulders of a son and nephew, who, being at liberty, had fled at once to Marrakesch, in order to be within easy reach of "Sanctuary." Once in sanctuary on "holy ground," as every one knows, the refugee, whatever his crime, may snap his

fingers in the face of justice ; no extradition laws can touch him—nothing but the downfall of the whole fabric of Islam. With the connivance of the local authorities, who had promised my friend that justice should be done, he hoped to get possession either of the money or the men. We were not a little surprised, upon returning one day from the bazaar, to find both these gentlemanly debtors waiting for us with exemplary patience, and with numerous peace offerings in the shape of fowls, pigeons, oranges by the bushel, and offers of the most unbounded hospitality. Fine speeches and graceful salaams on both sides were the order of the day. We declined any immediate acceptance of their hospitality, urging the pressure of business as a pretext. But on the last day but one of our stay we were prevented by our discretion—cowardice would be the better word, perhaps—from enjoying what might have turned out to be a very agreeable social event, and in any case an experience to be remembered. We had been lunching heavily at a sort of *al fresco* entertainment, upon various highly spiced and oleaginous viands which politeness compelled us to swallow. This Gargantuan festival took place in a garden, in the shadow of huge olives and palms, and while we were slowly recovering from the effects of it the two Moorish debtors arrived, with their servants leading fine horses with red saddles. They had been to our quarters in search of us, and it seems they had prepared a banquet at their own house, which was now waiting to be eaten. We drew apart and walked in one of the aisles of the garden to consider what we should do. For even then, while they were heaping coals of fire upon our heads, the Governor, Eb'n Ben Daoud, was about to surround their house secretly with a cordon of soldiers, so that they might be seized in

the night and brought before the tribunal, which was Ben Daoud himself, in the morning. We knew that they had no reason to love us, and we knew that they knew it ; so we hoped that the fact of our having already feasted so largely would seem to them a sufficient reason for declining to partake of another Moorish banquet. But I must confess that at the bottom of our hesitation lay more potent reasons, for, although we were provided with emetics, which our friend in Mogador, who had been here before, had thoughtfully pressed upon us at the moment of parting, we remembered that stomach-pumps were unknown in Marrakesch, and there were no physicians nor coroners, neither was there a Christian cemetery—only the desert outside the walls and the jackals—the recent experience of our friend in Mogador was still fresh in our minds, for when he had last visited this city, in company with the man who came to write a book, they were entertained by the same potentate to whom we were accredited. Before the feast was over they were seized with violent pangs, such as are caused by a liberal dose of arsenic, and only saved themselves from unpleasant consequences by the administration of prompt but disagreeable remedies. Knowing the reputation of their host as a practical joker, they suspected either him or his cooks of trifling with their digestion. We therefore declined with regrets. When the red flag was hoisted on the Kotubia for noonday prayer on the following day our caravan was stringing along the valley of the Tinsift, heading for the sea. The plot had failed, and my companion, not in the least annoyed, was laughing softly to himself over the escape of the two Moors, who, having been privately warned, in all probability by the minions of justice themselves, were now safe in "Sanctuary."

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# NAUSICAA

By Arthur Colton



THE Fourteenth Infantry, volunteers, were mustered out on the last day of April. Sandy Cass and Kid Sadler came that night into the great city of the river and the straits with their heads full of lurid visions which they set about immediately to realize. Little Irish was with them, and Bill Smith, who had had other names at other times. And Sandy Cass woke the next morning in a room that had no furniture but a bed, a washstand, a cracked mirror and a chair. He did not remember coming there. Someone must have put him to bed. It was not Kid Sadler or Little Irish; they were drunk early, with bad judgment. It must have been Bill Smith. A hat with a frayed cord lay on the floor. "That's Bill's hat," he said. "He's got mine."

The gray morning filled the window, and carts rattled by in the street. He rose and drank from the pitcher to clear the bitterness from his mouth, and saw himself in the glass, haggard and hollow-eyed. It was a young face, clean-cut, with straight, thin lips, straight eyebrows and brown hair. The lips were white and lines ran back from the eyes. Sandy did not think he looked a credit to himself.

"Some of it's yellow fever," he reflected, "and some of it's jag. 'Bout half and half. The squire can charge it to the yellow."

He wondered what new thing Squire Cass would find to say to his "rascally nephew, that reprobate Ulysses." Squire Cass was a red-faced gentleman and substantial citizen of that calm New England town of Wimberton, which Sandy knew very well and did not care for. It was too calm. But it would be good for his constitution to go there now. He wondered if his constitution would hold out for another night equally joyful; "Maybe it might;" then how much of his \$80 back pay was blown in. He put on his clothes slowly, feeling through the pockets,

collected two half dollars on the way, came to the last and stopped.

"Must 'a missed one;" and began again. But that crumpled wad of bills was gone altogether.

"Well, if I ain't an orphan!"

He remembered last a place with bright glass chandeliers, a gilt Cupid over the bar, a girl in a frowzy hat, laughing with large teeth, and Kid Sadler singing that song he had made up and was so "doggone stuck on:"

Sandy Cass! A-alas!  
We'll be shut up  
In the lock up  
If this here keeps on.

It got monotonous, that song.

Sandy Cass! A-alas!  
A comin' home,  
A bummin' home——

He liked to make poetry, Kid Sadler. You would not have expected it, to look at his sloppy mustache, long dry throat and big hands. The poetry was generally accurate. Sandy did not see any good in it, unless it was accurate.

Little Irish is a Catholic, he come from I-erland;  
He ain't a whole cathedral, nor a new brass band;  
He got religion in 'is j'int's from the hoonin' of a shell,  
An' 'is aurburn hair burned bricky red from leanin' over hell.

That was accurate enough, though put in figures of speech, but the Kid was still more accurate regarding Bill Smith:

Nobody knows who Bill Smith is,  
His kin nor yet his kith,  
An' nobody cares who Bill Smith is,  
An' neither does Bill Smith.

It was perfectly true. Anyhow the Kid could not have taken the wad, nor Little Irish. It must have been Bill Smith.

"It was Bill," he decided.

He did not make any special comments. Something or other happens to a man



every day. He went down-stairs, through a dim narrow hallway.

"Hope there don' anyone want something of me. I don' believe they'll get it."

There were sounds in the basement, but no one met him. In the street the Ninth Avenue Elevated train roared by, a block away. He saw a restaurant sign which said, fearlessly, that a stew cost ten cents, went in and breakfasted for fifteen, waited on by a thin, weary woman, who looked at his blue coat and braided hat with half roused interest.

The cobble-stones on Sixth Avenue were shining under the Elevated. Here and there someone in the crowd turned to look after him. It might have been the uniform, the loafer's slouch of the hat, taken with the face being young and too white.

The hands of the station clock stood at ten. He took a ticket to the limit of eighty-five cents, heard dimly the name of a familiar junction; and then the rumble of the train was under him for an hour. Bill Smith had left him his pipe and tobacco. Bill had good points. Sandy was inclined to think kindly of Bill's thoughtfulness, and envy him his enterprise. The roar of the car-wheels sounded like Kid Sadler's voice, hoarse and choky, "A-alas, a-alas!"

It was eleven o'clock at the junction. The mist of the earlier morning had become a slow drizzle. Trains jangled to and fro in the freight-yards. He took a road which led away from the brick warehouses, streets of shady trees and lawns, and curved to the north, along the bank of a cold, sleepy river.

There was an unpainted, three-room house somewhere, where a fat woman said "Good land!" and gave him a plate full of different things, on a table covered with oilcloth. He could not remember afterward what he ate, or what the woman said further. He remembered the oilcloth, which had a yellow-feverish design of curved lines, that twisted snakily, and came out of the cloth, and ran across the plate. Then out in the gray drizzle again.

All the morning his brain had seemed to grow duller and duller, heavy and sodden; but in the afternoon red lights began dancing in the mist. It might have been five miles or twenty he had gone by dusk,

the distinction between miles and rods was not clear, they both consisted of brown mud and gray mist. Sometimes it was a mile across the road. The dusk, and then the dark, heaved and pulsed through blood-red veins, and peeled and broke apart in brilliant cracks, as they used to do nights in the field hospital. There seemed to be no hope or desire in him, except in his feet, which moved on. The lights that travelled with him got mixed with lights on each side of a village street, and his feet walked in through a gate. They had no reason for it, except that the gate stood open and was painted white. He pushed back the door of a little garden tool-house beside the path, and lay down on the floor. He could not make out which of a number of things were happening. The Fourteenth Infantry appeared to be bucking a steep hill, with the smoke rolling down over it; but on the other hand Kid Sadler was singing hoarsely, but distinctly, "A-alas, a-alas!" and moreover, a dim light shone through a white-curtained window somewhere between a rod and a mile away, and glimmered down the wet path by the tool-house. Someone said, "Some of it's jag and some of it's the yellow. 'Bout half and half." He might have been making the remark himself, except that he appeared to be elsewhere. The rain kept up a thin whisper on the roof of the tool-house. Gasps, shouts, thumping of feet, clash of rifle and canteen. The hill was as steep as a wall. Little Irish said "His legs was too short to shtep on the back av his neck wid the shteeppness av the hill." "A-alas! A comin' home." "Oh, shut up, Kid!" "A-alas, a-alas!" The dark was split with red gashes, as it used to be in the field hospital. The rain whispered on the roof and the wet path glimmered like silk.

It was the village of Zoar, which lies far back to the west of Wyantenaug Valley, among low waves of hills, the house the old Hare Place, and Miss Elizabeth Hare and Gracia lived there behind the white gateway.

That gateway had once been an ancient arch overhead, with a green wooden ball topping it. Someone cut a face on the ball, that leered into the street. It did not in the least resemble Miss Elizabeth,

whose smile was gentle and cool ; but it was taken down from its station of half a century ; and Gracia cried secretly, because everything would needs be disconsolate without an arch and a proper wooden ball on top of it, under which knights and witch ladies might come and go, riding and floating. It seemed to break down the old garden life. Odd flowers would not hold conversations any more, tiger-lilies and peonies bother each other, the tigers being snappish and the peonies fat, slow, and irritating. Before Gracia's hair had abandoned yellow braids and become mysterious, when she learned neat sewing and cross-stitch, she used to set the tigers and peonies quarrelling to express her own feelings about neat sewing and cross-stitch. Afterward she found the memory of that wickedness too heavy, and confessed it to Miss Elizabeth, and added the knights and witch ladies. Miss Elizabeth had said nothing, had seemed disinclined to blame, and, going out into the garden, had walked to and fro restlessly, stopping beside the tigers and peonies, and seeming to look at the arched gateway with a certain wistfulness.

Miss Elizabeth had now a dimly faded look, the charm of a still November, where now and then an Indian summer steals over the chill. She wore tiny white caps, and her hair was singularly smooth ; while Gracia's appeared rather to be blown back, pushed by the delicate fingers of a breeze that privately admired it away from her eager face, with its gray-blue eyes that looked at you as if they saw something else as well. It kept you guessing about that other thing, and you got no farther than to wonder if it were not something, or someone, that you might be, or might have been, if you had begun at it before life had become so labelled and defined, so plastered over with maxims.

The new gateway was still a doubtful quantity in Gracia's mind. It was not justified. It had no connections, no consecrations ; merely a white gate against the greenery.

It was the whiteness which caught Sandy Cass's dulled eyes, so that he turned through, and lay down in the tool-house, and wondered which of a number of incongruous things was really happening. Little Irish crying plaintively that his legs were

too short — "A-alas, a-alas !" — or the whisper of the rain on the roof.

Gracia lifted the white curtains, looked out and saw the wet path shining.

"Is it raining, Gracia ?"

"It drizzles like anything, and the tool-house door is open, and, oh, aunty ! the path shines quite down to the gate."

"It generally shines in the rain, dear."

"Oh !" said Gracia, thoughtfully. She seemed to be examining a sudden idea, and began the pretence of a whistle which afterward became a true fact.

"I wish it wouldn't be 'generally,' don't you ? I wish things would all be specially."

"I wouldn't wi—I wouldn't whistle, if I were you," said Miss Elizabeth, gently.

"Oh !" Gracia came suddenly with a ripple and coo of laughter, and dropped on her knees by Miss Elizabeth. "You couldn't, you poor aunty, if you tried. You never learned, did you ?"

Miss Elizabeth hesitated.

"I once tried to learn—of your father. I used to think it sounded cheerful. But my mother wouldn't allow it. What I really started to say was, that I wouldn't, if I were you, I wouldn't wish so many things to be other than they are. I used to wish for things to be different, and then, you know, when they stay quite the same, it's such a number of troubles."

Gracia clasped her fingers about one knee, studied the neatly built fire and the blue and white tiles over it, and thought hard on the subject of wishes. She thought that she had not wished things to be so much as to remain the same as of old, when one wore yellow braids, and could whistle with approval, and everything happened specially. Because it is sad when you begin to suspect that the sun and moon and the growths of spring do not care about you, but only act according to habits they have fallen into, and that the shining paths, which seem to lead from beyond the night, are common or accidental and not meant specially. The elder romancers and the latest seers do insist together that they are ; that such highways indeed as the moon lays on the water are translunary and come with purposes from a celestial city. The romancers have a simple faith, and the seers an ingenious theory about it. But the days and weeks

argue differently. They had begun to trouble the fealty that Gracia held of romance, and she had not met with the theory of the seers.

Sandy Cass went through experiences that night which cannot be written, for there was no sequence in them, and they were translunary and subearthly; some of them broken fragments of his life thrown up at him out of a kind of smoky red pit, very much as it used to be in the field hospital. His life seemed to fall easily into fragments. There had not been much sequence in it, since he began running away from the house of the squire at fifteen. It had ranged between the back and front doors of the social structure these ten years. The squire used to storm, because it came natural to him to speak violently, but privately he thought Sandy no more than his own younger self, let loose instead of tied down. He even envied Sandy. He wished he would come oftener to entertain him. Sandy was a periodical novel continued in the next issue, an irregular and barbarous Odyssey, in which the squire, comparing with his Pope's translation, recognized Scylla and Charybdis, Cyclops and Circes, and the interference of the quarrelling gods. But that night the story went through the Land of Shadows and Red Dreams. Sandy came at last to the farther edge of the Land; beyond was the Desert of Dreamless Sleep; and then something white and waving was before his eyes, and beyond was a pale green shimmer. He heard a gruff voice:

"Hm—Constitution, Miss Hare. That chap had a solid ancestry. He ought to have had a relapse and died, and he'll be out in a week."

Another voice said, in an awed whisper:

"He's like my Saint George!"

"Hm—Legendary? This St. G. looks as if he'd made up with his devil. Looks as if they'd been tolerably good friends."

A third voice remonstrated:

"Doctor!"

"Hm, hm. My nonsense, Miss Gracia, my nonsense."

The two ladies and the doctor went out.

It was a long, low room, white, fragrant and fresh. Soft white curtains waved in open windows, and outside the late sunlight drifted shyly through the pale green

leaves of young maples. There were dainty things about, touches of silk and lace, blue and white china on bureau and dressing-table, a mirror framed with gilded pillars at the sides and a painted Arcadia above.

"Well, if I ain't an orphan!" grumbled Sandy, feebly.

An elderly woman with a checked apron brought him soup in a bowl. She was quite silent and soon went out.

"It's pretty slick," he thought, looking around. "I couldn't have done better if I'd been a widow."

The drifting quiet of the days that Sandy lay there pleased him for the time. It felt like a cool poultice on a wound. The purity and fragility of objects was interesting to look at, so long as he lay still and did not move about among them. But he wondered how people could live there right along. They must keep everything at a distance, with a feather-duster between. He had an impression that china things always broke, and white things became dirty. Then it occurred to him that there might be some whose nature, without any worry to themselves, was to keep things clean and not to knock them over, to touch things in a feathery manner, so they did not have to stay behind a duster. This subject of speculation lasted him a day or two, and Miss Elizabeth and Gracia began to interest him as beings with that special gift. He admired any kind of capability. Miss Elizabeth he saw often, the woman in the checked apron, till he was tired of her. But Gracia was only now and then a desirable and fleeting appearance in the doorway, saying:

"Good-morning, Saint George."

She never stayed to tell him, why "Saint George." It came to the point that the notion of her yellow hair would stay by him an hour or more afterward. He began to wake from his dozes, fancying he heard, "Good-morning, Saint George," finally to watch the doorway and fidget.

"This lying abed," he concluded, "is played out."

He got up and hunted about for his clothes. His knees and fingers trembled. The clothes hung in the closet, cleaned and pressed, in the extraordinary neigh-

borhood of a white muslin dress. Sandy sat down heavily on the bed. Things seemed to be whizzing and whimpering all about him. He waited for them to settle, and pulled on his clothes gradually. At the end of an hour he thought he might pass on parade, crept out into the hall and down the stairs. The sunlight was warm in the garden and on the porch, and pale green among the leaves. Gracia sat against a pillar, clasping one knee. Miss Elizabeth sewed : her work-basket was fitted up inside on an intricate system. Gracia hailed him with enthusiasm, and Miss Elizabeth remonstrated. He looked past Miss Elizabeth to find the yellow hair.

"This lying abed," he said feebly, "is played out."

Sitting in the sunlight, Sandy told his story gradually from day to day. It was all his story, being made up of selections. He was skilful from practise on the squire, but he saw the need of a new principle of selection and combination. His style of narrative was his own. It possessed gravity, candor, simplicity, an assumption that nothing could be unreasonable or surprising which came in the course of events, that all things and all men were acceptable. Gracia thought that simplicity beautiful, that his speech was like the speech of Tanneguy du Bois, and that he looked like Saint George in the picture which hung in her room, a pale young warrior, such as painters once loved to draw and put in those keen faces a peculiar manhood, tempered and edged like a sword. Sandy looked oddly like him, in the straight lines of brow and mouth. Saint George is taking a swift easy stride over the dead dragon, a kind of level-eyed daring and grave inquiry in his face, as if it were Sandy himself, about to say, "You don't happen to have another dragon ? This one wasn't real gamey. I'd rather have an average alligator." She laughed with ripples and coos, and struggled with lumps in her throat, when Sandy, through simplicity, fell into pathos. It bewildered her that the funny things and pathetic things were so mixed up and run together, and that he seemed to take no notice of either of them. But she grew stern and indignant when Bill Smith, it was but probable, robbed the unsuspecting sleep of his comrade.

"You see," said Sandy, apologetically, "Bill was restless, that was the reason. It was his enterprise kept bothering him. Likely he wanted it for something, and he couldn't tell how much I might need without waking me up to ask. And he couldn't do that, because that'd have been ridiculous, wouldn't it ? Of course, if he'd waked me up to ask how much I wanted, because he was going to take the rest with him, why, of course, I'd been obliged to get up and hit him, to show how ridiculous it was. Of course Bill saw that, and what could he do ? Because there wasn't any way he could tell, don't you see ? So he left the pipe and tobacco, and a dollar for luck, and lit out, being—a—restless."

And Gracia wondered at and gloried in the width of that charity, that impersonal and untamed tolerance.

Then Sandy took up the subject of Kid Sadler. He felt there was need of more virtue and valor, took Kid Sadler and decorated him. He fitted him with picturesque detail. The Kid bothered him with his raucous voice, froth-dripped mustache, lean throat, black mighty hands and smell of uncleanness. But Sandy chose him as a poet. It seemed a good start. Gracia surprised him by looking startled and quite tearful, where the poet says,

Nobody cares who Bill Smith is,  
An' neither does Bill Smith ;

which has seemed to Sandy only an accurate statement.

But the Kid's poetry needed expurgation and amendment. Sandy did it conscientiously, and spent hours searching for lines of similar rhyme, which would not glance so directly into byways and alleys that were surprising.

A comin' home,  
A roamin' home——.

"I told the Kid," he added, critically, "roamin'" wasn't a good rhyme, but he thought it was a pathetic word."

Oh, when I was a lil' boy 'twas things I didn't know.  
An' when I growed I knowed a lot of things that wasn't so ;  
An' now I know a few things that's useful an' selected :  
As how to put hard liquor where hard liquor is expected.

and so on, different verses, which the Kid called his "Sing Song." Sandy's judgment hung in doubt whether the lines were objectionable. He tempered the taste of the working literary artist for distinct flavor, and his own for that which is accurate, with the cautions of a village library committee, and decided on,

An' puts them things in moral verse to uses unexpected.

"I don't know what he meant by 'on-expected,'" Sandy commented with a sense of helplessness, "but maybe he meant that he didn't know what he did mean. Because poets"—getting more and more entangled—"poets are that kind they can take a word and mean anything in the neighborhood, or something that'll occur to 'em next week."

Gracia admired the Kid, though Miss Elizabeth thought she ought to refer to him as Mr. Sadler, which seemed a pity. And she declared a violent love for Little Irish, because, "his auburn hair turned brick red with falling down a well," and because he wished to climb hills by stepping on the back of his neck. It was like Alice's Adventures, and especially like the White Knight, his scheme to be over a wall by putting his head on top and standing on his head.

After all humors and modifications, Sandy's story was a wild and strange thing. It took new details from day to day, filling in the picture. To Gracia's imagination it spread out beyond romance, full of glooms, flashes, fascinations, dangers of cities, war and wildernesses, and in spite of Sandy's self-indifference, it was he who dominated the pilgrimage, coloring it with his comment. The pilgrim appeared to be a person to whom the Valley of the Shadow of Death was equally interesting with Vanity Fair, and who, entering the front gate of the Celestial City with rejoicing, would presently want to know whither the back gate would take him. It seemed a pilgrimage to anywhere in search of everything, but Gracia began to fancy it was meant to lead specially to the new garden gate that opened so broadly on the street, and so dreamed the fancy into belief. She saw Sandy in imagination coming out of the pit-black

night and lying down in the tool-house by the wet shining path. The white gate was justified.

Sandy's convalescence was not a finished thing, but he was beginning to feel energy starting within him. Energy! He knew the feeling well. It was something that snarled and clawed by fits.

"I'm a wild cat," he said to himself, reflectively, "setting on eggs. Why don't he get off? Now," as if addressing a speculative question, for instance, to Kid Sadler—"he couldn't expect to hatch anything, could he?"

It was such a question as the Kid would have been pleased with, and have considered justly.

"Hez he got the eggs?"

"I don' know. It's a mixed figure, Kid."

"Does he feel like he wanted to hatch 'em?"

"What'd he do with 'em hatched? That's so, Kid."

"Is he a wild cat?"

"Yep."

"He is. Kin a wild cat hatch eggs? No, he can't."

"A wild cat." The Kid would have enjoyed following this figure—"ain't an incubator. There ain't enough peacefulness in him. He'd make a yaller mess of 'em an' take to the woods with the mess on his whiskers. It stands to reason, don't it? He ain't in his own hole on a chickadee's nest."

Sandy stood looking over the gate into the village street, which was shaded to dimness by its maples, a still, warm, brooding street.

"Like an incubator," he thought, and heard Gracia calling from up the path.

"Saint George!"

Sandy turned. She came down the path to the gate.

"Aren't you going to fix the peony bed?"

"Not," said Sandy, "if you stay here by the gate."

Gracia looked away from him quickly into the street.

"It's warm and quiet, isn't it? It's like——"

Zoar was not to her like anything else.

"Like an incubator," said Sandy,

gloomily, and Gracia looked up and laughed.

"Oh, I shouldn't have thought of that."

"Kid Sadler would have said it, if he'd been here."

"Would he?"

"Just his kind of figure. And he'd be saying further it was time Sandy Cass took to the woods."

He had an irritating spasm of desire to touch the slim white fingers on the gate. Gracia moved her hands nervously. Sandy saw the fingers tremble, and swore at himself under his breath.

"Why, Saint George?"

"Thinking he was a wild cat and he'd make a yel—a—Maybe thinking he didn't look nat—I mean," Sandy ended very lamely, "the Kid'd probably use figures of speech and mean something that'd occur to him by and by."

"You're not well yet. You're not going so soon," she said, speaking quite low.

Sandy meditated a number of lies, and concluded that he did not care for any of them. He seemed to dislike them as a class.

This kind of internal struggle was new and irritating. He had never known two desires that would not compromise equally, or one of them recognize its place and get out of the road. The savage restlessness in his blood, old, well-known, expected, something in brain and bone, had always carried its point and always would; he accounted for all things in all men by reference to it, supposing them to feel restless, the inner reason why a man did anything. But here now was another thing, hopelessly fighting it, clinging, exasperating; which somewhere within him was a kind of solemn-eyed sorrow that looked outward and backward over his life, and behold, the same was a windy alkali desert that bore nothing and was bitter in the mouth; and at the ends of his fingers it came to a keen point, a desire to touch Gracia's hair and the slim fingers on the gate.

Gracia looked up and then away.

"You're not well yet."

"You've been uncommonly good to me, and all——"

"You mustn't speak of it that way. It spoils it."

It seemed to both as if they were swaying nearer together, a languid, mystical atmosphere thickening about them. Only there was the drawback with Sandy of an inward monitor, with a hoarse voice like Kid Sadler's, who would be talking to him in figures and proverbs.

"Keep away from china an' lace; they break an' stain; this thing has been observed. Likewise is love a bit o' moonlight, sonny, tha's all, an' a tempest, an' a sucked orange. Come out o' that, Sandy, break away; for, in the words o' the prophet, 'It's no square game,' an' this here girl, God bless her! But she plays too high, an' you can't call her, Sandy, you ain' got the chips. Come away."

"And that," Sandy concluded the council, "is pretty accurate, for I'm broke this deal."

He stood up straight and looked at Gracia with eyes drawn and narrowed.

She felt afraid and did not understand.

"You don't know me. If you knew me, you'd know I had to go."

The wind rose in the afternoon, and blew gustily through street and garden. The windows of Miss Elizabeth's sitting-room were closed. The curtains hung in white, lifeless folds. But in Gracia's room above the windows were open, and the white curtains shook with the wind. Delicate and tremulous, they clung and moulded themselves one moment to the casement, and then broke out, straining in the wind that tossed the maple leaves, and went up and away into the wild sky after the driving clouds.

Sandy turned north up the village street, walking irresolutely. It might be thirty miles to Wimberton. The squire had sent him money. He could reach the railroad and make Wimberton that night, but he did not seem to care about it.

Out of the village, he fell into the long marching stride, and the motion set his blood tingling. Presently he felt better; some burden was shaken off; he was foot-loose and free of the open road, looking to the friction of event. At the end of five miles he remembered a saying of Kid Sadler's, chuckled over it, and began humming other verses of the "Sing Song," so called by the outcast poet.



Oh, when I was a lil' boy, I larfed an' then I cried,

An' ever since I done the same, more privately, inside.

There's a joke between this world an' me'n it's tolerable grim.

An' God has got his end of it, an' some of it's on him.

For he made a man with his left han', an' the rest o' things with his right;

An' the right knew not what the left han' did, for he kep' it out o' sight.

It's maybe a Wagner opery, it ain't no bedtime croon,

When the highest note in the universe is a half note out o'tune.

"That appears to be pretty accurate," he thought. "Wonder how the Kid comes to know things."

He swung on, enjoying the growth of vigor, the endless, open, travelled road, and the wind blowing across his face.



## THE STAGE REMINISCENCES OF MRS. GILBERT

Edited by Charlotte M. Martin

### III

I DON'T know what first induced Mr. Daly to take his company to Europe.

I dare say that it was a sort of tit-for-tat policy. English companies came to New York, why should not a New York company go to England? Anyway, we went, first to Mr. Toole's little theatre, just off the Strand, later to the Globe, then to the Lyceum, and finally to our own theatre in Leicester Square. It has always been a mystery to me how even the managers can tell what will "take" on the other side of the ocean, what will stand the test of transplantation. Indeed, mistakes are constantly being made in these

forecasts and reckonings, and English successes are failures in America, and New York plays are wholly misunderstood in London. In his first London venture Mr. Daly had the late Mr. William Terriss as his adviser, and doubtless much of his advice was excellent, but it was comically wrong in one particular. Mr. Terriss seriously counselled that Miss May Irwin, who was in our company then, should not be taken to England. "Her kind of fun is peculiarly American, and would not be understood over there," was his opinion. Mr. Daly thought differently, and he carried his point, and also carried Miss Irwin to London, where she made a hit at once, just as she did in France and Germany.

\* \* \* Mrs. Gilbert and her editor take the first opportunity which has presented itself to correct a misstatement which appeared in the February number of these Reminiscences. So far from all the Worrell sisters being dead, two are still living, retired from the stage, and settled in the West. Jennie died a year or so ago in Minneapolis at the home of her sister, Mrs. Knight, to whom and to all members of the family apologies are due for an error that had its origin in unquestioning acceptance of a newspaper report.

Miss Irwin's fun is neither American nor English, but universal. She has the real spirit of comedy in her, something of the rollicking mischief that always lived in Mrs. John Wood. Her silences were as funny as her speeches, and to see her as the respectful, but too-knowing maid, listening to Lewis in his favorite character of humbugging husband, was a treat that foreign audiences appreciated at first sight.

The English audiences were always good to us, though their critics were sometimes severe on our plays, and the country at large gasped at the liberties that Mr. Daly took with Shakespeare. It was bad enough that a "foreign," especially an American, company should come to England, and play Shakespeare without saying "by your leave"; but that an American manager should "adapt" Shakespeare, and so render his comic rôles that they were actually funny, was almost beyond belief. I have seen an audience there convulsed with laughter over Katherine Lewis and James Lewis in "Twelfth Night," and then suddenly pull itself together as if ashamed to be caught finding amusement in an English Classic!

Our London seasons became a regular and a very pleasant portion of our working year, but our playing in Germany and France was much more for the "name of doing it," although in both countries we were well received on our first visit, and always made welcome on our returns, for return we did, several times. Our first visit to the Continent was rather a daring thing, for it was not so long after the Franco-Prussian war but that hard feeling was everywhere. Then we chose to go to Germany first, and from there to France. I know the French were still so bitter that they would not accept German gold—except when you had nothing else to give them in the way of tips, and then they would not give you any change! Still, Mr. Daly presented adaptations from the German in Paris, and they were better received there even than they had been in Germany itself.

But the—well, there is really no other word for it—the "cheekiest" thing he ever did was to give his version of "*Les Surprises de Divorce*," which he called "The Lottery of Love," on our last night

in Paris, at the very theatre where it had been originally brought out by a French company, and an uncommonly good company, too. Mr. Daly had modified the play for production in America, many of the changes being made in my part—that of a fussy, interfering mother who is given to marrying her daughter to all the men in the cast, one after the other, and then getting her divorced at once for one reason or another. One of the suitors, an ardent amateur photographer, in his attempt to separate the daughter from her latest husband, flatters the old lady into posing for a professional picture, in order to compromise her with her latest son-in-law. In the original play, the mother had been a ballet-dancer, and comes in to pose for her portrait in full modern ballet costume. Mrs. John Wood adopted this costume, and the little dance that went with it in the English version she used in London, and of course it was very funny.

But Mr. Daly said he would not dream of asking me to do that, and he hit upon the happy idea of making me a woman's-rights crank—that movement was then in full swing—coming on in regulation "bloomers" and a little round hat. Then he introduced an old gentleman who had had us all on his yacht for a cruise, who, seeing me in this rig, made some reference to a horn-pipe, that was supposed to start me off in that dance, when John Drew, as the latest son-in-law, rushed in aghast and ran me off at the wings. And we did all this in Paris, for all my poor French dresser was very much troubled to find no ballet costume in my wardrobe, and did not know what to do with the "bloomers." Many of the old French company of the house were buzzing about behind the scenes, full of curiosity and amusement, and the audience was puzzled by the changes in the play; but the genuine dash and fun of the thing carried the points home to them, and the final curtain came down to a good round of applause. For myself, I doubt if I ever did harder work, and I think we were all glad that that night ended our French engagement. Yet we were pleased with ourselves, and proud of the "Governor," that he had carried his coals to Newcastle in such successful fashion.

We found the German and French au-

diences very much like the English, after all. A synopsis of the play was always printed on the programmes, just as it would be for a foreign play given in this country, and, except for some minor points, nothing seemed to escape them. As for us, we went on just the same as if we were at home in our New York house. Mr. Daly always carried along his entire company, and every detail of our travelling was thoroughly worked out, from our time-tables down to the amount of luggage we were allowed apiece. All we had to do was to follow directions, and ask no questions. Of course, when in France or Germany, Mr. Daly had to have someone to interpret between him and the scene-shifters and other workmen about the theatre, but, except for that, we went on exactly as if we were on Broadway.

And by this time the management of the company had been reduced to a very complete routine. If there is any one word that can express Mr. Daly's system, it is Watchfulness. The French saying that, to insure success, "the eye of the master" should be everywhere, could be applied to him. From whatever source he got his play, whether it were one of his own, one of his adaptations, Shakespearian or otherwise, or an original work of some other man, the first thing Mr. Daly did was to read it to the company. He read very well indeed, too. Then he gave out the parts, and rehearsals began. He was not a severe rehearser, as far as long hours went. We were usually "called" for eleven in the morning in the early days, but later, when Miss Rehan was not so strong, and had to be spared, we would often not begin until after one—after Mr. Daly's own lunch—and then things would drag on, rather. Often, of course, rehearsals would be called for the general company only, and then we principals would not have to go.

Mr. Daly was very exacting in his training of the subordinates, and would not tolerate anyone standing about as if uninterested in the action of the piece. I have no wish to set myself up as a critic of his methods, but it sometimes seemed to me that he had even too much movement in some of his scenes. With us principals he rarely interfered seriously, letting us work out our own ideas of our parts,

although everything had to pass his final approval before it could stand, and he would cut out our pet lines at the last moment, if he saw fit. Then, too, he would have sudden inspirations. I remember once I had an entrance to make, and, just as I crossed the threshold, something pulled me back. Of course I threw up my hands and flung back my head, and the effect was comic, and, as it happened, in keeping with the part. When I turned round to see what had done it, there was the "Governor," holding on to my gown, and laughing. After that he gave orders that there should always be someone there to twitch me backward for that entrance, and he was often there to see that that order was properly carried out, too.

At rehearsals Mr. Daly's chair was placed at one side of the stage, its back to the house. There he would sit, when he was content to sit at all, and make suggestions and give directions. But more often he was in among us, telling us what to do and showing us how to do it. Once, I remember, Miss Irwin, in the character of an eavesdropping maid, had to lean against the corridor side of a door and then fall headlong into the room when the door was suddenly opened. She did it half-heartedly, for it is very difficult to make a spirited tumble just at rehearsal, and the "Governor" was on his feet in a moment, showing her how it should be done. "It must be like that," he said, picking himself up and dusting himself off. She looked him up and down—he was tall and slender, you know—and answered saucily: "I never could reach so far; I haven't the length, you know." "Then you must do it breadthwise," he retorted, and she had the good sense and the good fun to acknowledge that the joke was turned on her, for even then she was very stout.

Mr. Daly would permit no "gagging," and quite right too! But we who worked together all the time struck sparks out of one another, as it were. And inspirations would come in all sorts of odd ways. Still, I never would make a point, or say a thing, no matter how funny it might be, unless it was in keeping with the especial person I was doing, something she, not I, would say. Once, I know, in "A Woman's Won't," when we sat down to our table and began

with our oyster-broth, real broth it was, and uncommonly good too, Mr. Lewis said, "Pass me the crackers." Now, there were no crackers as it happened, and we were at a loss for the moment. I could think of nothing better to say than the current slang of the day: "They're in the soup." It was funny, and I could see the "Governor," at his station in the wings, double up in his amusement. No crackers were allowed on the table after that, and I was always given a chance to get off my slang. Sometimes, though, Mr. Daly would tire of these interpolations, or would fancy that they lost their point and their freshness with too frequent repetition. Then he would stop them short.

Once toward the end, when we were rehearsing "*Cyrano de Bergerac*," I unconsciously made a contribution to the "business." It was in the scene where the two pages come in with *Cyrano* to serenade *Roxane*. I was standing by as the duenna. The music was very pretty and catchy. My feet always answered to the sound of music anyway, and this time, having nothing in particular to do, I began to "step it out," and was having a great dance all to myself when I heard Miss Rehan whisper: "Governor, look at Grandma!" He looked and nodded. Of course the *Cyrano* (Mr. Richman) looked too, and that brought me back to my part as staid and proper as a duenna should be, making a pretty finish to the scene. Mr. Daly made us rehearse it thoroughly, and it became part of the performance. He used to say I need never be out of the cast, for I could always dance, even if I had no lines to say. Once he introduced a Sir Roger de Coverely, just to bring me on. It was then that I teased my friends, telling them that I had been promoted to the front row of the ballet, and must put all the photographs of my men friends out of my rooms when their wives called, so as not to compromise them.

Mr. Daly would work with the rest of us, and often more than the rest of us. I have seen him help shift a scene, and then come down to the front again with his hands dirty, and his face dirty too, sometimes, and go on with his work without a thought of himself. Then the day

would come when his chair would disappear from its usual place, and we knew we were in for our hardest trial, for "the 'Governor' is out in front." The front of the house would be all dark, and we could never see him, but we could hear his voice—now from the orchestra chairs, now from the gallery—whenever anything did not go quite right. I never attempted to mark down any directions on my part until after Mr. Daly had seen a rehearsal "from the front." For there is no question but that the "front of the house"—the audience, in other words—gets a point of view and a grasp of the stage picture that the actors, and even the stage manager himself, can never get from the other side of the footlights.

On the first night of every play, Mr. Daly always prompted the piece himself, standing by the prompter and holding the book. This led to an amusing incident one night. There was a line to be spoken off the stage, and knowing how important it was that it should be done just right, Mr. Daly determined to say it himself. But he miscalculated distances, or something of the kind, for when the line was due, he wasn't in the right place to say it. The prompter could do nothing, for Mr. Daly had the book, and we who were about dared not prompt him. Of course the line was given eventually, but it hung fire in a way that would have made trouble if anyone but the "Governor" had been responsible!

Even after the rehearsals and the first night were over, even when the play was before the public, Mr. Daly was always on the watch. If anything went wrong, and some of us said: "Thank fortune the 'Governor' didn't see that," there he was at one's elbow. But often at morning rehearsal he would make some comment or criticism on the performance of the night before that would mystify us all, for none of us had seen him anywhere. Finally, I asked him one day: "Look here, 'Governor,' where did you use to be, that you saw everything we did?"

"If you really want to know," he answered, "I was up on the paint-screen." There he had been perched up among the flies, on the great rack that the scene-painters use for their work, with his head over the edge, watching every action on his

stage, night after night. Of course that was in his early days. Later, when he had his company thoroughly trained, and had made his reputation as a manager, Mr. Daly was content to watch from his box. And either he or Mrs. Daly was always there. She was a Miss Duff, daughter of the famous manager, and she knew the stage and stage-life thoroughly, from Mr. Daly's own point of view. She was a good wife to him and a great helper in every way. She knew her husband's business thoroughly, and never told a word of it, and that is saying a great deal, for curious people would often ask her questions about affairs when they would not dare ask her husband. And she was always pleasant and merry with him and with everybody else. They say he used to come home at night and fling himself down on the sofa, wholly worn out with the day's hard work, and say: "Tell me a funny story, May, and take my mind off all this." And she always had the story ready.

A lovely trait of Mr. Daly's character was his tenderness and thought of children. I never knew him to pass a little news-boy on the street without buying a paper, and he always took the paper with a look in his eyes as much as to say: "We must help the boys to get a living." A beautiful trait, not giving as charity but buying what the boy had to sell.

People may say that Mr. Daly's place can be easily filled, that his influence will not last, and all that. But the longer we are without him, the more I seem to miss him. He was so watchful, so keen to see any falling off in one's rendering of a part, so quick to modify any little mannerism or foolish trick in a beginner's work; to me there doesn't seem anyone left to say: "*Don't!*"

I was fond of the "Governor"; when I knew him first he was so brilliant, so versatile, so undaunted by failure. I watched him go through so much, saw him put heart and soul into everything he did, and often lose everything but his splendid courage. I saw him make mistakes and retrieve them, build up fortunes and spend them, and in those early days he never lost his wonderful resourcefulness. He changed afterward in many ways, and I dare say I changed too. Perhaps I am too jealous for the old company, but I cannot help

feeling that all the comic-opera business of later years, with its crowd of pretty faces and young actresses "to be placed," was a step-down for Mr. Daly. Once, I remember, just at the last, there was a general "call" for the entire company. We none of us knew what it was for, but I never questioned a "call," and down I went. The stage was full; there were a few of our company there, but most of them were young people—chorus girls and the like. The "Governor" was busy sorting them and arranging things generally when he spied me, and crossed over to me.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"There was a call for the entire company, and I suppose I still belong to it," I answered.

"But I don't want you," he said. "I am only dividing these people up into the different companies for the light-opera stuff." Then he looked all over the stage, and down at me with a little frown: "You don't like all this, Grandma?"

"No, I don't. Not on my own account at all, but this isn't like you, a bit." And it wasn't.

For in its later days the company was so modified, and his own interests were so widespread, that the whole business did not seem so typically "Daly's" as in its earlier days. Only Miss Rehan and I remained of the "Big Four." Success had taken John Drew from us, and dear "Jim-mie" Lewis, with all his lovable ailings and failings, had died.

Then came Mr. Daly's death, in the summer of '99, a dreadful shock to us all, bringing with it, as it did, the breaking of all the old ties. He was a man of such vitality that death had seemed always a remote possibility only, and, in his many ventures, *that* was the only factor he left entirely out of the reckoning. So his affairs were left in a good deal of a tangle, and, for a time, we none of us knew what was going to happen. Then, for a time, too, we thought that the theatre was to be retained by the heirs and run on the old lines; and so, many members of the old company looked upon themselves as bound by their original contracts. But when the various interests were carefully reviewed, the risks involved proved to be too great, and it was decided to sell the theatre, and to settle as many of the out-



James Lewis.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York. In the collection of Mrs. Gilbert.

lying ventures as possible, Miss Rehan retaining certain of the plays, and arranging for her own starring tour as soon as her health should permit.

By this time the summer was well forward and we were all scattered. I was staying with some friends in Siasconset, a little out-of-the-way town on the Island of Nantucket. It was there that the news came to me of the sale of Daly's Theatre, and a real shock it was! I suppose that that was taken by other managers to mean that Mr. Daly's old company was disbanded, for soon afterward I received a letter from Mr. Charles Frohman, about a part he thought would suit me in a new play he was putting on in the autumn. A certain

sense of loyalty to Miss Rehan and to the old company—such as was left of it—held me back for a time; but, as the days dragged on in that quiet island town, I began to get anxious about my own affairs, and finally wrote to Miss Rehan's business manager, asking him if I were to consider myself free to make engagements on my own account. Back came a telegram asking me not to do anything until I had received the letter that was to follow by the next post. I waited one mail, two or three mails, and nothing came. Then I wrote to Mr. Frohman. Several letters were exchanged, but letters are unsatisfactory things at best, and I arranged for a personal interview at eleven o'clock of a cer-



tain morning. For me it meant quite a little journey; first, from Siasconset to Nantucket town, by the Central Railroad of Nantucket—about a yard long it is, for all its big name—then by boat to New Bedford and rail to Fall River, and finally by the Sound boat to New York.

The interview on the morning of my arrival settled all outstanding questions between Mr. Frohman and me in most pleasant fashion, and after a few hours of shopping I began my return journey by the same route at five o'clock of that afternoon, with my immediate future comfortably assured. The newspapers got hold of my flying business trip, and made a very pretty story out of it. The newspapers have always been good to me, their praise has been pleasant reading, and their little warnings have often helped me. Still my feeling has always been that an actor ought to come somewhere near his own ideal, satisfy his manager, and please his audience, before he gets eager to read what is printed about him.

In the early days I had no time to study newspaper criticisms, and my husband seldom told me about them. Perhaps he thought I might get spoiled, but it is more probable that he feared that I would become discouraged. He used to say: "Just go ahead and do your work as well as you can and don't worry about the critics." I remember as distinctly as if it were yesterday the first time my attention was drawn to a newspaper notice of my work. We were playing in the West under Lewis Baker's management; the play was "Romeo and Juliet," the *Juliet* Avonia Jones, the *Romeo* her mother, I

think, although of that I will not be positive. I was the nurse, my first attempt at the part, indeed, my first attempt at any such important part, and I was as nervous as a witch. I know that during the performance I was in the box that used to be built inside the proscenium arch so that the actors themselves could watch the

stage during their waits, and get almost the same point of view as the audience. Mrs. Jones was there, too, and she gave me many a good bit of advice, among others that I should always, every night on returning from the theatre, carefully go over the *rôle* I had just done, before beginning any new work. Our lives were too busy to keep always to that rule, but the advice was good in itself. The morning after this performance, Louis Mestayer, who had been the *Mercutio*, was very happy over the capital notice the local paper



James Lewis.

From an early photograph by H. G. Smith, Boston. In the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.

had given him. That evening, I said to my husband: "Mestayer is very proud of the criticism of his work last night."

"It's not a bit better than the one you got," answered Mr. Gilbert, as quick as a flash. And he was the man who pretended to disregard the newspapers! Of late days my English nephew has carefully gathered all the printed stuff he could find about me, and has carefully pasted it in a book. And now I go on collecting, more to please him than for anything else. By the way, there is one bit of criticism in my nephew's collection that is amusing, and worth quoting in the light of subsequent events. It is from the *Cleveland Daily Review*, and the date is June 29, 1857.

"Her peculiar forte, we think, is gen-



Mrs. Gilbert.

From a photograph by Houseworth, San Francisco. In the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.

teel comedy, though it is difficult to decide this question positively where she appears in such a variety of parts."

The only time I resented newspaper chatter was when I had my spectacles stolen. They were snatched from my belt, the case I wore there being torn away. I spoke of it to Mr. Dorney, and the story went round the theatre. Somehow the reporters got hold of it, and they made a great to-do about it. It was really too bad of them! I felt it the more, because I had managed to keep a much more serious theft

an absolute secret. That was at the time when so much fun was being made of the "robbery-of-jewels" form of theatrical advertisement. I had a very valuable pair of ear-rings taken from my pocket most cleverly. And I was on my way to play for a charity, too! However, I kept my loss quite to myself. And then to be brought before a sympathetic public as the loser of a pair of spectacles!

Stories and incidents come into my mind, now that I am in the way of thinking back, that I had forgotten for years. These



James Lewis and Mrs. Gilbert in the Comedy of the "Big Bonanza."  
From a photograph by Sarony, New York. In the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.

things are little and unimportant enough in themselves, but when I sit thinking, as I do sometimes, they bring back my whole life. Did I ever tell you how I took in the "Governor" without knowing it? It was in the first Fifth Avenue Theatre days, and we were doing "Major Wellington de Boots." I had had a terribly sore toe, a matter of poultices and I don't know what all, but had managed to keep my misery pretty much to myself. I wore black satin gaiters, I know, and I cut a slit in the top of the foot part, putting something black under it. But of course I limped badly all through the piece. Years afterward Mr. Daly revived this farce. When we were rehearsing, he began to fidget and worry.

"You've forgotten something of your part," he told me.

"Why, no," I said, "I think I have all the old business."

"When you did it before, you had a perfect limp."

"Limp? Limp?" Then I remembered: "That wasn't a limp," I laughed, "that was just a sore foot."

"Never mind what it was, I want that limp!" And of course he got it.

Then, I remember, I broke "Jimmie" Lewis all up one night in "7-20-8." He never liked his own photographs, and there were one or two that he fairly hated, and we loved to tease him about them.

This night, in the last act, I was sitting at a desk with my back to the audience, writing something, and he was sitting facing me, and so of course facing the audience, too. He was all curled up and



James Lewis and John Drew in "Pique."

From a photograph by Sarony, New York. In the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.

very meek and miserable, for I had caught him in his escapade. When I was supposed to be reading what I had written, I was really holding the photograph he hated most up under his nose! He curled up more miserably than ever to hide his twitching face.

Here is another scene that is still as fresh as ever before my eyes. Long ago, when we were coming home from the Pacific coast, the company had its special car at the end of the train. Mr. Daly always insisted upon this; you see no one could make any excuse for going through our car then, and we had the rear platform as a sort of balcony. I had my own compartment, and had been sitting close to the window, watching the strange, barren country we were passing through. In a sort of cutting we slowed down, and

finally stopped for a little. There were no trees, no grass even, and everything was stony and gritty. Nearly alongside of me was an incline, of perhaps some eight or ten feet, and at the top a cabin, not more than one room, I should think, but very bright and clean. The owner was sitting at his door in the miner's dress-up afternoon costume, a white shirt—really white—and blue overalls. Beside him was a granite slab, almost like a table, and on it, in an old battered tin can, the most superb bunch of wild flowers I ever saw, they were so brilliant and so well arranged. Near by was a dog asleep with his nose between his paws, so absolutely still that to this day I don't know whether he was alive or not. It made a picture of bright homelikeness that was good to see in the midst of those dreary plains. The ladies on the train be-

gan teasing for the flowers, beckoning and laughing, but the man shook his head. At last, just as the train was starting again,

flowers were lovely, many of them highly colored relatives of our Eastern flowers, some of them absolute strangers to me. I



Mrs. Gilbert and James Lewis in "7-20-8."

From a photograph by Sarony, New York. In the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.

he spied me at my window. I smiled and nodded, and he smiled and nodded. Then I pointed to the house, to the dog and the flowers, and smiled and nodded again, trying to express my pleasure in the whole picture. To my surprise, he grabbed up the flowers and plunged down to the train, just managing to reach the back platform. "Give them to the old lady," I heard him say, and he handed them to Mr. Dorney. I got to the back platform and waved my thanks before we were out of sight. The

kept them as long as I could, and used up all the books I had with me in pressing them. The younger members of the company used to tease me for outdoing them about the "man with the flowers," as they called him. I suppose my old face at the window had stood to him for everything he had left in the East; for his mother's face at her window, for home, and all the old friends he ever had. I have never seen him since, of course, but I believe I should know him to-day.



Mrs. Gilbert. Miss Virginia Dreher. Miss Ada Rehan. Miss May Irwin.

"A Night Off."

From a photograph by Sarony, New York. In the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.

Coming to greet my old New York public, under a different management, and with other than my old associates, has been like a new birth to me, and the reception that met me on my entrance in "Miss Hobbs" was a complete surprise. It was not the applause alone that prevented me beginning my lines that night; I had a good big lump in my throat. Then came my birthday. Not the eightieth, please, as they said; it is not quite long enough since 1821 for that. And besides, Mr. Daly gave me my seventieth birthday party at the Savoy Hotel, in London, in 1891. But I had thought that, with the leaving of the old life, I was leaving all those who remembered the old anniversaries. To be sure, Mr. Richman, who had been a member of our company, knew the date, but I never suspected him of "telling on me." Even when Miss Russell asked me to come to her after the performance that evening, I was simple enough to think it was to be only a little supper at her home. Instead came public speeches at the theatre, and the public presentation of the silver that, to me, stands for the personal affection of many dear friends, old and new. I have been trained to self-control all my life, else I really believe that the surprise and the warm-hearted kindness of it all would have upset me quite! That kindness seems to be about me all the time now. Miss Russell has made the Lyceum Theatre like home to me, and I am very happy.

One good friend of mine says that if she had such beautiful silver she should give up acting, and simply stay at home and have tea all the time. It sounds attractive, but if I did that, I should have serious doubts as to the supply of tea, to say nothing of the other necessities of life.

ANNE HARTLEY GILBERT.



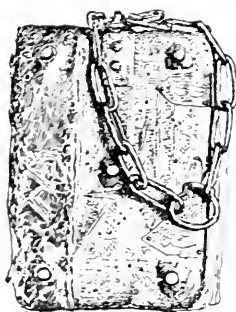


The Market Place, Cordes.

## CORDES

By Ernest C. Peixotto

WITH THE AUTHOR'S DRAWINGS\*



Lue Libré Ferrat—the Book of Iron.

THE traveller on the road from Paris to Toulouse, just after passing through the wild valley of the Aveyron, if he keep a sharp lookout, will notice, in the distance to the left, rising above the intervening hills, a city, strangely perched on an isolated cone, piling upon its steep slopes its ruinous, red-roofed houses and bearing, like an aigrette, upon its summit the belfry of its church. It is Cordes.

As we approach, its picturesqueness becomes more and more apparent, until, as the last rolling hill-side is surmounted, the uniqueness of its situation and the strange contours of its mediæval masses of masonry are clearly seen.

\* See, in *SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE* for December, 1899, August, 1900, and February, 1901, similarly illustrated papers on Chinon, Loches, Carcassonne, and Albi, by the same author.

Before us stretches a smiling, sunlit valley, perhaps three miles wide and as many long, through which winds a swift-flowing river, the Céron. This valley is bounded on all sides by well-cultivated, gently sloping hillsides, rising in an amphitheatre to the height of about four hundred feet. Just in the middle of this amphitheatre stands an abrupt hill, entirely isolated, its sharp declivity about the same on all sides. On its top is perched the city of Cordes. And how strange a site for a city, thus elevated above the land which forms its base, with its lowest walls raised to the level of the hill-tops which bound the horizon, but separated from them by a natural moat, three hundred feet deep and a mile to two miles in breadth! Only one means of communication with the valley below is at first apparent—a steep, winding road—so steep as to be absolutely impassable for horses. We find afterward, however, that on the east side, the town has

gradually descended the hillside by a zig-zag road and joined its suburb of La Bouteillerie in the valley below.

The reason for building a city in such a position is readily guessed. Cordes is old; its act of birth was written by Raymond VII., Count of Toulouse, in the early part of the thirteenth century, when he granted permission to the citizens of St. Marcel, whose town near by had been pillaged over and again by roving bands of soldiers, to build upon this isolated hillside, whose natural defences are apparent to the most unskilled eye.

The buildings were begun on the highest land, and important buildings they were too, for Cordes counted many wealthy citizens. To protect them, a great encircling wall was built, with two gates, both of which yet remain in ruins—one toward the west, the *Porte des Houmets*, the other facing the east—the *Porte des Roux*.

Only two streets traverse the town between these gates, and in the centre, on the very apex of the hill, is the market-place. Here has always been the focus of the city life, and with this market-place most of the history of Cordes is connected.

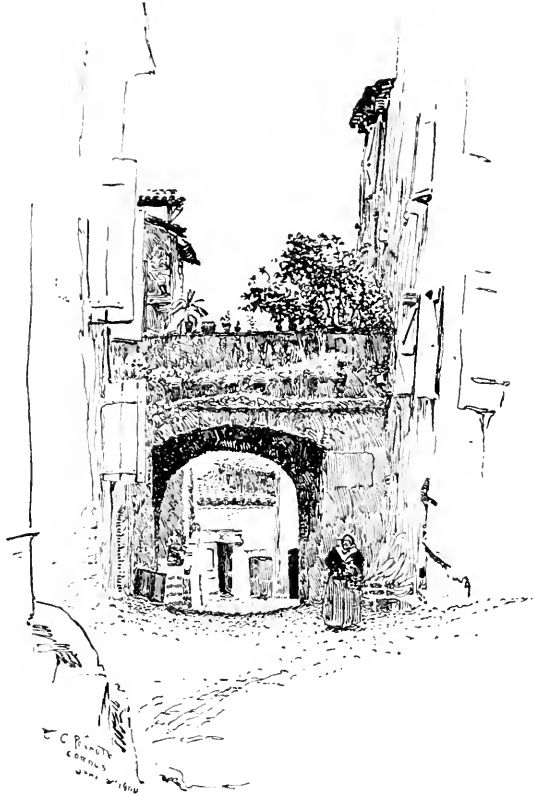
Twelve years after the foundation of the city, when the Council of Toulouse had just established the Inquisition, Cordes saw three *frères prêcheurs* enter her walls, and a few days after an old woman was burned for heresy in the market-place. Another execution was about to follow when the people arose, killed the inquisitors and threw their bodies in the city well. The Pope, not receiving satisfaction for this misdeed, excommunicated the city, and it remained under his ban for nearly a hundred years, when a solemn ceremony was held and the Papal Bull was revoked. The

Pope ordered the city well to be walled up, and an iron cross, which still stands near one of the pillars of the market-place was erected over it and to this day we read, on one of the flagstones near by, *Ici est un puits de cent mètres de profondeur*.

During this stormy period in the life of Cordes, when her citizens showed such a strong will of their own, the *libré ferrat* (as it was called in *patois*) was written. It is an ancient book, written by the monks as only the monks could write, in fair and beautiful Latin, engrossed with ornamental capitals and exquisite borders. It is bound in leather, richly tooled, and strengthened with heavy iron corners and brass clasps. It is thickly studded with nails and rivets and was attached by means of a chain to one of the pillars of the market-place. Its first part consists of the Book of the Evangelists, on which all oaths were taken; then follows, in detail,

the laws and customs of Cordes. The book was public property, and all—rich and poor alike—could consult it at any time and settle their disputes. As I fingered its well-thumbed pages with my friend the *archiviste*, he pointed out some of its curious clauses, written in the *patois*—a corruption of Spanish and French—which still prevails in the southwest of France. One, for instance, tells that at Christmas-tide, the heads, feet, and tails of all animals killed should revert as tithes to the lord of the manor.

In the sixteenth century the market was roofed over. Twenty-four stone pillars were built to support the massive roof-beams, and until recently there was also a granary above. One of the pillars is hollow and was used as a measure, the grain being let into it from the upper storehouse,



A By-way, Cordes.

and when the column was full, the purchaser filled his sack from a tap at the bottom. The market is smoothly paved in flagstones, and has always served as the place of meeting for local reunions, and now, to the tune of the flute and violin, the merry men and maidens, arm in arm, dance on the historic well, whose presence cost their forefathers such sore distress.

Saturday is market day. Then the peasants gather from all the country round, and toil up the steep hill to arrange their wares in and about the *place*. Here they barter and trade while the townsfolk lay in their weekly provision. Farmer's wives carry long white sacks into which they put their purchases, tying a knot over each article, so that finally the bag has the appearance of a long string of Frankfurt sausages. The country-people bring well-filled baskets of luncheon, and at eleven o'clock regale themselves on good bread and cheese, a bottle of the sparkling wine of Gaillac and a big piece of salted goose. The salted goose is a famous dish, and its abundance in Cordes is easily accounted for. *Paté de foie gras* is a staple product, and of course necessitates the fattening and killing of many geese. After the liver is removed, the fowl must be put to some use, so the meat is salted, and really makes a very appetizing dish served with large, fresh brown beans.

After the busy hours of the market, quiet settles over the old town and, as I sit sketching, I recognize the familiar sounds of the humdrum daily life; of the tradespeople working in their shops; the shuttle of the loom, as the weaver throws it back and forth—clack, clack as the frame falls after each thread is passed; the creak of the treadle as the wife winds the bobbin; the fall of the hammer as the shoemaker drives in each hobnail until the sole is quite covered and ready to aid some brave man or woman to climb the slippery, rock-paved streets; the sound of the saw, as old *père* Aurillac (who is ninety and bent double with the burden of his life) cuts in pieces the pile of wood which I watched him carry up the hill on his back—a load so large that it almost completely hid him and only his poor faltering feet were visible.

In the Grande Rue are most of the

great houses—seven of them, all more or less similar in style and strangely reminiscent of the palaces on the Grand Canal in Venice. They are beautiful specimens of the domestic architecture of the thirteenth century. The ground floor of each façade is composed of a series of Gothic arches. The first and second floors are pierced by two or three openings, each composed of several windows, whose pointed arches repose on clustered columns with foliated capitals of exquisite design. Most of the sculpture is lavished on these windows or on the string-courses which run across the design at the bases of the window openings and the spring of the arches. Quad-rupeds, birds, figures, walk upon these courses or decorate their extremities—whole scenes of the hunt even embellish one house.

As the city increased in size, the original nucleus in the topmost wall grew too small for its needs and it jumped over the barrier and a new rampart was built, only to be succeeded by another and another, each enclosing a larger area than its predecessor until the inner city was surrounded by a quintuple wall pierced by more than fifty gates, many of which yet remain. The town has never overlapped the fifth wall, below which the hill-slopes remain a succession of grain-fields and vineyards with the cemetery, cypress grown, clinging close to the lowest western wall.

One day I saw a funeral winding its way to the little graveyard, through a dark and narrow street—so dark indeed, that the candles carried by the altar-boys shone clearly in the midday light and so narrow that, to let it pass, I must needs take refuge in a doorway. Ahead walked the priest chanting, with the choir-boys—then the bier carried by hand—three stalwart men on each side, for the town's thoroughfares are so steep that no hearse drawn by horses could be led through them. It was a strange and impressive sight—impressive from its utter simplicity—with the long train of black-robed mourners—the men and then the women hobbling along over the rough rock pavements.

The streets of the town, if such they may be called, for they are more like by-ways, backing and twisting on themselves, or following the old *chemin de ronde* by

the dismantled ramparts, are crowded with half-ruined houses, many of them re-arranged from fine old buildings. Ugly little modern windows are opened in the corners of beautiful casements of the Renaissance, Gothic windows *en croix* or entirely walled up, with perhaps near them a headless column, or a fantastic gargoyle.

One interesting by-way, leading to the Tour de l'Horloge, is called the Stairway of the Pater Noster. A chapel, belonging to the Brothers of St. Joseph, stood near the head of these steps. At the bottom was the residence of the brothers, so that in going to and from service, they climb the stairs, of which there are just the same number as there are words in the pater

noster. Thus, by saying one word on each step, the prayer could be finished when the top or bottom was reached.

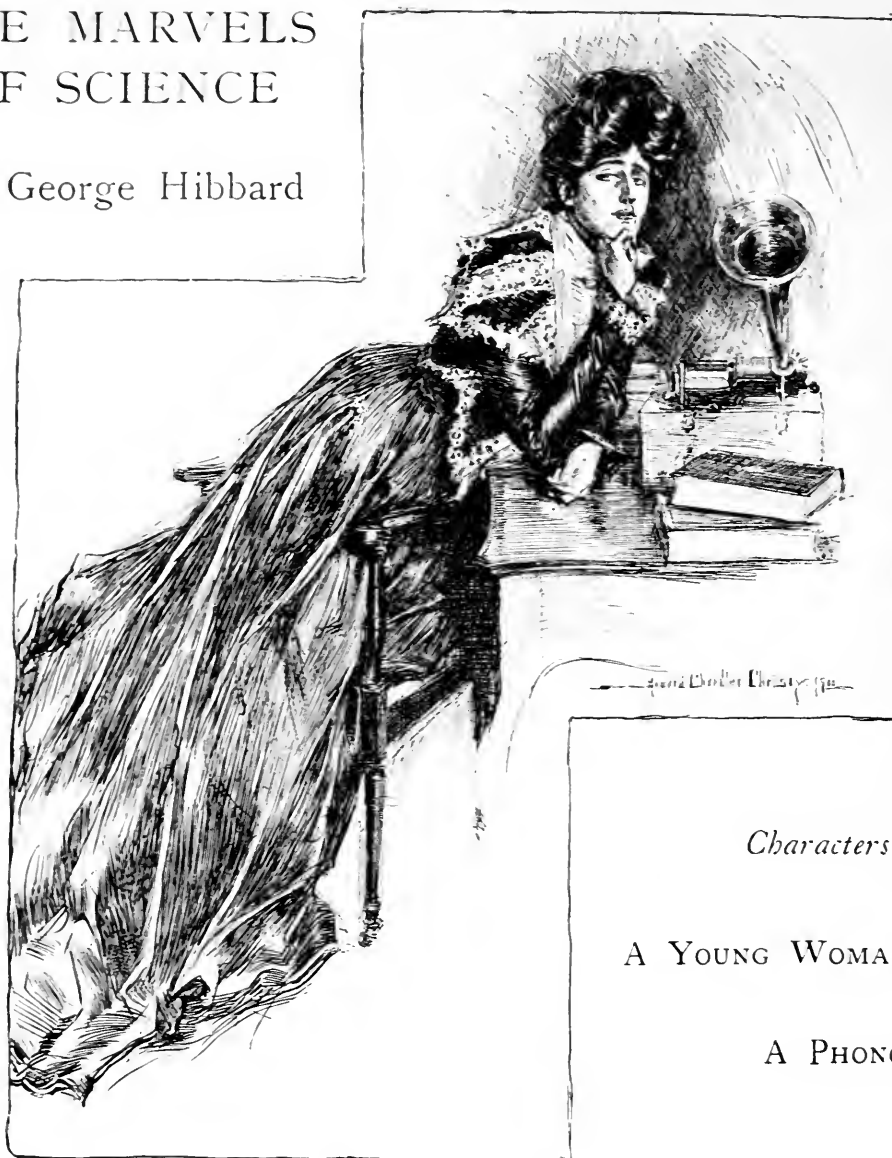
To-day the town is sleepy and almost devoid of any activity, and its population has dwindled from three thousand to eighteen hundred souls. Created for struggle and resistance in a time of bloody quarrels, Cordes could only maintain her importance in more peaceful commercial ages by coming down from the summit to which she owed her originality and her strength. This she has refused to do. Now the railroad has left her isolated, so that she has entered upon a period of long and incurable decay, which will eventually leave her a mere ruin, proudly perched on her far-away hilltop.



Stairway of the Pater Noster, Cordes.

# THE MARVELS OF SCIENCE

By George Hibbard



*Characters*

A YOUNG WOMAN

A PHONOGRAPH

SCENE : *The natural and usual habitat of the YOUNG WOMAN, being a room luxuriously furnished and variously ornamented. A reproduction of Botticelli's "Allegory of Spring," and photographs of Rossetti's pictures being interspersed with occasional "sporting prints ;" while a cast of the "Victory of Samothrace" dominates a collection of miscellaneous objects among which are to be seen a fox's "brush" and several "cups" won in "foursomes"—all indicating the varied tastes of the occupant.*

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*kneeling on the floor and undoing the knot of the string fastening a large package before her*). It isn't Christmas, and it isn't anywhere near my birthday, and *why* should I receive a present? For it must be a present, since I haven't ordered anything anywhere—particularly nothing of this monumental size, which I'd certainly remember. And it isn't the First of April, so it can't be one of those silly jokes. No, it surely must be a present. And who can

have sent it? This didn't come by express, so it can't be from Aunt Imogen, and I can't positively think of anybody else. (*Struggling with the knot.*) Oh, what a fearful knot! Of course if Mr. Pendleton and I were—as we have been, it might be *he*. But then, to be sure, he never sent me anything but flowers and books, while this is huge enough to be—almost a white elephant. And certainly since we had our last interview, when we quarrelled so fearfully, it couldn't possibly

be he at all. There, I've almost got it undone. Not, of course, that our quarrel was my fault, for I gave him every opportunity to explain—every possible opportunity. To be sure, if he said things that were not true, I had to contradict them at once; while if some of his speeches were so ridiculous that I couldn't allow him to go on, and others were so exasperating that I couldn't let him finish—why—I was not to blame. But he can't say anything, for I gave him every chance to make the fullest explanations—the very fullest. And after I had waited for him to go to see those stupid pictures, and he never came at all until the next day! Oh, I should have known before that he never liked me—that—that he hated me, but I know now, and it's all over, and there won't be any more mistakes. (*Brushing her hand across her eyes.*) I wonder why I can't see the way this hateful knot is tied. Oh, it can't be that I'm actually crying! It sha'n't be! I won't! I'll forget him, or if I think of him I'll only think unpleasant things—like the things that I told Lucilla Lamb—that I didn't believe then, but that I believe now—that I'm *going* to believe now. For I did like him then. And Lucilla, if she is such an idiot, is so awfully, so stupidly pretty. I was really afraid that, if she thought him nice, she would be interested in him—and actually feared that he would see it—and men are so vain—that he might be attracted by her, so I *did* tell her that I disliked him particularly. I know that I said that I considered him most disagreeable, and that I didn't see how any woman could think of wasting a moment on him. And the little goose, she believed me and actually thanked me for telling her—and said that she'd be careful not to let him annoy her. Oh, I don't suppose that I should have done it, but she is so fearfully—fearfully pretty, and then I did care such a lot about him—then. (*Unfastening knot.*) There, I've got it undone at last! (*Taking off the string and unloosening the wrapping-paper.*) A box! An enormous box! What can it be? (*Lifting off the cover.*) Oh! A phonograph! A phonograph? There must be some mistake. (*Looking at wrapping-paper.*) No, there is my name, "Miss

Lucile Irvine." Now who could have sent me a phonograph—and why? (*Looking into the box.*) There may be a note. No. (*Taking out piece of paper.*) No, nothing but this—the printed directions for using it. Really, it is most strange. I can't understand it at all. And I've never heard one. I wonder what it is like. As it's here, even if it is a mistake—and, in spite of the name, it *must* be one—I might try it. I was just wishing for something to distract me, and make me forget, and this may do it for a few minutes. (*Taking out THE PHONOGRAPH and placing it on the table.*) Let me see! (*Looking at the printed directions.*) You put this big trumpet thing here—and then you place that there—and then you do this—and then you do that—and——

THE PHONOGRAPH (*with its peculiar banjo-like quality of tone, but still rendering unmistakably a young and manly voice*). Miss Irvine——

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*starting back in consternation in the momentary pause made by THE PHONOGRAPH*). His voice! Mr. Pendleton's voice.

THE PHONOGRAPH (*continuing*). If you have not received any note with this—one of the marvels of science—it is because I believe that the spoken word is always better (*manifestly speaking with deep meaning*) when it may be employed, and I thought that I could *tell* you why I have sent it.

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*as the PHONOGRAPH again pauses*). Oh! oh! I feel so—strangely.

THE PHONOGRAPH (*resuming with great gravity*). You said once that—singular as it was—you had never heard a phonograph. Recollecting this, the thought occurred to me that such being the case you might be inclined to—(*with a marked accentuation of the word*) listen——

THE YOUNG WOMAN. Oh!

THE PHONOGRAPH (*continuing in the former unbroken tone*). Without the constant questions, the ceaseless accusations, the unjust reproaches which made it, at our last interview, impossible for me to get in a word edgewise. For you will remember every effort that I made to speak was checked almost before I was able to open my mouth, and when I did



occasionally succeed in beginning a sentence, it was at once cut short.

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*furiously*). Oh, how can he say it when I gave him every opportunity—every opportunity?

THE PHONOGRAPH (*continuing inflexibly*). When, in short, any attempt to make an explanation was utterly impossible and all chance of righting myself taken from me by your unending interruptions. I have always understood that there was no arguing with a woman. I find that there is no possibility of explaining to one. Therefore I have ventured to take this way of obtaining a hearing. I resort to it as a desperate measure—a forlorn hope—because it is with me a question of honor to make that explanation which I have had no chance to offer and to which you must listen——

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*touching a key that checks THE PHONOGRAPH in the full flood of its speech with something the same suddenness with which an electric light is abruptly cut off*). But I won't! The directions said this was the way; and I can stop him—it, and I won't be accused unjustly when I *did* give it—him, every opportunity—every *reasonable* opportunity. No, I won't stand here and be abused so shamefully when I am sure that I was most gentle and kind. (*Gazing at THE PHONOGRAPH as it rests impassively on the table.*) Oh, you—the horrid thing! But what could be more provoking? There it calmly stands, and no matter what I say it doesn't make any difference. I declare that it is perfectly maddening. But I *can* stop it, that is one comfort, and I need not hear what it says. As if I were so unreasonable that I wouldn't and even couldn't listen to an explanation—and interrupted with "constant questions and ceaseless accusations and unjust reproaches." It's exactly the kind of thing that men are always saying to women just as they say that they are—curious, and all the other absurdities. Oh, how could I ever have liked him so much that if he had only been nicer—who knows? But he has behaved abominably! And there *that thing* stands and it doesn't do any good, or rather any harm to it, to tell it so, while if I let it speak I can't answer it. Oh, was a woman ever placed in such a position?

But I will not let myself be disturbed by such a trifle. I will be calm and I'll show—well—*myself* that I can be above such annoyance. (*Touching key of THE PHONOGRAPH.*) There!

THE PHONOGRAPH (*serenely resuming as if nothing had happened*). To which you will listen, I believe, because your woman's curiosity will be too strong not to make you want to know all that I may have to say. So you will hear me to the end, although you will have to endure what will be so trying for a woman, and that is having to go without the power of making any reply.

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*swiftly shutting off THE PHONOGRAPH*). Now I will not listen! Indeed! It is positively insulting! Oh, I call it—cowardly, to speak so to a poor defenceless girl when she can't make any answer, or say anything that's of any use. Oh! Oh! (*To THE PHONOGRAPH.*) You—you *monster*! If I could only make it—him hear, I could make him—it sorry that it ever said anything, and wish that it had never spoken. Oh, I could—and how I wish I had the chance. But that awful brazen thing, that doesn't care in the least, I can't make any impression on it. Oh, I wonder what fearful thing it would have said next—of what *new* rudeness it could be capable! I should really like to see how far it would go—of what further insults it would be guilty. And, after all, what is it? A mere machine! I will not condescend to lose my temper with simply an inanimate thing. And it can't know after all—and he can't know—whether I'm listening or not. I shall simply let it go on—not that I am curious—but it is the more *dignified* course to adopt under all the circumstances. I couldn't really look myself in the face in the looking-glass if I thought that I did not have more self-control. I don't care what it says, but as a matter of self-discipline—I'll let it finish. (*Again touching key.*) I wonder what will come next.

THE PHONOGRAPH (*resuming impressively*). I shall make no counter-charges—as I might very easily—reminding you of the treatment that I have received from you at various times. I will, for example, say nothing of the occasion when we were staying at the Barboulds, and, al-

though you had promised that you would ride with me, you did not come back until hours after the time from a drive with Jim Conyers, declaring that you got lost. (*With stern indignation.*) Lost! In a country that you both knew perfectly well, and where, anyway, it wasn't any more possible for anyone to be lost than for a checker on a checker-board.

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*speaking eagerly as THE PHONOGRAPH pauses for a moment, evidently with the intention of giving effect to the last statement*). But you know that you had asked Daisy Chatterly first, and of course— Oh, it's only *that* thing, and how absurd my talking to it.

THE PHONOGRAPH (*continuing majestically*). I will say nothing of the time at the Welbecks's ball when, knowing that you were engaged to me for the dance, you deliberately went and sat it out with Johnny Caton, who was going to the dogs as fast as he could, and also was engaged to your great friend Letitia Leigh—

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*promptly and with decision shutting off THE PHONOGRAPH*). Really that is *too* outrageous, and I can't be expected to listen to *that*. Why, as if that wasn't the very reason, and I did it just because he had been engaged to Letitia, and they'd quarrelled, and she was the only one who could save him from—"the dogs" and (*breathlessly*) I wanted to reconcile them, and I did. Oh, if my very best actions are to be brought up against me I don't know what I may not expect! (*Fiercely.*) But I will not flinch. I will not turn away. (*Firmly.*) I will go through with this. My just indignation may have got the better of me for a moment, but (*again setting THE PHONOGRAPH going*) I shall not forget myself again.

THE PHONOGRAPH (*continuing on the even tenor of its way*). I will also refrain from speaking (*with emphasis*) at any length of the fact that you asked "Dormy" Jones to play with you in the "mixed foursomes" instead of myself, and I may mention incidentally that you lost the cup by it.

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*instinctively and inadvertently touching the key that stops THE PHONOGRAPH*). As if I cared anything for their old cup! And (*apostrophizing THE PHONOGRAPH*) you ought to

have seen that I only did it because—because—but I mustn't confess that—though what difference does it make since you can't understand?—you *stupid—stupid* thing—why—that I only did it because I wanted to try to make you—him jealous. As if anyone could care anything for "Dormy" Jones, and as if it were not an insult to have anybody suppose that one could. Oh, I've turned it off. (*Again setting THE PHONOGRAPH going.*) Now!

THE PHONOGRAPH (*with the same calm containment*). And there is even another line of defence. I might remind you how often I have kept out of your way, and have striven, since Fate seemed to take a malicious pleasure in throwing us together, to save you from as much annoyance as possible, understanding as I did how disagreeable my presence was to you.

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*anxiously*). Now, what does that mean?

THE PHONOGRAPH (*proudly inexorable*). Yes, knowing all that I did, I realized how unpleasant it must be for you to see me—though why you seemed to take pleasure in making chances to be disagreeable to me and seeking occasions for trying to humiliate me I cannot even yet quite understand. Of course there were other times when you were so charming that I could almost have doubted your dislike. But at once you would change, and I should be assured by some new slight or some new mockery that you had only been doing as you had to lure me to my destruction—to lead me to make a greater idiot of myself.

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*reproachfully*). Couldn't he see? Couldn't he see?

THE PHONOGRAPH (*uninterruptedly*). Indeed I should have known the way that you felt even without the information that had already made all clear—

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*in anxious suspense*). What *can* he mean?

THE PHONOGRAPH (*after a slight break*). For although there were, as I have said, moments almost of uncertainty, still the one unmistakable fact ever stood in my memory from which there was no escaping. You will undoubtedly know what I mean.

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*as THE PHONOGRAPH is silent for a moment*). Oh, why

doesn't it go on? This is maddening. Oh, what can it have been?

THE PHONOGRAPH (*resuming*). I may be guilty of an indiscretion—indeed, I fear it may be called something more—but I cannot refrain from mentioning a fact of such importance in my desire to have you understand how awkwardly—how unfortunately I was placed. I cannot think, though, that I am doing too wrongly, when it is in no spirit of blame that I speak—for I find that I can truthfully say that I am glad, under the circumstances, for what happened.

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*as THE PHONOGRAPH again pauses for a moment*). Oh, why doesn't it go on? Why doesn't it get to the point?

THE PHONOGRAPH (*continuing with deliberation*). I am sure that what was done was from the best motives and inspired by the kindest intentions. Certainly it was unpleasant to learn the truth so directly, but (*with biting emphasis*) I must always feel obliged to Miss Lucilla Lamb—

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*in consternation*). Lucilla!

THE PHONOGRAPH (*distinctly*). For what she told me.

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*breathlessly*). She told him!

THE PHONOGRAPH (*judicially*). Since looking at the matter calmly, I feel convinced that she spoke with the desire to save you—her friend—from probable annoyance, and me—whom she had known for a long time—from possible mistake. For, although not brilliant, Miss Lamb has a good heart—

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*fiercely*). The little idiot!

THE PHONOGRAPH (*with the same even tone*). And I now understand that she did as she did for what she thought the interest of all concerned. Of course after all that you said—Let me see!

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*in agitation*). Oh, what could I have said!

THE PHONOGRAPH (*after a short pause for reflection*). After I had been assured on such authority that it was a trial to meet me, a penance to talk to me, and a torture to dance with me—that I did not possess a particle of good looks or the vestige of an idea—

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*as THE PHONOGRAPH again pauses*). Oh, I surely couldn't.

THE PHONOGRAPH (*with steady enumeration*). Oh, yes; and that I had the voice of a poll parrot, and the manners of a dancing bear—

THE YOUNG WOMAN. Oh!

THE PHONOGRAPH. And that you could not see how any girl could look at me, much less speak to me; that you had done everything to avoid me, and that every girl that you knew did the same—why—after such an arraignment it could hardly be expected that at any time I should make any very great effort to overcome an opinion that was so clearly fixed. Therefore, if at times I have appeared indifferent and perhaps even rude, you can readily understand that this was perhaps only natural. This is one part of the explanation that I so vainly strove to give you, and for which you allowed me no opportunity. That I should have kept you waiting when you expected to go to see the pictures—I will now add—for this I was in no way to blame. Knowing as I did how you disliked me, you can imagine my amazement when I received your note asking me to take you to-morrow. I could not conceive why you should desire the presence of the person whom it was a trial to see, a penance to talk to, and a torture to dance with.

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*once more shutting off THE PHONOGRAPH*). Now, if it is going to be sarcastic and horrid in that way I simply won't listen to it. Oh, to remind me that it was I that made the engagement! Oh, it is ungenerous, and unbearable. And so Lucilla repeated to him all the things that I told her on purpose to make her dislike him and they have only made him hate me. Was anything ever so awful! I—I could—oh—I don't know what I couldn't do to Lucilla! Why didn't I understand! Perhaps I was a little abrupt when he tried to explain and didn't give him quite all the chance to speak that I should. And now, of course, he simply hates and abhors me, and I—I like him so much—and it was only because I liked him so absurdly all the time that I behaved in the way I did. Oh, it was foolish and it was wrong to say those things to Lucilla. I can see it

now, and if he thinks bad things of me I deserve them, and deserve to have him say them, and deserve to *hear them*. (*Resolutely turning on THE PHONOGRAPH.*) And I will !

THE PHONOGRAPH (*continuing more in sorrow than in anger*). But for me there was nothing to do but accede to your wishes and follow your directions. That I was not at the house at the time you expected me was not my fault. I understand now that you must have written the note on Wednesday evening, though you did not send it until the following day. Therefore when I received it on Thursday I concluded, I think naturally, that "to-morrow" meant Friday, and so did not present myself until then. I cannot think that I was to blame, and this is another part of my explanation.

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*as THE PHONOGRAPH is for a moment silent*). Oh, could I have done that ? How stupid of me ! Of course it was my fault, and now what can I do—how can I make him understand how sorry I am ?

THE PHONOGRAPH (*with great seriousness*). I hesitate because I cannot know whether I should say more, but having said so much by way of explanation, perhaps I had better tell you the rest—(*with emotion*) reveal all. I am going away.

THE YOUNG WOMAN. Oh !

THE PHONOGRAPH (*with increasing pathos*). I find that it is better—"best for you and best for me," since my absence will free you from what must have become an intolerable annoyance to you—and spare me many a bitter pang. I shall be saved from many a miserable hour, when, after seeing you, I have met with some fresh evidence of your disfavor. Ah, I know that it is what I should have done long ago, and that I did not was because I was not able, for, Lucile—(*with intense fervor*) I love you.

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*drawing back quickly*). Oh !

THE PHONOGRAPH (*heartbrokenly*). I realize that it is in vain that I tell you this, but I should rather that you knew. Ah, like the poor moth, I have not been able to help fluttering about the light, but now—farewell !

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*hurriedly and instinctively*). Oh, no ! No !

THE PHONOGRAPH (*with melting tenderness*). It will be some consolation to me to think that, at last, knowing the truth, you may remember me with a greater kindness, and because you now understand my great folly that perhaps some of your contempt will be lost in pity. I should not have been so weak, knowing, as I did, how hopeless was the case, but my love was stronger than I, and I lingered often, I am afraid, to your intense annoyance. But that is past. You will not see me more, or not at least for a very long time. I had to tell you before I went, and this is really what I began to tell you when I was trying to make you listen to me and understand ; for, after all, when I wished to explain, it was to make you finally this explanation that must explain all—I love you.

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*as THE PHONOGRAPH is abruptly silent*). Oh, what shall I do ? What *shall* I do ? What can I do ? Was ever a girl so placed ? To be made love to by machinery ! To receive a proposal of marriage from a machine ! And I can't say anything, or if I do, it can't make any difference. And he is going away, and he believes that I don't love him.

THE PHONOGRAPH (*resuming suddenly*). Lucile, if I have spoken so calmly it is not because I have felt calmly. (*With burning fervor.*) Ah, if you only knew, my beloved, how I long to clasp these arms about you and hold you forever as my own !

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*in desperation*). Oh, to have such things said to one by brass and iron !

THE PHONOGRAPH (*with increasing passion*). How ardently I desire to press my lips upon your brow—perhaps your cheek—I am bold enough to think even your lips ! But such thoughts are madness, and so—farewell—good-by !

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*as THE PHONOGRAPH once more stops suddenly*). Oh, to stand here and listen in such a way to such words from the man you love ! And now that all is over. What a situation ! Oh, no girl ever had to endure this !

THE PHONOGRAPH (*again suddenly, but more composedly*). I have paused to think whether there was anything else. Oh, there is much, for there have been mo-

ments when I have hoped against hope !  
But enough of this ! On this subject for  
the future I am dumb ! There is, how-  
ever, one matter I may say almost of  
business. You have not, of course, for-  
gotten that when your Russian poodle  
was under the weather you entrusted him  
to me to be treated by my groom. I  
am able to report that he is now well and  
in the best of spirits. I should prefer to  
deliver him directly into your hands.  
Perhaps you will find no reason why we  
cannot meet in regard to an affair of this

strictly matter-of-fact sort, and on the  
chance that you will see me I shall be at  
the house at five. There need be no ex-  
planation, and I shall simply deliver up  
my charge and say good-by.

THE YOUNG WOMAN. Oh, what a re-  
lief ! I mean what assurance ! (*As a  
clock strikes five.*) It's just five ! He  
may be at the door this very minute !  
(*Turning to go.*) I shall not be at home  
—to anyone else. But there shall be ex-  
planations, and *I* shall have a chance to  
be heard at last.

## THE PLAY

By H. Arthur Powell

THE play is on. They sit ;  
She sees the stage  
And watches every action there portrayed.  
He sees but her, and seeing her sees all—  
Her face a page  
Whereon the play is scriven, bit by bit ;  
He reads, and when she smiles, unconscious maid,  
His lips into the mold of hers do fall.

Love loses ; on her cheek  
There shines a pearl.  
Love triumphs ; in her eyes there sits a song.  
Dreams he : if Imitation claim a tear,  
Then, tend'rest girl,  
What, what would Passion claim?—nay, fool and weak,  
You want not tears and pity, but you long  
To make the love-light in those eyes appear !

Below them, pipe of wood  
And rosined string  
All vibrate softly, whispering of Hope ;  
Then as his heart beats higher with the thought  
Of reigning king,  
Burst into strains of triumph. Leap, O blood !  
. . . . .

The curtain's down. Lights up!—the play is o'er.  
She sighs ; he sighs ; and Romance is no more.



# THE LAST LAUGH

MORE ADVENTURES OF THE AMATEUR CRACKSMAN

By E. W. Hornung

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHNS



AS I have had occasion to remark elsewhere, the pick of our exploits, from a frankly criminal point of view, are of least use for the comparatively pure purposes of these papers. They might be appreciated in a trade journal (if only that want could be supplied), by skilled manipulators of the jemmy and the large light bunch; but, as records of unbroken yet insignificant success, they would be found at once too trivial and too technical, if not sordid and unprofitable into the bargain. The latter epithets, and worse, have indeed already been applied, if not to Raffles and all his works, at least to mine upon Raffles, by more than one worthy wielder of a virtuous pen. I need not say how heartily I disagree with that truly pious opinion. So far from admitting a single word of it, I maintain it is the liveliest warning that I am giving to the world. Raffles was a genius, and he could not make it pay! Raffles had invention, resource, incomparable audacity, and a nerve in ten thousand. He was both strategian and tactician, and we all now know the difference between the two. Yet for months he had been hiding like a rat in a hole, unable to show even his altered face by night or day without risk, unless another risk were courted by three inches of conspicuous crape. Then thus far our rewards had oftener than not been no reward at all. Altogether it was a very different story from the old festive, unsuspected, club and cricket days, with their *noctes ambrosianæ* at the Albany.

And now, in addition to the eternal peril of recognition, there was yet another menace of which I knew nothing. I thought no more of our Neapolitan organ-grinders, though I did often think of the moving page that they had torn for me out of my friend's strange life in Italy.

Raffles never alluded to the subject again, and for my part I had entirely forgotten his wild ideas connecting the organ-grinders with the Camorra, and imagining them upon his own tracks. I heard no more of it, and thought as little, as I say. Then one night in the autumn—I shrink from shocking the susceptible for nothing—but there was a certain house in Palace Gardens, and when we got there Raffles would pass on. I could see no soul in sight, no glimmer in the windows. But Raffles had my arm, and on we went without talking about it. Sharp to the left on the Notting Hill side, sharper still up Silver Street, a little tacking west and south, a plunge across High Street, and presently we were home.

"Pajamas first," said Raffles, with as much authority as though it mattered. It was a warm night, however, though September, and I did not mind until I came in clad as he commanded to find the autocrat himself still booted and capped. He was peeping through the blind, and the gas was still turned down. But he said that I could turn it up, as he helped himself to a cigarette and nothing with it.

"May I mix you one?" said I.

"No, thanks."

"What's the trouble?"

"We were followed."

"Never!"

"You never saw it."

"But *you* never looked round."

"I have an eye at the back of each ear, Bunny."

I helped myself, and I fear with less moderation than might have been the case a minute before.

"So that was why——"

"That was why," said Raffles, nodding; but he did not smile, and I put down my glass untouched.

"They were following us then!"

"All up Palace Gardens."



"I thought you wound about coming back over the hill."

"Nevertheless, one of them's in the street below at this moment."

No, he was not fooling me. He was very grim. And he had not taken off a thing; perhaps he did not think it worth while.

"Plain clothes?" I sighed, following the sartorial train of thought, even to the loathly arrows that had decorated my person once already for a little æon. Next time they would give me double. The skilly was in my stomach when I saw Raffles's face.

"Who said it was the police, Bunny?" said he. "It's the Italians. They're only after me; they won't hurt a hair of *your* head, let alone cropping it! Have a drink, and don't mind me. I shall scare them off before I'm done."

"And I'll help you!"

"No, old chap, you won't. This is my own little show. I've known about it for weeks. I first tumbled to it the day those Neapolitans came back with their organs, though I didn't seriously suspect things then; they never came again, those two, they had done their part. That's the Camorra all over, from all accounts. The Count I told you about is pretty high up in it, by the way he spoke, but there will be grades and grades between him and the organ-grinders. I shouldn't be surprised if he had every low-down Neapolitan ice-creamer in the town upon my tracks! The organization's incredible. Then do you remember the superior foreigner who came to the door a few days afterward? You said he had velvet eyes."

"I never connected him with those two!"

"Of course you didn't, Bunny, so you threatened to kick the fellow down-stairs, and only made them keener on the scent. It was too late to say anything when you told me. But the very next time I showed my nose outside I heard a camera click as I passed, and the fiend was a person with velvet eyes. Then there was a lull—that happened weeks ago. They had sent me to Italy for identification by Count Corbucci."

"But this is all theory," I exclaimed. "How on earth can you know?"

"I don't know," said Raffles, "but I should like to bet. Our friend the blood-hound is hanging about the corner near the pillar-box; look through my window, it's dark in there, and tell me who he is."

The man was so far away for me to swear to his face, but he wore a covert coat of un-English length, and the lamp across the road played steadily on his boots; they were very yellow, and they made no noise when he took a turn. I strained my eyes, and all at once I remembered the thin-soled, low-heeled, splay yellow boots of the insidious foreigner, with the soft eyes and the brown-paper face, whom I had turned from the door as a palpable fraud. The ring at the bell was the first I had heard of him, there had been no warning steps upon the stairs, and my suspicious eye had searched his feet for rubber soles.

"It's the fellow," I said, returning to Raffles, and I described his boots.

Raffles was delighted.

"Well done, Bunny; you're coming on," said he. "Now, I wonder if he's been over here all the time, or if they sent him over especially? You did better than you think in spotting those boots, for they can only have been made in Italy, and that looks like the special envoy. But it's no use speculating. I must find out."

"How can you?"

"He won't stay there all night."

"Well?"

"When he gets tired of it I shall return the compliment and follow *him*."

"Not alone," said I, firmly.

"Well, we'll see. We'll see at once," said Raffles, rising. "Out with the gas, Bunny, while I take a look. Thank you. Now wait a bit . . . Yes! He's chucked it; he's off already; and so am I!"

But I slipped to our outer door, and held the passage.

"I don't let you go alone," I said.

"You can't come with me in pajamas."

"Now I see why you made me put them on!"

"Bunny, if you don't shift I shall have to shift you. This is my very own private one-man show. But I'll be back in an hour—there!"

"You swear?"

"By all my gods."



"May I mix you one?" said I.—Page 483.

I gave in. How could I help giving in? He did not look the man that he had been, but you never knew with Raffles, and I could not have him lay a hand on me. I let him go with a shrug and my blessing, then ran into his room to see the last of him from the window.

The creature in the coat and boots had reached the end of our little street, where he appeared to have hesitated, so that Raffles was just in time to see which way he turned. And Raffles was after him at an easy pace, and had himself almost reached the corner when my attention was distracted from the alert nonchalance of his gait. I was marvelling that it alone had not long ago bewrayed him, for nothing about him was so unconsciously characteristic, when suddenly I realized that Raffles was not the only person in the little lonely street.

Another pedestrian had entered from the other end, a man heavily built and dressed, with an astrakhan collar to his coat on this warm night, and a black slouch hat that hid his features to my bird's-eye view. His steps were the short and shuffling ones of a man advanced in years and in fatty degeneration, but of a sudden they stopped beneath my very eyes. I could have dropped a marble into the dented crown of the black felt hat. Then, at the same moment, Raffles turned the corner without looking round, and the big man below raised both his hands and his face. Of the latter I saw only the huge white mustache, like a flying gull, as Raffles had described it; for at a glance I divined that this was his arch-enemy, the Count Corbucci himself.

I did not stop to unravel the subtleties of the system by which the real hunter lagged

behind while his subordinate pointed the quarry like a sporting dog. I left the Count shuffling onward faster than before, and I leaped into some clothes as though the flats were on fire. If the Count was going to follow Raffles in his turn, then I would follow the Count in mine, and there would be a midnight procession of us through the town. But I found no sign of him in the empty street, and no sign in the Earl's Court Road, that looked as empty for all its length, save for a natural enemy standing like a waxwork with a glimmer at his belt.

"Officer," I gasped, "have you seen anything of an old gentleman with a big white mustache?"

The unlicked cub of a common constable seemed to eye me the more suspiciously for the flattering form of my address.

"Took a hansom," said he at length.

A hansom! Then he was not following the others on foot; there was no guessing his game. But something must be said or done.

"He's a friend of mine," I explained, "and I want to overtake him. Did you hear where he told the fellow to drive?"

A curt negative was the policeman's reply to that; and if ever I take part in a night assault-at-arms, baton *versus* revolver in the back kitchen, I know which member of the Metropolitan Police Force I should like for my opponent.

If there was no overtaking the Count, however, it should be a comparatively simple matter in the case of the couple on foot, and I wildly hailed the first hansom that crawled into my ken. I must tell Raffles who it was that I had seen; the Earl's Court Road was long, and the time since he vanished in it but a few short minutes. I drove down the length of that useful thoroughfare, with an eye apiece on either pavement, sweeping each as with a brush, but never a Raffles came into the pan. Then I tried the Fulham Road, first to the west, then to the east, and in the end drove home to the flat as bold as brass. I did not realize my indiscretion until I had paid the man and was on the stairs. Raffles never dreamt of driving all the way back; but I was hoping now to find him waiting up above. He had said an hour. I had remembered it suddenly. And now the hour was more than up. But

the flat was as empty as I had left it; the very light that had encouraged me, pale though it was, as I turned the corner in my hansom, was but the light that I myself had left burning in the desolate passage.

I can give you no conception of the night that I spent. Most of it I hung across the sill, throwing a wide net with my ears, catching every footstep afar off, every hansom bell farther still, only to gather in some alien whom I seldom even landed in our street. Then I would listen at the door. He might come over the roof; and eventually someone did; but now it was broad daylight, and I flung the door open in the milkman's face, which whitened at the shock as though I had ducked him in his own pail.

"You're late," I thundered as the first excuse for my excitement.

"Beg your pardon," said he, indignantly, "but I'm half an hour before my usual time."

"Then I beg yours," said I; "but the fact is, Mr. Maturin has had one of his bad nights, and I seem to have been waiting hours for milk to make him a cup of tea."

This little fib (ready enough for a Raffles, though I say it) earned me not only forgiveness but that obliging sympathy which is a branch of the business of the man at the door. The good fellow said that he could see I had been sitting up that night, and he left me pluming myself upon the accidental art with which I had told my very necessary tarradiddle. On reflection I gave the credit to instinct, not accident, and then sighed afresh as I realized how the influence of the master was sinking into me, and he Heaven knew where! But my punishment was swift to follow, for within the hour the bell rang imperiously twice, and there was Dr. Theobald on our mat, in a yellow Jaeger suit, with a chin as yellow jutting over the flaps that he had turned up to hide his pajamas.

"What's this about a bad night?" said he.

"He wouldn't sleep, and he wouldn't let me," I whispered, never loosening my grasp of the door, and standing tight against the other wall. "But he's sleeping like a baby now."

"I must see him."



Straightway he burst into a low torrent of words.—Page 488.

“He gave strict orders that you should not.”

“I’m his medical man, and I——”

“You know what he is,” I said, shrugging; “the least thing wakes him, and you will if you insist on seeing him now. It will be the last time, I warn you! I know what he said, and you don’t.”

The doctor cursed me under his fiery mustache.

“I shall come up during the course of the morning,” he snarled.

“And I shall tie up the bell,” I said, “and if it doesn’t ring he’ll be sleeping

still, but I will not risk waking him by coming to the door again.”

And with that I shut it in his face. I was improving, as Raffles had said; but what would it profit me if some evil had befallen him? And now I was prepared for the worst. A boy came up whistling and leaving papers on the mats; it was getting on for eight o’clock, and the whiskey and soda of half-past twelve stood untouched and stagnant in the tumbler. If the worst had happened to Raffles, I felt that I would either never drink again or else seldom do anything else.

Meanwhile I could not even break my fast, but roamed the flat in a misery not to be described, my very linen still unchanged, my cheeks and chin now tawny from the unwholesome night. How long would it go on? I wondered for a time. Then I changed my tune: how long could I endure it?

It went on actually until the forenoon only, but my endurance cannot be measured by the time, for to me every hour of it was an arctic night. Yet it cannot have been much after eleven when the ring came at the bell, which I had forgotten to tie up after all. But this was not the doctor; neither, too well I knew, was it the wanderer returned. Our bell was the pneumatic one that tells you if the touch be light or heavy; the hand upon it now was tentative and shy.

The owner of the hand I had never seen before. He was young and ragged, with one eye blank, but the other ablaze with some fell excitement. And straightway he burst into a low torrent of words, of which all I knew was that they were Italian, and therefore news of Raffles, if only I had known the language! But dumb-show might help us somewhat, and in I dragged him, though against his will, a new alarm in his one wild eye.

"Non capite?" he cried when I had him inside and had withstood the torrent.

"No, I'm bothered if I do!" I answered, guessing his question from his tone.

"Vostro amico," he repeated over and over again; and then, "Poco tempo, poco tempo, poco tempo!"

For once in my life the classical education of my public-school days was of real value. "My pal, my pal, and no time to be lost!" I translated freely, and flew for my hat.

"Ecco, signor!" cried the fellow, snatching the watch from my waistcoat pocket, and putting one black thumb-nail on the long hand, the other on the numeral twelve. "Mezzogiorno—poco tempo—poco tempo!" And again I seized his meaning, that it was twenty past eleven, and we must be there by twelve. But where, but where? It was maddening to be summoned like this, and not to know what had happened, nor to have any means of finding out. But my presence

of mind stood by me still; I was improving by seven-league strides, and I crammed my handkerchief between the drum and hammer of the bell before leaving. The doctor could ring now till he was black in the face, but I was not coming, and he need not think it.

I half expected to find a hansom waiting, but there was none, and we had gone some distance down the Earl's Court Road before we got one; in fact, we had to run to the stand. Opposite is the church with the clock upon it, as everybody knows, and at sight of the dial my companion had wrung his hands; it was close upon the half-hour.

"Poco tempo—pochissimo!" he wailed. "Bloomburee Ske-warr," he cried to the cabman; "numero trentotto!"

"Bloomsbury Square," I roared on my own account, "I'll show you the house when we get there, only drive like be-damned!"

My companion lay back gasping in his corner. The small glass told me that my own face was pretty red.

"A nice show!" I cried; "and not a word can you tell me. Didn't you bring me note?"

I might have known by this time that he had not, but I went through the pantomime of writing with my finger on my cuff. But he shrugged and shook his head.

"Niente," said he. "Una quistione di vita, di vita!"

"What's that?" I snapped, my early training coming in again. "Say it slowly—*andante*—*rallentando*!"

Thank Italy for the stage instructions in the songs one used to murder! The fellow actually understood.

"Una—quistione—di—vita."

"Or mors, eh?" I shouted, and up went the trap-door over our heads.

"Avanti, avanti, avanti!" cried the Italian, turning up his one-eyed face.

"Hell-to-leather," I translated, "and double fare if you do it by twelve o'clock."

But in the streets of London how is one to know the time? In the Earl's Court Road it had not been half-past, and at Barker's in High Street it was but a minute later. A long half-mile a minute, that was going like the wind, and indeed we had



F. C. YOHNN

*Drawn by F. C. Yohn.*

"A sniff would have settled us both."—Page 494.



done much of it at a gallop. But the next hundred yards took us five minutes by the next clock, and which was one to believe? I fell back upon my own old watch (it was my own), which made it eighteen minutes to the hour as we swung across the Serpentine bridge, and by the quarter we were in the Bayswater Road—not up for once.

“Presto, presto,” my pale guide murmured. “Affrettatevi—avanti!”

“Ten bob if you do it,” I cried through the trap, without the slightest notion of what we were to do. But it was “una quistione di vita,” and “vostro amico” must and could only be my miserable Raffles.

What a very godsend is the perfect hansom to the man or woman in a hurry! It had been our incredibly good fortune to jump into a perfect hansom; there was no choice, we had to take the first upon the stand, but it must have deserved its place with the rest nowhere. New tires, superb springs, a horse in a thousand, and a driver up to every trick of his trade! In and out we went like a fast half-back at the Rugby game, yet where the traffic was thinnest, there were we. And how he knew his way! At the Marble Arch he slipped out of the main stream, and so into Wigmore Street, then up and in and out and on until I saw the gold tip of the Museum palisade gleaming between the horse's ears in the sun. Plop, plop, plop; ting, ling, ling; bell and horse-shoes, horse-shoes and bell, until the colossal figure of C. J. Fox in a grimy toga spelled Bloomsbury Square with my watch still wanting three minutes to the hour.

“What number?” cried the good fellow overhead.

“Trentotto, trentotto,” said my guide, but he was looking to the right, and I bundled him out to show the house on foot. I had not half-a-sovereign after all, but I flung our dear driver a whole one instead, and only wish that it had been a hundred.

Already the Italian had his latch-key in the door of 38, and in another moment we were rushing up the narrow stairs of as dingy a London house as prejudiced countryman can conceive. It was panelled, but it was dark and evil-smelling, and how we should have found our way

even to the stairs but for an unwholesome jet of yellow gas in the hall, I cannot myself imagine. However, up we went pell-mell, to the right-about on the half-landing, and so like a whirlwind into the drawing-room a few steps higher. There the gas was also burning behind closed shutters, and the scene is photographed upon my brain, though I cannot have looked upon it for a whole instant as I sprang in at my leader's heels.

This room also was panelled, and in the middle of the wall on our left, his hands lashed to a ring-bolt high above his head, his toes barely touching the floor, his neck pinioned by a strap passing through smaller ring-bolts under either ear, and every inch of him secured on the same principle, stood, or rather hung all that was left of Raffles, for at the first glance I believed him dead. A black ruler gagged him, the ends lashed behind his neck, the blood upon it caked to bronze in the gaslight. And in front of him, ticking like a sledgehammer, its only hand upon the stroke of twelve, stood a simple, old-fashioned, grandfather's clock—but not for half an instant longer—only until my guide could hurl himself upon it and send the whole thing crashing into the corner. An ear-splitting report accompanied the crash, a white cloud lifted from the fallen clock, and I saw a revolver smoking in a vice-screwed below the dial, an arrangement of wires sprouting from the dial itself, and the single hand at once at its zenith and in contact with these.

“Tumble to it, Bunny?”

He was alive; these were his first words; the Italian had the blood-caked ruler in his hand, and with his knife was reaching up to cut the thongs that lashed the hands. He was not tall enough, I seized him and lifted him, then fell to work with my own knife upon the straps. And Raffles smiled faintly upon us through his blood-stains.

“I want you to tumble to it,” he whispered; “the neatest thing in revenge I ever knew, and another minute would have fixed it. I've been waiting for it twelve hours, watching the clock round, death at the end of the lap! Electric connection. Simple enough. Hour-hand only——”

We had cut the last strap. He could not stand. We supported him between us to



*Drawn by F. C. Yohn.*

"I've been waiting for it twelve hours."—Page 490.

a horsehair sofa, for the room was furnished, and I begged him not to speak, while his one-eyed deliverer was at the door before Raffles recalled him with a sharp word in Italian.

"He wants to get me a drink, but that can wait," said he, in firmer voice; "I shall enjoy it the more when I've told you what's happened. Don't let him go, Bunny; put your back against the door. He's a decent soul, and it's lucky for me I got a word with him before they trussed me up. I've promised to set him up in life, and I will, but I don't want him out of my sight for the moment."

"If you squared him last night," I exclaimed, "why the blazes didn't he come to me till the eleventh hour?"

"Ah, I knew he'd have to cut it fine, though I hoped not quite so fine as all that. But all's well that ends well, and I declare I don't feel so much the worse! I shall be sore about the gills for a bit—and what do you think?"

He pointed to the long black ruler with the bronze stain; it lay upon the floor; he held out his hand for it, and I gave it to him.

"The same one I gagged him with," said Raffles, with his still ghastly smile; "he was a bit of an artist, old Corbucci, after all!"

"Now tell me how you fell into his clutches," said I, briskly, for I was as anxious to hear as he seemed to tell me, only for my part I could have waited until we were safe in the flat.

"I do want to get it off my chest, Bunny," old Raffles admitted, "and yet I hardly can tell you after all. I followed your friend with the velvet eyes. I followed him all the way here. Of course I came up to have a good look at the house when he'd let himself in, and damn me if he hadn't left the door ajar! Who could resist that? I had pushed it half open and had just one foot on the mat when I got such a crack on the head as I hope never to get again. When I came to my wits they were hauling me up to that ring-bolt by the hands, and old Corbucci himself was bowing to me, but how *he* got there I don't know yet."

"I can tell you that," said I, and told how I had seen the Count for myself on the pavement underneath our windows.

"Moreover," I continued, "I saw him spot you, and five minutes after in Earl's Court Road I was told he'd driven off in a cab. He would see you following his man, drive home ahead, and catch you by having the door left open in the way you describe."

"Well," said Raffles, "he deserved to catch me somehow, for he'd come from Naples on purpose, ruler and all, and the ring-bolts were ready fixed, and even this house taken furnished for nothing else! He meant catching me before he'd done, and scoring me off in exactly the same way that I scored off him, only going one better, of course. He told me so himself, sitting where I am sitting now, at three o'clock this morning, and smoking a most abominable cigar that I've smelt ever since. It appears he sat twenty-four hours when I left *him* trussed up, but he said twelve would content him in my case, as there was certain death at the end of them, and I mightn't have life enough left to appreciate my end if he made it longer. But I wouldn't have trusted him if he could have got the clock to go *twice* round without firing off the pistol. He explained the whole mechanism of that to me; he had thought it all out on the vineyard I told you about; and then he asked if I remembered what he had promised me in the name of the Camorra. I only remembered some vague threats, but he was good enough to give me so many particulars of that institution that I could make a European reputation by exposing the whole show if it wasn't for my unfortunate resemblance to that infernal rascal Raffles. Do you think they would know me at Scotland Yard, Bunny, after all this time? Upon my soul I've a good mind to risk it!"

I offered no opinion on the point. How could it interest me then? But interested I was in Raffles, never more so in my life. He had been tortured all night and half a day, yet he would sit and talk like this the moment we cut him down; he had been within a minute of his death, yet he was as full of life as ever; ill-treated and defeated at the best, he could still smile through his blood as though the boot were on the other leg. I had imagined that I knew my Raffles at last. I was not likely so to flatter myself again.

"But what has happened to these villains?" I burst out, and my indignation was not only against them for their cruelty, but also against their victim for his phlegmatic attitude toward them. It was difficult to believe that this was Raffles.

"Oh," said he, "they were to go off to Italy *instantly*; they should be crossing now. But do listen to what I'm telling you; it's interesting, my dear man. This old sinner Corbucci turns out to have been no end of a boss in the Camorra—says so himself. One of the *capi paranze*, my boy, no less; and the velvety Johnny a *giovane morato*, Anglicé, fresher. This fellow here was also in it, and I've sworn to protect him from them evermore; and it's just as I said, half the organ-grinders in London belong, and the whole lot of them were put on my tracks by secret instructions. This excellent youth manufactures iced poison on Saffron Hill when he's at home."

"And why on earth didn't he come to me quicker?"

"Because he couldn't talk to you, he could only fetch you, and it was as much as his life was worth to do that before our friends had departed. They were going by the eleven o'clock from Victoria, and that didn't leave much change, but he certainly oughtn't to have run it as fine as he did. Still you must remember that I had to fix things up with him in the fewest possible words, in a single minute that the other two were indiscreet enough to leave us alone together."

The ragamuffin in question was watching us with all his single eye, as though he knew that we were discussing him. Suddenly he broke out, in agonized accents, his hands clasped, and a face so full of fear that every moment I expected to see him on his knees. But Raffles answered kindly, reassuringly, I could tell from his tone, and then turned to me with a compassionate shrug.

"He says he couldn't find the mansions, Bunny, and really it's not to be wondered at. I had only time to tell him to hunt you up and bring you here by hook or crook before twelve to-day, and after all he has done that. But now the poor devil thinks you're riled with him, and that we'll give him away to the Camorra!"

"Oh, it's not with him I'm riled," I said frankly, "but with those other blackguards, and—and with you, old chap, for taking it all as you do, while such infamous scoundrels have the last laugh, and are safely on their way to France!"

Raffles looked up at me with a curiously open eye, an eye that I never saw when he was not in earnest. I fancied he did not like my last expression but one. After all, it was no laughing matter to him.

"But are they?" said he. "I'm not so sure."

"You said they were!"

"I said they should be."

"Didn't you hear them go?"

"I heard nothing but the clock all night. It was like Big Ben striking at the last—striking nine to the fellow on the drop."

And in that open eye I saw, at last, a deep glimmer of the ordeal through which he had passed.

"But, my dear old Raffles, if they're still on the premises——"

The thought was too thrilling for a finished sentence.

"I hope they are," he said grimly, going to the door. "There's a gas on! Was that burning when you came in?"

Now that I thought of it, yes, it had been.

"And there's a frightfully foul smell," I added, as I followed Raffles down the stairs. He turned to me gravely with his hand upon the front-room door, and at the same moment I saw a coat with an astrakhan collar hanging on the pegs.

"They are in here, Bunny," he said, and turned the handle.

The door would only open a few inches. But a detestable odor came out, with a broad bar of yellow gaslight. Raffles put his handkerchief to his nose. I followed his example, signing to our ally to do the same, and in another minute we had all three squeezed into the room.

The man with the yellow boots was lying against the door, the Count's great carcass sprawled upon the table, and at a glance it was evident that both men had been dead some hours. The old Camorrist had the stem of a liqueur-glass between his swollen blue fingers, one of which had been cut in the breakage, and the livid

flesh was also brown with the last blood that it would ever shed. His face was on the table, the huge mustache projecting from under either leaden cheek, yet looking itself strangely alive. Broken bread and scraps of frozen macaroni lay upon the cloth and at the bottom of two soup-plates and a tureen: the macaroni had a tinge of tomato; and there was a crimson dram left in the tumblers, with an empty fiasco to show whence it came. But near the great gray head upon the table another liqueur-glass stood, unbroken, and still full of some white and stinking liquid; and near that a tiny silver flask, which made me recoil from Raffles as I had not from the dead; for I knew it to be his.

"Come out of this poisonous air," he said, sternly, "and I will tell you how it has happened."

So we all three gathered together in the hall. But it was Raffles who stood nearest the street-door, his back to it, his eyes upon us two. And though it was to me only that he spoke at first, he would pause from point to point, and translate into Italian for the benefit of the one-eyed alien to whom he owed his life.

"You probably don't even know the name, Bunny," he began, "of the deadliest poison yet known to science. It is cyanide of cacodyl, and I have carried that small flask of it about with me for months. Where I got it matters nothing; the whole point is that a mere sniff reduces flesh to clay. I have never had any opinion of suicide, as you know, but I always felt it worth while to be fore-armed against the very worst. Well, a bottle of this stuff is calculated to stiffen an ordinary roomful of ordinary people within five minutes; and I remembered my flask when they had me as good as crucified in the small hours of this morning. I asked them to take it out of my pocket. I begged them to give me a drink before they left me. And what do you suppose they did?"

I thought of many things, but suggested none, while Raffles turned this much of his statement into sufficiently fluent Italian. But when he faced me again his face was still flaming.

"That beast Corbucci!" said he—"how can I pity him? He took the flask; he would give me none; he flicked me in the face instead. My idea was that he, at least, should go with me—to sell my life as dearly as that—and a sniff would have settled us both. But no, he must tantalize and torment me; he thought it brandy; he must take it down-stairs to drink my health . . . Can you pretend the least pity for a hound like that?"

"Let us go," I at last said, hoarsely, as Raffles finished speaking in Italian, and his second listener stood open-mouthed.

"We will go," said Raffles, "and we will chance being seen; if the worst comes to the worst this good chap will prove that I have been tied up since one o'clock this morning, and the medical evidence will decide how long those dogs have been dead."

But the worst did not come to the worst, more power to my unforgotten friend the cabman, who never came forward to say what manner of men he had driven to Bloomsbury Square at top speed on the very day upon which the tragedy was discovered there, or whence he had driven them. To be sure, they had not behaved like murderers, whereas the evidence at the inquest all went to show that the defunct Corbucci was little better. His reputation, which transpired with his identity, was that of a libertine and a renegade, while the infernal apparatus upstairs revealed the fiendish arts of the anarchist to boot. The inquiry resulted eventually in an open verdict, and was chiefly instrumental in killing such compassion as is usually felt for the dead who die in their sins.

But Raffles would not have passed this title for this tale.

## UNION SQUARE

ALL the day long, and weary day on day  
At this high window I am chained to stay :  
A dismal eyrie, whence I watch below  
The restless tide that hath nor ebb nor flow.

Nor ebb nor flow it hath ; with all the suns  
Of all the seasons still at flood it runs,  
And who, as I, shall constant vigil keep,  
Were not his heart of stone, must weep and weep.

Must weep and weep ; for everywhere he sees  
The huddled wrecks of what were argosies  
Full-freighted once, with morning on the sails  
Well set and trimmed to catch the favoring gales.

The favoring gales for them how briefly blew !  
The sun of morning all they ever knew ;  
Long ere the eve, behold them tempest-tossed  
Then hope of port all gone, their rudders lost.

Their rudders lost, mere empty hulks of Being,  
Drifting beyond the reach of human seeing,  
We know not where they go, nor whence they came ;  
A nation's menace and a city's shame.

A city's shame ! leave we the idle trope.  
Who hath bereft our fellows even of hope ?  
What the fell power and wielded by what hand  
To fix upon the brow so deep a brand ?

So deep a brand that hardly can we see  
For that which is, the thing which ought to be :  
Courage and high resolve and potent will—  
No trace ! yet these—these are our brothers still.

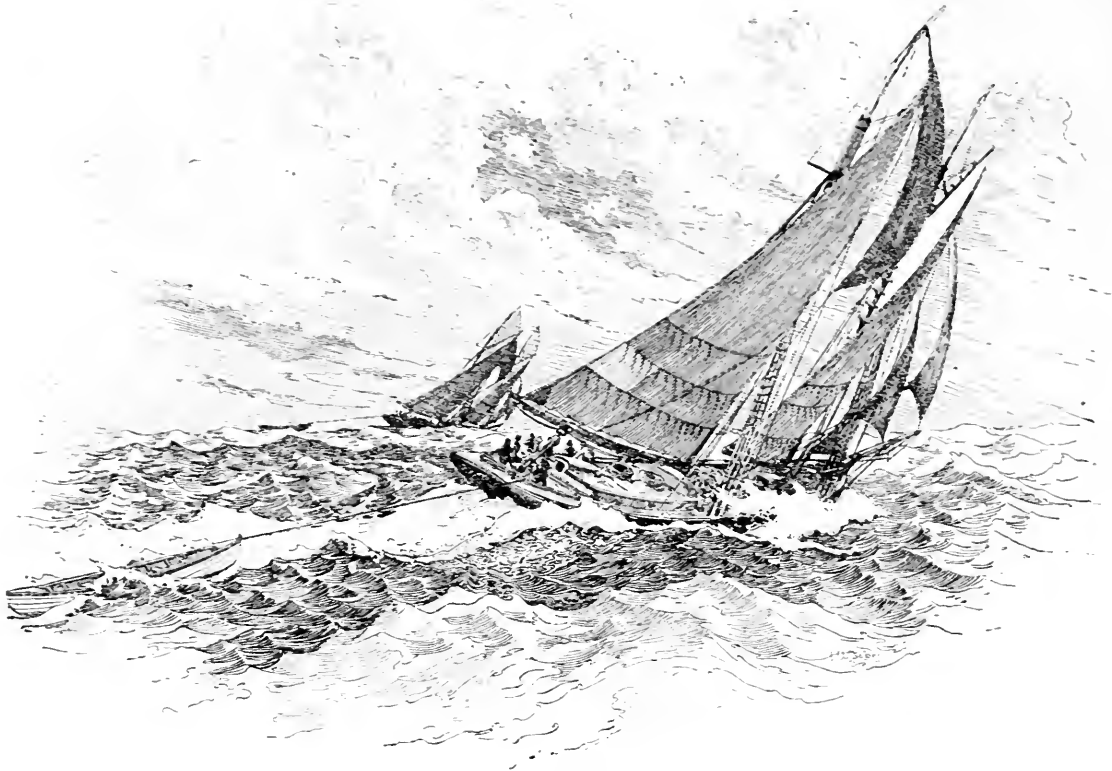
Our brothers still ; and not a heart that glows  
Or melts or trembles for its own, but knows  
The more defaced by want, or spent by sin,  
More deep the bond, more sure the claim of kin.

Our brothers still ; behold them as they pass,  
And in their faces see, as in a glass,  
Unkindness mirrored ; think you they shall bear  
Alone, the burden of the soul's despair ?

Our brothers still ; scan once again the street ;  
Who is it now that comes with lingering feet ?  
You had not guessed the truth until she smiled—  
Even so ; at once a harlot and a child !

Our brothers still ; else were the Voice a dream  
That spake, long ages since, by Jordan's stream  
Words which of blessing or of ban may be :  
"What to this child ye do, ye do to Me."





She's an able, handsome lady,  
And she's go-o-ing home.

## A CHASE OVERNIGHT

By James B. Connolly

THE Gloucester seining fleet had been cruising off Georges Bank, when one of those New England north-easters came swooping down on them. Thereupon, as nothing was to be gained by hanging on (you cannot set for mackerel in a gale), every vessel in the fleet made fast its dory in the waist, looked to the painter of the seine-boat astern, and then seventy or eighty seiners took on a beautiful slant and made a roaring regatta of it to Provincetown, the nearest port of refuge.

In the early morning hours this gale had struck in on Georges. It was somewhere along in the middle of the afternoon when the first of the fleet showed their noses past the little light-house that marks the entrance to the harbor of Provincetown. One after the other they came leaping past the light. It was a quick look to see how things lay, a haul over for one last leg, a rush across the harbor, a shoot into the wind, and then, after the fashion of tired gulls with wet wings, a

lowering of sodden sails and a thankful settling into handy anchorages.

By dusk of this stormy day most of the seining fleet was safely in. Of this Provincetown was soon made aware, for among these ten or twelve hundred robust fishermen there had to be the inevitable boisterous percentage with some tormenting energy to work off and who were not to be hushed. Such started in at sundown; and from then on, until dawn of next morning in many cases, they did what they could to keep that staid hamlet from drifting into a too early sleep.

But, after all, only a small number of the fishermen were of the riotous kind. The greater part, indeed, were sensible men, who preferred to stay aboard their own vessel for the evening, or to drop over and see an old shipmate or two on some other craft near by. These knew of old the delights of a fo'c's'le night in a snug harbor, with no watch to keep, no work to do; where one has only to talk

or listen, to "smoke up" and "mug up"; to keep his pipe going and to help himself to hot coffee off the stove and good grub out of the locker; to enjoy himself to the utmost in that region of bliss, where there is no hurry and all things are dry; to let one's soul simmer in that delicious atmosphere of tuneful song, stirring story, and reflective blue smoke; to hearken to the wailing of the winds without and to know, in delightful, reposeful security no less, that this time they are wailing for somebody else.

These deep-sea fishermen, in their heartiness of hospitality, are the chosen of the Lord. With them, the best in the locker is ever ready for the caller, be he castaway stranger, chance acquaintance, or cherished friend. Of the ways of their mates all fishermen are, of course, aware. And so, when two, who had been mildly celebrating ashore, dropped into their dory at the end of a long, planked dock, and set out in the direction of the harbor lights in Provincetown this night, it is likely that they were anticipating an agreeable finish to their evening. It was only midnight and there were yet some cheering hours to sun-up, when, by skippers' orders, the seining fleet would be standing out to sea again.

One of these two was a big man, "able-looking," a fisherman would have said; the build of the other signified less. The big man was easily in command. He sat on the after thwart, set the stroke, directed all movements, and attended to the hailing. It was well he owned a voice of rare power; one of only moderate force would have succumbed early to the opposition of the shrieking gale and the reluctance of comfortable people below to come up and answer bothersome questions.

They were looking, it would seem, for that reliable craft, the William Walker, which all men should know by her new-painted green sides, with gold stripe along the run, white mast-heads, and blue seine-boat towing. But a description dealing merely in color is but a poor guide at night, as many, many disturbed crews explained.

When the two left the long dock, the position of the William Walker had been plainly defined. "No'west by nothe—about; and ten minutes steady rowin'—about." Could anything be clearer? So,

when the two set out, their confidence had been a perfect thing. The big man, indeed, taking account of the blackness, had said: "We don't even need to get near enough to see her, Martin. Just a smell of her and we'll know her—" which was possibly true, but unfortunately, as was explained later, the wind was off-shore that night.

So round and round they rowed. The big man threw his voice into the recesses of comfortable bunks, and from these, wrathful men, who desired not to be disturbed, had to climb out and ascend to rain-swept decks, to answer curious questions as to the location of a lively schooner, the William Walker by name, with green-painted sides and gold stripe along the run, with white mast-heads, and blue seine-boat towing. The searchers were treated to some plain language after the first round of their uncertain route, notably from over the rails of that bunch of fine, able fishermen, the Eliza Parkhurst, the Norumbega, the Grayling, the Harry Belden, the Richard Wainright, all of Gloucester, and particularly when they disturbed the slumbers of those redoubtable old hookers, the Herald of the Morning and the Good Will to Men, also of Gloucester, from where, it is said, they hailed as privateersmen in their palmy days.

The two men in the dory had made the fleet pretty well acquainted with the distinguishing marks of their vessel, with the green-painted sides and the gold stripe along the run, with the white mast-heads and the blue seine-boat towing, but to no effect; and many times had they robustly hailed, "Aho-oy the Wil-l-iam Walker," but no William Walker rose up to greet them from out of the darkness of the night.

It was while they were waiting for the anathematic responses from the deck of the Good Will to Men (it was the third series from her deck), waiting for the voice of wrath to die down the wind, that the big man came to a final decision,

Resting dejectedly on his oars, the big man said: "Seventy-odd seiners here and every blessed one of 'em with a riding light up, and which is ours, Martin? It's as bad as the candles and the lookin'-glasses goin' 'round, ain't it? Look at 'em."

"Yes, 'tis kind of puzzlin'. What'll we do now?"

"Do? We'll go aboard the next vessel we find awake. We made a good try and even the skipper couldn't kick now. Pick out any one where there's a light below and we'll go aboard."

"Well, there's a fellow to wind'ard. I can't see onto her deck from here, but they must have a light below, for they're noisy enough for a christening. Listen to 'em."

"Yes. What's that they're singin'? Catch it?"

"Wait; they'll start again. There, hear it?"

Being to the leeward of the vessel indicated, the words came clearly enough to the men in the dory when they stopped rowing for a stroke or two.

She's the schooner Lucy Foster,  
She's a seiner out of Gloucester,  
She's an able, handsome lady,  
She can go.

The song seemed to inspire the big man. He at once set a stroke that made his dory mate pant. He explained by saying, "Martin, boy, but I must get into that. I don't know who they are, but I used to be seine-heaver on the Lucy. Hit her up." He put his broad back into the rowing and hummed the words while the chorus went on:

The way she'll walk to wind'ard,  
You would think that nothing hindered,  
She's an able, handsome lady,  
See her go.

That brought them to the side of the vessel. The big man was over the rail with a vault and a "Look to the painter, you, Martin." Onward went the fo'c's'le choir:

For—

She can sail to set you crazy,  
Not a timber in her's lazy,  
She's the handsome Lucy Foster  
And she's go-o-ing home.

The big man was down the gangway in time to swell the great tide that surged up to all throats for that last line.

"And she's go-o-ing home," he roared. "That was the girl, the Lucy. Hulloh, Johnnie Hardy! When'd you get in? Hulloh, Dannie—hulloh, Mike—hulloh, Ezra—hulloh, everybody. Drive her

again, boys. Drive her now." He swirled his great arm through the thick smoke by way of marking time, and the whole fo'c's'le, waving pipes or mugs to add emphasis, followed him with extreme unction. Men sitting on lockers, men lounging in bunks, men standing by the galley stove, made a stop in their eating, drinking, or smoking, to add vigor to the chant:

When she swings the main boom over  
And she feels the wind abaft,  
The way she'll walk to Gloucester'll  
Make a schooner look a raft.

"Hurroo, fellows! Drive her! Here's the best part of it. Now!—"

Oh, the Lucy's left the ground,  
And there's nothin' standing 'round  
Can hold the Lucy Foster  
When the Lucy's homeward bound.

"She was the girl, I tell you; warn't she, Johnnie Hardy? All hands, now, heave away and haul the Lucy home. Now then—whoop!—"

For she's the Lucy Foster,  
She's a seiner out of Gloucester,  
She's an able, handsome lady,  
And she's go-o-ing home.

"That's what, boys. Let Martin and me mug up and get over near the fire to dry out, and we'll have it again."

"And when did you get in, Steve Perkins?" shouted an uproarious half-dozen at once.

"Just before dark. But we went ashore, Martin and me, and we've been pullin' all over the bay tryin' to find the William Walker again. Seen anything of—"

"Aho-o-oy, aho-o-oy!" roared Hardy. "Seen anything of the William Walker 'round here? Green-painted sides, with a gold stripe along the run, white mast-heads and a little blue seine-boat towin'? Ho, ho," roared Hardy.

"Blessed Lord! How'd you know?"

"How? Have we no ears, man? And that was you, Steve? If we'd known, we'd have hove you a line. But we only says, 'Who in hell's that crazy man?' and didn't mind."

"That so? Well, what vessel's this?"

"Henry Clay Parker."

"No? The old Henry Clay?"

"Yes, sir, the old Henry C. Been fixed up down here a bit. New wood-work here and there, and a few planks for'ard since that last jam-up she had. Changed her looks some inside here, but she's the same old Henry you used to know, Steve."

"Good old Henry. The only vessel that ever beat the Lucy. Remember that, Johnnie?"

"M-m—. That was a race, that one. I was telling the boys here awhile ago—the date brought it up—and I got started telling what the Lucy could do. Five year ago to-night it was, Steve, and a night like to-night, outside. Blow? M-m—."

"It did blow, didn't it? There's lots of us glad to be here to-night with our gear safe; but that night we came through with everything that'd hang onto the hoops, didn't we, Johnnie?"

"Yes, sir. And it's queer now, Steve, you was on the Parker that time and I was on the Lucy."

"Yes; you with the Irishman and me with Billie Simms. There was a des-p'rate pair of fishermen for carryin' sail, Billie and the Irishman, and if an able seaman ever sailed out of Gloucester (and there's been one or two out of there, I guess), there was a pair of 'em. And that Irishman could sail a vessel, couldn't he?"

"Could he? Man, but he was a driver. But he was pretty shrewd, too, Stevie, outside of sailin' a vessel. He'd molded in thirty tons of lead next to her keel 'bout a month before that race, prayin' to catch the Parker in a breeze."

"Didn't we hear of it? And when Billie put into Halifax two trips before that—that time he said he'd have to get a new seine—didn't he make it his particular business to lay pig-iron enough under her floor to stiffen a kettle-bottomed coaster? Oh, you never heard anybody say, I guess, that Billie Simms didn't have all his senses any time, did you? And so, when the Lucy stood down to us that evenin', Billie began to grin to himself, for he knew what the Irishman was after."

"I mind the time well, Stevie. The Irishman sings out: 'Hello, Billie, you'll be headin' to the west'ard by the look o' things, soon?'"

"'Pretty soon, perhaps,' says Billie.

"'That's what I was thinkin',' says the Irishman, with his nice little breeze working easterly. 'I had it in my mind to run to market myself. And I says to myself, now I've got a couple of hundred barrels nice fat mackerel below, and, by the looks o' things, Billie Simms he's got a couple of hundred, too. Why, we ought to be fine company goin' home, thinks I, and while we're about it, we might try tacks on the way home, or have a fine run of it, if the wind stays easterly.'"

"'You mean you want to race the Lucy again the Henry?' says Billie.

"'Och, no. 'Tisn't me would be wantin' to make such a boast as to sail the little Lucy agin a big, able vessel like the Par-r-ker, Billie.'"

"And mind you, Stevie, they were the one tonnage—the Lucy a bit deeper, but the Henry a mite wider.

"'When it comes to heavy weather,' goes on the blarneyin' Irishman, 'the whole fleet knows the Par-r-ker, but just for the pure love of it, or for a bit of money, if you like it better, we might satisfy ourselves on a disputed p'int or two of sailin'.'"

"'You mean to race from here to Boston—to T wharf?' asks Billie.

"'Well, now, it might look like a race, but seein' that it's fair wind comin' and we're both goin' to market anyway,' and the Irishman and Billie went on—you know how they went on, Stevie."

"Yes. They both wanted to race bad enough, but the Irishman wanted to have it to say afterward that he didn't come lookin' for a race, and Billie wanted to make it look as though the Irishman caught him kind of unready like and forced him into it—there'd be more credit in winnin', if they could make people believe something like that.

"And both of them primed for it, with ballast just right for a blow, and fish and salt stowed as careful below as if it was for th' America's cup. Well, to shorten up the story, boys, they bet their share of the trip; that is, what would be coming to them from their share as one of the crew, their skipper's percentage and their share as owner—each of them owned half his vessel. That was it, warn't it, Johnnie?"

"That's right. Twelve hundred and odd dollars apiece put up on that race."

"That's it, twelve hundred and a few dollars—thirty-seven something, I think."

"And the Irishman thought it was just as good as his before they started at all. When we put after the Parker, he says: 'B'ys, there'll be somethin' for all hands out o' this. Nobody turns in to-night. Crack everything onto her now when she comes about—tops'ls, stays'l, big jib and balloon—and we'll put after the Par-r-ker. There's a man knows the Georges, Billie Simms. He'll do for our pilot and we'll keep him in sight.' The Irishman was only two years out of Galway then, and he wasn't acquainted with the Banks like your skipper, Steve."

"As far as that went, Johnnie, there warn't many of 'em knew the Georges like old Billie. And you'd better believe that when Billie 'greed to race he knew just what he was about. He had no sentimental notions about the Henry Clay. He knew well's anybody that the Parker couldn't hold the Lucy Foster in fair, straight sailin'. He said as much when he pointed her up and takes a look at the Lucy over into the wind astern."

"'Boys,' says Billie, 'it's goin' to be a gale in a hurry, the way things is lookin' now. And there ain't no vessel of her tonnage afloat 'll beat the Lucy Foster into port with the Irishman aboard in heavy weather. They talk about her bein' a summer-weather boat and all that sort of foolishness, but I know better. She'll stand up if she's druv to it and there's the man'll drive her to it. But for all that we'll come pretty near beatin' the Irishman t'night. Put her kites on and let her roll into it. We'll hang onto 'em's long's we can.'

"So we put on every stitch and she began to roll into it for fair. We could just make out the Lucy then. That was about seven o'clock and we'd just got our lights up."

"I remember it, Steve. We was trailin' your green light's close as we could. The Irishman said he was going to stay on your quarter till we were off the Banks. Once clear of the shoals he said he was goin' to say good-by."

"Yes. Billie figured the Irishman'd play it about that way. You know what real shoal spots there is all along to the west'ard of where we were then. Billie

knew them so well that he had a chart of his own. He had things down on that chart that weren't down on any gover'ment chart. Soon's we got fair away he gave me the wheel and went down and got out that private chart of his and began to study it on the cabin floor. He had the lead kept goin', too. Billie was a 'genius cuss with charts. He had red, blue, and green colored ink on this one for diff'rent shoals. One bad shoal was all in red; sixteen feet of water's all there was there. Billie kept his finger on that spot a long time and studied all 'round it. Every once in a while he'd sing out, 'See what's under us now,' and Archie Nickerson'd heave the lead and sing out what it was there. And Willie'd say, 'Keep her as she is for a while, Steve,' and I'd keep her jammed up to it, almost due no'the—'bout half a point east. We was certainly goin' along then."

"Bime-by, Billie comes up from his chart and takes a look at the bottom of the lead and begins to study. Pretty soon he sings out all at once: 'Stand ready to blow out the side-lights when I give the word—a man to each and both together. Steve,'—he turns to me—'you and me'll hold this wheel the rest of this night. We'll let her go off now four points good. Yes, more yet—there—'bout no'west. Let her run that way. Now let that lead go again there. We'll shake up the Irishman afore a great while."

"Then the lead goes and we gets twenty fathom. Pretty soon comes fifteen fathom. Then it comes fourteen, thirteen—twelve—eleven—ten-n-n. When it got to ten fathom it held awhile. We was thinkin' you fellows on the Lucy, Johnnie, was feelin' kind o' queer 'bout then—ten fathom and shoalin.' Of course you kept the lead goin'?"

"You better believe we kept it goin' and watched it comin'. When it got down to ten fathom the Irishman began to get interested. 'Ten fathom, is it?' he says. 'Faith, it's deep enough in itself, but that's gin'rally as shoal as I sail my own vessel at night in a blow on Georges. But Billie knows where he's goin' or if he don't, then he ought to.' Then we got nine fathom. He didn't say anything. When it came eight, he didn't open his head, either; but he begins to watch the compass and from that to lookin' ahead after the Parker's

green light—we could see your starboard light all the time, we being to wind'ard. When it comes seven fathom, he begins to get warmed up. 'Blessed Mother,' he says, 'but Billie Simms will be taking us off Georges by a short cut. Keep the lead hove and—up for'ard there—don't lose sight of the Par-r-ker's light.'"

"And how'd he take it when it got still shoaler?"

"When we sings out 'Si-i-ix,' he only says, 'Skatin' pur-rty close, that, b'ys.' And then we says 'Fi-i-ive,' and we roars it out, because we were beginning to get worried, knowing the desp'rate kind of a man he was. But he only walks backward and for'ard, nervous like, between the house and the rail to wind'ard and says, 'Well, b'ys, it's but six inches in draught betune us, and what's six inches?—where there's a channel for the Par-r-ker we'll find one for the Lucy. Hould as near in her wake as you can—to Archie Drum at the wheel. 'Don't let her light get away from you, Archie b'y, or we'll be bakin' in pur-r-gatory before mor-r-nin'.'"

"Then we sung out—'Fo-our and a ha-a-alf-f!' and then—'Fo-o-our-r! Thre-e-e and a ha-a-alf-f, THREE-E-E AND A HA-A-ALF-F'—we hollered it twice, just to wake him up to it. In twenty-one feet of water and it shoalin' and we drawin' fifteen! and goin' into it at about fourteen knots an hour. The Irishman runs for'ard at that, jumps into the fore-riggin' and looks ahead. We gets three fathom. We roared it out so you could hear us a mile, I guess, and then——"

"The Lucy's lights went out, Johnnie."

"Yes, just then I guess it was, Stevie; for the lookout hollered out somethin' and the Irishman comes jumpin' back aft.

"'Hard up, hard up!' he yells to Archie. 'Swing her off, swing her off, the Parker's gone under—Billie drove her to it, by hell! Swing her off, or we'll find bottom, too! Let jibs, tops'l and stays'l tacks and sheets run! Turn loose balloon halliards and take in on downhaul! Stand by to ease fore and main sheets! Jump to it, b'ys, jump to it!' Well, sir, I don't know whatever saved that vessel from capsizing with the sail she had on. We worked like streaks, but she had to come 'round in a hurry, and the way that the

Irishman and Archie at the wheel drove them spokes up was a caution.

"She laid over to it till the sea was in the companion-way. She laid over so fast that we thought it was all up—rolled over on her side, and so fast that Archie Drum let go the wheel; let go and would have left it altogether, only the Irishman grits out: 'Hang on, man, hang on. Blessed Mother! don't you know better than to let her come up with all that water on her deck? Hold her to it till she gets a chance to roll it over the way it came!' Yes, sir, that was the Irishman for you. He let her have it for fair—buried her under it. We grabbed hold of rings-bolts and sheets to keep from sliding overboard to le'ward. But she came up. 'I knew she'd come,' says he, 'far 'twas meself that saw to her ballast and she had to come, b'ys—if the ballast didn't shift.' She was sure enough a vessel and we didn't blame the skipper then for the way he was stuck on her. But what did you fellows do on the Parker then, Steve?"

"Well, when we saw the Lucy's port light work out of sight and then the green light go swingin' across our stern and then the port light again go tearin' away from us, we knew how it had been on the Lucy. How Billie cackled! 'There,' he says, 'he's the Mad Irishman, sure enough; but I'll bet something nice that them three-fathom soundings and our lights goin' out with it made him hop. Ho, ho! and another cable length and he'd been clear over it and in water as safe as the middle of the Atlantic.' Then Billie ordered in the light sails. 'We've been takin' too many chances with them, tryin' to set a pace for the Lucy.' And then what do you suppose he did? Headed her more westerly than she was before. Yes, sir; west no'west—straight for Cape Cod. There was a short cut for you. 'And hold that course till we're by Highland Light, he says, 'and then we'll put her straight's she'll go for Minot's. Ha, ha!' laughs Billie. We could hear him above the wind—'Think of the Irishman beatin' to the no'th'ard and we gettin' it two points abaft the beam under all we can carry! Ha, ha!' My, but Billie laughed."

"Yes, and we'd ha' been beatin' to the no'th'ard yet, I guess, Steve, if the Irishman hadn't got to thinkin' over the way



the Parker went out of sight. It was gettin' on toward midnight. We'd shortened sail after we thought the Parker went down, and we was feelin' pretty blue, thinkin' of all you fellows gone. We were all up on deck, when all of a sudden the Irishman began to swear. He was swearin' so fast that we couldn't keep up with him—half of it in Irish.

" 'Let her wear 'round,' he yells, to Dannie Hickey at the wheel. 'Let her come 'round till the wind's over the quarter. Put her west half no'the—that will be bringin' us to Highland Light. I don't believe that dom Billie Simms is gone down at all. Cr-a-ack on all she's got now, b'ys. We'll get them yet, we'll get the divils yet. Would you think a Christian'd play such a thrick? But we'll get them, we'll have them be mor-r-nin'. We'll show them yet what the little gur-rl can do.' "

" You must have come then, Johnnie? "

" Come? Man, she was an ocean liner hooked up. You must know, when the Parker came a hundred and twenty miles or so in nine hours, how we came. Come? She fair leaped with every for'ard jump. On my soul, I thought she'd pull the spars out of herself. She was boiling along, fair boiling, man. She'd stand up on her rudder and throw her breast at the clouds, then she'd bury her knight-heads under. But she didn't carry all her sail long. That fancy six-hundred-yard balloon, the sentimental summer-gauze balloon, as the fleet called it, didn't stay on a great while. W-ur-r-up! and 'twas up in the sky. But she went along. 'Can you sail, you little divil, can you sail?' the Irishman kept sayin'. 'We'll show them, we'll show them. Go it, my Lucy, go it.' Man, but we came along. She fair screeched, did the Lucy, that night. Just think of it, Steve—she, with that howling no'th-easter over the quarter and the Parker somewhere ahead! Could they fix things better for her to sail? Yes, sir, she screeched and the Irishman stampin' up and down between the house and the wind'ard rail. And never a let up all that night. I'll bet old Billie was some surprised when he saw us in the mornin'."

" Warn't he! Warn't all of us on the Parker? 'Twas barely sun-up and we were inside Minot's Light, fair in the harbor,

you might say, and Billie'd just said: 'Well, boys, I guess we can let up on her now. The wind's jumpin' to the no'west and risin' too. I wonder where the Irishman is now, with his circular no'therly courses.' He hadn't half said that when somebody hollered: 'Hi, skipper, who's that astern?'

" We all looked and damned if there warn't the Lucy. She warn't too plain—it was a dark kind of a sun-up, you know—but anybody could tell the Lucy as far as they could see her.

" Billie looks. 'What the devil—the Lucy!' he says. 'And drivin'? My soul, look at her comin'! Make sail!' he hollers. 'Up with them tops'ls and balloon. Up with them!' he hollers. 'Somebody shift tacks for that fore tops'l there. We'll jibe over and shoot through The Narrows. Bend on that stays'l, boys! Fly—fly—boys! the devil himself is after us now.' We made sail. It was howlin' from the no'west now, mind you, and we tackin' up The Narrows.

" Whis-s-st! went the big balloon from the bolt ropes. Whis-s-st! went the fore tops'l—nothing left of that but a few rags and the bolt rope bangin' round on the hoops. And we wasn't a bit sorry when the tops'l went—shiftin' tacks in a bloody no'wester, ain't no joke up aloft, not the way the Parker was diving."

" We saw them go, Steve. Oh, the Irishman hopped around and laughed. 'We'll get them yet! We can carry them!' he was yellin' and then the gale took an extra good grip on the Lucy's foretops'l that she'd carried all night long and pulled it out by the roots. Our two topmast heads was springin' together all this time like they was two whips, and the Irishman fit to be nailed up in a mackerel barrel, he was so mad. And then when he saw the Parker shoot into The Narrows—! The Narrows, of all the places in a no'wester—The Narrows in Boston Harbor with a big fisherman at that tide!"

" Well, Billie knew his business that time, Johnnie. It was tack, tack, tack, all the way through. Eight times we tacked before we were clear of it. You see, Billie figured he could take more chances than the Irishman here, he knew the harbor so well. 'Twas like the short cuts on Georges. But the devil was in the Irishman. Where

we went he followed. We took some chances on the Parker, but imagine the Lucy pilin' on behind us and the skipper barely knowin' the regular channel—a Galway fisherman two years out!"

"Well, we came to the last reach. 'I'm doubtful about this one, boys,' says Billie. 'But I don't care much if she does hit. If I don't crowd her by and we have to put back, the Irishman 'll beat us in. And I'd just as soon have the Henry pile up anywhere along here, as have that happen this trip now. If she can't get by, why she can't, that's all; but we'll know we made a try for it. If the Lucy comes after us, she's takin' more chances yet.'

"But the fairies were with us, as the Irishman would say. We slid by and out, and then we humped it for the dock. We looked to see how you fellows made out, Johnnie.

"'My soul, but he's a game one,' says Billie, watchin' the Irishman. 'Look at him bangin' her right up where we went. I know he's never been through The Narrows in his life. But it don't matter—the devil and a steamer couldn't get us now, if nothin' parts.'

"Billie began to take more short cuts. We went over places I'll swear charts said we couldn't. But we had to—there was the Irishman comin' hand over fist. Wherever the Parker went, there was the Lucy along pretty soon. It was a race and it warn't ended till both vessels were at the wharf.

"Well, Billie just barely got it. When we made to shoot into the slip, there was the Irishman roundin' to under our stern. He was standin' aft by the wheel himself. When he comes abreast of us in the dock—our stern-line was barely made fast when his was hove upon the wharf—he shakes his fist at Billie.

"'You win in all truth,' Billie Simms, 'but which vessel, think ye, is the best after all?'

"'Oh,' says Billie, laughin', 'this ain't been no race. We just happened to be ready to run to market, as you remarked last night, and here we are. This old pung 'll do to carry home fish in a pinch, but if I had a good vessel, a real good vessel, like some I know in the fleet——'

"'A good vessel? Go and get one, Billie Simms. Build one of the Lucy's

tonnage and I'll race you vessel agin vessel and the winner take them both. I'll show you the way, Billie Simms, from here to Georges and back again, or from here to hell—and back again, if we can get back.'

"'Oh, don't get so hot over it. I'm not sayin' the Lucy ain't a pretty good vessel. In summer breezes now, I ain't the least doubt she'd keep up with most any of the seinin' fleet—most any of 'em.'

The big seine-heaver halted here in his narrative while he poured himself out a mug of coffee from the boiler on the stove and helped himself to a wedge of pie from the grub locker. But some of the crew rose up from lockers and bunks and queried impatiently, "And what did the Irishman say to that?"

"H-m-m——. What did he say? Ask Johnnie there—he was nearer than me to him. What did he say, Johnnie?"

"What did he say? Well, let it go, what he said. Some of you young men wouldn't be improved by hearin' what the Irishman said to Billie. I couldn't repeat it in cold blood. I'd have to have provocation, like the Irishman, you see. But the two of them got over it. After they'd sold their fish, they get together in the Parker's cabin and Billie admits that so far as he knew the Lucy was the fastest vessel of her tonnage, take her on all-'round sailin', goin' out of Boston or Gloucester. Of course, that pleased the Irishman and he said that Billie always was an able seaman, and then—this was after they'd sold their fish and settled up—Billie let him make a copy of that private chart of the Georges. And while the Irishman was makin' it, Billie says: 'I never before let anybody make a copy of that chart—nobody but you. It 'll be worth a lot to you, that chart,' says Billie.

"At that the Irishman looks up at Billie. 'Will it be worth twelve hundred dollars to me ever, d'ye think?'

"'H-m-m,' says Billie, 'I dunno; but it's been worth twelve hundred to me,' and then he laughs, and then the Irishman laughs. And afterward they went up on Atlantic Avenue and had a few drinks together. And I guess nobody ever worked any short cuts or beat the Irishman off the Georges since."

"No," said the big man, replacing his

empty mug in the locker. "No, I'll bet they didn't. Boys, I could talk till this fo'c's'le was black about the Lucy and the Irishman. I was seine-heaver on her for two seasons. But me and Martin 'll have to be goin' along and hunt up the William Walker. In this light I guess we'll be able to make out her green sides and blue seine-boat. Good-by, Johnnie; good-by, everybody."

From the rigging of the Parker they picked out their vessel easily enough in the growing light. On the way they passed the famous Lucy, clear white at this time, with a gold stripe along her run. Steve stopped rowing to admire her.

"She cert'nly do look beau-ti-ful, the Lucy. She's a man for strength and a woman for good looks. A lady's yacht lyin' there, but a fisherman when there's somethin' doin'—able for the highest wind and the biggest sea that ever came out of the North Atlantic. Give me the Lucy in a gale, before all the three-stack liners that ever steamed out of New York. She'll shake you up—she'll jump—my soul but she'll jump! She's a little thing

and needs to be lively to get out of the way, but, man, she'll bring you home at last, and that's the main thing with men that fish on the Banks. Watch her, Martin. Watch her an hour from now, when the sun's lookin' up over the Cape Cod shore and see the way she'll trip in and out among the fleet. When you see her round The Race and lay her thirty-odd foot spike bowsprit s'uth-east by east—about—then you'll surely know the seining fleet is standin' out to sea. For

' At three o'clock the cook he stirred  
To bake the fine hot bread,  
At four the skipper passed the word  
That jumped us out of bed;  
In half an hour we'd made all sail  
And broke the mud-hooks free,  
At five o'clock the seining fleet  
Was standing out to sea."

And once again the big man roared it out:

And at fi-ive o'clock the sei-eining fleet  
Was standing out to sea.

And with that he and Martin boarded the long-sought William Walker.

## TO A RUSSIAN SAMOVAR

By John Cadmus

To me thou art the Russian's avatar,  
Thou sullen yet peace-purring samovar;  
The bitter tea of thy pan-slavic brew,  
From leaves that once in Chinese gardens grew,  
Stirs all the nations' tongues to gossiping  
Of fleets and forts and world-partitioning;  
While thou, all hearing, art as taciturn  
As any sombre cinerary urn.



## THE POINT OF VIEW

**M**R. HOWELLS, reviewing Mr. Stedman's "American Anthology," observed toward the close of his appreciative comments that an alien critic, summing up his impressions of a hundred years of American poetry, might conceivably feel in the record a "comparative thinness."

American  
"Tempera-  
ment."

As to that presumable feeling of the foreign critic, it was not quite clear whether or not Mr. Howells, in a measure, shared it. But a few remarks which he made concerning that "stuff of poetry" that may be considered the highest, bore significantly on the point in question. The best material for great poetry, said Mr. Howells—and no one will dispute it—is that yielded by a half-mythical, heroic past; nor can great "national epochs" take the place, for the purposes of poetry, of such a past. In other terms, it is not out of national consciousness that great poetry springs, but out of *personal* feeling: the sort of feeling that, in the epic, can centre about semi-mythical personages and situations, and pour itself forth in a passion of ideality, a wealth of imagination, founded on the experiences of reality yet unhampered by them. As it might be objected that the highest period of American poetry coincided with a great "national epoch," that of the struggle against slavery, Mr. Howells very rightly made clear the share, that feeling—feeling for humanity—had borne in that national crisis. It was because that share was so large, because that feeling was so deep, that the resultant poetry was so good.

This matter is very interesting just now that so much has been done by Americans in all the arts as to make an American art-influence a real thing, or, anyway, a potential thing, in the world. Time was when nothing of the kind existed. But one may well ask now, and try to find out, what the distinctive element may be that Americans are apt to bring into the arts. Such investigations are difficult, since every art must create special faculties in its adepts. We shall, at least on the surface, not be able to recognize in the American painters of the day, for ex-

ample, the same characteristics as in the American novelists. The best of our artists are particularly noted among foreign critics for their technic. The fault, on the other side, that the average British critic to-day finds with the average successful American novel is that its workmanship is inferior; inferior to its plot-building and invention. And so with further comparisons that one might make between one art and another. All the same, there is one trait that belongs in common to every artistic effort of Americans, and that is the *cerebrality*, if the word may pass, of such effort.

That is saying that we Americans bring less temperament into what we do in the arts than other people. And to say this, again, is to explain the cause of that "comparative thinness" in American poetry which Mr. Howells, forestalling a verdict that seemed to hang in the air, suggested as possibly striking a stranger. What produces temperament in a people? Is it that half-mythical, heroic past which feeds the imagination? Must a people have had a long past, and a great deal of varied history, to possess temperament? Will climatic conditions bestow it? Whatever the conclusion, it is impossible not to perceive an apparently inevitable tendency, on the one hand, to great cleverness, ingenuity, dexterity, device, in all art-expressions of Americans, and, on the other, a fear, as it were, of the fundamental *feeling* which first started the impulse toward art-expression on its way. Looking below the surface, one sees that it is this ingenuity, this Yankee handiness, that makes, in their field, the splendid *faire* of certain of our representative painters; just as it makes the "go" and the story-telling facility of the contemporary American novelist in his. The head is always in the ascendant. The proper art-impulse, however, is, in its origin, not a cerebral phenomenon; it is always a mode of the thing which we call temperament.

Temperament is probably best defined as a great love of life in all its forms. Such love of life as this was in Shakespeare, in Michael Angelo, in Richard Wagner. It would be

absurd to affirm that without it nothing really great has ever been done. Some of the immortal things in art have been inspired by a spiritual mood so lofty that it looked quite beyond life; beyond, that is, its earthly circumstances. Yet the warm, close place in the hearts of men is always for those whose art has reflected the multitudinous existence of this planet with a passion for it all. The American loves life enough, in all conscience; overflows enough with vitality. It is a part, nevertheless, of the elements that have gone to shape him that he has, as to certain outlets for vitality, as to certain forms of life, his definite reserves. As students of ethics we may honor him the more for that reason. As students of the art-product it is another matter. The fear of too much feeling, the avoidance of the personal, lyrical outburst—or simply the absence of either—are merely impoverishment there. Temperament is only the raw material of art, and the better judgment will never much care to see it exhibiting itself quite in the rough—a thing which, on occasion, has been possible to the art-product of Americans as well as to that of others. But it will wish to be conscious of a withheld hint, in poet and painter, sculptor and musician, of those many-sided temperamental possibilities that give body and thickness to what they do. And whether it will be more conscious of this as time goes on, is really the vital question concerning the future status and quality of all American art.

FEW things ought to have more interest for the reflective mind than to trace the birth and course of development through the centuries, of those various paramount ideals—such as the worship of ancestry, the desire for personal liberty, etc.—that at different times have profoundly influenced the thoughts and conduct of men.

The New Interest in Posterity. There are signs just now that appear to indicate that another of these is about to enter upon its career among us. Interest in posterity is really, so far as practical manifestations go, quite a new ideal. Of course there has been an indefinite belief for ages that a type of man would come into being in time that would be as superior to the man of to-day as the man of to-day is superior to the ancestral cave-dweller. But it has certainly hitherto not occurred to any considerable number even of the most intelligent individuals to regard themselves as

personally and actively committed to the furthering of that ultimate consummation. People in general have, in plain words, had a very small interest in posterity. After them the deluge has been their sentiment; and after the deluge there might be—what there might be. The idea of the eventual possible moral and physical magnificence attainable by mankind on this globe, any idea such as that of Nietzsche's *Uebermensch*, was something to conceive of theoretically with vague complacency. But the imagination did not often take actual hold of the thought, much less make it vivid, present, compelling. Very few were the persons who cared enough about that far-off prospect of perfection to feel that it laid any duty upon them, individually. The coming race would only come by propagation of the best human traits. But not many were goaded by a very strong desire, perhaps, to begin to propagate for their own part only such traits, in order that the coming might be the surer.

Perhaps it would not be easy to show that there is much change in this respect now. Nevertheless, it cannot escape a close observer that the sense of duty to the race, of obligation to posterity, is growing gradually to mean to the more intelligent portion of society what it has not meant heretofore. And the significant example is, of course, the altered attitude of parents toward their children—of all elders toward the young. Since the days of the Roman fathers, whose authority was absolute over every action of their middle-aged sons, we have travelled far. There is a disposition, steadily on the increase, to look upon the individuality of every child—positively of every infant—as a sacred possession of his own from which (in the main) parents and teachers should keep their hands. Possibly we owe this different view of the rights of parental control to the awed modern perception of that law by which no motion, no action, can take place in any direction whatsoever without producing consequences practically endless, and never wholly to be foreseen, somewhere else. This law, which science knows as the conservation of force, and poetry defines as inability to

Stir a flower  
Without troubling of a star—

once grasped, at least in its more general implications, men and women are apt to be-

come much more chary of coercion of others, even of those "belonging to them"—and far less confident in moulding a growing personality, without appeal, upon their own notions. Whatever may be the cause, this is certain—that where there is enlightenment to-day there is also an increasing suspicion that the right of one generation to extend its influence in arbitrary personal ways over the next generation is distinctly limited.

This new, almost timid bearing of the actual generation toward the on-coming one, this inclination to minimize the value of acquired experience whenever it comes in conflict with the claims of a strong young personality, is very much deprecated in many quarters, as everyone knows. It is a current phrase that there is no more absolute training of children; that there is no more reverence for authority in the home. Those who take instinctively the gloomier view have a feeling that, with things going on at this pace, there will soon be a complete loss of some of those finer graces that can only be instilled in young people by tradition.

Fears of this sort may possibly be founded. Yet this tendency to yield consideration, respect even, to the idiosyncrasies of the next generation is so strongly marked throughout the whole of our life, and is supported by so many other characteristics of our time, that we shall evidently be obliged to accept it with all its results, good and bad. Hard as the fact may be to many of our inherited reverences, great and subtle in many directions as may be the changes that we can foresee in consequence, it seems to be as clear that we are passing into a period of idealistic interest in posterity as it is certain that we have passed out of the period of idealistic worship of ancestry. The next generation is, practically, the whole of posterity to any man. It is the whole of posterity to him in so far as he will have any direct effect upon it. Individualize sharply the children that are given to you, and presently you begin also sharply to individualize the entire conception of Race. The new position of youth defines the altered view that society is beginning to have of the whole subject of its earthly future.

The first idea that comes to a parent who is no longer very sure that his theories and preachments are infallibly the best possible for sons and daughters with an individuality entirely distinct from his own, is that the

safest influence he can, after all, rely upon is good example. That will be his idea, at least, if he be an intelligent parent. In short, he may moralize less, but he will mind his own steps a little more. And this, naturally, is all that is required for the eventual improvement of the whole human stock. By all of which we may see how many excellent average persons, regarded by their friends as a little "weak" in the management of their offspring, are to-day, without being in the least conscious of it themselves, moving in the line of the latest ideals; demonstrating practically the new interest in posterity, and—always without being aware of it—preparing zealously the way for that problematical Coming Man.

TO anyone taking an interest of a sober kind in the various aspects of the "feminist" question, there is much suggestiveness in the views that M. Ferdinand Brunetière has repeatedly expressed concerning the contributions of women to literature. The eminent French critic believes that the new interest in social problems that gives to the contemporary fiction of all countries its distinctive stamp is largely due to women writers; and lauds them, and congratulates society in general, in consequence of the fact. As to his own countrywomen, he holds their work in letters, however, in such high esteem altogether, and reckons their influence at so great a figure, that he has declared that without them the literature of France would never have been what it is.

Women as Individualists.

These are striking opinions coming from one who could not be accused of a sentimental bias in his judgments; and it must be said that they seem particularly so in an English-speaking country. For while English-speaking countries are the countries that give to women most of their rights and liberties, those who live in them do not usually hear the contributions of women to any department of the intellectual life seriously classed as indispensable. It is rather curious, when we think about it, that this should be so. But the fact is plain. Yet, in the case of women of letters, the person who rapidly goes over in his mind the names of those French women who have gained celebrity, and compares them with the women writers of different lands, does not perceive in the work which they stand for any superiority



over that of others. The great women of letters of France do not seem to have been greater than the great women of letters of England. In the one instance, nevertheless, we have a careful and conservative critic maintaining that the feminine note could not be eliminated from a great literature without making the whole incalculably the poorer; and, in the other, we have an absence apparently of belief that this same note (however greatly valued in concrete cases) is really vital. French literature would not be what it is without women; but English literature would be what it is if no woman had ever written.

Perhaps this last statement has not actually been made; but certainly it would not be denied, either. And if the gifts of the writers have been equal in degree on both sides, why should they be rated so differently? M. Brunetière would reply, because the social element has been more defined, is better developed, in the literary output of his countrywomen. It is open to novel-readers to prefer George Eliot to George Sand, or the other way about: to prefer one to the other for style, for choice of matter, and so forth. Yet the really important point to note in the comparison, according to M. Brunetière, would evidently be that the Frenchwoman was much more a social being than the Englishwoman, and that her books testified to the fact. The extra-social utterances of George Sand belonged to the creed of her storm-and-stress period. As she grew in maturity as a writer she took more and more the common, the collective stand-point in all things. In George Eliot, on the other hand, while she felt deeply the claims of the common humanity and labored to express them, there remained always something of the solitary; a disposition which made the portrayal of the Felix Holts, the Derondas, whom the chances

of blood or circumstance keep a little aloof and prevent quite from fusing with their kind, always rather congenial to her. George Eliot, in short, was an individualist; as the Brontë sisters were individualists; and as very few French women of letters have been individualists ever. George Eliot and the Brontës shared in what is the genius of English literature in its entirety. The women writers showed the same individualistic tendencies as the men; even as in France they show that element of sociality in what they do which M. Brunetière himself has so often insisted upon as constituting the "essential character" of French letters. The deduction is simple: as individualists, expressing themselves among men who are individualists also, women have not the power which as socializing agents, working in communities where the social element ranks high, they assuredly possess.

Is this to be regarded as a substantial presentation of the situation? If so, the light thrown on the "proper field" of the mental activity of women is significant. They do not authoritatively impose and impress themselves as individualists because, as such, they are not in their own line. And our complaint—and it is very frequent in English-speaking countries—that the sex does not invent, reform, create, as much as it might, shows deficient primary understanding of the basis of the problem of feminism. Our Gallic neighbors know better. They know that it is the business of women, rather, *not* to be original. Not to invent the new, but to arrange, systematize, decently dispose the old. Not to reform, but to conserve. As they don't ask of the sex what it can't give, they appreciate the more what it can. And their insight and common-sense in the matter, and their delicate perception of values, are an admirable lesson to us.

## THE FIELD OF ART



From a copyrighted photograph  
by Klackner, New York.

### *THE STORY OF A PAINTED CEILING*

**E**VEN to the producer, the genesis of a work of art is frequently difficult to trace. Before even a minor work is completed so many mental and technical processes have been followed each in its turn that the initial step is forgotten. It has been necessary therefore for the writer to choose in a numerous and varied production one of his works which from its first conception has followed a somewhat orderly progression in order to make clear to a lay-reader the history of the decorative ceiling here reproduced.

It was a cloud gilded by the late afternoon

sun which gave the initial impulse for the picture whose history I have undertaken to relate.

It was toward the close of a long day devoted to a design for a book-cover. There was an apparently endless amount of repeated ornament in the design which in the earlier hours had held interest for me, but the repetition of the same fixed forms found me late in the day in a state of mind familiar to designers of ornament—wearied in head and hand and eye. The golden tinted cloud floating past my studio-window sufficed for a diversion and prompted me to that species of relaxation which change of character of work

frequently brings to the artist. I took a clean canvas and a few pastels and began, in a half-purposeless way—I hardly knew what.

It was early autumn, and through the day, as my hand followed mechanically the curves and intricacies of my ornamental design, there had run in my mind the line from Buchanan Read's "Closing Scene"—

Like some tired reaper in his hours of ease.

This, added to the rosy cloud, may have served as a point of departure. A few random strokes, and there first appeared the inclusion of a pyramidal form evolving itself into three figures within a circle. One of the figures standing upright, the other reclining at her feet almost forming a right angle, did not, in studio parlance, "compose" well, and a third figure, kneeling, came, naturally enough, to form at an angle on the left a conjunction between the two. Then it occurred to me, and not till then, that the figure stretched at ease on the ground might express the "tired reaper," and the addition of a sickle, and a few cut sheaves of grain, as a couch, came in their turn. The kneeling figure on the left was then endowed with another sheaf which, uplifting as an offering to the upright or principal figure, might (by the license which traffickers in allegory allow themselves) be thought to typify the transition of the grain into wheat. This thought dictated the employment of the remaining figure, which was given a sieve through which the winnowed wheat fell in a golden stream to the right, forming the completing line of the pyramidal composition and the completion of the thought, such as it was.

The thought, the subject of the composition, may thus be taken as representing the progression of the harvest. In color the whole was conceived upon the basis of the golden cloud, and draperies of orange, faded rose-color and warm green contributed to the effort to realize the title of "Golden Autumn," which the sketch and its later realization received.

This particular sketch, born of the lassitude of an exacting task, of a floating cloud and a line of poetry, shared the fate of many similar efforts to preserve some record of a passing mood. It was either lost or, more

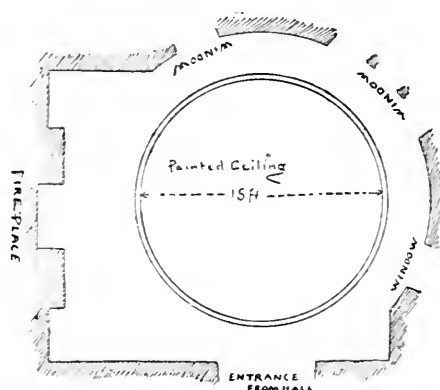
probably, some other and for the nonce more insistent composition was painted over it.

At all events, it had disappeared and was apparently forgotten when, eight or ten years later, I was asked to undertake the decoration of the ceiling of a drawing-room in a private residence in New York City.

In the brief history of our nascent decorative painting our artists have been asked too often to decorate rooms existing only in the architect's drawings, and our modern haste is such that the painted panel, frieze, or ceiling must be ready when the building is finished. Hence the artist is called upon to execute his task with only a theoretical knowledge of what the surroundings of his work will be, and the elements of quality and scale of ornament, of the general color and of the lighting of the room, must all be imagined upon a basis of former experience or pure divination. Fortunately this particular house had been built for some years, and I was able to put into practice the golden rule which governed the greatest of modern decorative painters, Puvis de Chavannes. It was once my privilege to have him describe to me his method of preliminary study. "When I was asked to do the Hemicycle of the Sorbonne," he said, "I arranged to pass the better part of my days in the hall and before the space which my painting was to occupy. There I stayed, studying the lighting, the proportions of my panel, its distance from the spectator, until, little by little, the vision of my picture appeared to me, so very like what I ultimately placed there that you would be astonished could you see it as I did."

Intent upon following such a precedent, I sought the room which I was to decorate. It is in a house designed by the late Richard M. Hunt, and built upon a corner lot on upper Fifth Avenue, facing Central Park. A tower occupied the angle formed by the avenue and the intersecting

street, giving to two sides of a room, nearly square in proportion, the form of a large segment of a circle, the other two sides remaining rectangular. The subjoined plan of the room will show its proportion and form, as well as the position of the windows by which my work was to be lit. The





room is panelled in wood painted a warm ivory white, covering the walls up to twelve inches of the ceiling, which is flat and without cornice or moulding at its junction with the wall. A rug, in pale yellow and old rose colors, covers the floor, and the same tones are repeated in the hangings, to which I was asked to make my work conform.

The room is about twenty-five feet square, which is a generous size as drawing-rooms in the closely built area of Manhattan Island go, and the ceiling was thirteen feet from the floor. Here arose a difficulty, for with a ceiling of such moderate height a painted decoration would be only about eight feet away from the eye of a spectator standing, and within ten feet from one sitting down. It was, therefore, impossible for me to use the scale of nature for the size of my figures, and after several essays I finally decided to make them five feet in height, trusting to their nearness to the eye to give them about the size of life. A scale so little less than life is always dangerous to employ, lest the figures appear dwarfed; a scale much smaller, departing more frankly from that of life, was, however, hardly possible, for the space to be covered was comparatively large and the extreme simplicity of the room prohibited a complicated composition containing many figures. Another difficulty to be faced was

the shape of the ceiling. I tried tentatively a number of compositions covering the whole ceiling, but its form was ungrateful. After much thought I decided that the circular form given by the corner tower demanded to be accented, and from a group of figures composed in a circle on the field of the ceiling I progressively decided to make my whole composition enclosed in an arbitrary circle. I determined to make this circle fifteen feet in diameter, leaving a space all around my decoration which would enable the spectator to draw back a few feet from it and thus increase his field of vision, which was tantamount to elevating the ceiling in the degree of the distance formed by the angle of vision. Then came the question of the subject to be treated. Here I found that my client had a decided opinion. History, for a private drawing-room, was of course out of the question, and mythology, the mine in which all decorators, ancient and modern, have delved, was no more to his taste. He held, as a plain citizen of New York, that "heathen gods and goddesses" meant nothing to him or his family, but we came to a ready agreement when he consented that some phase of nature, something which would bring into a city house some breath of the country, should suggest the subject.

It is curious that during all this preliminary

study the memory of the sketch which I had made years before never came to me. On the contrary, a number of other schemes suggested themselves which, one after the other, I rejected as not serving the purpose. Undoubtedly, however, in some cell of the brain the subject of "Golden Autumn" was lying dormant, and one day, in the midst of other work, it suddenly came back to me. I asked my model to rest, and rapidly made the pencil sketch here reproduced, which is in the main a repetition of that made ten years before. It found favor with my client, and I then made a color-sketch which, by a strange coincidence, was identical with my first conception, and yet by its harmonies of gold, orange, and rose color entered into the tonality of the room where it was at last to find a place.

Not to linger too long over the description of technical processes, I simply enumerate the next steps of my work, which embodied the ordinary methods by which a small sketch is elaborated into a large decoration.

Separate drawings of the figures, from life and nude, were first made, and then, by means of the draped model or by arranging drapery on a lay-figure, these studies were grouped together and completed to a scale of one-quarter the full size. This scale can, of course, vary according to the habit of an individual artist.

Over the surface of this completed drawing or small cartoon were then drawn a series of lines crossing at right angles, forming, in their interstices, small, square spaces, and the process was repeated on the large canvas, the spaces being enlarged in area according to the scale adopted. Within these squares, which were, of course, equal in number upon the small cartoon and the large canvas, it was comparatively easy to repeat the drawing until the whole design was accurately copied. The usual processes of oil-painting were then followed, care being taken to use a medium which would dry without gloss, as, in the cross lights to which a ceiling or panel in a room is subjected, the completed work would otherwise shine in a disagreeable manner.

When the work thus painted is finished—for the ancient method of painting in fresco on the plastered surface of the wall is now

seldom practised—it is fastened in place by a thick paste composed of white lead and damar varnish, which is spread upon the wall, and the canvas is then pressed firmly against it. This hardens in a short time so thoroughly that in one instance a ceiling painted by me had for some hours an inch or more in depth of water spread over the back of the canvas, owing to a defect in plumbing in a room above, without any harm resulting.

When the particular ceiling decoration of which I write was finished it was fastened to the wall in the manner described, and a moulding in relief, raised from the ceiling about three and one half inches, composed of stalks and heads of wheat, was placed around it. The ceiling outside of the field of the circular painted panel was then gilded with metal lacquered to a tint of pale gold. This was applied in a manner which left the edges of the sheets of metal showing so that a delicate mosaic-like effect was obtained. The pale glow of the lacquered metal introduced a note which enhanced the color of the painted decoration, gave life and transparency to the ceiling which had theretofore been of white plaster, and apparently increased its height. In conjunction with the painting it also corrected the somewhat austere character of the room, making it more fitting as a place of family reunion or of social entertainment.

While the choice for description of this particular work was dictated partly by a clear memory of the various phases of its development, there was yet another reason. The problem, which I solved to the best of my ability, is that which may arise at any moment in our city or our country. The room which I was called on to decorate had not been designed with any thought of its future decoration; in fact, at times when studying the problem I imagined that, on the contrary, pains had been taken to prevent any such effort.

It is not likely that we shall ever see repeated in our country, for that matter, the lofty rooms which in the patrician houses of Venice, or the palaces and châteaux of France, gave so free a field to the decorator. It is, therefore, under conditions such as I have described that the American decorator will be most often called upon to work.

WILL H. LOW.







*Drawn by John La Farge.*

VIEW FROM THE GREAT FALL

(The great precipice on the Island of Oahu, a short distance inland from Honolulu.)

—“Passages from a Diary in the Pacific.”

# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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Thornycroft House.

## THE DIARY OF A GOOSE GIRL\*

By Kate Douglas Wiggin

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON

1



The Goose Girl of the German Fairy Tale.

THORNYCROFT FARM,  
Near Barbury Green,  
July 1, 189-.

IN alluding to myself as a Goose Girl, I am using only the most modest of my titles ; for I am also a poultry maid, a tender of Belgian hares and rabbits, and a shepherdess ; but I particularly fancy the rôle of Goose Girl, because it recalls the German fairy tales of my early youth, when I always yearned, but never hoped, to be precisely what I now am.

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As I was jolting along these charming Sussex roads the other day, a fat buff pony and a tippy cart being my manner of progression, I chanced upon the village of Barbury Green.

One glance was enough for any woman, who, having eyes to see, could see with them ; but I made assurance doubly sure by driving about a little, struggling to conceal my new-born passion from the stable-boy who was my escort. Then, it being high noon of a cloudless day, I descended from the trap and said to the astonished yokel : " You may go back to the Hydro-pathic, I am spending a month or two here ; wait a moment—I'll send a message, please ! "

I then scribbled a word or two to those having me in custody.

" I am very tired of people," the note ran, " and want to rest myself by living



I looked about me with what Stevenson calls a "fine, dizzy, muddle-headed joy."

awhile with things. Address me (if you must) at Barbury Green post-office, or at all events send me a box of simple clothing there—nothing but shirts and skirts, please. I cannot forget that I am only twelve miles from Oxenbridge (though it might be one hundred and twenty, which is the reason I adore it), but I rely upon you to keep an honorable distance yourselves, and not to divulge my place of retreat to others, especially to—you know whom! Do not pursue me. I will never be taken alive!"

Having cut, thus, the cable that bound me to civilization, and having seen the buff pony and the dazed yokel disappear in a cloud of dust, I looked about me with what Stevenson calls a "fine, dizzy, muddle-headed joy," the joy of a successful rebel or a liberated serf. Plenty of money in my purse—that was unromantic, of course, but it simplified matters—and nine hours of daylight remaining in which to find a lodging.

The village is one of the oldest, and I am sure it must be one of the quaintest, in England. It is too small to be printed on the map (an honor that has spoiled more than one Arcadia), so pray do not look there, but just believe in it, and some day you may be rewarded by driving into it by chance, as I did, and feel the same Columbus thrill running, like an electric current, through your veins. I withhold specific geographical information in order that you may not miss that Columbus thrill, which comes too seldom in a world of railroads.

The Green is in the very centre of Barbury village, and all civic, political, family, and social life converges there, just at the public duck-pond—a wee, sleepy lake with a slope of grass-covered stones by which the ducks descend for their swim.

The houses are set about the Green like those in a toy village. They are of old brick, with crumpled, up-and-down roofs of deep-toned red, and tufts of stonecrop

growing from the eaves. Diamond-paned windows, half open, admit the sweet summer air ; and as for the gardens in front, it would seem as if the inhabitants had nothing to do but work in them, there is such a riotous profusion of color and bloom. To add to the effect, there are always pots of flowers hanging from the trees, blue flax and yellow myrtle, and cages of Java sparrows and canaries singing joyously, as well they may in such a paradise.

The shops are idyllic, too, as if Nature had seized even the man of trade and made him subservient to her designs. The general draper's, where I fitted myself out for a day or two quite easily, is set back in a tangle of poppies and sweet peas, Madonna lilies and Canterbury bells. The shop itself has a gay awning, and what do you think the draper has suspended from it, just as a picturesque suggestion to the passer-by ? "Suggestion" I call it, because I should blush to use the word advertisement in describing anything so dainty and decorative. Well then, garlands of shoes, if you please ! Baby bootlets of

bronze ; tiny ankle-ties in yellow, blue, and scarlet kid ; glossy patent-leather pumps shining in the sun, with festoons of slippers at the corners, flowery slippers in imitation Berlin wool-work. If you make this picture in your mind's eye, just add a window above the awning, and over the fringe of marigolds in the window-box put the draper's wife, dancing a rosy-cheeked baby. Alas ! my words are only black and white, I fear, and this picture needs a palette drenched in primary colors.

Along the street, a short distance, is the old watchmaker's. Set in the hedge at the gate is a glass case with *Multum in Parvo* painted on the woodwork. Within, a little stand of trinkets revolves slowly ; as slowly, I imagine, as the current of business in that quiet street. The house stands a trifle back and is covered thickly with ivy, while over the entrance-door of the shop is a great round clock set in a green frame of clustering vine. The hands pointed to one when I passed the watchmaker's garden with its thicket of fragrant lavender and its murmuring bees ; so I went in to the sign



Life converges there, just at the public duck-pond.—Page 516.

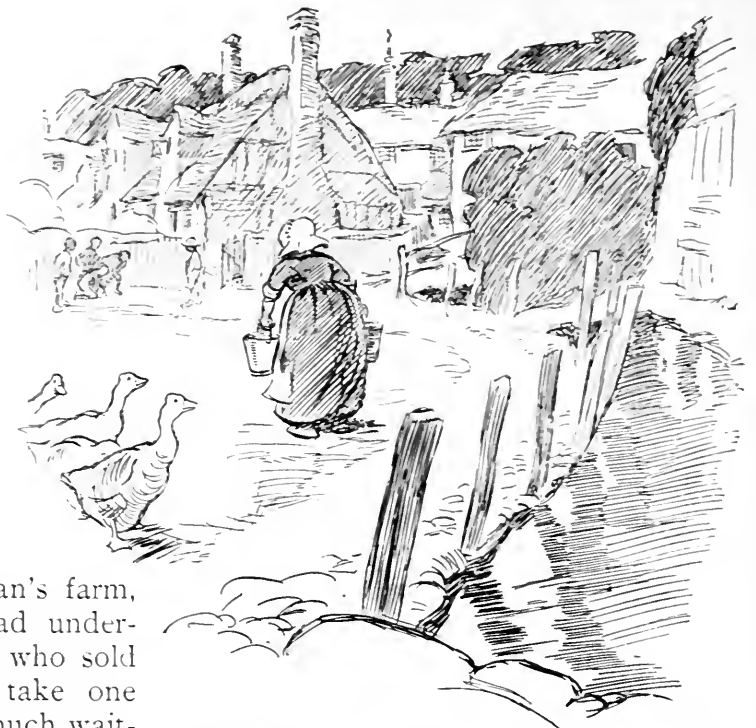
of the Strong i' the Arm for some cold luncheon, determining to patronize The Running Footman at the very next opportunity.

The landlady at the Strong i' the Arm stabbed me in the heart by telling me that there were no apartments to let in the village, and that she had no private sitting-room in the inn: but she speedily healed the wound by saying that I might be accommodated at one of the farm-houses in the vicinity. Did I object to a farm-'ouse? Then she could cheerfully recommend the Evan's farm, only 'alf a mile away. She 'ad understood from Miss Phœbe Evan, who sold her poultry, that they would take one lady lodger if she didn't wish much waiting upon.

In my present mood I was in search of the strenuous life, and eager to wait, rather than to be waited upon; so I walked along the edge of the Green wishing that some mentally unbalanced householder would take a sudden fancy to me and ask me to come in and lodge awhile. I suppose these families live under their roofs of

peach-blow tiles, in the midst of their blooming gardens, for a guinea a week or thereabouts, yet if they "undertook" me (to use their own phrase), the bill for my humble meals and bed would be at least double that. I don't know that I blame them; one should have proper compensation for admitting a world-stained lodger into such an Eden.

When I was searching for rooms a week ago, I chanced upon a pretty cottage where the woman



The houses are set about the Green like those in a toy village.—Page 516.

had sometimes let apartments. She showed me the premises and asked me if I would mind taking my meals in her own dining-room, where I could be served privately at certain hours; and, since she had but the one sitting-room, would I allow her to go on using it occasionally? also, if I had no special preference, would I take the second-sized bedroom and leave her in possession of the largest one, which permitted her to have the baby's crib by her bedside? She thought I should be quite as comfortable, and it was her opinion that in making arrangements with lodgers, it was a good plan not to "bryke up the 'ome any more than was necessary."

"Bryke up the 'ome!" That is seemingly the malignant purpose with which I entered Barbury Green.

## II

July 4th.

ENTER the family of Thornycroft Farm, of which I am already a member in good and regular standing.

I introduce Mrs. Heaven first, for she is a self-saturated person who would never forgive the insult should she receive any lower place.

She welcomed me with the statement: "We do not take lodgers here, nor board-



Mrs. Heaven . . . fills her dress as a pin-cushion fills its cover.  
—Page 519.

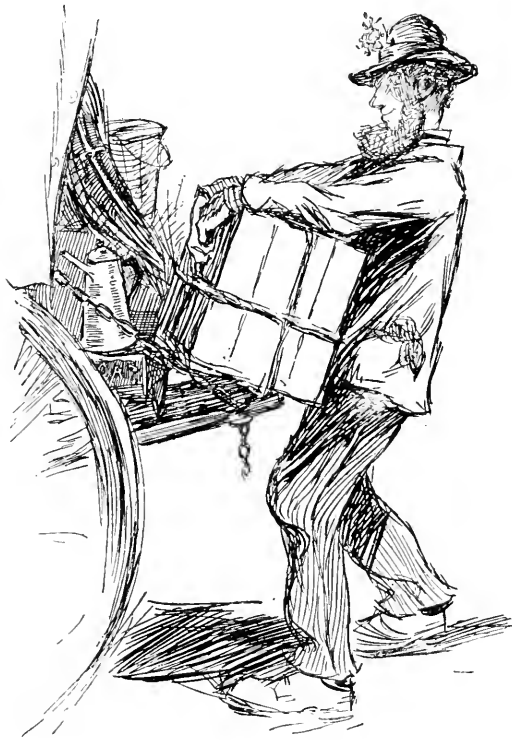


ers; no lodgers, nor boarders, but we do occasionally admit paying guests." I am a paying guest, therefore, and I expect to pay handsomely for the handsome appellation. Mrs. Heaven is short and fat; she fills her dress as a pin-cushion fills its cover; she wears a cap and apron, and she is so full of platitudes that she would have burst had I not appeared as a providential outlet for them. Her accent is not of the farm, but of the town, and smacks wholly of the marts of trade. She is repetitious, too, as well as platitudinous. "I 'ope if there's anythink you require you will let us know, let us know," she says several times each day; and whenever she enters my sitting-room she prefaces her conversation with the remark: "I trust you are finding it quiet here, Miss? It's the quietude of the plyce that is its charm, yes, the quietude. And yet" (she dribbles on) "it wears on a body after awhile, Miss. I often go into Woodmucket to visit one of my sons just for the noise, simply for the noise, Miss, for nothink else in the world but the noise. There's nothink like noise for soothing nerves that is worn threadbare with the quietude, Miss, or at least that's my experience; and yet to a strynger the quietude of the plyce is its charm; undoubtedly its chief charm. If there's anythink you require, Miss, I 'ope you'll mention it. There is not a commodious assortment in Barbury Green, but we can always send the pony to Woodmucket in case of urgency. Our paying guest last summer was a Mrs. Pollock, and she was by way of having sudden fancies. Young and unmarried though you are, Miss, I think you will tyke my meaning without my speaking plyner? Well at six o'clock of a rainy afternoon, she was seized with an unaccountable desire for vegetable marrows, and Mr. 'Eaven put the pony in the



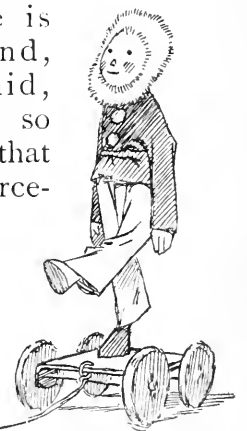
So colorless that he can scarcely be discerned save in a strong light.

cart and went to Woodmucket for them, which is a great advantage to be so near a town, and yet 'ave the quietude." Mr. Heaven is merged, like Mr. Jellyby, in the more shining qualities of his wife. A line of description is too long for him. Indeed, I can think of no single word brief enough, at least in English. The Latin "nil" will do, since no language is rich in words of less than three letters. He is nice, kind, bald, timid, thin, and so colorless that he can scarcely

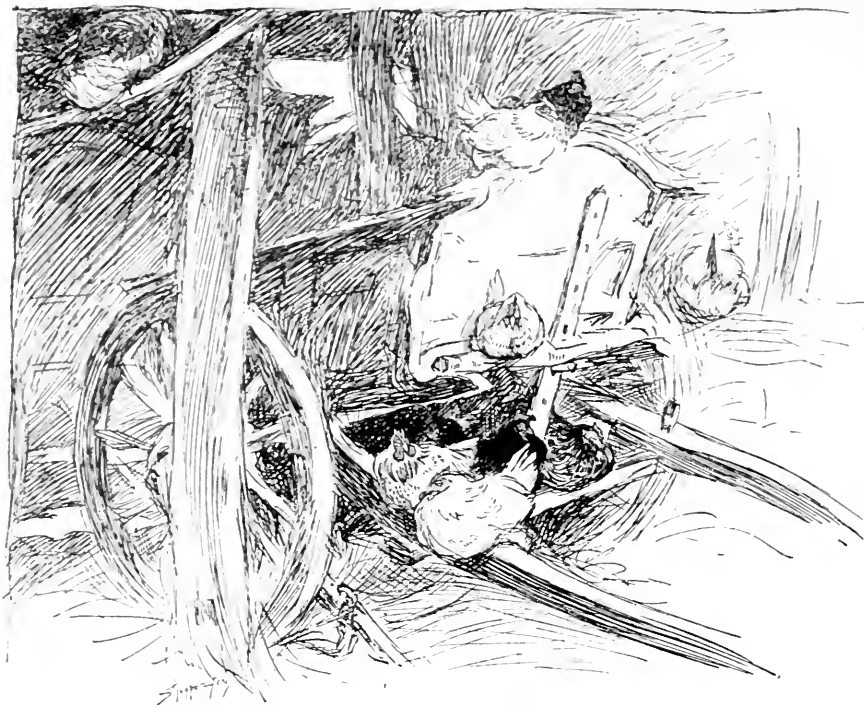


The Woodmancote Carrier.—Page 520.

ly be discerned save in a strong light. When Mrs. Heaven goes out into the orchard in search of him, I can hardly help calling from my window, "Bear a trifle to the right, Mrs. Heaven—







Hens . . . go to bed at a virtuous hour.—Page 523.

now to the left—just in front of you now—if you put out your hands you will touch him.”

Phœbe, aged seventeen, is the daughter of the house. She is virtuous, industrious, conscientious, and singularly destitute of physical charm. She is more than plain; she looks as if she had been planned without any definite purpose in view, made of the wrong materials, been badly put together, and never properly finished off; but “plain” after all is a relative word. Many a plain girl has been married for her beauty; and now and then a beauty, falling under a cold eye, has been thought plain.

Phœbe has her compensations, for she is beloved by, and reciprocates the passion of, the Woodmancote carrier, Woodmucket being the English manner of pronouncing the place of his abode. If he “carries” as energetically for the great public as he fetches for Phœbe, then he must be a rising and a prosperous man. He brings her daily wild strawberries, cherries, birds’ nests, peacock feathers, sea-shells, green hazel-nuts, samples of hens’ food or bouquets of wilted field flowers tied together tightly and held with a large, moist, loving hand. He has fine curly hair of sandy hue, which forms an aureole on his brow, and a reddish beard, which makes another inverted aureole to match, round his chin. One cannot look

at him, especially when the sun shines through him, without thinking how lovely he would be if stuffed and set on wheels, with a little string to drag him about.

Phœbe confided to me that she was on the eve of loving the postman when the carrier came across her horizon.

“It doesn’t do to be too hysty, does it, Miss?” she asked me as we were weeding the onion bed. “I was to give the postman his answer on the Monday night, and it was on

the Monday morning that Mr. Gladwish made his first trip here as carrier. I may say I never wyvered from that moment, and no more did he. When I think how near I came to promising the postman it gives me a turn.” (I can understand that, for I once met the man I nearly promised years before to marry, and we both experienced such a sense of relief



Ducks and geese . . . would roam the streets till morning.—Page 523.

at being free instead of bound that we came near falling in love for sheer joy.)

The last and most important member of the household is the Square Baby. His name is Albert Edward, and he is really five years old and no baby at all; but his appearance on this planet was in the nature of a complete surprise to all parties concerned, and he is spoiled accordingly. He has a square head and jaw, square shoulders, square hands and feet. He is red and white and solid and stolid and slow-witted, as the young of his class commonly are, and will make a bulwark of the nation in course of time, I should think; for England has to produce a few thousand such square babies every year for use in the colonies and in the standing army. Albert Edward has already a military gait, and when he has acquired a habit of obedience at all comparable with his power of command, he will be able to take up the white man's burden with distinguished success. Meantime I can never look at him without marvelling how the English climate can transmute bacon and eggs, tea and the solid household loaf into such radiant roses and lilies as bloom upon his cheeks and lips.

### III

July 8th.

THORNYCROFT is by way of being a small poultry farm.

In reaching it from Barbury Green, you take the first left-hand road, go till you drop, and there you are.

It reminds me of my "grandmother's farm at Older." Did you know the song when you were a child?—

My grandmother had a very fine farm  
Way down in the fields of Older.  
With a cluck-cluck here  
And a cluck-cluck there,  
Here and there a cluck-cluck,  
Cluck-cluck here and there,  
Down in the fields at Older.

It goes on forever by the simple subterfuge of changing a few words in each verse.

My grandmother had a very fine farm  
Way down in the fields of Older.  
With a quack-quack here  
And a quack-quack there,  
Here and there a quack-quack,  
Quack-quack here and there,  
Down in the fields at Older.

This is followed by the gobble-gobble, moo-moo, baa-baa, etc., as long as the laureate's imagination and the infant's breath hold good. The tune is pretty and I do not know, or did not, when I was young, a more fascinating lyric.

Thornycroft House must have belonged to a country gentleman once upon a time, or to more than one; men who built on



He is red and white and solid.

a bit here and there once in a hundred years, until finally we have this charmingly irregular and dilapidated whole. You go up three steps into Mrs. Heaven's room, down two into mine, while Phœbe's is up in a sort of turret with long, narrow lattices opening into the creepers. There are crooked little staircases, passages that branch off into other passages and lead nowhere in particular; I can't think of a better house in which to play hide and seek on a wet day. In front, what was once,



The pole was not long enough to reach the ducks.—Page 523.

doubtless, a green, is cut up into greens ; to wit, a vegetable garden, where the onions, turnips, and potatoes grow cosily up to the very doorsill ; the utilitarian aspect of it all being varied by some scarlet-runners and a scattering of poppies on either side of the path.

The Belgian hares have their habitation in a corner fifty feet distant ; one large enclosure for poultry lies just outside the sweetbriar hedge ; the others, with all the houses and coops, are in the meadow at the back, where also our tumbler pigeons are kept.

Phœbe attends to the poultry ; it is her department. Mr. Heaven has neither the force nor the *finesse* required, and the gentle reader who thinks these qualities unneeded in so humble a calling has only to spend a few days at Thornycroft to be convinced. Mrs. Heaven would be of use, but she is dressing the Square Baby in the morning and putting him to bed at

night just at the hours when the feathered young things are undergoing the same operation.



They . . . waddle under the wrong fence.—Page 524.



A Goose Girl, like a poet, is sometimes born, sometimes otherwise. I am of the born variety. No training was necessary; I put my head on my pillow on a Tuesday night, and on a Wednesday morning I awoke as a Goose Girl.

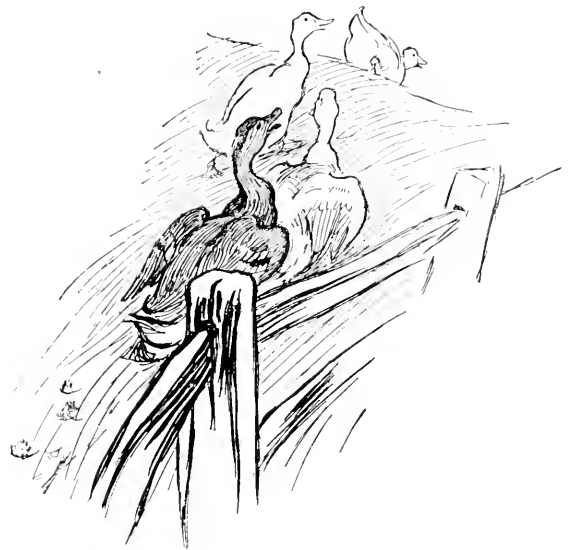
My destiny slumbered during the day, but at eight o'clock I heard a terrific squawking in the direction of the duck ponds, and, aimlessly drifting in that direction, I came upon Phœbe trying to induce ducks and drakes, geese and ganders to retire for the night. They have to be driven into enclosures behind fences of wire netting, fastened into little rat-proof boxes, or shut into separate coops, so as to be safe from their natural enemies, the rats and foxes; which, obeying, I suppose, the law of supply and demand, abound in this neighborhood. The old ganders are allowed their liberty, being of such age, discretion, sagacity, and pugnacity that they can be trusted to fight their own battles.

The intelligence of hens, though modest, is of such an order that it prompts them to go to bed at a virtuous hour of their own accord; but ducks and geese have to be materially assisted, or I believe they would roam the streets till morning. Never did small boy detest and resist being carried off to his nursery as these dullards, young and old, detest and resist being driven to theirs. Whether they suffer from insomnia or nightmare, or whether they simply prefer the sweet air of liberty

(and death) to the odor of captivity and the coop, I have no means of knowing.

Phœbe stood by one of the duck ponds, a long pole in her hand, and a helpless expression in that doughlike countenance of hers, where aimless contours and features unite to make a kind of facial blur. (What does the carrier see in it?) The pole was not long enough to reach the ducks, and Phœbe's method lacked spirit and adroitness, so that it was natural, perhaps, that they refused to leave the water, the evening being warm, with an uncommon fine sunset.

I saw the situation at once and ran to meet it with a glow of interest and anticipation. If there is anything in the world I enjoy, it is making somebody do something that he doesn't want to do; and if, when victory perches upon my banner, the



Honking and hissing like a bewildered orchestra.

—Page 524.

somebody can be brought to say that he ought to have done it without my making him, that adds the unforgettable touch to pleasure, though seldom, alas! does it happen. Then ensued the delightful and stimulating hour that has now become a feature of the day; an hour in which the remembrance of the table d'hôte dinner at the Hydro, going on at identically the same time, only stirs me to a keener joy and gratitude.

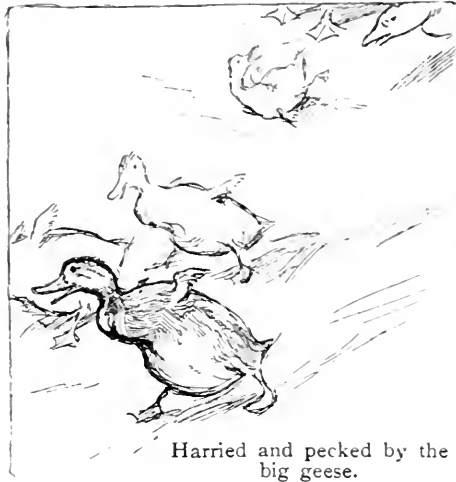
The ducks swim round in circles, hide under the willows, and attempt to creep into the rat-holes in the banks, a stupidity so crass that it merits instant death, which it somehow always escapes. Then they

come out in couples and waddle under the wrong fence into the lower meadow, fly madly under the tool-house, pitch blindly in with the setting hens, and out again in short order, all the time quacking and squawking, honking and hissing like a bewildered orchestra. By dint of splashing the water with poles, throwing pebbles, beating the shrubs at the ponds' edges, "shooing" frantically with our skirts, crawling beneath bars to head them off, and prodding them from under bushes to urge

them on, we finally get the older ones out of the water and the younger ones into some sort of relation to their various retreats ; but, owing to their lack of geography, hatred of home, and general recalcitrancy, they none of them turn up in the right place and have to be sorted out. We uncover the top of the little house, or the enclosure as it may be, or reach in at the door, and, seizing the struggling victim, drag him forth and take him where he should have had the wit to go in the first instance. The weak ones get in with the strong and are in danger of being trampled ; two May goslings that look almost full-grown have run into a house with a brood of ducklings a week old. There are twenty-seven crowded into one coop, five in another, nineteen in another ; the gosling with one leg has to come out, and the duckling threatened with the gapes ; their place is with the "invaleeds," as Phœbe calls them, but they never learn the location of the hospital, nor have the slightest scruple about spreading contagious diseases.

Finally when we have separated and

sorted exhaustively, an operation in which Phœbe shows a delicacy of discrimination and a fearlessness of attack amounting to genius, we count the entire number and find several missing. Searching for their animate or inanimate bodies we "scoop" one from under the tool-house, chance upon two more who are being harried and pecked by the big geese in the lower meadow, and discover one sailing by himself in solitary splendor in the middle of the deserted pond, a look of evil tri-



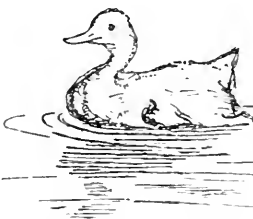
Harried and pecked by the big geese.

umph in his bead-like eye. Still we lack one young duckling, and he at length is found dead by the hedge. A rat has evidently seized him and choked him at a single throttle, but in such haste that he has not had time to carry away the tiny body.

"Poor think !" says Phœbe, tearfully, "it looks as if it was 'it with some kind of a wepping. I don't know whatever to do with the rats, they're gettin' that ferocious !"

Before I was admitted into daily contact with the living goose (my previous intercourse with him having been carried on when gravy and stuffing obscured his true personality), I thought him a very Dreyfus among fowls, a sorely slandered bird to whom justice had never been done ; for even the gentle Darwin is hard upon him. My opinion is undergoing some slight modifications, but I withhold judgment at present, hoping that some of the follies, faults, vagaries, and limitations that I observe in Phœbe's geese may be due to Phœbe's educational methods, which were, before my advent, those of the darkest ages.

(To be continued.)



Sailing by himself in solitary splendor.

# WITH IOWA FARMERS

By Walter A. Wyckoff



SCARCELY a generalization with the least claim to value can be drawn from my superficial contact with the world of manual labor in America. If there is one, it is, that a man who is able and willing to work can find employment in this country if he will go out in real search for it. It may not be well paid, but it need not be dishonest, and it is difficult to conceive of its failing to afford opportunities of making a way to improved position.

And yet, one has no sooner made such a statement than it becomes necessary to qualify it. Suppose that your worker, able and willing to work, is unemployed in a congested labor market, where the supply far exceeds the demand, and suppose that he must remain with his wife and children, since he cannot desert them and has no means of taking them away. Or imagine him newly landed, thrown upon the streets by an emigrant agency, ignorant of the language and of our methods of work, and especially ignorant of the country itself. To the number of like suppositions there is no end. Actual experience, however, serves to focus the situation. I have stood beside men whom I knew, and have seen them miss the chance of employment because they were so far weakened by the strain of the sweating system that they were incapable of the strain of hard manual labor.

Even at the best, much of the real difficulty is often the subjective one summed up in the sentence of a man who has wide knowledge of wage-earners in America, to whom I once spoke of the surprising ease with which I found employment everywhere, except in larger towns.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "but you forget how little gifted with imagination the people are who commonly form by far the greater number of the unemployed."

It merely serves to show again the futility of generalizing about "labor," as though it were a commodity like any other, sensitive to the play of the law of supply and

demand, while supported by a thorough knowledge of markets and the means of reaching quickly those that, for the time, are the most favorable.

The mass which men speak casually of as "labor" is an aggregation of individuals quite as much as any other, each with his human ties and prejudices and his congenital weaknesses and strength, and each with his own salvation to work out through difficulties without and within that are little understood from the outside. You may enter his world and share his life, however rigidly for a time, sustained by the knowledge that at any moment you may leave it, and your experience, although the nearest approach that you can make, is yet removed almost by infinity from that of the man at your side, who was born to manual labor and bred to it, and whose whole life, physical and mental, has been moulded by its hard realities.

It would be quite true to say that "the problem of the unemployed in America is a problem of the distribution of workers," taking them from regions where many men are looking for a job, to other regions, where many jobs are looking for a man. But it would be a shallow truth, with little insight into the real condition of multitudes, whose life-struggle is for a day's bread and in whom the gregarious instinct is an irresistible gravitation. It is not difficult to show that the congestion in an industrial centre, with its accompanying misery, might be relieved by an exodus to country districts, where an unsatisfied demand for hands is chronic. But the human adjustment involved in the change would be beyond all calculation; and, even were they effected, it would be not a little disturbing in the end to find large numbers returning to the town, frankly preferring want with companionship and a sense of being in touch with their time to the comparative plenty and, with it, the loneliness and isolation of country living. A part of the penalty that one pays for attempting to deal with elements so fascinating as those of human nature is in their very in-



calculability, in the elusive charm of men who develop the best that is in them in spite of circumstances the most adverse, and in an evasive quality in others who sometimes fail to respond to the best devised plans for their betterment. But human nature never loses its interest, and, as earnest of a good time coming, there are always men in every generation who, through unselfish service to their fellows, have won

The faith that meets  
Ten thousand cheats,  
Yet drops no jot of faith.

However little the fact may have applied to the actual "problem of the unemployed," it nevertheless was true, as shown in my own experience, that there was a striking contrast throughout the country between a struggle among men for employment and a struggle among employers for men.

Early in the journey I began to note that every near approach to a considerable centre of population was immediately apparent in an increasing difficulty in finding work. I had never a long search in the country or in country villages, and I soon learned to avoid cities, unless I was bent upon another errand than that of employment.

I could easily have escaped Chicago and its crowded labor market. Offers of places in the late autumn as general utility man on farms in northern Ohio and Indiana were plentiful as I passed, and I well knew, during a fortnight's fruitless search for work in Chicago in early winter, that at any time a day's march from the city, or two days' march at most, would take me to regions where the difficulty would quickly disappear. The temptation to quit the experiment altogether, or, at least, to go out to the more hospitable country, was then strong at times; but I could but realize that, in yielding, I should be abandoning a very real phase of the experience of unskilled labor, that of unemployment, and that I should miss the chance of some contact with bodies of organized skilled workmen as well as with the revolutionaries who can be easiest found in our larger towns. So I remained, and for two weeks I saw and, in an artificial way, I felt something of the grim horror of being

penniless on the streets of a city in winter, quite able and most willing to work, yet unable to find any steady employment.

With the return of spring I went into the country again, drifting on with no more definite plan than that of going westward until I should reach the Pacific; and here at once was the contrast. Opportunities of work everywhere; with farmers, when one was on the country roads; in brick-kilns, when bad walking drove one to the railway lines.

Farrell, a fellow-tramp for a day on the Rock Island Railway in Illinois, had, for seven weeks, been looking for work from Omaha to Lima and back again, he told me, and yet he got a job near Ottawa in response to his first inquiry; while a few miles farther down the line I, too, was offered work in a brick-kiln at Utica. I did not accept it, only because I had savings enough from my last job to see me through to Davenport.

It was on the afternoon of Saturday, June 4, 1892, that I reached Davenport. I had followed the line of the Rock Island Railway from Morris, sleeping in brick-kilns, and, one night, at Bureau Junction, in a shed by the village church, and I was a bit fagged. I had developed a plan to go to Minneapolis. I hoped to work the passage as a hand on a river boat.

At the open door of a livery-stable I stopped to ask the way to the office of the steamboat line, attracted, no doubt, by the look of a man who sat just inside. With a kindly face of German type, he was of middle age, a little stout, dressed in what is known as a "business suit," and when he spoke, it was with a trace of German accent.

Mr. Ross is a sufficiently near approach to his name. He was not an Iowa farmer, but he was my first acquaintance in Iowa, and he had things to say about the unemployed. A director in a bank and the owner of a livery-stable, he was owner of I know not what besides, but I know that he was delightfully cordial, and that his hospitality was of a kind to do credit to the best traditions of the West.

He answered my question obligingly, then asked me whether I was looking for a job.

"For if you are," he added, "there's

one right here," and he waved his hand expressively in the direction of the stalls at the rear.

This was more than I had bargained for ; it was wholly new to my experience to find work in a town before I even asked for it.

I told him frankly that I was out of employment and that I must find some soon, but that there were reasons, at the moment, why I wished to reach Minneapolis as early as possible.

Being without the smallest gift of mimicry I could not disguise my tongue, and it had been a satisfaction from the first to find that this lack in no way hampered me. I was accepted readily enough as a working-man by my fellows, and my greenness and manner of speech, I had every reason to think, were credited to my being an immigrant of a new and hitherto unknown sort.

"What's your trade?" the men with whom I worked would generally ask me, supposing that clumsiness as a day laborer was accounted for by my having been trained to the manual skill of a handicraft.

"What country are you from?" they inquired, and when I said "Black Rock," which is the point in Connecticut from which I set out, I have no doubt that there came to their minds visions of an island in distant seas, where any manner of strange artisan might be bred.

What they thought was of little consequence ; that they were willing to receive me with naturalness to their companionship as a fellow-workman was of first importance to me, and this was an experience that never failed.

At last I was west of the Mississippi, and, that I might pass as a man of education in the dress of a laborer, was a matter of no note, since men of education in the ranks of workmen have not been uncommon there.

It was plainly from this point of view that Mr. Ross was talking to me. If I was an educated man, it was my own affair. That for a time, at least, I had been living by day's labor was evident from my dress, and it was not unlikely that I was looking for a job. Happening to have a vacant place in the stable, he offered it to me, and, being interested in what I had to say, he led me to speak on of work

during the past winter in Chicago, and my slight association there with the unemployed and with men of revolutionary ideas.

Before I knew it, we were drifting far down a stream of talk, and time was flying. Six months' living in close intimacy with what is saddest and often cruellest, in the complex industrialism of a great city had produced a depression, which I had not shaken off in three weeks' sojourn in the wholesome country. I was steeped in the views of men who told me that things could never grow better until they had grown so much worse that society would either perish or be reorganized. The needed change was not in men, they agreed, but in social conditions ; and from every phase of Socialism and Anarchy, I had heard the propaganda of widely varying changes, all alike, however, prophesying a regenerated society, the vision of which alone remained the hope and faith of many lives.

The pent-up feelings of six months found a sympathetic response in Mr. Ross ; the more so as I discovered in him a wholly different point of view. He had no quarrel with conditions in America. As a lad of fourteen he came from Germany and, having begun life here without friends or help of any kind, he was now, after years of work and thrift, a man with some property and with many ties, not the least of which was a love for the country which had given him so good a chance.

The mere suggestion of a programme of radical change roused him. He began somewhat vehemently to denounce a class of men, foreigners, many of them, strangers to our institutions, irresponsible for the most part, who bring with them from abroad revolutionary ideas which they spread, while enjoying the liberties and advantages of the nation that they try to harm.

"Why don't they stay in their own countries and 'reform' them?" he added. "Thousands of men who have come here from the Old World have raised themselves to positions of honor and independence and wealth as they never could have done in their native lands. And yet these disturbers would upset it all, a system that for a hundred years and more we have tried and found not wanting.

"I am interested in a local bank," he continued. "The management has been successful; the directors are capable men, and the investments pay a fair dividend. Now suppose someone, the least responsible person in the corporation, were to come forward with a new, untried system of banking and should insist upon its adoption and even threaten the existence of the bank if his plan should be rejected. That would be a case like this of your Socialist and Anarchist friends."

He was a little heated, but he caught himself with a laugh and was smiling genially as he added:

"I see your 'unemployed' friends often. Scarcely a day passes that men don't come in here asking for a job. My experience is that if they were half as much in earnest in looking for work as I am in looking for men that can work, they wouldn't search far or long. I've tried a good many of them in my time. I can tell now in five minutes whether a man has any real work in him; and those that are worth their keep when you haven't your eye on them, are as scarce as hens' teeth. There are good jobs looking for all the men that are good enough for them; if you want to prove it, start right in here, or go into the State and ask the farmers for a chance to work."

I did not say that this last was the very thing I meant to do. Instead, I began to tell him of the cases that I knew of men, who, through no fault of their own, were out of work and were not free to go where it could be easily found. Mr. Ross was sympathetic with what was real and personal in the sufferings of unfortunate workers; and gathering encouragement, I went on to speak of suffering no less real which was the result of sheer incapacity, a native weakness of will or lack of courage or perseverance. This made him smile again, and, with a twinkle in his eye, he asked me whether I did not think it was expecting a good deal of organized society to provide for the unfit. Then drawing out his watch, he glanced at it and, turning to me with a fine disregard of the outer man, he asked me to go home with him to supper. I should have been delighted. Perhaps I ought to have gone. I had not forgotten, however, a too hospitable minister in Connecticut; but at the next moment

I accepted gladly Mr. Ross's invitation to drive with him in the evening.

Behind a beautiful sorrel filly that fairly danced with delight of motion, we set out an hour or more before sunset, and Mr. Ross drove first through business streets, pointing out to me the principal buildings as we passed, then up to the higher levels of the hillside, on which the city stands, through an attractive residence quarter. From there we could look down upon the river flowing between banks of wooded hills, with its swollen, muddy waters made radiant by the sunset. Then back to the lower city we went and out over the bridge to the military post of Rock Island, past the arsenal and the barracks to the officers' quarters among splendid trees and broad reaches of shaded lawn, and finally to an old farm-house, which had been the home of Colonel Davenport at the time of his struggle with the Indians. It was not a distant date in actual years, but the contrast with the present sway of modern civilization seemed to link it with a far antiquity.

The streets were ablaze with electrics as we drove through the cities of Rock Island and Moline, where the pavements were thronged by slowly moving crowds.

When I left Minneapolis, a little more than a week later, I had in mind Mr. Ross's challenge that any search for work in the interior of the State would discover abundant opportunities. I was bound next, therefore, for the Iowa border. It would not have taken long to reach it at the usual rate of thirty miles a day. But I did not go through directly. For several days I worked for a fine old Irish farmer near Belle Plain, whose family was staunch Roman Catholic, and whose wife was a veritable sister of mercy to the whole country side, indefatigable in ministry to the sick and poor. A few days later I stopped again and spent a memorable week as hired man on Mr. Barton's farm near Blue Earth City.

It was well along in July, therefore, when I crossed into Iowa from the north, walking down by way of Elmore and Ledyard and Bancroft to Algona, where I spent a few days and then set out for Council Bluffs.

The walk from Algona to Council Bluffs was a matter of two hundred miles and a

little more, perhaps. The heat was intense, but, apart from some discomfort due to that, it was a charming walk, leading on through regions that varied widely but constantly presented new phases of native wealth. I should have enjoyed it more but for the awkwardness of my position. It was embarrassing to meet the farmers, yet I wished to meet all that I could. It was not easy to frame an excuse for not accepting the work that was constantly offered to me. To negotiate with a farmer for the job of helping with the chores in payment for a night's lodging and breakfast was trying to his temper, when he was at his wit's end for hands to help at the harvesting. I felt like one spying out the land and mocking its need.

Through a long, hot afternoon I walked from Algona in the direction of Humboldt, some twenty-six miles to the south. The country roads were deserted, the whole population being in the hay-fields, apparently. The corn, which was late in the planting, owing to the spring floods, was making now a measured growth of five inches in the day.

In the evening twilight I passed through the Roman Catholic community of St. James and walked on a few miles in the cool of the evening. Not every farm-house that I saw wore an air of prosperity. I came upon one, which, even in the dark of a starlit night, gave evidence of infirm fortune. The garden-gate was off its hinges and was decrepit besides. With some difficulty I repped it against the tottering posts when I entered. In a much littered cow-yard, I found a middle-aged farmer, who with his hired man had just finished the evening milking. Without a word he stood pouring the last bucket of milk, slowly through a strainer into a milk-can on the other side of the fence, as he listened to an account of myself. What I wanted was a place to sleep and a breakfast in the morning. In return I offered to do whatever amount of work he thought was fair. When the bucket was empty he gave me a deliberate look, then simply asked me to follow him to the house. Throwing himself at full length on the sloping cellar-door, he pointed to a chair on the doorstep near by as a seat for me, and began to question me about the crops in the country about Algona. I was fort-

unate enough to divert him soon to his own concerns, and, for an hour or more, I listened, while he told me of a long struggle on his farm. For fifteen years, he had worked hard, he said, and had seen the gradual settlement and growth of the region immediately about him; yet, with slightly varying fortunes, he was little better off than when he took up the farm as a pioneer.

There was a mystery in it all that baffled him. Low prices were the ostensible cause of his ill-success; he could scarcely get more for his crops than they cost him; but back of low prices was something else, an incalculable power which took vague form in his mind as a conspiracy of the rich, who seemed to him not to work and yet to have unmeasured wealth, while he and his kind could hardly live at the cost of almost unceasing toil.

By five o'clock in the morning we were at the chores, and were hungry enough when the summons came to breakfast at a little after six. There is, in certain forms of it, a cheerlessness in farm-life the gloom of which would be difficult to heighten. The call to breakfast came from the kitchen, which was a shed-like annex to the small, decaying, wooden farm-house. The farmer, the hired man, and I washed ourselves at the kitchen-door, then passed from the clear sunlight into a room whose smoke-blackened walls were hung round with kitchen utensils. The air was hot and dense with the fumes and smoke of cooking. A slovenly woman stood over the stove, turning potatoes that were frying in a pan, while, at the same time, she scolded two ragged children, who sat at the table devouring the food with their eyes.

Scarcely a word was spoken during the meal, until, near its close, the farmer's wife quite abruptly—as though resuming an interrupted conversation—broke into further account of a horse-thief, whose latest escapade had been not far away, but whose whereabouts remained unknown. The very obvious point of which was that, however her husband had been imposed upon, my efforts to pass as an honest man had not met with unqualified success with her. In such manner the breakfast was saved from dullness, and I was sure that the parting guest was heartily speeded when my stint was done.

There is a high exhilaration in a day's walk, even in the heat of July. The feeling of abounding life that comes with the opening day after sound sleep and abundant food, when one is free from care, and there are twelve hours of daylight ahead for leagues of delightful country, is like the pulse of a kingly sport. From higher points of rolling land I could see far over the squares marked by the regularly recurring roads that intersect one another at right angles at intervals of a mile. The farm-houses stood hidden each in a small grove, with the wheel of a windmill invariably whirling above the tree-tops, and with here and there a long winding line of willows and stunted oaks marking the course of a stream.

It was but twelve miles to Humboldt, and I stopped there only long enough to ask the way to Fort Dodge. The roads were as deserted as on the day before, and I was some distance past Humboldt before I fell in with a single farmer.

He came rumbling down the road, sitting astride the frame of a farm-wagon from which the box had been removed. The fine dust was puffing like white smoke about his dangling legs, while the massive harness rattled over the big-jointed frames of the horses.

"You may as well ride," he called, as he overtook me, and I lost no time in getting on behind.

More fruitful as a field of conversation even than the weather were the crops at that season with the farmers. I had picked up a smattering of the lingo, and we were soon commenting on the abundant yield of hay, and the fair promise of rye and wheat, and the favorable turn that the unbroken heat had given to the prospects of the corn, in the hope that it held, in spite of the late planting, of its ripening before the coming of the frost. But, for all the good outlook, the farmer was far from cheerful. I suspected the cause of his depression and avoided it from fear of embarrassment to myself, while yet I wished to hear his views about the situation. When they came, they were what I anticipated:

A good hay crop? Yes, there could hardly be a better, but of what use was hay that rotted in the fields before you could house it, for want of hands? And this was but the beginning of the difficulty.

The whole harvest lay ahead, and the advancing summer brought no solution of the problem of "help." He was very graphic in his account of the year-around need of men that grows acutest in mid-summer, and I did not escape the embarrassment that I feared; for, when he pressed me to go to work for him, I could only urge weakly that I felt obliged to hurry on. He was glad to be rid of me at the parting of our ways, a little farther down the road, where he turned in to the unequal struggle on his farm, while I walked on at leisure in the direction of Fort Dodge.

A heave of the great plain raised me presently to a height, from which, far over the roll of the intervening fields, with the warm sunlight on their varying growths, I could see the church spires in the town surrounded almost by wooded hills, with the Des Moines River flowing among them. The air was full of the distant clatter of mowing machines, which carries with it the association of stinging heat and the patient hum of bees and the fragrance of new hay.

As I descended into the next hollow there came driving toward me a young farmer. He was seated on a mower, his eyes fixed on the wide swath cut by the machine in its course just within a zigzag rail fence that flanked the road. The green timothy fell before the blade in thick, soft, dewy widths that carpeted the meadow. A chance glance into the road discovered me, and he brought the horses to a stand. As he pushed back his hat from his streaming forehead, I could see that he was young, but much worn with care and overwork.

"Will you take a job with me?" he asked, and the wonder of it was the greater, since that whole region has through it a strong Yankee strain, and men of such stock are sore pressed when they come to the point without preliminaries.

Again I had to resort to a feeble excuse of necessity to go farther; but, curious as to the response, I returned an inquiry about the local demand for men.

"Oh, everyone needs men," the farmer rejoined impatiently, as, tightening the reins and adjusting his hat, he started the horses, anxious, evidently, to drown further idle talk in the sharp noise of the swift-mowing knives.

In the river valley I was not long in finding a lane which disappeared among a scattered growth of stunted trees in the direction of a rocky bluff that marked the bed of the stream. Every day's march brought some chance of a bath, and, at times, I was fortunate enough to fall in with two or three in thirty miles, and nothing could be more restful or refreshing in a long walk, or a better preventative against the stiffness that is apt to accompany it. Here I could both bathe and swim about, and when I regained the highway, it was almost with the feeling of vigor of the early morning.

The main-travelled road did not lead me, as I expected, into Fort Dodge, but to an intersection of two roads, a little west of the town. Instead of going eastward into the city, I turned to the west, in the direction of Tara, a small village on a branch of the Rock Island Railway. The setting sun was shining full in my face, but no longer with much effect of heat. As I hurried on in the fast cooling air, the way led by an abrupt descent into a ravine, where flowed a small tributary of the Des Moines among rocks and sheer banks, forming a striking contrast with the rolling prairie. It was but a break in the plain. From the top of the opposite bank, the land stretched away again in undulating surface, with much evidence of richness of soil and the wealth of the farmers.

Not without exception, however; for, at nightfall, I was nearing a small house, through whose coating of white paint the blackened weather-boards appeared with an effect of much dilapidation. When I entered the garden, passing under low shade-trees, I met a sturdy Irishman, bare-headed, and in his shirt-sleeves, whose thin white hair and beard alone suggested advancing years.

There was no difficulty in dealing with him. He was not in need of a hired man, and was perfectly willing that I should have supper and breakfast at his home and a bed in the barn on the terms of a morning stint. Accordingly, I followed light-heartedly into the kitchen, where, in the dim light, I saw his wife and a married daughter, with her son, a lad of six or eight.

Supper was ready; with every mark of

kindly hospitality, the farmer's wife, a motherly body with an ill-defined waist, made ready for me at the table, moving lightly about, in spite of age and bulk, in bare feet, that appeared from under the skirt of a dark print dress with an apron covering its ample front. A lamp was lighted, and from the vague walls there looked down upon us the faces of saints in bright-colored prints. A kitchen clock ticked on the mantel-shelf, and a kettle was singing on an iron stove that projected half way into the room. We supped on tea and bread and hard biscuits, while the farmer questioned me about the crops along the day's route, and his wife heaved deep sighs and broke into a muttered "The Lord bless us!" when I owned to having walked some thirty-five miles since morning.

I was charmed with my new acquaintances. There was no embarrassment in being with them, and nothing of restraint or gloom in their home. After supper I pumped the water for the stock, and helped with the milking. When the chores were done, and I asked leave to go to bed, a heavy quilt and pillow were given to me, and, spreading them upon the hay, I slept the sleep of a child.

The cows had been milked in the morning and were about to be driven to pasture, when there arose a difficulty in separating from its mother a calf that was to be weaned. The calf had to be penned in the shed, while the old cow went afiel with the others. To imprison it, however, proved no easy undertaking. With the agility of a half-back, it dodged us all over the cow-yard, encouraged by the calls of its mother, from the lane, and it evaded the shed-door with an obstinacy that was responsible for adding materially to the content of the old man's next confession.

For some time his wife stood by, her bare feet in the grass, her arms akimbo, and her gray hair waving in the morning breeze, as, with unfeigned scorn, she watched our baffled manœuvres. She could not endure it long.

"I'll catch the beast," she shouted presently in richest brogue; and, true to her word, by a simple strategy, she surprised the little brute and had it by a hind leg before it suspected her nearness.



But capture was no weak surrender on the part of the calf. For its dear life it kicked, and the picture of the hardy old woman, shaken in every muscle under the desperate lunges of the calf, as, clinging with both hands to its leg, she called to us with lusty expletives, to help her before she was "killed entirely," is one that lingers gleefully in memory. The old man winked at me his infinite appreciation of the scene, and between us we relieved his panting wife and soon housed the calf.

When my work was done, and I had said good-by to the family, whose hospitality I had so much enjoyed, I set out for Gowrie, which was twenty odd miles away. At Tara I found that, to avoid a long *détour*, I must take to the railway as far, at least, as Moorland, the next station on the line. Walking the track was sometimes a necessity, but always an unwelcome one. It is weary work to plod on and on, over an unwavering route, where an occasional passing train mocks one's slow advance, and where, for miles the only touch of human nature is in a shanty of a section boss, with ragged children playing about it, and a haggard woman plying her endless task, while a mongrel or two barks after one, far down the line.

At Moorland I resumed the highway, and held to it with uneventful march, until, within a mile or two of Gowrie, two men in a market-wagon overtook me and offered me a lift into the village.

To me the notable event of the day was a drive of several miles with a farmer, in the afternoon. He had been to the freight station in Gowrie, to get there a reaper, which had been ordered out from Chicago. The machine, in all the splendor of fresh paint, lay in the body of the wagon, while he sat alone on the high seat in front.

When, at his invitation, I climbed up beside him, I was delighted with the first impression of the man. In the prime of life and of very compact figure, his small dark eyes, that were the brighter for contrast with a swarthy complexion, moved with an alertness that denoted energy and force. Individuality was stamped upon him and showed itself in the trick of the eye, and in every tone of his voice.

He asked me where I was going, and said that he could take me five miles over the road toward Jefferson, "unless," he added, "you'll stop at my farm and work for me."

I thanked him, but said that I would keep to the road for the present, and then I changed the subject to the reaper. It was of the make of the factory in which, for eight weeks, during the previous winter, I worked as a hand-truckman, and very full of association it was as I looked upon it in changed surroundings. Hundreds of such tongues John Barry and I had loaded on our truck in the paint-shop, then stacked them under the eaves over the platform; scores of such binders we had transferred from the dark warehouses to the waiting freight-cars below. Equally familiar looked the "wider," and the receptacle for twine, and the "binder," and the "bar." I told the farmer that I had been a hand in the factory where his machine was made, and he appeared interested in the account of the vast industry where two thousand men work together in so perfect a system of the division of labor, that a complete reaper, like his own, is turned out in periods of a few minutes in every working day.

He, too, was autobiographical in his turn. His history was one of the innumerable examples at the West of substantial success under the comparatively simple advantages of good health and an unbounded capacity for work.

From an early home in Pennsylvania, he drifted, as a mere boy, into Indiana, and "living out" there to a farmer, he remained with him for five years. Shrewd enough to see his opportunity, and to seize it, he made himself master of farming, and became so indispensable to his employer that he was soon making more than twenty dollars a month and his keep the year around. At the end of five years he had saved a little more than eight hundred dollars, which he invested in a mortgage on good land. Then came his *Wanderjahre*. He went to Colorado, working for two years on a sheep ranch, and looking for chances of fortune. They were not wholly wanting, but the prospects were distant, and, rather than endure longer the lonely life of the frontier, he returned as far as Iowa, and bought his present farm

at the rate of ten dollars an acre. For twelve years he had lived and worked upon it. Under improvement, and the growth of population about it, its value had risen threefold, for he had recently added to it a neighboring farm, for which he had to pay at the rate of thirty dollars an acre.

The narrative was piquant in the extreme. There was in it so ingenuous a belief in the order of things, under which he had risen unaided from the position of a hired man to that of a hirer of men. Like Mr. Ross, he had no quarrel with social conditions, except that they no longer furnished him with such hands as he himself had been. Under the demoralization of a demand for men far in excess of the supply, the agricultural laborers of the present sit lightly on their places, and are mere time servers, he said, with no personal interest in their employer's affairs. He seemed to imply a causal relation between the condition of the labor market as it affects the farmer and the degeneracy in agricultural laborers. But whether he meant that or not, he was certainly clear in an insistence that, from his point of view, the social difficulty is one of individual inefficiency, and hardly ever takes the form of any real hindrance to a genuine purpose to get on in the world. All along our route he enforced the point by actual illustration, showing how one farmer, by closest attention to business, had freed himself of the obligations at first incurred in taking up the land, and had added farm to farm, while such another, less efficient than his neighbor, had gone down under a burden of debt.

I opened the gate, and stood watching him as he drove up the long lane leading to his house and barns, while the horses quickened their pace in conscious nearness to their stalls. A Philistine of the Philistines in the impregnable castle of his hard-earned home, I could but like and honor him. It is well for the world that there are men whose ideal is work, but well, also, for the world that there are rarer men with an ideal of self-sacrifice.

Under the stars, on top of a load of hay that had been left standing in a barn-yard in the outskirts of Jefferson, I slept that night, and spent most of the next day, which was Sunday, under the trees of the

town square, in front of the court-house, going in the morning to a Methodist church, where awaited me the courteous welcome which I found at all church doors, whether in the country or the town. For food I had a large loaf of bread, which I had purchased for ten cents at Gowrie. A little beyond Jefferson, after a delightful bath in the Raccoon River, with the uncommon luxury of a sandy bottom, I got leave of a farmer on the road to Scranton to sleep in his barn, and, after the rest of Sunday, I set out on Monday morning keen and fit for the remaining walk to Council Bluffs.

Monday's march took me from a point not far west of Jefferson, by way of Coon Rapids, to the heart of the hills in the neighborhood of Templeton, where I spent the night on the farm of a Scotsman of the name of Hardy. The heat of the day was prodigious. Not like the languid heat of the tropics, it was as though the earth burned with fever which communicated itself in a nervous quiver to the hot, dry air, and quickened one's steps along the baking roads. The stillness was almost appalling, and, as I passed great fields of standing corn, I could fancy that I heard it grow with a crackle as of visible out-budding of the blades.

I did not walk all the way. Twice in the day I had a lift, both of several miles, and each with a farmer whose views differed as widely from the other's as though they were separated by a thousand miles, instead of being relatively next-door neighbors.

The first lift came in the morning along a main-travelled road which I took in the hope of meeting an intersecting one that would lead me on to Manning. A good-looking young farmer, fair-haired and blue-eyed, asked me to the seat at his side high above the box of a farm wagon. We were not long in learning that both were interested in the economics of farming, where he knew much and I little, and where I was glad to be a listener. It was like talking again with a socialist from a sweat-shop in Chicago. The fire of a new religion was in him. The difference lay chiefly in that his was not the gospel of society made new and good by doing away with private property and substituting a collective holding of all the

land and capital that are made use of for production ; his gospel was that of "free silver," but he held it with a like unshaken faith in its regenerating power. For months he had been preaching it, and organizing night classes among the farmers in all the district school-houses within reach, for the purpose of study of the money question. Just once in the talk with me he grew convincing. There was much of the usual insistence of "a conspiracy among rich men against the producing classes," whatever that may mean, and there were significant statements to the effect that nine-tenths of the farmers of the region, which he proudly called "The Garden of Eden of the West," were under mortgage to money-lenders, and that farmers in general, owing to the tyranny of "the money power," were fast sinking to a condition of "vassalage ;" but at last he rose to something more intelligible. It was the sting of a taunt that roused him. He had seen copied from an Eastern newspaper the statement that Western farmers were beginning to want free silver, because they grasped at a chance to pay their debts at fifty cents on the dollar. The man was fine in his resentment of the charge of dishonor.

"We mean to pay our honest debts in full," he said, "but see how the thing works out : I borrowed a thousand dollars when wheat was selling at a dollar a bushel. If I raised a thousand bushels, I could pay my debt by selling them. But when wheat has fallen to fifty cents a bushel, I must raise two thousand to meet the obligation. That came of appreciation in the value of money. It is to the interest of Wall Street men to have it so, while we need an increased volume of money. They deal in dollars and we in wheat, and the more they can make us raise for a dollar, the better off they are. It costs me as much time and labor and wages to raise a thousand bushels of wheat as when it sold for a dollar, and the justice of the case would be in my paying my debt with a thousand bushels, for I don't raise dollars, I raise wheat."

No abstract reasoning or historical examples could have convinced him that an appreciation in the value of money was due to causes other than a conspiracy among what he called "the money kings,"

who, in some manner, had got control of the volume of currency and so determined the prices of commodities. But with all his hallucinations in finance, it was very plain that the charge of dishonesty had been misapplied.

It was toward the end of the day's march that I came by the second lift. For miles the country had grown more hilly, and when I left behind the village of Coon Rapids I found myself climbing a hill that was really steep, then making a sharp descent into a valley, only to begin another hill longer and steeper than any before.

I was slowly ascending one of the longest hills when a farmer in a light market wagon called to me, making offer of a drive. I waited at the crest of the hill and climbed to the seat at his side, while the horses stood panting lightly in the cooler air that moved across the hill-tops.

In the two or three miles that we drove together, the farmer conversed very freely. Quite as well informed as my friend of the morning, he was of sturdier calibre than he, and the difference in their views was complete. He knew of no conspiracy against farmers or any "producing class," and he held that almost the most disastrous thing that could be done would be to disturb the stability of the currency. An appreciation in the value of money there had been, but it was plainly due to causes at work the world over, and quite beyond any man's control. Farmers were suffering from it now ; but a few years ago they had profited by appreciation in the value of crops, and might look hopefully for a return of better times for them. As to the farmers of that part of Iowa, their fortune had been of the best. These hills were looked upon at first as the least desirable land and were last to be taken up, but had proved, when once developed, almost the richest soil in the State. The farmers who settled there had found themselves, in consequence, in possession of land that was constantly increasing in value. From \$10 an acre it had quickly risen to \$20, and many of the owners would now reluctantly yield their farms for \$40 an acre.

There was nothing boastful in the statements. My informant was a person of quiet speech and manner, but he had the advantage of being able to enforce from concrete examples all that he had to say,

and the histories of most of the farmers, and every transaction in real estate for miles around seemed to be at his command.

Nothing could have fitted better the mood in which I left him than my meeting that evening with Mr. Hardy, at whose farm I spent the night. A genial Scotsman of clear, open countenance, whose deep, rich voice seemed always on the verge of laughter; he welcomed me right heartily, and gave me supper of the best and a bed in the granary on fragrant hay, which he spread there with his own hands, and a breakfast in the morning; and for all this he would accept return, neither in work nor pay.

We talked long together of English politics, but he was at his best on the condition of the Iowa farmer. A more contented man I have rarely met, nor a man of more contagious good-humor. As a youth he came from Scotland, and had been a pioneer among these Iowa hills. For him the hardships were all gone from farming, as compared with his early experience. An accessible market, admirable labor-saving machines, ready intercourse with neighbors and with the outside world, had changed the original struggle under every disadvantage to a life of ease in contrast. Very glad I should be of the chance to accept his parting invitation to return at some time to his home.

Early in Tuesday's march a young Swedish farmer picked me up, and carried me on to within five miles of Manning; and, a little west of the town, I fell in with another farmer, who shared his seat with me over six miles of the way. A third lift of a couple of miles into Irwin helped me much on the road to Kirkman. I had not reached the village, however, when night fell. At a farm, a mile or more to the east of it, I found as warm a welcome as on the night before. Supper was ready, and room was made for me; then I lent a hand at the milking with the hired men. Last, before going to bed, we had a swim. The farmer kept for the purpose a pool in the barnyard which was well supplied with constantly changing water, and nothing could have been more grateful after a day of work and walking in a temperature of 105° in the shade. I should liked to have remained there as a hired man almost as much as with Mr. Hardy, but the journey

to Council Bluffs was now well under way, and I was bent upon completing it before another long stop.

On Wednesday I wished to reduce as much as possible the distance to Neola, which is a village at the junction of the St. Paul and Rock Island railways; but I had to spend the night a few miles southwest of Shelby. This was because I was not so fortunate as on the day before in the matter of lifts. I got but one drive that day. Turning from Kirkman into the stage-road leading into Harlan, the county-seat of Audubon County, I saw approaching me a buggy containing two men. I stepped aside to let it pass, but it stopped beside me, and one of the men invited me to get in. The country doctor was writ large upon him, and, at his side, was a coatless, collarless, taciturn youth, who clearly was his "hired man." Crowded between them I sat down, and the physician turned his sharp, genial eyes upon me.

"Where are you from?"

"Where are you going?"

"How old are you?"

"What's your name?"

"Where do you expect to go when you die?"

"Why don't you shave?"

Such were the questions that, with almost fierce rapidity, he plied me with, waiting meanwhile for but the briefest answer to each. And when the ordeal was over, he laughed a low, shrewd laugh while his eyes twinkled merrily, as he remarked, dryly: "I guess you'll do."

He allowed me no time to acknowledge the compliment, but went swiftly on:

"Do you know that Mr. Frick has been shot and may die?"

I did not know it, for I had not seen a newspaper since leaving Algona, and my intercourse had been with farmers whose news reaches them by the weekly press.

It was an exceedingly tragic climax to the situation at Homestead, and not without influence in determining the sympathies of the Western farmers with the issues involved there. It had been amazing to me to discover how keen was the interest taken in the strike all along my route, and it was not a little significant, I thought, to find everywhere a strong indignation against the use of a private police force in accomplishing ends legal in them-

selves and fully provided for by law and usage. So far in the struggle the feeling of the farmers was with the men. Beyond that they appeared uncertain. There was a question of fact to begin with. Did the cut affect more the hands who were working for a dollar and a half a day or the skilled workmen who were reported to get, some of them as much as fifteen dollars? Until this was clear, there could be but speculation.

Most interesting of all, I had found their attitude toward the question that was widely raised of a right the workmen were said to have in the property at Homestead, apart from their wages, on the ground of their having created its value. Here was the real issue of modern industrialism, and on it I found the farmers conservative, to say the least.

The American farmer is a landed proprietor with a gift for logical tendencies that does him credit. His chiefest aim is to maintain, if possible, his economic independence, and a doctrine that would give to his hired man an ultimate claim to ownership in his farm is not one that is likely soon to meet with wide acceptance among his class.

It was with the physician that I talked these matters over, and I was interested to find my experience confirmed by that of so expert an observer, whose chances were so good.

Very reluctantly I parted from him at his door and made in the direction of Neola. Owing to rains that delayed me on Thursday, I did not enter Neola until the middle of the afternoon of that day, and there I did not stop in passing, but pressed on to Underwood, where I spent the night.

Friday was clear again and hot, but the

roads were difficult, and I had to desert them for the lines of the St. Paul and Rock Island railways, that parallel each other side by side for several miles into Council Bluffs.

For the past day I had not had a single offer of a job. The farmers, as I approached the town, seemed either less in need of men or less willing to take up with a chance wayfarer. No doubt I should have had no difficulty had I set about a search for work. Certainly I could not have fared better than I did for dinner at a farm, where I was allowed to lend a hand with a load of hay. And after dinner, when the farmer and I talked together for an hour, I found him the same contentment which struck me as so general among Iowa farmers.

But my letters were in the Post-office at Omaha, and I felt impatient of delay until I should get them. I did not get them on that day, however, nor for several days to come. In Council Bluffs I met the unlooked-for barrier of a toll-bridge across the Missouri. Five cents would give me a right of way, but I had only one, and must, therefore, look for work. I counted myself very fortunate when, at nightfall, I got a job in a livery-stable.

I had crossed Iowa, and Mr. Ross's promise had been abundantly fulfilled. On any day of the march I could have found a dozen places for the asking, and scarcely a day had passed that I had not repeatedly been asked to go to work. I should have thought this a condition peculiar to the harvest time, had not many of the farmers told me that, while their need is greatest then, it is so constant always that no good man need ever be long without work among them.

# PASSAGES FROM A DIARY IN THE PACIFIC

## HAWAII

By John La Farge

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR



WE got off on Saturday, not at noon, as stated, but waiting for a couple of hours in dock, the little steamer filled with people and with very pretty girls, who, alas! were not to accompany us. But we have a circus troupe "*à la* Buffalo Bill"; an impresario with the nose and figure-head of the "boy," and his wife, or lady—the usual "variety blonde" to match, joining, like the telegraph (through the seas and continent of America), farthest Australia and the Singing Hall of London. Long-haired cowboys see them off, one of them fair-haired and boyish and "sixty-two." There are Indians, one of them long-haired, saturnine, and yet smiling, with the usual length of jaw and hair (so that his back runs up from his waist to his hat), who sits with some female, perhaps a dancer, and talks sentiment evidently, in his way, to my great delight—and hers, too, whatever she might say. They sit with one blanket around them, and he points gracefully, and puts things in her hair—and draws presents out of his pockets, wrapped up in paper, and puts them back to pull them out again. She sits against him, and smiles at him ironically, and laughs, and generally looks like a pretty cat lapping cream.

The cowboys meander about and go to the bar-room too frequently, especially one, a fair-haired one, who feels the first attack of seasickness and sits with his head on his hand—and resents his comrades' begging him to come below, telling them that they have mistaken the man he is, that he is a Pawnee medicine man, he is, and that he will wipe the floor with them; and then he subsides again—so that my expected row does not occur.

And everybody subsides, even the cheerful young Englishmen and old Englishmen, and the middle-aged Englishmen,

who pervade a good part of the ship and utter all their small stock of remarks with slowness and power. And there are others—the teacher going back for her vacation, to the seminary at Hawaii—the young German I suspect of being an R. C. priest, and the Scotchman who has carefully talked for the last hour on the advantage of our system of "checking" baggage, which, as he says, allows you to go on without getting off at any station to see if the "guard" has the things all right.

Friday, August 29th.

Last night the sun set in those silver tones that I associate with the Pacific and with Japan. The horizon was enclosed everywhere, but through it every here and there the pink and the rose of sunset came out and in the East lit up the highest of the clouds in every variety of pink and lilac and purple and rose, shut in with gray. But the moon, "O Tsuki San," had her turn—then I realized where we were. All was so dark that the horizon was quite veiled; the light of the moon, in its full and high up, poured down on what seemed a wall-embroidery of molten silver slanting to the horizon. Itself was partly wrapped in clouds or veils or wraps like those that protect some big jewel, and when unveiled or partly covered it had the roundness—the nearness of some great crystal "with white fire laden." The clearness was so great at places open through the clouds that I thought I could see Jupiter's satellites, and decided it was he by this additional glitter. There is no way of telling you all that the moon did, for she seemed to arrange the clouds, to place them about her or drive them away, to veil herself with one hand of cloud. It was like a great heavenly play—and played in such lovely air! If I could write on for pages, I could only say that I had no idea of what the moon could be



nor of the persistence of color that she could hold in all the silveriness.

When I went to bed blue light poured in by reflection from the waves that had looked dark and colorless from the deck. It was the same contrast as by daylight when the dark sea, isolated from the sky, takes a blue like Oriental satin and is fired with light.

To-night again the moon gave a play—no longer in the great pomp of a simple spread of silver forms of cloud, but like an opera of color and shadow; far in front of it hung at times a cloud so dense as to seem as dark as our bulwarks or “roofing”—but usually a cloud of blue, perhaps by contrast with the warmth of the clouds behind, all lit up and modelled and graded tier on tier. No Rembrandt could have more indication of gradings and of darks than these clouds had in reality. No possible palette could approximate the degrees of dark and of light, for the moon, when she uncovered entirely, was the same transparent silver vase out of which poured light. It seemed impossible—the electric light alongside of us was no brighter apparently than the bright markings of the light on the deck, on the edges of the bulwarks, and on the brass of the railings. Imagine the electric light, in, say, our Fifth Avenue, really turned on everything around you. It is a stupid simile, but I wish you to believe in what I am saying. I took a colored print into the moonlight to try, and could make out the colors—faintly, of course—moonily, but there they were all, all but the violet. We could read, poorly, but we could read. But this is not the point, it is that we could see far away to the moon, and that it made a centre of light for every dark, for every half-tint, curtain upon curtain hung in front of it—all the foregrounds of sky you could wish for in that possibility of fog cloud.

Never shall I think again of the moon as a pale imitation. Of course this representation began when the sun was gone; but it was like a sun one could look at without wincing, and canopied itself with colors that did not imitate but were merely the iridescent spectrum which belongs to the great sun. These colors, by their arrangement in the prismatic sequence, seemed to make more light, to arrange it and dis-

pose it, as if art were recalling nature. All this must seem unintelligible. It would to me, if I dared reread it. But this is, at least, what we came for—the moon and the Pacific.

To-morrow morning, Honolulu.

Sunday Morning,

NUUANU, NUUANU VALLEY, HONOLULU.

Last night, after having tried the Hawaiian Hotel, we came up here and took possession of Judge Hartwell's house, which we had seen in the afternoon.

We sat on the veranda, looking out toward the sea, I should say about two miles from us, with the same brilliant moonlight we had had the night before. The two palm-trees in front of the house were gradually lit, as if the whole air had been a stage scene, seen through the smoothly shining trunks glistening like dark silver, where the lower green leaf or branch of the tree beneath the branches separated from the lower cylinder. Behind them spread sky and ocean—for we are just on the summit of the hill—the sea-line cutting distinctly and the air being clear enough (even when a slight drift of rain came down across the picture) to see the surf far out, and the lines of a great bar (to the right), which made a long, hooked bend into the sea. Lights shone red on board of two English and American war-vessels. Far off, a few azure clouds on the horizon; and occasionally a white patch of cloud floated, like gauze, over the palms, then sank away into the space shining far off—a little darker now than the sky, and warm and rather red in color.

Meanwhile the palm branches tossed up and down in the intermittent gale which blew from behind us in the great hills. The landscape was all below us, lying at the very foot of the palms which edge the hill upon which we are. Across the grass the moonlight came sometimes, as if a lamp had suddenly been brought in—and the color of the half-yellow grass, which was not lost in the moonlight, urged on this illusion. Even the violet of the two pillars of palm and its silveriness were strong enough to make greener the color of the sky.

When I walked out behind the house the hills were covered with cloud—I say covered, but rather the cloud rested upon

them, and poured up into the sky in large masses of white ; the moon shining through most of the time, out of an opening more blue than the blue sky, itself an opaline circle of greenish-blue light, with variant iridescent redness in the cloud-edges. Against it the heavy trees looked as dark as green can be, and now and again the branches of other palms were like waves of grass against this dark, or against the sky, all shining and brilliant. Occasionally it rained, as it did in the afternoon ; the edges of the great cloud blew upon us like a little sprinkle of wet dust, and later, as it came thicker, the rustle of the palms was increased by the rustle of the rain. The grass of the hills shone as with moisture, but the grass outside, near us, was so dry that the hand put down to it felt no wet.

And I went off to bed under mosquito nettings, in a room that smelt of sandal-wood, to sleep late and feel the gusts of wind blow through the open windows, and to think that it rained because I heard the palms.

Yesterday it rained very often. As we landed the rain had begun, and the air was difficult to breathe with the quantity of moisture. All was wet underfoot, though the wet, by the afternoon, had dried in this volcanic soil. We had been taken up to the home of Mr. Smith, Judge Hartwell's brother-in-law, and decided at once upon going to housekeeping, for which we had to drive into town quite late ; all closes on Saturday ; and we made out of our business a form of skylarking ; I think to the astonishment of our guide and friend, who may have thought that persons who had been able to discuss seriously in the afternoon, with himself and a member of the former cabinet, Mr. Thurston, the question of the sugar tariff and its relation to the Force bill and the position of Mr. Blaine, and of the Pennsylvania senators, should not be people to waste their minds on the dress of Hawaiian girls and the fashion of wearing flowers about the neck.

But the ride was full of enjoyment and novelty. Honolulu streets are amusing. The blocks of houses are tropical, with most reasonable lowness, and are of cement in facings ; and the great number of Chinese shops and of Chinese, with some pretty Chinese girl faces and children's faces, enliven the streets. And

there are so many horses, small, with much mustang blood and good action and good heads, and ridden freely—too freely, for we saw a laborer ridden down by some cowboyish fellow. Hawaiian women rode about in their divided skirts ; they had, as well as many of the men, flowers around their hats and their necks, and, among other delights, peacock-feather bands around their hats. Many of them were pretty, I thought, with animated faces, talking to mild and fierce men of similar adornments. And, as I said, there was much Chinese, and dresses of much color—for men and women—and trees with flowers, like the Bougainvillia, purplish-rose colored ; gray palm-trunks, and many plants of big leaves like the banana ; yellow limes, and fiercely green acacias.

At any rate it was fun ; we stopped and bought mangoes and oranges from natives who smiled or grinned at us. The air grew delicious with the wind that took away the oppression of the dampness (we have about 80 to 83 degrees), so that if this be tropical, it is easy to bear, and the vast feeling of air and space gives a charm even to the heat.

I walked about this morning toward the hills, of which the near ones are covered with grass of a velvet gray in the light, and dun color in the shade ; but behind, the higher hills are purple and lost in the base of the cloud that has never ceased to turret them. After awhile the sense of blue air became intense.

Tuesday.

We sat up again and waited for the moon to rise, and watched her light drown the brilliancy of the stars and of the milky way. Jupiter shone like diamonds and Venus was like a glittering moon herself ; and beneath her, in the ocean, a wide tremulousness of light broke the great belt of water with a shine that anywhere else might have done for the reflection of the moon. The great palms threw up their arms into a colored sky not quite violet nor quite green ; the gale blew again from the mountains with the same intensity ; the great cloud hung again up to the same point in the heaven until the moon began to beat its edges down, and break them and send them in blots of white and dark into the western sky. Then, at length, she came out again to sink behind

the advancing cloud, which again broke, over and over again, and through the trees, behind us and over the hills, hung in a mass of violet gray. The wind blew more and more violently, but never any colder, always as if at the beginning of a storm, not as if any more than a great gust. And when the moon was free in the upper sky and the cloud rested in its accustomed place, above the hills, we walked out into the open spaces to see the big banks of the clouds lie in white masses of snow piled up, and above them, to the north, the sky of an indefinite purple, terrible in its depth of uncertainty of color, with no break, no cloud whatever.

OFF ISLAND OF HAWAII,  
September 13th, 8 A.M.

We are lying off a little place, Keauhou, while people are landing in boats from the small steamer that carries us. The shore is broken, with black lava rock, in beds that do not seem high, so flat are they on top. It is about eight o'clock, and the impression is of full sunlight, on the green of everything. Behind the fringe of shore rises the big slope of the mountain seen in profile, so gigantic that one only sees a slice of it at a time; there are, of course, ravines up the hills, and trees and grass, but from my focus of the square, between the pillars of the roof of the upper deck, and seated by the guards, I see rather shade broken with sunlight. The sea, of course, at the shore is glittering blue, but everything else that can cast a shade throws its edges upon the next; so that I see a black seaside broken up by lava rocks, and near them cocoa and palm trees, and some small wharves or jetties built to protect the smaller beaches, that run back between the rocks. Each break of projection or recess has its trees, that make the fringe of shade with patches of sun, which the eye takes in along the water.

There are a few houses strung along, half in light, half in shadow: three of them are tall grass-huts, hay-colored in the half-shade of the cocoanuts beside them. Above them are focuses, patches of sun on the green slope where the upper bank behind first flattens into the strong light. In the shadow, faint whites and pinks and blacks, are the dresses of people waiting for their friends or watching the steamer. The horses and mules

and donkeys stand in rows along the houses—or walls—occasionally they pass into the sunshine. One girl in red runs (why, heaven only knows—time seems of no possible use), and as she rises over a rock in the sand, the sun catches her feet and legs and the lower folds of her floating gown.

These people, I am told, have, many of them, ridden some miles from our last landing, at dawn, to meet us again. But there are special deliveries of people and freight at each place—so many and so much on board that one can hardly realize where they are stowed. Three full boat-loads at the last place (Kailua?) and one here, of people jammed—dark Spanish faces, peacock feathers and red veils on hats; colored neckerchiefs, and heads and shoulders covered with flowers or leaves that hang to the waist. There is loud objurgation and chattering, and keeping the children together, and holding up odds and ends of things not sent ashore by the other boats that carry goods and household furniture.

Later in the afternoon I go forward in the dance of our passage to the next island of Maui; the island lies before us across the sea, so sky-like that it is difficult to realize that the vast slopes are of earth; that the greenish hue, now and then, under the violet of the bank of heavy clouds, all brilliant and shining like satin, is not thicker air;—just such tones make the island as with us make winter skies. Far off to the southeast stretches, under clouds, another line, that of the farther Maui, which ends above in Haleakala, the extinct volcano. As we draw near the sun is setting; the jib and mainsail curving before us in shadow and light, as we drop a little to the south, repeat near to us the colors of the island and of the clouds. These hang far forward toward us, while the slope of green and peachy gray runs up behind it; and we glide soon into more quiet waters, and stop off the town of Lahaina. Then long hours are spent in unloading and loading, so that when we sail again we only faintly see the mass of Haleakala. But in the morning, with the dawn which has no color, but in which, to the east, stand up, in some sort of richer violet shade, the outlines of Hawaii,



"Fayaway."

(Original painting in the possession of Mrs. J. Montgomery Sears, Boston)

*Drawn by John La Farge.*

we see farther the great slopes of Mauna Loa, so gentle that it is difficult to tell where the flat top is reached, and where the slopes begin again on the other side ; and then we stop in the early sunlight. A fisherman comes up with fish ; other boats (outriggers all) with fruit, and we see what I was telling you when I began to write. And later we have come to a great bank of black rock running out to sea, and precipices of black spotted with a green all of one color, which is where Cook was killed, and where they have put up a little monument to him. This is Kaawaloa. We try the land, for the roll of the ship is disagreeable as it waits, and we run in over the transparent water. It is too deep just by the landing for anchorage. The sea jumps from light aquamarine to the color of a peacock's breast in the shadow. We go up the black lava that looks as if it had been run out on the road, not under it, and sit in the shade a moment, and exchange a few words with our fellow-passengers now on land—a little flock of tired children and mother, and our "chiefess." And it is hot—the heights have shut off the wind, and all is baking. Horses and donkeys, saddled, stand about near the shadow of fences, left to themselves, while the cargo is landed. Higher up on the heights, some planters tell us, it is cool. They wear enormous hats, and have a planter-like appearance that suggests our being different.

As I look around on this green and black, and the few cocoanuts, and the dark blue-green olive water, I think that it is not an unlikely place for a man to have been killed in. The place has, for Hawaiians, another interest : it was once a great place, and the high cliffs have many holes where chiefs were buried, inaccessible and hidden. And a little way beyond was a city of refuge—that is to say, a sacred city—where none who took refuge could be injured. Even though the enemy came rushing up to the last outlying landmark, the moment that it had been passed, the pursued was safe, and after having sojourned according to due rite, could depart in peace and safety.

AT THE VOLCANO, KILAUEA.  
Sunday.

In the morning Adams woke me out of sound sleep ; the air was cold and damp,

the room decidedly so during the night. As I came out the sun was rising. Before us was the volcano, still in shadow, but the walls of the crater lit up pink in the sun, and farther out the long line of Mauna Loa appeared to come right down to these cliffs, all clear and lit up except for the shadow of one enormous cloud that stretched half across the sky. The floor of the crater, of black lava, was almost all in shadow, so that, as it stretched to its sunlit walls, it seemed as if all below was shadow. In the centre of the space smoked the cones that rise from the bed of the crater. Through this vapor we saw the farther walls, and on the other side of the flow, as it sloped away from us, more steam marked the lava openings at Dana Lake, invisible to us.

We sketched that day and lounged in the afternoon, the rain coming down and shutting out things ; but in the noon I was able to make a sketch in the faint sunlight ; and that was of no value, but as I looked and tried to match tints, I realized more and more the unearthly look that the black masses take under the light. A slight radiance from these surfaces of molten black glass gives a curious sheen, that far off, in tones of mirage, does anything that light reflected can do, and fills the eye with imaginary suggestions. Hence the delightful silver, hence the rosy coldness that had made fairylands for us of the desert aridity. But nearer, the glitter is like that of the moon on a hard, cold night, and the volcano crater I shall always think of as a piece of dead world ; and far away, in the prismatic tones of the mountain-sides, I shall see a revelation of the landscapes of the moon.

Late in the afternoon the young Australian, or whatever he was, who had been with us, went down with a guide into the crater, and returned toward ten o'clock at night with a story that the Dana Lake had broken. He had seen the gray surface move and tumble over like ice-pack into the fire, and we were proportionately curious to see and unwilling to go. For I must own that it has been rather out of duty than otherwise that we have been here. Neither of us cares for climbing, and certainly the pleasure of seeing fire near by must be very exciting to amount to pleasure. Yet we went next day and



Fishermen Bathing in the River Near the Sea, at Onomea.  
Sketch made during a horseback ride around the northeast of the island.

toiled down to the surface of the crater, which is accessible from our side by a zig-zag path. By and by one gets to the surface of the crater, which rises to the centre and (when one is on it) shows nothing but a desolate labyrinth of rocks. We walk over this tiresome surface that destroys the sole of the boot, following more or less in single file, because of crevasses that are deep, and at the end of a walk of some three miles, we approach the cones that rise high above us, perhaps seventy feet. Maby, the innkeeper, says that they are higher than they were, for this whole surface of lava is movable, and parts of it, like the cones, float over a molten surface underneath. Think of it as glass and you will just get the simile that it makes mentally. To the eyes it is rock; around the cones there are loose, disorderly rocks, piled up like loose stones in a fence—absolutely like it—which loose foundation is called a-a in Hawaiian, as the flowing, smooth lava, on which we have mainly walked, is called pa-hoe-hoe. Some of it is in crusts

that are hollow to the tread, and that give way suddenly, to one's annoyance, for it is hard to realize that it is still solid farther underneath. Especially as here our guide points out a small cone about a mile off, sticking out of a confusion or heap of broken rocks, or above the broken rocks that are before us and below us, for we are now walking on a colossal loose stone fence—far off, I say, in this confusion, is a miserable cone, with a red glow in it. And now we cross a little more fence; the smooth and crusty surface is hot to the feet; we look down and see gray and red lines in the cracks below us that are fire; and then a few feet off we look into and between some rocks and see the lava flowing along, exactly like glass when it is cooling and growing red from former whiteness, a slow, viscous, sticky dropping into some hole below. Then we go back quickly and paddle along toward the other slope of the floor where steam is rising; and by and by, as the light is waning after our two hours' walk, we get within a short dis-



tance of the wall-edge, and see a space apparently near higher rocks, some seventy feet high, I am told, which is Dana Lake. There is now only vapor; sulphurous fumes that float up and obscure the distance, and go up into the skies. But as the twilight begins, fires come out, and the space is edged with fire that sometimes colors the clouds of vapor. At one side a small cone stands up, that burns with an eye of red fire. From time to time this opening spits out to one side a little vicious blotch of fire. The clouds of vapor rise so as to blur the distance, but near by the rocks are clear enough, and either black, or farther off where they are cliffs, are greenish yellow with sulphur. Sizes become uncertain. I could swear that this lake was a thousand feet long and the cliffs were five hundred feet high; but Awoki and the guide, walking along, reduce the lake to real proportions. Then it is only a small lake of some hundred and fifty to two hundred feet, perhaps. But the im-

pression still remains—all is so thrown out of reference. The hole is so uncanny; the sky above, purple in the yellow of the afterglow, and partly covered with the yellowish tone of the hellish vapor, looks high up above us. I sit (and sketch) on the absurd rocks, and then we wait for something to happen. It has become night; we determine to give up hope of the breaking up of the lake, and we start. We have lanterns, but gradually these go out and we have only one that has to be cherished, and we scramble along. By and by we halt, and looking back see greater lights, and the guide says that the lake has broken out. Still we are disinclined to return on the chance, for the vapors exaggerate everything; and after much scrambling we get back to the edge of the crater, after a seven hours' tramp. As we go up the ascent the fires seem larger, and our host and the guides say that there is some breaking out. Still we are in doubt; we are disappointed and tired. And still



Mending Lanterns.

From a pencil sketch about the same size.

I should not go back unless the most extraordinary conflagration occurred. Besides the undefined terror and spookiness of the thing, there is great boredom. There is nothing to take hold of, as it were—no centre of fire and terror—only incon-

us to Hilo, over a pretty road, through a pretty tropical forest, to this little old place, the abode of quiet and cocoanut-trees, where are very pleasant people : among them M. Furneaux, the artist, who shows us sketches, and talks to me of what



"The Chieffess."

venience and a faint fear of one thing—but what ?

But even without fire, the remainder of those dread hollows is something to affect the mind. Judge Dole was telling us that he could not get out of his memory his having looked down the hollow of the pit of Halemaumau, then just extinct, and having seen an inverted hollow cone all in motion, with rock and débris rolling down to some indefinite centre far below.

I still have (as I write at Hilo) the scent of sulphur in my memory. From time to time, in our ride to Hilo next morning, this smell would come up, perhaps in reality. That was a bad ride, all over a sort of lava-bed like a mountain torrent. Then it ended in the beginning of a road of red earth, soft and spongy, and up to the bellies of the horses. There we met, after fifteen miles of it, a carriage and horses that took

I sympathize with—the being driven to means unusual to us, when we try to give an impression of the tone of color here.

September 22d.

Our last sugar plantation took us to the edge of the great valley of Waipio, from one to two thousand feet deep, at the farther and higher island end of which drops a great waterfall ; from its outside sea-cliffs trickle down others from the lesser height of eight hundred. But all was wrapped in mist, for at this point of our ride we had almost the only bad weather of the trip. Here we turned toward the other side of the island, across great downs and spreads of land, like those we had seen on arrival. We were out of the rainy influence. The whole spread of the landscape was that of dryness ; of the " Sierras " ; we rode

at first through vast fields or spreads of green, where the path was marked by the rooting of the pigs, that here run loose and grow wild. A great mountain-slope rose to our left—Mauna Kea—and as we dipped to the sea we had Mount Hualalai to continue it. But that was after we had stopped on our last day's ride in a dry country, where distances swam in the pale colors that belong to the volcanoes and the desert, while near us green marked the foreground.

We rested and dreamed in midday, at some hospitable residence, from whose veranda, in the great heat, we saw Hawaiians coursing recklessly about, in the way you would like to ride, and cattle on many hills, while the young ladies in the shade made garlands (leis) for us to wear around our necks and hats, on our last ride to the shore. Adams and I rode slowly down a mile behind the others, in the blazing afternoon, a most delicious air breaking the heat; with that same sense of space that had accompanied our first day ashore. And as the sun set, like a clear ball of fire over the blue sea, and sent rosy flickerings to the shore, we came down to the edges of the bay.

Above us to the left rose a hill crowned with the remains of some one building that trailed down its side, still red in the sunlight. To our right were palms and black sand and enclosures, apparently deserted, and with an afterglow like that of Egypt, a look of desolate Africa. In

the dark we passed over the black sand, and behind the trees, through which the moon moved restlessly in the water, and came up to an absurd little hotel kept by a Chinaman, where we dismounted among black pigs charging about, and bade good-by to amiable Mr. Much, our guide, who had preceded us.

October 3d.

Yesterday, as I wrote Mrs. Gilder, we crossed the equator, and left it with disrespect behind us, almost unnoticed—the Line, as they used to call it. And soon we shall have dropped the sun also, which would, were there no clouds, no abundant awnings, leave us with diminished shadows, insufficient to cover our feet. And at the thought of dropping him, the old Taoist wish of getting outside the points of the compass comes over me, the feeling that leads me to travel. Can we never get to see things as they are, and is there always a geographical perspective? Should I reach Typee, shall I find it invaded by others? Shall I find everywhere the company of our steamers?

On Sunday morning we shall be dropped into a boat off Tutuila, some sixty miles away from the Samoa to which we go. How long we stay, as I told you, I do not know; but we think of Tahiti later, and even other places, that I dare not dwell on, for I must return some day. But before that day I wish to have seen a Fayaway sail her boat in some other Typee.



Kilauea, 10 A.M., September 15, 1890.

Looking southward at cone of Crater. Cloud over Mauna Loa.

# GENERAL CHRISTIAN DEWET

By Thomas F. Millard

IT will be the irony of fate indeed if Great Britain, having crushed the Boer republics, finds that the military honors of the war remain with the men she has defeated. Yet this is what seems likely to happen. If it does, it will not be without plenty of precedents in history. Instances where beaten generals have made far greater reputations than those who conquered them are by no means uncommon. The world has a habit, formed centuries ago, of selecting its own heroes without much regard to the dicta of governments. And the instinct of the world, in matters like this, is rarely at fault.

Fame has hunted DeWet over bowlder-strewn kopjes where he posted his scouts and lay in wait for the enemy; through rugged, deep-cut dongas where his tents were pitched; across vast stretches of sand-blown veldt as he trekked to escape legions of British cavalry; during dark night rides to fall upon some convoy or surprise an outlying garrison. She has peered at him through mists of misrepresentation, delved for his real character under clouds of slander, slowly extricated his achievements from the toils of official repression and partially analyzed them, and dimly perceived his great courage even while watching his retreats. She has persisted in looking his way when all the efforts of a military censor and a great national press combined to distract her attention and fix it in another quarter, and refused to be wooed by gorgeous pageants and the adulation of millions bestowed upon his rivals. So, having at last discovered him, she is reasonably sure of her choice.

Kimberley had been relieved, the invasion of the Orange Free State accomplished, and grim old Cronje clasped in the ever-narrowing circle of fire at Paardeburg when I first met DeWet. It was the end of a long day's drive. For hours we had been meeting detachments of demoralized Boers drifting in the direction of Bloemfontein. To our inquiries as to the whereabouts of General DeWet they vaguely pointed to the west. Dusk was

slowly spreading over the veldt, when droves of trek cattle, herded by Kaffir boys, warned us that we were approaching a laager. Rounding a low-lying kop, the camp lay half a mile ahead, a cluster of wagons collected about a few tents. Groups of armed men were gathered about a score of fires, apparently engaged in preparing the evening meal. A glance told me that the total force in the laager did not exceed three hundred, and I thought it surely could not be the head-quarters of the army then being gathered to rescue Cronje and check Lord Roberts's march to the Free State capital. In the distance, the dull cannonading which we had heard all through the afternoon seemed to be dying away with the day. The oppressive heat was moderating under the influence of the cool evening breeze. As we approached, a solitary horseman, riding slowly from the direction whence drifted the muffled thunder of the British guns, came into the road just ahead of the cart and looked at us inquiringly. Let me try to recall his appearance—and I do vividly as I write this, although I am sensible that later memories come to my assistance.

The figure, of middle height, was stocky and well-set, conveying at a glance an impression of physical strength. There was nothing in the appearance or dress of the man to cause one to single him out from among any crowd of burghers. He looked the typical Boer of the veldt, from his weather-beaten slouch hat to the cowhide boots into which his trousers were tucked. A more unmilitary figure could hardly be conceived. There was no attempt at uniform. A dingy dark-blue sweater concealed the shirt—if there was one—and the trousers were an ordinary pair of brown overalls. Coat there was none. A bedraggled little cockade of ostrich feathers was stuck in one side of the hat-band, but it had lost its freshness and drooped dispiritedly. Not the slightest indication of rank was visible. But for the light magazine sporting rifle slung across his shoulder, and a bandolier filled with cartridges, he might easily have passed for a farmer who



General Christian DeWet.

From a photograph taken in the field by the author.

had just left his plough. As he faced us, with his back to the setting sun, his face was obscured in shadow. I could see that it was bearded, and belonged to a man well along in middle age, but little more. Still, I exaggerate nothing when I say that even at that moment I was conscious that it was not the face of a commonplace man. Perhaps it was his straight, secure seat in the saddle. perhaps his air of cool assurance and self-possession. perhaps the quiet, even tones of his voice ; but, at any rate, the impression was instantaneous and permanent.

"Who are you ?" he asked, in Dutch.

"These are correspondents—Americans," our driver replied.

"Can you direct us to the head-quarters of General DeWet ?" I said.

The man looked us over.

"Follow me," he said, in English, and rode away in the direction of the camp.

Arriving there, our guide dismounted at the door of one of the tents, spoke a few words to some men who stood about, and disappeared inside. A young Boer in the uniform of a lieutenant of the Free State artillery came forward and welcomed us courteously, speaking in English. He informed us that he was an aide-de-camp to General DeWet, and asked to see our credentials. They proving satisfactory, he conducted us to a tent and invited us to make our quarters for the night. In these little ministrations he showed the kindness and hospitality which I never found separated from the Boers during all the time I was with their armies. Before we had fin-

ished getting our bed-rolls out of the cart, the young artillerist came with an invitation from General DeWet for us to take supper with him. Gladly accepting, we were conducted to a tent less than a hundred feet distant. Entering, we found it lighted by a single candle stuck in the neck of a bottle, shedding a dim glow over the interior. On a rough deal box that served for a table, was spread the meal, which was of the simplest. The plates and cups were tin, blackened by long usage, and the knives and forks cheap, iron-handled affairs. In the background was a dark figure, which stepped forward.

"Gentlemen, this is General DeWet," said the lieutenant of artillery.

I saw a thick, square figure, clad in a blue sweater and brown overalls. Then I knew that our guide to the camp was DeWet himself.

Our conversation was carried on with some difficulty, for DeWet speaks very little English. The artillery lieutenant, who was graduated from Cambridge, acted as interpreter. The talk was chiefly about the United States, the General seeming very much interested in our country and government. "I want to see it some day," he said. "Perhaps I shall have to come there to live if the British beat us," he continued, laughing; "but they never shall," he added in a calm tone that carried conviction. Not a word was said about the then intensely critical situation in the Free State, although the subject was uppermost in the mind of every man sitting at that table. The deep-toned boom of a British gun told us every few minutes that the enemy was not permitting Cronje to sleep in peace. Not a muscle moved in DeWet's face, as those significant sounds broke the stillness of the summer night. Not an evidence did he show, to look at him as he sat there, that he had almost slept in the saddle for a fortnight, and at that moment interposed only a paper line between Lord Roberts's army and Bloemfontein.

DeWet's movements from the time Kimberley was relieved until the disaster at Paardeburg are little known, yet are among the most brilliant operations of the now famous raider. Secure, after the battle of Maagersfontein, in invincible conceit, Cronje sat at Modder River bridge.

Confident that the British would not leave the railroad, he entrenched himself (weeks after the battle) and waited. He brought his wife and family to the laager, and permitted many of the burghers to do the same. He was in supreme command of all the Boer forces in that locality and had the bulk of them, some four thousand men, with him at the Modder. Kimberley was invested by DeWet with about one thousand men, and some heavy guns. As weeks went by and the British remained quiet, Cronje became careless as well as confident. Suddenly, like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, came General French's dash across the Free State border. He swung around Cronje's left flank, passed through Jacobsdal and moved on rapidly in the direction of Kimberley before Cronje could be got to realize what had happened. Even then that purblind old man did not budge, refusing to credit the information brought by his own scouts. When he did finally begin his retreat he moved so slowly that he landed in the hell-hole at Paardeburg, and found there a military grave for his army.

Contrast the conduct of the chief with that of his lieutenant. DeWet, who had been fretting under enforced inactivity at Kimberley, soon learned that French's column was in motion. This information should have come to him from Cronje, whose business it was to protect Kimberley; instead it was DeWet who discovered it for himself, and despatched messengers to inform Cronje. Hastily gathering about six hundred men, he left the investment to the care of a picket line and started out to intercept the relieving column. He did not know what was French's strength, and did not care. Unfortunately, he was misinformed, and instead of meeting the main force under French, encountered a rear guard conveying a large amount of cattle and supplies for the beleaguered town. DeWet promptly attacked this convoy near Ollifontfontein, defeated the escort, and captured all the cattle and supplies, including the entire wagon train. Instantly realizing that he had missed the main body, DeWet started back to Kimberley. Too late. French's column of cavalry had brushed aside the Boer picket line and entered the town. Kimberley was relieved.



Was DeWet daunted? Not he. Although French's force outnumbered his own four to one, DeWet promptly proceeded to invest the relieving force as well as the besieged. It was a magnificent bluff, but how well it might have succeeded we are not to know, for the situation of the main Boer army under Cronje quickly made DeWet's position untenable. The military instinct born in the man made him instantly appreciate this, and he determined to raise the siege of Kimberley. This he did, taking his own time for it, and carrying safely away not only all his heavy guns and impedimenta, but the plunder of French's convoy as well.

DeWet's command, when he raised the siege of Kimberley, was not more than one thousand men. Part of these had to be detached to escort the artillery and wagon train to Bloemfontein. With the remainder, DeWet set out to succor poor old blundering, bigoted Cronje, and nothing but the monumental stupidity and obstinacy of the latter prevented him from succeeding. Cronje's tardy and terribly cumbered march had been intercepted, and he was compelled to halt at Paardeburg to beat the enemy off. Even then Cronje refused to believe that he was in any real danger. He could easily have accelerated his march by abandoning his laagers and the women and children, which were not only a needless clog but a positive detriment to morale and discipline. After Cronje was fairly cornered, DeWet, with his handful of men, opened a way for the Boer army to come out, and kept it open for a whole day. During this day several heliograph messages passed between Cronje and DeWet. DeWet urged his superior to abandon the artillery and laagers and join him with all his men, but Cronje insisted that he was able to maintain his position, or could break his way out whenever he wanted to. The next day French's cavalry, coming out of Kimberley, appeared directly in DeWet's rear, and forced him to move or be cut off from Bloemfontein. Thus was the gap finally closed, and it was never reopened, except for Cronje and the remnant of his army to march out prisoners of war.

DeWet fell back toward Bloemfontein, and devoted his energies in trying to get a new army together, while at the same

time maintaining a bold front to the enemy. This was the situation when I met him. And a bold front it was, too. Every night small bodies of Boers would abandon Cronje, and slip through the British lines. As late as the night before the surrender more than one hundred escaped, a party of nearly fifty not even being challenged by British pickets. They said that the whole army could have slipped away in the darkness, and would have done so had not Cronje advised against it. By day and by night DeWet circled around the death-pit in the bed of the Modder searching for an opening, but he was too feeble to strike, and the British cordon became stronger every hour with the arrival of fresh troops. By dint of pleading, persuasion, and exhortation, DeWet managed to get together a couple of thousand men. With these he fought the actions at Willow Springs and Abrahams Kraal, where he temporarily checked the British advance. But it was no use. The weak force of Boers could not stop, on the flat veldt, the march of a numerically powerful enemy. Bloemfontein fell, undefended, and the first stage of the war was completed.

DeWet's raid to the Basutoland border, which deserves to rank as a military classic of its kind, was undertaken for three reasons: to gather the hundreds of burghers who had returned discouraged to their homes, to open a way for the retreat of Olivier from Colesburg, and to strike a succession of blows at Lord Roberts's outposts and line of communications. It accomplished all these objects. DeWet left Wynburg with less than one thousand men. In a few days' march his force had increased to twelve hundred, through being joined by small straggling parties of burghers. At no time during the raid did it exceed fifteen hundred. The General regarded this last as the ideal force for effective raiding. "It's neither so large as to be unwieldy nor so small as to be helpless," he said to me one day. The make-up of that force is worth considering, as it excelled in mobility any armed body of men I have ever seen. Each burgher carried a rifle and one or two bandoliers filled with cartridges, or an average of about one hundred and fifty rounds per man. Nearly every man gen-

erally carried rations for a day or two in his coat-pockets or saddle-bags. Half a dozen "trolleys," each drawn by ten or twelve mules, carried the reserve ammunition, the men's bedding, and such slight and essential food-supply as coffee, salt, and tobacco. Trolleys can travel six to eight miles an hour without difficulty. Such a column virtually lives off the country, driving cattle along with it as it moves, and slaughtering sufficient for a day's uses at each camping-place. Two Armstrong light field-guns, and a Maxim-Nordenfeldt completed the armament. A few tents were carried but rarely pitched, the men usually bivouacking under the wagons, or sleeping entirely without shelter. Every man was mounted, of course, and probably three hundred extra horses and mules were taken along.

For two or three days after DeWet left Wynburg he marched leisurely, and by day, to the southward. Little was said about the objective point of the expedition, and few seemed to know it. The third night, however, brought a change. DeWet, who had been out scouting himself all afternoon, returned to camp soon after dark. About nine o'clock we moved, and there were unmistakable indications that we expected to find the enemy before we camped again. Toward midnight we halted at a drift over a small waterway, and divided the force. Two-thirds of it, under Piet DeWet (the brother who is now urging Christian to surrender), took the artillery and swung away to the eastward. This left not more than four hundred with the General. Two hours we rested. The men made coffee and smoked. Orders to remove all cartridges from the guns were issued. When we moved again the trolleys were left behind.

The waning moon had disappeared behind a low chain of kopjes and the blackness of the night was relieved only by the brilliancy of the stars. We started. An order was passed enjoining absolute silence. We moved at a rapid walk, the well-trained horses requiring absolutely no guidance from the riders, slowing or accelerating their pace instinctively in obedience to the impulse of the column. Once a horse stumbled, causing a burgher to drop his gun. For a second I held my breath. It rattled on the hard ground but did not go

off. This goes to the credit of foresight. General DeWet, who rode at the head of the column, did not turn his head, but he growled a warning in an undertone. Several times we halted, and DeWet rode on alone, being absent once for half an hour. A young Boer whispered that the General's home was only a few miles away. Then I ceased to wonder at his evident inch-by-inch knowledge of the country. He could have traversed the entire region blindfolded.

The column had steered clear of farm-houses to avoid the barking of dogs, but now an occasional cock-crow in the distance, and a deepening of the gloom, gave warning of dawn. When the General returned from his last reconnoitre an aide was heard to say that they were within a thousand yards of a British camp. "Great Scott," whispered a military attaché, "we'll be on top of their pickets in a minute." DeWet, however, knew what he was about. The burghers dismounted, and left the horses behind a convenient kopje in the care of a few men. Then they moved a few hundred yards and concealed themselves in the almost dry bed of a spruit. DeWet ordered that no man was to fire, no matter what happened, until he (the general) gave the signal by firing his own rifle. Above all, no man was to show as much as his nose.

At last a faint gray strip showed just above the eastern horizon, then broadened a bit, and tinged its upper edge with a glow of peach-blossoms; then radiated white, streaky tangents off into the heavens, putting out the stars, and diffusing a soft light over the veldt. Then the sun came up and said it should be a glorious day. Against his red face, as he scanned the landscape, was drawn a black line. This proved to be the smoke-funnel of the Bloemfontein water-works. It rose directly in the middle of a square formation, which later revealed itself as the British camp. It was awake. "Tommies" could be seen, as the light grew stronger, grooming their cattle and preparing breakfast. A few sentries stood about in close proximity to the camp, but there was no display of real vigilance. With broad day a shrapnel shell came from somewhere on the other side of the camp and exploded among the wagons. We then knew where Piet DeWet had gone. Bugles sounded "saddle" and "mount,"

and there was a rush to inspan the wagon train. That the surprise was complete was evident. In a short time, what seemed a regiment of mounted infantry deployed in extended order facing the locality whence came the Boer shell fire. At the same time the wagon train debouched on the road to Bloemfontein and began a retreat to a safer position. These dispositions suited DeWet very well indeed, and he had anticipated them, for he and his four hundred men were crouched right across the Bloemfontein road where it descended into the spruit.

Then did DeWet, single-handed, capture that wagon train of one hundred and twenty vehicles, and four hundred prisoners as well, as follows :

As the first wagon entered the spruit, he rose from behind a bowlder and beckoned, with his empty hand, to the astonished soldier who was driving.

"Come in," he said.

The soldier obeyed, driving a short distance farther, where a Boer quietly disarmed him and took charge of the team. In exactly this way was the entire train, with its drivers and guard, taken without the British, who had remained in the camp, knowing that any harm had befallen it. All this time not twenty Boers had showed themselves, and no one except DeWet had spoken. After awhile, however, the camp perceived that something was wrong with the train, as it was impossible to conceal all the wagons, those not in the bed of the spruit being in plain view. So a troop of mounted infantry was despatched to learn the cause of the delay. The lieutenant who commanded it was a brave man, but sadly lacking in caution. He galloped his troop down to the spruit and halted on the edge of the donga. Then DeWet stood up and said, quietly :

"Come in."

The expression on the lieutenant's face showed that he knew he was trapped. He rode forward to within speaking distance, while the troop halted.

"You must surrender, sir," said DeWet. "Your position is hopeless."

Glancing rapidly around him, the lieutenant bowed his head, and rode slowly back to his troop. I imagine that in that brief time he bade farewell to life. As he went DeWet deliberately covered him with

his rifle, and waited. The lieutenant stopped in front of his men, who were very much nonplussed.

"Fall back!" he commanded, in a loud, clear tone.

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when DeWet shot him dead. This was the signal for the concealed Boers to pour a volley into the troop that emptied three-fourths of its saddles. The survivors galloped madly away to give the alarm in the camp, which was by this time pretty well broken up. The rest of it—how the guns were captured, how Piet DeWet's force encircled the British, and drove them in a running fight to within sight of Bloemfontein—shall not be told here. Those are mere details of the action of Sannas Post. It is with DeWet the individual, the profound strategist, the imperturbable tactician, that we have to do. Four days later he did almost the same thing at Dewetsdorp, and then crowded Brabant's Horse up against the Basutoland border, and held it there until half the cavalry of Lord Roberts's army was on his trail. But let those things pass. He is doing them every day.

It is unprofitable, but none the less interesting, to speculate about what DeWet might have accomplished had he commanded disciplined troops instead of a lot of insubordinate farmers. With DeWet it is never a matter of simply ordering his men to do this or that. He labors under the necessity of first taking the burghers into consenting to a plan of battle before ordering an attack.

No man who admires courage could have failed to sympathize with General DeWet one day at Thaba Kop, during the retreat from Wepener. He had resolved to beat back a British force which was hovering on his flank, and embarrassing his movements, and so disposed his commandoes on a number of kopjes. The position was cleverly chosen, and an engagement would surely have resulted in a severe check to the British had it ensued. An incident, one of the most singular in war, turned the affair into a farce. The British force, apparently numbering several thousand men, deployed and advanced with the evident purpose of taking the Boer position by assault. This was precisely what DeWet wanted. He had

prepared a neat little trap, and left the door wide open. The British were still fully fifteen hundred yards away, and the Boers were only sniping mildly to draw them on, when suddenly two English batteries opened, and shrapnel began to scatter leaden "stuffing" over the kopjes. Without warning, without orders, without any tangible reason that one can lay hold of, the Boers deserted their positions, and began a precipitate flight. In five minutes it became a stampede, which carried DeWet's entire army back for miles. This belongs to the inexplicable things of war. Oddly enough, the British, having probably got wind of the ambushade, began retreating about the same time the Boers commenced to run. There was presented the strange spectacle of two armies, separated by a ridge, each fleeing from the other. When John Knight, a correspondent who related the incident to me a few days later, climbed down from his position on a kopje, and rode back to the hooftlaager to learn the why of it all, he found only General DeWet and a dozen burghers. Tears of rage and mortification dimmed the General's eyes, and trickled down his beard, and his utterance was thickened by emotion. Seeing Knight dismount and salute, DeWet addressed him in Dutch, forgetting that it was a dead language to Knight. Remembering, he called an interpreter.

"I hope that you will not mention in your reports the way my burghers behaved to-day," he said. "I cannot understand their conduct, unless the devil possessed them."

Mounting his horse, he rode to where he could see the retiring British. "What a pity, what a pity," he said. "We should have cut them to pieces." But the opportunity was gone. Slowly the panic-stricken burghers returned, and by nightfall had resumed their positions. Dawn of the following day saw the little army begin the brilliant retreat to effect a junction with Botha at Zand River, an effective denouement to a minor campaign which deserves a niche among military miracles.

At Zand River DeWet's force became merged in an army of some seven or eight thousand men, and was swept along pell-mell in the retreat to the Vaal.

Hanging doggedly to the rear of the army, and sniping at obstreperous British cavalry patrols to make them keep their distance, did DeWet come to Kroonstad, the then capital of the Free State. During the length of a warm day he and Steyn and Botha wore themselves out vainly trying to rally the discouraged burghers, and induce them to make one more stand south of the Vaal. Late in the afternoon they returned to town, and rode to the cottage which President Steyn occupied as a residence. A brief conference was held, and it was decided to abandon Kroonstad that night, DeWet and Botha to hold the Boschrand until the government records could be got safely away.

I sat on the veranda and waited for the conference to end. I knew that only one more train would leave Kroonstad, and I wanted to catch it, and so stayed to say good-by. Finally President Steyn and General DeWet came out. "We can whip them yet. We will whip them yet," I heard DeWet saying, doggedly. President Steyn silently pointed over the river, and shook his head sadly.

The veranda faced away from the town to the south and east. A deep, rugged gully cut by the Valch there made an elbow embracing Kroonstad. Across the veldt the Boschrand loomed blue and misty, under the rising moon. Falling on and around it, we knew, were the shells of the British batteries. We could hear the muffled booming of the guns, and knew that in a few hours the shells might be bursting where we stood. Beyond the river scores of figures of men on horseback were silhouetted against the rooi-kopjes on the farther bank. They were retreating burghers who, turned back by the provost guard at the drift, were flanking the town.

On them DeWet's gaze rested. His face grew red, then pale. A fierce light crept into his blue eyes, and his heavy, square jaw set firm and hard. He shook hands and swung himself into the saddle.

"I may come to America," he said, "but it won't be just yet."

He clapped spurs to his horse, and went galloping off to where the crackling of rifles and the stammering of a "putt-putt" gun told there was work for men. The sounds came to us through space, clear and sharp. Extending up the long

slope which rises from the town to the north was the retreating column, a crawling black line on the gray moonlit veldt. We stood listening to the hoof-beats that were carrying out to the front assurance that the drifts would be held till morning; for they were carrying DeWet. I have never seen him since. But in the year that has elapsed since that night his name has followed me around the world.

## MIDSUMMER

By Martha Gilbert Dickinson

MIDSUMMER weariness doth cling to me—  
 The year hath wrought her dazzling pageantry  
 And broodeth passive in satiety.  
 Wide calms of increase stay her restless wing,  
 As flight were but a pastime meet for days  
 Before the idle joy of ripening,  
 When stress of growth compelled the forest ways.

O'er spent with torrid bloom the garden burns,  
 No longer to the sun in trembling turns  
 Her faint-hued hopes; but in her glory spurns  
 Him as a rival! Well she hath forgot  
 How once shy perfumes wooed each passing glance  
 And drooping blossoms prayed him tarry not—  
 Then yielded smiling to his sultry trance!

The meadow brook hath lost her song; no more  
 The lusty freshet brawls from shore to shore,  
 Nor in strange elfin voices doth implore—  
 Command, beseech, or warn of coming woe;  
 Or call her leaping comrades from afar,  
 Or glad the thirsty cattle as they go,  
 So parched and low her tinkling accents are.

The grassy folk now lull the livelong night,  
 Rocking the silence—haply to requite  
 For choruses of birds too old to plight.  
 I know not when the red-robed cardinal  
 First 'mid the sedge and rank-grown rushes stood,  
 Nor at what hushed and measured interval  
 There fell an herby twilight through the wood.

Nor when upon the hills the flooding tide  
 Of summer broke, as up their purple side  
 The hoary chestnuts, like surf flinging wide  
 Against a foreign shore, did first appear!  
 But now the golden rod's gay heraldry  
 In stony pastures lifts a yellow cheer;  
 And heavy walks the grain upon the lea.

Midsummer weariness doth cling to me—  
 Beneath her fruitage brave the apple-tree  
 Stoops with the burden of her dignity;  
 Nor longer, as in days of budded bliss,  
 Doth toss at pleasure of the vagrant wind,  
 Or covet keen the raindrop's jewelled kiss,  
 Or Springtide wonder in her nestlings find.

Not yet, not yet the laggard gentian blue,  
 That loveliest lingerer—ever true  
 Unto her roadside tryst of hoar and dew!  
 Not yet the sobering of early eves;  
 The fireside joy, whose timely respite glows  
 With spirit of the Autumn and her sheaves;  
 Not yet the dusky grape, or aught of those

Proclaiming harbingers! The covert sign  
 Of sap arrested marks the solstice line;  
 The laugh of Summer now a smile benign.  
 But nowhere warns the shadow of the Fall,  
 Though nowhere bides the busy seedtime blithe—  
 While imperceptible the omens crawl  
 Between the distant sickle and the scythe.

The gleaming corn, in valiant lines arrayed,  
 Hath yet no rust upon the shining blade  
 Drawn bright against the sun; and deep in shade  
 The green voiced breath of soothing minstrelsy  
 Doth ever coax and rustle, muse and sing—  
 While underneath all musky flattery  
 The tasselled ear doth hint of harvesting!

The water-lily bares her fragrant breast;  
 Across the cloudless sky from east to west  
 No mysteries are hid—no joy unguessed.  
 By day, like some bewildered Rommany,  
 The crescent moon seeks out her evening trail;  
 The roadside gypsy sells her augury;  
 Nor does one looked-for token halt or fail.

Yet all unmoved we speed the step of life—  
 The tarnished pleasure and the loosened strife,  
 The garnered wisdom grave, or folly rife!  
 Midsummer weariness doth cling to me—  
 Only our love shall never wax nor wane;  
 Eternal pain, eternal ecstasy!  
 Earth's ebb and flow a masque of visions vain.

Ah, dreams of bloom and fecund sleep, ye lead  
 Beyond the pale of time; ere mortals heed,  
 Your beckoned beauties one by one recede!  
 Only our love shall all unchanging stand—  
 One fixed star amid the circling spheres,  
 Within the rainbow that hath ever spanned  
 The heart of man and passing of the years.





# THE SOUTHERN MOUNTAINEER

By John Fox, Jr.

DRAWINGS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE COLLECTION OF R. C. BALLARD-THRUSTON, LOUISVILLE, KY.



## II

THE Kentucky mountaineers are practically valley people. There are the three forks of the Cumberland, the three forks of the Kentucky, and the tributaries of Big Sandy—all with rich river-bottoms. It was natural that these lands should attract a better class of people than the average mountaineer. They did. There were many slave-holders among them—a fact that has never been mentioned, as far as I know, by anybody who has written about the mountaineer. The houses along these rivers are, as a rule, weather-boarded, and one will often find interior decorations, startling in color and puzzling in design, painted all over porch, wall, and ceiling. The people are better fed, better clothed, less lank in figure, more intelligent. They wear less homespun, and their speech, while as archaic as elsewhere, is, I believe, purer. You rarely hear “you uns” and “we uns,” and similar untraceable confusions in the Kentucky mountains, except along the border of Tennessee. Moreover, the mountaineers who came over from West Virginia and from the southwestern corner of old Virginia were undoubtedly the daring, the hardy, and the strong, for no other kind would have climbed gloomy Black Mountain and the Cumberland Range to fight against beast and savage for their homes.

However, in spite of the general superiority that these facts give him, the Kentucky mountaineer has been more isolated than the mountaineer of any other State. There are regions more remote and more sparsely settled, but nowhere in the Southern mountains has so large a body of mountaineers been shut off so completely from the outside world. As a result he illustrates Mr. Theodore Roosevelt's fine observation that life away from civilization

simply emphasizes the natural qualities, good and bad, of the individual. The effect of this truth seems perceptible in that any trait common to the Southern mountaineer seems to be intensified in the mountaineer of Kentucky. He is more clannish, prouder, more hospitable, fiercer, more loyal as a friend, more bitter as an enemy, and in simple meanness—when he is mean, mind you—he can out-Herod his race with great ease.

To illustrate his clannishness: Three mountaineers with a grievance went up to some mines to drive the book-keeper away. A fourth man joined them and stood with drawn pistol during the controversy at the mines, because his wife was a first cousin by marriage of one of the three who had the grievance. In Republican counties, county officers are often Democratic—blood is a stronger tie even than politics.

As to his hospitality: A younger brother of mine was taking dinner with an old mountaineer. There was nothing on the table but some bread and a few potatoes.

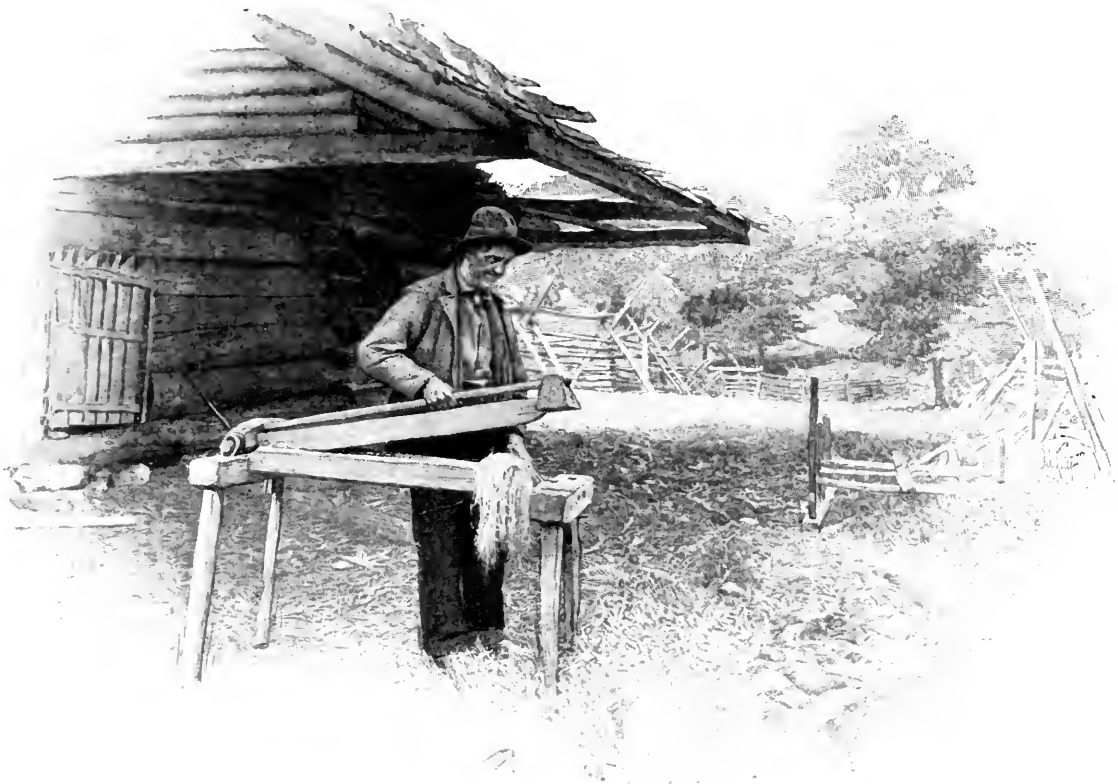
“Take out, stranger,” he said, heartily. “Have a ‘tater—take two of ‘em—take nigh all of ‘em!”

A mountaineer who had come into possession of a small saw-mill, was building a new house. As he had plenty of lumber a friend of mine asked why he did not build a bigger house. It was big enough, he said. He had two rooms—“one fer the family, an’ t’other fer company.” As his family numbered fifteen, the scale on which he expected to entertain can be imagined.

The funeral sermon of a mountaineer, who had been dead two years, was preached in Turkey Foot at the base of Mount Scratchum in Jackson County. Three branches run together like a turkey's foot at that point. The mountain is called Scratchum because it is hard to climb. “A funeral sermon,” said the old preach-

er, "can be the last one you hear, or the fust one that's preached over ye atter death. Maybe I'm a-preachin' my own funeral sermon now." If he was, he did himself justice, for he preached three solid hours. The audience was invited to stay to dinner. Forty of them accepted—there were just forty there—and dinner was served from two o'clock until six. The forty were pressed to stay all night. Twen-

selves went with the balance, about \$1,000, into Kentucky, where the plague was at its worst. He found the suffering great—nine dead, in one instance, under a single roof. He spent one month going from house to house in the counties of Letcher, Perry, and Pike, carrying the money in his saddle-bags and riding unarmed. Every man, woman, and child in the three counties knew he had the money and knew his



Breaking Flax near Mouth of Brownie Creek, Bell County, Ky.

ty-three did stay, seventeen in one room. Such is the hospitality of the Kentucky mountaineer.

As to his pride, that is almost beyond belief. I always hesitate to tell this story, for the reason that I can hardly believe it myself. There was a plague in the mountains of eastern Kentucky, West Virginia, and the southwest corner of old Virginia in 1885. A cattle convention of St. Louis made up a relief fund, and sent it for distribution to General Jubal Early of Virginia. General Early sent it to a lawyer of Abingdon, Va., who persuaded D. F. Campbell, another lawyer now living in that town, to take the money into the mountains. Campbell left several hundred dollars in Virginia, and being told that the West Virginians could take care of them-

mission. He left \$5 at a country store, and he got one woman to persuade another woman whose husband and three children were just dead, and who had indignantly refused his personal offer of assistance, to accept \$10. The rest of the money he distributed without trouble on his own side of the mountain.

While in Kentucky he found trouble in getting enough to eat for himself and his horse. Often he had only bread and onions; and yet he was permitted to pay but for one meal for either, and that was under protest at a regular boarding-house in a mountain-town. Over the three counties, he got the same answer.

"You are a stranger. We are not beggars, and we can take care of ourselves."

"They are a curious people over there,"

said Campbell, who is a born Virginian. "No effort was made to rob me, though a man who was known as 'the only thief in Perry County,' a man whom I know to have been trusted with large sums by his leader in a local war, sent me a joking threat. The people were not suspicious of me because I was a stranger. They concealed cases of suffering from me. It was pride that made them refuse the money—nothing else. They are the most loyal friends you ever saw. They will do anything for you, if they like you. They will

ago, not at an extreme old age, who left two hundred and seven descendants. He had fifteen children and several of his children had fifteen. There was but one pair of twins among them—both girls—and they were called Louisa and Louisa. There is in the same county a woman forty-seven years of age, with a granddaughter who has been married fifteen months. Only a break in the family tradition prevented her from being a great-grandmother at forty-seven.

It may be that the Kentucky moun-



Grist Mill on the Cumberland River, Three and a Half Miles below Harlan Court House.

get up and go anywhere for you day or night, rain or snow. If they haven't a horse, they'll walk. If they haven't shoes, they'll go barefooted. They will combine against you in a trade, and take every advantage they can. A man will keep you at his house to beat you out of a dollar, and when you leave your board-bill is nothing."

This testimony is from a Virginian, and it is a particular pleasure for a representative of one of the second-class families of Virginia who, as the first families say, all emigrated to Kentucky, to prove, by the word of a Virginian, that we have some advantage in at least one section of the State.

Indeed no matter what may be said of the mountaineer in general, the Kentucky mountaineer seems to go the fact one better. Elsewhere, families are large—"children and heepe," says Chaucer. In Jackson County, a mountaineer died not long

ago, not at an extreme old age, who left two hundred and seven descendants. He had fifteen children and several of his children had fifteen. There was but one pair of twins among them—both girls—and they were called Louisa and Louisa. There is in the same county a woman forty-seven years of age, with a granddaughter who has been married fifteen months. Only a break in the family tradition prevented her from being a great-grandmother at forty-seven.

It may be that the Kentucky moun-

tainer is more tempted to an earlier marriage than is the mountaineer elsewhere, for an artist who rode with me through the Kentucky mountains said that not only were the men finer looking, but that the women were far handsomer than elsewhere in the southern Alleghanies. While I am not able to say this, I can say that in the Kentucky mountains the pretty mountain girl is not always, as some people are inclined to believe, pure fiction. Pretty girls are, however, rare; for usually the women are stoop-shouldered and large waisted from working in the fields and lifting heavy weights; for the same reason their hands are large and so are their feet, for they generally go barefoot. But usually they have modest faces and sad, modest eyes, and in the rich river-bottoms, where the mountain farmers have tenants and do not send their daughters to the fields—the girls are apt to be erect and



Going to Circuit Court at Harlan.

agile, small of hand and foot and usually they have a wild shyness that is very attractive. I recall one girl in crimson homespun, with very big dark eyes, slipping like a flame through the dark room, behind me, when I was on the porch; or gliding out of the one door, if I chanced to enter the other, which I did at every opportunity. A friend who was with me saw her dancing in the dust at twilight, next day, when she was driving the cows home. He helped her to milk and got to know her quite well, I believe. I know that, a year later, when she had worn away her shyness and most of her charm, at school in her county seat, she asked me about him, with embarrassing frankness, and a look crept into her eyes that told an old tale. Pretty girls there are in abundance, but I have seen only one very beautiful mountain girl. One's standard can be affected by a long stay in the mountains, and I should have distrusted mine had it not been for the artist who was with me, fresh from civilization. We saw her, as we were riding up the Cumberland, and we silently and simultaneously drew rein and asked if we could get buttermilk. We could and we swung from our horses. The girl was sitting behind a little cabin with a baby in her lap, and her loveliness was startling. She was slender; her hair was

gold-brown; her hands were small and, for a wonder, beautifully shaped. Her teeth, for a wonder, too, were very white and even. Her features were delicately perfect: her mouth shaped as Cupid's bow never was and never would be, said the artist, who christened her eyes after Trilby's—"twin gray stars"—to which the eyebrows and the long lashes gave an indescribable softness. But I felt more the brooding pathos that lay in them, that came from generations of lonely mothers before her, waiting in lonely cabins for the men to come home—back to those wild pioneer days, when they watched with an ever-present fear that they might not come at all.

It was late and we tried to get to stay all night, for the artist wanted to sketch her. He was afraid to ask her permission on so short an acquaintance, for she would not have understood, and he would have frightened her. Her mother gave us buttermilk and we furtively studied her, but we could not stay all night: there were no men-folks at home and no "roughness" for our horses, and we rode regretfully away.

Now, while the good of the mountaineer is emphasized in the mountaineer of Kentucky, the evil is equally marked. The Kentucky mountaineer may be the best



The Home of Four Brothers who Died in the Harlan Feud.

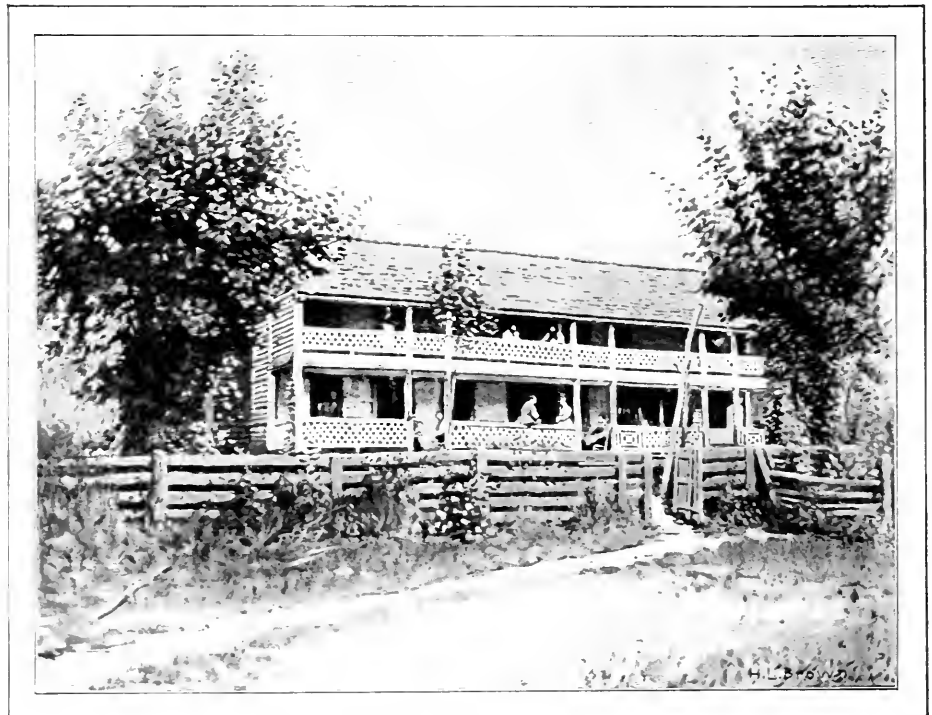
of all — he *can* be likewise the worst of all.

A mountaineer was under indictment for moonshining in a little mountain town that has been under the refining influence of a railroad for several years. Unable to give bond, he was ordered to jail by the judge. When the sheriff rose, a huge mountaineer rose, too, in the rear of the court-room and whipped out a big revolver. "You come with me," he said, and the prisoner came, while judge, jury, and sheriff watched him march out. The big fellow took the prisoner through the town and a few hundred yards up a creek. "You go on home," he said. Then the rescuer went calmly back to his house in town, and nothing fur-

ther has been said or done to this day. The mountaineer was a United States deputy marshal, but the prisoner was his friend.

This marshal was one of the most picturesque figures in the mountains. When sober he was kind-hearted, good tempered, and gentle; and always he was fearless and cool. Once, while firing at two assailants who were shoot-

ing at him, he stopped long enough to blow his nose deliberately, and then calmly went on shooting again. He had a companion at arms who, singularly enough, came from the North, and occasionally these two would amuse themselves. When properly exhilarated, one would put a horse-collar on the other, and hitch him to an open buggy. He would



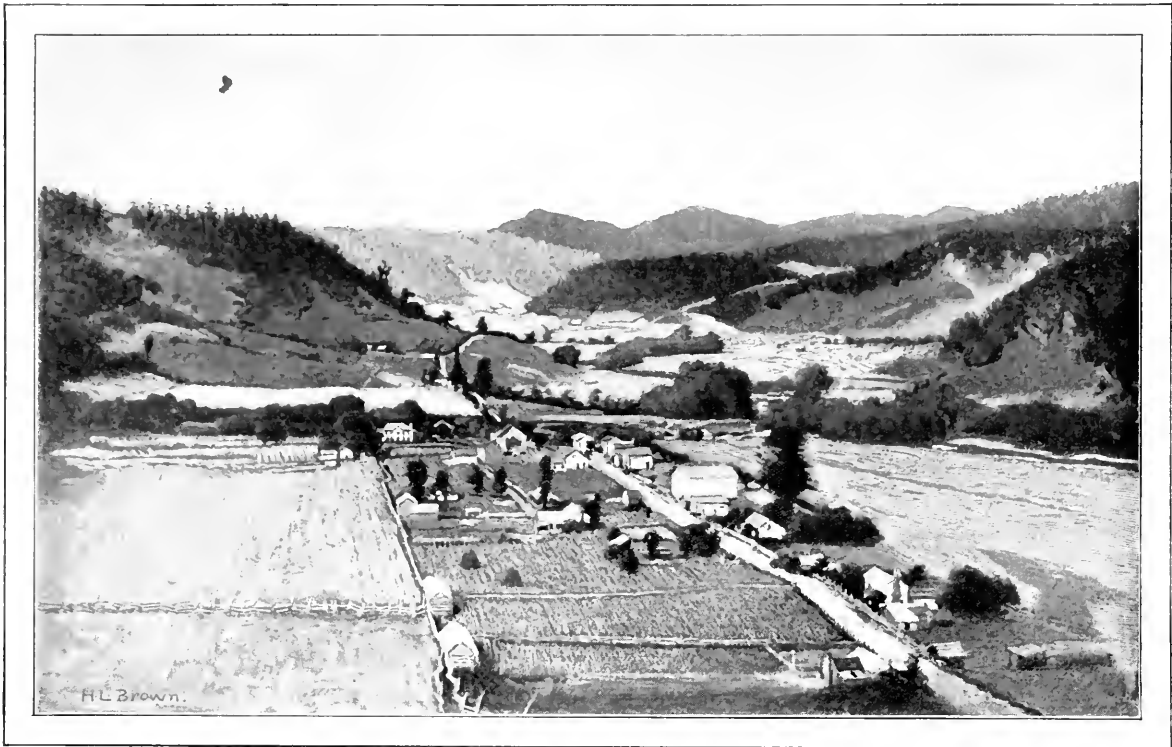
The Home of an Aristocrat (a "Standing-in" Man).



fill the buggy with pistols, climb in, and drive around the court-house—each man firing off a pistol with each hand and yelling himself hoarse. Then they would execute an Indian war-dance in the court-house square—firing their pistols alternately into the ground and into the air. The town looked on silently and with great

young men got Winchester repeating shot-guns and waited a week for their assailants who failed to come; but had they been besieged, there would not have been a soul to give them assistance, except perhaps the marshal and his New England friend.

In this same county a man hired an assassin to kill his rival. The assassin



Harlan Court House, the Seat of the Howard-Turner Feud.

respect, and the two were most exemplary until next time.

A superintendent of some mines near a mountain town went to the mayor one Sunday morning to get permission to do some work that had to be done in the town limits that day. He found the august official in his own jail. Exhilaration!

It was at these mines that three natives of the town went up to drive two young men into the bushes. Being met with some firmness and the muzzle of a Winchester, they went back for reinforcements. One of the three was a member of a famous fighting clan, and he gave it out that he was going for his friends to make the "furriners" leave the country. The young men appealed to the town for protection for themselves and property. There was not an officer to answer. The sheriff was in another part of the county and the constable had just resigned. The

crept to the window of the house where the girl lived, and seeing a man sitting by the fire, shot through the window and killed him. It was the wrong man. Assassinations from ambush have not been uncommon in every feud, though, in almost every feud, there has been one faction that refused to fight except in the open. I have even heard of a snare being set for a woman, who though repeatedly warned, persisted in carrying news from one side to the other. A musket was loaded with slugs and placed so that the discharge would sweep the path that it was believed she would take. A string was tied to the trigger and stretched across the foot road and a mountaineer waited under a bluff to whistle so that she would stop, when she struck the string. That night the woman happened to take another path. This, however, is the sole instance I have ever known.





School Children, Rockhouse, Letcher County, Ky.

Elsewhere the Southern mountaineer holds human life as cheap; elsewhere he is ready to let death settle a personal dispute; elsewhere he is more ignorant and has as little regard for law; elsewhere he was divided against himself by the war and was left in subsequent conditions just as lawless; elsewhere he has similar clannishness of feeling, and elsewhere is an occasional feud which is confined to family and close kindred. But nowhere is the feud so common, so old, so persistent, so deadly, as in the Kentucky mountains. Nowhere else is there such organization, such division of enmity to the limit of kinship.

About thirty-five years ago two boys were playing marbles in the road along the Cumberland River—down in the Kentucky mountains. One had a patch on the seat of his trousers. The other boy made fun of it, and the boy with the patch went home and told his father. Thirty years of local war was the result. The factions fought on after they had forgotten why they had fought at all. While organized warfare is now over, an occasional fight yet comes over the patch on those trousers and a man or two is killed. A county, as big as Rhode Island, is still bitterly divided on the subject. In a race for the

legislature not long ago, the feud was the sole issue. And, without knowing it, perhaps, a mountaineer carried that patch like a flag to victory, and sat under it at the capital—making laws for the rest of the State.

That is the feud that has stained the highland border of the State with blood and, abroad, has engulfed the reputation of the lowland bluegrass, where there are, of course, no feuds—a fact that sometimes seems to require emphasis, I am sorry to say. Almost every mountain county has, or has had, its feud. On one side is a leader whose authority is rarely questioned. Each leader has his band of retainers. Always he arms them; usually he feeds them; sometimes he houses and clothes them, and sometimes, even, he hires them. In one local war, I remember, four dollars per day were the wages of the fighting man, and the leader on one occasion, while besieging his enemies—in the county court-house—tried to purchase a cannon, and from no other place than the State arsenal, and from no other personage than the governor himself.

It is the feud that most sharply differentiates the Kentucky mountaineer from his fellows, and it is extreme isolation that

makes possible in this age such a relic of mediæval barbarism. For the feud means, of course, ignorance, shiftlessness, incredible lawlessness, a frightful estimate of the value of human life; the horrible custom of ambush, a class of cowardly assassins who can be hired to do murder

them than among other Southern mountaineers. For that reason the war divided them more evenly against themselves, and set them fighting. When the war stopped elsewhere, it simply kept on with them, because they were more isolated, more evenly divided; because they were a



A Family on Yellow Creek, Bell County, Ky.

for a gun, a mule, or a gallon of moonshine.

Now these are the blackest shadows in the only picture of Kentucky mountain life that has reached the light of print through the press. There is another side and it is only fair to show it.

The feud is an inheritance. There were feuds before the war, even on the edge of the bluegrass; there were fierce family fights in the backwoods before and during the Revolution—when the war between Whig and Tory served as a pretext for satisfying personal animosities already existing, and it is not a wild fancy that the Kentucky mountain feud takes root in Scotland. For while it is hardly possible that the enmities of the Revolution were transmitted to the civil war, it is quite sure that whatever race instinct, old-world trait of character, or moral code the backwoodsman may have taken with him into the mountains—it is quite sure that that instinct, that trait of character, that moral code are living forces in him to-day. The late war was, however, the chief cause of feuds. When it came, the river-bottoms were populated, the clans were formed. There were more slave-holders among

fiercer race, and because the issue had become personal. The little that is going on now goes on for the same reason, for while civilization pressed close enough in 1890 and '91 to put an end to organized fighting, it is a consistent fact that after the failure of Baring Brothers, and the stoppage of the flow of English capital into the mountains, and the check to railroads and civilization, these feuds slowly started up again. When I started to the Cuban war, two companies of State militia were on their way to the mountains to put down a feud. On the day of the Las Guasimas fight these feudsmen fought, and they lost precisely as many men killed as the Rough Riders—eight.

Again: while the feud may involve the sympathies of a county, the number of men actually engaged in it are comparatively few. Moreover, the feud is strictly of themselves and is based primarily on a privilege that the mountaineer, the world over, has most grudgingly surrendered to the law, the privilege of avenging his private wrongs. The non-partisan and the traveller are never molested. Property of the beaten faction is never touched. The women are safe from harm, and I have

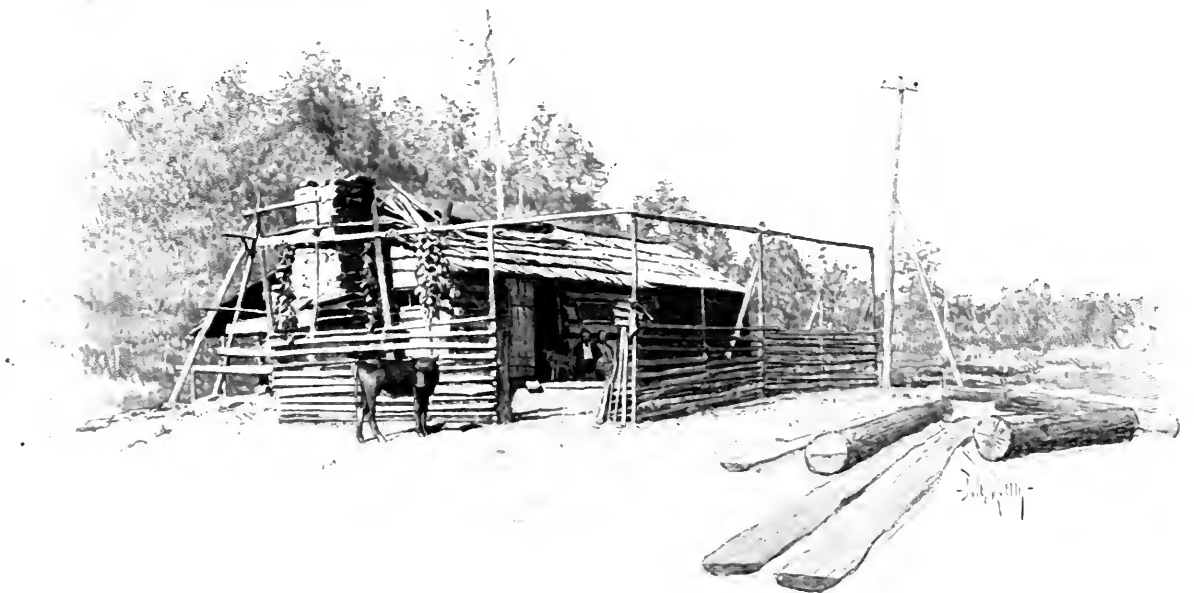


A Good Place to Stop—Harlan County, Ky.

never heard of one who was subjected to insult. Attend to your own business, side with neither faction in act or word and you are much safer among the Kentucky mountaineers, when a feud is going on, than you are crossing Broadway at Twenty-third Street. As you ride along, a bullet may plough through the road ten yards in front of you. That means for you to halt. A mountaineer will come out of the bushes and ask who you are and where you are going and what your business is. If your answers are satisfactory, you go on unmolested. Asking for a place to stay all night, you may be

told "Go to So and So's house; he'll protect ye;" and he will, too, at the risk of his own life when you are past the line of suspicion and under his roof.

There are other facts that soften a too-harsh judgment of the mountaineer and his feud—harsh as the judgment should be. Personal fealty is the corner-stone of the feud. The mountaineer admits no higher law; he understands no conscience that will violate that tie. You are my friend or my kinsman; your quarrel is my quarrel; whoever strikes you, strikes me. If you are in trouble, I must not testify against you. If you are an officer, you



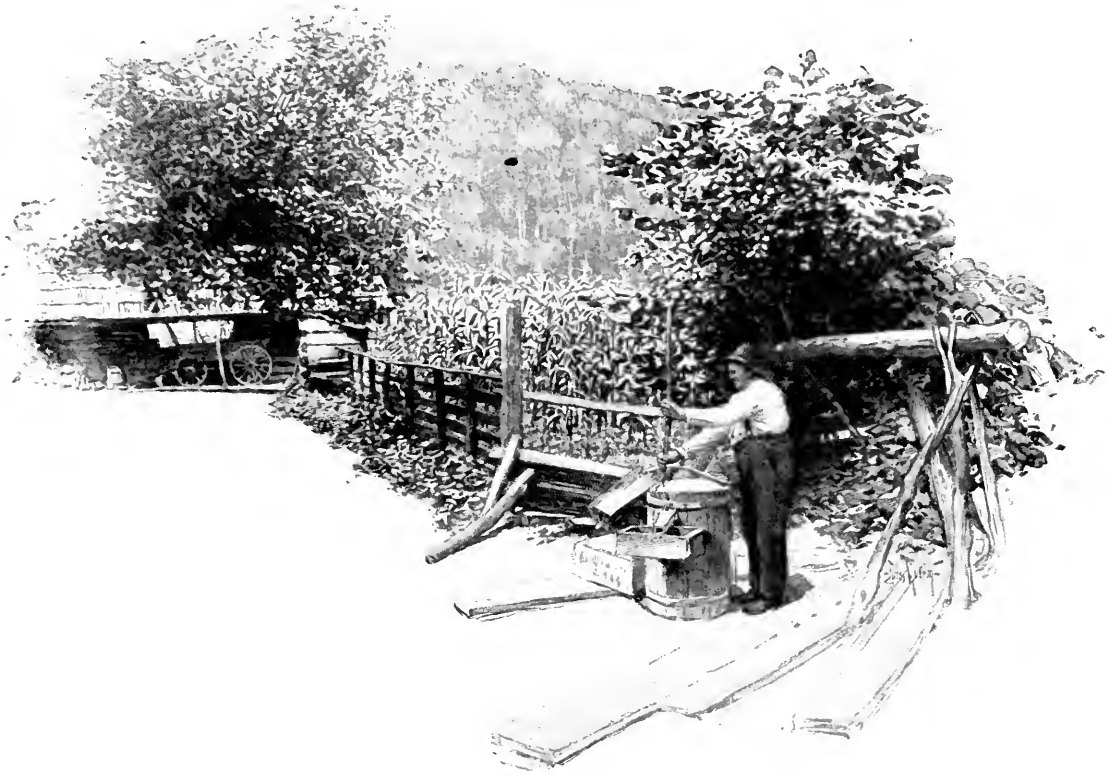
A Squatter's Stronghold (held for two months at the point of his Winchester)

must not arrest me, you must send me word to come into court. If I'm innocent, why, maybe I'll come.

Moreover, the worst have the list of rude virtues already mentioned; and, besides, the mountaineer is never a thief nor a robber, and he will lie about one thing and one thing only and that is land. He

swer. "I'm a-waitin' fer Jim Johnson, and with the help of the Lawd I'm goin' to blow his damn head off."

Even the ambush, the hideous feature of the feud, takes root in the days of the Revolution, and was borrowed, maybe, from the Indians. Milfort, the Frenchman, who hated the backwoodsman, says



A Hand Corn-mill on the Poor Fork of the Cumberland.

has cleared it, built his cabin from the trees, lived on it and he feels that any means necessary to hold it are justifiable. Lastly, religion is as honestly used to cloak devilry as it ever was in the Middle Ages.

A feud leader, who had about exterminated the opposing faction and had made a good fortune for a mountaineer while doing it, for he kept his men busy getting out timber when they weren't fighting, said to me, in all seriousness:

"I have triumphed agin my enemies time and time agin. The Lord's on my side and I gits a better and better Christian ever' year."

A preacher, riding down a ravine, came upon an old mountaineer hiding in the bushes with his rifle.

"What are you doing there, my friend?"

"Ride on, stranger," was the easy an-

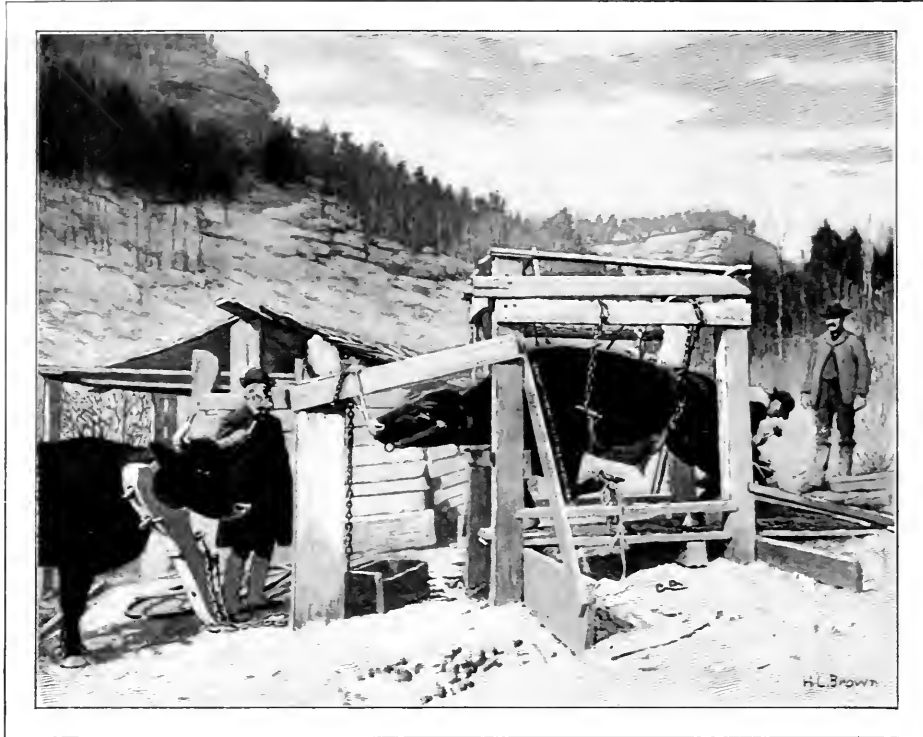
Mr. Roosevelt, describes with horror their extreme malevolence and their murderous disposition toward one another. He says that whether a wrong had been done to a man personally or to his family, he would, if necessary, travel a hundred miles and lurk around the forest indefinitely to get a chance to shoot his enemy.

But the Civil War was the chief cause of bloodshed; for there is evidence, indeed, that though feeling between families was strong, bloodshed was rare and the English sense of fairness prevailed, in certain communities at least. Often you will hear an old mountaineer say: "Folks usen to talk about how fer they could kill a *deer*. Now hit's how fer they can kill a *man*. Why, I have knowed the time when a man would hev been druv outen the county fer drawin' a knife or a pistol, an if a man was ever killed hit wus kinder accidental by a Barlow. I reckon folks got

used to weepens an' killin' an' shootin' from the bresh endurin' the war. But hits been gettin' wuss ever sence, and now hits dirk an Winchester all the time." Even for the ambush there is an explanation.

"Oh, I know all the excuses folks make. Hit's fair for one as 'tis fer t'other. You

exterminated because they refused to take to the "bresh." The last one killed was a good-looking generous young fellow, eighteen years of age. He was urged to either leave the country or take to the bush for his enemy, who had taken to the bush for him. He would rather live in the mountains for a year and die, was the



Shoeing an Ox on Mill Creek of Middle Fork, Red River.

can't fight a man f'ar an squar who'll shoot you in the back. A pore man can't fight money in the courts. Thar hain't no witnesses in the lorrel but leaves, an' dead men don't hev much to say. I know hit all. Looks like lots o' decent young folks hev got usen to the idee; thar's so much of it goin' on and thar's so much talk about shootin' from the bresh. I do reckon hit's wuss'n stealin' to take a feller critter's life that way."

It is also a fact that most of the men who have been engaged in these fights were born, or were children, during the war; and were, in consequence, accustomed to bloodshed and bushwhacking from infancy. Still, even among the fighters there is often a strong prejudice against the ambush, and in most feuds, one or the other side discountenances it, and that is the faction usually defeated. I know of one family that was one by one

boy's answer, than live to be an old man anywhere else; and he would rather die than shoot a man in the back. In less than a year he was shot while drinking from a spring.

Again, the secret of the feud is isolation. In the mountains the war kept on longer, for personal hatred supplanted its dead issues. Railroads and newspapers have had their influence elsewhere. Elsewhere court circuits include valley people. Civilization has pressed slowly on the Kentucky mountains. The Kentucky mountaineer, until quite lately, has been tried, when brought to trial at all, by the Kentucky mountaineer. And when a man is tried for a crime by a man who would commit that crime under the same circumstances, punishment is not apt to follow.

Thus the influence that has helped most to break up the feud is trial in the Bluegrass,



for there is no ordeal the mountaineer more hates than trial by a jury of bigoted "furriners."

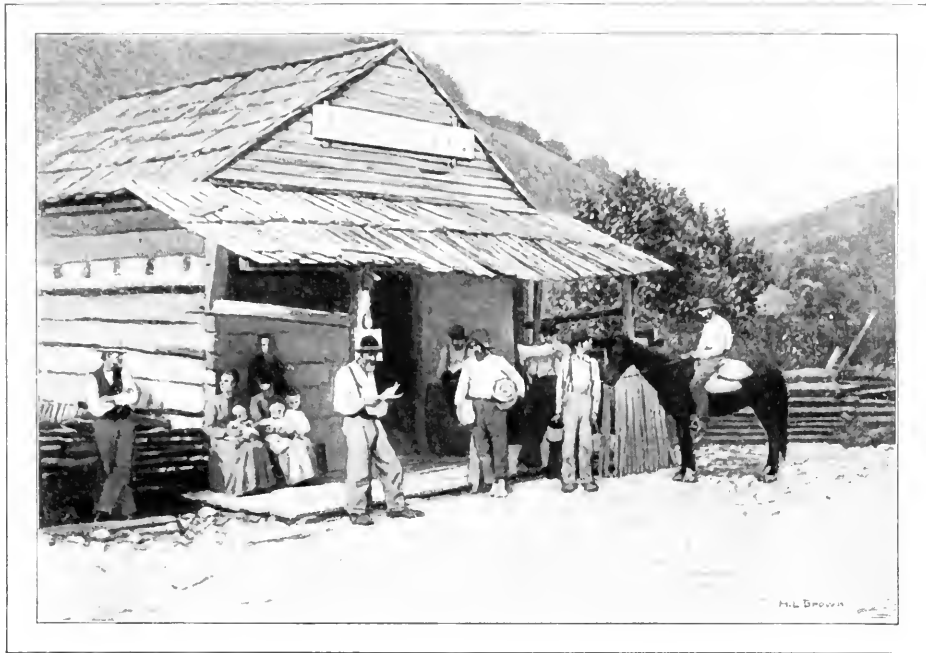
Who they are—these Southern mountaineers—is a subject of endless conjecture and dispute—a question that perhaps will never be satisfactorily solved. While there are among them the descendants of

the old bond servant and redemptioner class, of vicious runaway criminals and the trashiest of the poor whites, the ruling class has undoubtedly come from the old free settlers, English, German, Swiss, French Huguenot, even Scotch and Scotch-Irish. As the German and Swiss are easily traced to North Carolina, the Huguenots to South Carolina and parts of Georgia, it is more than probable, from the scant study that has been given the question, that the strongest and largest current of blood in their veins comes from

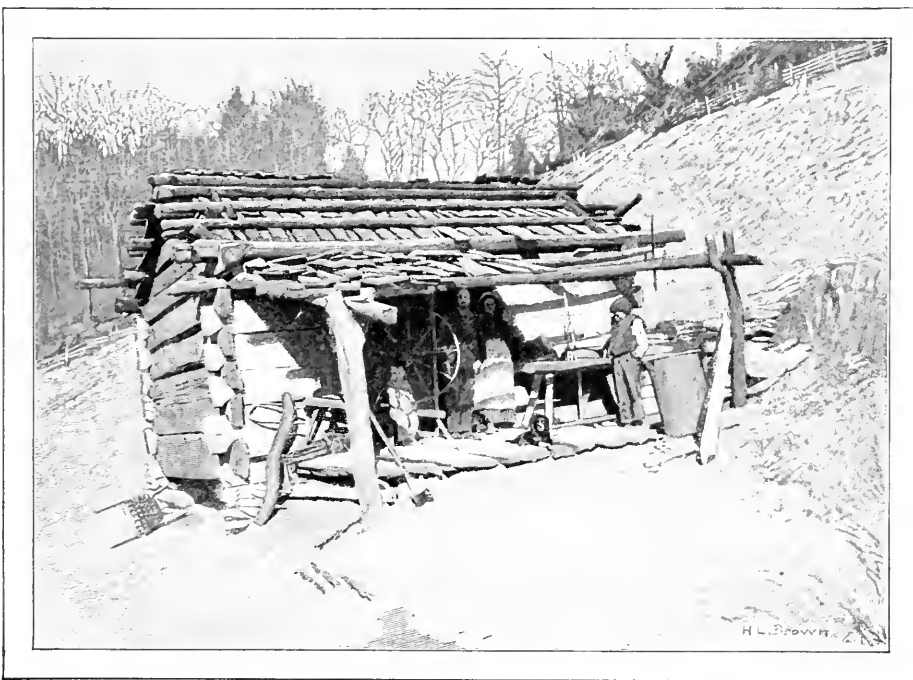
none other than the mighty stream of Scotch-Irish.

Briefly, the theory is this. From 1720 to 1780, the settlers in southwest Virginia, middle North Carolina and western South Carolina were chiefly Scotch and Scotch-Irish. They were active in the measures preceding the outbreak of the Revolution, and they declared independence at Abington, Va., even before they did at Mecklenburg, N. C. In these districts, they were the largest element in the patriot army, and they were greatly

impoverished by the war. Being too poor or too conscientious to own slaves, and unable to compete with them as the planter's field hand, blacksmith, carpenter, wheelwright and man-of-all-work, especially after the invention of the cotton gin in 1792, they had no employment and were driven to mountain and



Rockhouse Post-office and Store, Letcher County, Ky.



As Many Live in the Kentucky Hills—a Hand Corn-mill.





Wedding Party, Head of Smoot Creek, Letcher County, Ky.

sand-hill. There are some good reasons for the theory. Among prominent mountain families direct testimony or unquestioned tradition point usually to Scotch-Irish ancestry, sometimes to pure Scotch origin, sometimes to English. Scotch-Irish family names in abundance speak for themselves, as do folk-words and folk-songs and the characteristics, mental, moral, and physical, of the people. Broadly speaking, the Southern mountaineers are characterized as "peaceable, civil, good-natured, kind, clever, naturally witty, with a fair share of common sense, and morals not conscientiously bad, since they do not consider ignorance, idleness, poverty, or the excessive use of tobacco or moonshine as immoral or vicious."

Another student says: "The majority is of good blood, honest, law-abiding blood." Says still another: "They are ignorant of books, but sharp as a rule." Says another: "They have great reverence for the Bible, and are sturdy, loyal, and tenacious." Moreover, the two objections to this theory that would naturally occur to anyone, have easy answers. The mountaineers are not Presbyterian and they are not thrifty. Curiously enough, testimony exists to the effect that certain Methodist or Baptist churches were once

Presbyterian; and many preachers of these two denominations had grandfathers who were Presbyterian ministers. The Methodists and Baptists were perhaps more active; they were more popular in the mountains as they were in the backwoods, because they were more democratic and more emotional. The backwoodsman did not like the preacher to be a preacher only.

Scotch-Irish thriftiness decayed. The soil was poor; game was abundant; hunting bred idleness. There were no books, no schools, few church privileges, a poorly educated ministry, and the present illiteracy, thriftlessness, and poverty were easy results. Deed books show that the ancestors of men who now make their mark, often wrote a good hand.

Such, briefly, is the Southern mountaineer in general, and the Kentucky mountaineer in particular—as a remnant of pioneer days, as a relic of an Anglo-Saxon past and as a peculiar type that seems the invariable result of a mountain environment the world over. Or, rather, such he was until fifteen years ago and to know him now, you must know him as he was then, for the changes that have been wrought in the last decade affect localities only and the bulk of the mountain people

is, practically, still what it was one hundred years ago. Still changes have taken place and changes will take place now swiftly ; and it rests largely with the outer world what these changes shall be.

The vanguards of civilization, railroads, unless quickly followed by schools and churches, at the ratio of four schools to one church, have a bad effect on the Southern mountaineer. He catches up the vices of the incoming current only too readily. The fine spirit of his hospitality is worn away. He goes to some little "boom" town, is forced to pay the enormous sum of fifty cents for his dinner, and when you go his way again you pay fifty cents for yours. Carelessly applied charity weakens his pride, makes him dependent. You hear of arrests for petty thefts sometimes, occasionally burglaries are made, and the mountaineer is cowed by the superior numbers, superior intelligence of the incomer, and he seems to lose his sturdy self-respect.

And yet the result could easily be far different. Not long ago I talked with an intelligent young fellow, a young minister, who had taught among them many years, exclusively in the Kentucky mountains, and is now preaching to them. He says, they are most tractable, more easily moulded, more easily uplifted than the people of a similar grade of intelligence in cities. He gave an instance to illustrate their general susceptibility in all ways. When he took charge of a certain school every boy and girl, nearly all of them grown, chewed tobacco. The teacher before him used tobacco and even exchanged it with his pupils. He told them at once they must stop. They left off instantly.

It was a "blab" school, as the mountaineers characterize a school in which the pupils study aloud. He put an end to that in one day, and he soon told them they must stop talking to one another. After school they said they didn't think they could ever do that, but they did. In another county, ten years ago, he had ten boys and girls gathered to organize a Sunday-school. None had ever been to Sunday-school and only two knew what a Sunday-school was. He announced that he would organize one at that place a week later. When he reached the spot the following Sunday there were seventy-five

young mountaineers there. They had sung themselves quite hoarse waiting for him, and he was an hour early. The Sunday-school was founded, built up and developed into a church.

When the first printing-press was taken to a certain mountain town in 1882, a deputation of citizens met it three miles from town and swore that it should go no farther. An old preacher mounted the wagon and drove it into town. Later the leader of that crowd owned the printing-press and ran it. In this town are two academies for the education of the mountaineer. Young fellows come there from all over Kentucky and work their way through. They curry horses, carry water, work about the houses—do everything ; many of them cook for themselves and live on two dollars a month. They are quick-witted, strong-minded, sturdy, tenacious, and usually very religious.

Indeed people who have been among the Southern mountaineers testify that, as a race, they are proud, sensitive, hospitable, kindly, obliging in an unreckoning way that is almost pathetic, honest, loyal, in spite of their common ignorance, poverty, and isolation ; that they are naturally capable, eager to learn, easy to uplift. Americans to the core, they make the Southern mountains a store-house of patriotism ; in themselves, they are an important offset to the Old World outcasts whom we have welcomed to our shores ; and they surely deserve as much consideration from the nation as the negroes, for whom we have done, and are doing so much, or as the heathen, to whom we give millions.

I confess that I have given prominence to the best features of mountain life and character, for the reason that the worst will easily make their own way. It is only fair to add, however, that nothing that has ever been said of the mountaineer's ignorance, shiftlessness, and awful disregard of human life, especially in the Kentucky mountains, that has not its basis, perhaps, in actual fact.

First, last, and always, however, it is to be remembered that to begin to understand the Southern mountaineers you must go back to the social conditions and standards of the backwoods before the Revolution, for practically they are the backwoods people and the backwoods

conditions of pre-Revolutionary days. Many of their ancestors fought with ours for American independence. They were loyal to the Union for one reason that no historian seems ever to have guessed. For the loyalty of 1861 was, in great part, merely the transmitted loyalty of 1776, imprisoned like a fossil in the hills. Precisely for the same reason, the mountaineer's estimate of the value of human life, of the sanctity of the law, of a duty that over-rides either—the duty of one blood kinsman to another—is the estimate of that day and not of this ; and it is by the standards of that day and not of this that he is to be judged. To understand the mountaineer, then, you must go back to the Revolution. To do him justice you must give him the awful ordeal of a century of isolation and consequent ignorance, in which to deteriorate. Do that and your wonder, perhaps, that he is so bad, becomes a wonder that he is not worse. To my mind, there is but one strain of American blood that could have stood that ordeal quite so well, and that comes from the sturdy Scotch-Irish who are slowly wresting from Puritan and Cavalier an equal share of the glory that belongs to the three for the part played on the world's stage by this land in the heroic rôle of Liberty.

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## ABSCHIED

By Rosamond Marriott Watson

THE mountain tops are wrapped in rain,  
 And all the ling's fire amethyst  
 Is drowned in drifts of white, white mist . . .  
 Our hour is come to part again.

By the pale window waves the pine  
 Its measured farewells, great and slow ;  
 Silently as the falling snow  
 Floats the gold leafage of the vine.

O, very lonely is my way,  
 More lonely than your dwelling here ;  
 Which is the sharper grief, My Dear,  
 For me to go ? . . . for you to stay ?

That you must stay . . . that I must go.  
 O vast estrangement bleak and new ;  
 Whatever the years may bring to you  
 I shall not heed, I shall not know.

For the high hill-tops shall touch the plain,  
 Sun, moon, and stars be overthrown,  
 And the salt seas be turned to stone  
 Before we two may meet again.

# SALOONS

By Robert Alston Stevenson



TOP some evening under the lamp-post on almost any corner in the crowded avenues, and if you are a prohibitionist you will see enough in one short hour to clinch your conviction that the saloon is one of the vivid factors in a city's misery. Brilliantly lighted windows flank a wicker door that swings easily in to the push of men of all ages. You catch a glimpse of a crowded room, glittering mirrors, a long line of men lounging over the shiny bar, behind which stands the white-coated bar-keeper whose business it is to know how to mix all of the deadly dilutions of alcohol, and invent new ones if he can. The door flaps back. It is easy to picture the possible effects of influences that remain behind. Potential drunkenness, crime, and insanity lurk there, and yonder mumbling drunkard, tacking unsteadily across the pavement, is more convincing than a volume of statistics.

Along the darker side-street women and children disappear through the "family entrance," to emerge shortly with the technical pint which, in liquid measure, is almost a quart without the foam. The family to which that beer is taken may be on the verge of an appeal to the Charity Organization and figure later in a percentage set down opposite "Pauperism due to alcohol."

From the stand-point of curb experience it is sometimes hard not to be a prohibitionist, but this is not written to define the dangers of saloon life. Nothing new can be said on that point. Alcohol too often trails misery after it, and it is idle to deny that the saloon is partly responsible.

You may happen, however, to be one of those who order their beer in bottles from a grocer instead of procuring it yourself from the nearest corner, and object to saloons from expediency only—to the beer not at all. It is possible, too, that you have an indefinite belief that some of the patrons behind the dreaded doors are enjoying a glass of beer in pretty much

the same spirit that makes you get down the German mugs preparatory to a Welsh-rabbit supper. If such is the case, and your scruples permit, push through the door yourself, and if you have chanced upon the right saloon and stay long enough, it is quite likely that your belief will become a conviction, and you will go home understanding, if not sympathizing with, those who recently have had the hardihood to suggest that the saloon, in addition to its possible degrading influences, offers attractions and satisfaction for the instincts we call social.

But don't let your impression lead you enthusiastically to contend that the saloon, as an institution, is the workingman's club. That would be a mistake. Some saloons are, in part. In others the social element predominates. Many of them exist to satisfy a thirst pure and simple, and seldom entertain a workingman; and in all of them you can drink too much if you choose. It is largely a matter of locality, patronage, and the time of day—the old story of supply and demand. In saloons, as elsewhere, birds of a feather flock together. They get what they want and need—and their wants, both as to what they drink and how they drink it, vary.

Along the water-fronts downtown, facing the bows of lazy liners and the impertinent sprits of the deep-sea ships, are the saloons of the sailors and 'longshoremen. At first glance they appear to be the sordid, rather dirty resorts for hard drinking and nothing else. Sober statistics corroborate the common observation that the patrons of these places are hard drinkers. It is one of the mysteries of the sea, due probably to hard work and exposure, sudden release from confinement, and the uncertain, reckless life of the business. But your sailor is a companionable fellow. He doesn't always get drunk. Almost any night you may find him in large numbers in and about the rickety old saloons near the rivers talking the talk of all nations and spinning cheerful, clear-headed yarns

of happenings in the queer corners of the sea. Even the stevedore, a surly fellow as a rule, often devotes himself for hours to the telling of things that go on down in the holds of ships, to the exclusion of any great desire to drink or any apparent intention of getting drunk.

"I've saw lots, but I've missed lots," said a sailor one night; "I had shore leave once within an hour's run of the Holy Land."

"Did you go?" I asked.

"No," he answered, "I went to a saloon."

"Why?"

"I guess—" hesitatingly—"it was jollier; besides, I wanted a drink."

There was a possible moral in his answer for many good people who seriously work for the uplifting of the sailor-folk. Tracts and reading matter, or even checkers and backgammon, will not solve the problem. After a cruise or a hard day's work men want to loaf. At best, the water-front boarding-house is a sorry place, and it's a question of the saloon or the Sailor's Rest. The former is generally chosen, for comparatively few people in any station deliberately set out in the evening to improve their minds or their morals, or look up the people who want to do it for them. They want fun with their fellows, and they want beer. They can't get it, except under influences that involve the risk of excess. You might help many a sailor if you gave him his beer in decent surroundings. You may think it is wrong to drink a glass of beer, but you won't get very far with the man who has been accustomed to it from his childhood up by telling him so. It is a question of the point of view, and the sailor is rather a cosmopolitan lot.

It is very different along Broadway and in the neighborhood of the Street. There you find the typical Americans, and the typical American saloon, if such a thing exists. Optimists think that the American is learning to be social and deliberate in the matter of drinking, but saloon life, either during or after business hours, gives little evidence of the fact, if such it is. Germans in German cities, and even in New York, find time during the lunch-hour to sit down at the *Stammtisch*. Day after day they meet the same jolly party, and manage to make their hour, or half-hour, as much a matter

of social fun as of food and drink. Down-town it appears to be a matter of business and mental strain. The atmosphere of the saloon is tense, the subject discussed millions, and the drink is whiskey or cocktails drunk standing. You can see nerves written all over the face of the man that stands, a whiskey in one hand and the stock tape in the other, dropping now and then a jerky remark to the group behind him. Ask the barkeeper, who, by the way, is apt to be an expert in mixing drinks—sometimes he writes books about it—why those men patronize his bar, and he will point to the cocktail he is mixing.

"They have to have it. It's nerves and business."

"But suppose saloons were prohibited?"

"They'd carry bottles."

"Doesn't the saloon make drunkards of a lot of these young fellows, who might escape otherwise?"

"Sonny, I've been in the business thirty years. If a man wants to drink, or has it in his blood to drink, he's going to drink, and the saloon ain't got nothing to do with it. I've kept a bar in a dry State."

His view, of course, was prejudiced, and neglected the influences of example and association; but, up in Vermont, prohibitionists told me the same thing, and a willing Irishman showed me how it was done.

It is but a step from the City Hall, toward the East River, to the region inhabited by the Russian, German, and Polish Jews. These people enjoy a record-breaking density of population, and a consequent prominence in social discussions. It is a feeble philanthropy that hasn't found its way to the lower East Side. The streets and tenements swarm with the representatives of this mild race, and they support, roughly estimated, four saloons to the block. One would suppose that men compelled to huddle together in such homes, subject to the vicissitudes of their humble occupations, would turn to the saloon for the specific purpose of getting drunk and forgetting it all as speedily as possible. But they don't. Violating no principle of their race or their religion, they congregate in their drinking-places, not over-clean to be sure, and although Yiddish is not readily understood by the occasional visitor, one can tell, from the language of looks, that

they enjoy their conversation fully as much as the beverages they drink. The typical Jewish saloon is a decent place. Presided over by a Hebrew, supplying attractions and drinks that appeal to Hebrews, it provides a meeting-place and the opportunity for social intercourse that only the extremist will say can be found elsewhere. A visit to one of these places is worth while. You may meet the man who asks you for your old clothes in the street, or the long-bearded vender of shoestrings you avoid—but linger with him; he'll teach you the lesson of sober, temperate life, even in conditions of pitiful poverty, and if you are somewhat tense on the subject of the lower East Side you may find relief in the fact that they laugh very often down there in the region of problems.

West of the Bowery, south of Houston Street, is the Italian quarter. In this strip of New York live the knights of the pick and shovel, with their capitalistic compatriots the peanut and banana venders, whom you meet after the theatres close, trundling their carts southward and chatting shop with owners of the cumbersome hurdy-gurdy.

"I meeta da crowd," said one of them, on my inquiry as to where he went for his fun after business hours.

"Where?"

"In da saloon."

Further questioning brought out the fact that he had no established home in New York, having left his family in Italy while he "mada da pila." He was fairly typical of large numbers of Italians in New York. Without family ties to a degree not observable in any other nationality, herded together in wretched boarding-houses by the padroni, they depend for work on the uncertainties of the building trades and the trolley, and are necessarily idle for many months in the year. Naturally, they turn to the saloon for amusement and relief from the squalid conditions that surround them, and their drinking-places represent the only means many of them have to escape the dreariness of the life they lead. As in the case of the Hebrews, intemperance does not figure commonly as a cause of poverty among them. It is said, however, to be responsible for the sudden flashes of passion that result in crimes against the person, though some sociologists hint that

that is a matter of southern blood. At all events, there is an exciting uncertainty about the Italian saloon. For evenings running you may see throngs of laborers lounging peacefully at the bar, or scattered about the tables playing the card games of their country, and drinking moderately the light wines of Italy, or the more cosmopolitan beer. Suddenly, a surly word, the turn of a card, followed quickly by a blow or the glitter of a knife, brings on a row that is apt to involve everyone in sight, a detail of police, and an ambulance or two. It is wise, under such circumstances, to seek the nearest and quickest way to the street. Commonly these fights, as the police records show, take place in saloons, for there the unemployed, as well as the employed, congregate, but they are not unknown in the street or in the boarding-houses, and it is likely that the instigators are influenced as much by a real or supposed injury as by the saloon. The American or Irish "ugly drunk" hunts trouble from saloon to saloon for its own sake, with charming abandon. Saloon rows with the Italians are generally matters of sudden inspiration, like finding a four-leaf clover, the vendetta of course excepted.

In justice to the despised dago—even settlement people are glad sometimes when he stays away—it must be said that those that know him best say that he is a sober, temperate fellow as a rule, and finds in the saloon the social opportunity he cannot find elsewhere. We hear so much about the vicious influences of his saloon because, unfortunately, he fights with a knife, which is a very bad habit and gets him into the police courts.

Scattered all over town in districts where Germans reside in number can be found drinking-halls and saloons modelled closely on those in the Fatherland. The Teuton has a constitutional objection to drinking on his feet, consequently chairs and tables are provided. He is fond of a salad or a sandwich with his beer, and mixes in much talk with them both. It makes little difference whether these places are patronized by the humbler classes or by the well-to-do after theatre hours, a spirit of jolly, comfortable enjoyment always prevails. When the German sets out for an evening's fun that involves beer he does it with a gentle deliberation that is worthy of im-



itation : very often he takes his wife with him.

"Just so," explained an obliging music-teacher, one evening after I had cracked my heels together, bowed with a jerk, and asked permission to take the vacant seat opposite him.

"You Americans, if you could make a man his wife with him to the saloon take, you would to the problem an end make. Nicht Wahr?" He motioned to the family groups scattered over the room. The men elbowing the tables and vociferously constructing powerful sentences with lovely verb-snappers at the end were accompanied by their wives, who in gentler German and over smaller mugs discussed their shop and often the fancy-work they had with them.

"But the little boy—how does it affect him?" I went on, indicating a youngster that was sharing a mug with his mother.

"He will learn—ach, your word—common-sense, and not swill over the bar. Bah!"

The music teacher was an optimist, for many Germans do drink over the bar. There was a bar in that very place, but taken by and large the Germans are tenacious of their national drinking-customs and sensible habits and their saloons show a remarkable freedom from the disorderly conduct and hot-headed drinking that characterize the American and Irish resorts.

All of these things you can see if you take the time and the trouble; but do not forget that the time of day makes a great difference in the character of saloon patronage. Before eight o'clock in the evening men are apt to be more thirsty than social.

After a reasonably long acquaintance with saloons, the fact gradually emerges that certain places appeal to distinct groups of men independent of national traits. Environment may drive men to saloons for recreation, but it doesn't account for the sporting ticker or the athletic crank, and yet those who attribute the sporting saloon, as well as those where the machine game of politics is played, to original sin are somewhat sweeping. A touch of sport seems to make all men

cranks, and barring the niceties of expression and apparel one hears and sees in these places pretty much the same kind of thing that obtains generally when men get together to swap lies about their chosen sport.

In these resorts the proprietor very often is a passed master in the athletic way. For some reason or other—in the case of pugilists, generally, a knockout blow—he has retired from active life to the peaceful management of a saloon, where he surrounds himself with men of his own ilk and tells them how it was done when he was a boy. His audience wears its hat at the aggressive angle, clips its English short, and can be seen in the afternoon on the bleachers at the Polo Grounds or crowding the Long Island ferries on their way home from the races. The less fortunate members of this fraternity depend on the sporting tickers for their information, and, when the event of the day is over, tilt their chairs back in a favorite saloon, order something to drink, and, true to the traditions of sport, fight it all over again.

Curiously enough, in many of the saloons of this description both the advocates of prohibition and the workingman's club find ample reasons for their opposing views. The men know one another, meet at the same place, chat round the tickers in winter and in summer linger long on the pavements in front of the saloon, idly gossiping about the things that interest them most. At best, however, the temptations to gamble are insidious, and the pool-room upstairs, under police protection if it pays enough, does a good business and encourages the habit. When a young man of the saloon type takes himself seriously in the matter of becoming a sport the saloon gives him an excellent opportunity to display himself. His attempts—very often on ten dollars a week—are meant to be impressive.

The older hands—the men who sit round the stoves to gossip about the old days, when Dexter ran, Bobby Matthews pitched, and prize-fighters were not histrionic—tell him to "go slow," but that is not his way: he goes on until "he goes broke." It may be said here that the concern one hears expressed behind the wicker door regarding men who make fools of themselves in the matter of drinking dif-

fers but slightly from that heard among people who never saw the inside of a saloon. One of the great forces working toward moderation, if saloon patrons can be believed, is the risk the immoderate man runs of losing his job.

So far the saloon has interested the student of social phenomena. In the political saloon the student of politics may find food for much sober reflection. There are found the rank and file that manage things in the district and make boss government easy. It is needless to say that the rank and file are of Irish-American extraction. Without them the "old men" of any party would find it difficult to whip their cohorts in line; and the reason is very simple. Given a crowded district, the saloon is the natural meeting-place for scores of men, all of whom are intimately acquainted with the proprietor. He is a bluff, good-natured captain of the organization, a leader in a small way, and knows, or makes it his business to find out, pretty much all there is to know about his patrons. A pat on the back here, a job there, assistance in trouble elsewhere, and you have won a man, without the mention of politics maybe, who has no conscious interest in a programme of parks, but to whom the payment of rent is a very vital matter. Add to this an ambition for a political job, and the result is a heeler who speaks with awe of the "old man," and hopes some day to take him by the hand. I fancy many a potentate would sleep easier if his subjects regarded him with the same confidence and reverent trustfulness for protection from all the worldly cares and troubles, that I have heard bestowed without stint on the "Old Man."

"I seen him," excitedly remarked a lieutenant of public opinion during a mayoralty campaign. A new foe had entered the district and for a moment the strongholds were shaken.

"He shook me by the han' an' he says, 'Mike, we got 'em pinched.'"

"I tell ye," said a man with a generous black mustache and a diamond pin, "when they goes up against him they goes broke. He knows the people."

"Right," said the lieutenant, and a hope and a confidence that the people later justified were again restored to that saloon.

It is no justification of corrupt politics to say that the leaders display, in their treatment of the workaday classes, an appreciation of their environment and wants that cannot be gained by even a sincere reformer in the few weeks preceding an election from the tail of a cart or the platform of a hurrah meeting. Bad as they are they take trouble to know their followers, and in this very question of the saloon, when they proclaim from their platforms that those of us who can afford clubs, wine at our dinners, and imported beer, are inconsistent when we deny the laborer his favorite saloon and his growler—they do it from political motives no doubt, and bad ones—but a large part of the voting population is dense enough to believe it.

For evident reasons it is very hard to get at the relations existing between the saloon-keepers who wish to break the law as regards keeping open at night and on Sundays, and the organization. A retired saloon-keeper, however, in a moment of reminiscent confidence volunteered this information in answer to my inquiry as to how he managed it:

"I could honestly say that I never paid a cent to the police, and I ain't no saint." "But," he added, "I did put so much for nights and so much for Sunday in an envelope the first of every month and give it to an officer of the association I was in."

"What did he do with it?"

"I guess he put it where it would do the most good. Leastwise the police got nervous about my place when I forgot."

"How much did you pay?"

"There is some things," answered my informer, "that, without hurting your feelings, ain't none of your business."

He would say no more on the subject, but added that he never bothered his head about which party was in power.

It is dangerous and provocative of much unbelieving criticism to describe the bar-keeper or proprietor of a saloon as anything else than a man who gloats over excess and stays awake at night to invent new ways of tempting his weaker brother. Perhaps it should be so, for the general peace of mind, but as regards the administration of saloons, as well as the patrons themselves, one can find pretty much what one sets out to find. It is possible to

make a tour of saloons where openly and successfully vice of every description is encouraged. There seems to be a very intimate relation existing between the street-walker in the back room, the proprietor at the door, and the policeman on the corner. Whatever else one may see, the impression taken away from dives of this sort is one of a miserable business, fed on and feeding the most degrading passions of both men and women.

On the other hand, in saloons just as easily found, barkeepers tell me, and their actions bear them out, that they are under orders to exercise as best as they can a restraining influence where there is the risk of disorder and drunkenness, a purely business precaution, like the free lunch, one might say—but even this conception of the rum-seller of fiction may be new to some.

The owner of a saloon up-town was almost in tears one night because a fight had taken place in front of his saloon.

"The decent people won't come here," he explained; "my place will get a bad name."

He was oblivious to the fact that there existed a general impression in certain quarters that decent people never go into a saloon, or that it might be humorous to think of a saloon *getting* a bad name.

On most of the corners where you get off one car to wait for another you will find large, handsomely equipped saloons, presided over by men who have as little interest in influencing their patrons for either good or bad as is displayed by the conductors of the surface roads toward tardy, umbrella-waving applicants for transportation. It is purely a matter of business with them. They procure what is asked for, shove it across the bar to a patron who is generally in a great hurry, and stand at forbidding attention for the next order. They are hired to serve a class of patronage that stops on its way home for a drink, not for any social reason, and do it for a certain number of hours every day, indifferent to anything save drunken disorders and the quitting-hour. Like most ways of making a living they find it monotonous.

But watch the barkeeper in one of the small neighborhood saloons. He is a gossip fellow and not averse to a friendly

contest at the lung-testing machine, or a hand when business is dull in a game of cards. He knows what his patrons want, whether they sit over their papers or games at the tables in the back room or rush growlers through the hole in the wall by the "ladies' entrance," and never insist on anything else or more of it. At times he is placed in embarrassing positions which I believe he honestly tries to avoid. It isn't very easy to know which drink is the wrong one—the well-meaning diner-out or the insistent host may make a mistake, and the best of barkeepers are human. In cases where they know their men they sometimes refuse outright to sell even the first drink, though firmness is often fraught with trouble.

A young fellow perfectly sober strolled up to a bar in company with two of his friends one evening, nodded to the barkeeper and ordered a glass of beer. Before it was given him a woman pushed through the door.

"Come out," she spoke with authority.

The young man said nothing and reached for his glass, but the barkeeper shook his head.

"Not if your wife wants you to go home."

"Now looky here," angrily explained the husband, "you know I ain't drunk, and I don't get drunk, and I'm going to have that beer or I'll know the reason why!"

"I know that, but you don't get it, and you might just as well git."

"I ain't goin' till you go," said the woman.

"Gimme that beer," insisted the man.

"Now, Bill, you get out of here just as quick as you know how, or I'll put you out," snapped the barkeeper, running round the bar. The young man hesitated for a moment and was lost, for his wife took him by the arm and together they disappeared through the door, held open by the blushing barkeeper.

"You're a nice lot," said the barkeeper, after it was over, to the two men who had taken no part in the controversy, "not to help me out in that row."

"I guess not," said one of them; "I live on the same floor. She's a scrapper."

"That's no lie," said the other. "She'll drive him to drink if she don't watch out."

Maybe the most intimate social relation was the cause of the visit in this case to the saloon. Many men blame it on their wives, a masculine tendency sometimes, settlement workers say, founded on the good reasons of bad temper and poor housekeeping.

Apropos of the growler, the means through which beer is conveyed to the homes of so many people ; it varies from a tin pail to the tall imported German stein, and the method of its transportation often indicates the attitude of the owner to the saloon.

In a saloon on Columbus Avenue one night a rotund German, in slippers and shirt-sleeves, had just departed through the front door carrying a dripping bucket, when there came a tap at the little sliding window by the side door. A moment later, a package carefully tied up in paper was shoved through. The barkeeper removed the wrapper, filled a handsome stein with imported beer, wrapped it up again, returned it to its owner, and made the change without a word.

"Funny, ain't it?" he laughed. "That fellow, he lives round the corner in a brown-stone, but he wouldn't no more come through the front door like that Dutchman than anything. I guess he's afraid of the place, but he don't seem to be so particular about getting his beer."

Some such delicacy as that must account for the buckets fitted with cloth covers and the doctor's bag with a tin can inside that do service sometimes on the upper West Side. The barkeeper expressed a sentiment that is often heard in the back rooms of saloons. It is held there with vigor that there is something inconsistent in the attitude of the man who along with his conviction that the saloon is a curse has a fondness for social drinking in his own way.

"Granting that the saloon can be explained on grounds not wholly vicious, what are you going to do with them?" is a very natural question and one that is agitating the minds of a great many men who, laying sentiment aside for the moment, are considering social questions in somewhat of the business spirit.

The simplest answer, and apparently

the most satisfactory, has already been given by the party of prohibition. Legislate the saloon out of existence, and you remove temptation from men who run the risks of moderate drinking, besides giving the death-blow to drunkenness and all the miseries that grow out of excess. If it is wrong to drink a glass of beer or any other alcoholic beverage, this answer is final, and one must logically become a prohibitionist. This view of the matter has been accepted by sincere people in convincing numbers in many of our States, in others it has been the shuttlecock of political jugglers whose sincerity grows weak and powerless after election-day. It is easy to legislate, but the Committee of Fifty, organized in 1893 for the specific purpose of investigating the liquor problem in all its aspects, is not very encouraging in its recent report as regards the results of efforts to promote real temperance by law. After several years' study they give us the negative statement "that it cannot be positively affirmed that any one kind of liquor legislation has been more successful than another in promoting real temperance," and positively affirm in reference to the evils of prohibitory legislation: "The public have seen law defiled, a whole generation of habitual lawbreakers schooled in evasion and shamelessness, courts ineffective through fluctuations of policy, delays, perjuries, negligences, and other miscarriages of justice, officers of the law double-faced and mercenary, legislators timid and insincere, candidates hypocritical and truckling, and office-holders unfaithful to pledges and to reasonable public expectation."

That sounds like the partisan estimate of a brewer, but it comes from a body of men, among whom are fourteen ministers of the Gospel, two bishops, two presidents of universities, and twenty-three well-known men who are in the habit of telling the truth as they see it.

Whatever the effects of prohibition may be on political agents, experience goes to show that a law aimed at the evils of drinking generally overshoots the mark and hits feebly, if at all, the manufacturing brewer. To take the saloon away from a man who wants to drink does not, in my opinion, reform his views or make it appreciably harder for him to get what he

wants to drink. In addition, it does not take into account the man who all his life has been accustomed to the use of alcoholic beverages without any visible harm to himself, his prospects, or his family, and has a tolerably well-grounded belief that it is his right to do so if he chooses, whether it is in the back room of a saloon or at his own table.

One naturally turns, as public opinion seems to be turning, from the theory of prohibition to the question of a substitute for the saloon, which, shorn of its bad influences, will retain the social features that appeal to workingmen in their times of idleness and relaxation. Considerations of this sort, assuming that the saloon is the workingman's club, and that environment and a desire for social satisfactions drive or coax men to their drinking-places, is somewhat new, but already thinking men of the human sort are discussing it, and it is along this line that we may expect development, at least in our large cities.

But one does not get very far in his consideration of the substitute before he encounters difficulties which bid fair to create violent partisanship and more or less feeling. You can substitute for the saloon warm, comfortable buildings, reading-rooms, billiards and pool games *ad lib.*, but will your substitution of coffee or tea for beer attract the men you want to reach who insist on having beer? Are you compromising with the devil if you give them beer?

A crowded coffee-house or a tea saloon offering inducements for the consumption of these beverages may mean everything or nothing at all. If the crowd is made up of men who forswear beer and whiskey for tea or coffee, they are encouraging examples of what such substitutes may do; if they are men who want tea or coffee or anything else at a cost as near nothing as possible, and patronize the place because it is cheap and not because it influences them one way or another in regard to their saloon life, then philanthropy is simply going into business as a competitor of the restaurant-keeper, who hasn't charity back of him to make up deficits. There do not appear to be very many obstacles in the way of a man's getting a fair cup of coffee or tea in New York, if he wants it, at a very cheap price; but approximate

nothing in your price, and a rush will follow, but not — I fear — from the saloon across the way.

The views of workingmen themselves — industrious, sober fellows, I mean, men who patronize saloons and admit the dangers that surround them — are interesting because, after all, the problem is one of their own making, and the solution is in their hands. Among them there is a remarkable unanimity of opinion that whatever substitute succeeds will in the first place sell drinks to its patrons and secondly be brought about directly or indirectly by workingmen themselves; on this latter point they are very positive.

The experience of Settlement workers is corroborative of this view. Even the beginner shortly discovers that his most successful effort is the effort that influences men to civilize themselves. Many an enthusiast has washed his hands of the East Side because he failed to see that he was trying to deal out a commodity that was not wanted. The manager of a settlement explains the fact that the three hundred and odd men who frequent his house will not support stereopticon lectures on the ground that they are patronizing attempts at improvement and afford the men no part in the process. This is mentioned merely to indicate what difficulties a philanthropist would have in building and running model saloons, for the men sought after, even were beer and other drinks given them, would be apt to avoid the model, for charity is not popular among self-supporting American workmen.

A workman of years, whose force and quiet influence are felt among his associates, in discussing this question, recently called upon them, and all others who were interested in saloon reform, to direct their energies toward the creation of a demand for a place where men could meet, with their wives on occasion, without being asked or expected to drink, where treating was tabooed, yet where good drinks could be procured if desired.

Create that demand, and capitalistic philanthropy could step in with buildings at profitable rentals. His scheme may seem visionary, but it has been realized in the workingmen's associations in London and New York, and contains, it seems to me, a sensible bit of advice for those

who are agitating this question of substitution.

Why should not the thousand and one philanthropic agencies that labor to create a demand for better housing, cooking, sanitary precautions, mental, moral, and physical advancement, do a little in the way of creating a demand for sensible and moderate drinking-places? Their intimate acquaintance with the social conditions of large numbers of men places them in a position where they can exert an influence without offending. That it would be impossible to reach all men, would encourage the social drinker and do nothing for the drunkard, do not appear to be sufficient reasons for condemning the suggestion altogether.

These same social agencies are quietly directing their energies toward the removal of the many causes outside of the saloon that furnish an incentive for excess, and where they fail it is generally a case for the physician. It is a slow process, and does not lack opponents, who ascribe the whole thing to a sentimental pose without results, but a few weeks spent in looking over what normal men are doing in this huge city is conducive to a cheerful op-

timism notwithstanding, and antidotes the extreme logic of the theory that would have us sympathize with none but the "evolved fit."

What they might do with the saloon is, of course, a matter of conjecture. They have got close to the people in their settlements; they know that men, no matter where they live or how, must have their fun, and have it in their own way, and it is quite likely that, when both clergymen and laymen agree to look squarely at this matter of the saloon, give up incriminating controversy that engenders bad feeling and doesn't help the workman, we shall find some mission or settlement worker in the van of a movement that helps workmen to solve their own problem in a reasonable and normal manner, and depends for success less on legislation than on a sympathetic understanding of men as they find them. I venture to say that their programme will include beer. Until that good time comes it might be well to follow the suggestion of an East-Sider, who observed, with some truth and much humor:

"Say, don't you think it would be a good game for us to send missionaries to some of those people on the West Side?"

## SILENCES

By W. J. Henderson

THE silences of night are less divine  
 Than are the perfect silences of love,  
 When thou and I sit wordless in the gloom  
 And gaze, not at each other, but away  
 Into the plumbless depths between the stars.  
 There dwells a silence not so rich as ours,  
 And yet not poor. For there the waves of light  
 Flow tremulous across infinity,  
 In synchronous vibration star to star.  
 And make of God's unbounded universe  
 A finished arc of lucent harmony.  
 But where we sit and look into the night  
 There is a nobler harmony than this:  
 A perfect concord of two human hearts,  
 To which the assonance of yonder spheres  
 Is but the deep, primordial counterpoint,  
 The organ bass, perpetual, profound,  
 Beneath a two-voiced canticle of peace,  
 Which sings, as do the stars, in toneless song,  
 Not heard, but felt through all the heart of space.



# ST. PIERRE-MIQUELON

By James Clarence Hyde



JUNE night off the south coast of Newfoundland—June, according to the calendar, March according to the weather conditions. It is rainy and cold, and the wind whistles in fitful gusts around the corners of the smoking-room of the stanch little steamship *Glencoe*. It must be decidedly unpleasant for the lookout up forward in his sou'wester and oilskins, but in the smoking-room, where the steam is turned on and the electric lights brighten things up a bit, it isn't half bad. Having asked all the senior and petty officers on board, except the assistant engineer, for their opinions as to when we are likely to reach St. Pierre, I make my way cautiously from the smoking-room to the lower regions, and in due course of time hunt that dignitary up. He allows that, barring the fog, we should be at St. Pierre by six o'clock in the morning. As it is foggy about one-third of the time up in these regions, I conclude that it is perfectly safe to turn in and get a night's rest.

I am bound for the Miquelon Islands—the last remnants of the great North American colonies of France. You may search the standard guide-books from cover to cover, but scarcely a reference will you find to the Miquelon group. The encyclopædias, too, dismiss the subject briefly. This is the substance of their information :

The islands of St. Pierre, Miquelon and Langlade—more commonly called Langley—are eleven miles off the south coast of Newfoundland. Miquelon and Langley have an area of 45,542 acres and are connected by a sandbar. Previous to 1783 they were separate islands, divided by a navigable channel. The island of St. Pierre—the only one of importance—has an area of 6,420 acres. At its southern extremity is the city of St. Pierre, with a population of over 5,000 inhabitants. During the codfishing season this is increased by fully 10,000. The islands were ceded to England, with Newfoundland, in

1713, but on the English conquest of Canada they were assigned to France as a fishery depot. Taken by England in 1778; restored to France in 1783; depopulated by the English in 1793; recovered by France in 1802; lost again in 1803, they have remained an undisputed French possession since 1816. The cod-fishing industry has been prosecuted in these waters for over three hundred and eighty years. There the encyclopædias rest their case.

When I come on deck, at seven o'clock the next morning, there is a bright sky and a stiff northwest breeze—the kind that the landsman swears is a gale and the sailor is fond of calling a little blow. Off our starboard bow is a long, gray strip of land from which the fog-bank is slowly lifting. It is Miquelon, and south of it, scarcely discernible, is Langley. Directly ahead is Columbier, called on the map an island, but really nothing more than a big rock. Beyond are l'Île-aux-Chiens and St. Pierre. We pass an occasional fishing smack with its tanned sails, and now can see the land distinctly. Yes, there is the island of St. Pierre, but where are the houses? Where is the city of St. Pierre with its five or six thousand inhabitants?

Then there is a sudden transformation, like a quick change of scenery at the theatre, for as we round a rocky promontory the city looms up in the sunlight immediately ahead of us. There are scores of fishing vessels in the harbor, and the tricolor of France is fluttering from nearly every masthead. The French sailors pause and give a casual glance to the *Glencoe* as she slows up. Two little tugs puff noisily about the harbor, as if they were showing off for the especial benefit of the new arrivals. The background of the picture is the city on the side of the hill. It seems much more imposing and quaint than fancy has painted it. There are houses enough now—little two-story, wooden structures with peaked roofs. It is a study in gray and brown, touched up



Corpus Christi Procession.

here and there by the bright sunlight, but there is not a particle of green. There are no fields—no trees.

We do not go to the wharf. One of the deck hands tells me that it is difficult to make a landing, and also that the port charges are mighty steep for foreign vessels. As I am the only passenger for St. Pierre it is not a herculean task to lower a boat and put me ashore. In a few strokes we are alongside one of the wharves at the easterly end of the city. On the wharf are half a dozen fishermen, mending their nets, and a young Englishman. The fishermen merely glance our way for a moment and then go on with their work. I have been advised to go to Madame Coste's pension and the Englishman courteously offers to show me the way. We pass through several narrow streets and turn a few corners until we reach a little two-story house, at the junction of Rue Truguet and Rue Bisson.

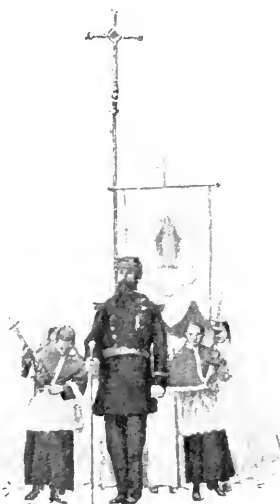
"This is Madame Coste's," my guide tells me. "You speak French, of course?"

"Not enough to attract attention," I reply.

"Well, you may have some trouble. Madame Coste doesn't speak a word of English. There is no use of my going in with you, for I can't speak French myself. Hope you get along all right. Good-by."

Madame Coste, tall, thin, and middle aged, answers my knock. She greets me cordially—in French. Her manner is pleasant and I have no doubt that her words are, too. In a few phrases and considerable pantomime I make it clear to her that I seek lodgings and intend to remain for a while. I am shown to a cheerful, corner room up one flight of stairs. It is simply but comfortably furnished. At

one end is an old-fashioned, four-post bed; the sort that delights the artist and can be gotten into after a brief course in gymnastics. One feature alone, a very modern electric light alongside the bureau, seems strangely out of keeping with the surroundings. I learn, later on, that an unromantic gentleman from Pittsburg had visited the town two years before, snuffed out the wax candles in their old brass holders forever and supplied practically every house with incan-



descent lights. To cap the climax he had rendered the picturesque lamps on the street corners quite valueless by setting up gaunt, ungainly poles topped with electric arc lights.

My first impressions of St. Pierre are pleasing. Direct from the metropolis of

big boots. It seems like a bit of stage-land. The citizens do not worry much about the advent of strangers. You go on your way practically unnoticed. Quite by chance I find myself at the principal barber shop in town, and for fifteen minutes sit bolt upright in a straight-back



Corpus Christi Procession.

the Western world to a little rock away off in the Atlantic, seldom visited by the tourist, and probably unheard of by a large proportion of the civilized world, with the exception of France, the contrast is striking. There are no lofty buildings to try the eyes ; no street-cars ; no sidewalks ; few horses ; no hotels, as we understand them ; no daily newspapers, no theatres—nothing that in the least suggests the States, except the electric lights. There are long, narrow, hilly streets, lined with low, slanting-roofed houses : there are little rough carts, drawn by dogs, driven by natives in Basque caps, blouses, and sabots ; there are heavy ox-teams with picturesque villagers prodding them on—they must be villagers for there are no farms and hence no farmers—there are black-gowned, shovel-hatted priests, and there are the cod fishermen in their jerseys and

chair while the barber does his work. He keeps up a running fire of question and comment. I occasionally chime in with some such happy and non-committal expression as “Oui, oui,” or “Certainement.” I was tempted to say “Parbleu” once, but gave the idea up. From his flow of language I gain the idea, first of all, that a shave costs seven cents, and that almost any kind of money would be acceptable, not only at his shop but anywhere else in town. The preference seems to be for American bills or silver, with French currency second, and Canadian third. The copper coins that are chiefly in use are the ten-centimes pieces and it is a poor man indeed who does not have his pockets weighted down with these.

One cannot fail to be impressed with the great number of cafés. You find them on every street. Some, like the Café du



Winter in St. Pierre.

Midi, Café Joinville, and Café de la France are quite pretentious and almost rise to the dignity of hotels ; while others are cabarets of the plainer sort, where the thirsty fisherman can regale himself with brandy, absinthe, or snack. The average French fisherman can compete fairly well with his rivals from Gloucester and Nova Scotia when it comes to drinking. He seldom takes so much that he topples over, but this is due rather to his boots than any lack of conviviality on his part. These boots command the instant attention of all visitors. They are apparently an inch thick, nine sizes too large, and come up on the legs away above the knees. I observed a fisherman roll around in his boots until a kindly gendarme took him in charge, but he did not fall over. He simply couldn't. If you hear a tremendous clattering half a mile up the road the chances are ten to one that it is a couple of Basque fishermen out for an afternoon stroll. They flit by with a step like a trip-hammer and you can hear their tread long after they have passed out of sight. Yet they are mighty imposing fellows with these enormous boots, blue jerseys and flat Basque caps—some-

thing like 'Tam-o'-Shanters—perched natively on the side of the head. Every spring ten thousand of them come out from the mother-country—from St. Malo, Granville, Fecamp and Canale—in steamers and sailing vessels. For a week or ten days they busy themselves about their fishing craft that have lain all through the long winter in the harbor of St. Pierre, and then they leave for the Banks to be gone until October, save for an occasional run in for bait and ice. For centuries the French have sought for cod in these cold waters, and to-day continue the work in increased numbers. They have an immense advantage over their English-speaking competitors in that the bounty paid by



A Dog-cart.



Street Scene.

the French Government on each quintal of their catch almost equals the market value of their fish. The Newfoundland Government has sought to offset this by forbidding its subjects to sell bait to the Frenchmen. It is a long distance to the French treaty shore of Newfoundland,

and as there is little bait to be found in the waters about Miquelon or St. Pierre this legislative episode has not strengthened the *entente cordiale* between the two races.

All streets lead to the Quai de la Roncière, which is the park, public square, open air bourse, in one. In its very centre is a rusty iron fountain. Tradition has it that when first introduced it shot up a very respectable jet of water into the air, but it has been dry these many years. Strictly speaking, the fountain never could have been considered highly ornamental, but it serves a useful purpose, for here it is the daily custom of the merchants to meet and transact their business. In its shadow bargains are made for thousands of quintals of cod, crews are engaged, and vessels are chartered. At the Quai you get a good view of the houses at close range, the picturesque old blacksmith shop, the cafés with their high-sounding names, the grimy warehouses and the public buildings. To get an idea of the city in its entirety you must go back on the hill. It is quite a climb. Half way up you leave the last of the houses, and at the very summit, where stands the big wooden cross—a sermon in its solitude—that can be seen for miles out to sea, you turn. Spread out before you are the gray, sloping roofs of the city, and the harbor with its many ships. The steep little island at the left, where there are a few score of dwellings and a



The Town-crier.



The Public Buildings.

church, is l'Île-aux-Chiens. Across the harbor at the right are the warehouses where the dried codfish are stored prior to their shipment abroad. Beyond, stretching away for miles and miles, is the blue sea. There is an air of peace and repose about St. Pierre. Down below in that queer old city, where nearly four centuries ago the daring navigators of the Old World found a haven, the ambition, the strife, and the foibles of the continent are unknown—scarcely heard of. It is little they care of the doings of the outside world in St. Pierre. Why should they? Does the rest of the world care a rap or even know of St. Pierre?

It is a short walk from the cross at the top of the hill to the little cemetery half way down and westward from the city. As cemeteries go, it is not a very imposing place. There are no lofty monuments, few headstones at all, just plain boards, or more frequently little wooden crosses with a line or two inscribed upon them, giving the names, dates of birth and death of those who have gone before. There are no trees, no shrubs, nor is there a single blade of grass. On some of the headboards painted metal wreaths have been hung. Here the Roman Catholic and Protestant rest side by side. You cannot draw nice distinctions when soil is at a premium—and there is a painful scarcity of soil here. There is a more than generous supply of rock, and as a result some of the graves have to be

blasted out. I remarked to one of the workmen who was piling up a heap of stones how they made out in the grave-digging line in winter.

"We dig the graves in summer," he replied.

"How do you know whether you have prepared enough graves?"

"We can come pretty near it in guessing at the number that will probably die before spring. There isn't much change in the



A Gendarme.



deaths year in and year out—nor for that matter in the births, either.”

In one corner of the cemetery a score or more of graves are marked by wooden crosses. There are no inscriptions, but each cross is placed over the final resting-place of someone lost at sea. A few of the crosses are numbered, and in these instances the names of the dead are known. Quite by themselves in this section are two roughly hewn crosses less weather beaten than the others, and beneath them, in their last long sleep, rest a young American skipper and his wife. Their story proves the old adage that truth is stranger than fiction—sometimes. In September, 1899, a schooner, bottom side up, covered with barnacles and seaweed, drifted into the harbor of St. Pierre. In the course of a day or two she was hauled alongside one of the wharves and righted. Then the city officials made their



A Café.



Basque Fishermen.

search. In the cabin were found the bodies of the captain and his wife. Not another body, or a piece of property of any value, was found on board. Some water-soaked papers were picked up, which with no little difficulty were deciphered, and from them it was learned that the schooner was the *Edna and Emma*. Loaded to the rail with lumber, she had sailed from Wilmington, N. C., in September, 1898, bound for Baltimore. She cleared from Wilmington—what happened after that can only be left to the imagination. It was a year later that the schooner was picked up in the harbor of St. Pierre, more than a thousand miles out of her course, and it is assumed that she capsized in a storm along the coast and was carried northward in the Gulf Stream. The letters found in the cabin established the identity of the captain and his wife. One day they were taken to the desolate little graveyard and laid at rest. At the foot of a street below half a dozen French stevedores are unloading coal from a trim, nattily painted schooner. She is the *Sambre-Meuse*, and is in the coal trade between St. Pierre and Sydney,

Cape Breton. Not so long ago she was the Edna and Emma, a derelict tossed about at the mercy of the waves in the broad Atlantic.

A few miles to the westward from the city, approached by a narrow, sandy road, is the village of Ravanel. It is scarcely

any other words suitable to the occasion. It is consoling to realize that the Greeks must have been in the same quandary.

While the fishermen are out on the Banks the old men and beach boys are at Ravanel repairing tackle and netting capelin. Beach boys are an interesting feature



Leaving St. Pierre for the "Banks."

more than a settlement, for there are but half a dozen rude huts and a storehouse built just above high-water mark. On your way out you pass an occasional cart drawn by a couple of dogs, and driven by boys who gravely touch their caps as you go by. In its primitive way Ravanel is picturesque. The houses scarcely add to the beauty of the scene, but there are the boats drawn up on the sand and the fishermen gathered in groups with their nets over their shoulders waiting the incoming tide. Stretching off to the south for a few hundred yards are the brown rocks with the white-capped breakers beating against them, and beyond the sea. There are certain times when one is deeply impressed by the immensity of the ocean and is inspired to remark "Thalassa!" You can appreciate that the Greeks paused after they exclaimed "Thalassa!" In contemplating such a large subject you feel particularly insignificant and quite incapable of finding

of St. Pierre. They are of an average age of eighteen, and are sent out from France under contract to act as helpers to the fishermen. The government pays them \$30 for the season and furnishes transportation, food, clothing, and shelter. In return they are required, after two or three years of apprenticeship, to enter the French navy. While many of the boys are employed for the greater part of the time on land during their first year of service, they go out to the Banks in the second and third years, and the experience gained in the rough waters of the North Atlantic amply fits them for the naval service that follows. They have plenty to do, whether they are mending tackle and netting capelin from the beach or whether they are afloat. Some of the pleasing illusions that they had formed when they were recruited in their native villages about a life on the roving main are likely to be shattered, but most of them are sturdy young fellows and

suffer little by the experience. At certain seasons of the year the supply of capelin in the Miquelon waters is abundant. The capelin is a small, edible fish not unlike the smelt. It is presumably esteemed a great delicacy by the voracious cod, and consequently is in great demand for bait. The capelin is not a phenomenally intelligent fish. At high tide he swims right up to the edge of the beach, where he is invariably scooped up in a big net with neatness and despatch by the ever-present beach boy.

From Ravanel a view of distant Lang-

foundlanders. The Frenchmen, on the other hand, vow that all the fog originates on the Newfoundland shore. It is a nice question as it stands, with the fog impartially engulfing both countries.

Fashionable St. Pierre attends high mass at eleven o'clock. The big cathedral is literally crowded to the doors. From the exterior point of view the building is not imposing, but within the scene is pleasing. The women arrive early. The young men, after the time-honored custom in every rural community, linger outside of



Washing Clothes in the Brook.

ley can readily be obtained. Langley and Miquelon are long stretches of sand and rock. The population is sparse. The bar that connects the two islands vies with Sable Island as the graveyard of the Atlantic. For centuries vessels have found their last resting-places on the treacherous sands of Miquelon and Langley, and the whitened skeleton of many a fine ship can be seen there to this day.

My first Sunday in St. Pierre dawned bright and clear, according to unimpeachable witnesses who were obliged to be up at that hour of the day. The sun was certainly shining brightly when I was at breakfast. This is worthy of note, because sunny days in St. Pierre are few and far between. It has, indeed, been called the home of fog—called thus by the New-

foundlanders. The Frenchmen, on the other hand, vow that all the fog originates on the Newfoundland shore. It is a nice question as it stands, with the fog impartially engulfing both countries. The big cathedral is literally crowded to the doors. From the exterior point of view the building is not imposing, but within the scene is pleasing. The women arrive early. The young men, after the time-honored custom in every rural community, linger outside of

will instantly silence whispering, and when he arches his eyebrows crying babies are paralyzed with fear. It is a joyous, light-hearted crowd that meets in the square after church. The serious business of the day is over. I notice that the women of the better class wear veils, and I am told that it is an unwritten law of St. Pierre that ladies shall wear veils at all times when they are out of doors. Their servants are not permitted to wear veils at all.

The correct hour for Sunday dinner is one o'clock. It is not child's play to do full justice to an excellent soup, an entrée, a roast, salad, pastry, black coffee, and the necessary accompaniments of a bottle of wine and a good cigar. The good cigar you must bring with you from the States, but the wine in St. Pierre is of the best quality, plentiful and cheap. Water, for drinking purposes, is practically unknown. I had noticed, on my way from church, that snowy white sheets had been stretched across the windows of all the shops, and that altars had been erected at the corner of Rue Jacques Cartier and Rue Bisson, at the Quai de la Roncière and in Rue Basques. The altars were roughly constructed of wood, covered with white sheetings, and were decorated with colored lithographs of the Saviour and the Virgin Mary. In front of each were placed a few mats. Madame Coste informs me that the Corpus Christi procession is about to take place. Through the courtesy of one of the business men I obtain an excellent view of the procession from an upper window of his warehouse on the Quai.

A crowd of very large proportions has gathered in the square below, and the gendarmes have plenty to do in keeping them back from the line of march. We hear the band of the Brothers playing in the distance, and then around the corner comes the majestic beadle followed by more than a hundred little girls dressed in white, with veils falling from their heads almost to the ground. Then come fifty small boys attired in the regulation red and blue uniform of the French army. Their captain, sword in hand, is as serious as a judge, and the miniature soldiers keep step in a highly creditable manner. Behind them is the Brothers' band—men of serious mien, in black gowns—and then a score of altar boys in red cassock and cotta, gracefully

swinging their censers from side to side. Next are three priests preceding a sailor carrying a processional cross. Last of all comes the reverend monsignor, with the Host in front of him, walking slowly beneath a canopy of red and gold. At each of the four corners of the canopy marches a sailor holding aloft an ornamental lamp. As the procession draws near the altar young girls scatter confetti in their path, and finally everyone kneels at the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. A stop is made at each of the altars and the procession returns to the cathedral, where it is dismissed. It is a picturesque and impressive sight.

Sunday afternoon is spent in walks along the shore road, in the cafés and clubs. The colonial and municipal officials and the Englishmen and American frequently drop in at the Yacht Club in the afternoon. I say American advisedly, for there is one in St. Pierre—the American commercial agent, Mr. Charles M. Freeman, a capable and most obliging gentleman. There are many Englishmen, however, most of them connected with the two cable companies that have the Eastern termini for their Atlantic cables in St. Pierre. The Yacht Club is on the Quai, and from the windows you have an excellent view of the harbor. In my journeyings through Nova Scotia and Newfoundland I have heard the stories that are so often told of the vast amount of smuggling that is carried on from St. Pierre. They say that the Frenchmen run liquor over to Newfoundland and Cape Breton without the formality of notifying the customs officials. We drift around to this subject at the club, but the idea is pooh-poohed. What, honest French sailors smuggle? Tut-tut! Now, the Newfoundlanders might engage in that business, but Frenchmen—oh, absurd! So runs the conversation. How is it, I ask, that so much more wines and liquors are imported from the mother-country than can possibly be consumed in the Miquelon islands? The answer comes readily enough. The French, English, and American fishermen run in from the Banks and take away large quantities of it with them. This is as far as the discussion goes—in St. Pierre; but you should hear the stories in Sydney, C. B., or in St. John's, N. F.

It was my last night in St. Pierre. I had gone to my room at nine o'clock. An hour later the town crier had made his rounds through the streets, beating a mournful roll on his drum. This custom, which antedates the recollection of the oldest inhabitant, means that the lights are to be put out in all the cafés and cabarets except those of the first class. The injunction is obeyed to the letter. Out go the lights in the front of the house, but they are at once relit in the rear and the merry sailors continue their drinking and carousing as long as the landlord will permit. I had heard the clock in the church tower strike eleven. It must have been fully an hour later when I was aroused by the blowing of a trumpet. Nearer and nearer came the warning blasts, now the alarm was sounded below my window, and in a moment it grows fainter as the trumpeter disappears down the Rue Bisson. Hastily dressing, I hurry out of doors. The sky overhead is red, turning to a deep crimson toward the south. The church bells ring and excited men and women rush past me toward the Quai. One of the merchants of my acquaintance takes me in tow, calling out: "Come on. The warehouses are on fire!"

Dense crowds are gathered in the cold night air on the Quai. Across the harbor three of the warehouses are blazing furnaces. Luckily the breeze is from the land, away from the other buildings. It is a full half-mile walk around the cove, but we make it in double quick time. We are not the first on the scene, for already a few hundred townspeople and beach boys are watching the flames. An hour has elapsed since the alarm was given, but the firemen have not arrived. They come along fifteen minutes later, however, dragging in their wake the most rickety, obsolete type of a hand-pump that I have ever seen. Everyone is on hand now—the government officials, priests, gendarmes and general populace. The gendarmes are particularly active in getting volunteers to fight the fire. Apparently the firemen have brought a trained quartette with them, for the first thing they do is to burst into song—a merry roundelay, so to speak—and then a tiny stream is played upon the burning buildings. For two long hours the warehouses blaze fiercely, and when there

is nothing more within reach that is inflammable, they smolder down to ashes.

On the way home one of the officials expresses his disappointment at the failure of the firemen to arrive on the scene promptly, but he adds: "What could you expect? There is no one to direct them. Monsieur the Captain of sapeurs-pompiers is absent in Paris; the lieutenant is a very sick man, alas, and the sous-lieutenant has only this day gone to Langley to attend the Governor. It is much to be regretted."

It is my last day in St. Pierre and I walk along the shore road eastward, starting from the Quai. I pass the residence of Governor Samary, a plain, comfortable, two-story frame house, and then the building set apart for M. Certonciny, the chef du service de l'Interieur, and his aides. On my right is a noisy little brook where the housewives are washing clothes, and a block away is the military hospital—military in name only, for under the Treaty of Utrecht France is not permitted to maintain a garrison here—and finally reach the Pointe au Canon, with its half a dozen obsolete guns. A century or more ago the guns were placed on this little hilltop for business purposes, but to-day they are merely interesting relics. On July 14, several years past, an enthusiastic citizen fired one of them off. It was positively his last appearance as a gunner. The funeral on the following Sunday was very largely attended.

At Pointe au Canon I meet, by previous appointment, the master of one of the pilot boats. I have been told that he would take me across to L'Amaline, eleven miles distant on the Newfoundland coast, but, with many protestations of regret, he tells me that he cannot go, for his boat has been engaged to take some capelin fishermen over to Langley. And so I realize that, with much to commend itself to the visitor, St. Pierre is not without its drawbacks, and chief among these is its inaccessibility. Once in ten days the steamer from Port-aux-Basques puts in. She stays in the harbor less than an hour, and has the decidedly unfashionable knack of calling just before dawn. Every fortnight the mail steamer *Pro Patria* departs for Halifax. If the casual visitor wishes to get away at any other time he must rely

upon one of the pilot boats to take him across to L'Amaline, where he can connect with the Placentia Bay steamer Argyle, or as a last resort he can go across in a tug. Thus it happened that I was obliged to make the trip on the tug, and the regular fare by this route for the eleven-mile trip is \$18—a little over a dollar and a half a mile.

It is a cold, rainy, cheerless evening

when I leave St. Pierre. We pass out into the roads and notice that signals warning the mariner of an approaching storm are displayed on Gallantry Head. As we put out to sea, making our course in the channel between the French cruiser Troude and l'Île-aux-Chiens I take my last look at the strange, peaceful, isolated city where people snap their fingers at the rest of the world and are content.



## TO CATCH A THIEF

MORE ADVENTURES OF THE AMATEUR CRACKSMAN

By E. W. Hornung

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHNS

SOCIETY persons are not likely to have forgotten the series of audacious robberies by which so many of them suffered in turn during the brief course of a recent season. Raid after raid was made upon the smartest houses in town, and within a few weeks more than one exalted head had been shorn of its priceless tiara. The Duke and Duchess of Dorchester lost half the portable pieces of their historic plate on the very night of their Graces' almost equally historic costume ball. The Kenworthy diamonds were taken in broad daylight, during the excitement of a charitable meeting on the ground floor, and the gifts of her belted bridegroom to Lady May Paulton while the outer air was thick with a prismatic shower of *confetti*. It was obvious that all this was the work of no ordinary thief, and perhaps inevitable

that the name of Raffles should have been dragged from oblivion by callous disrespects of the departed and unreasoning apologists for the police. These wise-aces did not hesitate to bring a dead man back to life, because they knew of no living one capable of such brilliant deeds. It is their heedless and inconsequent calumnies that the present paper is partly intended to refute. As a matter of fact, our equal innocence in this matter was only exceeded by our common envy, and for a long time, like the rest of the world, neither of us had the slightest clew to the identity of the person who was following in our steps with such irritating results.

"I would mind less," said Raffles, "if the fellow were really playing my game. But abuse of hospitality was never one of my strokes, and it seems to be the only shot he's got. When we took old Lady



Melrose's necklace, Bunny, we were not staying with the Melroses, if you recollect."

We were discussing the robberies for the hundredth time, but for once under conditions more favorable for animated conversation than our unique circumstances permitted in the flat. We did not often dine out. Dr. Theobald was to be considered at home, the risk of recognition abroad. But there were exceptions, when the doctor was away or the patient defiant, and on these rare occasions we frequented a certain unpretentious restaurant in the Fulham quarter, where the cooking was plain but excellent, and the cellar a surprise. Our bottle of '89 champagne was empty to the label when the subject arose, and was touched by Raffles in the reminiscent manner indicated above. I can see his clear eye upon me now, reading me, weighing me. But I was not so sensitive to his scrutiny at the time. His tone was deliberate, calculating, preparatory; not as I heard it then, through a head full of wine, but as it floats back to me across the gulf between that moment and this.

"Excellent fillet!" said I, grossly. "So you think this chap is as much in society as we were, do you?"

I preferred not to think so myself. We had cause enough for jealousy without that. But Raffles raised his eyebrows an eloquent half-inch.

"As much, my dear Bunny? He is not only in it, but of it; there's no comparison between us there. Society is in rings like a target, and we never were in the bull's eye, however thick you may lay on the ink! I was asked for my cricket. I haven't forgotten it yet. But this fellow's one of themselves, with the right of entrée into houses which he could only 'enter' in a professional sense. That's obvious, unless all these little exploits are the work of different hands, which they as obviously are not. And it's why I'd give five hundred pounds to put salt on him to-night!"

"Not you," said I, as I drained my glass in genial incredulity.

"But I would, my dear Bunny. Waiter! another half-bottle of this," and Raffles leant across the table as the empty one was taken away. "I never was more

serious in my life," he continued below his breath. "Whatever else our successor may be, he's not a dead man like me, or a marked man like you! If there's any truth in my theory he's one of the last people upon whom suspicion is ever likely to rest; and oh, Bunny, what a partner he would make for you and me!"

Under less genial influences the very idea of a third partner would have filled my soul with offence; but Raffles had chosen his moment unerringly, and his arguments lost nothing by the flowing accompaniment of the extra pint. They were, however, quite strong in themselves. The gist of them was that thus far we had remarkably little to show for what Raffles was pleased to term "our second innings." This even I could not deny. We had scored a few "long singles," but our "best shots" had gone "straight to hand," and we were "playing a deuced slow game." Therefore we needed a new partner—and the metaphor failed Raffles. It had served its turn. I already agreed with him. In truth I was tired of my false position as hireling attendant, and had long fancied myself an object of suspicion to that other impostor the doctor. A fresh, untrammelled start was a fascinating idea to me, though two was company, and three in our case might be worse than none. But I did not see how we could hope, with our respective handicaps, to solve a problem which was already the despair of Scotland Yard.

"Suppose I have solved it," observed Raffles, cracking a walnut in his palm.

"How could you?" I asked, without believing for an instant that he had.

"I have been taking in the *Morning Post* for some time now."

"Well?"

"You have got me a good many odd numbers of the less base society papers."

"I can't for the life of me see what you're driving at!"

Raffles smiled indulgently as he cracked another nut.

"That's because you've neither observation nor imagination, Bunny—and yet you try to write! Well, you wouldn't think it, but I have a fairly complete list of the people who were at the various functions under cover of which these different little coups were brought off."

I said very stolidly that I did not see how that would help him. It was the only answer to his good-humored, but self-satisfied contempt. It happened also to be true.

"Think," said Raffles, in a patient voice.

"When thieves break in and steal," said I, "up-stairs, I don't see much point in discovering who was down-stairs at the time."

"Exactly," said Raffles—"when they do break in."

"But that's what they have done in all these cases. An up-stairs door found screwed up, when things were at their height below; thief gone and jewels with him before alarm could be raised. Why, the trick's so old that I never knew you to play it yet."

"Not so old as it looks," said Raffles, choosing the cigars and handing me mine. "Cognac or Benedictine, Bunny?"

"Brandy," I said, coarsely.

"Besides," he went on, "the rooms were not screwed up; at Dorchester House, at any rate, the door was only locked, and the key missing, so that it might have been done on either side."

"But that was where he left his rope-ladder behind him!" I exclaimed in triumph; but Raffles only shook his head.

"I don't believe in that rope-ladder, Bunny, except as a blind."

"Then what on earth do you believe?"

"That every one of these so-called burglaries has been done from the inside, by one of the guests; and what's more I'm very much mistaken if I haven't spotted the right sportsman!"

I began to believe that he really had, there was such a wicked gravity in the eyes that twinkled faintly into mine. I raised my glass in convivial congratulation, and remember now the somewhat anxious eye with which Raffles saw it emptied.

"I can only find one likely name," said he, "that figures in all these lists, and it is anything but a likely one at first sight. Lord Ernest Belville was at all those functions. Know anything about him, Bunny?"

"Not the Rational Drink fanatic?"

"Yes."

"That's all I want to know."

"It was all I knew to start with. But it was promising. A man whose views are

so hard and moderate, and so widely held already (saving your presence, Bunny), does not bore the world with them without ulterior motives. So far so good. What are this chap's motives? Does he want to advertise himself? No, he's somebody already. But is he rich? On the contrary, he's as poor as a rat for his position, and apparently without the least ambition to be anything else; certainly he won't enrich himself by making a public fad of what all sensible people are agreed upon as it is. Then suddenly I have my own old idea—the alternative profession! My cricket—his Rational Drink! But it is no use jumping to a conclusion. I must know more than the newspapers can tell me. Our aristocratic friend is forty, and unmarried. What has he been doing all these years? How the devil was I to find out?"

"How did you?" I asked, declining to spoil my digestion with a conundrum, as it was his evident intention that I should.

"Interviewed him!" said Raffles, smiling slowly on my amazement.

"You—interviewed him?" I echoed. "When—and where?"

"Last Thursday night, when, if you remember, we turned in early, because I felt done. What was the use of telling you what I had up my sleeve, Bunny? It might have ended in fizzle, as it still may. But Lord Ernest Belville was addressing the meeting at Exeter Hall; I waited for him when the show was over, dogged him home to King John's Mansions, and interviewed him in his own rooms there before we turned in."

My journalistic jealousy was piqued to the quick. Affecting a scepticism I did not feel (for no outrage was beyond the pale of his impudence), I inquired dryly which journal Raffles had pretended to represent. It is unnecessary to report his answer. I could not believe him without further explanation.

"I should have thought," he said, "that you would have observed a practice I never omit upon certain occasions. I always pay a visit to the drawing-room and fill my waistcoat pocket from the card-tray. It is an immense help in my little temporary impersonations. On Thursday night I sent up the card of a powerful writer connected with a powerful paper; if Lord Ernest had known him in the flesh

I should have been obliged to confess to a journalistic ruse ; luckily he didn't—and I was sent by the editor to get the interview for next morning. What could be better—for the alternative profession ? ”

I inquired what the interview had brought forth.

“ Everything,” said Raffles. “ Lord Ernest has been a wanderer these twenty years. Texas, Fiji, Australia. I suspect him of wives and families in all three. But his manners are a liberal education. He gave me some beautiful whiskey, and continually forgot his fad. He is strong and subtle, but I talked him off his guard. He is going to the Kirkleatham's to-night—I saw the card stuck up. I stuck some wax into his key-hole as he was switching off the lights.”

And, with an eye upon the waiters, Raffles showed me a skeleton key, newly twisted and filed ; but my share of the extra pint (I am afraid no fair share) had made me dense. I looked from the key to Raffles with puckered forehead—for I happened to catch sight of it in the mirror behind him.

“ The Dowager Lady Kirkleatham,” he whispered, “ has diamonds as big as beans, and likes to have 'em all on—and goes to bed early—and happens to be in town ! ”

And now I saw.

“ The villain means to get them from her ! ”

“ And I mean to get them from the villain,” said Raffles ; “ or, rather, your share and mine.”

“ Will he consent to a partnership ? ”

“ We shall have him at our mercy. He daren't refuse.”

Raffles's plan was to gain access to Lord Ernest's rooms before midnight, he did not say how, casually remarking that that was the simplest part of it. But there we were to lie in wait for the aristocratic rascal, and if I left all details to Raffles, and simply stood by in case of a rumpus, I should be playing my part and earning my share. It was a part that I had played before, not always with a good grace, though there had never been any question about the share. But to-night I was nothing loath. I had had just champagne enough—how Raffles knew my measure !—and I was ready and eager for anything. In-

deed, I did not wish to wait for the coffee, which was to be especially strong by order of Raffles. But on that he insisted, and it was between ten and eleven before we were in our cab.

“ It would be fatal to be too early,” he said, as we drove ; “ on the other hand it would be dangerous to leave it too late. One must risk something. How I should love to drive down Piccadilly and see the lights ! But unnecessary risks are another thing.”

King John's Mansions, as everybody knows, are the oldest, the ugliest, and the tallest block of flats in all London. But they are built upon a more generous scale than has since become the rule, and with a less studious regard for the economy of space. We were about to drive into the spacious court-yard, when the gate-keeper checked us in order to let another hansom drive out. It contained a middle-aged man of the military type, like ourselves in evening dress. That much I saw as his hansom crossed our bows, because I could not help seeing it, but I should not have given the incident a second thought if it had not been for its extraordinary effect upon Raffles. In an instant he was out upon the curb, paying the cabby, and in another he was leading me across the street, away from the Mansions.

“ Where on earth are you going ? ” I naturally exclaimed.

“ Into the park,” said he. “ We are too early.”

His voice told me more than his words. It was strangely stern.

“ Was that him—in the hansom ? ”

“ It was.”

“ Well, then, the coast's clear,” said I, comfortably. I was for turning back then and there, but Raffles forced me on with a hand that hardened on my arm.

“ It was a nearer thing than I care about,” said he. “ This seat will do ; no, the next one's farther from a lamp-post. We will give him a good half hour, and I don't want to talk.”

We had been seated some minutes when Big Ben sent a languid chime over our heads to the stars. It was half-past ten. Eleven had struck before Raffles awoke from his sullen reverie, and recalled me from mine with a slap on the back. In a couple of minutes we were in the lighted

vestibule at the inner end of the court-yard of King John's Mansions.

"Just left Lord Ernest at Lady Kirkleatham's," said Raffles. "Gave me his key and asked us to wait for him in his rooms. Will you send us up in the lift?"

In a small way, I never knew old Raffles do anything better. There was not an instant's demur. Lord Ernest Belleville's rooms were at the top of the building, but we were in them as quickly as lift could carry and page-boy conduct us. And there was no need for the skeleton-key after all; the boy opened the outer door with one of his own, and switched on the lights before leaving us.

"Now that's interesting," said Raffles, as soon as we were alone. "So they can come in and clean when he is out! What if he keeps his swag at the bank? By Jove, that's an idea for him! I don't believe he's getting rid of it; it's all lying low somewhere, if I'm not mistaken and he's not a fool."

While he spoke he was moving about the sitting-room, which was charmingly furnished in the antique style, and making as many remarks as though he were an auctioneer's clerk with an inventory to prepare and a day to do it in, instead of a cracksman who might be surprised in his crib at any moment.

"Chippendale of sorts, eh, Bunny? Not genuine, of course; but where can you get genuine Chippendale now, and who knows it when they see it? There's no merit in mere antiquity. Yet the way people pose on the subject! If a thing's handsome and useful, and good cabinet-making, it's good enough for me."

"Hadn't we better explore the whole place?" I suggested, nervously. He had not even bolted the outer door. Nor would he when I called his attention to the omission.

"If Lord Ernest finds his rooms locked up he'll summon assistance," said Raffles. "We must let him come in and lock up himself before we corner him. But he won't come yet; if he did we should be done, for they'd tell him down below what I told them. A new staff comes on at midnight. I discovered that the other night."

"Supposing he comes in before?"

"He can't have us turned out without

first seeing who we are, and he won't try it on when I've had one word with him. Unless my suspicions are unfounded, I mean."

"Isn't it about time to test them?"

"My good Bunny, what do you suppose I've been doing all this while? He keeps nothing in here. There isn't a lock to the Chippendale that you couldn't pick with a penknife, and not a loose board in the floor, for I was treading for one before the boy left us. Chimney's no use in a place like this where they keep them swept for you. Yes, let's try his bed-room."

There was but a bath-room besides; no kitchen, no servant's room; neither is necessary in King John's Mansions. I thought it as well to put my head inside the bath-room while Raffles went into the bed-room, for I was tormented by the horrible idea that the man might all this time be concealed somewhere in the flat. But the bath-room blazed void in the electric light.

I found Raffles hanging out of the starry square which was the bed-room window, for the room was still in darkness. I felt for the switch at the door.

"Put it out again!" said Raffles, fiercely. He rose from the sill, drew blind and curtains carefully, then switched on the light himself. It fell upon a face creased more in pity than in anger, and Raffles only shook his head as I hung mine.

"It's all right, old boy," said he; "but corridors have windows too, and servants have eyes; and you and I are supposed to be in the other room, not in this. But cheer up, Bunny! *This is the room*; look at the extra bolt on the door; he's had that put on, and there's an iron ladder to his window in case of fire! Way of escape ready against the hour of need; he's a better man than I thought him, Bunny, after all. But you may bet your bottom dollar that if there's any boodle in the flat it's in this room!"

Yet the room was very lightly furnished; and nothing was locked. We looked everywhere, but we looked in vain. The wardrobe was filled with hanging coats and trousers in a press, the drawers with the softest silk and finest linen. It was a camp-bedstead that would not have unsettled an anchorite; there was no place for treasure there. I looked up the chim-

ney, but Raffles told me not to be a fool, and asked if I ever listened to what he said. There was no question about his temper now. I never knew him in a worse.

"Then he has got it in the bank," he growled. "I'll swear I'm not mistaken in my man!"

I had the tact not to differ with him. But I could not help suggesting that now was our time to remedy any mistake we might have made. We were on the right side of midnight still.

"Then we stultify ourselves downstairs," said Raffles. "No, I'm damned if I do! He may come in with the Kirkleatham diamonds! You can do what you like, Bunny, but I don't budge."

"I certainly sha'n't leave you," I retorted, "to be knocked into the middle of next week by a better man than yourself."

I had borrowed his own tone, and he did not like it. They never do. I thought for a moment that Raffles was going to strike me—for the first and last time in his life. He could if he liked. My blood was up. I was ready to send him to the devil. And I emphasized my offence by nodding and shrugging toward a pair of very large Indian clubs that stood in the parlor, on either side of the chimney up which I had presumed to glance.

In an instant Raffles had seized the clubs, and was whirling them around his gray head in a mixture of childish pique and puerile bravado which I should have thought him altogether above. And suddenly as I watched him his face changed, softened, lit up, and he swung the clubs gently down upon the bed.

"They're not heavy enough for their size," said he, rapidly; "and by God, Bunny, I'll be shot if they're the same weight!"

He shook one club after the other, with both hands, close to his ear; then he examined their butt-ends under the electric light. I saw what he suspected now, and caught the contagion of his suppressed excitement. Neither of us spoke. But Raffles had taken out the portable toolbox that he called a knife, and always carried, and as he opened the gimlet he handed me the club he held. Instinctively I tucked the small end under my arm, and presented the other to Raffles.

"Hold him tight," he whispered, smiling. "He's not only a better man than I thought him, Bunny; he's hit upon a better dodge than ever I did, of its kind; only I should have weighted them evenly—to a hair!"

He had screwed the gimlet into the circular butt, close to the edge, and now we were wrenching in opposite directions. For a moment or more nothing happened. Then all at once something gave, and Raffles swore an oath as soft as any prayer. And for the minute after that his hand went round and round with the gimlet, as though he were grinding a piano-organ, while the end wormed slowly out on its delicate thread of fine hard wood.

The clubs were as hollow as drinking-horns, the pair of them, for we went from one to the other without pausing to undo the padded pockets that poured out upon the bed. These were deliciously heavy to the hand, yet thickly swathed in cotton-wool, so that some stuck together, retaining the shape of the cavity, as though they had been run out of a mould. And when we did open them—but let Raffles speak.

He had deputed me to screw in the ends of the clubs, and to replace the latter in the fender where we had found them. When I had done the counterpane was glittering with diamonds where it was not shimmering with pearls.

"If this isn't the tiara that Lady May was married in," said Raffles, "and that disappeared out of the room she changed in, while it rained *confetti* on the steps! I'll present it to her instead of the one she lost. . . . It was stupid to keep these old gold spoons, valuable as they are; they made the difference in the weight. . . . Here we have probably the Kenworthy diamonds. . . . I don't know the history of these pearls. . . . This looks like one family of rings—left on the basin-stand, perhaps—alas, poor lady! And that's the lot."

Our eyes met across the bed.

"What's it all worth?" I asked, hoarsely.

"Impossible to say. But more than all we ever took in all our lives. That I'll swear to."

"More than all——"

My tongue swelled with the thought.

"But it'll take some turning into cash, old chap!"

"And—and must it be a partnership?" I asked, finding a lugubrious voice at length.

"Partnership be damned!" cried Raffles, heartily. "Let's get out quicker than we came in!"

We pocketed the things between us,

"Out with it—out with it!" whispered Raffles in an agony; and as I obeyed, he caught me off my feet, and swung me bodily but silently into the bedroom, just as the outer door opened, and a masterful step strode in.

The next five were horrible minutes. We heard the apostle of Rational Drink unlock one of the deep drawers in his an-



All at once something gave.—Page 596.

cotton-wool and all, not because we wanted the latter, but to remove all immediate traces of our really meritorious deed.

"The sinner won't dare to say a word when he does find out," remarked Raffles of Lord Ernest; "but that's no reason why he should find out before he must. Everything's straight in here, I think; no, better leave the window open as it was, and the blind up. Now out with the light. One peep at the other room. That's all right, 'oo. Out with the passage light, Bunny, while I open——"

His words died away in a whisper. A key was fumbling at the lock outside.

tique sideboard, and sounds followed suspiciously like the splash of spirits and the steady stream from a siphon. Never before or since did I experience such a thirst as assailed me at that moment, nor do I believe that many tropical explorers have known its equal. But I had Raffles with me, and his hand was as steady and as cool as the hand of a trained nurse. That I know because he turned up the collar of my overcoat, for some reason, and buttoned it at the throat. I afterward found that he had done the same to his own, but I did not hear him doing it. The one thing I heard in the bed-room was a tiny metallic click, muffled and deadened in



his overcoat pocket, and it not only removed my last tremor, but strung me to a higher pitch of excitement than ever. Yet I had then no conception of the game that Raffles was deciding to play—that I was to play with him in another minute.

It cannot have been longer before Lord Ernest came into his bed-room. Heavens, but my heart could thump still! We were standing near the door, and I could swear he touched me; then his boots creaked, there was a rattle in the fender—and Raffles switched on the light.

Lord Ernest Belville crouched in its glare with one Indian club held by the end, like a footman with a stolen bottle. A good-looking, well-built, iron-gray, iron-jawed man; but a fool and a weakling at that moment, if he had never been one before.

“Lord Ernest Belville,” said Raffles, “it’s no use! This is a loaded revolver, and if you force me I shall use it on you as I would on any other desperate criminal. I am here to arrest you for a series of robberies at the Duke of Dorchester’s, Sir John Kenworthy’s and other noble-men’s and gentlemen’s houses during the present season. You’d better drop what you’ve got in your hand. It’s empty.”

Lord Ernest lifted the club an inch or two, and with it his eyebrows—and after it his stalwart frame as the club crashed back into the fender. And as he stood at his full height, a courteous but ironic smile under the cropped mustache, he looked what he was, criminal or not.

“Scotland Yard?” said he.

“That’s our affair, my lord.”

“I didn’t think they’d got it in them,” said Lord Ernest. “Now I recognize you. You’re my interviewer. No, I didn’t think any of you fellows had got all that in you. Come into the other room, and I’ll show you something else. Oh, keep me covered by all means. But look at this!”

On the antique sideboard, their size doubled by reflection in the polished mahogany, lay a coruscating cluster of precious stones, that fell in festoons about Lord Ernest’s fingers as he handed them to Raffles with scarcely a shrug.

“The Kirkleatham diamonds,” said he. “Better add ’em to the bag.”

Raffles did so without a smile: with his overcoat buttoned up to the chin, his tall

hat pressed down to his eyes, and between the two his incisive features and his keen, stern glance, he looked the ideal detective of fiction and the stage. What I looked God knows, but I did my best to glower and show my teeth at his side. I had thrown myself into the game, and it was obviously a winning one.

“Wouldn’t take a share, I suppose?” Lord Ernest said, casually.

Raffles did not condescend to reply. I rolled back my lips like a bull-pup.

“Then a drink, at least!”

My mouth watered, but Raffles shook his head impatiently.

“We must be going, my lord, and you will have to come with us.”

I wondered what in the world we should do with him when we had got him.

“Give me time to put some things together? Pair of pajamas, and tooth-brush, don’t you know?”

“I cannot give you many minutes, my lord, but I don’t want to cause a disturbance here, so I’ll tell them to call a cab if you like. But I shall be back in a minute, and you must be ready in five. Here, inspector, you’d better keep this while I am gone.”

And I was left alone with that dangerous criminal! Raffles nipped my arm as he handed me the revolver, but I got small comfort out of that!

“‘Sea-green! Incorruptible?’” inquired Lord Ernest as we stood face to face.

“You don’t corrupt me,” I replied, through naked teeth.

“Then come into my room. I’ll lead the way. Think you can hit me if I misbehave?”

I put the bed between us without a second’s delay. My prisoner flung a suitcase upon it, and threw things into it with a dejected air; suddenly, as he was fitting them in, without raising his head (which I was watching) his right hand closed over the barrel with which I covered him.

“You’d better not shoot,” he said, a knee upon his side of the bed; “if you do it may be as bad for you as it will be for me!”

I tried to wrest the revolver from him.

“I will if you force me,” I hissed.

“You’d better not,” he repeated, smiling; and now I saw that if I did I should only shoot into the bed or my own legs.



*Drawn by F. C. Yohn.*

"I am here to arrest you for a series of robberies."—Page 393.

His hand was on the top of mine, bending it down, and the revolver with it. The strength of it was as the strength of ten of mine; and now both his knees were on the bed; and suddenly I saw his other hand, doubled into a fist, coming up slowly over the suit case.

"Help!" I called, feebly.

"Help, forsooth! I believe *you are* from Scotland Yard," he said—and his upper-cut came with the "yard." It caught me under the chin. It lifted me off my legs. I believe I just heard the crash that I made in falling.

It was Raffles who revived me on that very bed. The suit-case was on the floor, and Lord Ernest Belville had disappeared.

"Of course I meant him to go," mourned Raffles, tenderly; "what on earth should we have done with him? He's gone by the iron ladder, as I knew he would. I thought you'd take a bribe, but it's really more convincing as it is, and just as well for Lord Ernest to be convinced for the time being. But we had him either way. And the joke is that

when he does tumble to it, as he may any minute, he won't dare to open his mouth!"

"Then the sooner we clear out the better," said I, but I looked askance at the open window, for my head was spinning still.

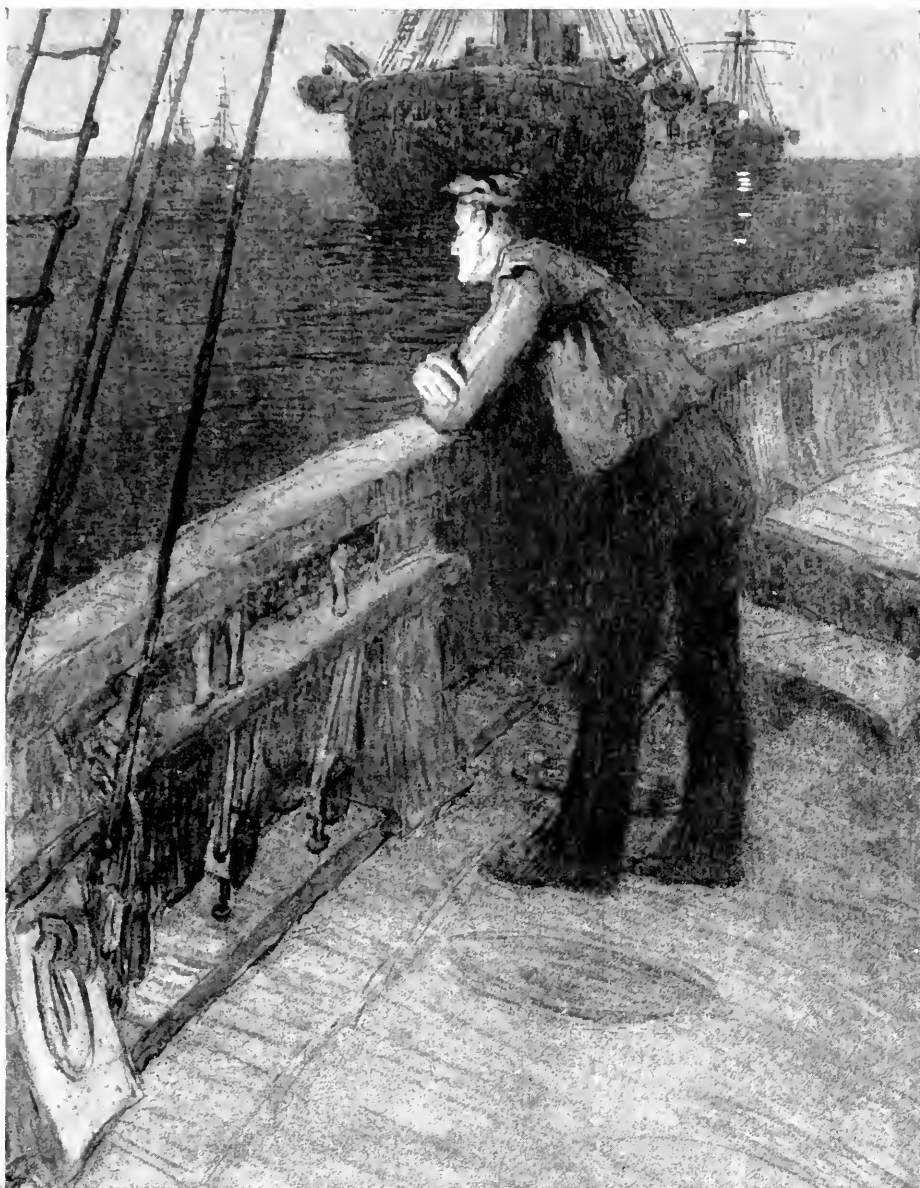
"When you feel up to it," replied Raffles, "we shall *stroll* out, and I shall ring for the lift. The force of habit is too strong in you, Bunny. I shall shut the window and leave everything exactly as we found it. Lord Ernest will probably tumble before he's badly missed, and then he'll come back and look for us, but what can he do if he finds us? I don't think I ever had a brighter idea in my life; never thought of it till he was in the next room; never dreamt of its coming off so ideally even then, and didn't much care, because we had him all ways up. I'm only sorry you let him knock you out. I was waiting outside the door all the time, and it made me sick to hear it. But I once broke my own head, Bunny, if you remember, and not in half such an excellent cause!"

Raffles pointed to the Indian clubs, and then touched all his pockets in turn.



"You'd better not shoot," he said.

—Page 598.



Gazing abstractedly at the ships of the squadron.—Page 605.

## A BLUE-JACKET MONTE CRISTO

By Walter S. Meriwether

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JULES GUÉRIN

GO to the Navy Department in Washington and ask to see the muster-roll of the *Swatara*, sloop-of-war. It is not likely that you will be allowed to, and if perchance you are, it is still more unlikely that you will find therein any reference to the name of Adelburt Nagle. But there was once an Adelburt Nagle in that vessel's crew, though this chronicle will not tell you under what alias he hid his patronymic, which is of no consequence, as you will see later on.

Nagle was one who had been wedded to mischance. Incidentally he had been wedded to a wife—a widow—and had come perilously near having his neck broken in consequence. Paying court to a step-daughter, he had been beguiled into matrimony with the step-mother. Then came another entanglement, and one so serious that it threatened his extinguishment. Going to sleep on the roof of their tenement-dwelling one sultry night, the wife rolled off and wrecked herself on the

pavement. Nagle was suspected of having pushed her over and warrants were issued. He fled and found his way into the navy through the medium of a recruiting officer who was lax in his ways.

Nagle was shipped as a landsman, and it was while serving Uncle Sam in that capacity that fate sent him to the Panama Isthmus. The terms "landsman" and "navy" may seem unrelated, but there is such a grade, or "rating," as it is called in the service afloat, and as one of these Nagle shipped on the Swatara and wandered far.

No need to tell here of where he went or of what he did or left undone during the unsalted days of his career at sea. Sufficient to say that from the time he entered the service at its lowest rung, to the time he drifted out of it astride a vinegar keg, there was no rule that he had not broken and no regulation that he had not put his foot through. Through the whole gamut of minor offences against "good order and discipline" his unsavory record ran, and the gold-laced executive officer, the first lieutenant of the ship, one day stormily inquired of him why he did not be scunter with his clumsy presence. "You are only fit for ballast," the lieutenant said, "and mighty poor ballast at that. Why don't you desert?"

The troublous days filed on, Nagle getting into fresh scrapes each day and atoning for them the next in extra duty, or in confinement, according to the quality of his sin. These, be it said, were mostly of omission, but that ship's company was agreed that Nagle was the hardest bargain Uncle Sam had ever made. Then came a time when attention was partly distracted from this pariah blue-jacket by the stirring episodes incident to the revolution in the Columbian States, the burning of Aspinwall, and the subsequent occupation of the isthmus by a force landed from the ships of the North Atlantic fleet.

To aid in keeping the transisthmian railway open, the Swatara was hurried to Aspinwall, or Colon, as the place is now known. Several of Rear Admiral Jouett's ships were there before her, but immediately upon arrival, the Swatara was signalled by the flag-ship Tennessee and ordered to send her entire available force

ashore to assist in guarding what was left of the smouldering ruins of the city. Still another requisition was made the following morning, and another squad was sent—a motley company of coal-passers, signal boys, stewards, and cooks—and Nagle. With his usual facility for error, Nagle, directly after his company had been landed, blundered into a squad of blue-jackets from the flag-ship, who, under the command of a lieutenant, had been detailed to act as guard to a train bound out for Panama.

In the confusion of embarking the company, Nagle's presence was not noted until the train was well under way. Then he was observed and was plied with questions, but he could furnish no good reason why he had strayed from his own to be a blot upon that flag-ship company of natty seamen. The officer in charge of the detachment questioned him at length, and discovering that the lank landsman from the Swatara had blundered into his company through stupidity, he gave orders to consider him as one of the detachment until the expedition returned.

Panama was reached that evening and on the following morning the company was ordered into a train bound back to Aspinwall. Never having had much reason for liking his fellow-man, the pariah, as soon as he was on board, slunk into the seclusion of a car ahead of that in which his company was quartered. The train rolled out of the station, and Nagle looked about him. It was a covered car into which he had found his way, and it was more than half filled with stoutly bound boxes ranged in tiers. These boxes, he noted in an idle way, were about the size of the ordinary soap-boxes of commerce, though of much stouter build. He "hefted" one tentatively, and finding its weight surprisingly great, he wondered what manner of contents could weigh so much.

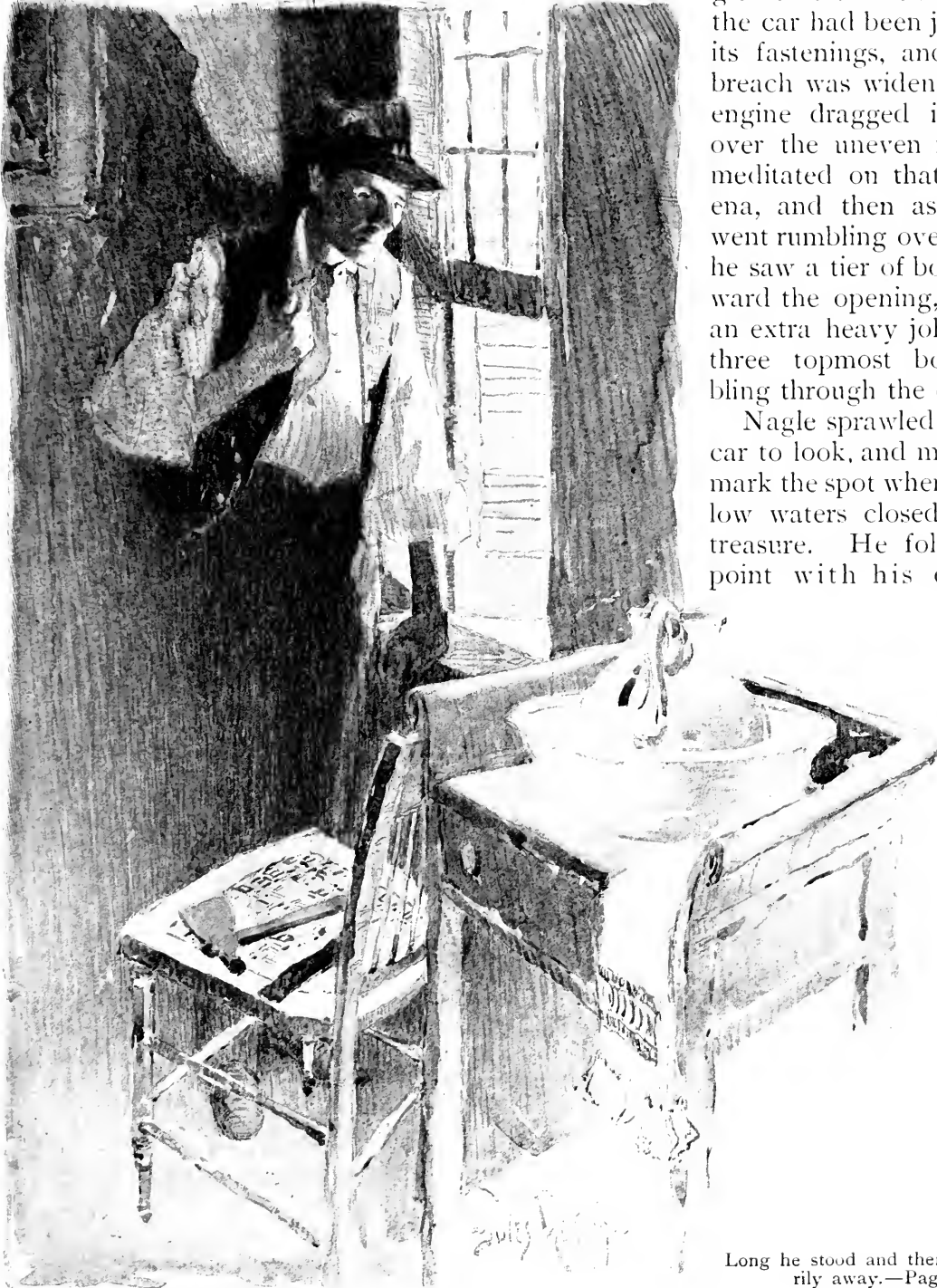
Then came to him a bit of conversation he had heard the night before, in which, in a vague way, he had understood that his company was to act as guard to a treasure-train. Millions in gold, the rumor-mongers had it, were to be sent over the isthmus for use in paying the men engaged in excavating that gigantic ditch of De Lesseps. Dull of wit as he was, Nagle could



not help but realize that he was in the midst of a treasure-trove, and as he held on to a tier of boxes and watched the landscape fly past, a mighty inspiration urged its way into his brain. Why not hurl one or more of those boxes into some lagoon, note the point of fall, quit the navy, secure the treasure, and escape? His brain grew dizzy as he thought of what the possession of so much money meant. No more drudgery or abuse, no more kicks and cuffs and contumely, no more anything of the old cheerless life that was past.

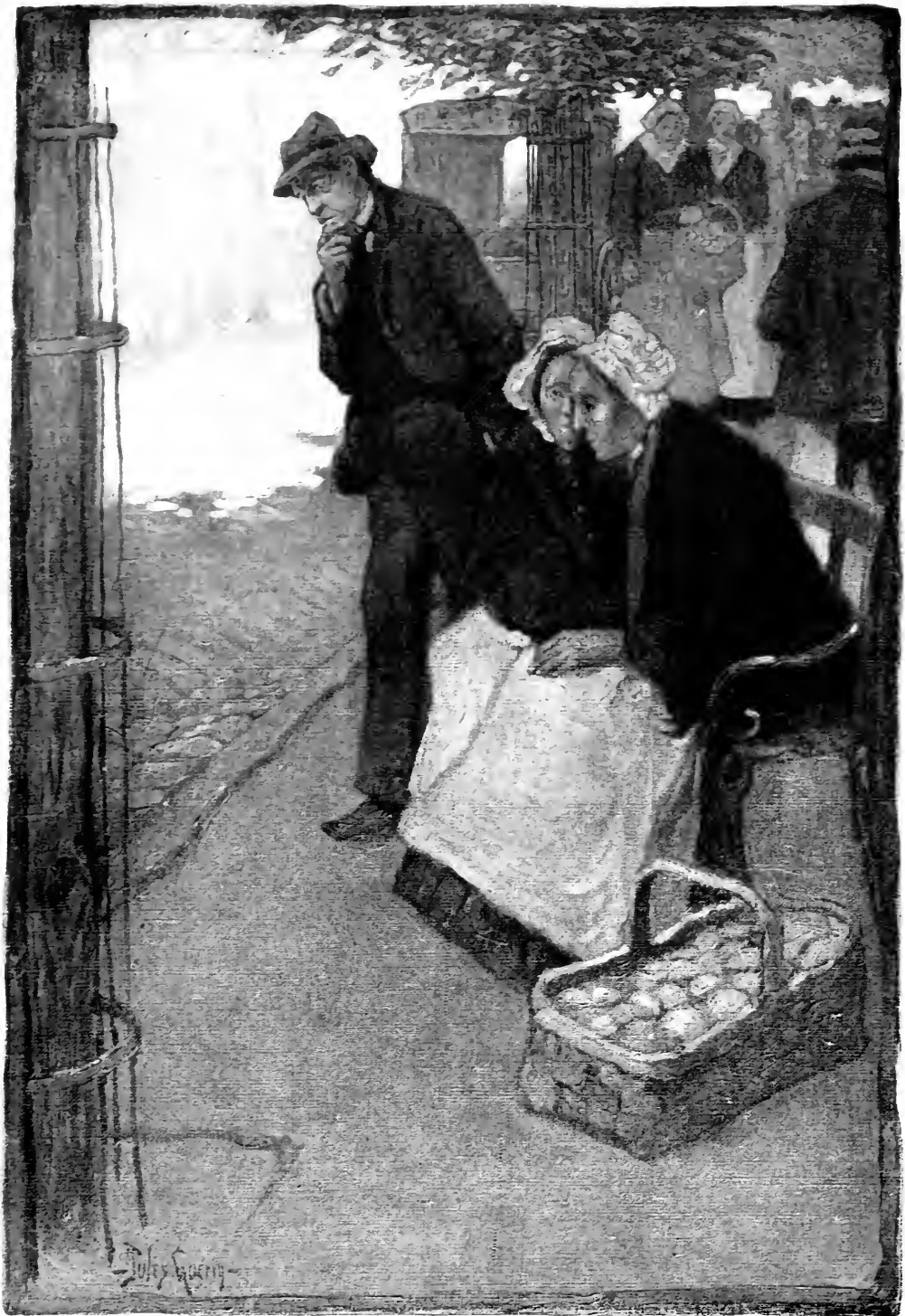
Nagle's god was irresolution, and while he sat and dreamed of the things he would do if he could make part of that gold his own, the train glided from out a deep cut and went rolling along an embankment that stretched across a low-lying portion of the isthmus. Then came an upgrade and a series of jolts, and Nagle's wandering thoughts were recalled from dreams of affluence by a vertical shaft of light which came streaming through the dusk of the car from the midship section. The ray broadened as the jolts increased, and Nagle saw that the side-door of the car had been jolted from its fastenings, and that the breach was widening as the engine dragged its burden over the uneven rails. He meditated on that phenomena, and then as the train went rumbling over a trestle, he saw a tier of boxes tilt toward the opening, and then an extra heavy jolt sent the three topmost boxes tumbling through the orifice.

Nagle sprawled across the car to look, and managed to mark the spot where the shallow waters closed over the treasure. He followed the point with his eyes and



Long he stood and then turned wearily away.—Page 607.





Nagle . . . went slouching down the street.—Page 607.

noted that the boxes plumped overboard near a clump of trees and midway between a small island and the end of the trestle. Blind chance had flung this fortune to him, and Nagle, the ill-used of that deity, saw dimly the turn of the road. In his own crude way he reckoned that each box of the three that had gone over the side contained at least \$20,000 in gold. Sixty thousand in all! And never a finger had he lifted to make it his, yet there it was in

self-appointed security and all his own if he could manage its resurrection right.

The train rolled into what was left of Aspinwall, came to a jolting stop near its ruined station, and Nagle stole from his hiding-place to join the rest of his company. At the order of its officer, the detachment fell into line, and then as the command "count fours" was given, Nagle, whose habitual vacancy of mind had been quickened into dull understanding,

saw an excited railroad official point to the half-opened door of the car and gesticulate wildly. Straining ear to catch the immaterial jabber of the fellow, Nagle missed the more material order which sent his company wheeling into "fours right." And then came fulsome shoving and elbowing on the part of his fellows to get him into his proper place in the marching ranks, set off by some lurid observations on the part of the officer, who swore that there was never another such loon in all creation.

A cutter from the Swatara was at the landing, and into it Nagle was ordered by the officer, with many sea-blessings on his head as an interloper and a nuisance. The cutter's crew asked jeering questions of the prodigal: but Nagle, busy in thought with a fortune which lay beyond their horizon, gave them little heed.

Back to the ship he was taken by the cutter, and his home-coming was marked by sundry references to handcuffs and courts-martial by the gunpowdery first lieutenant who was at the gangway-ladder when the boat drew alongside. But Nagle minded little the berating he got. To him the fuming of the gold-laced one was but sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. He bowed his head to the pelting syllables, and when the storm was over and he was told to go forward and be quick about it, he promptly forgot all else save that trio of gold-laden boxes awash in the lagoon and awaiting resurrection at his hands.

The cutter was hoisted and then the meal pennant went rippling aloft to notify all concerned that the Swatara's remnant of a crew was at supper and not to be disturbed without good reason. Usually in everybody's mess and nobody's watch, Nagle for once was unmindful of the cheery whistle of the boatswain's mate, calling the just and the unjust to the evening meal. No one missed him except the cook of the mess to which he was officially accredited. The cook, a Jamaica ducky picked up at Kingston, noted Nagle's absence, and discovering him seated on the forecastle with head bowed in arms and all heedless of supper, he delivered himself of the conviction that Nagle, the abstracted, "had done lost his remembrance an' was using his forgot."

Supper over, the order to "stand by hammocks" was given, but Nagle was still too busy with his half-formed schemes to line up for his bedding, and the next order sounded on this ship-of-war, that to "turn in and keep quiet," found him leaning over the forecastle rail and gazing abstractedly at the ships of the squadron as they flourished their yellow spars to the heave of a ground-swell rolling in from the Caribbean.

The marine guard, the police of the ship, had been sent ashore, and that same shore stretched its palm-fringed length a scant half mile away. Nagle looked and bethought himself of ways to reach it. The officer of the deck was in the chart-room aft and only a drowsy quartermaster was on watch. The cutters were all hoisted, and were, moreover, too heavy for one man to handle, even if they could have been lowered unobserved. And as Nagle could not swim, it behooved him to find some other way of reaching shore. While he pondered, there came to him an inspiration—one in which vinegar kegs were involved. There was an empty one on the berth-deck, he remembered, and looking stealthily around to see that no one was watching, he stole below and groped his way through the dim light to where the vessel lay. Carefully he carried it up the ladder and to the forecastle rail, and closing the bung with the neckerchief he wore, he lowered the cask overside, and dropping into the forechains, slipped noiselessly into the water. Getting astride of the cask, he used it as a buoy and set out to paddle himself ashore.

Hard was the struggle, but he finally reached the sandy beach. Of how he cast aside his navy raiment, and of how he fared until the Isthmian troubles were at an end and the fleet sailed away, I will not tell you here. Nor will I extend this yarn by recounting how at last he manoeuvred himself to the neighborhood of his boxes three, and rescued them from the ooze that was fast closing over their sturdy shapes. But rescue them he did, and by dint of much exertion and the unwonted display of that sort of diplomacy described as low cunning, he finally managed to get his boxes and himself on board a Pacific Mail steamship bound for New York. Barely enough money

he had to pay for a steerage passage, and his unexamined treasure-boxes must perforce go into the hold with the freight, as there was no place in his steerage quarters for them.

For six days and nights he was as one in a trance, and then broke a happy morn when the Navesink Highlands came shouldering their way from out a bank of mist that lay on the steamship's port bow. High those hills were, but not nearly so elevated as was the spirit of Nagle. His treasure with him and all danger past! How many scurvy tricks had fortune played him, yet how generous had been her favor at last! Sixty thousand in gold! What would he do with it all? First he would have a sumptuous dinner—a big, juicy beefsteak with plenty of onions and fried potatoes, or maybe ham and eggs. But what was he thinking of? Hang it all, he would have both, and some pie afterward if he felt like it.

And clothes! He knew just the sort he would buy, and his heart swelled within him as he thought that he need not limit his purchase to one suit, nor yet to twenty, if he felt so disposed.

A yacht came dancing by and that gave Nagle another idea—one that almost took away his breath. He would charter—no, he would buy one outright. Then he would inveigle some of his old shipmates into serving him as a crew, and wouldn't he lord it over them as master! That dream of conquest led to still another, and he caught his breath at the grandeur of it. He would cruise in his yacht to some port where that old Swatara would be, visit her in his gig, and be entertained by the officers. Yes, the future held many triumphs.

The ship sidled along her pier, and the gang-plank was put over. There was a wait that tried the patience of the new Monte Cristo, and then at last the steerage passengers were attended to and Nagle came ashore followed by his boxes. A customs officer approached, gave one of the boxes a kick, and demanded to know what was in them. A few hours before and Nagle would have been disconcerted by the sharp query. But the victories he was to win in that yacht had braced up his character a bit, and he explained glibly enough that the boxes held specimens of

minerals, and that he was a mining engineer, travelling in hard luck. The inspector looked keenly at Nagle and then at the boxes. They were heavily clamped with iron and hard to open. "All right," said the inspector, who was in a hurry; and Nagle released from that ordeal, became the hostage of a cabman, who demanded the right to take him somewhere.

"How much?" asked Nagle, fingering three silver dollars, all that was left of the small amount that he had with him when he deserted the Swatara. Cabby held up two expressive fingers, and Nagle and his boxes were soon being driven to a modest hostelry, which cabby recommended. Arriving there, Nagle surrendered his last dollar to the clerk, and an attendant helped to carry his boxes to his room. Nagle called for a hatchet, and the implement was brought. Then barring door and drawing shutter, he lit the gas and approaching his uncounted treasure, said to his throbbing heart, "Peace, be still!"

Might he not have misjudged the amount of gold contained in those sturdy cases? If he had, he was not sorry for it, he told himself as he attacked the stout fastenings of one. For now as he looked at the size of the boxes and thought how small a space a thousand dollars in gold would occupy, he felt sure that his treasure would be at least three times greater than he had supposed it to be. With that he wrested from a case the iron band that girded it, and with a mighty blow of the hatchet the box was burst asunder.

Followed the crash of matter and the wreck of dreams. Over the floor clattered a bushel or more of small iron nuts, such as are used for bolting steel rails together. For full five minutes Nagle stood, breathing hard and staring, trying to collect his senses and trying not to believe his eyes. Blankly he looked down upon the mess, and as blankly it stared back at him. Grasping a handful of the nuts he looked upon them long and hard, but deception was not their bent and Nagle felt his world going to pieces when he realized that the honest bits of metal had no secrets to betray. Picking up the hatchet in a sudden frenzy, he smote another box, and another cataract of nuts went rolling over the dingy carpet.

Dropping the hatchet, Nagle limped

weakly to the window, pushed open the blind and looked out upon the darkening world. Long he stood, and then turned wearily away. An hour later a dejected figure stole out into the night and went slouching down the street, carefully inspecting signs that bore hints of free lunch dispensed.



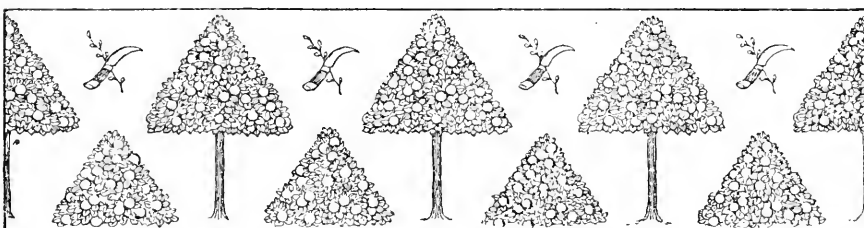
## BROTHERHOOD

By E. S. Martin

THAT plenty but reproaches me  
Which leaves my brother bare.  
Not wholly glad my heart can be  
While his is bowed with care.  
If I go free, and sound and stout  
While his poor fetters clank,  
Unsated still, I'll still cry out,  
And plead with Whom I thank.

Almighty : Thou who Father be  
Of him, of me, of all,  
Draw us together, him and me,  
That whichsoever fall,  
The other's hand may fail him not,—  
The other's strength decline  
No task of succor that his lot  
May claim from son of Thine.

I would be fed. I would be clad.  
I would be housed and dry.  
But if so be my heart is sad,—  
What benefit have I?  
Best he whose shoulders best endure  
The load that brings relief,  
And best shall he his joy secure  
Who shares that joy with grief.



# A SUMMER IN SABOTS

By Mary A. Peixotto

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. C. PEIXOTTO



Among the Fishing Boats.

TUCKED away in a little Dutch country town far from the railroad, there stands a homely *Koffiehuis*, dipping its feet in the slow-moving canal—a little inn, where six of us, all Americans and all art-students, went to spend the summer some years ago.

Its doorway is tall and broad and well fitted to frame the ample figure of our *vrouw*, with her good-humored motherly face shining in its aureole of snowy white muslin. This door gives access to a narrow hall, immaculately clean, on one side of which is the large café, where the men assemble to smoke their fat Dutch pipes in the evening and on Sunday afternoons, and where a fine keg of beer is always on tap in its cool resting-place under the counter.

Across the corridor is the living-room, also used as the dining-room, spacious

and high-ceilinged. One end of it is taken up by a roomy, six-sided bow window, whose tall sashes with their spotless curtains give one an extended view of the river as it lazily lags past. The wall by the door hides a great cupboard where a pitcher of milk, a generous pot of butter, some Edam cheese, and bread *ad libitum* are always placed ready to satisfy any pang of hunger between meals.

When we came down to breakfast in the morning we found, in front of the fireplace over an oil-lamp, a great iron kettle filled with oatmeal, to which we helped ourselves with a wooden ladle. Beside each place at table was a little earthen jar filled with live coals and covered with a grill, on which we made our toast either of the flaky white bread or better still of the solid graham loaf. Disposed along the board, at equal inter-

vals, tea, coffee, or chocolate were kept warm over little lamps of charming design whose lights were shaded by dainty globes of pearly white, decorated with *repoussé* images of four-clappered windmills and canal-boats or Dutch peasants going to market.

Dinner was served at one o'clock. Our chief delight at that meal was the dressing of the salad. Two great bowls of crisp lettuce and all the necessary ingredients were placed upon a side table and we took turns at mixing the dressing. Each had a special recipe, but we all deferred to one of us—a Southerner—who concocted two things unapproachably well—a salad dressing and wash drawings of the irrepressible "Pat."

We never knew this little fellow's real name. Though a ten-year-old Hollander, from the date of his advent among us, his long upper lip and merry little twinkling eyes had warranted the Celtic epithet. A cigar as long as his head was ever in his mouth and, as he shuffled along, his hat

tilted back, and his hands thrust deep in his wide little Dutch breeches, he looked as he was the terror of the village. Though his cigars and other luxuries were the outgrowth of the Southerner's generosity, "Pat" never missed an opportunity of urging on his comrades to all sorts of tricks tending to annoy the artist colony and remained entirely oblivious to remonstrances.

At the hotel, besides our party, there was a band of German students with their professors from Carlsruhe. The two colonies managed to get along very well in spite of a wide divergence of opinion on the subject of color. Above the dining-room, in a sort of loft, which was used as a studio, all our studies were tacked up to dry. Here, side by side, hung representatives of often the same subject painted by pupils of two diametrically opposed schools, and results were usually edifying. Two of our party had imbibed in Paris the most pronounced ideas of impressionism and translated the deep rich gloom of



Vrow Bloch was my most talkative model.—Page 611.



the Holland interiors into the pearly pinks and greens of Monet, and these studies, strange enough in themselves, were contrasted with the deepest burnt umber and bitumen of one of Germany's oldest and most conservative academies.

When the hours of work were over and the late twilight had closed in we gathered

do the sewing if the men would do the cutting-out. We delegated the Southerner (for he had good taste) to go to Rotterdam and buy the material. Then for a fortnight followed a succession of most exciting evenings. The great dining-table was used as a cutting-board. One man cut out the cuffs and collars, another the



Its doorway . . . well fitted to frame the ample figure of our *vrouw*.—Page 608.

in the dining-room for a bit of amusement. We would have some music—for there was a piano in the room—or, one of the Germans, a most accomplished 'cellist, would delight us with some of the deep soul-stirring chords of his instrument. Other evenings we would play games, even inventing them like children to suit the occasion. Once the Germans gave a fête and sent to Munich for a real keg of beer which became but an empty barrel before midnight. We got up charades and *tableaux vivants*, and even rehearsed short plays.

It got abroad that the men needed more summer shirts—so the girls volunteered to

sleeves, another the bodies, while the girls basted or sewed on the small hand machine.

How merry we were ! And the good *vrouw* would stand by, with her little round hands on her hips and drink in our merriment.

She took us under her wing as her children, and her word was not an idle jest when she dubbed us her "family," for she nursed us when sick, cheered us when downcast, and even loaned us money when bankrupt.

She took a special pride in fattening us up, and personally saw to it that we ate enough. Regularly once a week we



"The barber coming up the Kÿker."

were taken *en masse* to the barn-loft and weighed—our weights being duly recorded on the wall. The scales consisted of two platforms of wood attached to a big rafter. The person to be weighed stood on one platform while *mÿnheer* piled stone weights on the other and then did a bit of mental arithmetic in adding the result. For most of us young people this did not involve too much labor—mental or physical—but when the *vrouw*, or worse still, when *mÿnheer* himself climbed upon the scales we worked hard piling on the fifty-pound weights! One of us had the brilliant idea of putting rocks in his pockets and thus surprised and delighted our honest hostess by gaining twenty pounds in one week, though to her disgust he lost nineteen of it the week after, and had to explain.

One night, toward the end of the summer, I missed the *vrouw*, and going back of the kitchen into her small domain, I found her seated with her hands stretched

on the table before her, her eyes fixed on a little brass lamp at the far end of the room.

Yes, she was sad. She was thinking of the long winter that was coming, and how she would miss us when we would all be gone—but she would sit there and think—think of her "children," and the thought would make her happy—for they might come back again. Dear, whole-souled *vrouw*—to this day I have a warm spot in my heart for you, you brave, good-hearted little Hollander.

And *Vrouw Bloch*—what memories her very name brings up!

*Vrouw Bloch* was my most talkative model, though the old lady was seventy-five. She lived at the end of the village in a squatty little buff brick house, with but one window and a door. The window, with its heavy, bottle-green shutters, was the salient feature of the cottage. Its white curtains, edged with a border of coarse lace, framed in the gay-colored



The Sunday Evening Walk.

geraniums, turning their red flowers toward the passer-by.

Entering by a narrow passage, lined with copper cooking-utensils, a few household provisions and a quantity of brooms and scrubbing-brushes, a door to the left brought you immediately into the single sombre room. It was a low-ceilinged, dark place, quite typical of all the peasant house interiors. It was lighted solely by the window, divided into tiny square panes. By this window stood a straight, high-backed wooden chair with arms—Vrouw Bloch's habitual seat—and near it an oilcloth-covered table on which I invariably saw a ball of black knitting-wool when the needles were not busily clicking between the good *vrouw's* fingers.

Near the window also stood the dresser containing the necessities for her meagre meals. Upon one end of its shelf rested a lacquered tray, so polished that window, flowers, and a peep of gray sky were always reflected in its shining black surface—a bit of minute detail such as Van Eyck loved to paint. In the centre of the same shelf stood a little violet-colored pitcher, circled with stripes of burnished gold—her greatest treasure this, carefully guarded since the first days of her married life. The decoration of the shelf was completed

by a tin box containing the much-appreciated honey cake.

Opposite the dresser stood the wide-mouthed chimney-piece. In its sombre recess, on a blue-tiled porcelain oil-lamp, the potatoes were boiled and the water for the coffee was heated. These two aliments constitute the chief nourishment of the Dutch peasant. A row of brass candlesticks were lined up on the mantel-shelf



and at one end the coffee-grinder was placed. An old clock, with long chains and weights, hung in a corner, and its grinding tick-tack broke the monotonous silence, otherwise only disturbed by the low cooing of the fat, well-fed dove. It hung near by in the dove-cage, which is found in every humble home in Holland—a cage no larger than that of a canary and in which the gray bird passes its days of dismal captivity.

The feature of the room, however, was the bed in the wall, and the innumerable cubby-holes which surround it. These dark bunks, shut in by their checked green and red curtains, were always unhealthily mysterious places to me, for the unlimited space besides containing the bed, seemed the receptacle for all the owner's possessions—stowed away on shelves which reached to the ceiling. The room itself never betrayed the slightest suggestion of a sleeping apartment—no article of wearing apparel, no article of toilet was ever visible.

Vrouw Bloch was constructed on somewhat the same plan as a Lombardy poplar—tall and straight, her bony arms swaying, and her old head nodding as the breeze caught her plain *coif*. I say *plain coif* in distinction to the elaborate lace ones which are worn in Rÿsoord. Very old women, and women in mourning, always wear a simple wide-hemmed *mousse* with no lace trimming.

One day I chanced to speak to her of the uncomely fashion the Dutch women have of wearing *démodée* hats and bonnets on top of their beautiful caps, making both head-dresses ridiculous by their utter incongruity.

I noticed the old lady became fidgetty in her pose. She finally got up and pulled aside the checked curtains which hid her bed, and standing on the little step, plunged into its obscure recesses.

For a moment her old body was hidden, but soon she reappeared with two great boxes in her arms.

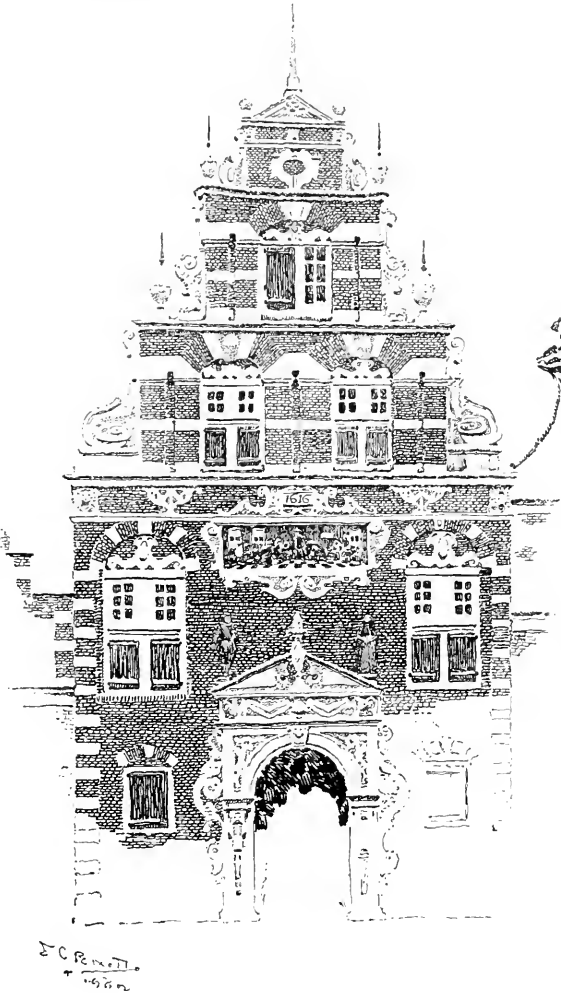
Her good old face was flushed with excitement.

Putting the boxes on the floor, she drew up her favorite chair and her long bony fingers—fingers that had never ceased to labor in honest toil—trembled as she untied the fastenings. Then, one by one, she showed me the *coifs* she had worn for sixty years, all freshly laundered, though some were discolored by age. There were tiny round crocheted caps, such as women wear in the flax fields; there were elaborate lace ones, and such a collection of old-fashioned black bonnets! She explained

that the bonnets were adopted by old ladies a decade or so ago, and now, even the young girls wear hats over their *coifs* because they think them becoming.

After much admiration on my part, and considerable retrospection on hers, the boxes were tied up and laid away in the dark closets by the bed, and the checked curtains again pulled to.

Vrouw Bloch resumed her seat by the window, and her old hands took up the knitting—those knotted bony hands, her life of work was written on each swollen twisted knuckle. Her fingers, however, again dropped the needles and lay idle in her lap, and her gaze was far away, and her old eyes grew dim, and I fancied that her thoughts had drifted back to the



The Orphanage at Enkhuizen.

day when she donned her wedding *coif*, still treasured in its sanctum by the bed.

Some days, the only interruption of our posing hours, was the grinding and making of the coffee, at eleven o'clock. I always took a cup with my old friend, and it was a very serious affair. If I chanced to be working in the afternoon, the only distraction would be when the *vroze* solemnly left her seat and, going to the checked curtains, brought forth a large-mouthed glass jar, which contained some dozen crisp, clear, yellow and red candies. She would hand me one in her bony fingers, take one herself, close the bottle, and restore it to its shelf.

Her Bible always lay on the table. Once I got her to pose, reading it, but soon her head bent low, and she was asleep. She said that, winter and summer, she was up at four, and read her Bible till daybreak, though I've often had my doubts about the reading, and am rather inclined to suspect that the good old soul finished her night's rest with her fingers between the Bible leaves.

Each of us had our special favorite among the models, though, for variety, we would exchange with each other. There was Drika, the Van Ness's daughter, who posed *par complaisance* and not because she needed the money; and the cobbler's wife, with a head poised on its slender snowy neck, like a Memling Madonna; and little Mimi with her straight flaxen hair, and the poor people down in the Kÿker, who pose at any price.

But it was generally understood that our models would not pose on Saturday, that day being exclusively devoted to house-cleaning within and without. Early in the morning every stick of furniture is carefully rubbed and wiped and taken out of the house. Then the women, with their skirts tucked up, entirely flood the rooms with bucket after bucket of water, brought up from the canal by means of the shoulder-yoke. With broom and brush they souse and scrub the red-tiled floor and finally pull up a plug in one corner to let the water flow out—let us hope into the canal.





A Country Vender and His Cart.

While the floor is drying, a great polishing goes on in the street. Quaint old brass lamps and candle-sticks, tobacco-boxes and ash-trays, huge milk-cans—all are burnished until, like golden mirrors, they reflect the red-cheeked, white-capped faces bent over them.

The lacquer-man is busy on Saturday. He goes from house to house painting the bread-trays and honey-cake boxes with designs of gaudy birds and wondrous leaves and flowers.

The street is in a turmoil until noon, when order is partially restored and the scanty midday meal partaken of. In the afternoon washing is resumed. The exteriors of the cottages are scrubbed from roof to pavement and every trace of mould removed, for in this low, wet air the green moss gathers quickly. Then the brick pavements are drenched and carefully dried, and I have even seen the women slip off their sabots and tiptoe to their doorway in their woollen *chaussons*, so as not to soil the immaculate sidewalk.

Lastly, toward evening, the entire village goes to the canal, and all the sabots are washed and whitened with pumice-stone, spotless for the morrow. On Sat-

urday evening all the pickets of the low black fences are decorated with rows of dripping foot-gear, carefully graduated in size from the big wooden shoes of the father down to the tiny sabot of the youngest born.

The Sabbath-day in Rÿsoord is marked by an impressive peace. The women, as the men, seem sincere in their devotions. Though the village is divided into two congregations there is little conflict of opinion.

On Sunday morning every Hollander, young and old, dons his best apparel. His clothing is marked by the greatest sobriety. The old women dress in black with a quantity of very full skirts. On their heads and over their shoulders fall the snowy *coif* surmounted with the time-honored bonnet tied under the chin with wide ribbons. They carry their Bible clasped in both hands before them as they dignifiedly clatter along in their fresh sabots.

The younger women are scarcely gayer in colored skirts of sombre green, deep red, or heavy brown, with aprons of various patterns. Their *mousse* is fastened to the hair with gold or jewelled pins ;



golden spirals adorn their temples, while ear-rings of filigree hang in long pendants almost to the neck, and quaint chains bind the throat.

*Mynheer* is invariably clothed in black. A high black stock and a funny, round cap pulled over his eyes, give him an ancient air which is further heightened by a bushy beard brushing out from under his square, well-shaven jaw. His upper lip seems ever closed over a long cigar. I never remember a Dutchman's hands, for they are ever thrust deep in his ample breeches pockets.

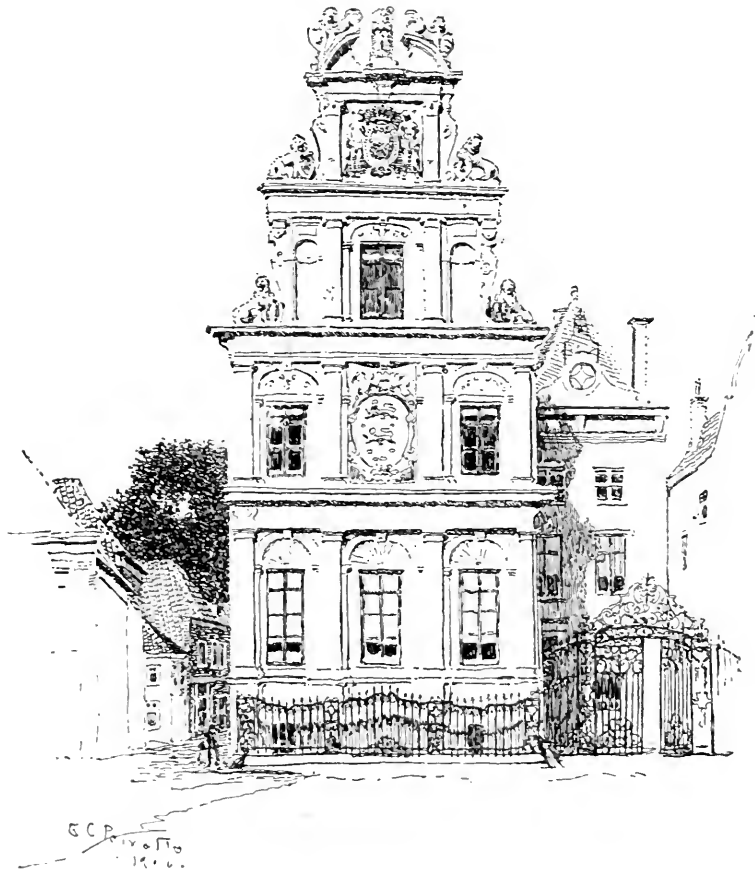
With what pleasure do I recall the tranquil Sunday evenings in Rÿsoord!

Afternoon service over, the people come out on the avenue—that interminable straight walk where the trees interlace their far-stretching branches in a high green vault, broken here and there by a few rays of the late sun—a strange light, making of a sudden the intertwined branches and tender leaves flash out like glorious

stained-glass windows, and the long avenue, with its giant columns, an endless Gothic nave.

In its deep shadows, coming and going, wander the young and elderly mothers, youths and their sweethearts, girls and boys. Young girls walk four and five together, linked arm in arm. They have put aside their unseemly hats, and the full folds of their lacy *coifs* frame their bright round faces. Their flirtations are quiet affairs. They are quite content to have their swains walk behind them, puffing at their long cigars. A rare ripple of laughter, or a shout from a lusty lad, vary the continual clatter of big and little wooden shoes.

As night creeps on and shuts out the last light of day, the peasants enter their low, tiled houses to partake of the evening meal. Quiet lights, like tiny glow-worms, glint along the avenue, and as we wander down its dark, deserted way, a sense of utter peace and quiet rests within its shady aisle.



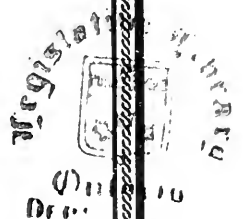
Stadhuis in Hoorn.



## THE SHIP OF SILENCE

By Edward A. Uffington Valentine

**A**ND though I knew, I shall not know again;  
And though I weary, I must ever wait;  
And though I pray, yet will it not avail!  
Peace—peace beyond comparing—heavenly peace  
Dwells like a dove upon thy solemn spars  
And sheds its balm upon the silent crew.  
But here, among the noisy tongues of men,  
The end is turmoil, tears and burthens ever,  
And ceaseless fret—the Marah of the World!



**M**Y eyes are ever fixed on seaward lines :  
And haunting visions have their mock of me ;  
As here I sit through all the burning day,  
Friendless, and stony as these whitened cliffs.  
Sails rising from the verge shall melt again,  
And many vessels bring their merchant freight  
Unto the harbor and the homes of men—  
But, Ship of Silence, thou wilt never come !  
Only in dreams my misty eyes behold  
How far from every port thy blessed prow  
Steers onward homeless through the untraversed deep,  
The hooded helmsman, pale with saintly fast,  
Holding the helm with steadfast hand of faith,  
His withered lips sealed by an awful vow :  
And over all the brooding eyes of Christ,  
And over all the constant wings of Peace !

**Y**OUTH'S fevered fancies preyed upon my blood  
And fought within my heart against the vow.  
I only of them all had manhood's heat.  
I, only, had my yearning youthless youth—  
While ghostly age was on their ragged beards  
As gray as were their time-worn gabardines,  
Or as the deck their noiseless sandals trod.  
The waters, girding with unbroken rim  
The patient pathways of the wingèd barque,  
Were not more waste than seemed my waste of youth.  
Oft in the midnight watches at the helm,  
When all the Brethren in their lamp-lit cells  
With knitted palms were bent upon their beads,  
Sorely my heart was tempted to the sin.  
The white stars brightening on the ocean's brink  
Called to my spirit, as they slowly sank  
To where lay half-way down the curving world  
The bourns and regions of my hungry dreams.  
The noise of marts, and song and strife of men :  
But awe as oft o'ercame me, and my hand  
Let fall the yellowed chart that fed my thoughts ;  
Fear of the Silence and the Silent Crew,  
But most of all, beyond all other fears,  
Fear of the figure of the dying Christ  
That hung, colossal, on the forward mast.  
With arms outstretched against the blackened spars :  
So, through the lonely vigils in the night,  
The vow constrained me, and the face of Christ—  
But healed not, nay, or held me at the last,  
For all my fasting and the bloody scourge :  
And I grew blind unto the whitening dawn  
And found no calm within the quiet noon,  
In sunset waters, or the lulling foam.

**A**ND so, at last, the hour when I fell,  
Casting the rope upon the guilty gloom :  
And after many days upon the spar,  
With famine clutching at the final crumb,  
And anguished thirst, deliverance from the deep.

**N**OW doth mine eld bear witness to the cup  
Wherein my wanton youth dissolved its pearl.  
I have beheld the fruitless end of lust  
And how the World is but a mocking thing.  
My whole heart sickens, and my chill bones ache  
For to be gathered from this Vale of Tears,  
Yes, ache with utter longing for the end.  
For peradventure, Help behind the grave  
Will grant that Peace I shall not know again  
While in these rusting fetters of the flesh :  
Nay, though my prayers and daily penance plead  
And severance of this rebel tongue I plucked,  
Repentant, from its roots, full long ago,  
And these dead ears I pierced. My glazing eyes,  
Dim with untimely rheum of constant tears,  
Watch on in vain upon these whitened cliffs.  
No gale wafts near the sail for which I long.  
Only in dreams I see the blessèd barque  
And in the starry light the face of Christ,  
His outstretched arms that cling upon the spars  
Shedding a balm among the hooded crew !





*Drawn by W. S. G. K.*

He tattered the length of the tank.—Page 62



# WITHOUT ORDERS

By Louis C. Senger



THE hills that ranged in such picturesque disorder all about Solloday, the end of the division, were productive mainly of bowlders. There was a scanty soil, almost hidden, and in the crevices a gnarled growth of pine and low shrub-oak cleverly managed to fasten itself. This valuable growth was totally destroyed at least triennially, and the cause promptly fixed upon the railroad. It came to be a sore point with the claim-agent, and afterward with the road's attorneys. With the others it was considered a good investment to purchase landscape along the right of way. It cost a dollar an acre, and yielded a net income of about fifty per cent. per annum.

The road-master of the division directed a force of landscape-gardeners, according to section foreman Pat Kelly, who further asked the officer point-blank if his gang was to "kape on makin' mud pies fer thim farmers? O'll take th' gang up an' clane 'em out at th' worrud.—*Phot?*"

The revenue from the hills dwindled under the present management, but at the end of one long, dry, hot summer the vigilance of the working-force was taxed to the uttermost. The woods suffered silently. The soft, velvety underbrush crackled and crumbled underfoot, and the air was without the spice and smell of dank, healthy growth. A fire seemed to spring up from the sun's rays, and the road-master declared that two sticks swung together by an occasional breeze was enough to start a blaze. Day by day the distant hills faded into thinner and thinner clouds of blue, and at night their dusky edges were outlined in places with a red as faint as the last blush of sunset. The despatchers were alert for news, and the operators at the towers kept watch and reported every distant cloud of smoke. The matter went on thus for days, but instructed gangs were stationed in ready places to move quickly to any point on the right of way, and the whole mountain-division was well in hand.

One night the sun set a ball of fire, and the moon came up in a red smudge. In the morning the valley was choked with smoke, and the grass and the leaves were a deep olive green. A man's face was unhealthy sallow in that light, and there was something imminent about the sky. It seemed to end abruptly within a stone's throw. It was a far-reaching, uncanny force that began with the sun and the stars and crowded stealthily in upon the earth to stifle. In Solloday the dogs skulked about the streets and howled dismally, and in the fields near the town cattle stood huddled together, lowing wistfully in all directions. Men went about half-cringing, and the sense of impending danger was shared by the trees. All the sounds of the rail were sodden and echoless, and the scream of an engine came down the tracks unresonant and half-strangled.

The superintendent went home at midnight. Some time after daylight he stood at the telephone.

"Duane found a fire up near Skinner's Creek at five forty," they told him; "got the best of it in an hour. Kelly reports a fire in the woods over beyond Big Curve, a mile from the right of way. The weather-reports say high northerly winds and probable rain."

The wind from the north began fitfully, but soon grew into a slow, even gale. The smoke still clung to the valley, and the yellow light became still more ghastly. The superintendent came down to the office and walked the floor. The rest of the force waited. Then the morning train came down the branch and reported a fire along the right of way a dozen miles from Solloday. On the heels of the report came a despatch from the branch station above the place of the fire:

"The woods are reported on fire four miles below this station, and spreading. When last seen was two miles wide and moving south rapidly. The right of way was crossed below the bridge over Beaver Creek at about seven-thirty. The tannery



station will be in great danger in case of wind."

There was no track-force on the branch. There was nothing on the branch. If something grim had swallowed the branch from beginning to end it would not have been a calamity, and the superintendent would have been profoundly grateful. Of course it would go wrong. It was precisely in accordance with his every idea of the branch that it would turn up and pester him. It was inevitable.

The superintendent kicked over a chair and went down-stairs. Harris, the engineer of the branch-train, was putting his engine to rights in one corner of the yard at the end of the depot. The superintendent walked straight up the track and stopped.

"Good-morning, Mr. Lawrence," the engineer said, respectfully.

"Harris," the superintendent answered from below, plunging at once into the middle of the matter; "Harris, there is a bad fire on the other side of the tannery station, and in this wind it means sure roasting for the people up there. Two women in the crowd, too. Why the *devil* didn't they come down this morning?" he demanded, glaring down the track. He received no answer, and went on. "Well, I've got to send somebody up there, of course. I don't mind telling you that the fellow that goes has some close connections to make."

"You wouldn't send anyone else, would you—say?" He turned to the fireman. "What do you answer, Jimmie? Want to make an extra trip to-day?"

"Sure," the fireman answered.

The superintendent walked down the track ahead of the engine. "Boy," he called at the tower, "give these fellows a track down to the branch as soon as you can."

He stood on the track and watched until the engine wound down past a train of freight. Then he went back to the office. From the window he watched the engine slide into the cut—running busily through the gloom on its errand, without orders and with no light or signal. He raised his eyes to the almost inky-black sky, and he noticed that the wind had become stronger.

Harris was very busy as his engine went into the shadow of the forest, and his mental occupation was disagreeing with the

Solloday and Silver Lake Construction Company. To swing around some of the curves gave one the sensation of being in the train of an avalanche. The principle of economy was strained, too, in the use of material, and in places there were gaps of three inches between the rail-ends. Harris openly declared that every man even remotely identified with the building of that piece of track should be compelled to ride down in his engine-cab at least once a month. In the early days he once succeeded in inveigling the contractor, and it was a ride the latter long remembered. He was game, however, and Irish. "Th' next time would ye mind runnin' off th' thrack, an' so continoo?" he asked afterward. "Ye'd find it smother. 'Tis a bad thing for me kidneys, so."

Although Harris was not in a position to regard it broadly, perhaps there were abstract economic reasons for the building of the road. At any rate it set aimlessly out from Solloday one day and burrowed through the outlying hills like a ground-hog, piling the dirt in two yellow heaps at either end of the cut. Once within the valley, the way lay for the first four miles through a dark forest of hemlock, which in some way had escaped the lumbermen who again and again devastated the surrounding country. Then it ran steadily up-grade until it attained a plateau, where it found and renamed the little old village of White Pond. Later, while a reasonless train bustled back and forth, the stock was purchased and sold, and repurchased and sold. Each time losing strength, it finally filtered into the hands of some citizens who, for the public good, did not wish to see the road cease operations. The public-spirited citizens chanced to be mainly directors of the trunk line, and in time the little road was by the latter leased, operated, and controlled; so the papers set forth. The public benefactors retired to contemplate their virtues in private, and the little road looked in vain to better itself. The Silver Lake trains now used one corner of the main-line depot, but it was observed by Harris that the branch found itself much in the position of a poor relation of the great. After many days Silver Lake came to be a place of hotels and cottages, and the poor relation was presented with a parlor-car. It was a very pretty parlor-car, but it threat-

ened to disrupt the entire motive-power. Each day Harris's wheezy old engine dragged it up the grade at the end of his train, and in the morning they set the brakes and slid back down to Solloday.

There was something vaguely dramatic to Harris in the superintendent's words. Two women in danger of roasting appealed to him graphically. As a matter of fact, he did not anticipate any real danger, either for himself or for the two women. There was nothing imposing in the half-growth of forest on the rolling plateau, and in the autumn he had often seen a distant line of fire crawl like some big, lazy worm over one of the long folds. An occasional tragedy took place in the woods, but to Harris there was nothing personal in it. It was as vague and distant as are always those things which do not affect us or the few we know. He had never seen a fire in the woods at close range until that morning when, rounding a sudden curve, a long line of it sprang at the engine. He had almost forgotten about it after reporting the matter. Nevertheless, he thought of the two women, and his mind dwelt on the thought secretly, after the fashion of a man who knows neither woman nor women.

Harris looked back once at the frightened town along the railroad, huddled in the gloom. Then he swung into the cut. Through the funnel of the valley the wind poured down with the steady, compact resistance that will eventually tire an engine. In the added gloom of the forest the color of the leaves was still more sombre, and the trees moaned and shivered and wrung their arms. He hurried the engine up the grade, past the edge of the writhing forest, and peered across the more open country. It was a dreary stretch of tall, thin trees, seared a dead russet by the heat and the drought. Each curled leaf was pointing straight down the track, quivering arrow-like in the steady headwind. Above the noise of the engine the air seethed with their shrill, dry rustle.

In running an engine the matter of policy is always settled by the driver, and the fireman adopts it as final. For this reason the fireman may be seen doing the same thing at the same part of the road each day. Once aboard, the cab-men never conversed except by mysterious nods and gestures at the machinery; but to-day,

when he was not busy at the fire-box, the fireman came to the right side and stood looking over the engineer's shoulder. The air became heavier and heavier, and at times the clouds of smoke took shape far ahead of them. A mile from the tannery station they saw a tinge of color on the horizon. It trembled softly across the dead sky miles wide. Harris squared his shoulders and tightened his grip on the throttle. With the spirit of adventure upon him, he had for a moment that morning wished for a close, hard dash. The best engineers must be a little reckless to get the best speed and strength; and in turn the speed and strength soon breed a contempt for lesser things. He began to lose any such desire when he saw the reflection ahead. It was still far away, and it seemed no nearer when the engine drew up to the tannery station. As soon as they came to a stop they heard a low, drawling *burr-r-r*, like the drone of a hive of bees a hundred yards away.

Soon after the road had been opened, a wedge of woods had been stamped out and the place occupied by a modest tannery building, supplemented by a row of cottages for the employees. The house of the proprietor edged away to a discreet distance, and a part of the railway station was used as a general store and post-office. The tannery had shut down a year before, but it was to reopen in a week or so.

At first there was no sign of life about the little settlement, except a pair of cows who stretched their necks across the bars of a meadow, lowing anxiously at the house. Harris whistled, and whistled frugally, for he had used much steam coming up the grade. A man came to the door of the house, stared for a moment, and waved his hand. He ran back and reappeared a moment later, carrying something in his arms. A tall young woman leaned over, and from time to time arranged the man's bundle. When they came closer, Harris saw that his burden was a woman, with the white, patient face of an invalid. Behind them slunk a mastiff, growling and wrinkling his huge, fat forehead.

Harris knelt at the door of the cab and reached down for the woman. The man climbed up and seated her very gently, and then sprang down and ran back to the tannery building.

Half a mile away the fire poured over the edge of the hill. Harris helped the girl mount, both of them looking up the track at it. The man came back with a bundle of tanned hides and fell to arranging a place for the woman against the tender. Harris opened the throttle and the old engine backed away down the grade, her crank-pins rattling and the cross-head settling with a nervous, heart-diseased jar at each stroke of the drivers. He had labored long in her behalf with the master-mechanic at SO, and with a patience that should have been better rewarded.

He set her out at a good pace, and he was glad to feel under him the jolt and jar of motion. He glanced back at the fire and then turned his back upon it. Pulling out his seat, he sat philosophically down. His eyes fell upon the girl, and he arose again uncomfortably. She was deftly smoothing the hides into a low couch. The man knelt by the woman's side, as though he would shield her from any sight or sound of the thing that swarmed over the top of the ridge behind them.

Suddenly the man looked back and sprang to his feet, and Harris saw the muscles of his face tighten. The fire had reached the buildings, and smoke was already flattening along the roof and pouring over the eaves. It had moved with incredible speed, and with a sudden frown Harris saw that it had gained on them. He took the throttle again and turned to note the effect on the sweeping track. Then he leaned from the window for a long look behind.

Finally the girl looked up and saw the engineer. His back was toward her, and with a little well-bred dismay she wondered if she had been rude to him. She had lived some hours of terror contemplating the steady sweep of smoke-laden wind. In the reaction from that time of dread not even the sight of the burning home could wring her as it had wrung the man. She could have hugged him, in a purely impersonal way, only she remembered that rescued maidens should always preserve a certain dignified calm.

He was leaning from the window in the habitual manner of the engineer, half-in and half-out, with his elbows on the sill. There was something particularly undemonstrative in the pose. While she wait-

ed for him to turn she recalled, with some surprise, that the same engine had been running past the house since she was a little girl. She had never thought of this man's private existence separate and distinct from the functional engine, which came and went like the sun. One day a deputation of the philanthropists who had bought the stock of the road came rushing past in a gorgeous new car attached to a good engine borrowed for the purpose from the main line. She had thought the engineer rather fine as he swayed past with his shirt-sleeves flapping vigorously in the breeze. At another time he had brought an engine through at the end of a three-days' blizzard, and the crew had eaten an awesome meal in the kitchen. He was very dirty, and his face was cut in a dozen places by flying glass; but for the moment certain heroic possibilities suggested themselves. She first took notice then that an engine did not run itself. Afterward, she remembered that he did not call her mother "Lady," nor did he once address her as "Miss." He ate very quietly and went back to his engine at once; and sometimes this may interest even a very young woman.

He turned suddenly from the window, and saw her standing by his side. He looked at her squarely, and she happened to be looking squarely at him. Her eyes were dark, and looked into his as frankly and steadily as a man's. He felt somehow that she could be treated as a man. He did not know why, but he had thought that her eyes might be blue. It was the first time they had ever stood face to face, but during the time she had gone to school in Soloday he always watched her getting on and off the train at the tannery station instead of watching the conductor's signal. When she no longer made daily trips she resumed, so far as he was concerned, her perfectly impersonal position. When he saw her thereafter she came into his consciousness merely as a part of the landscape.

She was very sober, and he thought that she was frightened. His frown gave way to a smile of reassurance.

"I think we're gaining on it," he said.

She hastened to speak. "I—you—" she stammered; "thank you—for taking so much trouble," she ended, absurdly.

Her words reminded him of what he knew of the conventionalities, and the smile faded from his face. The girl went back confused to her mother's side, and when he was not busy with the engine he watched her furtively. She talked quietly with her mother, and one hand gently smoothed the invalid's dress.

A flake of fine ash drifted from somewhere and settled on his hand. At the same time his fireman scowled at him across the top of the boiler, shaking his head ominously. Without, the air was strangely still, and it seemed to Harris that the engine was being borne along on the back of that steady, undeviating gale. They had not gained perceptibly on the fire since he had last looked. It poured and spread along behind them as easily as water flows across a floor from an overturned barrel. Sometimes a taller tree stood out against it for a moment, and a detached flame made a wolf's leap at it; but for the most part it followed as evenly as some broad roller. Its dogged pace harassed Harris, exasperated him. He longed again and again for a sound engine and a solid road-bed.

Harris noted that on the level they more than held the distance between them, but the fire gained when the track swerved to the right or to the left. He moved the throttle again, only a hair-breadth, and the engine responded with a lurch. Sometimes they plunged between two curling waves of trees that momentarily hid the long, even charge; but on emerging they found themselves in the same relative position. A mile from the Black Woods a deer came out and paced them until the engine crowded it from the track.

The man had not spoken since he had come aboard. He and the mastiff stood side by side splendidly, the man's lips pressed tight and his eyes bold and unwavering. The hair on the dog's neck was erect, and from time to time he growled in answer to the louder and louder menace from the rear. They had all taken to watching it now, and there was a soberness and a wonder growing in their eyes. Only the man looked at it as though he would like to stand face to face with its personification, and tell it things.

Ahead of them the track curved far to the left to avoid a gully, and then it swept

around to the edge of the Black Woods. Harris shut down a little to make the curve, and the wall of flame flung hungrily across to intercept them. It was made up of schools of little darting flames, snapping crisply. The smoke coiled and writhed in fat folds and, caught by the draught, was flung up amid showers of sparks and ashes.

For a moment they saw it, and then the engine darted like a beetle into the forest. The trees were still struggling desperately. Harris tore his eyes away and, peering at the machinery, opened the throttle. Then he stood rubbing his cheek where the hot breath had blown across his face.

Behind them a grotesque, red shape struck at a great tree and leaped from branch to branch to its top. There was a brief, mighty wrestling, and the tree was wiped out with a prodigious *swish-sh-sh* that was like the crash of a railroad wreck. It sprang to the next tree, and to the next, and scarce a hundred yards in their rear a terrible gymnast, sixty feet high, closed in behind them. At the first leap all in the cab cringed suddenly, and the fireman threw up his elbow as though, unarmed, he was warding the thrust of a sabre. It was irresistible, vast; and it held the sense of imperturbability that made the rage of a thing so small of no matter. It was as though the whole of nature had taken to this new thing, and nature was, as usual, superior, irrevocable. There was a steady, earnest strength about it that might have been admired, if one were a god or otherwise above its menace.

They were not gods, and the shock of awe did not last. The man's white rage came upon him anew, so suddenly that he might have thrown himself upon the thing that pursued if he had not been manacled by the touch of the invalid's fingers on his arm. He strained out toward it violently, but his arm remained where it was, under the fingers of the little white woman.

Across the boiler-top the head of Harris's fireman turned slowly, and they stood face to face for a long look. There is a law which is above the rules of the road, more vital than any printed code. It is a thing learned untaught, no man is held to it, and every man is free to disregard it. But the thing is—and an engineer knows that when the worst comes it is a thing

that makes petty the matter of screws and valves. These two had ridden back and forth on that same route until they knew every foot of it, and instinctively braced to the sway of the engine at each unevenly ballasted spot. But it was the first time they had looked to make this final discovery. For a moment they searched each other for the strange thing they both knew, and for which they had no name. The fireman's look was the first to waver, but there was a grim, straight line at each corner of his mouth. He mopped the sweat from his face and began to fold his red handkerchief over and over. There was a careful, precise method in the way he folded it, and it seemed to Harris to stand for something more expressive than any words.

At length the fireman crossed over and plucked the man by the sleeve. The other turned fiercely, and by signs and nods the fireman explained some new plan. The man reached down and picked up the little woman. He climbed back into the tender, the fireman steadying and shoving from behind. He tottered the length of the tank, and the last they saw of the woman was her white face smiling bravely through the smoke over the man's shoulder. Almost hidden by the smoke, he knelt and tore away the top of the man-hole. Then he let her down in the water. He stayed there and held her suspended, kneeling at the top and talking at the hole. The girl stood below and watched, clutching the engineer's arm to steady herself. Harris stood very still.

Their bodies ran sweat, and the heat from without almost blistered their faces where it poured through the windows. The fireman began to tack some hides over the front of the cab. Harris helped him, and when he turned again, the girl had fallen to the floor. He looked at her helplessly for a moment and then drew a can of water from the tank and bathed her face and gave her some to drink. She was very pale, but she had not fainted, and she looked up at him gratefully. He wrapped some of the hides about her and stood up. Glaring over his shoulder he defied the thing behind savagely.

"We'll get through all right! Do you hear? We will—we will!" And it seemed to him then that straightway it became a

matter of individual responsibility. He knew he would need his strength, and he sobered himself.

The girl's eyes swept fearfully toward the fire. It terrified her inexpressibly—this endless, molten rush. She tried bravely not to look at it. Against her will her eyes would open and be dragged to look again. As soon as she had fallen, the dog, unable to follow his master, had crept to her side and hidden his head under her arm. He lay there trembling, and burrowed closer if she so much as moved.

And it was hot. It was the dry, parching heat that comes white from a furnace-door, only it filled the world, and there was no place to hang one's head in a cooling breeze. On sultry days there were groups who watched a notched glass tube in front of the village drug-store, and sweltered according to what they found there. Harris knew that if anyone should so much as mention the word "thermometer" to him thereafter he would fight, and fight to kill. Harris thought he had known different meanings of heat before this, but he was mistaken. He had run a construction-train one summer down near the main line, and there were days when the sun fried the paint on the idle engine and the heat-devils danced to the tops of the shrivelled trees. But he yearned for it now, as a man of the North will long for a sting of sleet.

He clapped his hand to his ears to shut out the sound of hideous grinding. The shrill crackling was indescribably confusing, and for the first time in his life he knew he had nerves. He steadied himself with an effort, and turned to look for his fireman.

The fireman was on the floor of the cab, and on his face there was the stamp of some vital struggle. His teeth were clenched, and his lips framed over and over some giant resolve. In his eyes the shifting, irresponsible look of delirium was growing stronger, and the resolve ran into the lip-labor of a maniac. Harris shook him, shouted at him. For a time the other look prevailed, and his mouth again became stern.

It is not a good thing to be without the means of physical effort. He longed for something tangible to lay hands on and make play his muscles. There was nothing to do but to think—to think in miles,

and to gauge them by endurance. But back on the tender there was a smoke-wrapped man—a man of grit and iron. Between the two, through the smoke, ran a subtle something that sustained them both. Horses run better in pairs, and shoulder to shoulder men fight infinitely better. He was very, very good for Harris. Harris looked at the fire, the machine, the girl, the man; then back again at the fire—always back at the fire. There was a licking flame in the centre of the track that was beginning to fascinate him—a thin, sharp thing like the blade of a sword wielded strongly and cleverly. He wondered if it would hurt much when it pierced him. This idea was getting firm hold of him—the curiosity to know whether it would hurt worse.

Suddenly the dog crept from his shelter by the girl's side and began to walk back and forth, touching only the tips of his toes, and each time lifting them higher. The walk grew into a fantastic run, and he finally stood dancing on one spot. Glancing back at the wall of flame, their own puny struggle with that implacable thing was as fruitless of any sense of escape as the dog's run with his death. They might have been standing still, for any sense of comparative motion he obtained from it. Harris resolved to keep his eyes on the man and on the track ahead. When he turned, his fireman stood by his side, touching the throttle with his fingers.

"I'll take her down to the tank," Harris finally made out from his lips. He stood grinning loosely, and his eyes were wide and hard and dry, as they would feel after the heat and dazzle of the furnace, when all the night is blood-red.

"And you didn't whistle for the crossing," he went on, puzzled, and his glance wavered. "Do you hear—for the crossing!!" he yelled, filled with a sudden fury at the pair of dials that glared wide-eyed through the machinery.

"Harris held him at arm's length for a moment, and then pushed him slowly around to his own side. "Pull the rope for the next crossing, Jimmie!" he shouted.

The fireman sat down and pulled until the knot on the outside broke and came burning in upon his lap. Weeping bitterly, he brought it over to show Harris.

Harris looked at him, and a bitter envy took possession of him. He turned and looked long at the man at the end of the tender, and the philosophy of strength and responsibility finally shut his teeth down harder. But if it were not for the girl, and for the woman in the tank—if it were not for the girl——

She was lying under the hides close up by the tender. He saw a hand reach out of the helpless bundle and grope until it closed convulsively upon the edge of the iron flooring of the cab. It shrank back and stretched out straight, and he saw the skin on the tips of her fingers grow white with blister.

He had noticed her hand when she had climbed into the cab. It was thin and small and gentle, and when he had dragged her from the ground he had in part released it suddenly, using the strength a strong man can exert very tenderly. Perhaps some of the soot and grime on her open palm had been left there from his own. He wiped his hand roughly across his trousers at the thought. She was burned; and the fact suddenly became a thing of gigantic importance. All the remote things of his life suddenly resolved themselves into matters of as grave import as a row of toothpicks stuck in mud. She was burned—and it was to him like a breath of cold air.

He leaned down and pulled the burned hand under cover. Then he stood up and looked at the fire through a hole in the leather, shading his eyes from the heat that came boring through the universal heat like a stream of scalding water. It was gaining. The thin red stream still darted out like a serpent's tongue, halting for a moment before it broke off with a little upward curl. It was like the delicate, halting, tremulous feeler of some blind giant; each time nearer it would at length suck them into the red gullet.

The mad fireman was looking at the dancing dog—open-mouthed, fascinated. Suddenly he began to dance, slowly at first, and then faster and faster, until finally the two stood hopping in unison like two automatons. Suddenly the dog halted, swung around, and bared his teeth. Then he leaped out blindly, every hair erect, and cleared the corner of the tender. The fireman, still dully intent, tried to follow.



His jump was feeble and he struck the guard-chain, which held fast and rolled him back. He lay on his back senseless, and Harris stooped down and covered his grinning face.

When he looked up he saw a line of fire racing along the top of the ridge abreast of them. He rubbed his eyes to make sure, for all things were beginning to blur, and then he understood that along the right of way the fire travelled a little slower. He also knew that, somewhere below, the track curved sharply to the right. If it gained on them they would have to shoot through the blaze.

The man on the tender understood, also. For a moment the smoke rolled back and left the firelight shining on his face. The boldness and the fierceness were all gone, and he looked at the new fire with a bitter, bitter smile. Then he raised his eyes to the inscrutable sky. His lips moved, his head shook as though it were being wrung, and the smile became a grim sarcasm that would have frozen Harris if he did not know how hard he had worked. He had worked hard.

To drive an engine a man must, first of all, be very patient. With the panic that came anew at the discovery of the fire ahead, Harris longed to spring furiously upon the engine and lash her, beat her. But he ground his teeth, and knew that she was doing more than she could with safety do on that crazy track.

He hated it as a strong man will always hate death, and mingling with his rage came a thought born of the pride of the engineer. He did not have a good engine. The injustice of this struck him very forcibly. Within himself he raged at it bitterly, and his thoughts ran something like this, around and around :

"If you are to kill me, I will die ; but you can't make me cry out. And there is no God, or I would have had a decent engine and a fair chance. And if I give myself up, will you let the girl go ? Will you let the girl escape if you can have me ? But I will not cry out, and there is no God."

The law of individual insignificance is a thing hard to comprehend. Plainly, an outrage was being perpetrated ; for there was neither justice nor pity in a situation which threatened the life of a strongman,

and that of an invalid woman and a gentle girl. It justified his bargaining : "I will do thus and thus, if——"

He was not afraid. He merely reflected that a Providence which was without justice or mercy would probably prove capable of being bribed. "Then, if you will let the girl go, I will——"

He was not afraid, and he wondered why he was not afraid. There is an ideal of duty among engineers, and to live up to it frequently means to die. It is realized as often as most ideals, but the reason of its fulfilment is never the absence of fear. It struck Harris that it was abnormal that he was no longer afraid. He was beginning to look upon the pursuing monster as if it had always been a part of his life ; and his energy was so far gone that he could have laid his head within the hot throat for the momentary rest.

Suddenly he glanced down, and, reaching around between the hand-rails and the outside of the cab, he saw two thin, red fingers grasp and let go, grasp and let go. They came farther the next time, curving and twisting to a firm hold upon the edge of the cab. He looked at them indifferently for a time, and then all of the self-possession for which he had struggled so hard suddenly deserted him. He seized an old ax from the tender and hacked at the two red fingers furiously.

The next moment the world was a seething, boiling mass of flame. He covered his face with his arms and flung himself upon the floor. Crawling blindly to where the girl lay he threw himself face down, gathering her close up under him.

There was a sheer drop of half a mile, and the thing he knew in the last moment of consciousness was that the girl's hand had been burned. There was also the dramatic fact that this was certainly the worst wreck he had ever participated in.

There was a tower on the main line, where the branch joined it a mile below the city. The signals for the branch were always at danger, and when a train came down the engine stood at the distance-signal and called to the operator for the track to the depot.

The superintendent had gone there and spent a despairing day—or an hour—looking through a pair of glasses up the

murky valley. There was a little furrow in the black edge of the forest, and he watched this spot until his eyes ached. It is not a good thing to send a man to his death, and the superintendent would have bartered everything but the secret hope of a distant general officership to be with him on the engine now. Once or twice the fire sprang above the tree-tops, and, finally, there was only a lacework of trees against the red.

"*Nova, by* ——" the superintendent broke out, hoarsely, and struck out at the wall with his fist. But he could not keep his eyes from it, and there was nothing to do.

"Ain't it too bad! Ain't it too bad! Ain't it too bad!" the operator began to wail. The boy was going to pieces fast, and the superintendent grew stern and set him to work on the key-board.

When he looked again there was nothing but a great swaying curtain that blocked the valley and stretched out over the fields toward them.

Suddenly a blind thing broke through and came plunging out of the fire. It was singed and burning, but it held on, outrunning a trail of blue smoke that cut a line in the black. He watched it until it dodged behind a group of trees, and, glancing beyond, he saw the fire trot eagerly out along a strip of parallel woods and halt sullenly at the edge. A moment later the blind thing broke through the trees, and the superintendent tried to get the knots out of his voice.

It swung around the curve, straightened with a weary shake, and they stood and watched the butt swell toward them. Little jets of fire spurted out on both sides, and the blue smoke curled in behind and hung like the tail of a comet.

An eighth of a mile from the tower the distance-signal stood with its blade squarely across the track. With the lawless strength of a huge idiot the blind thing swung past it, and they watched it coming on uncannily. A train stood on the main track, nose against the home-signal, and the fireman climbed down to the track and gaped up the branch. He held his ground until the blind thing came boring past the signal. Then he ran to one side and stood with his fingers in his ears. He never knew why he put his fingers in

his ears, and he was glad afterward that none of the others saw him.

There was a blind Y on the branch near the tower, interlocked by the home-signal. The thing swerved when it reached this, dodging in a new aimless direction. At the end of the switch it leaped from the rails and staggered knee-deep through the sand, ploughing two white waves. Then it stopped, spluttering and hissing, and rolled part way over on its side.

The main-line fireman came back, approaching on tiptoe, and finally leaped desperately aboard. First of all he attended to the engine—and it is a brave thing to investigate an engine that has been running itself. Then he tried to see to the sprawling bundles at his feet, but, suddenly sick, he sprang down and hurried past the group about the superintendent.

They made three trips to the tower with what they found in the cab, and then a woman's voice called serenely from the top of the tender. They found her clasped close to the man's breast, and they had to force his arms apart to separate them. He had held on until the engine reached the open, and with his final strength had dragged her from the hole and caught her in his arms. She had freed her hands, and with her wet clothing had smothered the fire from his burning ones. His head lay against the edge of the man-hole, and he never lost the scar made by the imprint.

They carried him very tenderly to the tower, and the woman walked behind—walked for the first time in years.

. . . . .

Sometimes good men have to be driven to advancement by threatening to place them at the foot again. But Harris was not a man who had grown old in one place, and the superintendent could not understand it. There was a regular-freight run on the main line to fill, and twice the matter had ended in positive refusal.

"If the road keeps on doing business at the old stand, and I think it will, it's a sure eight dollars a trip as long as you can keep your feet down," he told him, coming up the branch one night two years after the fire. "It's a dead gut—a day-run, with a lay-over at SO. How much are you making here?"

"Three ten, and no lay-over."

The superintendent grunted.

Against the rose of the sunset the black hillsides were desolate enough to be picturesque, in a grim way. Only here and there grass and bushes had made mossy spots in the path of the fire, and the streams were curling ribbons, a thread of blue between two stripes of green. The rest was a vast, black'scar, with now and then a pile of gray rocks or a gaunt tree-trunk, with the stumps of its charred arms still raised in attitudes of appeal or rage, defiance or horror.

The ties glistened white and the new tannery was a ghost as the engine panted up to the station in the gloom. The road parted here now, the new branch curving through the hills to a port on the distant Hudson.

There was a single figure on the platform, and the engine came to a beautiful stop just where she stood. The engineer walked hastily past the superintendent and stepped down, and the fireman went around the other way to cut the engine loose. The superintendent leaned out of the window and looked down the platform. He withdrew his head very quickly, and, crossing over to the fireman's side, stood drumming on the window-pane and whistling softly between his teeth. A little later the fireman returned and moved the detached en-

gine up the track. The superintendent fell to wondering what new thing this was. It was always something of a shock for him to ride on the branch, where things went much as they chanced and the time-table was rarely anything more than an approximate estimate.

"Do you always stop here for water?" he asked, finally. A slit of light from the furnace-door had run across the girl's face when the engine moved away.

The fireman looked at him for a moment. "Yes, sir," he explained, solemnly; "she uses it up fast on the grade."

"Couldn't wait for the other end, I suppose, could you, Jimmie?"

"No, sir," Jimmie answered, unabashed.

He climbed back to swing out the crane, and, sitting on the edge of the man-hole, grinned broadly back through the dusk at the two figures on the platform. The superintendent mused quietly, and the fireman let the water gurgle and splash through his fingers into the tank.

"Between you an' me an' the lamp-post," he remarked, in a cautious whisper, as he slid down the tender and ducked the roof of the cab, "I'll bet that nothin'll get in the way of Harris's goin' on the main line next year."

"Hum-m-m," returned the superintendent.

## AS TO WOOING—THERE WAS NONE

By Edith Rickert

HARDING sat on the seaward side of the garden-wall at Glenheiravagh Farm, one gray Sabbath morning in September. He was face to face with a problem: he must go or Beatrice, or his carefully planned scheme of life must be revised fundamentally. So when Mrs. Campbell passed down the road, churchward bent, and Beatrice, some time later, tripped along the same way—she was going to see Judy McNeill's new baby, she said—he gave himself up to cigarettes and the decision. And the morning passed on.

Within a few moments, it seemed, he heard a plaintive voice below, and looked

down into the mock-solemn, brown eyes of Beatrice.

"I want to come up, please."

"Too high for you," he observed, without moving; "besides, you'll spoil the pears. You can't climb a wall."

"I could, if you'd help me," she urged. "I'll spoil only my share; you may keep all the good ones."

"They are all mine," he retorted; "I came here first."

"Faith I thought Mrs. Campbell owned the place. You don't want me, I see; and I came especially to tell you all about the baby. But I won't stay

now, and you'll be sorry, because you love babies ; you know you do. I'm going in to—to crochet," she ended, desperately.

"Wicked—on the Sabbath," said Harding, lighting a fresh cigarette.

"Well, but I forgot—I mean, you drove me to it," she began.

"Put one foot on that stone, and the other into that crack—I'll give you a hand," said Harding, adding, severely, when she was perched beside him, "I was thinking out an important matter."

"Did you settle it?" she demanded, rosy and triumphant, clutching with both hands her loosened, red hair.

"You came."

"Let me help. Tell me."

"Better not."

"Oh, ple-a-se !"

"Your grandfather was Irish, you said, Beatrice?"

"Yes, why?"

"You've got the wheedle."

She looked at him with burning face.

"As if I wanted to intrude ; but you said once——"

"I know. That's your little way, Beatrice. You make me say things and then I repent of them later."

"I'm truly sorry," she observed, serenely.

"You look it—I mean, it wouldn't be polite to doubt it."

"You aren't polite, John, you know."

"Quite true," said he absently, pelting her with purple-red fuchsia blossoms which grew close to the wall.

"I'll tell you, Beatrice," said he suddenly.

She held out her hand. "A cigarette, please, to clear my brain for the great question!"

"Do they do that in America?"

"Who?—women?—smoke? No, but I'm a man now ; your best friend, John. All ready."

"A match?"

"Thank you. I think I'll wait—I—until I'm a little more befogged."

"Oh, the matter's perfectly clear," said he, calmly. "I must go away, or you."

"Why?"

"Or I shall blunder into a proposal," said he, apparently looking for a ship through his hollowed hands.

"Well?" she asked pertly, but her cigarette dropped upon the garden walk.

"That would be bad, don't you see?"

"Not at all. I should refuse you, you know. Another cigarette, please."

He put it into her fingers, and just touched them a moment.

"I shouldn't like it."

"No, so don't begin it, wise man," said she, dimpling. "This isn't worth the bother of learning to smoke for. Take your old cigarette."

"We've been jolly good friends," said he, a trifle wistfully, "but how about my book? Had a note from the publishers yesterday ; and it suddenly came over me that I had scarcely touched it for a month."

"No," said she, clasping hands about her knee and turning to meet his eyes squarely, "you've been sailing and tramping and riding over the moors with me, and very much better it's been for you than Guido de—Guido de—who's the creature?"

"Colonna."

"Yes, do you think the world is crying out for an edition of him? He has spoiled you, anyway. I should think you might have been nice if you had never gone in for him ; maybe you were once."

He laughed like a school-boy, while she, looking critically, almost resentfully, over his slight figure in its ill-fitting, gray clothes, added, "Ask Mrs. Campbell, if you scorn my opinion. She says that before I came you were almost—that is—yes, I will say it!—a bit *dull*."

He began to laugh again, but checked himself, and with a sudden movement pulling his shabby and very-much-askew cap firmly over his eyes, said :

"She is right ; and I must be dull again after—after this summer. So I may as well go at once."

"I should be sorry—" she began, with a droop of the lip which brought him nearer.

"—to drive you away!" she ended, with a laugh ; and, jumping down, moved away under the pleached arbors to the house. With her hand on the door, she turned :

"I'm going myself," she called, cheerfully.

Harding became suddenly aware that the sky was heavy with a gale, and that the sea was rising in heavy foam-crests.

Almost before he could reach the house an all-day storm was upon them.

Late in the afternoon, Beatrice Worrall stood by the window of the sitting-room and looked through the blinding drifts of rain. "I can't see even the ocean," she said, "but I can hear it, and almost feel it creeping nearer. Are we quite safe, Mrs. Campbell?" she asked, shuddering a little.

Receiving no reply, she turned, to find only Harding, who had laid down his book, and, with hands clasped behind his head, was apparently watching her.

"Gone for her nap," said he, nodding. "Yes, it's quite safe—I'm here! Come over and talk."

"I've nothing to talk about," she began, a bit impatiently, then suddenly burst out with, "Oh, I hate this room, with its daguerreotypes, and shells, and stuffed birds, and bust of Scott—oh, dear!"

He patted an arm-chair invitingly; but she came and sat on a footstool, vigorously stirring the peats until they filled her face with a red glow.

"What's the matter?" he asked, abruptly. "You're not the little Beatrice of this morning—I don't know you."

"Never mind," said she, prosaically, "if you're going to be sentimental again, let's read the Psalms." She laid her hand upon Mrs. Campbell's open book.

He flushed a little, frowning, but made no reply; and her mood changed.

"Now you're angry, and you're adorable that way, John," she teased him.

"Bless you, no," said he, quite coolly, "only a stray emotion or two. I'm old enough to manage them better."

It was her turn to frown. "Faith," she said, slowly, "I don't know. I'm twenty-six myself; and yet they are obstreperous—sometimes."

She looked at him askance and bit her lip, as if she would gladly have taken her words back; but he apparently had not noticed the slip.

"Really?" he asked, innocently, staring into the fire. "Do you suppose the precentor has set out home to-day?" he asked again, after a pause. "Pretty rough sailing; they ought to keep him at the manse all night."

"And leave his wife and those nine children to worry, and believe him drowned,

and wail? Not he! Do you remember how she talked about him, that day we sailed over? It's rare, that show of affection, in a Scotchwoman," she ended, with a touch of wistfulness.

"Or anywhere," he said, emphatically.

"Ay, and she wull be that dawted by him. He's richt daft ower them a', forbye the bairns, the ducks and chickens." Almost unconsciously she had fallen into Mrs. Campbell's way of speech.

"You have the gift of tongues, Beatrice," said he, absently.

"Being a Latin teacher—why not?"

He did not start, as she wished him to do; only leaned forward with an unbelieving smile.

"You—a Latin teacher!" he scoffed.

"Yes, Mr. John," she cried, with a touch of temper, "Oh, I haven't degrees and letters and things like yours; but you never so much as asked me whether I knew Latin!"

"No," said he, slowly, "I didn't think it an important or interesting question."

"It is to you," she flashed.

"That's different."

"O-h!" she exclaimed in helpless anger.

"I'll reconstruct my ideas, and begin to look upon you as very wise—" he began.

"Don't tease," she said.

"Am I teasing?" He laid his hand gently on her wrist, looking down into her eyes.

Her glance wavered away, and fell upon his forehead. Foolishly she began to mark how the fine, brown hair was wearing thin and gray at the temples; and, so doing, forgot to answer.

"Why did you come over here this summer?" he demanded, irrelevantly.

"I was dreadfully bored, and Mrs. Campbell's niece, whom I knew in New York, told me about this place. I wanted to get away from everybody!"

"Exactly. So did I. And we found each other. What a pity!" said he, gravely; and she had no reply.

"You are going back?"

"Yes."

"Soon?"

"Very."

"To teach Latin?"

"In a boarding-school."

"You like it?"

"Hate it!"

"Then why——?"

"One must live," said she, and developed little lines about the mouth.

"If things were different," said he, quietly, "and I intended to marry—as I do not—I might tell you about a certain house in London, which has only begun lately to think that it needs a mistress."

"What foolery!" she exclaimed, trying to withdraw her wrist.

"Of course. That is why I didn't say it."

"Your point of view is," said she with a slight quaver, "that nothing in life amounts to much, except Latin editions." She would not let him interrupt, but continued, "If they are so all-absorbing and all-important, I think I shall go in for them myself—if I know enough."

"I'll look you up some nice, dry chronicles, shall I?" said he, with a chuckle.

"Thank you—I may get to be a professor myself, some day," said she, rising.

"That will be jolly," he assented; and as she reached the door he spoke her name.

"Well?"

"Do you suppose the precentor and his wife speculate about what is worth while?"

"No. They only quarrel—when he's had a drappie—and she's just home, wet from the cockle-gathering, and the fish are no cooked—whateffer," said she, grimly, and went out into the twilight, now clear but windy.

He came out at once, and stood by her on the step. Her hair and cape blew fiercely about her. "I'm going to the shore," said she.

"Steady! I'll have to come to keep you from keeling over."

No more was said until they found shelter beneath an overhanging rock. The breakers thundered just below, with an occasional swish of spray past them.

"Dear," said he, suddenly, "we don't know how to live—you and I."

"Does anybody?" she began; but he sprang to his feet, his whole attention given to the sea.

She, turning with him, saw a fishing-boat rounding the point of rock opposite them in a little bay. It was driving

swiftly shoreward; and the next moment Beatrice closed her eyes, faint, for the disaster had happened.

Harding clutched her arm.

"Mrs. Campbell—a rope—run!" said he, sharply, tearing off his coat.

When she stumbled down the rocks again, looking first along the shore, she saw him, drenched, clinging to the outermost rock, knee-deep in water, his eyes fixed steadily on a black object rising and falling with the frothy waves.

He caught the rope from her, without removing his gaze. She could look no more; but covered her face and heard him throw the rope again and again, shouting above the waves, in Gaelic and in English, "Rope there—catch!"

Presently, with averted face, she helped him pull ashore the body of a fisherman. He had managed to twist and knot the rope about himself, but now lay motionless on the shingle.

"Is he—?" she asked.

"Stunned—cut a bit on the head; rock perhaps—or in the wreck. It's the precentor," said Harding.

"A-h!" she breathed. And then they worked together until the fisherman was able, with their assistance, to stagger to the house. Only once did they exchange speech while she was helping him bind his handkerchief about the cut head.

"How did you get so wet? Did you swim out?"

He nodded. "No use."

Later, Beatrice peeped through the half-open hall-door into the lighted sitting-room. She saw the precentor, bandaged and swathed in blankets, but philosophical; saw good Mrs. Campbell busy with bottles and glasses and a steaming kettle; saw, in front of the fire, Harding, coatless, dishevelled, cheerful. A scrap of conversation came out to her.

"This one of your 'fine days,' Peter?" Harding asked.

"Dear, dear," said the fisherman, "the weather's no so bad, whateffer; it will be the rope—she will be getting away from the sail."

"You were a fool to set out," said the other, bluntly.

"The storm it was ofer when I set out, and my wumman—she will be greeting aye—" He stopped and pulled



his beard distressfully ; and at this point Beatrice slipped away.

Harding, going upstairs a little later to change his clothes, found her in a heap on the dusky landing.

"What are you doing here ?" he demanded.

"Waiting for you," she said, humbly. "I was wrong. The precentor knows."

"How to live ? Other people might learn—if they tried," he observed.

"Do you know your bit lesson ?" she asked, smiling a little. "Say it, and I'll see."

"Latin is good, Beatrice, but love is better—and best is—is you !"

She slipped away to a second landing, and leaning over—he could see her hair softly outlined against the light of an open door—called down, half under her breath.

"You are wrong, John. Latin is only incidental, and love—love—love is very well ; but best isn't I—it's—it's you !"

In this way began a new chapter in the lives of John and Beatrice Harding ; even though, as to wooing—you see, there was none.

## THE POINT OF VIEW

**T**HE announcement that "conservative" Yale is to follow the precedent of "radical" Harvard, and, on certain conditions, confer the degree of A.B. after a residence of three years instead of four, seems at first thought a somewhat sweeping surrender to a modern demand. The demand itself, however, is by no means so wholly modern. When, in the middle of the eighteenth century, the Rev. Michael Wigglesworth—author of "The Day of Doom," which in comparative circulation must be counted a rival of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" as the most popular American book—was a Harvard tutor, he records in his diary : "My pupils all came to me yesterday and desired that they might cease learning Hebrew." On which Wigglesworth comments shrewdly. "I expect the bottom is their look to commence [to graduate] within two years." Thus, curiously, it seems that the three years' degree was a "popular proposition" at Harvard two hundred and fifty years ago.

Academic  
Adjustments.

Indeed, from the very beginning, the demand for change and the process of slow adjustment have constantly marked the development of academic life. Accustomed to a more or less rigid curriculum, despite "electives" and a "true" university, we are apt to forget this, and to think of innovation as something distinctly modern. Green, in writing of Oxford in the thirteenth century, quotes Roger Bacon as saying that Aristotle's Natural Philosophy and Metaphysics were

"interdicted" even at Paris "up to the year of Grace 1237," and that at Oxford "there were few who were of any account in the philosophy of Aristotle up to this year of Grace 1292." On turning to the beginning of American university life, one finds it was about one hundred years after Tutor Wigglesworth discovered in his scholars the "look to commence" that commencement exercises at Harvard first included an oration in English, or in the year 1763. Practical people as the Americans were by then, the prestige of "learning," or of the knowledge of the dead or unknown tongues, had known no decline. This is exemplified in the crowning glory of Yale's "splendid commencement," that of 1781, the oration of President Stiles on Oriental Learning, edifyingly delivered in Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic. Commencement continued to bear witness for long years thereafter to a like prestige of learning. To this was due the prominence, on "the commencement stage," accorded promising immaturity in the person of the young man who was graduating. This explains, also, the slowness with which he was pushed aside either by the returning graduate, with his own reunions and the wit and fun of his "alumni dinner," or by the celebrities called in to add *éclat* to an otherwise boresome occasion. Indeed it is only of a quite present time that, as this tradition has gradually yielded to modern iconoclasm, the once honored valedictorian is at last seen to lag superfluous. All this speaks of a distinction once accorded

to learning, a distinction of which immaturity was representative, that is now fast disappearing. The phrase "the learned professions" still lingers with us in a state of marked disuse, but the vitality of its meaning has been long gone out of it.

The surprising thing really is, when one thinks how little "learned" is modern professional life, that the academic degree, for which even the modified curriculum contains much that is "unpractical," has so stoutly held its own. Those who still prize it are not alone young men of wealth and leisure but include many who "have their own way to make." A distinct set the other way is, however, discernible, despite the boast each fall of "the largest entering class." Dr. Edmund L. Holmes, of the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania, has investigated the facts in that State, as the basis for a strong protest against the tendency to consider a college education as unnecessary, if not a detriment, especially if the young man choose his own profession of medicine. Dr. Holmes finds that out of 698 degrees conferred by the four leading institutions of Pennsylvania, twenty per cent. may be classed as academic, while eighty per cent. were professional or technical. He compares this showing with that of 1,888 degrees conferred by Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, of which seventy-eight per cent. were academic, and twenty-two per cent. professional or technical. The comfort, however, of this superiority is small for the believer in academic training, when one considers how largely it is accounted for by the national character of the constituencies of Harvard, Yale, and Princeton. The recipients of those 1,888 degrees may have included, doubtless did include, not a few students, for example, from Pennsylvania. The significant fact, brought out by Dr. Holmes's figures, is that an increasingly large number of young men in Pennsylvania consider a high-school training a sufficient preparation for the study of medicine, and apparently for other strictly professional courses. In the case of medicine, these young men are anxious to obtain their degrees and begin their hospital work at twenty-two, having regard to the immediate purpose of "an early start in life" and ignoring the conditions of life's success in the large.

What is true of Pennsylvania is in all probability true, in a greater rather than in a less degree, of many other parts of the country. The academic adjustment, then, which

enables the young man who is superior in ability, preliminary training or industry to obtain a Harvard or a Yale degree in three years is simply the old case of a condition and not a theory. This adjustment may itself be called an adaptation of a once general college custom, that of allowing the deserving but impecunious student to withdraw from college for months at a time to "teach a term of school." If the sacred tradition of a four years' technical residence was not violated by these withdrawals, it is surely open to question whether it is violated by an actual residence of three years devoted to the prescribed work and to another year's work in addition.

WHENEVER there is published a new collection of love-letters of great men the popular curiosity is accompanied by an under-current of question and doubt that is apt to be most noticeable among those who think most. From one stand-point it can be considered an open query, of course, whether love-letters should be published at all. And this because when they are most "documentary," most interesting and valuable to the student of psychological phenomena, they are least likely, as a general thing, to be readable for anyone else—the two persons directly concerned excepted. The love-letters which the public can be expected to peruse with sustained attention must either be literature of the highest order, or they must have a great deal in them which a genuine specimen of the genus love-letter never has. A love-letter of Keats to Fanny Brawne is, *qua* love-letter, very characteristic and interesting; but it is not literature of a high order, and many such letters in succession are fatiguing and disagreeable. The correspondence of Robert and Elizabeth Browning, on the other hand, has pleased innumerable readers; but it is not made up of love-letters, properly speaking.

This last observation may be made of many other collections of so-called love-letters. They were either not genuinely such in the first instance, or they have ceased to be such owing to excisions and selections incident to the preparation of them for publication. A love-letter which is to have that documentary importance sought of the psychological student must not be edited in any way. Its unedited character, exactly, gives it a great part

The Love-  
Letters of  
Great Men.

of its worth. It is naturally as repetitious as an Oriental's prayer, and so it must be allowed to be seen to be. It insists upon its point of departure, it admits of no theme but its central one. It returns to the same statements, hopes, fears, again and again. A special genius is obviously required to render letters of this sort absorbing to a miscellaneous public.

And this is not so much even a special genius for expression—necessary as that may be—as a special genius for the particular mode of emotions expressed. This genius certainly has not belonged to all great men. It is to be found in the lately published love-letters of Victor Hugo in a perfection which places those letters in the small group of the world's great love-letters forever. But it is, for instance, not to be found in the letters of Hugo's great contemporary, Balzac. It is true that Balzac's letters to Madame Hanska are not, in the exclusive sense, love-letters. But one may doubt whether, under any circumstances, and enormous as was his reach of potential development in almost every other emotional direction, Balzac had not limitations that would have prevented his experiencing the emotion of love as Victor Hugo is shown to have been able to do.

The world has been permitted to see the Hugo letters, apparently, just as they were written and without arrangements or suppressions. This, many an Anglo-Saxon will say, is what might be expected of the French attitude with regard to such things. And it will be said oftenest by persons inclined to believe that letters like those contained in the unfortunate, if sometimes magnificent, correspondence of George Sand and of Alfred de Musset are forever and always typical of the whole emotional life of the French people. No more emphatic refutation of that opinion could be wished for by the most loyal Frenchman than that which is afforded by the beautiful letters of the great French poet (already then becoming great) to the obscure young girl to whom he had pledged his faith. These

letters are as representative of one side of the French nation as the letters of George Sand and of Alfred de Musset may be of another. They are so sincere, so simple and direct, with all their diversity of emotional range, that they make the Anglo-Saxon self-consciousness seem indelicate; or, if not indelicate, at least lacking in the larger nobility. Another and more recent French poet has told the world, as plainly as any Englishman or American would be prompted to do, that the innermost feelings were not for the public gaze. Says Leconte de Lisle to it—

*Je ne te vendrai pas mon ivresse ou mon mal.*

But if the innermost feelings be keyed to a high and pure enough pitch, if the flame with which they burn be clear enough, it seems that this becomes the one important matter, and that samples of the order referred to dwindle to small proportions.

Finally, it certainly seems that very noble and beautiful love-letters show a great man at his greatest, and enhance immeasurably his human dignity. Here more than in anything else has he the chance to reveal himself for the best that he is. If he has had the good fortune to experience a true attachment for a being worthy of it, to have given a lovely and worthy expression to his passion becomes, on the personal side, probably his most enduring monument. Most great men's love-letters are disappointing; most great men have, on the whole, been unlucky in their attachments, or in the objects of them. Their epistolary outpourings at this point have, for those who look below the surface of sensationalism, almost always done some injury to their fame—injury either to their literary fame or to the esteem in which the world wished to hold them, as men. And the detected weakness is the less readily condoned here that the sentiments involved are elemental and universal, and that the world looks insensibly to the great men to show it, in such sentiments, the higher way.

# THE FIELD OF ART



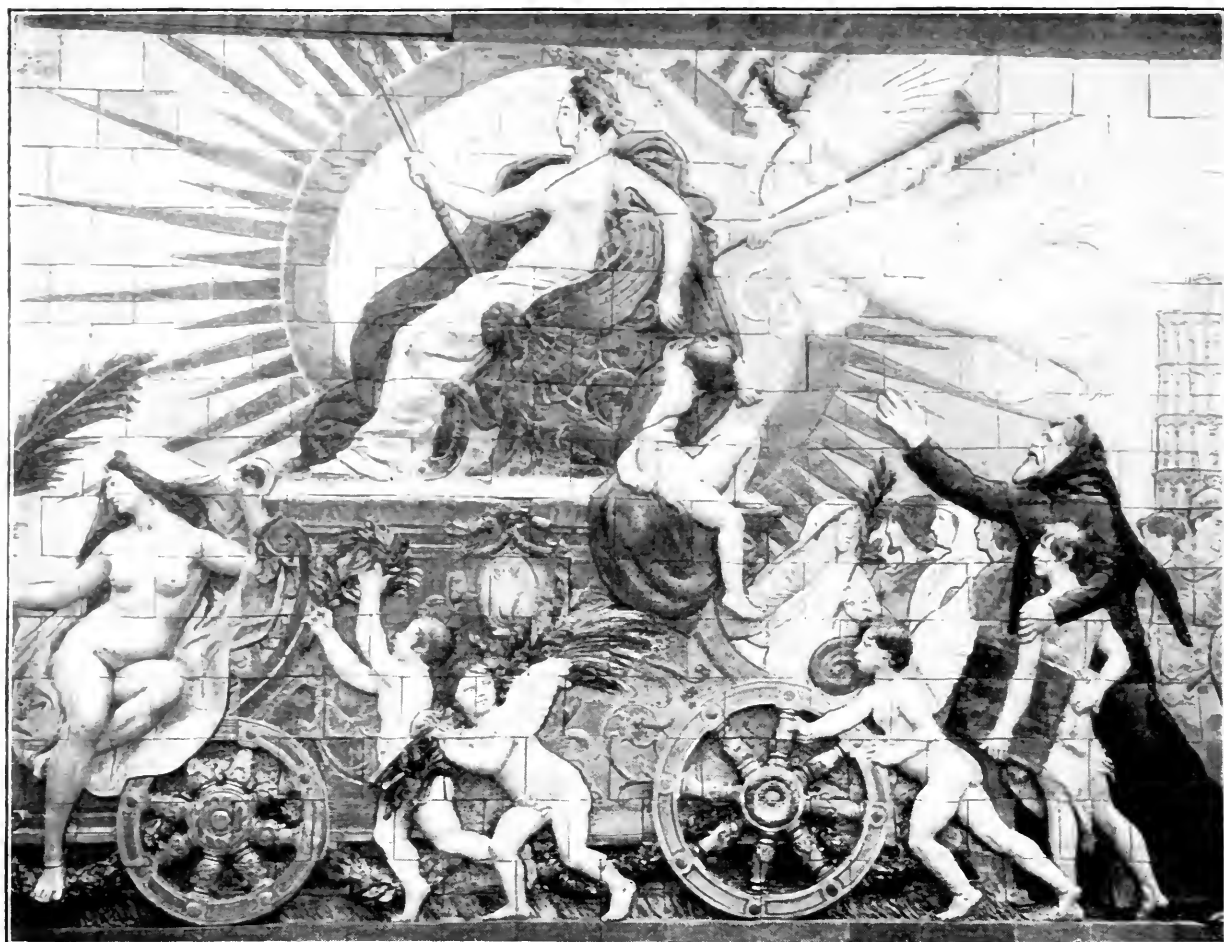
*FRENCH ARCHITECTURAL DECORATION; THE SÈVRES MANUFACTORY AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.—PART II\**

IT is because of the studies made during the last four years, in colored and translucent enamels applied to stoneware, that the Sèvres manufactory has been able to execute, with certainty and rapidity, the great frieze of the Fine Arts. This enormous composition is the design of Mr. Joseph Blanc, and it adorns the western front of the Palace of Fine Arts, newly built from the designs of the architect Thomas. The frieze has a length of ninety metres, and stretches along the front on the Avenue d'Antin, for nearly the whole length of the façade, but is divided into two equal parts by the central doorpiece of the palace. This vast composition shows, in long array, the principal epochs of the his-

tory of human art. It represents in the first place primitive man trying to shape a rough stone in order to establish thus the elements of architecture and sculpture. Then, not to linger too long over the earliest experiments of the race, we are shown Rameses the Great standing erect in his chariot, surrounded by a large body of followers. Next follow Nineveh, Babylon, and Persepolis, those three cities, which, from the seventh to the fourth centuries before our era, shone with so brilliant an intellectual light.

Darius, surrounded by warriors, scribes, and artists, personifies this brilliant period of Asiatic art. Phœnicia presents in her turn the produce of her rich manufactures. Finally, comes Greece, Pericles with Ictinus and Phidias, Alexander with Apelles (see Fig. I). Rome comes in her turn, reclining upon a chariot dragged by centaurs. As the background of this Græco-Roman apotheosis, we

\*Continued from the March number.



II

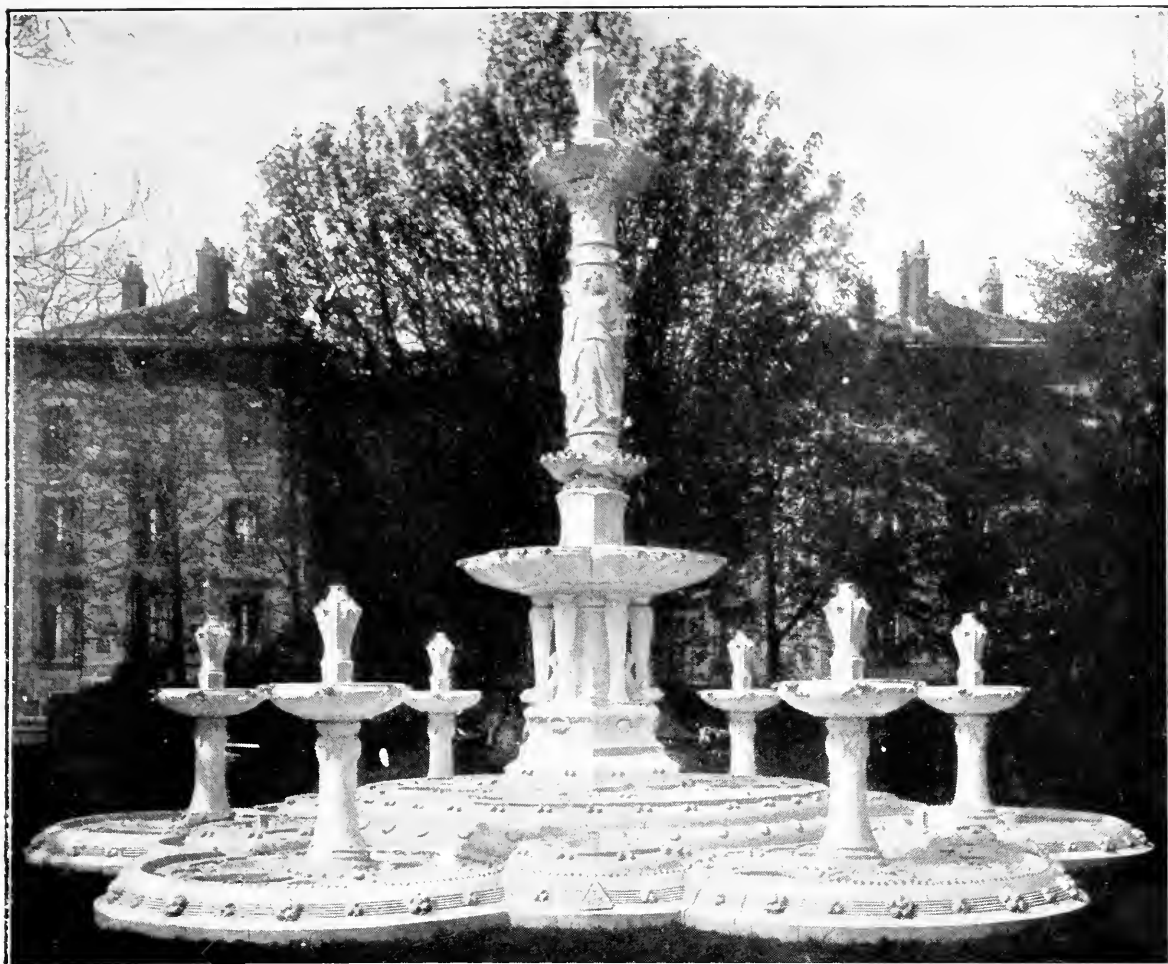
see the imposing outline of the Capitol, the Temple of Capitoline Jupiter, and of the Coliseum. Byzantine art is represented by the church of Saint Sophia, near which stand its architects, Anthemius of Tralles, and Isidorus of Miletus, with the emperors Constantine and Justinian, and King Theodoric. Next come the Middle Ages: Saint Eloi, the Abbot Suger, Tutilo, the monk of Saint Gall, the monk Theophilus, and with these the equestrian figure of Saint Louis. In the background we see the Tower of Constance at Aigues Mortes, the Sainte Chapelle, and the Cathedral of Notre Dame of Paris.

The second part, south of the portal, begins with an apotheosis of the Renaissance. Surrounded by young girls waving palms, guided by Truth, crowned by Renown, the personified Renaissance, seated upon a chariot, appears in all her glory (see Fig. II). In her suite come Cimabue and the great Giotto; then Antonio da Messina, Lucca Signorelli, Orcagna, Giovanni Bellini, Carpaccio, and Mantegna. The states of Flanders are represented by Van Eyck, Venice by Titian, Giorgione, Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese. The Tower of Pisa and the Palace of the Doges form the back-

ground of this first part of the Renaissance group. Following these come Ghiberti, Donatello, Leonardo da Vinci, Correggio, Brunellesco, Michelangelo, Luca della Robbia, Perugini, Raphael, and Bramante. The figure of Leo X. dominates all these, and the background is formed by the cupola of the Cathedral of Florence and by the Basilica of Saint Peter's at Rome. With the sixteenth century come Albert Durer and Holbein; and grouped around Francis I., are Primaticcio, Benvenuto Cellini, and, finally, Jean Goujon and Bernard Palissy.

The seventeenth century shows us Louis XIV. guided by Colbert, and around these Poussin, Claude Lorrain, Le Sueur, Le Brun, and Puget. Then come Rubens, Van Dyck, Rembrandt, and Velasquez. Less imposing than this is the eighteenth century, represented by Chardin, Watteau, Boucher, Gabriel, and Soufflot, followed closely by the masters of the nineteenth century, Percier, Fontaine, Houdon, David, Gros, Prud'hon, Géricault, Ingres, Delacroix, Henri Regnault, Charles Garnier, and others. The Panthéon of Paris, the Arc de l'Étoile, and the Grand Opera, serve as a background to these last centuries.





III

The great composition which we have just described has been executed in relief, with from ten to fifteen centimetres of projection from the background. In order to complete this vast piece of sculpture it was found necessary to mould about 4,500 bricks, each thirty-three centimetres wide, twenty-five centimetres high, and from ten to twenty-five centimetres thick. These bricks, divided into lots of from 250 to 280 pieces, and while still unbaked, were set upon an inclined plane, where they received the glazes or enamels prepared for the porcelain furnace (*couvertes de grand feu*), and of the most varied colors, from brilliant red to the turquoise blue which forms the sky of the background. This bas-relief forms a complete whole, the like of which in ceramic ware had not previously been produced.

The fountain made from the designs of the Director for Fine Art of the Sèvres Manufactory, constructed entirely in stoneware, and set up in the park of the Cours-la-Reine, has been presented by the State to the city of Paris; and will remain in the place which it now occupies. The central basin is ornamented with crabs and fish, and is surrounded

by ten colonnettes, which seem to support a second great basin 2.30 metres in diameter. From this rises a column decorated with shells, dolphins, and other creatures of the sea, and by three graceful figures, the work of the sculptor Alfred Boucher; and this carries at the top a second basin and a vase crowning the whole. This central motive is set up in the middle of a large basin, five metres in diameter and is accompanied by six vasques surmounted by vases, and by six still smaller basin-like receptacles for water. The whole is surrounded and framed by a curb decorated with shells. Turtles, crabs, fish, and shells are generally in greenish yellow; the draperies of the figures in céladon, the flowers are white. Finally, to introduce the color note into this general design, which without it is a little too uniformly gray, all the edges of the vasques, vases, and certain parts of the small basins have been enamelled in turquoise blue. Water is supplied especially by jets of considerable diameter, springing vertically from each of the vases and falling in the basins and vasques; other secondary jets of water spring from three dolphins placed above the figures on the central shaft





IV

and fall into shells which are at their feet. The fish which are seen between the colonnettes and support the great upper basin, throw jets of water from their mouths, and, finally, other vertical jets escape from the six smaller basins. ALEXANDRE SANDIER.

The fountain of the Cour-la-Reine is shown in Fig. III as it stood in the grounds of the Sèvres Manufactory, before the colored enamels were added. Fig. IV shows the central shaft.

Among the artists employed upon the frieze are Messrs. Baralis, Fagel, and Sicard, who did the modelling of the parts. Drouet is named as director of the coloration by means of enamel; and, for the elaborate mechanical execution of this enormous work, the names are given of Messrs. Miel, Lamy, Henry, and Lebarque; and for the keramic workmanship, Messrs. Archelais and Vogt. For the fountain, Messrs. Devicq and Brécy are named, as the modellers of the delicate ornaments; Mr. Sandier himself being the designer.

The custom now observed in the catalogues and reports of national and other manufactures in France—the custom of giving the names of those assistants and subordinate workmen who have done work more or less artistic, is worthy of all praise. There is no knowing at what moment some one of the men we have named may become known as a master to the outside world as well as to France, if, as appears possible, the much-needed development of architectural art should begin with the twentieth century.

It is right to name also those artists who worked upon the pieces of painted sculpture and architecture given in the March number. The architect of the bay of that pavilion which was never finished, a composition larger than may have been supposed, some forty feet high, was Mr. Risler. The designers of the ornaments for this were Messrs. Corbel, Sandoz, Marchal, Ferry, and Poirot. In the chimney-piece, besides Mr. Al-lar, Mr. Devêche appears as sculptor of the elaborate ornaments. R. S.





*Drawn by John La Farge.*

THE USUAL BOY.

—"Passages from a Diary in the Pacific."

# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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Finnish Types.

## RUSSIA OF TO-DAY

BY HENRY NORMAN, M.P.

### VI

#### FINLAND



A Finnish Mourning Stamp.

FINLAND is a little country, and there is not much to tell about it. But it is the focus of some brave ideas, and its short story has no soiled page. A desolate and water-logged land, in a hard northern climate, three-quarters of its surface destitute of population, possessing no natural wealth except its forests and no natural advantages except its waterfalls, where the ripening crops race against the descending frost for their harvest-goal and are often outstripped, and where the peasant for half the year lives like an Arctic explorer—how should it have any story? Yet the very hardness of the struggle has made the Finn one of the sturdiest specimens of humanity—only the sturdy could survive; industry was the condition of his

existence; his loneliness has bred self-reliance and his long solitudes have awakened faith. He has developed in this dark wintry corner of Europe, a civilization curiously his own—quaintly original on the one side and Transatlantically progressive on the other. He has a natural bent for science, especially in its practical application; art has been born to him—not much in quantity, but vigorous and independent in quality; while literature has by nature deep roots in the hearts of men whose chilly, infertile homeland is the richest of all the world in folk-song and lyric proverb, in legend and magic spell, in epic saga and chanted rune.

Yes, it is a little country, but it is big in character, big in the material and moral progress it has made under severe conditions, and it raises a big political question. No review of Russia to-day could be complete that did not take Finland into account, though even in its short story there is much that cannot, with discretion, be discussed just now.

The first aspect under which the visitor to Russia hears of Finland is that of the playground of St. Petersburg. The frontier is but a couple of hours' distance by rail, yet this little journey takes you into a more attractive rurality than can be found in other directions. A Russian *grand seigneur*, with a vast estate and troops of servants, can have all the pleasures of country life and few of its inconveniences,

tariff, both necessities and luxuries are far cheaper than in Russia. So everyone who can afford it—and almost every foreign resident of the Capital—buys or rents a little country house in Finland, where his family lives during the summer—almost intolerable in the flat, canal-intersected city of Peter—and whither he betakes himself either daily or at each week-end.

The northeastern part of St. Petersburg



Arhippaine Miihkali, the Finnish Blind Bard.

even though his estate be mortgaged to the hilt and ready cash be a rare commodity. But for the ordinary man, and particularly for the foreign resident, it is difficult to find a small country house in pleasant and healthful surroundings. Russia is very flat and uninteresting, from a topographical point of view, and Russian villages do not offer by any means that wholesome life and idyllic environment in which the townsman finds temporary amusement and repose. On the contrary, they are too often dirty and drunken, and they are nearly always poor. In Finland, on the other hand, pine-clad hill and dashing stream form the commonest natural features; the peasants are fairly well-to-do, they are healthy, intelligent, and strikingly honest; sobriety rules, because the sale of intoxicants is absolutely prohibited; there is capital fishing to be had; while, perhaps most influential reason of all, owing to the lowness of the Finnish

is called the Viborg quarter, and the Finland station is just on the other side of the Neva. The frontier is at Terijoki, thirty-three miles away, but there are no frontier formalities, as a perfunctory glance is given at your baggage in the station before the train starts. There is no fear of much smuggling from a high-tariff country to a low-tariff one. Smuggling between the two countries, as I shall point out later, plays an important political part, but it is all the other way. Almost the only thing you may not take freely in your baggage into Finland is spirituous liquor. Even from the train you soon remark a difference between the two countries. Russia is a land of plains, broken by occasional great rivers. Finland is a land of "rocks and rills," covered with masses of granite, an astonishing proportion of its surface water, and the train runs for hours past two unbroken lines of pine-woods. And man's handiwork shows as much differ-



Finnish Agriculture—Burning the Woods for a Seed-Bed.





A Finnish Wedding: Veiling the Dowered Bride.

ence as nature's. The wooden houses of the peasants, as well as of the better classes, are neat and pretty, mostly painted red; they are always in good repair, the fences in order, the gate sound and closed. The whole country, in fact, looks well cared for—the home of hard-working people, prospering thriftily. And one curious and characteristic detail strikes the traveller before he alights. In Russia official notices of every kind appear in Russian only. The Russian officially ignores the existence of foreign languages even where foreigners mostly congregate. If you do not know Russian there is but one thing to do—learn it. Finland, on the other hand, is cosmopolitan, for, to begin with, it is bilingual. Finnish, that strange, soft cousin of the Oriental Magyar tongue, is the language of the people; Swedish is spoken in all the towns and by everybody above the status of peasant. And the notices to passengers in the railway carriages are in six languages: Finnish, Swedish, Russian, English, French, and German.

Neatness, and modest self-respecting prosperity, are even more noticeable in the towns than in the country districts. Viborg, the first important place you reach in the journey from Russia to the capital, is hardly a real Finnish town, for it is the

commercial link between Finland and Russia, and a large proportion of its merchants are Russians and Germans, and Russian is spoken currently in commercial circles. The main line of railway runs through it; the branch to the north is only a few kilometres away; its splendid harbor is—except in winter—the chief maritime inlet and outlet of the country; and the great Saima Canal leads from the head of its bay deep into the multitudinous waterways of the interior. Needless to say, there is a strong Russian garrison here, and over the strange old slab-sided Gothic castle, built by the Swedish Governor Knutson in 1293, flies the little Russian “war-flag.” The approach, too, is guarded by several modern forts upon islands in the bay, for Russia is open to attack from this side and takes her precautions accordingly. Viborg, thus, apart from its Castle and round-house, is commercial, modern, Russo-German-Finland; it is not genuine Finland, either of our time, like Helsingfors, or of all time, like the villages and up-country towns.

Eight hours in the train, through almost unbroken pine-woods, with hardly a town of any importance the whole way, bring you to Helsingfors, and here you are really in Finland of to-day. The Finn has an enthusiastic admiration for the

capital of his country, which could be pathetic if it had not so good a basis of justification. Indeed, I doubt if any of the capitals of the world which count their age by centuries and their inhabitants by millions, evoke such a patriotic appreciation as this little place of 85,000 people which only began to exist in its present form within the lifetime of some now living. In certain respects I have never seen any city like it. It appears to have no slums, no rookeries, no tumble-down dwellings of the poor, no criminal quarter, no dirt. I did not specially search for these things, but I wandered about a good deal during a week's stay, and I did not see them. And I could not find them from the top of Observatory Hill with a field-glass. Down the centre of the city runs the wide Esplanade, all gardens and trees, with fine houses upon one side, and a truly metropolitan range of shops and hotels upon the other. In the middle, stands the bronze statue of the poet Runeberg, by his son, and graven on its pedestal is the national song he wrote. Every May the students of the University gather about his feet and sing his words—or at least they used to do so; perhaps this is forbidden now. The spirit and metrical vigor of Runeberg's poetry were admirably shown, by the way, in a spirited translation of "The March of the Biorne-

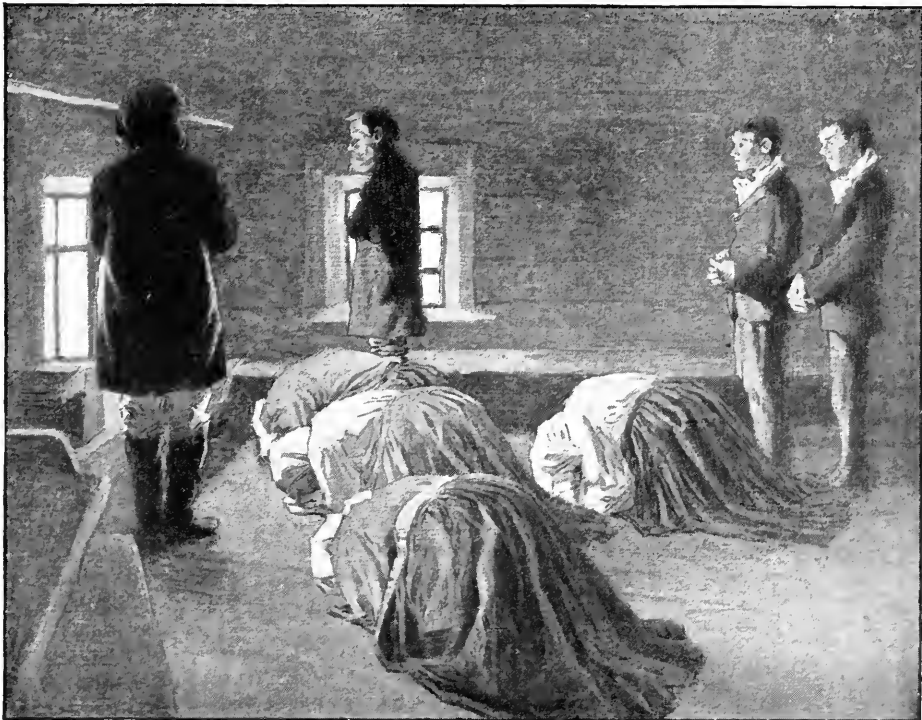
borgers," in the exact metre of the original, line for line, recently sent to the *London Times* by a correspondent, of which this is the first stanza:

Sons of a race whose blood was shed,  
On Narva's field; on Poland's sand; at Leipzig;  
Lutzen's dark hills under;  
Not yet is Finland's manhood dead;  
With foeman's blood a field may still be tinted red.

All Rest, all Peace, Away! Begone!  
The tempest loosens; lightnings flash; and o'er  
the field the cannon thunder:  
Rank upon rank, march on! march on!  
The spirit of each father brave looks on as brave  
a son.

No nobler aim  
Could light us to the field;  
Our swords are flame;  
Nor new our blood to yield;  
Forward each man, brave and bold!  
Lo! the glorious path of Freedom, centuries old!  
Gleam high! thou banner Victory-sealed!  
In the gray bygone days, long since, all battle-  
worn,  
Be still our splendid colors, though tattered, on-  
ward borne!  
Of Finland's ancient Standard there's yet a shred  
untorn.

Above the Esplanade is the hill whereon stands the observatory and the fine well-known group of "The Shipwrecked" by the sculptor Stigell. From this height the splendid bay and harbor spread out before you. On the town side these end in rows of neat warehouses and railway lines.



A Finnish Wedding: The Bride's Prayer on Leaving Home.



The City and Harbor

A little way out is the picturesque Yacht Club, on an islet, and farther is the group of island fortresses around Sveaborg—the “Gibraltar of the Baltic,” with its 6,000 Russian troops and 900 guns. This was the scene of the treacherous surrender of the Swedish Admiral Cronstedt to the Russians in 1808, and of the unsuccessful attacks of the Allies during the Crimean War.

Helsingfors has many imposing buildings for so small a city, the best placed being the Lutheran church of St. Nicholas in the Senate Square, raised upon its little granite hill and reached by fifty wide steps. It may be seen behind the monument of Alexander II. in my illustration [page 650]. This monument—also by the younger Runeberg, and erected by the Finnish people in 1894—is a proof of how easy it has been for Russia to enjoy the devotion of the Finns, for on the anniversary of the

Emperor's assassination or fête-day it is surrounded by wreaths and memorial emblems of their grateful affection. The University, another fine building accommodating 2,000 students, is named after Alexander I., and his bust occupies the place of honor in the Aula. But to the visitor, especially just now, the most interesting buildings are the Senate House, with its magnificent salle, where the Emperor, if he came, would open the Diet; *Riddarhuset*, the great panelled hall, its walls covered with the escutcheons of all the knightly members of the Diet, where the knights hold their session; and *Ständerhuset*, the Estates' House, with its three halls where the representatives of the clergy, the bourgeoisie, and peasants sit during the rare meetings of the Diet. There is nothing remarkable in the architecture of these: they are simple, modern, and dignified, but to the stranger from a land



of Helsingfors.

of representative institutions they are fraught with the interest and pathos of some noble and historic landmark sinking slowly into the sea.

This first impression of "Helsinki," however, is one's last: surprise and admiration at the enterprise and vigor by which so poor and small a people have made of their capital so civilized and so progressive a modern city. Forty years ago Helsingfors had only 20,000 inhabitants, to-day it has more than four times that number, and as I have already remarked, I know of no capital city in the world which surpasses it in order, cleanliness, convenience and all the externals of modern civilization. The streets are perfectly kept, little electric-cars, models of their kind, furnish rapid and comfortable transport to all parts; education in all branches of knowledge, for both sexes, offers every theoretical and material oppor-

tunity; the Post-office, to take one example of government, is the best arranged—not the biggest, of course—I have ever seen, our post-offices in the great provincial towns of England, where the whole of Helsingfors would be but a parish, being but barns in comparison; and on the table in my sitting-room at the Hôtel Kämp was a telephone by which I could converse with all parts of Finland! All these things are the signs of good citizenship, the more to be admired as it has grown upon no rich soil of unlimited natural resources and vast easily acquired wealth, but has been cultivated, like the Spartan virtues of original New England, in the crevices of the rocks.

I have spoken of education in Finland, and this is as good a point as any at which to give the striking particulars of it. It is a land of schools. Except upon the east-



A Country House in Finland.

ern frontier, where the people are still backward, everybody can read and write. The total population in 1890 was 2,380,000, and so far as I can calculate, no fewer than 540,412 souls attend school. That is, out of every hundred of the entire population, something like twenty-three are actually at school. This seems an extraordinary record, taking all things into consideration. There are 2,608 university students, including women; 4,723 are at the lycées; private schools educate 7,785; primary schools contain 413,867; "urban popular schools" give instruction to 25,931; and "rural popular schools" to 72,991; normal schools are preparing 1,881 teachers, the sexes being of about equal number; and private schools receiving a subvention from the state have 7,785 children. With such a foundation, one is no longer surprised to read the long list of learned societies which

flourish here—literary, philological, juridical, medical, and scientific. One of these, the Society of Finnish Literature, is laying the world under obligations by the wealth of folk-song it has discovered and preserved. So long ago as 1889 it had a collection of 22,000 epic, lyric, and magic songs, 13,000 legends, 40,000 proverbs, 10,000 enigmas, 2,000 runes, and 20,000 incantation formulas.

I find in my notebooks a number of other figures about Finland, some of them eloquent concerning the national character and achievement. We hardly realize what a little people it is until we see the



Finland's Love for Alexander II.

The anniversary of his assassination.



fact in numerals. Twice the whole population would still be half a million short of filling London. Including the capital, there are only three towns larger than Viborg, which has only 24,569 inhabitants. In the whole country there are only thirty-seven "towns." There are but 461 Roman Catholics in Finland, and only 45,000

to nearly two-thirds of the entire public debt.

The people who can show facts like these in the hard conditions of their homeland must indeed be welcome citizens in a land where nature is lavish and men are still lacking, and it is astounding that any *régime* which is lucky enough to have them



A Road in Finland.

members of the Russian Orthodox Church, and these almost all on the eastern frontier adjoining Russia. Of 2,380,140 inhabitants at the census of 1890, no fewer than 2,334,547 were Lutherans.

The public debt is 112,000,000 francs, and every penny of this has been incurred for construction of railroads, of which there are 1,094 miles belonging to the State, and 112 miles of private companies. There are 174 savings banks—six to a town, and it must be remembered that many of these "towns" are what we should call villages—these banks have 124,245 depositors, who possess among them close upon 70,000,000 francs of savings—that is, the savings banks alone have on deposit popular savings equal

should take steps which drive them away. Some years ago there were 80,000 Finns in the United States, and to-day their number must be increasing fast.

The most striking and significant figures of all, however, are those of land and people. The area of Finland is 373,000 square kilometres, of which no fewer than 41,000 are inland water. No fewer than 250 rivers flow into the Baltic. And only twenty eight per cent. of the superficial area of the country possesses a population of more than ten souls to the square kilometre. That is, seventy-two per cent.—say three-quarters, of Finland—is virtually inhabited, while the remaining quarter has





Salmon Traps.

a density of only 23.5 inhabitants. At the same date as these statistics the neighboring countries of Denmark had 60 inhabitants to the square kilometre, Russian Poland, 63, and the Government of Moscow, 67, while France had 72, Germany, 80, Holland, 140, and Belgium, 205. The extraordinary poverty and sterility of the land could not be more eloquently told. Yet this poor land and scattered folk,—with everything but wood and waterfalls denied to them by nature and handicapped by one of the worst climates of lands where people live at all.—*exported* in 1898 no less than 180,000,000 francs' worth of natural and manufactured produce—nearly fifteen dollars worth per head of the total population! There need be few bounds to one's admiration and respect for the Finnish race.

The aspect of Finland is shown by the foregoing figures as plainly as by any illustrations of Finnish landscapes. It is a land of pine forest, of well, of river and lake. Nature has but these three colors on her palette there, and the only difference between one landscape and another depends upon which of the three predominates at any particular place. The typical landscape—the composite Finnish portrait, so to speak—is seen when all these elements are present in equal prominence, and the human factor is super-

added in the shape of a little patch of cultivated land around a cluster of wooden buildings. This combination is precisely shown in one of my illustrations, [page 656] scattered spruce and fir trees where you stand, clinging, as these trees alone can, to the thin earth between the outcrop of granite hillside; below, in the shelter, the cleared land, marked off by snake-fences which recall a landscape in Virginia; a stream or two, emptying into a lake which is connected with another and thus again with another until a great chain is formed; beyond and around, hills clad thick with spruce and fir. That is Finland, where man inhabits it at all. Sometimes the forest predominates, as in the north and west, again, the whole country appears to be lake and bog, and the only *terra firma* is the long narrow road between two sheets of water; elsewhere your eyes and ears perceive nothing but dashing, roaring stream.

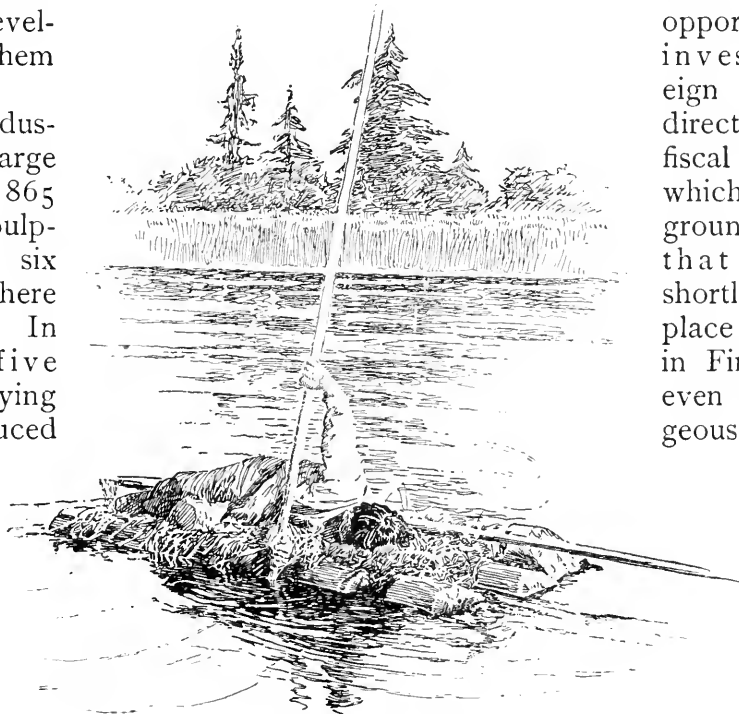
I have spoken of the "waterfalls" as one of the two natural resources of Finland, but this is not strictly accurate. There is not a real waterfall in Finland—only rapids. Imatra itself, the show place of the Grand Duchy, the Mecca of the tourist, and the envy of the engineer, is a thousand yards of rocky, roaring rapids. The magnificent physical atlas of the country, recently published, shows some 700 rapids, a large proportion of which are suitable for hydraulic develop-

ment for industrial purposes, or the production of electrical energy. A large number of rapids have been thus developed, and it is certain that such enterprise will extend greatly during the next few years. For not only is this the cheapest possible power, but it is peculiarly suited for the one industry, for which Finland possesses natural supplies, which will soon—by the exhaustion of similar supplies elsewhere—be unrivalled. I mean the manufacture of wood-pulp, and cellulose (chemical wood-pulp) for making paper, cardboard, etc. Finland's forests are as yet hardly touched, and she has a vast area of them. An official estimate assigns forty-six per cent. of the entire area to forests—a superficies of thirty-seven and a half million acres, or 58,500 square miles. In 1899 it was calculated that these forests contained 22,396,289 large trees, and 30,712,501 smaller trees, but still good enough for sawing. Much of this is unavailable for commercial purposes until the price of wood and pulp rises considerably, for at present prices, it is too far to the North, or too remote from river transport to pay for cutting and bringing down. But these prices are steadily rising, and must continue to rise, while to-day Finland has forests for sale, intersected by streams for floating down the logs, and powerful rapids from which tens of thousands of horse-power can easily be developed to grind them into pulp.

Already this industry has taken on large proportions. In 1865 there were two pulp-mills; in 1872, six more; to-day there are over thirty. In 1898, twenty-five pulp mills, employing 1,959 men, produced

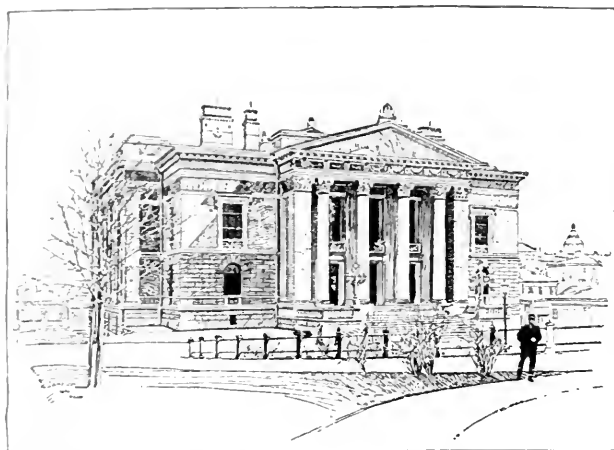
50,894 tons, of the value of a quarter of a million sterling—nearly a million and a quarter of dollars. Besides this, eight cellulose mills produced 13,296 tons, value £120,242, and fourteen paper mills, employing 2,828 men, produced 32,022 tons, value £552,750. In fact, to so preponderating an extent is this the chief Finnish industry that of the 180 millions of francs which, as I have said, was the total value of Finnish exports in that year, no less than 110,000,000 francs were represented by wood, pulp, and paper. In view of the ever-increasing circulation of newspapers, which depend wholly upon pulp for their supply of paper, and the facts that America is almost denuded of her pulp-wood forests, that Canada is using of her supplies at a great rate, that Russian wood is poor in quality and remote in situation, and that no other country has any forests of this nature at all, the question, where is pulp to come from ten years hence? is becoming a pressing one to all who have to supply the insatiable maw of the newspaper press. To-day in Finland, if you know where to go and how to set to work, you can buy at a fair price a powerful waterfall, and the freehold of enough forest land around it to cut and grow and cut again enough timber to keep the waterfall at work grinding night and day for ever. Finland, therefore, in my opinion,

offers an unrivalled opportunity for the investment of foreign capital in this direction. Certain fiscal changes, too, which there is good ground to believe that Russia will shortly impose, will place this industry in Finland upon an even more advantageous footing.



A Finnish Pearl Fisher.

Four races have struggled unconsciously for predominance in Finland, and the native population of to-day keeps something of the impress of each of them: the dark, slender, poetic, dreamy, singing Karelian, who first came to colonize it over the eastern border; the fair, broad-



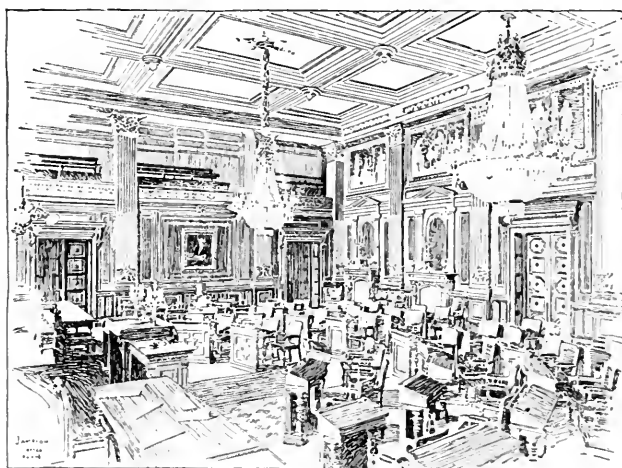
The Diet House (Helsingfors) and the Burgers' Chamber.

shouldered, hard-working, Tory Tavast; his cousin the real Finn; the impulsive, blue-eyed Swede from westward; and the child-like roaming Lapp from the north. But, as I said at the start, the real ancestor of the Finn is his climate. He is hardy in body and hard in temperament; given to silence; laborious and conscientious; with many virtues and few graces. The fact that he makes a splendid sailor, tells much of his character, as it causes him to be found before the mast the world over;—there is a special mission to Finnish sailors in San Francisco. He steers the tar-boats down his own perilous rapids, with the daring and coolness of the Indian in his canoe; he lives as frugally—and for the same reason—as the Highlander of Scotland; you cannot help but trust him, but it is often more than you can do to get him to talk. His agriculture is often yet of the most primitive character: his favorite method of cultivation, is to cut down the trees in winter, leave them to dry for a season, and then burn them, with the underwoods, to clear the land and fertilize it at the same time.

Within his hard shell, however, there is a tender kernel of romance and playfulness and song. His immortal epic of the past, the Kalevala, still echoes in his heart,

and his old men clasp hands and sing its runes, or others which come unbidden to their lips, in thrilling strophe and antistrophe. On Whitsun-eve, his young men light bonfires and make merry round them, and Christmas brings out his candles and fir-trees and fat fare. But he comes out of his shell most of all in midsummer for a *Streitgesang*, or Eisteddfod, when from far and near come singing clubs and choirs, to contest before a jury of their elders, in the court of a green glade, before an audience of the whole countryside. Then he plays quaint childlike games.

To one wise law he doubtless largely owes his freedom from a vice which cold and poverty and loneliness and opportunity have developed to a terrible degree among his great neighbors to the east; the sale of alcohol, in any



shape or form, is absolutely prohibited in Finland outside the towns. A Finnish countryman can only obtain intoxicating liquor by going to a town and bringing it back with him, and towns are few and distant, and he is not a mobile unit. And when he wishes to celebrate some domestic festival, and like King Olaf's guests, to "feast late and long," he has to get a special police permit for enough spirits to entertain his neighbors and drink "*Skaal* to the Northland, *skaal*" like his forebears, the vikings and the "hoary skalds." Except for this law the savings bank of Suomi would tell a different and a sorrier tale.

I have now touched briefly upon the principal aspects of Finland of to-day as



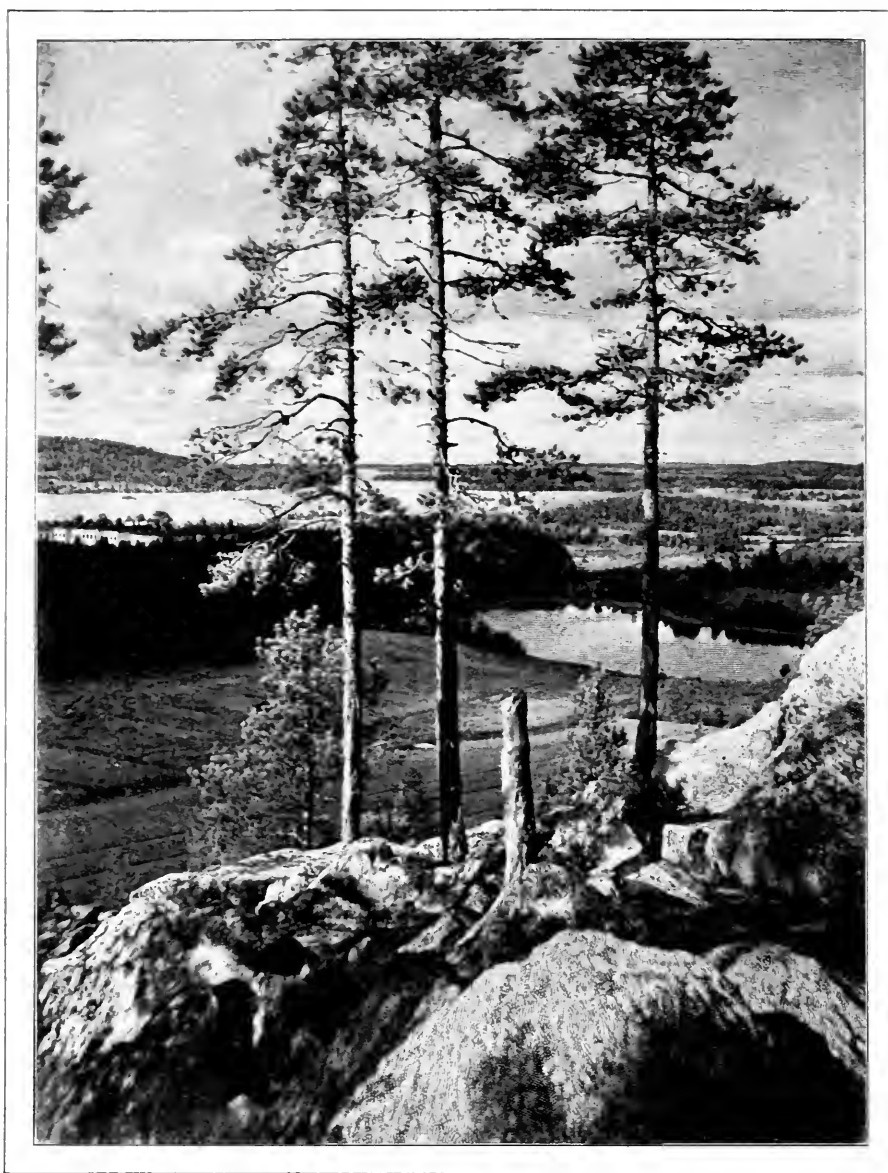
The Rune-Singers.

it strikes a visitor. There remains to speak of the one matter of vital importance—the question which keeps the little northern land in the world's eye. I refer to the relations between the Grand Duchy and the Russian Empire.

At present, as everybody knows, these are almost the worst possible. Twice within the last few months I have seen a capital where every woman was in black. One was London, where the people were mourning their dead queen; the other was Helsingfors, where people mourned their lost liberty. Every woman in Helsingfors bore the black symbols of personal woe. But personal protest went much farther than this. When General Bobrikoff, the Russian governor-general, who was sent to carry out the new *régime*, took his walks abroad, every Finn who saw him coming, crossed to the other side of the street. When he patronized a concert for some charitable purpose, the Finns bought all the tickets, but not a single one of them attended. The hotels refused apartments to one of the Finnish senators who supported the Russian proposals. By the indiscretion of a porter he secured rooms at one of the principal hotels and refused to leave. Therefore the hotel was boycotted and it is temporarily ruined. The Russian

authorities, intending to make the Russian language compulsory in all government departments, invited several young Finnish functionaries to St. Petersburg to learn Russian under very advantageous conditions and with every prospect of official promotion. When the language ordinance was published and these Finns saw why they were desired to learn Russian, they immediately resigned. The Russians took charge of the postal system of Finland and abolished the Finnish stamps. Thereupon the Finns issued a "mourning stamp," all black except the red arms of Finland and the name of the country in Finnish and Swedish, and stuck it beside the Russian stamps on their letters. The Russians retorted by strictly forbidding its sale and destroying all letters which bore it. Now it is one of the curiosities of philately. So the wretched struggle goes on, and the young Finn turns his eyes and often his steps toward the United States and Canada.

Nothing could be easier than to write a few pages of dithyrambic denunciation, declaring one side to be wholly right and the other wholly wrong, and I well know that I shall be reproached in no measured



The Finnish Landscape—Mountain, Lake, Forest, Field.

terms for not doing so. Moreover, sweeping generality is much more convincing than discrimination. Yet I find myself unable to take this course. The rights and wrongs of the dispute are not, so far as I can judge, thus strictly apportioned. Like most rights and wrongs, when disputes rage, they are shared. I am quite certain, too, that only harm is done by long and bitter discussion of the relations of Russia and Finland at this moment. There is a distinct and a remarkable pause—a sort of armistice, in fact, though that word will also give offence, I fear, to the stronger party—and it is a grave tactical error to ignore this and keep up a skirmishing fire. So I shall write briefly, but frankly on this painful topic.

There is no doubt, whatever, that under

the Finnish Constitution, the contention of the Finns is right and that of the Russians wrong. In the Fundamental Laws, the Order on the Diet, paragraph 71, says: "A fundamental law can be instituted, modified, explained, or abolished, only on the representation of the Emperor and Grand Duke, and with the consent of all the Orders." That is clear, and it is final, so far as any law or treaty can be. Therefore, when Russia insists upon modifying, abolishing, or introducing fundamental conditions of Finnish national life *without* the consent of the Finnish Diet, she is acting illegally and unconstitutionally. But, as a matter of actual fact, there is in human affairs of this kind no such thing as finality. Or rather, the only final thing is *force majeure*—imperative national self-



interest. Before that all promises are air, and all treaties are black marks on white paper. I put this brutally (foreseeing the consequences), but there is no use in mincing words. Every student of history, politics, or diplomacy knows it to be the simple truth, and every country, not Russia alone, affords examples in proof. Germany broke her promises to Denmark. France broke her promises about Madagascar. To come nearer home, England has repeatedly pledged herself to evacuate Egypt, and the United States is solemnly pledged to grant independence to Cuba. Neither of these pledges seems likely to be kept. Therefore, if it is, in the judgment of Russia, an imperative condition of her national prosperity or security that her relations with Finland should be fundamentally altered, she will only be following the ordinary line of historical and modern precedents by breaking her promises and tearing up her pledges. I do not defend the principle: I state the fact. "Pity 'tis, 'tis true."

And who is to be the judge of Russian national prosperity and security? Obviously, Russia herself—not the well-meaning foreigners who from the safe comfort of their libraries hurl their books of reference at her head. It is not they who will stop the smuggling across her frontier from Finland, to the injury of her heavily taxed manufacturers and merchants, nor they who, in her hour of need, will increase her army or defend her western frontier. Russia, like Italy, *farà da se*, and like every other sovereign Power that has ever grown up and endured, will and must take all the steps that seem to be necessary to that end.

Having said so much, I bow before the storm; but one or two considerations should be borne in mind by those who will passionately differ with me. I shall not be accused of having failed to give due credit to the Finnish national character for the wonderful progress she has achieved, but let it be remembered that Finland has thriven under the protection of the Russian sword. She has borne virtually no burden of national defence. If she had been independent, and obliged to be ready to mobilize an army or a fleet at any time for her own protection, her budget would have presented a different aspect. Moreover, the high tariff country has protected the

low tariff country. The Finn has thriven under a very low scale of customs duties, while his Russian neighbor and competitor has had to meet the demands of a high one. Living is cheap in Finland: that is one of the reasons why so many Russians spend half the summer and half their incomes there. Cigars cost a quarter of what they cost in Russia: every daily summer resident takes back a pocketful every morning. All Finnish produce enters the great Russian market under a differential duty—that is, practically, with a bounty. Russian manufacturers cannot compete in Finland with the produce of England or Germany. Finally, as things are now, Russia really believes herself vulnerable to a foreign foe coming *via* Finland. In her view, national security means military and other unification. I have no competence to say whether this view is right or wrong. I only say that Russia holds it, and that settles the question.

There has been bad procedure on both sides, and, as in the case of the hen and the egg, it is hard to say which came first. Russian administrators in Finland have committed blunder after blunder of tact, have given offence where none need have been given, have needlessly outraged the national sentiments of a proud and stubborn people. The Finns have shown themselves so intransigent, so careless of Russian feelings and needs, so hostile, in fact, as to put weapons in the hands of those who declare them to be really enemies of Russia. For the moment a truce, or at least a pause, has come. The project of Russifying the Finnish army—the measure most obnoxious of all to Finland—has not only not been enforced, though the date originally announced for its application is long past, but it has actually been defeated by a large majority in the Russian Council of State. This does not at all mean that it is necessarily abandoned, for the Tsar is far, far above the Council of State, and could upset or reverse its decision at any moment, but it means a great deal. And Nicholas II. is a man of liberal and humane mind, and above all things a lover of peace at home and abroad. I repeat, therefore, that no true friend to Finland will seek, under these circumstances, to embitter her relations with Russia. And let us not forget that Rus-



sians dislike and resent abuse and denunciation precisely as much as we do ourselves, and are just as apt as we are to stiffen their backs in consequence of it.

In conclusion, there is one more consideration which those who raise the loudest cries of illegality would do well not to lose sight of. Russia might, with perfect ease and safety and in all the odor of perfect legality, absorb the whole of Finland next month, and wipe it off the map as a separate entity. This would be the simple process. First, she announces that she withdraws from all protection over Finland and grants to the former Grand Duchy absolute and complete national independence. Then, as the presence of an

independent and possibly hostile state upon her exposed frontier would be obviously incompatible with her national security, she marches an army corps into Finland and annexes the country—lock, stock, and barrel. White to play—mate in two moves. There would be a huge outcry, but anybody who knows anything of contemporary Europe knows that not a finger would be raised to stop her. And I do not see an American fleet steaming up the Baltic. Thus Russia could get all she wants, and infinitely more than she is asking, without transgressing for an instant or by a hair's breadth, that sacred legality in which laws and lawyers so often perpetrate injustice everywhere.

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## PURPLE-FRINGED ORCHID

By Joseph Russell Taylor

ORCHID, my orchid, if I make a dell  
Of mossy words, wood-mirrors of dark speech,  
And with a purple "Love!" alone alight,  
A poem all of gloaming monody  
That leads through glimmering leafage of grave thought  
Unto one rosy blossom in the dusk;  
My orchid, if I shut you in my heart  
Nor rob the hemlock twilight of its star  
Whom none but lovers find, and who finds none  
But lovers, since the time and long before  
The Cherokee's foot upon the mossy marge  
Passed you contemptuous, as the mountaineer  
Now passing idly notes and nothing heeds;  
My orchid, if I give your scent a voice  
Strange as the Sphinx's riddle, how your flower  
Is human and inhuman, part of man  
And infinitely apart from man, who plucks  
But cannot take your beauty when he goes,  
Who brought your beauty with him when he came;  
O orchid, purple cloud of winged stars,  
O purple crown and sweetness of the dark,  
Spirit, inhabit this the dust of speech  
And rise up living at its sombre heart  
To end my monody with a rosy "Love"!

It is all made of grace and fantasy,  
All made of fragrance and of purple air,  
It is all made of death for life to be:  
Find it who can, and how he finds beware.

# ON THE ECHO O' THE MORN

By James B. Connolly

Lights out and southern courses,  
Let her head come 'round,  
Devil take the British forces—  
Here's the Echo, homeward bound.

She left Egg Isle at sunset,  
And to Le Have at dawn  
A-sailin' down the wind  
Came the Echo o' the Morn.

Some cutters and the cruiser  
Chased the Echo on her way—  
They said: "She can't get by us,  
We'll get her in the Bay."  
—(From the ballad of "The Echo o' the Morn.")



IN the harbor of Halifax, a hundred sail or so of the American seining fleet, Gloucestermen, mostly, had come flying in before a "smoky sou'-wester."

Supper over and clothes-bags overhauled, the men were disposed to go ashore and explore the slopes of the city, where, it was hoped, some relaxation might be found while the gale should be blowing by outside.

Fishermen in port have many methods of dispelling care; but this tale concerns only the fancies of a choice dozen or so, who, on this particular night, chose to gather in a retired back-room on a side street not far removed from the big government dry-dock. Here, in snug privacy, behind close-drawn curtains, were recounted tales of other days and other ports, while, in a hearty, sociable, unhurried way, the flowing bowl went round.

These were master fishermen, skippers all, barring one—"Sylvie's passenger"—so rated because he was aboard the North Wind, of which Sylvester Warren was master, solely for pleasure. The passenger's presence has but little to do with the story, and might not, indeed, have been mentioned at all, were it not that because of his extreme ignorance of certain fishing history, the story-tellers of the evening at times went into detail, which, for themselves, they would have ignored. Possibly, for one thing, the passenger should be deemed worthy of mention—were it not

for him, there would have been no record whatever of the meeting, as Gloucester fishermen make but small use of log-books.

It was really in deference to the passenger that Wesley Marrs, masking his instructions beneath explanations to his fellow-skippers, tried to set forth clearly, without going to too great a length, the peculiar ways of Billie Simms, whose temperament, it may be said here, was known to the mariners present as though it were that of a brother. "It's your watch, Wesley," somebody had said, and Wesley's speech, after he had rekindled his pipe, flowed from him quite as the good ale gurgles from the fresh-tapped keg, with little spurts and gushes at times, but smoothly enough, and with a head of speed that told of the great store behind. The gathering knew that now they had got him on deck, Wesley was good to hold the wheel till daylight.

"You're right about the Portugee, Sylvie, he could crack on with the best of 'em"—the last tale had been of desperate sail-carrying. "You're right," went on Wesley, "he'd hang on 'bout's long as anybody, after he'd got educated up to it. To my way of thinking, the Portugee and the Irishman and Billie Simms and a few others'll get their happiness in the next world by being made skippers of vessels that can't be drew under, nor turned over, with spars that can't be busted, and sails that can't be stirred from the hoops. But Billie Simms was something more than just a driver. Billie had original ideas. Any-

thing out the ord'nary run was what caught Billie. I mind one trip, he tried to see how much fish he could take home from Iceland. When he got ready to leave Rikievik, he had a load aboard, let me tell you. We didn't have to hoist the dories aboard at all, she was that deep—nary a tackle—just slid 'em over the rail. And he got very proud to get that halibut home—though we'd have bet he wouldn't, if there'd been anybody to bet with.

"Then, there was the time up Iceland way, too, when he thought he'd like to remember some Gloucester and Boston friends and he takes aboard one of those Iceland donkeys and three blue foxes. And he talked blue foxes to us till ten more of us got blue foxes—he had a way of describing things till you felt as'f there was nothing on earth so desirable as the things he was talking about. So we set sail from Rikievik this time with the donkey and thirteen of those blue Iceland foxes. The donkey was all right. We made a little stall for him on deck, just aft the main hatch, and all we had to do was to feed him reg'lar and run him 'round the house every morning for exercise, with a painter to him, so if he rolled overboard we could haul him back. It was when the foxes got loose down the hold and set up such an awful barkin' that we couldn't sleep night or day, that our troubles began. Man, there was the job—to get them foxes in the hold. Chasin' polar bears on the ice, like Prentice was telling about awhile ago, ain't a mark to crawlin' after blue foxes in close quarters. They used to get between the top of the fish and the deck—'bout a foot and a half space—and we had to go and grab 'em. Bare hands? Of course. And when we'd begin to crowd 'em in a corner, their eyes'd shine, and—give me the polar bears with axes—if the axes are sharp. But that ain't what I had in mind to tell—give me a match, somebody—I can never keep a pipe agoin' when I get started talking. That's it, boy. I'll tell you 'bout a real lively trip with Billie Simms, where we did take a chance once."

Puff—puff—puff, went Wesley, smoking up, and then he laid his course afresh.

"Some of you, maybe, have got this story straight before, but some of you never got it first hand, I guess, and, any-

way, your passenger, Sylvie, might like to hear it exactly as it happened.

"It was right on this very Nova Scotia coast that we were seining this summer I'm talking about. I'm talking about Billie and the Echo o' the Morn, now. Billie used to be a dog after mackerel those days. He'd get 'em, if there was any around to get. This was the height of the time when so many American vessels were being seized by the English cutters for fishing inside the three-mile limit. You know what hard feelings there used to be between the Canadians and our fellows about fishing inside the shore line. American fishermen were being fined right and left, the Gover'ment at Washington was doing little but make talk, and at home, in Gloucester, everybody was boiling over about it.

"The Clayton brothers owned the Echo. They're out of business now, but some of you had dealings with them. One was strong on religion—had Bibles fore and aft on every one of his vessels—and the other was a hot sport, and account of their difference of opinion, they used to split on the names of the vessels. That's how there came the Mutineer, then the Peace on Earth, then the Buccaneer, and the Three Shepherds. The Good Will to Men and the Avenger was launched the same week, and the Roisterer was chased off the stocks by the Echo o' the Morn.

"But if they split on the names, they had identical ideas 'bout skippers and crews. 'Read the Bible, men,' the old fellow would say, 'and abide by what you find therein.' We all found some pretty husky fighting men in that same Bible. The other brother's instructions to skippers was, mostly, 'Bring home the fish.'

"Billie Simms had been offered a big percentage to take the Echo, and he shipped as fine and able a crew as ever I sailed with. The Echo was a handsome vessel, just off the stocks then, and I mind the curiosity of the Gover'ment sailing cutters down this way to try tacks with her. We went along for quite awhile without getting more than our share of official calls from the cutters—they were slow in the stays, most of 'em. We used to keep track of the cutters, read the battles in the old man's Bibles reg'lar and keep a sharp watch for fish aloft.

"But the Echo's hull was beginning to get known along the coast, and they began to crowd us pretty close. And one day they ketched us at what they said was inside the three-mile limit, where, of course, we had no business to be—if it was inside. I'm in doubt to this day whether we were inside the line or not, and I wouldn't hold back the truth of it now, but anyway they said we was. They always gave themselves the benefit of any doubts, these lads, when they were dealing with American fishermen. There was two of 'em, and one a steam cutter. It was no disgrace, p'raps, it being a flat calm and they mounting six guns apiece, but they had the laugh on us, the two cutters, and they walked us into Barnsley between them, the sailing lad to wind'ard, where Billie said she'd never got by rights, and the steam fellow to le'ward. Into the harbor of Barnsley they walked us, with two hundred barrels of mackerel in our hold.

"They made the Echo fast to the dock, stripped the sails off her the first thing and put them in a sail-loft near by. Then, they asked Billie to step up to the custom-house, where they asked him a lot of questions, which he didn't answer gen'rally, and when he did, they didn't put them down, Billie being a bit hot.

"The crew was all turned loose, of course. It was the vessels they wanted, they used to say. They'd set a fine, they said, and they'd have no trouble getting it, for if the owners didn't settle, they'd sell the Echo at public auction and get it that way. There was a Gloucester vessel caught two weeks ahead of us and fined \$3,000.

"Things looked bad for the Echo. Billie telegraphed to the owners how it happened. I was there when he wrote the message. 'Don't do anything till you hear further from me. Maybe we can settle to better advantage at this end,' was the winding up of it. 'Everybody in the place here will know what the message said inside of an hour,' Billie said, coming out of the telegraph office. And they did. They was laughing at us to our face and asking what soft kind of a settlement we expected to make with the Provincial Government.

"Next day Billie just laid around and waited in the morning. In the afternoon

he took a couple of us and a small boat and we sailed out to where the two cutters were anchored, three or four cable lengths off-shore. Billie had a talk with the Captain of the steam cutter, which was just opposite the sailing lad, p'raps seventy or eighty fathom between them, and they were taking up the harbor pretty well there, where the harbor made a kind of a neck. 'I tell you, Captain,' says Billie, looking across the way, 'a vessel that tried to sail out of here unbeknownst would get the devil, wouldn't she—having to go between you two?'

"'That's what she would,' said the Captain. My, but he laughed just to think of it.

"'It would be a good harbor, this one,' says Billie again, taking a look around, 'if 'twas only a mite wider up here.'

"'Well, it's wide enough below,' says the Captain. 'Deep water clear up to the shore. A blind man could pilot a vessel in and out here. He'd only have to keep her off the rocks.' Then he takes Billie down below and tells him all about the steam gear. 'Ready to move at half a minute's notice,' he says, when he comes up on deck again. 'You can't expect to get ahead of one of these machines with a sailing vessel,' he says—'not when her machinery is in working order.'

"'I see,' says Billie, 'not when the steam gear's clear.'

"Then we gets into the small boat again and sails around to have a look at the harbor, which was just about as they said it was—deep water to the shore. The last thing Billie said when he stepped out of the small boat was: 'This time t'morrow morning the tide'll be just like it is now.' It was past three o'clock then, and the tide a fair ebb.

"That night about ten o'clock it was pretty quiet in Barnsley. We warn't very much surprised when Billie passed the word, in a quiet way, to slip the boarding-house we were staying at and meet him outside. Billie soon told us what the game was, and we started right away. Four of us dropped down to the sail-loft, caught the watchman, gagged him, and tied him up. He wouldn't tell us where the key was, and we broke in the door. We found the Echo's sails done up in packages, sealed up fine with red wax—

all official. We rolled the watchman up in some old sail, so he wouldn't catch cold through the night, and then we hustled our packages down to the dock. We met a lad on the way who wanted to know what we was at. We tied him up, and took him along.

"We found Billie had everything ready at the dock, with the vessel's two custom-house watchmen and the dock watchman all tied up nice, and laid near the dock shed. We set our man in alongside, and they laid there like a row of Egyptian mummies—not a sound out of them, they being all gagged.

"We set to work. First, we spoilt them fine red wax seals with an axe, then started to bend on the sails. And let me tell you we druv things. Six of the crew stayed up to the street end of the dock to take care of any curious people that might happen to start to stroll down to take a look at the Echo. There was three of that kind, dark as it was. The three of them was captured, two of them policemen. Fitting on the sails we couldn't find any main-tops'l in the bunch. We must have left it behind, but we couldn't stop to go back after it to the sail-loft. We were driving, you see, trying to get ready in time for the ebb tide, and out the harbor before daylight. We was all strung up, of course, thinking of what we had ahead of us. We were pretty near done with the sails, only the head sails left to fit on, when somebody said: 'Skipper, what about the steam cutter? Think we'll get by her?'

"Billie studied awhile. 'I've been thinking of her, and I guess we'd better tend to her now. Wesley, you, Hiram and Mike Feeney come with me. The rest of you'll have time to fit those jibs while we're gone.' We first gets out about twenty fathom of small chain, and a small anchor out of the hold, puts them into the dory—the dory and seine-boat was astern the Echo—and paddles over toward the steam cutter. Well, now you c'n believe we did some gentle rowin' toward that cutter—oars tied up in old rags, and the chain wrapped in blankets out of the bunks below, for the first three or four fathom.

"Billie himself goes overboard when we were under the stern of the cutter. We

paid the chain out to him, handing it out, link by link, as if we were handing out men's lives. Billie was a dog in the water. He drops under and toggles the cutter's screw with the chain—takes two or three turns around each blade. Man, but he did a careful job. When he gets back in the dory again—a water rat wouldn't ha' made so little noise—we paid out the chain—careful—oh, careful—and paddles away. When we got the chain's length out, we lowered the little anchor to the bottom, easy as could be, with a small line. Then we worked back to the Echo, where they had everything ready to leave.

"We warped her out of the dock—oh, first, Harvey goes up and covers up our row of prisoners under the shed, and left them. They were found there in the morning, I s'pose.

"So we warped her clear of the dock—the sails had been hoisted afore we stirred at all, and you may be sure we had the masts and hoops pretty well slushed. We bore down on the two cutters. By their lights we knew they were laying broadside to each other, up and down stream just as they laid that afternoon. We knew we couldn't get outside either one, so Billie pointed the Echo up to go between. The wind was all right—not enough for fine work—but enough for the trick, and Billie calcerlated the tide 'bout right—it was with us.

"We bore down. Of course, we was praying to get by without being seen. But it wasn't quite dark enough for that. Our sails must ha' showed, for we hadn't got between them at all, when there came a hail from the steam cutter—to port she was—'What vessel's that?' We stood on a little longer, and she hailed again, and the sailin' cutter—to starboard—she hailed to, and they both hailed as if they meant business—'What vessel's that?'

"Billie standin' by the wheel, sings out: 'We're the Echo o' the Morn, seiner, of Gloucester. Report me, will you, tomorrow? The Custom-house was closed when we left.'

"When he got that out we could hear the greatest racket on both cutters. They began to sing out—port and starboard both—"Put about or we'll fire," says one. 'Go back or we'll sink you,' hollers the other.

“‘Fire hell and sink hell,’ says Billie. ‘You’ll only sink yourselves firin’ across at each other.’ And that was right, though I swear I don’t think another man aboard would ha’ thought of that but Billie.

“That must ha’ set them thinkin’, for they shut up for a few seconds. Then we heard the orders to make sail aboard one and the bells from the bridge on the other. ‘The sailin’ lad won’t bother us,’ says Billie. ‘She’s a square-ended old tub, and till they get that collar and neck-tie off the propeller I don’t think the steam boy’ll do much either.’ There certainly must ha’ been some riotin’ in the hold of that steam cutter. We heard the orders to slip the cable and the bells her Captain rung from the pilot-house. There was an awful flurry astern of her, and then such howls from above and below, from the bridge and the steam department. ‘I calcerlate,’ says Billie, ‘our little toggle chain and anchor’s gone into action.’ We were sliding by all the time.

“They let go a couple from their bow, but we was bowlin’ along then, all of us lying’ flat on deck, all but Billie. He stood to the wheel, back to ’em, contemptuous like. ‘They’re firin’ wide,’ he says, and he drives her out the harbor.

“We were barely outside when a big steamer lit up like a barroom passed outside of us and swung in for Barnsley.

“‘What do you make of that?’ we asks Billie.

“‘A cruiser from Halifax, sure’s fate, come to take the Echo in charge. I guess we’d better take to more private courses before daylight comes along.’

“We put inside the islands along the coast soon’s it got so’s we could see at all. It was takin’ chances going inside and driving her like we were, but we had to. If we stayed outside the cruiser’d get us on her way back. We kept two men to the masthead all that day, pickin’ out channels and passages ahead. There was times when we didn’t know whether she’d go another mile or another length ahead, but, as Billie said, ‘We got to. Pile her up along here and there’s a fighting chance for the owners to get insurance money, while if we go outside, it’s all up, and the owners don’t get so much as a dollar out of the hull or a single barrel of them

mackerel in the hold. If they intended to fine us a couple of thousand dollars before, they’ll fine her all she’s worth after this, not to speak of the partic’lar jail we’d fetch up in.’ So we druv her along inside the coast islands.

“In the middle of the afternoon the look-outs to the masthead reported smoke to the east’ard and coming down the coast. We were well on toward Halifax, then—along Egg Island way, twenty odd miles east of here—and Billie says: ‘Might just as well lay her up here for a while.’ So he picked out a cut behind a high island and we slid in there. Some of us went and made a landing in the scine-boat and climbed up the bluff of the island. It was our cruiser of the night before sure enough, and she was everlastin’ly poundin’ along. We laid low among the broken rocks, and when she went by we could make out her tops full of lookouts. By and by comes two cutters steaming along. One of them was our Barnsley cutter—the chain and anchor lad. They went on by, and Billie said they must er had their safety-valves strapped down the way they were steaming.

“‘They’ll be a rondeevoo of Her Majesty’s naval forces down Massachusetts Bay this time to-morrer,’ says Billie, ‘and all in honor of the Echo o’ the Morn. But we’ll beat ’em yet, we’ll beat ’em yet. Can’t you see the Echo, boys, runnin’ the blockade? If ever we do get into Gloucester safe I can see us paradin’ down Main Street, same’s if we owned all Cape Ann. We’ll run for Le Have Bank to-night, boys, and we’ll beat ’em yet.’

“When dark came, we put to the s’uth’-ard, and all night long we drove her, everlastin’ly druv her till sun-up, when the log showed a hundred miles since sunset, and we were in among the haddockin’ fleet off Le Have. We hunted around for one of the firm’s vessels till we found the Buccaneer. Crump Taylor was skipper of her, then. You all know Crump, of course, so I don’t need to tell you the kind of a man he was. Crump hadn’t been thinking of going home just then, but he takes all in and comes along when Billie tells him the story. The Quickstep, John McLeod, Soudan you know, was all filled up and ready to leave. He said he’d like mighty well to wait and run



home along with the two of us, when Billie told him how things stood. 'Might be of use, you can't tell,' says Soudan.

"Well, we first fits the Buccaneer's main tops'l onto the Echo, then swaps the Echo's seine-boat for the Buccaneer's dories—piles the nest of 'em in our waist, making us look like any other haddock, and the three of us wings it out to the west'ard afore as sweet and fair a breeze as ever fanned a vessel off Le Have.

"That was long 'bout dusk. Night sailin' gen'rally is best in cases like that. The next afternoon we was in sight of the Bay. I might say, when we notices the smoke of a steamer to s'uth'ard coming our way. The Buccaneer right away—that was Crump—he begins to drag behind, and points off no'therly a little—as if she had a mind for a harbor on the Maine coast. And he hauls his seine-boat—the Echo's seine-boat—alongside, snug up, as if he wanted to hide it.

"Of course, they warn't letting any manœuvre of that kind get by them on the cruiser, and they makes off after Crump. The Buccaneer and the Echo, mind, was as like as two number one mackerel. The only difference that day was the Buccaneer carried no main tops'l.

"The cruiser comes along and lets go a blank at Crump. He keeps right on. Then in a little while comes another blank, which Crump didn't pay much attention to. Then comes a solid shot, close enough, it looked to us. Crump seemed a bit slow yet, and they sent another solid shot—plump through her fores'l, this one. I guess that was close enough for Crump, and he jams the Buccaneer into the wind and waits. Crump told us all about the rest of it afterward, for we, of course, was making long legs of it to west'ard.

"You'd laugh if you could hear Crump tell about how the cruiser's gig comes roundin' by his stern, where Crump'd hung a piece of old sail, as if he wanted to hide the name, by the way. They rows alongside. A petty officer—a petty officer, mind, as if that was good enough for a fisherman—he steps aboard by way of the seine-boat, which had her name—Echo o' the Morn—on her as plain's could be. This fellow smiles, reads the name and steps over the Buccaneer's rail, looks up aloft, and says, for a starter: 'There's

a tops'l up in a Barnsley sail-loft that would come mighty nigh to fitting that main topm'st of yours.'

"He says that and smiles at Crump. You can imagine Crump leanin' agin the main riggin' in that easy way of his, and looking up to the masthead, and sayin'— 'It do look kind of bare, don't it?'

"'Yes,' says the navy boy, 'and I s'pose you want to know what we want?'

"'I can't say's I do,' says Crump.

"'P'raps you would like to hear?'

"'Oh, I dunno's I'll have any melancholy night-watches if I don't hear,' says Crump, 'but if it'll ease *you* any, why, drive her.'

"Well, the cruiser lad goes on with a long mess of stuff about the American schooner, the Echo o' the Morn, seized by Her Majesty's cutters—the Calenso and the Seal—for violation of the International Fishing Laws Treaty, and stolen from the custody of the Dominion Gover'ment's officers on the night of August the twenty-seventh, at Barnsley, Nova Scotia. and, further, there was charges of several assaults and batteries, not only to official persons, but to private persons, and so on. It took him fifteen minutes to tell it all.

"'God Save the Queen,' says Crump, and spits over the rail—you know Crump's way—that's all official. I s'pose.'

"'Yes, sir—and be careful'—the Navy lad was pretty hot.

"'Yes.'

"'Well, you said it pretty nice, but what's it got to do with me?'

"'What's it got—do you deny that you are the American fishing schooner, the Echo o' the Morn?'

"'We're cert'nly a fisherman,' answers Crump, 'there's our gurry kids on deck under your nose, an' a hundred thousand of fresh fish in the hold, if you want more proof, an' we're cert'nly American—there's our flag to the peak for that—but it's most interestin' news to me that we're the Echo o' the Morn, though I'll admit we do look something like her, the two of them havin' been built off the same moulds and rigged to the same plans.

"The Englishman only grins and looks over the side and points to the name on the seine-boat.

"'Ho, ho,' laughs Crump, as if he'd just caught on, 'ho, ho.' The English-

man smiles and Crump goes on. 'You're the boys for 'cuteness, you navy lads. But, gen'rally, down our way, when we want to get at a vessel's name, we look at what it says astern of her or on the trail-board under her bow for'ard;' and, mind you, the canvas was hanging over the stern and the letters for'ard so chafed that you couldn't have read 'em twenty feet away.

"The Englishman smiles his everlastin' smile and sings out to his boat's crew to drop astern and look at the name. 'We have to be certain,' he says.

"The man in the boat lifts the canvas and peeks underneath.

"'What name?' sings out the petty officer, all ready to smile at Crump.

"'Buccaneer, of Gloucester.'

"'What?' he screeches. He runs aft, pulls the canvas clear, leans way over and looks for himself. Then he runs for'ard, bends over the knight-heads, and spells it out there. Back he comes, not quite so spry. 'I've heard of such things as painting over names. Don't carry this thing too far,' he bellows at Crump.

"'Yes,' says Crump, 'it do look like fresh paint, don't it?'

"'That will do,' roars the Englishman. 'Where are your papers?'

"Crump makes a great bluff to study some more. Fin'ly he says, turning to the crew: 'Boys, let you all bear witness to this thing, for a claim for damages'll come out of it sure's I'm skipper of this vessel and my name's Henry Taylor. This man—bear witness to all I say, boys—this man is acting outside of his rights now, but it must never be said that Gloucester fishermen don't abide by the law.' And he goes on for ten minutes or so in a patriotic way till the Englishman wouldn't stand for it any longer. After that Crump uses up about twenty minutes finding his papers below. Of course the papers were all right. When the Englishman, after looking them all over, hands them back, Crump says, as they were going up on deck again, 'Of course I might ha' shifted those papers, made 'em myself or something like that. If you like you can step down to the fo'c's'le and see whether all the tin pans and cook's dishes is properly marked, or——'

"'You could have swapped outfits just the same. You could have met this ves-

sel—' My, but he was hoppin' 'round, accordin' to Crump.

"'Yes,' says Crump, 'maybe, and swapped suits of sails, too. In the leach of that fores'l that's handy to you there you may be able to see where the word *Buccaneer* is stencilled on—not that I ain't saying it wouldn't be possible to swap sails, too—I've heard of such things as fitting on sails in a hurry. I've——'

"'That will do. Where'd you get that seine-boat?'

"'And of course,' goes on Crump, paying no attention, 'the *Echo o' the Morn*, being a mackerel catcher, would be likely to have gurry kids all over her deck, wouldn't she? and her hold full of fresh fish, too—lift the main hatch there, boys, and show the gentleman.'

"'Where did you get that seine-boat?' yelled the navy boy.

"'On *Le Have*,' yells back Crump. 'Blowed aboard on *Le Have* at the same time we lost our dories and our tops'l. An awful blow. In all my experience——'

"'A blow on *Le Have*? See here, there's been no blow off that way reported in *Halifax* lately.'

"'Maybe not—maybe—but there's lots of things happens on *Le Have* that ain't reported in *Halifax*.'

"The Englishman was fair boiling now, but at the same time he was beginning to come out of his dream. All of a sudden, Crump says, he puts his glasses onto the *Echo* and the *Quickstep*. Then all at once he wakes up, jumps into the gig, and sings out, 'Pull away, pull.'

"'Good-by,' calls out Crump after him in his sociable way, 'and next time you happen to be in *Barnsley* you might send me that tops'l you think would fit me so well. Mark it "*Henry C. Taylor, Master Schooner Buccaneer, Gloucester, Massachusetts, U.S.A.,*" and I'll be sure to get it. Good-by,' hollers Crump again, but he says he didn't get any answer.

"Well, the cruiser was pretty near hull down to us when they swung away again, thanks to Crump, and it was getting pretty late in the afternoon. We could see by the way smoke was coming out of her that they were driving her. But the wind holding, we knew she couldn't get us short of two hours, and that gave us time to do something, with the night coming on.

"The last thing we did on the Echo for the cruiser's partic'lar benefit was to rig up our side-lights on the blades of two long seiner's oars and lash 'em straight up in a dory. That raised them up about as high as side-lights ought to be. Then Billie tells me what to do. The dory was lowered over the side and I dropped into her. There was an everlastin' long painter—a forty-fathom line—coiled in her bow. Billie hails Soudan and tells him what to do. Soudan throws the Quickstep up and waits for us. The Echo hauls across the Quickstep's bow and Billie casts me off as the Echo shoots by. I hove the long painter to the Quickstep and they takes it and drops me astern. The Echo goes winging off, with nary a light up at all, and me in the dory, and the dory like any vessel with her lights up proper being towed along to beat the devil, in the wake of the Quickstep, and she hauling away for Minot's Light as if she was crazy to get to Boston.

"When the cruiser overhauled us—I could hear her screws long before she got to us—she ranges up to starboard and sings out for us to heave to. 'Both of you,' hollers the voice. I couldn't see her clear, except for her lights, but I could hear her plain enough, for she lets go a blank at the same time that makes me feel like curling up in the dory. 'Blessed Lord,' thinks I, 'if ever they send one of those solid six-inch fellows aboard of this dory, where'll I be?' I was praying that Soudan wouldn't try any of Crump's tricks and be too slow to come to.

"But Soudan throws her up pretty prompt and waits. Then I heard the cruiser's falls makin' ready to lower away a boat and it was my move. I outs with my splitting knife and cuts down the red light to get that out the way. That being to port, of course they couldn't see it, and I puts it out and heaves it overboard. Then I cuts away the starboard oar below, slashes the lashin's from the light—the green light, toward them—opens the slide, blows out the light and heaves that over—all this on the run, mind you. Then I jumps over the bow, cuts the painter free behind me and hits out for the Quickstep. Let me tell you I got a move on.

"I hadn't got fair started, hauling my-

self along by the painter, under water most of the time, when I hears :

"'Aboard the le'ward schooner, there ! Put up your side-lights again, or we'll fire.'

"Of course I didn't say anything to that, but keeps on.

"They hollers again, gets no answer, and then—boom ! Man, it nigh lifted me out of the water. And boom !—another one. 'Blessed Lord,' thinks I, 'if one of them goes astray and gets me in the small of the back—' But all the time I was putting in big strokes for the Quickstep, my hair fair curlin' up with thinking of one of those shells jibing to wind'ard and ketching me.

"Anyway, I got aboard. It was Soudan helped me over the stern of the Quickstep.

"'Are you all right?' he says.

"'All right,' says I, 'but I guess the dory's shook up some.'

"'Yes,' he says. 'They've spoiled her carryin' capacity by this time, I guess. There's number eight—they'll be giving her a broadside, soon.' Boom !—Boom !—Boom !—they went. 'Bout the time they must have calcerlated they'd blown the Echo out the water, they stopped. Then we could hear their boats rowin' our way. Then we made out one of them heading for us. There was a warrant officer in charge of the one comes to board us—the same lad that boarded the Buccaneer, we found out when we swapped stories with Crump, afterward.

"'I say,' sings out the lad, 'she didn't get away that time, did she?' And he steps over the rail.

"'No,' says Soudan, like a man that'd lost a young wife. 'I guess you fixed her that time.'

"Pretty soon the second boat comes alongside. This one had a sure-enough officer, a loutenant, in charge. He was sorter worked up. 'Captain,' he says to Soudan, 'I'm sorry for those men. Here's all we found, an oar and some pieces of a dory, apparently, and some lines with hooks in a half-barrel—trawls, you call them?'

"'A tub of trawls, I guess,' says Soudan. 'Fetch a torch, boys,' says Soudan. He looks and goes on : 'Yes, that's one of their tubs of trawls, sure enough.'

" 'We could find nothing else. Isn't it queer?' says the officer.

" 'The tides hereaway are queer,' says Soudan, without so much as a wink. 'We are now over a most peculiar place, on one edge of Middle Bank, in Massachusetts Bay, and there's queerer spots here than was ever in the Bay of Fundy or on the Grand Banks.'

" 'Really?' says the officer.

" 'Yes,' says Soudan, 'for queer tides and eddies this is the spot. There's been some mysterious disappearances traced to here. But, letting that go, this is a bad business, Lootenant, blowing up the Echo.'

" 'Yes, it cert'nly is bad—horrible. But they should not have put the lights out as they did. What were they thinking of—she directly under our guns!'

" 'Yes,' says Soudan, 'Billie oughter had more respect for a real man-o'-war. Maybe he thought you was only a cutter, in the dark?'

" 'Thought? Didn't he see us just before dark, when we boarded the other fellow?'

" 'Yes,' says Soudan, 'he did. He must have. I saw you and he must have. But it's liable to lead to big things, to international complications—in-ter-national compli-ca-tions—he rolls it out like an election orator—'it may ter-min-ate in bloody war,' says Soudan.

" 'War?' says the officer, studying, 'war?'

" 'Or eye-dem-ity,' says Soudan. 'You oughter seen Soudan swell out.'

" 'Possibly—very likely—yes, yes, most likely,' says the officer. Then he takes down Soudan's full name, name of vessel, vessel's owner's name, gets all the figures he can about the Echo—Soudan raising the builder's price a few thousand—gets Billie's name, and names of crew and all that. Then he puts off, goes back to the cruiser, the petty officer with him, and they steams off—her course about east by south, which would clear Cape Sable and put her on her way to Halifax, where I s'pose she got in next night with her bearings all hot and a great tale to tell.

" Next morning, when we came into Gloucester in the Quickstep, there was the Echo lying in the stream and her colors all set, the sassiest-looking little vessel in the

whole North Atlantic. The city was just getting warmed up to the thing when we arrived. The newspapers had been full of the seizure down East. England, they said, was trying to crowd us on the fishery laws and the United States was a little slow picking it up, and so the country was boiling over when they heard about the Echo's escape. It was speeches, mass meetings, and editorials of all kinds—all hot—and lots of people got a chance to blow off steam. When the Echo was reported escaped, most people never really thought she'd get by the cutters and the cruiser that was known to be after her. Then there was the three days and three nights they didn't know where she was. So all Gloucester came running down to the docks when the word was passed that she was home. 'The Echo's in—the Echo's in,' was ringing all over Gloucester as if 'twas a fire alarm. The Quickstep and Buccaneer, coming in four or five hours afterward, had cannons fired for 'em as they sailed up the harbor, but that was only the overflow—it was the Echo's crew that got it. People came from everywhere to look at the Echo and shake hands with Billie and us. It was Captain William Simms and the darin' crew of the Echo o' the Morn. They wrote songs about it—half a dozen or more—and City Hall was lit up and bonfires in the streets—in the middle of Main Street, man. And there was parades with red and blue and green lights and all kinds of queer fire-works. One showed the Echo running through a fleet of men-o'-war, every blessed one of 'em blazing broadsides at her and never hitting her. For a few days the people barely did a lick of work—just stood on the curb-stones and talked about the Echo. Whenever one of us showed up there'd be a rush and we'd have to tell how it happened all over again. We was given the freedom of the city, which meant, as Hiram Whitaker said, that you could go into any bar-room in Gloucester and order all the drinks you wanted and as many times as you wanted and not be allowed to pay for 'em. Hiram cert'nly got drunk that week. There was a purse made up and we got a hundred and fifty dollars apiece out of that, besides a good share from the two hundred barrels in her hold, which fetched patriotic prices, everybody

wanting to get hold of some of the Echo's mackerel. It beat reg'lar fishing all out. Billie got a big solid silver punch-bowl, and there was smaller bowls for the rest of us, and they gave me a monstrous big meersh'm pipe, gold mounted, with my name in gold letters on the case. That was for standing by the lights in the dory, they said. And—smoke it?—h-m-m—no more than I'm smoking this one now—I wonder how long it's been out. I'm bad as Billie Simms himself. He never could keep a pipe going when he got started talking. When he got goin', he'd forgot who made him—man, the imagination he had! But if somebody'll give me another match—and is there anything at all left in that bowl there, Sylvie?"

"Oh, there's a good round left yet, Wesley."

"Enough to sluice out the scuppers with, eh?"

"Just about. And the passenger here wants to know if you'll sing one of the Echo's songs—the one they sang at the big banquet. You got time. Just a second now, Wesley, boy. There!—there's one swashing over the rail for you. Here you go, Prentice—here's for you, John Harkins, and pass that to the passenger. All you others reach over and get your own, and stand by while Wesley sings. Hold up a second yet—draw the curtains there and let in a little light—the sun's most up. Might's well open up the windows, hadn't we, and let some of this smoke blow away?—it's as thick as any banker's fo'c's'le on the run home. Smells fine and sweet, that, don't it? It's the last of the sou'wester—there'll be mackerel schoolin' after this little blow, fellows. Maybe a full hold for some of us to-day, if cutters don't get too fresh. I swear, but some day we ought to turn, three or four crews of us, some day, and gaff one of them, hah?—and tear 'round down the coast and chase everything that warn't American into harbor when mackerel was schooling,—hah, Wesley?"

"Ho, but Billie Simms'd be the boy for that, Sylvie. Well, here's a shoot and devil take the cutters—no, no, they have that for their work, I s'pose—here's to fish a-plenty for all of you, and to the Echo o' the Morn."

"Drive her, Wesley, drive her," voiced

Sylvie for the bunch, "and stand by all hands while Wesley sings."

So Wesley sang. His attitude was characteristic—left hand deep in his waist-band pocket and right hand gripping his glass; one shoulder braced to wind'ard and feet well apart, to meet the heave of the deck, evidently; eyes bent on the lookouts at the forem'st-head and a voice pitched to reach that same forem'st-head with certainty, against a fresh and rising head breeze—standing so, as if he were to the wheel, Wesley sang the ballad of the Echo o' the Morn. Twelve or fourteen good stanzas there were, the plain tale of the Echo all over, done into rhyme by a fo'c's'le poet, who must have held in high esteem the vessel and her crew and those very able auxiliaries, 'Crump' Taylor and 'Soudan' McLeod:

From the loft we took her sails, and bent 'em in  
the night,  
And sailed her out the harbor, with cutters left  
and right.

Sou'-west by su'the we drove her till the sea was  
fair aroar,  
And we never touched a halyard as to Le Have  
we bore.

Lights out and western courses, let her head  
come round,  
Devil take all British forces, here's the Echo  
homeward bound.

Crump Taylor towed her seine-boat, Soudan  
towed her lights,  
And the Echo slipped the cruiser in the darkness  
of the night.

So Wesley sailed the Echo again, omitting not a single course of the lively vessel nor a single order of the audacious Billie, sailed her from the dock at Barnsley, out the harbor, down the coast, off to Le Have Bank, westerly again, into Massachusetts Bay, till at length he sailed her up the harbor of Gloucester and rounded her to off the owner's dock, very proudly, with colors gayly flying, to main peak and both trucks. Wesley's fellow-skipper entered heartily into the chorus. 'Drive her, boys, drive her—give her a full now and drive her,' they said. And under Wesley's pilotage they drove her:

Here's to the keel of her, here's to the sails of her,  
 The mast and the hemp and the deck and the  
 rails of her;  
 Here's to the length, and the depth, and the  
 beam of her,  
 To every blessed plank and bolt and every blessed  
 seam of her.  
 Here's to the everlastin' glory of the Echo o'  
 the Morn,

And—

May she live to sail away, to the boom of Judg-  
 ment-day,  
 When we hope to see her sailin' to the toot of  
 Gabr'el's horn.

With feet well braced and bodies sway-  
 ing, the skippers roared the toast after a  
 fashion that must have carried every syl-  
 lable of every line to every awakening  
 sleeper in the block.

They themselves liked the effect of it  
 so well that they sang it over again, and  
 it was to the long roll of one particularly  
 sluggish line,

To every blessed plank and bolt and every  
 blessed seam of her,

that they heaved themselves out and down  
 the side street. From here, with the  
 rhythmic tramp of mariners ashore, they  
 wore into the main street, bore s'utherly,  
 chanting all the while, though soberly  
 and with less exuberation now, for the  
 city was coming awake and beginning to  
 stare. And by and by they jibed over to  
 their dock, where boisterous crews in  
 waiting were trolling farewell ditties of  
 their own.

They piled into their seine-boats, and  
 with long oars and a monstrous big one  
 steering they all drove out into the har-  
 bor. They raced past the big dry dock,  
 past the revenue cutters, their hereditary  
 enemies, now with steam up, past the  
 Admiral's great battle-ship and her at-  
 tendant cruisers—the best part of the  
 British North Atlantic squadron—past all  
 these and other miscellaneous craft, until,  
 with the booming of the morning gun  
 from the Citadel, they were in among their  
 own again.

## SONG OF THE SOUTH WIND

By Hanford Chase Judson

Lo, I blow across the meadows that are brown and sear with winter,  
 And the grass grows green about me and it joys to see me pass,  
 And I get a banquet ready for the young bee, wing unsteady,  
 And I blow two hearts together, of a man and of a lass.

Soft my hand is on the harpstrings of the forest in the summer,  
 And with modulated music I have lulled the world to sleep.  
 By the pool the sunbeam brightens, where the water-lily whitens,  
 At the open doors of dreamland I my noontide vigil keep.

When the Norns, relentless, weaving, spin the autumn spell of dreaming,  
 And my spirit feels the burden of the sleep-inducing haze,  
 When the withered leaves together whirl in frantic, mad endeavor  
 To regain the golden gladness of the pristine summer days,

When the thrush, his farewell tuneth sad as Balder's funeral music,  
 While the purple tint of sunset on the crimson hillside dies,  
 Then I turn me: yet my sorrow reaches outward toward to-morrow—  
 I have buried springtime's treasure; yet remember where it lies.



# PASSAGES FROM A DIARY IN THE PACIFIC

## A FIRST DAY IN THE SOUTH SEAS

By John La Farge

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR

Off the ISLAND OF TUTUILA.  
On Board the Cutter Carrying Mail.  
Tuesday, October 7, 1890 (Samoan Time).



THE morning looked rainy with the contrary north-west wind that we had carried with us below the equator, when the shape of the little cutter that was to take us showed between the outstanding rocks of the coast of Tutuila. As the big steamer slowed up, a few native boats came out to meet it, manned with men paddling and singing in concert, some of them crowned with leaves, and wearing garlands about their necks, their naked bodies and arms making an indescribable red color against the blue of the sea, which was as deep under this cloudy sky, but not so brilliant as under yesterday's sun. They came on board, some plunging right into the sea on their way to the companion-ladder, bringing fruit and curiosities for sale. But our time had come; and we could only give a glance at the splendid nakedness of the savages adorned by fine tattooing that looked like silk, and with waist drapery of brilliant patterns. We dropped into the dancing boat that waited for us and scrambled into the little cutter or schooner some thirty feet long, not very skilfully managed, that was to take us sixty miles against the wind to Apia. A few minutes, and the steamer was far away; and we saw the boats of the savages make a red fringe of men on the waves that outlined the horizon—a new and strange sensation, a realizing of the old pictures in books of travel and the child traditions of Robinson Crusoe.

Our crew was made up of the Captain, a brown man from other and far-away islands, and two blacks, former cannibals from Solomon Islands, with gentle faces and manners, and rings of ivory in their noses. Our Captain spoke of hurry, and

used strange words not clear to understand in his curious lingo; but after an hour or so of heavy rain, he announced his intention to beat in again and wait for some change of wind. And so we ran into a little harbor high with mountains, all wooded as if with green plumage, cornered by a high rock standing far out, on which stood out, like great feathers, a few cocoa-palms. Palms fringed the shore with shade. A blue-green sea ran into a thin line of breakers—like one of the places we have always read of in "Robinson Crusoe" and similar travellers: "A little cove with the surf running in, and a great swell on the shore." Our cutter was anchored; then, as we declined to remain on board, either in the rain or in the impossible little cabin about eight feet long, we were taken into the boat, which was skilfully piloted through an opening in the inside reef; and the surf being high, we were carried to shore on the backs of two handsome fellows whose canoe had come alongside. We walked up to the church, a curious long, low building behind the cocoa-palms; all empty, with thatched roofs and walls of coral cement; the doorway open, with two stones to block out casual straying pigs, I suppose. Inside I saw a long wooden trough, blocked out of a tree. I did not know that this was the old war-drum of pagan times, now used for the Christian bell.

Behind the church, a few yards off, was our destination—a Samoan "grass-house," the guest-house of the village, as I know now. It was thatched with sugar-cane leaves, was elliptical, with a turtle-backed roof, supported by pillars all around, and by three central pillars that were connected by curved beams, from which hung coconut cups and water-bottles, or which supported rolls of painted bark cloth. The pebble floor showed at places not covered with the mats, as well as near the centre

pillars, where a fire still smoked. Most of the screens of matting, which make the only wall between the pillars, were down, making a gentle shade, in which one woman was sleeping; another, on the opposite side to us, her back turned and naked to the waist, was working at large folds of bark cloth. The women rose from this occupation, and offered their hands, saying "Alofa!"\* A younger woman was lying sick, her wrapped-up head on the Samoan pillow of a long bamboo, supported at either end, so as to free it from the ground.

With the same "Alofa" came an elegant young creature, perhaps some sixteen years old, wearing a gay waist drapery of flowered pattern, red, yellow, and purple—with a loose upper garment or chemise of red and violet—open at the sides. Then another, short and strong, with heavy but handsome arms and legs, and with bleared eyes. And we sat down on the mats, the girls cross-legged, and looked at each other while the Captain talked, I know not what of.

As I changed my seat and sat near the entrance with my back against the pillars, which is the Samoan fashion, though I did not know it, another tall creature entered, and giving us her hand with the "Alofa" sat down against another pillar—also the proper dignified Samoan way. We did not notice her much; she was quieter, less pretty than the pretty one, with a longer face, a nose more curved at the end, a longer upper lip, and more quietly dressed in the same way. Then entered another with a disk-shaped face, her hair all plastered white with the coral lime they use to redden the hair, and dressed as the others, with the same bare arms and legs. She was heavy and strong below, and less developed above, with the same splendid walk and swing, the same beauty of the setting of the head on the neck.

And we drank cocoanut milk, while *Kava* was being prepared for us in an enchantment of movement and gesture, that I had just begun to feel, as if these people had cultivated art in movement and personal gesture, because they had no other plastic expression.

The movements of the two girls prepar-

\* "Alofa" means everything—hail, welcome, love, respect, etc.

ing the stuff would have made *Carmenita's* swaying appear conventional; so, perhaps, angels and divinities, when they helped mortals in the kitchen and household. As the uglier girl scraped the root into the four-legged wooden bowl set between the two, in front of us, and before the central pillars, she moved her hand and body to a rhythm distinctly timed; and when her exquisite companion took it up, and, wetting the scraped root from double cocoanut shells, that hung behind her, moved her arms around in the bowl and wiped its rim, and frothed the mass with a long wisp of leafy filaments, she tossed the wet bunch to her companion, as if finishing some long cadence of a music that we could not hear, too slow to be played or sung, too long for anything but the muscles of the body to render. And she who received it, squeezed it out with a gesture fine enough for Mrs. Siddons or Mademoiselle Georges. I use these names of the stage, of which I have no fixed idea; those that I have seen could never have given, even in inspired moments of passion, such a sinuous long line to arm and hand. Then in a similar repetition of conventional attitudes the cups were presented to us, one after the other, with a great under-sweep of the full-stretched arm, and we drank the curious drink, which leaves the taste filled with an aroma not unlike the general aromatic odor of all around us, of flowers and of shrubs. For all was clean and dry about us, house and surroundings and crowded people, at least to the senses that smell.

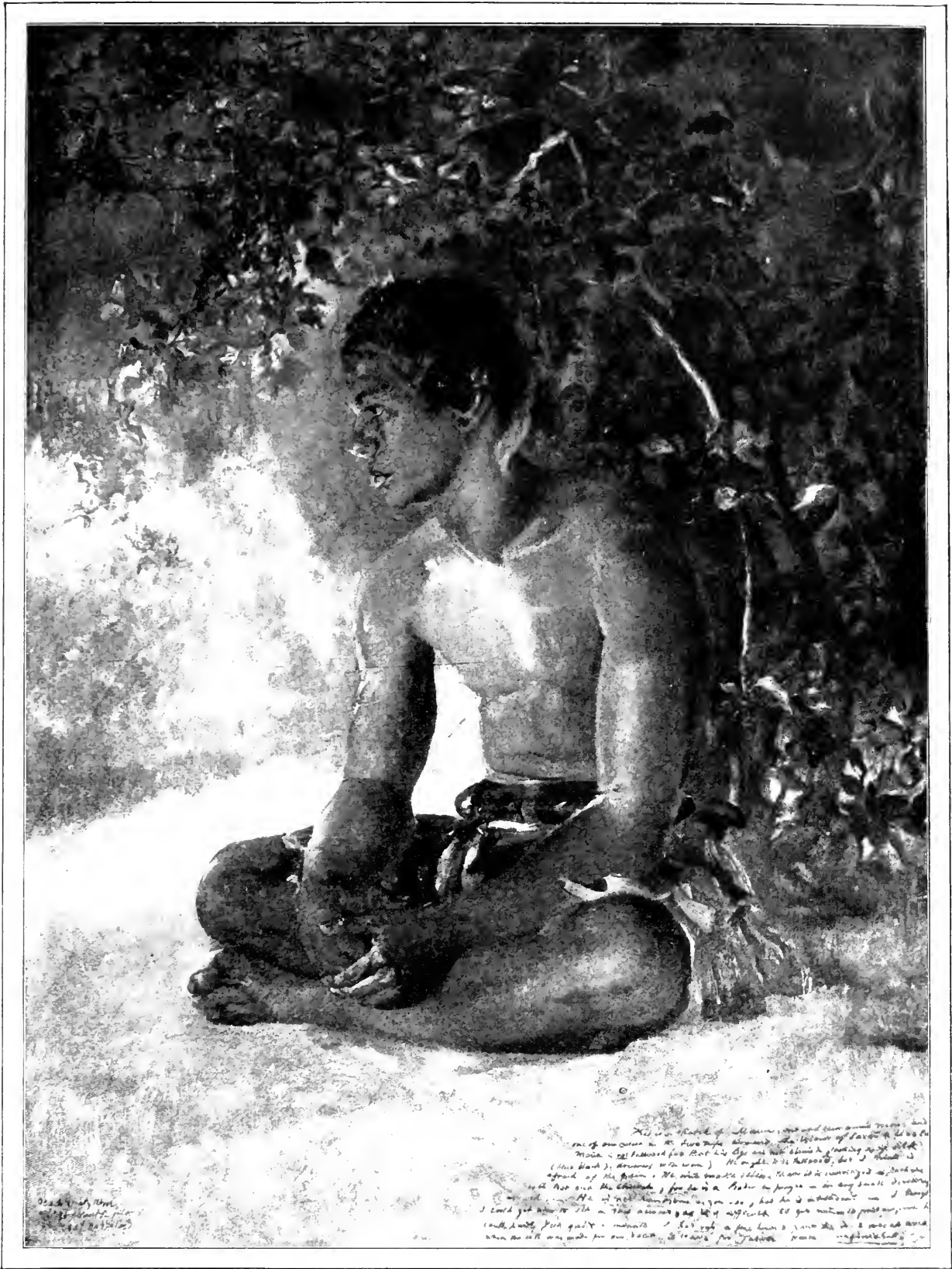
In the slow hypnotism produced by mutual curiosity, by gazing with attention all centred on movement, while pretending to notice all the social matters as they went on about us, I could not disentangle myself from the girl who had bewitched us, and as she sat clasping her elbows, with her legs crossed in her lap, like the images of Japanese *Kwannon* and of Indian goddesses, I tried to copy a few lines. But the original ones flowed out again like water, before I could fix them. My model was conscious of the attention she called up, and from that moment her eyes always met ours, with a flirting smile, half of encouragement, half of shyness.

And now the tall girl that sat beside me, with the quiet face and unquiet eye-

brows, put out her hand languidly to reach for my sketch-book. She was the "virgin of the village"—doubly important by being the old chief's daughter, and elected to this representative position, which entails, at least, the inconvenience of her being always watched, guided, and intimately investigated by the matrons appointed thereto. The lines of my sketch, that would have puzzled the ordinary amateur, were clear to her: "See," she said, "here is Sifá, clasping her elbows, but her face is not made. Draw me," and she moved away the hanging mats that obscured the light. The sketch I made was bad, representing to my mind a European with strange features. I don't know what she thought of it, but she recognized the chemise with ruffles on edges, that covered her shoulders, and made the motion of lifting it away, which I was slow to understand. Her eyebrows moved with some question for which I had no English in my mind. At last the word *missonari*? as she looked toward A——, explained what was meant; I said "no," and looked approval. She rose, passed into the shade, and sat again before me, her upper garment replaced by a long, heavy garland of leaves and the aromatic square-sided fruit of the pandanus, that partly covered her firm young breast, and lay in her lap against the folds of the bent waist. But my drawing was scarcely better for all this, and I gave it to her, with the feeling that what made it bad for me, its resemblance to a European, might give it value for her. All the time the temptation was strong to treat this child of another civilization as a little princess. She had the slow manner, the slightly disdainful look, the appearance of knowing the value of her sayings and doings that make our necessary ideal of responsibility. What though the Princess puffed at my pipe, meanwhile having secured a cigar, less cared for, behind her pretty ear; what though she pressed two long, slender fingers against her lips, and spat through them, according to some native elegance, she knew that she was a personage and never was familiar, even when she pressed my arm and shoulder, and said, "Alofa oi," "I like you." Her forehead was high and gently sloping, her eyebrows thin and movable, the eye looked gently

and firmly and directly, the nose was a little curved at the heavy end, the upper lip a little long (and pulling on the pipe, if she used it, would lengthen it later yet more), the neck and back of the head had the same beauty of line and setting that I had seen in Hawaii, and her shoulders, and breast, and strong, lithe arms would have delighted a sculptor. She wore her hair gathered up by a European comb, and in front a forelock reddened to the tone of her face, with the coral lime they used. Her legs were strong and fine and her feet only as large as one could expect, with the soles hardened by use over stones and coral.

But she was not the pretty one; her sister, Sifá, was that. The charm of the older one, "the virgin of the village," was in this incomparable savage dignity, that gave a formality to our visit. What to us was an amusement was to her evidently one of the necessities of hospitality, while Sifá could not move about or look without a ripple of laughter that undulated through her entire person. Occasionally, however, our chiefess looked at me with a gentle smile, and said "Alofa!" and by and by, after showing me that she could write, and doing so in my album (where she dated her inscription *Oketopa*, our October), she gave me a ring with her name Uatea—or Watea as she wrote it. She partook of lunch, eating after us (along with the Captain who appeared again on time), and she refused to taste of some apples we had until we had some of her own fruit, all I suppose according to some proprieties well defined. Then Sifá, her sister, met with a little adventure in unpacking our food for us. The captain of the steamer had given us a block of ice on our leaving, telling us that it was the last we should see in this part of the world, and that it might comfort us during our long, hot sail under the tropical sun. In unrolling it, and taking it up, Sifá dropped it with a cry of "Afi!"—"Fire!" and for a few moments we struggled in an unknown tongue to explain what it might be. But I took it for granted that she must have had some Bible explanation of the places where the Bible comes from—that is to say England and Scotland; hence about winter and bad weather, and perhaps snow and ice.



Drawn by John La Farge.

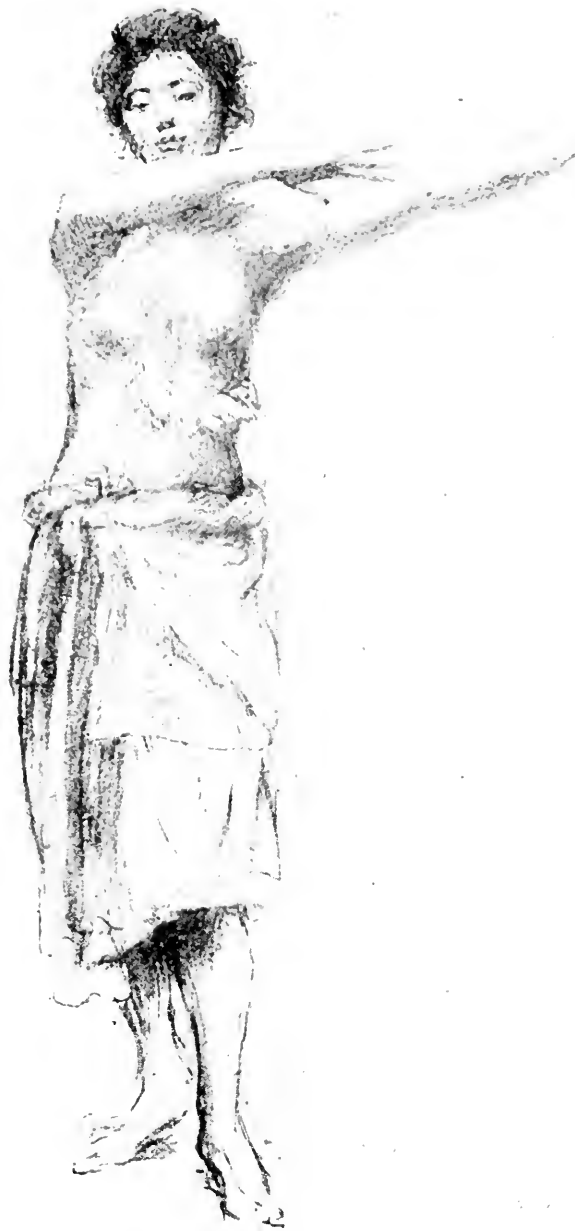
Maua, a South Sea Boatman.

While the family arranged for their meal we took a walk, "now and again," as our Captain expressed it—almost all the words he knew. We walked across what appeared to be the village green—a space of grass neatly cared for—edged by huts and trees, the palms thickening in the distance and hiding the sudden and close slope of the mountain right above us. Bread-fruit trees were planted here and there near the houses, the large leaves making a heavy green pattern against the innumerable shades of green, the spotted trunks were dark; even the cocoanut trees were only white by the sea. We passed a tomb, of a mound-like shape, one lengthened cube placed upon another, and the upper surfaces sloping to an edge like some of the early sarcophagi or Italian tombs—a shape as simple and elegant as one could wish in such an ideal landscape. I shall have to find out if this most typical shape has originated with them, or has come from some foreign influence. However that may be, it made another classical note. Had Ulysses in his wanderings left some companion here, some such monument might have well marked the tomb of a Greek. There it was, all covered with lichen; and another newer one, made also of coral mortar, still white, near trees, and by former homes, in this little shady "agora." As we passed into the path that seemed to run up the hill, young men went by with wreaths on their heads, draped to the waist, like the statues of the gods of the family of Jove; their wide shoulders and strong, smooth arms, and long back-muscles or great pectorals shining like red bronze. All this strength was smooth; the muscles of the younger men softened and passed into one another as in the modelling of a Greek statue. As with the girls we had just left, no rudeness of hair marred the ruddy surfaces, recalling all the more the ideal statues. Occasionally the hair reddened or whitened, and the drapery of the native bark cloth, of a brown ochre color, not unlike the flesh, recalled still more the look of a Greek clay image, with its color and gilding broken by time. Never in any case was there a bit of color that might rightly be called barbaric; the patterns might be European, but no one could have chosen them better, for use with

great surfaces of flesh. If all this does not tell you that there was no nakedness—that we only had the *nude* before us—I shall not have given you these details properly. Evidently all was according to order and custom; the proportion of covering, the manner of catching the drapery, and the arrangement of folds according to some meaning well defined by ancient usage.

Children played about in the open space; they were then at a game of marbles; when we returned, this had turned to some kind of blind-man's-buff; there was no roughness, only a good deal of soft laughter; one youngster, draped to the chest like a Greek orator, too big for the children, too young for the men, leaned upon a long staff and looked on gravely, exactly like the figures on the Greek vases, or the frieze of the Parthenon.

We walked along into the forest, in the silence of noonday, but the abruptness and slipperiness of the path as it rose rapidly to walls of wet rock, stopped our feet. From the intricate tangle of green, we saw the amethyst sea, and the white line of sounding surf, cutting through the sloping pillars of the cocoanuts, that made a mall along the shore; and over on the other side of the narrow harbor, the great high green wall of the mountain, warm in the sun, and its fringe of cocoanut grove, and the few huts hidden within it, all softened below by the haze blown up from the breakers. All made a picture, not too large to be taken in at a glance; the reality of the pictures of savage lands in our school books, filled in with infinite detail. From dark interiors of huts, as we returned, came gentle greetings of "Alofa." Awoki, our Japanese servant, had remained with our hosts, had been fed with bread-fruit and cocoanut milk, and was busy writing out, under the direction of the black mate, certain names and words of the language; for the mate could be understood, while the Captain had only one certain phrase, "now and again," with which he punctuated everything loudly, so that I could barely understand him. The mate had his own punctuation of frightful oaths and damnatory epithets, evidently mere adornments of speech, for he was most gentle, a kindly and good-



A Samoan Dancing Girl.

natured cannibal, contrariwise to the surly Captain ; so that I was glad that he had ventured up from the cutter. The girls had taken kindly to the other brown skin, my servant, and were busy helping him make up his list of words, whose sounds he wrote out in Japanese, to my later confusion, when he passed his dictionary to me. (Yet curiously enough, in this first half day, we learned full a hundred words—almost all that I have retained.) So

we sat down and rested ; the flies, attracted by the bread-fruit, and occasional mosquitoes hovered about the openings ; ants crawled about on us—my princess had occasionally on her feet a black bunch of flies, which she brushed away slowly—evidently she did not feel them much—their skins are hard—“now and again,” as the Captain might say, a woman passed the openings of the hut, bare to the waist, holding a child against her hip. Soon





“Sifá.”

one of the girls, tired of cross-leggedness, stretched her feet politely under a mat, pulled up for the purpose (for it is not polite to sit otherwise than cross-legged).

The older women slept on the Samoan pillows at the farther side, closed in by palm curtains. All but one, who had worked all the time, her great brown back turned toward us—engaged in smoothing and finishing a piece of what we white men call tappa. “Siapu” I think they call it—the inner bark of the paper mulberry, hammered out with a mallet, which in so many of the islands has been long their cloth. She never stirred from her

work ; as long as the light held, I saw before me this upright form, strong as a man’s, smooth and round, and the quiet motion of the arms in the shadow, made deeper by the sunlight on our side. Later, another shower made us shut down more curtains, but we were safe and comfortable, protected from sun and rain alike, in this most comfortable and airy housings. Then Sifá began beating her thighs and moving her shoulders coquettishly to her humming of a tune, and I thought that I recognized the Siva, the seated dance of the Samoans, about which I had been told in Hawaii. Such a graceful creature.



"Uatea."

could do nothing that was not a picture, but there was a promise of something more, so that we applauded and said *lelei*, "beautiful," with the hope of a full performance.

But the Princess said nothing; she smoked more and more, as everyone joined her, so that I foresaw that our small supply of cigars and tobacco was doomed, especially as other damsels entered, and made more ravages; girls more or less good looking, mostly heavier, one of them called "Tuvale," who knew bits and parcels of English such as *pilisi tu na iti mi*, *pilisi esikusi mi*, "Please do not eat me,"

"Please excuse me." And one of the largest leaning affectionately against my shoulder, absorbed my silk handkerchief, and tied it around her neck—saying to me, in her language, "Look how pretty it is!" Our matches and match-boxes had long ago disappeared—most little things had left my pockets, but had been replaced. In every way my fair and strong companions seemed inclined to dispute an apparent preference for Uatea and Sifá. Good-natured girls all (but one—the thief of handkerchiefs—who seemed to me jealous)—and we were certainly beamed upon, as I never expect to be again. More

rain outside brought on the evening, as we took our last meal; the "Chiefess" and the Captain, who again appeared suddenly out of the dark, eating after us; the Captain now, with an apology to us, appeared naked to the waist, a big heavy mass of bronze, covered below with a gorgeous drapery of purple and yellow and red. We lay more and more at ease, stretched out, the girls prone, and occasionally giving one of us an affectionate pat: all but Uatea who still preserved her usual reserve, and even tried hard to substitute another ring for the one she had given me—as if her name on it was too much for a first acquaintance. And occasionally in following her face, the only one that seemed capable of complicated ideas, I asked myself whether she was asking herself what equivalents her hospitality would receive: for instinct told me that through her our gifts or our payments should be made; even if it were all to go to others according to barbaric custom. So seeing her rather laden with things, and having had one experience of the excellence of a white silk handkerchief, I offered her another, and wrote her name in the corner, to see her thank me in her usual condescending way, and then toss it over to the old woman who appeared occasionally—to my mind, her adviser and guardian, for from time to time, "now and again," she crept up, between us, like a chaperon or duenna, to see that all was proper.

Then many of our girls disappeared with Sifá, whom we missed at the moment and asked for over and over again. A light was brought and set down upon the matting. Uatea slipped out between the hanging screens and the pillar behind me, and slipped back again, rid of her upper garment with a sort of *poncho* or strip of cloth with opening for head, patterned in lozenges of black, white, and red, that hung down her back and chest, leaving arms and shoulders bare, and the sides of her body, so that as she bent, the soft line that joins the breast to the underarm, showed under the heavy folds. Then, in came our missing pet, Sifá, with Tuvále and two others, into the penumbra of the lamp. They were naked to the waist; over their tucked-up drapery hung brilliant leaf-strips of light green, streaked with red;

a few leaves girdled the ankle; around Sifá's neck, over her beautiful bosom, hung a long, narrow garland of leaves, and on the others garlands of red fruit or long rows of beads interlaced: every head was wreathed with green and red leaves, and all and everything, leaves, brown flesh, glistened with perfumed oil. From the small focus of the lamp, the light struck on the surface of the leaves as upon some delicate fairy tinsel, and upon the forms of the girls as if upon red bronze waxed. But no bronze has ever been movable, and the perpetual ripple of light over every fold, muscle, and dimple was the most complete theatrical lighting I have ever seen. Even in the dark, streaks of light lit up the forms and revealed every delicacy of motion.

So those lovers of form, the Greeks, must have looked, anointed and crowned with garlands, and the so-called dance that we saw might not have been misplaced far back in some classical antiquity. The girls sat in a row before us, grave and collected, their beautiful legs curled upon the lap as in East Indian sculptures; and Sifá began a curious chant. As all sang with her together, they moved their arms in various ways to the cadence and in explanation of the song; and with the arms, now the waist and shoulders, now the entire body, even to the feet, rising apparently upon the thighs to the time of the music. Indeed, Sifá spoke with her whole tremulous body, undulating to the fingers—all in a rhythm, as the sea runs up and down on the beach, and is never at rest, but seems to obey one general line of curve. So she, and the others, turned to one side and stretched out their arms, or crossed them, and passed them under the armpit and pressed each other's shoulders, and lifted fingers in some sort of tale, and made gestures evident of meaning, or obscure, and swayed and turned; and, most beautiful of all, stretched out long arms upon the mats, as if swimming upon their sides, while all the time the slender waist swayed, and the legs and thighs followed the rhythm through their muscles, without being displaced.

I cannot describe it any better; of what use is it to say that it was beautiful, and extraordinary, and that no motion of



Kava Making, Samoa.

a western dancer but would seem stiff beside such an ownership of the body. Merely as motion, it must have been beautiful, for the fourth woman was old and not beautiful, but she melted into the others, so that one only saw, as it were, the lovely form of Sifá repeated by poorer reflections of her motion in lesser light.

Meanwhile Uatea sat to one side of them, near me, and in front, one leg stretched out, the other tucked under, beating time with a stick, disdainful of it all, as poorly done, perhaps incorrectly. "Lelei," "Beautiful," I said—"leanga," she replied, with a curl of her lip, hardly looking at the girls. Perhaps she should have led in person, as the official maiden—and I still felt that something was not right. The girls rose and came to sit beside us, while Uatea disappeared in the darkness, behind the three masts crossed with curved beams, that supported the centre of the roof. These, with the shining, polished cocoanut bottles, filled with water, that hung from the beams, and the rolls of mats and bark cloth which were placed upon them as upon shelves, had

served as a background or scenery to our theatre. Along all the edges of the big house, in the darkness, were other visitors, and guests, small children, boys and girls, neighbors, and even the two gentle blackies, from Cannibal and Head Hunting isles, with white rings in their noses, that made our crew. But I saw none of the splendid young men, who, crowned with garlands, girdled with leaves like the Fauns and Sylvans of the Greek play, had startled me over and over again, during the day, with a great wonder that no one had told me of a rustic Greece still alive somewhere, and still to be looked at. So that the old statues and frescoes were no conventionality—and the sailor, the missionary, and the beach-comber, were witnesses of things that they did not see, because they had not read. And if one reads, does he care to-day? Had I only known, years ago. Even now, when it is too late, the memory of all that beauty which we call Greece, the one beauty which is to outlast all that is alive, comes over me like a wave of mist, softening and putting far away into fairyland all that I



Siva Dance.

have been looking at. From out of the darkness, as if from out of the shade of antiquity, Uatea stepped out before us, naked to the waist, crowned with leafage, garlands around her hips, a long staff like a sceptre in her hand, and danced some heroic dance, against another girl, smaller than she, as her adversary; it looked a mimicry of combat; the tall form, the commanding gestures, the disdainful virginity of the village Diana, challenging her companion to battle; something as beautiful and more heroic than the Bacchanals that are enrolled on the Greek vases. The girl was in her true element and meaning, more than she could have been in the previous Sivá dance; only an occasional touching of the knees together detracted from the beauty of the movements. I could scarcely notice the

other dancer, nor the third one, an old woman (who represented, apparently, a suppliant), for fear of losing a parcel of a picture that I shall never see again, certainly never with such freshness of impression.

And when Uatea reappeared, clad again, and puffed at my pipe before passing it to me, she much less disdainfully assured me that all her dancing was *le-anga* (bad). And she softened a little, and seemed distressed about our quarrel about her ring, taking off all her rings and throwing them away to her guardian matron, perhaps for fear of being reproved for giving too much for too little, for we had given as yet but little, only cigars, tobacco, and trifles; and I asked myself whether the dramatic artist was counting up her possible gains, as others do. Meanwhile, the other



Another Movement of the Siva Dance.



*Drawn by John La Farge.*

*Study of a Siva Posture.*



girls lay close to us, in the confidence of good-nature ; all anxious to make the best impression, a curious example of the wilful charming of woman—and Sifá talked and smiled, and moved, or rather floated, in her place like a maiden siren flirting. Many confidences were exchanged without either side understanding one word said. Each girl wrote something in Awoki's note-book, or helped our making a dictionary. Sifá even summing up figures to prove her possession of the three R's, a confusing addition of accomplishments to the dancing and conventionalities we had seen. But I am told that all read and write, with no book but the Bible. Then between the curtains of mats Uatea disappeared, contrary to what I supposed etiquette, but, of course, I knew nothing. The others bade us good-night, not without begging one of us to share their hut, and we slipped out into the dark, while the mats were arranged for our rest. The storm-clouds still covered the sky—only a few stems of the cocoanut glistened, and the white bar of the surf made a hard line in the shadow. Some vague, light forms were those of sitters beneath the trees whispering, or talking low, for all through our day there had been no voices raised except our own, or the surly growl of the Captain—or the chant that had accompanied the dances ; all other talk had been soft and flowing, with low voices, almost inaudible to us when distant, adding again to the peace and softening charm.

We lay down on the mats with our heads toward the centre-post ; a large mosquito bar of thin bark cloth, big enough for a small room, was let down upon us, the light of the lamp shining through it, and draped in my Japanese kimono, I fell asleep, in spite of the few mosquitoes imprisoned with us. No noise from the rest of the house had arisen, all was still : we were as much isolated as if we had been in a built-up room. Late or early, I think I heard the snore of the Captain, but all is empty in my mind until I recollect feeling the morning light and saw some shadows pass. As I stepped out, I saw Sifá move out, stretching her arms, as she moved toward a little path. Then issued the Captain, with a formidable yawn, and looked at the sky for presages of weather, and took the same little path, I suppose

toward the bathing pool, or spring, or rivulet of fresh water, that might be in the hollow.

And there came up to the house Uatea, the "Chiefess," looking just the same, and appeared to understand that we were for a bath, as she made the motions of washing her chest. We went to the sea, finding no good place for a bath—it was evidently far off—and I take it that they bathe in fresh water—the luxury of hot climates. For they all seemed to be extremely clean and neat, from the men whom I had first seen at sea, to the girls with limbs rubbed with cocoanut-oil and smelling of the aromatic fruit (the pandanus) that their garlands were made of. Our bath was not a full success—we dared not go out into the surf that rolled turbid waves upon the deep, black volcanic sand of the beach ; but the water was warm and soothing, and as I began putting on my clothes, a tall girl of the preceding night came up and sat down beside me on the rock, with an evident seeking for an interview. Notwithstanding my unaccustomed embarrassment, I managed to make out that she was uncertain and perplexed as to the legality of her capture of my handkerchief the night before, and though I told her to keep it, she was still doubtful. Uatea had had one ; was she to have the same as Uatea ? At last she left me, reassured—I had no more interest—and I saw her go along the shore passing far off the better bathing spot of fresh water, and then disappearing behind distant palms. Breakfast was ready when we reappeared ; after us Uatea ate and drank our tea, and wondered at our use of "tea-balls." The Captain explained that there might be wind enough "now and again," and that any moment ought to see us off. Sifá and Tuvále gathered about Adams ; I smoked my last cigar, for all with our other tobacco were gone—while Uatea asked coldly what I had done with the ring she gave me, as it was no longer on my finger. More and more she withdrew into herself, more and more the "Chiefess" looked as if expecting or anxious or troubled, as to whether an equivalent would be serious enough. But we gave the largest sum that the Captain dared to hint at—anything would have seemed cheap. The night before I could understand the *throwing of*



Chief's Tomb, Samoa.

*jewels*; of money, of any reward to express thankful admiration. The "Chiefess" extended a languid hand—her eyebrows rose, a short "f'tai" dropped, as if obligatory, from her lips—(the proper form I knew already was "faafe'tai")—she gave us her hand with a frigid "alofa," and with Sifá and Tuvále lingering, we walked to our boat. Long after we had set sail we could see them wave their drapery as good-bye. Far off, along the beach, from the hut of the tall girl-thief, my own handkerchief was waved—but even with the glass I saw no more of Uatea.

Peace to thee, O soul of the "virgin of the village," if I have made thee but a thrifty prima donna, or like the King Solomon of Djami, the Persian poet, caring only for realities that pay—it is the part of those born to be rulers.

And now we had pulled out of the breakers, through the narrowest of openings, and were on board the little schooner; the great blue sapphire waves lifted us and sank us, and came up against the blue horizon, or against the tall green cliffs; and once more we saw in the hollow of the sea or lifted against the sky, the na-

tive boat pushed on by rhythmic paddles, making a red line of naked men against the blue of the sea or the blue of the sky. We have been four hours and a half beating out of this little cove, and have just rounded the isolated rock of the cape, of which I send you a sketch. If I could only send you the color!—blue and green—a little red and black in the rocks—the white and violet haze of the surf:—all as if elementary, but in a tone that no painter has yet attempted, and that no painter that I know of would be sure of;—the blue and green that belongs to the classics; that is painted in lines of Homer; that Titian guessed at, once, under a darker sky; and far off the long sway and cadence of the surf like the movement of ancient verse—the music of the Odyssey. We are off some little village on the shore; the boat has gone to get other passengers, while I try to finish this account of our first day on land in the South Seas, and to make it live for you by long accumulation of detail. If through it all, you can gather my impression, can see something of an old beauty, always known, in these new pictures, you will understand why the Greek Homer is in my mind;—all Greece,

the poetry of form and color that comes from her, as well as her habits ;—just as the Samoan youngster who rose shining from the sea to meet us, all brown and red, with a red hibiscus fastened in his hair by a grass knot as beautiful as any carved ornament, was the Bacchus of Tintoretto's picture, making offering to Ariadne. The good people of the steamer may not have seen it, nor the big white English girl who bought some trifle from him—but it is all here for me—and there will soon come a day when even for those who care, it will be no more ; when nowhere on earth or at sea will there be any living proof that Greek art is not all the invention of the poet—the mere refuge of the artist in his disdain of the ugly in life. What I have just seen is almost to me already a dream. So I turn to my Japanese, Awoki, and ask him—“It was like the studio, Awoki, was it not ; but all fine ; no need of posing?” And Awoki says “Yes,” whether he understands me or not, and I think of you and of the enclosed studio life that tries to make a little momentary visitation of this reality.

The fitness and close relation of all I have seen makes a something like what we strive to get through art, and my mind

turns toward the old question, “How does what we call art begin?” These people *make* little ; the house, the elementary patches upon their bark cloth, the choice of a fine form for tombs, is all the art that is exterior of themselves and of their movements, into which last they have put the feeling for completeness and relation, that makes the love of art.

Is it necessary for going further that someone should be born, to whom, gradually, an unwillingness to assume the responsibility of action, which the ruler and the priest take willingly, should grow into a dislike of the injustice of power, and a distrust of the truthfulness of creeds, so that he must make a world for himself, unstained and free from guilt or guile?—I had begun to imagine for myself some such soul, born in early communities, who might have lived long ago anywhere and have been the hero of some such primitive obscure conflict ; but I can see tossing on blue waves, the boat that brings from the shore our new companions, Lieutenant Parker and Consul-General Sewall, who have been on a visit to the harbor of Pango Pango—and in a few minutes they and their white coats will be aboard.



Samoan Boy in His Boat.

# A SECTION-HAND ON THE UNION PACIFIC RAILWAY

By Walter A. Wyckoff



It cost five cents to go from Council Bluffs to Omaha in the summer of 1892. That was the toll of a foot passenger in crossing the bridge which, spanning the Missouri, joined the two cities. It was a reasonable toll, I dare say, and paid probably no more than a fair return on the capital invested in the bridge, but it was five cents and I had only one. One dingy copper coin, with its Indian head and laurel wreath, was all that was left of the savings from my last job. I must, therefore, find work in Council Bluffs, and the letters which had been waiting for me in Omaha must wait a little longer. But I felt fagged, for I had reached the end of a six days' walk of some 200 miles, so I took a seat on a bench in the shade in the public square near a fountain, whose play was soothing in the heat of a mid-summer afternoon.

I thought regretfully then of the farmer with whom I dined at noon that day, and with whom I might have remained as a hired man. Besides, I remembered with some concern two men on foot who met me on the outskirts of Council Bluffs.

"Where are you from, partner?" one of them asked, with some bluster in his manner.

"I've just come down through the State from Algona," I replied.

"Is there any work out the way you came?"

"Lots of it," I assured him.

"Well, there ain't none the way you're goin'. Me and me pal is wore out lookin' for a job in Omaha and Council Bluffs."

I had come 1,500 miles as a wage-earner, and I had 1,500 yet to go before I should reach the Pacific, but not yet had it been hard to find work of some sort, except when I chose to stay in a crowded city in winter. The anxiety that I felt in this instance proved groundless, for when, in the cool of the evening, I

looked for employment I found it at the third application, and I went to bed that night a hostler in a livery-stable at a wage of twenty dollars a month and board at a "Fifth Avenue" hotel.

Ten dollars less twelve cents, which were due for the hire of books at a stationer's shop, were clear gain at the end of two weeks' service in the stable. But the necessity of writing up notes and of answering many letters, besides the allurements of a public library, kept me for several days in Omaha, so that my cash had dwindled, when, one afternoon about the middle of August, I left the city, with the broad State of Nebraska as the next step of the journey.

It was natural to follow the Union Pacific Railway. It takes its course westward through the State, and is paralleled by a main-travelled road that connects the frequent settlements along the line. Just out of Omaha the railroad makes a southern bend, but I avoided this by following the directer course of the highway that led next morning to a meeting with the rails at Elkhorn. The going there was of the plainest. The railway followed the northern bank of the Platte River and the road followed the rail. If the day was wet, I left the road and walked the sleepers; if the day was dry, I walked the road, but always I was within easy hail of a lift, and so fell in with many an interesting farmer and was saved many miles of walking.

It was late in the afternoon of a rainy day that there chanced a lift of the most timely. From low, heavy clouds had been falling since early morning a misty rain that almost floated in the warm, still air. For a hundred yards together I might find a tolerable path along the turf at the edge of the road. Then, as the mud grew deeper, I took to the rails and kept them, until the monotony of the sleepers drove me to the mire again. I had seen scarcely a soul that day except the fleeting figures on the trains and an occa-

sional bedraggled section-hand who looked sullenly at me, barely deigning a salutation as I passed. It seemed hardly worth while to be abroad, but I had found it generally best to stick to the road when I could, and I was beginning now to think of a shelter for the night and trying to find some satisfaction in having covered more than twenty miles since morning.

The rumble of a heavy wagon began to sound down the road; and when I could hear the splash of the horses' hoofs near by, I was delighted to catch the call of the driver, as he asked me to a seat at his side. He was a farm-hand, young and muscular and slouching, as he sat stoop-shouldered, with the lines held loosely in his bare hands, while the rain dripped from a felt hat upon the shining surface of his rubber coat.

Why he had asked me to ride I could not clearly see, for he scarcely turned his lack-lustre eyes upon me when I climbed up beside him, and he seemed not in the least anxious to talk.

We were driving through a region that was growing familiar from its changelessness. On every side were fields of corn, unfenced, and bounded only by the horizon, apparently, as they stretched away into cloudy space. Like islands in a sea of standing corn were widely scattered groups of farm buildings, their clusters of cottonwood-trees about them and sometimes a fruit orchard. And if there was any other break in this monotony of corn, it was where vast acres had been turned to raising beets for the sugar trade. Hardly a swell marred the level of the prairie, and the rails reached endlessly on in an unbending line across the plain.

The usual subjects of conversation were of no avail with my new acquaintance. He was not interested in corn and only languidly in the experiment with beets, and the general election failed to move him, although he ventured so far as to insist that there was no hope for the farmers of the West until the free coinage of silver should be secured. His mood was in keeping with the day, and life was "flat, unprofitable, and stale."

He quickened finally, to the theme of work, but only as a vent to his depression. Work was plentiful enough; for such as he, life was little else than work, but of

what profit was it to slave your soul out for enough to eat and to wear and a place to sleep?

There was no escaping the tragedy of the man's history as he told me simply of his father's death from overwork in an attempt to pay off the mortgage on the farm and how his mother was left to the unequal struggle. He himself was eleven then, and the elder of two children; he could remember clearly how the home was lost—the accumulated labor of many years. From that to this his life had been an unbroken struggle for existence, against odds of sickness that again and again had swept away his earnings and thrown him back to the dependence of an agricultural laborer.

Once his savings had gone in quite another fashion. It was at the very point when there seemed to have come a change for the better in his fortunes. He was \$200 to the good at the end of the last autumn, and with this as an opening wedge he meant to force a way eventually to independent business of his own. So he went to Omaha, and, in one of the employment bureaus there, he met a man, past middle life, who offered him work on a stock farm twenty miles below the city. Thirty dollars a month were to be his wages from the first, if he proved himself worth so much, and there was to be an increase when he earned it. In the meanwhile, he would be learning the trade of rearing horses for the market, and, if he chose to invest his savings in the business, when he knew it better, there could be no surer way, his informer said, to a paying enterprise of his own.

He was committing himself to nothing, he found, so he decided to give the place a trial. His new employer and he left the office together, and, having an hour before train time, they went to a restaurant for dinner, and the stock farmer told his man much in detail of the farm. He was an elderly person of quiet manner, very plain of speech, and friendly withal, and very thoughtful; for when they were about to leave the restaurant, he opened a small leather bag that he carried guardedly and, disclosing a bank book and a considerable sum of money, which he had drawn to pay the monthly wages of the hands, he suggested to our friend to deposit with

them his own valuables in safety from the risk of pickpockets about the station and in the cars, adding, meanwhile, that he would then entrust the bag to him, as there were one or two places where he wished to call on the way to the train.

The farm-hand held the bag firmly as his employer and he walked down the street together, and very firmly as he waited in a shop, where his boss left him with the plea that he had an errand in an office overhead, but would return in a few minutes. The minutes grew to an hour, and the youth would have been anxious had it not been that the bag was safe in his keeping. But when the second hour was nearly gone, his feeling was one of anxiety for the boss, until a question to the shop-keeper led to the opening of the bag and the discovery that it contained some old newspaper and nothing more.

He went back to the farm then and worked all winter and through the summer that was now nearing its end, but illness in his family had consumed his savings, and, at the end of fourteen years of labor, he was very much where he started as a lad, apart from added strength and experience.

That evening, in a village inn, while the rain poured without, I sat cheek by jowl with a Knight Templar who had just returned from a convention of his order in Denver. It was not the meeting that now inspired him; it was the mountains. Reared on the prairie, he had never seen even hills before, and the sight of the earth rising from a plain until it touched high heaven was like giving to his mind the sense of a new dimension. For hours, he said, he would let his eyes wander from Long's Peak to Pike's and back again, while his imagination lost itself among the gorges and dark cañons, and in the mid-summer glitter of aged snow. There lay the charm of it, in the plain telling of the opening to him of a world of majesty and beauty such as he had never dreamed of, revealing powers of reverence and admiration that he had not known were his.

The humor of it, touched with charm, was all in his description of concrete experience of the new world of mystery. His account of an ascent of Pike's Peak would have made the reputation of a humorist. An expedition to the Pole could hardly take

itself more seriously. A few of his fellow-knights and he, with the ladies who were of their company, set out at midnight from Manitou to make sure of reaching the summit (a four hours' walk) before dark of the following day. Not "the steep ascent of heaven" is beset with greater difficulty and danger for a struggling saint than was the climb along the line of a "cog" railway for this band of knights-errant and ladies fair. One can readily conceive the peril of the adventure—for feet accustomed only to the prairie—in treading from midnight until dawn the brinks of yawning chasms, with water falling in the dark.

Nor did day dispel the terrors. The precipices were still there and a growing awfulness in the height above the plain that caused a "giddiness" which was the harder to resist because of the increasing difficulty of breathing the rarified air. Some of the women fainted on the way, and the last hour's climb was an agony to all the company; for now the effort of a few steps exhausted them, and they despaired of ever reaching the goal.

It was past noon when finally they sank down at the summit in the shelter of rocks that shielded them from the piercing wind and ate what was left of their store of provision.

The unconscious exaggeration took now a form even more comical in an account of what was visible from the mountain. I have heard, at a national convention, a young negro from Texas second the nomination of a party leader with a fervor and in terms that might befit an archangel. The play of fancy about Pike's Peak was comparable with it, not in eloquence, perhaps, but certainly in a pitch which made both speeches memorable as gems of unstudied humor.

From Thursday afternoon, when I left Omaha, until Saturday evening, I walked as far as Columbus, then rested over Sunday. On Monday morning the course was still the line of the Union Pacific, which had now turned southwestward in following the bank of the river.

Tuesday's march was the longest that I had made so far. From a point near Clarksville I went to one a little beyond Grand Island, which was, I judged, about forty miles in all; but as various lifts had



carried me quite a fifth of the way, the actual walking was not much above the normal amount.

On Wednesday morning, August 24th, my funds were low. I saw the way to a dinner in the middle of the day, but to no supper or bed at night. Settling down to work would now be a welcome change, however, after hard walking, just as I always found the life of the road a grateful relief, at first, from the strain of heavy labor.

After dinner I began to think of something to do. It would be easy to apply for work upon some of the many farms that I was passing, and not difficult to find it. I fancied, from the reports of the farmers, with whom I had talked on the road from Omaha. Still, I had had a little experience as a farm-hand and I wished to extend the range of the experiment as far as I could within the limits of unskilled labor, so I thought again.

I was a little beyond the town of Gibbon. It was a hot August afternoon, and glancing down the line I saw a gang of section-hands at work, the air rising in quivering heat-waves about them, and the glint of the sunshine on the rails. When I reached them I could easily pick out the boss, a white-haired, smooth-shaven, ruddy Irishman with a clear blue eye, and, as it proved, a tongue as genial as it was coarse. Two of his sons were of the gang, well-grown lads, scarcely out of their teens, dark, good-looking, and reserved. He told me that they were his sons, and he gave me much information besides; for my applying for a job had been a signal to the whole gang to quit work and soberly chew the cud of the situation, while the old man gossiped. The fourth hand was a slovenly youth, who stood contentedly leaning on his shovel and listening idly to what was said.

No, the boss could not give me work; he already had the full number of men, but he knew that the gang of the next section to the west was short a man when he saw them last, and he thought that my chance of employment with them was good.

I walked something more than three miles into the next section, which was the Thirty-second, before I came up with the gang that worked it. They were three men when I found them and they were

bracing the sleepers near a little station which is known as Buda. I went up to them and asked for Osborn, the boss, and was answered by a tall, frank-eyed young Westerner of unmistakable native birth.

Osborn owned at once to being short-handed and said that I might go to work next morning, if I wished, and then went on, in business-like fashion, to explain that the wages were twelve and a half cents an hour for ten hours' work and that his wife would board me for three dollars and a half a week.

"Very well," I said, "I'll take the job."

"You can go right over to the house," he went on, "or wait here and go home with us at six o'clock."

I much preferred to wait and leave explanations to the boss, for my attempts at explaining myself to the women folk of my employers had not always ended in leaving me perfectly at ease.

The present situation could be taken in at a glance. Four miles farther on the road was the town of Kearney, built out, for the most part, to the north of the line. The station at Buda was the conventional frame building, with a pen for cattle at one end and a fenced platform for transferring the stock to the cattle-cars. A siding ran for a hundred yards or more beside the main line, and a few steps beyond it and across the main travelled road was the section-boss's shanty, a lightly built wooden shell, unpainted and weather-stained. Near an end of the siding, with a few feet of rails spanning the distance between, stood a little structure not unlike an overgrown kennel, where the hand-car for the men and the section tools were housed. For a space about the station and the boss's shanty and on either side the railway and the road it was clear, then began the inevitable corn that stood full-grown on the prairie as far as the eye could see.

The shadow of the station lay across the high prairie grass under its eastern wall, and there I lay down to rest.

If I had failed of work at Buda, I should have thought little of it and should have walked on as a matter of course to further search in Kearney or in the country about the town. But having found a job and knowing that I had only to rest until going to work in the morning, there came

a feeling of languor which it was a luxury to indulge. As I lay there in the high prairie grass at the end of another stretch of nearly 200 miles of walking, and looked dreamily up at the sky and thought contentedly of my new post, every muscle relaxed, and the will to summon them to action seemed gone, until the mere thought of further effort for that day was an agony which one harbored for the edge it gave to the sense of ease.

It was difficult to respond even to a call to supper. But I got to my feet at six o'clock and joined the gang, and together, after storing the tools, we walked over to the boss's shanty. On a bench outside the kitchen-door were tin basins and soap and water, with the usual roller towel, and soon we were waiting for a summons to the evening meal.

Already I was much attracted by Osborn and the section-hands. Tyler was a young American, a long-limbed youth with clear, smooth muscles and an intelligent, expressive face that suggested breeding, while Sullivan was a full-faced, stocky Irishman, of five-and-twenty, ready and frank, and full of energy.

The shop that they talked as we waited outside was still the topic at the table when we were called to supper in the little front room of the cabin with its wooden walls papered with old journals. Never had I been adopted more naturally by any company of fellow-workmen. They asked my name and where I was from, and having learned that I had come from the East, they appeared satisfied with the account of myself and made me one of their number with perfect friendliness. Osborn's father, a quiet old farmer, joined us, but we saw the women and children only as we passed through the kitchen. Osborn's mother was there with her daughter-in-law and in one or other of them, perhaps in both, there was a singularly good cook and housekeeper.

One could see instantly the cleanliness of the house for all its shabbiness, and the supper to which we sat down was not only clean, but bountiful and good. We had soup and boiled chicken, with rich gravy, and potatoes and steaming green corn, besides white bread of the rarest and a sauce for dessert. I looked with a livelier interest at the women as we passed out,

and I saw in the elder one a serene, sweet-faced, old farmer's wife, so trim and neat that she might have stepped from a New England country side, while the younger woman, in her abounding vigor, appeared rather a product of the West.

Osborn and Tyler had turned the talk at supper to something that attracted them to Kearney for the evening, and almost immediately when the meal was ended they hitched an Indian pony that was Osborn's to a light, rickety sulky and drove to town. Sullivan and I were left alone, for the old farmer had disappeared. We lit our pipes and sat down in the prairie grass with our eyes to the sunset. The horizon was aglow with crimson and gold that faded to a clear, cold green before changing to the purple in which the evening star was set. The keen gleam of electrics flashed out over the town, and a breeze rustled faintly among the crisping blades of corn.

Sullivan and I sat smoking lazily in the twilight. He had begun to tell me about himself, and my spirits were rising, for it was no furbished tale that I heard.

There is little marvel in leading men to talk of themselves, and workmen are no exception; but there is a difference, which is all the difference in the world, between a narrative that is evidently inspired by the hope of impressing you, and one that is a spontaneous self-revelation.

Sullivan was such another waif as Farrell, but older, and with not so fair a chance of settling ever into the framework of conventional living. Twice he had crossed the Atlantic as a deck-hand on a cattle-ship, and, therefore, he knew the nether depths of depravity, but he boasted nothing of his knowledge. Once only, there came into his voice a note of exultation. It was at the end of an account of a thirty days' term that he once served in the Bridewell, at Chicago. The description was admirable, for the memory of it was strong upon him, and he unconsciously made you see the prison and the keepers, and the flocking of the prisoners into the inner court in the morning, each from his separate cell.

"They knowed me there for *Cuckoo* Sullivan," he said, "which was the name the cops in Chicago give me, and I guess they'd know yet who you was after, if you

asked at the Harrison Street Station for *Cuckoo Sullivan*."

We moved presently to a little platform near the line and were sitting on the steps smoking contentedly while there came to us the souging of the night air in the corn. Sullivan was telling me of a long stay in Oklahoma and the Indian Territory, of the wild days of the opening of the reservation, and wilder days, when, with other adventurers, he roamed the new lands and lived at give and take with strange fortune. He told me of his loves, and they were many and some of them were dusky; and of the fights that he had fought, not all of them good; and how, finally, he had drifted north again as far as Scotia, Neb., and had worked there as a section-hand before coming to Buda.

Sullivan and I were friends when we turned in that night to our cots in the attic under the shanty roof. Next morning Osborn paired us as partners, when the day's work began. On the stroke of seven we four opened the tool-house and loaded the car with the crowbars and wrenches and picks and shovels that would be needed, then placing our dinner pails on top, we ran the car out to the line and lifted it into position.

Twenty years earlier our predecessors, who laid the line and who used the same tool-house, took with them each a rifle every day in readiness for attacks of Indians. The worn sockets and rests were still to be seen, where the rifles had stood at night against an inner wall. Giving the car a start in the direction of Kearney we jumped aboard, and each taking a handle of the crank, we were soon flying over the rails. The sun was obscured, the early morning air was cool, and the rapid movement exhilarating, so that the first impression of the job was a jolly one. But pumping a hand-car is not the whole of a navvy's work. Soon we reached the western end of our section, where there met us on their car the gang of the section next our own. Osborn had some talk with the other boss about certain details of the work, then lifting the car from the line, we settled to the day's task. Osborn and Tyler worked together and Sullivan and I. Sullivan seemed not to mind having a green hand to break in, for he set about it with energy and not a little skill. There

were sunken sleepers that had to be raised and tamped, and new coupling bars put in to replace those that had split, and spikes to be driven where the old ones were loose, and nuts to be tightened that were working free of their bolts.

Five hours on end of this were fatiguing; it was the drill, drill of rough manual labor, but with the difference of some variety, and there could not have been a better partner than Sullivan. He taught me how to tamp about the sleepers and put the new bars in place and tighten the nuts, but the noon signal was welcome as we heard it sounded by the steam whistles in Kearney.

We joined Osborn and Tyler then, and taking our dinner-pails from the hand-car, we all sat down in the prairie grass, settling ourselves to an hour of keen enjoyment. Slices of bread and cold meat and a bit of sausage and a piece of pie and cheese with cold tea, made up each man's ration and laid the foundation for a smoke. Rough hand labor is always hard, however trained to it one's muscles may have been, and ten hours of it daily are apt to have a deadening effect upon the mind, and time drags heavily to the end. Yet, when the nooning is reached, or the day's work is done, there come with meat and drink a feeling of renewal that others cannot know as workmen know it, and a solace in tobacco that is the very lap of ease.

As we lay there in the prairie grass, our eyes following, dreamily, the smoke as it curled in the warm sunlight, the talk drifted aimlessly, eddying now and then about a topic that held it for a moment, then flowing free again. Once it came my way.

"When you was living East, did you ever go to New York?" asked the boss.

"Yes, quite often," I said.

"Was you ever in Wall Street?"

"Many times."

"Well, that's where them" (I omit the intervening qualifying terms) "bloated bond-holders lives that we poor devils out here has to work for."

It was not worth while to explain that Wall Street is not a residence quarter, but the statement had an interest of its own, and so I probed the boss for what lay under it. There was nothing, apparently, beyond a vague sense of injustice which

had bred a feeling of hatred for a class that the Free Silver agitation had taught him to call "money lords." These were a company of men who had got control of the "money market" and lived, consequently, in much splendor, in Wall Street, at the expense of the "producing classes," which appeared to consist solely of those who work with their hands on their own account or for day's wages.

The idea would have been not in the least surprising had it come from a fellow-laborer in a town, where some wave of well-defined revolutionary agitation might have touched him, but coming from a native-born farmer's son, grown to a section-boss, it served to deepen the wonder that one felt in finding so often among an agrarian population the beginnings of revolutionary doctrine.

Sullivan did not share the boss's views. "Money lords" and "the producing classes" were but idle words to him. Life was a matter of working or loafing. If you labored with your hands, yours was the bondage of work: if not, you had escaped the primal curse. His philosophy was luminous in a single sentence while we were at work in the afternoon.

It was late in the day, but still very hot, for the clouds had melted in the morning and the sun gained in strength as the day passed, and no breeze came to stir the sweltering air. We were employed now near the eastern end of the section, where some regrading was necessary because of weakening in the road-bed. Sullivan and I were together as before. It was pick and shovel labor, and, because of some earlier experience, I did not need so much coaching, so that we were working in silence for the most part, except that Sullivan now and then would burst into song. But his snatches of song grew rarer as the afternoon wore away and as the muscles in our backs protested the more against the continued strain. With leaden feet the minutes plodded slowly past, sixty minutes to the hour and five hours of unbroken toil. Like Joshua's moon at Ajalon, the sun seemed to stand at gaze, and, from the mid-western sky, transfixed us with his heat. Five o'clock came, and the next hour stretched before us in almost intolerable length. For some time Sullivan had been silent, drudging doggedly on. Now,

I saw him draw himself slowly erect, rubbing with one hand, meanwhile, the small of his back, while his face expressed comically the pain he felt, and then he said, and I wish that I could suggest the rich Irish brogue with which he said it:

"Ach, I'm that sorry that I didn't study for the ministry."

Two days later the gang from the next section to the east joined us in the afternoon, and together we put in a new "frog" in the switch near the Buda station. They were the Irish boss with his two sons and the taciturn hand of the farm-laborer type. The boss remembered me instantly and commented favorably on my having taken his advice in applying to Osborn for a job.

The point of our joining forces was in the necessity of laying the frog without interfering with traffic. Osborn had chosen the hour in the day when there was the longest interval between trains, and we had everything in readiness when, at the appointed time, the other gang met us, so that with our united labor the frog was in place and secure when the next train passed.

Much of the talk between the bosses at this time referred to a later meeting, when, on an appointed day, the gangs for many miles along the line were to foregather at Grand Island under the Division-Superintendent's orders. There was to be a general distribution then of new sleepers along the railway.

What interested me most at this moment was the tone of the men in speaking of their superior in the service. I had caught it frequently in earlier references to the Superintendent among ourselves. He was the official in command of all the section-gangs in the division and directly responsible for the condition of the road.

The men told me that he had been a section-hand himself and then a boss, and that he had worked his way to the position of superintendent in a long service with the company. The feeling that they bore him was one of admiration, not unmixed with fear. They respected his knowledge of every detail of their work, and a certain liking for him grew out of the fact of his having been a laborer like themselves, but they feared him with an awesome fear.

I remember his passing one afternoon while we were at work. We had stood aside at the coming of a freight train,

and, as we stepped back to our work, we caught sight of a wiry little man standing on the rear platform of the caboose, his hands clasping the railing and his eyes intent on the road-bed. Osborn thought that he saw the flutter of a piece of paper in the dust raised by the passing train, and suspecting that it was an order for himself, he dropped his tools and searched the embankment, and even the neighboring cornfield to the leeward, with an eagerness that might have marked a hunt for hid treasure. He could not find it, and for the rest of the day, and I know not for how much longer, the incident was upon his mind with a sense of keen anxiety.

When the day appointed for distributing the sleepers came, we boarded at Buda an east-bound passenger train, and were pressed into a smoking-car already overcrowded by bosses and section-hands. Osborn vouched for us to the conductor, as the other bosses did for their men when we picked up a gang at almost every station.

It was a most welcome escape to get off at Grand Island. Like boys set free from school we clambered over the long freight-train, laden with sleepers, that stood waiting for us on a siding. Our orders were perfectly clear. We were to distribute ourselves through the train and, at a given signal, to unlade the sleepers as fast as we could, throwing them along the road-bed well free of the line. Each man was to remember, moreover, that, at the end of his own section, he was to leave the train.

I found myself in a box-car with three other navvies, all strangers to me. Sleepers lay piled to the roof from end to end of the floor, with only a passage across the middle wide enough for us to begin the work. A blue-eyed young Swede and I had just agreed to be partners when the Superintendent passed in his way along the train, noting the number of men in each car.

In a few moments we were off, and we had not gone far before the prearranged signal came. Then we bent to the work with a will. It was a break in the regular routine and we took it as a lark. Two men attacked one side of the passage and the Swede and I the other. Soon it was a race between us to see which could unlade the faster.

The train moved slowly, discharging

sleepers that piled themselves in grotesque confusion along the sides of the embankment, while above the noise of the cars, rose the voices of the men as they shouted excitedly in the unwonted rivalry.

Before I realized that we had gone half so far, I caught sight of the Buda station. Our car was nearly empty, and as nearly empty at our end as at the other, the Swede and I thought, but our fellow-navvies claimed a victory when at the end of the section I jumped to the ground with much care to avoid the flying sleepers. Osborn was there, and soon the other members of the gang gathered, and then we returned to the usual work until six o'clock.

For two weeks or more I remained at work on this section, then I knew that I must be going; for the autumn was at hand, and I aimed to cross the Rockies and reach the milder climate of the Southwest by the beginning of winter. But the actual parting with the gang presented the usual embarrassments. I had become used to the men, and they to me, and we worked together harmoniously and were on terms of easiest friendliness. Besides, no one had appeared who would take my place, and there were many sleepers to be laid.

I always stipulated with my employers at the beginning of an engagement that I wished to be free to go when I pleased, as they were free to discharge me when they wished, but this rarely smoothed the way of going, for they lost sight of the agreement as they grew accustomed to me as a hand.

When I told Osborn one evening that I must be gone in a day or two, his eyes took on a look of perplexity that did not relieve my embarrassment, and he began to plead the pressure of the work and the difficulty of getting section-hands until I felt like a deserter. But there was no help for it, and early one September morning, after reluctant good-byes to the family and the men, I set off down the line with my wages in one pocket and in another a luncheon that the boss's mother put up for me.

When the sun was setting that evening, I had entered a region where the cornfields were fewer, where the cattle country had begun, and the alkali shone white in the soil, and the bones of dead cattle lay bleaching on the plain.

# KRAG, THE KOOTENAY RAM

By Ernest Seton-Thompson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

## PART I



GREAT broad web of satin, shining white, and strewn across, long clumps and trailing wreaths of lilac—almost white—wistaria bloom—pendant, shining, and so delicately wrought in palest silk that still the web was white; and in and out and trailed across, now lost, now plain, two slender twining intertwining chains of golden thread.

### I

I SEE a broken upland in the far Northwest. Its gray and purple rocks are interpatched with colors rich and warm, the new-born colors of the upland spring, the greatest springtime in the world; for where there is no winter there can be no spring. The gloom is measure of the light. So, in this land of long, long winter night, where nature stints her joys for six hard months, then owns her debt and pays it all at once, the spring is glorious compensation for the past. Six months' arrears of joy are paid in one great lavish outpour. And latest May is made the date of payment. Then spring, great, gorgeous, six-fold spring holds carnival on every ridge.

Even the sullen Gunder Peak, that pierces the north end of the ridge, unsombres just a whit. The upland beams with all the flowers it might have grown in six lost months; yet we see only one. Here, by our feet and farther on, and right and left and onward far away, in great, broad acre beds, the purple lupin blooming. Irregular, broken, straggling patches near, but broader, denser farther on; till on the distant slopes they lie, long, devilish belts, like purple clouds at rest.

But late May though it be, the wind is cold; the pools tell yet of frost at night. The White Wind blows. Broad clouds come up, and down comes driving snow. Over the peaks, over the upland and over

the upland flowers. Hoary, gray, and white the landscape grows in turn; and one by one the flowers are painted out. But the lupins on their taller, stiffer stems, can fight the snow for long, they bow their whitened heads beneath its load, then, thanks no little to the wind itself, shake free and stand up defiantly straight, and as fits their royal purple. And when the snowfall ends as suddenly as it began, the clouds roll by and the blue sky sees an upland shining white, but streaked and patched with blots and belts of lovely purple bloom.

And wound across, and in and out, are two long trails of track.

### II

LATE snow is good trailing, and Scotty Macdougall took down his rifle and climbed the open hills behind his shanty on Tobacco Creek toward the well-known Mountain Sheep range. The broad white upland, with its lupin bands and patches, had no claim on Scotty's notice, nor was his interest aroused until he came on the double trail in the new snow. At a glance he read it—two full-grown female Mountain Sheep, wandering here and there across the country, with their noses to the wind. Scotty followed the prints for a short time and learned that the Sheep were uneasy, but not alarmed, and less than an hour ahead. They had wandered from one sheltered place to another. Once or twice had lain down for a minute, only to rise and move on, apparently not hungry, as the abundant food was untouched.

Scotty pushed forward cautiously, scanning the distance and keeping watch on the trail without following it, when, all at once, he swung round a rocky point into view of a little lupin-crowded hollow and from the middle of it leaped the two Sheep.

Up went his rifle, and in a moment one



or both would have fallen, had not Scotty's eye, before he pulled, rested on two tiny new-born Lambs that got up on their long wobbly legs, in doubt, for a moment, whether to go to the new-comer, or to follow their mothers.

The old Sheep bleated a shrill alarm to their young and circled back. The Lambs' moment of indecision was over, they felt that their duties lay with the creatures that looked and smelt like themselves, and coolly turned their uncertain steps to follow their mothers.

Of course Scotty could have shot any or all of the Sheep, as he was within twenty yards of the farthest, but there is in man an unreasoning impulse, a wild hankering to catch alive: and without thinking of what he could do with them afterward, Scotty, seeing them so easily in his power, leaned his gun in a safe place and ran after the Lambs. But the distressed mothers had by now communicated a good deal of their alarm to their young, the little things were no longer in doubt that they should avoid the stranger, and when he rushed forward, his onset added the necessary final touch and for the first time in their brief lives they knew danger and instinctively sought to escape it. They were not yet an hour old, but nature had equipped them with a set of valuable instincts. And though the Lambs were slow of foot compared with the man, they showed at once a singular aptitude at dodging, and Scotty failed to secure them at once as he had expected.

Meanwhile the mothers circled about, bleating piteously and urging the little ones to escape. Scotty, plunging around in his attempt, alarmed them more and more, and they put forth all the strength of their feeble limbs in the effort to go to their mothers. The man slipping and scrambling after them was unable to catch either, although more than once he touched one with his hand. But very soon this serious game of tag was adroitly steered by the timid mothers away from the lupin bed, and once on the smooth, firmer ground, the Lambs got an advantage that quite offset the weariness they began to feel, and Scotty, dashing and chasing first this way and then that, did not realize that the whole thing was being managed by the old ones, till they reached the lowest spur of

the Gunder Peak, a ragged, broken, rocky cliff, up which the mothers bounded. Then the little ones felt a new sense, just as a young duck must when first he drops in the water. Their little black rubber hoofs gripped the slippery rocks as no man's foot can do it, and they soared on their new-found mountain wings, up and away, till led by their mothers out of sight.

It was well for them that Scotty had lain aside his rifle, for a Sheep at 100 yards was as good as dead when he pulled on it. He now rushed back for his weapon, but before he could harm them, a bank of fog from the Peak came rolling between. The same White Wind that brought the treacherous trailing snow that had betrayed them to their deadliest foe, now brought the fog that screened them from his view.

So Scotty could only stare up the cliff and, half in admiration, mutter "the little devils, the little devils, too smart for me, and them less'n an hour old."

For now he fully knew the meaning of the restless wandering of the old ones, and the sudden appearance of two new tiny trails.

He spent the rest of the day in bootless hunting and at night went home hungry, to dine off a lump of fat bacon.

### III

THE rugged peaks are not the chosen home but rather the safe and final refuge of the Sheep. Once there the mothers felt no fear, and thenceforth, in the weeks that followed, they took care that in feeding, they should never wander far on the open away from their haven on the crags.

The Lambs were of a sturdy stock and grew so fast that within a week they were strong enough to keep up with their mothers when the sudden appearance of a Mountain Lion forced them all to run for their lives.

The snow of the Lambs' birthday had gone again within a few hours and all the hills were now carpeted with grass and flowers, the abundant food for the mothers meant plenty of the best for the little ones and they waggled their tails in satisfaction as they helped themselves.

One of the little fellows, whose distinguishing mark was a very white nose, was stockily built, while his playmate, slightly

taller and more graceful, was peculiar in having little nubbins of horns within a few days of his birth.

They were fairly matched and frisked and raced alongside their mothers or fought together the live-long day. One would dash away and the other behind him try to butt him; or if they came on an inviting hillock they began at once the world-old, world-wide game of King of the Castle. One would mount and hold his friend at bay. Stamping and shaking his little round head, he would give the other to understand that *he* was "King of the Castle"—and then back would go their pretty pink ears, the round woolly heads would press together and the innocent brown eyes roll as they tried to look terribly fierce and push and strive till one, forced to his knees, would wheel and kick up his heels as though to say: "I didn't want your old castle, anyway," but would straightway give himself the lie by seeking out a hillock for himself and, posing on its top with his fiercest look, would stamp and shake his head, after the way that in their language stands for the rhyming challenge in ours, and the combat scene would be repeated.

In these encounters Whitenose generally had the best of it because of his greater weight, but in the races, Nubbins was easily first. His activity was tireless. From morning till evening he seemed able to caper and jump.

At night they usually slept close against their mothers in some sheltered nook, where they could see the sunrise, or rather where they could feel it, for that was more important, and Nubbins, always active, was sure to be up first of the lambs. Whitenose was inclined to be lazy, and would stay curled up, the last of the family to begin the day of activity. His snowy nose was matched by a white patch behind, as in all Bighorn Sheep, only larger and whiter than usual, and this patch afforded so tempting a mark that Nubbins never could resist a good chance to charge at it. He was delighted if, in the morning, he could waken his little friend by what he considered a tremendous butt on his beautiful patch of white.

Mountain Sheep usually go in bands; the more in the band the more eyes for danger. But the hunter had been very

active in the Kootenay country, Scotty in particular had been relentless in the hunting. His shanty roof was littered over with horns of choice Rams, and inside it was half filled with a great pile of Sheepskins awaiting a market. So the droves of Bighorn were reduced to a few scattering bands, the largest of which was less than thirty, and many, like that of which I speak, had but three or four in it.

Once or twice during the first fortnight of June old Scotty had crossed the sheep-range with his rifle ready, for game was always in season for him, but each time one or the other of the alert mothers saw him afar, and either led quickly away, or by giving a short, peculiar "*sniff*," had warned the others not to move; then all stood still as stones, and so escaped, when a single move might easily have brought sure death. When the enemy was out of sight they quickly changed to some distant part of the range.

One day they had wandered downward toward the piney valley, tempted by the rich grasses. As they reached the edge of the woods, Nubbins's mother held back; she had a deep-laid distrust of the lower levels, especially where wooded. But Whitenose's mother, cropping eagerly at the mountain clover that was here in profusion, was led farther on till she passed under some rocks among the pines. A peculiar smell caused her to start, she looked around, then wheeled to quit the woods, but a moment later a great Wolverine sprang from the bank on to her back and laid her low in an instant.

Nubbins and his mother got a glimpse of the great brown enemy and fled up the rocks, but little Whitenose was stupefied with terror. He stood by staring and feebly bleating till the Wolverine, with merciful mercilessness, struck him down as he had done the mother.

#### IV

NUBBINS's mother was a medium-sized, well-knit creature. She had horns longer and sharper than usual for a Ewe, and they were of the kind called Spikehorns or Spikers; she also had plenty of good Sheep sense. The region above Tobacco Creek had been growing more dangerous each month, thanks chiefly to Scotty, but the

mother Sheep's intention to move out was decided for her by the morning's tragedy.

She careered along the slope of the Gunder Peak at full speed, but before going over each rising ground she stopped and looked over it, ahead and back, remaining still as a lichen-patched rock for a minute or more in each place while she scanned the range around.

Once as she did this she saw a dark, moving figure on a range behind her. It was old Scotty. She was in plain view, but she held as still as could be and so escaped notice, and when the man was lost behind the rocks she bounded away faster than before, with little Nubbins scampering after. At each ridge she looked out carefully, but seeing no more either of her enemy or her friends, she pushed on quietly all that day, travelling more slowly as the dangerfield was left behind.

Toward evening, as she mounted the Yak-in-i-kak watershed, she caught a glimpse of moving forms on a ridge ahead; after a long watch she made out that they were in the uniform of Sheep—gray, with white striped stockings and white patches on face and stern. They were going up wind. Keeping out of view she made so as to cross their back trail, which she soon found, and thus learned that her guess was right. There were the tracks of two large Bighorn, but the trail also said that they were Rams. According to Mountain Sheep etiquette the Rams form one community and the Ewes and Lambs another. They must not mix or seek each other's society, excepting during the early winter, the festal months, the time of love and mating.

Nubbins's mother, or the Spikerdoe, as we may call her, left the trail and went over the watershed, glad to know that this was a Sheep region. She rested for the night in a hollow, and next morning she journeyed on, feeding as she went. Presently the mother caught a scent that made her pause. She followed it a little. Others joined on or criss-crossed, and she knew now that she had found the trail of a band of Ewes and Lambs. She followed steadily, and Nubbins skipped alongside, missing his playmate, but making up as far as possible by doing double work.

Within a very few minutes she sighted the band, over a dozen in all—her own people. The top of her head was just over a rock, so that she saw them first, but when Nubbins poked up his round head to see, the slight movement caught the eye of a watchful mother in the flock. She gave the signal that turned all the band to statues, with heads their way. It was now the Spiker's turn. She walked forth in plain view. The band dashed over the hill, but circled behind it to the left, while Nubbins and his mother went to the right.

In this way their positions in the wind were reversed. Formerly she could smell them; now they could smell her, and, having already seen her uniform from afar, they were sure her credentials were right. She came cautiously up to them. A leading Ewe walked out to meet her. They sniffed and gazed. The leader stamped her feet, and the Spikerdoe got ready to fight. They advanced, their heads met with a "whack," then, as they pushed, the Spikerdoe twisted so that one of her sharp points rested on the other Ewe's ear. The pressure became very unpleasant. The enemy felt she was getting the worst of it, so she sniffed, turned, and, shaking her head, rejoined her friends. The Spikerdoe walked after her, while little Nubbins, utterly puzzled, stuck close to her side. The flock wheeled and ran, but circled back, and as the Spiker stood her ground, they crowded around her, and she was admitted one of their number. This was the ceremony, so far as she was concerned. But Nubbins had to establish his own footing. There were some seven or eight Lambs in the flock. Most of them were older and bigger than he, and, in common with some other animals, they were ready to persecute the stranger simply because he was strange.

The first taste of this that Nubbins had was an unexpected "bang" behind. It had always seemed very funny to him when he used to give Whitenose a surprise of this kind, but now there seemed nothing funny about it. It was simply annoying, and when he turned to face the enemy, another one charged from another direction, and whichever way he turned, there was a Lamb ready to butt at

him, till poor Nubbins was driven to take refuge under his mother. Of course she could protect him, but he could not stay there always, and the rest of the day with the herd was an unhappy one for poor Nubbins, but a very amusing one for the others. He was so awed by their numbers, the suddenness of it all, that he did not know what to do. His activity helped but little. Next morning it was clear that the others intended to have some more fun at his expense. One of these, the largest, was a stocky little Ram. He had no horns yet, but when they did come they were just like himself, thickset and crooked and rough, so that, reading ahead, we may style him "Krinklehorn." He came over and, just as Nubbins rose, hind legs first, as is Sheep fashion, the other hit him square and hard. Nubbins went sprawling, but jumped up again, and in something like a little temper went for the bully. Their small heads came together with about as much noise as two balls of yarn, but they both meant to win. Nubbins was aroused now, and he dashed for that other fellow. Their heads slipped past, and now it was head to shoulder, both pounding away. At first Nubbins was being forced back, but soon his unusual sprouts of horns did good service, and, after getting one or two punches in his ribs from them, the bully turned and ran. The others, standing round, realized that the new-comer was fit. They received him as one of their number, and the hazing of Nubbins was ended.

## V

THE Spikerdoe soon became known as a very wise Sheep, wiser than any other in the flock except one, the chosen leader, and that leader was no other than the mother of Krinklehorn, the little bully. Sheep do not give each other names—but they have the idea which in time resulted in names with us, they always think of their leaders as the *Wise One*, who is safe to follow, and I shall speak of her as such.

Within a few weeks she was killed by a Mountain Lion. The herd scattered as the terrible animal sprang, and the Spikerdoe led for the cliffs, followed by the rest. When she reached a safe place

high up, she turned to wait for the stragglers, who came up quickly. Then they heard from far below a faint "*baah*" of a Lamb. All cocked their ears and waited. It is not wise to answer too quickly, it may be the trick of some enemy. But it came again, the familiar "*baah*" of one of their own flock, and Spikerdoe answered it.

A rattling of stones, a scrambling up banks, another "*baah*" for guidance and there appeared among them little Krinklehorn—an orphan now.

Of course he did not know this yet, any more than the others did. But as the day wore on and no mother came in response to his plaintive calls, and as his little stomach began also to cry out for something more than grass or water, he realized his desolation and "*baahed*" more and more plaintively. When night came he was cold as well as hungry—he must snuggle up to someone or freeze. No one took much notice of him, but Spikerdoe, seemingly the new leader, called once or twice in answer to his call, and almost by accident he drifted near her when she lay down and warmed himself against her beside his ancient enemy, young Nubbins.

In the morning he seemed to Mother Spikerdoe to be her own, in a limited sense. Rubbing against Nubbins made him smell like her own, and when Nubbins set about helping himself to a breakfast of warm milk, poor hungry Krinklehorn took the liberty of joining in on the other side. Thus Nubbins found himself nose to nose and dividing his birthright with his old-time enemy. But neither he nor his mother made any objection, and thus it was that Krinklehorn was adopted by his mother's rival.

## VI

THERE WAS NO one of the others that could equal Spikerdoe in sagacity. She knew all the range now, and it was soon understood that she was to lead. It was also understood that Krinklehorn, as well as Nubbins, was her Lamb. The two were like brothers in many things. But Krinklehorn had no sense of gratitude to his foster-mother and he always nursed his old grudge against Nubbins, and now that they drank daily of the same drink, he viewed Nubbins as his rival and soon

showed his feeling by a fresh attempt to master him. But Nubbins was better able to take care of himself now than ever. Krinklehorn got nothing but a few good prods for his pains, and their relative status was settled.

During the rest of the season they grew up side by side. Krinklehorn, thickset and sulky, with horns fast growing, but thick and crinkly. And Nubbins—well! it is not fair to call him Nubbins any longer, as his horns were growing fast and long, so that we may henceforth speak of him as Krag, a name that he got years afterward in the country around Gunder Peak, and the name by which he went down to history.

During the summer Krag and Krinklehorn grew in wit as well as in size. They learned all the ordinary rules of life among Bighorn. They knew how to give the warning "*sniff*" when they saw something, and the danger "*Snoo-oh*" when they were sure it was dangerous. They were acquainted with all the pathways and could have gone alone to any of the near Saltlicks when they felt the need of it.

They could do the zigzag bounding that baffles the rush of an enemy, as well as the stiff-legged jumping which carries them safely up glassy slippery slopes. Krag even excelled his mother in these accomplishments. They were well equipped to get their own living, they could eat grass, and so it was time they were weaned, for Spikerdoe had to lay on her fat to keep warm in the coming winter. The youngsters themselves would have been in no hurry to give up their comforting breakfast, but the supply began to run short, and the growing horns of the Lambs began to interfere with the mother's comfort so much that she proceeded firmly and finally with their weaning, and long before the earliest snow flurry grizzled the upland, she had them quite independent of her for their daily food.

## VII

WHEN the earliest snows of winter came, all the Lambs were weaned and doing for themselves, and the Ewes were fat and flourishing, but, being free from domestic cares, had thoughts for other matters.

With the early frosts and the bracing air came the mating season and, determined to find their mates, the Sheep travelled about the likeliest parts of the hills.

Several times during the summer they had seen one or two great Rams in the distance, but an exchange of signals had made clear to each what the other was, and they had avoided each other's company.

But now, when a pair of large Sheep were sighted, and the usual signals exchanged, there seemed no sign of a wish to avoid each other. As the two tall strangers came on, their great size, majestic forms, and vast curling horns, left no doubt as to their sex, and, proud of their horns and powers, they pranced forward. But the forwardness of Spikerdoe and her band now gave place to a decided bashfulness. They turned, as though to avoid the new-comers. This led to pursuit and to much manœuvring before the two Rams were permitted to join the herd. Then came the inevitable quarrel. The Rams had so far been good friends, were evidently chums, but chumship and love rivalry cannot dwell together. It was the old story—the jealous pang, the seeking for cause, the challenge, and the duel. But these are not always duels to the death. The Rams charged at each other, their horns whacked together till the chips flew from them, but after a few rounds one of them, the lighter, of course, was thrown backward, and, leaping up, he tried to escape. The other followed for a quarter of a mile, and, as he declined a further fight, the victor came proudly back, and claimed and was allowed the position and joys of Sultan of the band.

Krag and Krinklehorn were ignored. They were in awe of the great Ram who now took charge, and they felt that their safest plan was to keep as far as possible away from the present social activities of the flock, as they were not very sure of their own standing.

During the first part of that winter they were under guidance of the Ram. He was a big, handsome fellow, not without a streak of masculine selfishness that made him take care to have the best of the food and to keep a sharp lookout for

danger. Food was plentiful, for the Ram knew enough to lead them not into the sheltered ravines where the snow was deep, but up on the bleakest ridges of the upland, where the frigid wind lays bare the last year's grass and, furthermore, where no enemy can approach unseen; so all went well.

### VIII

THE springtime came, with its thrilling sounds and feelings. Obedient to their ancient law, the Ram and the band of Ewes had parted company in midwinter. The feeling had been growing for days. They were less disposed to follow him, and sometimes he lingered far away for hours. One day he did not rejoin them, and thenceforth to the end of the winter they followed the Spikerdoe as of old.

The little ones came about the first of June. Many of the mothers had two each, but Spikerdoe, now the Wise One, had but one, as the year before, and this little one displaced Krag for good and engrossed all the mother's attention. He even hindered her in her duties as a leader, and one day, as she was feeding him and watching the happy wagging of his tail, another Sheep gave an alarm. All froze except a certain nervous, fidgety, young Ewe, who never could keep still. She crossed before the Wise One. There was a far-away "crack." Fidgets dropped dead, and the Spikerdoe fell with a stifled "*baah!*" But she sprang to her feet, forgetting her own pain, and, looking wildly about her for her Lamb, she leaped on the ridge to follow the others. "Bang!" went the rifle again, and the old Sheep got a first glimpse of the enemy. It was the man who had once so nearly caught the Lambs. He was a long way off, but the ball whistled before the Sheep's nose. She sprang back and changed her course, thereby leaving the rest, then leaped over the ridge bleating to her little one to follow—bleating, too, from pain, for she was hard hit. But she leaped headlong down a rocky place, and the high ground came between. Down the gully she bounded, and out along the further ridge, keeping out of sight so well that, though Scotty ran as fast as he could to the edge, he never saw her again. He chuckled as he noted the clots of blood, but these soon ceased,

and after a long attempt to keep the trail, he gave it up, cursed his luck, and went back to the victim he had secured.

Away went Spikerdoe and her Lamb, the mother guiding, but the little one ahead. Her instinct told her that upward was the way to safety. Up the Gunder Peak she must go, but keep from being seen. So she went on, in spite of a burning wound, always keeping a ridge between, till round the nearest rocks she paused to look. She saw no sign of either her friends or her foe. She felt she had a deadly wound. She must escape lest her strength give out. She set off again at a run, forging ahead, and the little one following or running ahead as he pleased. Up they went till the timber line was reached, and upward still, her instinct urged her on.

Another lofty bench was scaled, and then she sighted a long white streak, a snow-drift lingering in a deep ravine. She eagerly made for that. There was a burning pain through her loins, and on each side was a dark stain on her coat. She craved a cooling touch, and on reaching the white patch sank on her side, her wound against the snow.

There could be only one end to such a wound—two hours, three hours at farthest, and then—well, never mind.

And the little one? He stood dumbly gazing at her. He did not understand. He only knew that he was cold and hungry now, and that his mother, to whom he had looked for everything, food, warmth, guidance, and sympathy, was so cold and still.

He did not understand it. He did not know what next. But we do, and the Raven on the Rock knew. Better for him, far better, quicker and more merciful, had the rifle served him as it did his mother.

### IX

KRAG was a fine young Ram now, taller than any of the Ewes, and with long scimitars of horns. Krinklehorn also was well grown, as heavy as Krag, but not so tall, and with horns that looked diseased, they were so short, thick, and bumpy.

The autumn came again, with the grand reunion of the families, the readvent of the Ram, and also with a readjustment



that Krag did not look for. He was just beginning to realize his importance in the flock, when the great Ram came, with his curling horns and thick bull neck, and the first thing he did was to bundle Krag out of the flock. Krag, Krinklehorn, and three or four more of their age, were packed off by themselves, for such is etiquette among Sheep. As soon as the young males reach or nearly reach maturity they must go off to study life for themselves, just as a boy leaves home for college. And during the four years that followed Krag led a roving bachelor life with a half dozen companions. He became the leader, for he inherited his mother's wit, and they travelled into far countries, learning new pastures, new ways, and new wisdom, and fitted themselves to become fathers of large and successful families, for such is the highest ambition of every good Mountain Ram.

It was not choice that left Krag unmated, but a combination of events against which he vainly chafed still left him with his bachelor crew. It was really better so. It seemed hard at the time, but it proved his making, for he was thus enabled to develop to the full his wonderful powers before being hampered and weakened by the responsibilities and mingled joys of a family. Each year the bachelor Rams grew handsomer. Even sulky Krinklehorn became a tall and strong, if not a fine looking, Ram. He had never gotten over his old dislike of Krag. Once or twice he put forth his strength to worst him, and even tried to put him over a cliff, but he got so severely punished for it that thenceforth he kept away from his foster-brother. But Krag was a joy to behold. As he bounded up the jagged cliffs, barely touching each successive point with his clawed and padded hoofs, floating up like a bird, deriding all foes that thought of following afoot, and the sunbeams changing and flashing from his back as the supple muscles working changed the surface form—he was more like a spirit thing that had no weight and knew no fear of falling than a great three-hundred-pound Ram with five year-rings on his horns.

And such horns! The bachelors that owned his guidance had various horns reflecting each the owner's life and gifts. Some rough half-moons, some thick, some

thin, but Krag's curled in one great sweep, three-quarters of a circle, and the five year-marks told, first beginning at the point, of the year when he was a Lamb, and grew the straight long spikes that had helped him so well in his early fight. Next year the growth thicker and much longer. The next two years told of yet more robust growth with lesser length, but the last was record of a year of good food, of perfect health, and unexampled growth, for the span grown then was longer, wider, and cleaner horns than any of the others.

Tucked away under the protecting shadow of each rugged base, like things too precious to expose, were his beautiful eyes. Dark brown when he was a lamb, yellowish brown when a yearling, they were now, in his early prime, great orbs of shining gold, or splendid amber jewels, with a long, dark, misty depth in each, through which the whole bright world was born and mirrored on his brain.

There is no greater joy to the truly living thing than the joy of being alive, of feeling alive in every part and power. It was a joy to Krag now to stretch his perfect limbs in a shock of playful battle with his friends. It was a joy to press his toes on some thin ledge then sail an impossible distance across some fearful chasm to another ledge, whose size and distance he gauged with absolute precision. It was a joy to him to set the Mountain Lions at naught by a supple ricochet from rock to rock, or to turn and drive the bounding Blacktail band down pell-mell backward to their own, the lower, levels. There was a subtle pleasure in every move, and a glorying in his glorious strength, which, after all, is beauty. And when to such a being the early winter brought also the fire of love and set him all aglow, he was indeed a noble thing to see. In very wantonness of strength and power he bounded, ball-like, up or down, long rugged slopes, leaping six feet high where one would have fully answered every end, except the pleasure of doing it. But so he went. Seeking, searching—for what? He could not have told. But he would know when he found it. Away he went at the head of his band, careering till they crossed the trail of another band and, instinct guided, he followed after.



*Drawn by Ernest Seton-Thompson.*

The world-old, world-wide game of King of the Castle.—Page 695.

In a mile or two the other band was sighted, a group of Ewes. They fled, of course, but being cornered on a rugged bench, they stood, and after due punctilio they allowed the Rams to approach.

The Bighorn is no monogamist. The finest Ram claims all of the Ewes in the flock, and any question of his claims must be settled on the spot in mortal fight. Hitherto there had been a spirit of good fellowship among the Rams, but now that was changed, and when great Krag bounded forward, snorting out a challenge to all the rest to disprove his right of might, there was none to face him; and, strange to tell, with many claimants, there was no fight. There was nothing now for the rest to do but to wheel at his command and leave him to the devotion and admiration of his conquest.

If, as they say, beauty and prowess are winning cards in all walks of animal life, then Krag must have been the idol of his band. For matched with Rams he had seemed a wonder, and among the Ewes his strength, his size, and the curling horns must have made of him a demi-god, and the winged heart and the brimming cup were his.

But on the second day of joy two Rams appeared, and after manoeuvring came near. One was a fine big animal, as heavy in the body as Krag, but with smaller horns, and the other was—yes, it surely was—Krinklehorn. The new Ram snuffed a challenge as he came near, then struck the ground with his foot, meaning “I am a better Ram than you and mean to oust you from your present happy position.”

Krag's eyes blazed. He curled his massive neck. He threw his chin up and down like a champing horse. Shook his great horns as though they were twigs, laid back his ears and charged, and forward sprang the foe. “Choch” they came together, but the stranger had an advantage of ground, which left the first onset a draw.

The Rams backed off, each measuring the other and the distance and seeking for firm footing, kept on the edge of the great bench, then with a “whoof” they came on again. “Whack”—and the splinters flew, for they both were prime. But this time Krag clearly had the best of it. He followed up his advantage at once with a

second “whack” at short range, and twisting around, his left horn hooked under the right of his foe, when to his utter dismay he received a terrific blow on his flank from an unknown enemy. He was whirled around and would have been dashed over the cliff, but that his horn was locked in that of his first foeman and so he was saved; for no Ram has weight enough in his hind quarter to oppose the headlong charge of another. Krag scrambled to his feet again, just in time to see the new enemy irresistibly carried by the violence of his own charge over the ledge and down.

It was a long time before a far-away crash told to those on the ledge that Krinklehorn had found the very end he plotted for his foster-brother. Ram fights are supposed to be fair duels. Krinklehorn, failing in fair fight, had tried foul, and had worked his own destruction; for not even a Bighorn can drop two hundred feet on rock and live.

Krag now turned on his other foe with double fury. One more shock and the stranger was thrown, defeated. He leaped to his feet and bounded off. For a time Krag urged him to further flight by the same means that Krinklehorn once used to persecute him, then returned in triumph to live unmolested with his family.

## X

SCOTTY had gone from his Tobacco Creek location in 1887. The game was pretty well hunted out. Sheep had become very scarce; news of new gold strikes in Colorado had attracted him southward, and the old shanty was deserted. Five years went by with Krag as the leading Ram. It was five years under a good genius, with an evil genius removed. Five years of prosperity then, for the Bighorn.

Krag carried farther the old ideas that were known to his mother. He taught his band to abjure the lowlands entirely. The forest coverts were full of evil, and the only land of safety was the open wind-swept peaks where neither lions nor riflemen could approach unseen. He found more than one upland saltlick where their natural need could be supplied without the dangerous lowland journeys that they once had thought necessary. He taught his band never to walk along the top of a



*Drawn by Ernest Seton-Thompson.*

Dividing his birthright with his old-time enemy.—Page 697.

ridge, but always along one side so as to look down both ways without being conspicuous. And he added one famous invention of his own. This was the "hide." If a hunter happens close to a band of Sheep before they see him, the old plan was to make a dash for safety. A good enough plan in the days of bows and arrows or even of muzzle-loading rifles, but the repeating rifle is a different arm. Krag himself learned and then taught his tribe, to crouch and lie perfectly still when thus surprised. In nine cases out of ten this will baffle a human hunter, as Krag found times without number.

It is always good for a race, when a great one arises in it. Krag marked a higher level for the Bighorns. His children multiplied on the Yak-i-ni-kak around the Gunder Peak, and eastward as far as Kintla Lake at least. They were healthier and much wiser than had been the Bighorn of other days, and being so their numbers steadily increased.

Five years had made some changes in Krag's appearance, but his body was square and round and muscular as ever; his perfect legs seemed unchanged in form or in force; his head was as before, with the heart-shaped white patch on his nose; and his jewel eyes blazed as of old; but his horns, how they had changed! Before they were uncommon; now they were unique. The massive sweeps—the graven records of his life—were now a circle and a quarter, and they told of years of joy and years of strife, and one year, tallied in a narrow band of dark and wrinkled horn, told of the year when all the mountains were scourged by the epidemic of grip; when many Lambs and their mothers died; when many strong Rams succumbed; when Krag himself had been smitten but recovered, thanks to his stalwart growth and native force, and after a time of misery had shown no traces of those wretched months, except in the yearly growth of horn. For that year, 1889, it was barely an inch in width, plain for those who read such things—a record of a time of want.

## XI

At length old Scotty came back. Like all mountaineers he was a wanderer, and he once more returned alone to his shanty

on Tobacco Creek. The sod roof had fallen in, and he hesitated to repair it. Anyhow he would prospect awhile first. He took his rifle, and sought the familiar upland. Before he returned, he had sighted two large bands of Mountain Sheep. That decided him. He spent a couple of days repairing the shanty, and the curse of the Yak-i-ni-kak returned.

Scotty was now a middle-aged man. His hand was strong and steady, but his eyes had lost some of their power. As a youth he scorned all aids to sight. But now he carried a field-glass. In the weeks that followed he scanned a thousand benches through the glass, and many a time his eye rested on the form of the Gunder Ram. The first time he saw him, he exclaimed, "Heavens, what horns!" Then added, prophetically, "Them's mine!" and he set out to make them his. But the Bighorn of his early days were fools to these, and month after month passed without his ever getting a nearer view of the great Ram. The Ram had more than once seen him at short range, but Scotty never knew it.

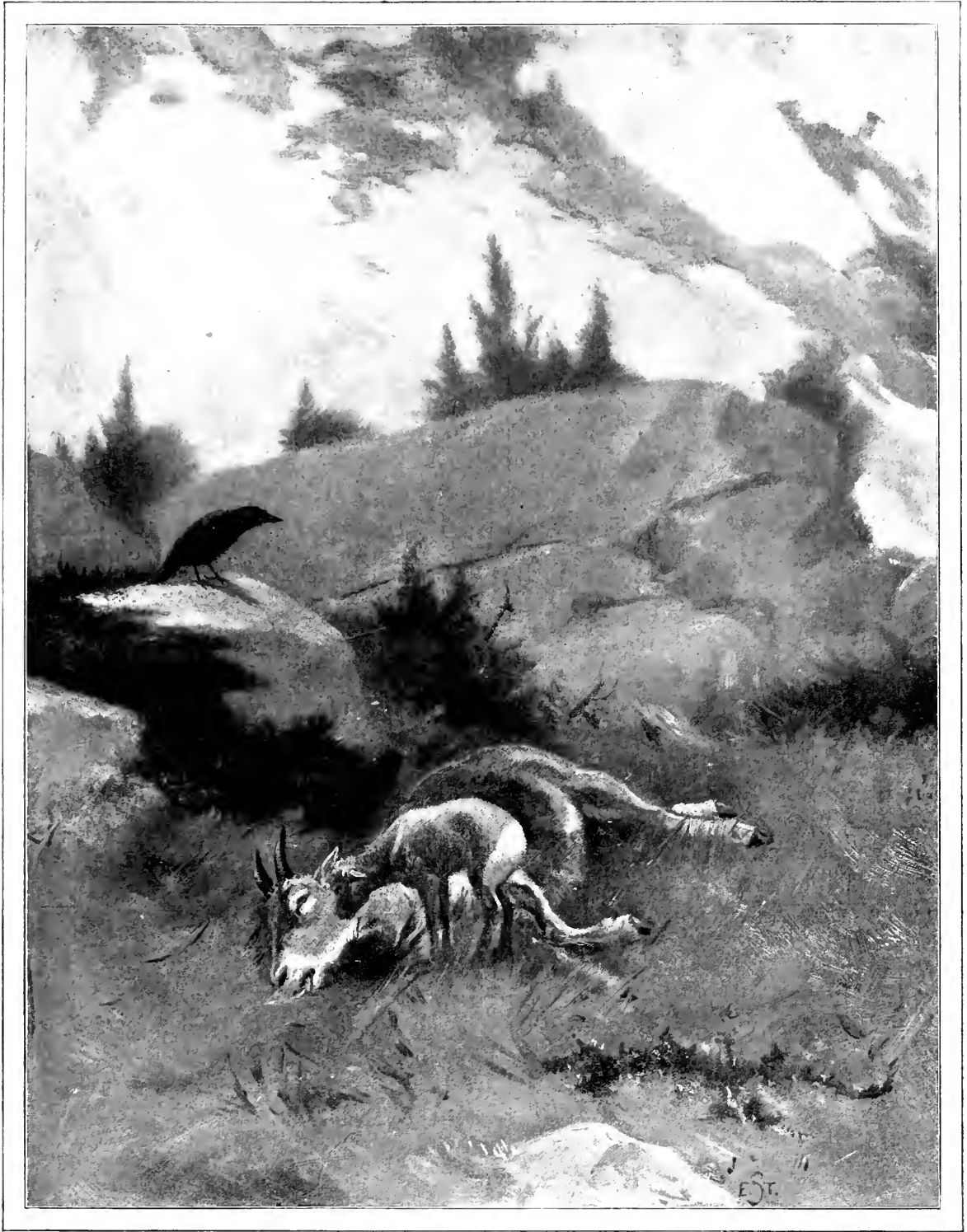
Several times through the glass he marked old Krag from afar on a bench. Then after a labor of hours stalked round to the place only to find him gone. Sometimes he really was gone, but on more than one occasion, the Ram was close at hand and hidden, watching his foe.

Then came a visitor to Scotty's shanty, a cattle man named Lee, a sportsman by instinct and a lover of dogs and horses. His horses were of little use in mountain hunting, but his wolf-hounds—three beautiful Russian Barzois—were his constant companions, and he suggested to Scotty that it would be a good plan to try the dogs on the Bighorn.

Scotty grinned, "Guess you're from the plains, pard. Wait till you see the kind of place whar ole Krag hangs around."

## XII

WHERE the Yak-i-ni-kak River leaves its parent mountains, south of Gunder Peak, it comes from a tremendous gorge called Skinkler's Gulch. This is a mere crack in the vast granite hill, but is at least 500 feet in depth. Southward from the



*Drawn by Ernest Seton-Thompson.*

His mother . . . was so cold and still.—Page 699



back of Gunder Peak is a broken upland that runs to a point at this cañon, and ends in a long promontory over the raging walled-in stream.

This upland is good Sheep range and by a strange chance Scotty, coming up there with Lee and the three wolf-hounds, got a glimpse of the Gunder Ram. The men kept out of sight and hurried along by the hollows toward the spot. But it was the old story. No sign of their quarry. They found his great hoof-mark just where they had seen him, so it was no illusion, but the hard rocks about refused further information, and no doubt Scotty would have had another mysterious disappearance to add to his list, but that the dogs, nosing about in all of the near hollows and thickets of dwarf birch, broke out suddenly into a loud clamor, and as they did so, up jumped a huge, gray, white-sterned animal—the Ram, the wonderful Gunder Ram. Over the low bushes, over the broken rocks—bounding, soaring, floating; supple, certain, splendid—he bore the great curling wonders on his head as lightly as a lady might her ear-rings, and then, from various other coverts, sprang up his band and joined him. Up flew the rifles, but in a moment the three great dogs closing in, gave unwitting screen to the one victim on which every thought was fixed, and not a shot was heard. Away they went, the Ram forging quickly to the lead and the others stringing along after. Over the upland, flying, sailing, leaping, and swerving they went. Over the level plains the dogs would soon have caught the hindmost, or perhaps their noblest prey, but on the rugged rocks, it was clear that the Sheep were gaining. The men ran, one to the right, the other to the left, the better to keep sight, and Krag, cut off from the peak, dashed southward, over the benchland. Now it was a straight race. On it went—on, southward. The dogs gained and were near catching the hindmost Sheep—then it seemed that the Ram dropped back and now ran the rear-most. A rugged stretch was reached and there the Sheep gained steadily, though little. One, two, three miles and the chase was sweeping along the rocky ridge that ends in the sudden gash of Skinkler's Gulch. A minute more and the crowd of Sheep were rounded up and cornered on

the final rock. They huddled together in terror, 500 feet of dizzy cañon all around, three fierce dogs, and two fiercer men behind. Then, a few seconds later, old Krag dashed up. Cornered at last, he wheeled to fight, for the wild thing never yields.

He was now so far from the bounding dogs, that two rifle balls whistled near. Of the dogs he had no fears; them he could fight, but the rifles were sure death. There was one chance left. The granite walls of the Yak-i-ni-kak could prove no harder than the human foe, the dogs were within forty yards, now, fine courageous animals, keen for fight, fearless of death, and behind, the hunters, remorseless and already triumphant. Sure death from them or doubtful life in the gulch. There was no time to hesitate, he, the leader, must act. He wheeled to the edge and—*leaped* down—down, not to the bottom, not blindly—thirty feet downward, across the dizzy chasm, was a little jut of rock, no bigger than his nose. The only one in sight, all the rest smooth, sheer or overhanging. But Krag landed fairly, poised just a heart-beat, in a flash his blazing eyes took in another point, his only hope, on the other side, hidden under the overhanging rocks he had leaped from. His supple loins and corded limbs, bent, pulsed, and floated him across, there got fresh guidance to his flight, then back and sometimes to a mere roughness of the rock on which his hoofs of horn and rubber built gripped for an instant, took fresh ricochet to another point. Then, sidewise fifteen feet and down, down with modulated impact from point to point, till, with a final drop of twenty feet, he reached a ledge of safety far below.

And the others inspired by his example followed fast, a long cascade of Sheep. Had he failed at one point all must have failed. But now they came down headlong. It was splendid, it was inspiring, hop, skip, down they came, one after the other, now ten, now twenty feet, first to last, leaping, sailing, bounding, from point to ledge, from ledge to point, with masterly command of thew and hoof, with marvellous poise and absolute success.

But just as the last had reached the second slender specklike foothold for its life

—three white and yellow creatures whirled past her in the air with gurgled gasps of horror, to perish far below. The hounds, impetuous and brave, never hesitated to follow a foe and never knew how far more gifted was that foe than themselves, until it was too late. Down below almost at the waters edge Krag paused at length. Far above he heard the yells and whistles of the hunters; below in the boiling Yak-ini-kak he saw a battered white and yellow form being hurried to the sea.

Lee and Scotty stood blankly at the

edge. Sheep and dogs had vanished: no possibility of escape for any. Scotty uttered words that had no bearing on the case, only they were harsh blasphemous words and seemed to be necessary. Lee had a choking feeling in his throat, and he felt as no man can comprehend who has not lost a noble dog by a sudden, tragic, and untimely end.

"Bran! Rollo! Ida!" he called in lingering hope, but the only response was from the Western Wind that "snoofed" and whistled as it swept down Skinkler's Gulch.

(To be concluded in July.)

## AN OLD FLAME

### MORE ADVENTURES OF THE AMATEUR CRACKSMAN

By E. W. Hornung

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHAN



THE square shall be nameless, but if you drive due west from Piccadilly the cabman will eventually find it on his left, and he ought to thank you for two shillings. It is not a fashionable square, but there are few with a finer garden, while the studios on the south side lend distinction of another sort. The houses, however, are small and dingy, and about the last to attract the expert practitioner in search of a crib. Heaven knows it was with no such thought I trailed Raffles thither, one unlucky evening at the latter end of that same season, when Dr. Theobald had at last insisted upon the bath-chair which I had foreseen in the beginning. Trees whispered in the green garden aforesaid, and the cool smooth lawns looked so inviting that I wondered whether some philanthropic resident could not be induced to lend us the key. But Raffles would not listen to the suggestion, when I stopped to make it, and what was worse, I found him looking wistfully at the little houses instead.

"Such balconies, Bunny! A leg up, and there you would be."

I expressed a conviction that there would be nothing worth taking in the

square, but took care to have him under way again as I spoke.

"I dare say you're right," sighed Raffles. "Rings and watches, I suppose, but it would be hard luck to take them from people who live in houses like these. I don't know, though. Here's one with an extra story. Stop, Bunny; if you don't stop I'll hold on to the railings! This is a good house; look at the knocker and the electric bell. They've had that put in. There's some money here, my rabbit! I dare bet there's a silver-table in the drawing-room; and the windows are wide open. Electric light, too, by Jove!"

Since stop I must, I had done so on the other side of the road, in the shadow of the leafy palings, and as Raffles spoke the ground-floor windows opposite had leapt alight, showing as pretty a little dinner-table as one could wish to see, with a man at his wine at the far end, and the back of a lady in evening dress toward us. It was like a lantern-picture thrown upon a screen. There were only the pair of them, but the table was brilliant with silver and gay with flowers, and the maid waited with the indefinable air of a good servant. It certainly seemed a good house.

"She's going to let down the blind!"



F. C. YOUNG

"You must be mad," said I.

whispered Raffles, in high excitement. "No, confound them, they've told her not to. Mark down her necklace, Bunny, and invoice his stud. What a brute he looks! But I like the table, and that's her show. She has the taste: but he must have money. See the festive picture over the sideboard? Looks to me like a Jacques Saillard. But that silver-table would be good enough for me."

"Get on," said I. "You're in a bath-chair."

"But the whole square's at dinner! We should have the ball at our feet. It wouldn't take two twos!"

"With those blinds up, and the cook in the kitchen underneath?"

He nodded, leaning forward in the chair, his hands upon the wraps about his legs.

"You must be mad," said I, and got

back to my handles with the word, but when I tugged the chair ran light.

"Keep an eye on the rug," came in whispers from the middle of the road; and there stood my invalid, his pale face in a quiver of pure mischief, yet set with his insane resolve. "I'm only going to see whether that woman has a silver-table——"

"We don't want it——"

"It won't take a minute——"

"It's madness, madness——"

"Then don't you wait!"

It was like him to leave me with that, and this time I had taken him at his last word, had not my own given me an idea. Mad I had called him, and mad I could declare him upon oath if any trouble came of this. It was not as though the thing had happened far from home. They could learn all about us at the nearest man-

sions. I referred them to Dr. Theobald; this was a Mr. Maturin, one of his patients, and I was his keeper, and he had never given me the slip before. I heard myself making these explanations on the doorstep, and pointing to the deserted bath-chair as the proof, while the pretty parlor-maid ran for the police. It would be a more serious matter for me than for my charge. I should lose my place. No, he had never done such a thing before, and I would answer for it that he never should again.

I saw myself conducting Raffles back to his chair, with a firm hand and a stern tongue. I heard him thanking me in whispers on the way home. It would be the first tight place I had ever got him out of, and I was quite anxious for him to get into it, I was so sure of every move. My whole position had altered in the few seconds that it took me to follow this illuminating train of ideas; it was now so strong that I could watch Raffles without much anxiety. And he was worth watching.

He had stepped boldly but softly to the front door, and there he was still waiting, ready to ring if the door opened or a face appeared in the area, and doubtless to pretend that he had rung already. But he had not to ring at all; and suddenly I saw his foot in the letter-box, his left hand on the lintel overhead. It was thrilling, even to a hardened accomplice with an explanation up his sleeve! A tight grip with that left hand of his, as he leant backward with all his weight upon those five fingers; a right arm stretched outward and upward to its last inch; and the base of the low, projecting balcony was safely caught.

I looked down and took breath. The maid was removing the crumbs in the lighted room, and the square was empty as before. What a blessing it was the end of the season! Many of the houses remained in darkness. I looked up again, and Raffles was drawing his left leg over the balcony railing. In another moment he had disappeared through one of the French windows which opened upon the balcony, and in yet another he had switched on the electric light within. This was bad enough, for now I, at least, could see everything he did; but the crowning folly was still to come. There was no

point in it; the mad thing was done for my benefit, as I knew at once and he afterward confessed; but the lunatic reappeared on the balcony, bowing like a mountebank—in his crape mask!

I set off with the empty chair, but I came back. I could not turn my back upon Raffles, even when I would, and I might even essay to explain away his mask, if he had not the sense to take it off in time. It would be difficult, but burglaries are not usually committed from a bath-chair, and for the rest I put my faith in Dr. Theobald. Meanwhile Raffles had at least withdrawn from the windows, and now I could only see his head as he peered into a cabinet at the other side of the room. It was like the opera of "*Aïda*," in which two scenes are enacted simultaneously, one in the dungeon below, the other in the temple above. In the same fashion my attention now became divided between the picture of Raffles moving stealthily about the upper room, and that of the husband and wife at table underneath. And all at once, as the man replenished his glass with a shrug of the shoulders, the woman pushed back her chair and sailed to the door.

Raffles was standing before the fireplace upstairs. He had taken one of the framed photographs from the chimney-piece, and was scanning it at suicidal length through the eye-holes in the hideous mask he still wore. He would need it after all. The lady had left the room below, opening and shutting the door for herself; the man was filling his glass once more. I would have shrieked my warning to Raffles, so fatally engrossed overhead, but at this moment (of all others) a constable (of all men) was marching sedately down our side of the square. There was nothing for it but to turn a melancholy eye upon the bath-chair, and to ask the constable the time. I was evidently to be kept there all night, I remarked, and only realized with the words that they disposed of my other explanations before they were uttered. It was a horrible moment for such a discovery. Fortunately the enemy was on the pavement, from which he could scarcely have seen more than the drawing-room ceiling, had he looked; but he was not many houses distant when a door opened and a woman gasped so that I heard both across the

road. And never shall I forget the subsequent tableaux in the lighted room behind the low balcony and the French windows.

Raffles stood confronted by a dark and handsome woman whose profile, as I saw it first in the electric light, is cut like a cameo in my memory. It had the undeviating line of brow and nose, the short upper lip, the perfect chin, that are united in marble oftener than in the flesh; and like marble she stood, or rather like some beautiful pale bronze; for that was her coloring, and she lost none of it that I could see, neither trembled; but her bosom rose and fell, and that was all. So she stood without flinching before a masked ruffian, who, I felt, would be the first to appreciate her courage; to me it was so superb that I could think of it in this way even then, and marvel how Raffles himself could stand unabashed before so brave a figure. He had not to do so long. The woman scorned him, and he stood unmoved, a framed photograph still in his hand. Then, with a quick, determined movement she turned, not to the door or to the bell, but to the open window by which Raffles had entered; and this with that accursed policeman still in view. So far no word had passed between the pair. But at this point Raffles said something, I could not hear what, but at the sound of his voice the woman wheeled. And Raffles was looking humbly in her face, the crape mask snatched from his own.

"Arthur!" she cried; and that might have been heard in the middle of the square garden.

Then they stood gazing at each other, neither unmoved any more, and while they stood the street-door opened and banged. It was the husband leaving the house, a fine figure of a man, but a dissipated face, and a step even now distinguished by the extreme caution which precedes unsteadiness. He broke the spell. His wife came to the balcony, then looked back into the room, and yet again along the road, and this time I saw her face. It was the face of one glancing from Hyperion to a satyr. And then I saw the rings flash, as her hand fell gently upon Raffles's arm.

They disappeared from that window. Their heads showed for an instant in the next. Then they dipped out of sight, and

an inner ceiling leapt out under a new light; they had gone into the back drawing-room, beyond my ken. The maid came up with coffee, her mistress hastily met her at the door, and once more disappeared. The square was as quiet as ever. I remained some minutes where I was. Now and then I thought I heard their voices in the back drawing-room. I was seldom sure.

My state of mind may be imagined by those readers who take an interest in my personal psychology. It does not amuse me to look back upon it. But at length I had the sense to put myself in Raffles's place. He had been recognized at last, he had come to life. Only one person knew it as yet, but that person was a woman, and a woman who had once been fond of him, if the human face could speak. Would she keep his secret? Would he tell her where he lived? It was terrible to think we were such neighbours, and with the thought that it was terrible came a little enlightenment as to what could still be done for the best. He would not tell her where he lived. I knew him too well for that. He would run for it when he could, and the bath-chair and I must not be there to give him away. I dragged the infernal vehicle round the nearer corner. Then I waited—there could be no harm in that—and at last he came.

He was walking briskly, so I was right, and he had not played the invalid to her; yet I heard him cry out with pleasure as he turned the corner, and he flung himself into the chair with a long-drawn sigh that did me good.

"Well done, Bunny—well done! I am on my way to Earl's Court, she's capable of following me, but she won't look for me in a bath-chair. Home, home, home, and not another word till we get there!"

Capable of following him? She overtook us before we were past the studios on the south side of the square, the woman herself, in a hooded opera-cloak. But she never gave us a glance, and we saw her turn safely in the right direction for Earl's Court, and the wrong one for our humble mansions. Raffles thanked his gods in a voice that trembled, and five minutes afterward we were in the flat. Then for once it was Raffles who filled the tumblers and found the cigarettes, and for once (and

once only in all my knowledge of him) did he drain his glass at a draught.

"You didn't see the balcony scene?" he asked at length; and they were his first words since the woman passed us on his track.

"Do you mean when she came in?"

"No, when I came down."

"I didn't."

"I hope nobody else saw it," said Raffles devoutly. "I don't say that Romeo and Juliet were brother and sister to us. But you might have said so, Bunny!"

He was staring at the carpet with as wry a face as lover ever wore.

"An old flame?" said I, gently.

"A married woman," he groaned.

"So I gathered."

"But she always was one, Bunny," said he, ruefully. "That's the trouble. It makes all the difference in the world!"

I saw the difference, but said I did not see how it could make any now. He had eluded the lady, after all; had we not seen her off upon a scent as false as scent could be? There was occasion for redoubled caution in the future, but none for immediate anxiety. I quoted the bedside Theobald, but Raffles did not smile. His eyes had been downcast all this time, and now, when he raised them, I perceived that my comfort had been administered to deaf ears.

"Do you know who she is?" said he.

"Not from Eve."

"Jacques Saillard," he said, as though now I must know.

But the name left me cold and stolid. I had heard it, but that was all. It was lamentable ignorance, I am aware, but I had specialized in Letters at the expense of Art.

"You must know her pictures," said Raffles, patiently; "but I suppose you thought she was a man. They would appeal to you, Bunny; that festive piece over the sideboard was her work. Sometimes they risk her at the Academy, sometimes they fight shy. She has one of those studios in the same square; but they used to live up near Lord's."

My mind was busy brightening a dim memory of nymphs reflected in woody pools. "Of course!" I exclaimed, and added something about "a clever woman." Raffles rose at the phrase.

"A clever woman!" he echoed, scorn-

fully; "if she were only that I'd feel safe as houses. Clever women can't forget their cleverness, they carry it as badly as a boy does his wine, and are about as dangerous. I don't call Jacques Saillard clever outside her art, but neither do I call her a woman at all. She does man's work over a man's name, has the will of any ten men I ever knew, and I don't mind telling you that I fear her more than any person on God's earth. I broke with her once," said Raffles, grimly, "but I know her. If I had been asked to name the one person in London by whom I was keenest *not* to be bowled out, I should have named Jacques Saillard."

That he had never before named her to me was as characteristic as the reticence with which Raffles spoke of their past relations, and even of their conversation in the back drawing-room that evening; it was a question of principle with him, and one that I like to remember. "Never give a woman away, Bunny," he used to say; and he said it again to-night, but with a heavy cloud upon him, as though his chivalry was sorely tried.

"That's all right," said I, "if you're not going to be given away yourself."

"That's just it, Bunny! That's just —"

The words were out of him, it was too late to recall them. I had hit the nail upon the head.

"So she threatened you," I said, "did she?"

"I didn't say so," he replied coldly.

"And she is mated with a clown," I pursued!

"How she ever married him," he admitted, "is a mystery to me."

"It always is," said I, the wise man for once, and rather enjoying the rôle. "Southern blood?"

"Spanish."

"She'll be pestering you to run off with her, old chap," said I.

Raffles was pacing the room. He stopped in his stride for half a second. So she had begun pestering him already! It is wonderful how wise any fool can be in the affairs of his friend. But Raffles resumed his walk without a syllable, and I retreated to safer ground.

"So you sent her to Earl's Court," I mused aloud; and at last he smiled.



"You'll be interested to hear, Bunny," said he, "that I'm now living in Seven Dials, and Bill Sykes couldn't hold a farthing dip to me. Bless you, she had my old police record at her fingers' ends, but it was fit to frame compared with the one I gave her. I had sunk as low as they dig. I divided my nights between the open parks and a thieves' kitchen in Seven Dials. If I was decently dressed it was because I had stolen the suit down the Thames Valley beat the night before last. I was on my way back when first that sleepy square, and then her open window, proved too much for me. You should have heard me beg her to let me push on to the devil in my own way; there I spread myself, for I meant every word; but I swore the final stage would be a six-foot drop."

"You did lay it on, said I."

"It was necessary, and that had its effect. She let me go. But at the last moment she said she didn't believe I was so black as I painted myself, and then there was the balcony scene you missed."

So that was all. I could not help telling him that he had got out of it better than he deserved for ever getting in. Next moment I regretted the remark.

"If I have got out of it," said Raffles, doubtfully. "We are dreadfully near neighbors, and I can't move in a minute, with old Theobald taking a grave view of my case. I suppose I had better lie low, and thank the gods again for putting her off the scent for the time being."

I am sure our conversation was carried beyond this point, but it certainly was not many minutes later, nor had we left the subject, when the electric bell thrilled us both to a sudden silence.

"The doctor?" I queried, hope fighting with my horror.

"It was a single ring."

"The last post?"

"You know he knocks, and it's long past his time."

The electric bell rang again, but now as though it never would stop.

"You go, Bunny," said Raffles, with decision. His eyes were sparkling. His smile was firm.

"What am I to say?"

"If it's the lady, let her in."

It was the lady, still in her evening cloak, with her fine dark head half-hidden

by the hood, and an engaging contempt of appearances upon her angry face. She was even handsomer than I had thought, and her beauty of a bolder type, but she was also angrier than I had ever anticipated when I came so readily to the door. The passage into which it opened was an exceedingly narrow one, as I have often said, but I never dreamt of barring this woman's way, though not a word did she stoop to say to me. I was only too glad to flatten myself against the wall, as the rustling fury strode past me into the lighted room with the open door.

"So this is your thieves' kitchen!" she cried, in high-pitched scorn.

I was on the threshold myself, and Raffles glanced toward me with raised eyebrows.

"I have certainly had better quarters in my day," said he, "but you need not call them absurd names before my man."

"Then send your 'man' about his business," said Jacques Saillard, with an unpleasant stress upon the word indicated.

But when the door was shut I heard Raffles assuring her that I knew nothing, that he was a real invalid overcome by a sudden mad temptation, and all he had told her of his life a lie to hide his whereabouts, but all he was telling her now she could prove for herself without leaving that building. It seemed, however, that she had proved it already by going first to the porter below stairs. Yet I do not think she cared one atom which story was the truth.

"So you thought I could pass you in your chair," she said, "or ever in this world again, without hearing from my heart that it was you!"

## II

"BUNNY," said Raffles, "I'm awfully sorry, old chap, but you've got to go."

It was some weeks since the first untimely visitation of Jacques Saillard, but there had been many others, at all hours of the day, while Raffles had been induced to pay at least one to her studio in the neighboring square. These intrusions he had endured at first with an air of humorous resignation, which imposed upon me less than he imagined. The woman meant well, he said, after all, and could

be trusted to keep his secret loyally. It was plain to me, however, that Raffles did not trust her, and that his pretence upon the point was a deliberate pose to conceal the extent to which she had him in her power. Otherwise there would have been little point in hiding anything from the one person in possession of the cardinal secret of his identity. But Raffles thought it worth his while to hoodwink Jacques Saillard in the subsidiary matter of his health, in which Dr. Theobald lent him unwitting assistance, and, as we have seen, to impress upon her that I was actually his attendant, and as ignorant of his past as the doctor himself. "So you're all right, Bunny," he had assured me: "she thinks you knew nothing the other night. I told you she wasn't a clever woman outside her work. But hasn't she a will!" I told Raffles it was very considerate of him to keep me out of it, but that it seemed to me like tying up the bag when the cat had escaped. His reply was an admission that one must be on the defensive with such a woman and in such a case. Soon after this, Raffles, looking far from well, fell back upon his own last line of defence, namely his bed; and now, as always in the end, I could see some sense in his subtleties, since it was comparatively easy for me to turn even Jacques Saillard from the door, with Dr. Theobald's explicit injunctions, and with my own honesty unquestioned. So for a day we had peace once more. Then came letters, then the doctor again and again, and finally my dismissal in the incredible words which necessitate these explanations.

"Go?" I echoed. "Go where?"

"It's that ass Theobald," said Raffles. "He insists."

"On my going altogether?"

He nodded.

"And you mean to let him have his way?"

I had no language for my mortification and disgust, though neither was as yet quite so great as my surprise. I had foreseen almost every conceivable consequence of the mad act which brought all this trouble to pass, but a voluntary division between Raffles and me had certainly never entered my calculations. Nor could I think that it had occurred to

him before our egregious doctor's last visit, this very morning. Raffles had looked irritated as he broke the news to me from his pillow, and now there was some sympathy in the way he sat up in bed, as though he felt the thing himself.

"I am obliged to give in to the fellow," said he. "He's saving me from my friend, and I'm bound to humor him. But I can tell you that we've been arguing about you for the last half hour, Bunny. It was no use; the idiot has had his knife in you from the first; and he wouldn't see me through on any other conditions."

"So he is going to see you through, is he?"

"It tots up to that," said Raffles, looking at me rather hard. "At all events he's come to my rescue for the time being, and it's for me to manage the rest. You don't know what it's been, Bunny, these last few weeks; and gallantry forbids that I should tell you even now. Would you rather elope against your will, or have your continued existence made known to the world in general and the police in particular? That is practically the problem which I have had to solve, and the temporary solution was to fall ill. As a matter of fact, I am ill; and now what do you think? I owe it to you to tell you, Bunny, though it goes against the grain. She would take me 'to the dear, warm underworld, where the sun really shines,' and she would 'nurse me back to life!' The artistic temperament is a fearsome thing, Bunny, in a woman with the devil's own will!"

Raffles tore up the letter from which he had read these piquant extracts, and lay back on the pillows with the tired air of the veritable invalid which he seemed able to assume at will. But for once he did look as though bed was the best place for him; and I used the fact as an argument for my own retention in defiance of Dr. Theobald. The town was full of typhoid, I said, and certainly that autumnal scourge was in the air. Did he want me to leave him at the very moment when he might be sickening for a serious illness?

"You know I don't, my good fellow," said Raffles, wearily; "but Theobald does, and I can't afford to go against him now. But I really don't much care what

happens to me now that that woman knows I'm in the land of the living ; she'll let it out, to a dead certainty, and at the best there'll be a hue and cry, which is the very thing I have escaped all these years. Now, what I want you to do is to go and take some quiet place somewhere, and then let me know, so that I may have a port in the storm when it breaks."

"Now you're talking!" I cried, recovering my spirits. "I thought you meant to go and drop a fellow altogether!"

"Exactly the sort of thing you would think," rejoined Raffles, with a contempt that was welcome enough after my late alarm. "No, my good rabbit, what you've got to do is to make a new burrow for us both. Try down the Thames, in some quiet nook that a literary man would naturally select. I've often thought that more use might be made of a boat, while the family are at dinner, than there ever has been yet. If Raffles is to come to life, old chap, he shall go a-Raffling for all he's worth! There's something to be done with a bicycle, too. Try Ham Common or Roehampton, or some such sleepy hollow a trifle off the line ; and say you're expecting your brother from the colonies."

Into this arrangement I entered without the slightest hesitation, for we had funds enough to carry it out on a comfortable scale, and Raffles placed a sufficient share at my disposal for the nonce. Moreover, I for one was only too glad to seek fresh fields and pastures new—a phrase which I determined to interpret literally in my choice of fresh surroundings. I was tired of our submerged life in the poky little flat, especially now that we had money enough for better things. I myself had of late had dark dealings with the receivers, with the result that Lord Ernest Belville's successes were now indeed ours. Subsequent complications had been the more galling on that account, while the wanton way in which they had been created was the most irritating reflection of all. But it had brought its own punishment upon Raffles, and I fancied the lesson would prove salutary when we again settled down.

"If ever we do, Bunny!" said he, as I took his hand and told him how I was already looking forward to the time.

"But of course we will," I cried, con-

cealing the resentment at leaving him which his tone and his appearance renewed in my breast.

"I'm not so sure of it," he said, gloomily. "I'm in somebody's clutches, and I've got to get out of them first."

"I'll sit tight until you do."

"Well," he said, "if you don't see me in ten days you never will."

"Ten days!" I cried. "That's nothing at all."

"A lot may happen in ten days," replied Raffles, in the same depressing tone, so very depressing in him ; and with that he held out his hand a second time, and dropped mine suddenly after as sudden a pressure for farewell.

I left the flat in considerable dejection after all, unable to decide whether Raffles was really ill, or only worried as I knew him to be. And at the foot of the stairs the author of my dismissal, that confounded Theobald, flung open his door and waylaid me.

"Are you going?" he demanded.

The traps in my hands proclaimed that I was, but I dropped them at his feet to have it out with him then and there.

"Yes," I answered, fiercely, "thanks to you!"

"Well, my good fellow," he said, his full-blooded face lightening and softening at the same time, as though a load was off his mind, "it's no pleasure to me to deprive any man of his billet, but you never were a nurse, and you know that as well as I do."

I began to wonder what he meant, and how much he did know, and my speculations kept me silent. "But come in here a moment," he continued, just as I decided that he knew nothing at all. And leading me into his minute consulting-room, Dr. Theobald solemnly presented me with a sovereign by way of compensation, which I pocketed as solemnly, and with as much gratitude as if I had not fifty of them distributed over my person as it was. The good fellow had quite forgotten my social status, about which he himself had been so particular at our earliest interview ; but he had never accustomed himself to treat me as a gentleman, and I do not suppose he had been improving his memory by the tall tumbler which I saw him poke behind a photograph-frame as we entered.

"There's one thing I should like to know before I go," said I, turning suddenly on the doctor's mat, "and that is whether Mr. Maturin is really ill or not!"

I meant, of course, at the present moment, but Dr. Theobald braced himself like a recruit at the drill-sergeant's voice.

"Of course he is," he snapped—"so ill as to need a nurse who can nurse, by way of a change."

With that his door shut in my face, and I had to go my way, in the dark as to whether he had mistaken my meaning, and was telling me a lie, or not.

But for my misgivings upon this point I might have extracted some very genuine enjoyment out of the next few days. I had decent clothes to my back, with money, as I say, in half the pockets, and more freedom to spend it than was possible in the constant society of a man whose personal liberty depended on a universal supposition that he was dead. Raffles was as bold as ever, and I as fond of him, but whereas he would run any risk in a professional exploit, there were many innocent recreations still open to me which would have been sheer madness in him. He could not even watch a match, from the sixpenny seats, at Lord's Cricket-ground, where the Gentlemen were every year in a worse way without him. He never travelled by rail, and dining out was a risk only to be run with some ulterior object in view. In fact, much as it had changed, Raffles could no longer show his face with perfect impunity in any quarter or at any hour. Moreover, after the lesson he had now learnt, I foresaw increased caution on his part in this respect. But I myself was under no such perpetual disadvantage, and, while what was good enough for Raffles was quite good enough for me, so long as we were together, I saw no harm in profiting by the present very obvious opportunity of "doing myself well."

Such were my reflections on the way to Richmond, in a hansom cab. Richmond had struck us both as the best centre of operations in the search for the suburban retreat which Raffles wanted, and by road, in a well-appointed, well-selected hansom, was certainly the most agreeable way of getting there. In a week or ten days Raffles was to write to me at the Richmond post-office, but for at least a week I should

be "on my own." It was not an unpleasant sensation as I leant back in the comfortable hansom, and rather to one side, in order to have a good look at myself in the mirror that is almost as great an improvement in these vehicles as the rubber tires. Really I was not an ill-looking youth, if one may call one's self such at the age of thirty. I could lay no claim either to the striking cast of countenance or to the peculiar charm of expression which made the face of Raffles like no other in the world. But this very distinction was in itself a danger, for its impression was indelible, whereas I might still have been mistaken for a hundred other young fellows at large in London. Incredible as it may appear to the moralists, I had sustained no external hall-mark by my term of imprisonment, and I am vain enough to believe that the evil which I did had not a separate existence in my face. This afternoon, indeed, I was struck by the purity of my fresh complexion, and rather depressed by the general innocence of the face which peered into mine from the little mirror. My straw-colored moustache, grown in the flat after a protracted holiday, again preserved the most disappointing dimensions, and was still invisible in certain lights without wax. So far from discerning the desperate criminal who has "done time" once, and deserved it over and over again, the superior but superficial observer might have imagined that he detected a certain element of folly in my face.

At all events it was not the face to shut the doors of a first-class hotel against me, without accidental evidence of a more explicit kind, and it was with no little satisfaction that I directed the man to drive to the Star and Garter. I also told him to go through Richmond Park, though he warned me that it would add considerably to the distance and his fare. It was autumn, and it struck me that the tints would be fine. And I had learnt from Raffles to appreciate such things, even amid the excitement of an audacious enterprise.

If I dwell upon my appreciation of this occasion it is because, like most pleasures, it was exceedingly short-lived. I was very comfortable at the Star and Garter, which was so empty that I had a room worthy of a prince, where I could enjoy the finest of all views (in patriotic opin-

ions) every morning while I shaved. I walked many miles through the noble park, over the commons of Ham and Wimbledon, and one day as far as that of Esher, where I was forcibly reminded of a service we once rendered to a distinguished resident in this delightful locality. But it was on Ham Common, one of the places which Raffles had mentioned as specially desirable, that I actually found an almost ideal retreat. This was a cottage where I heard, on inquiry, that rooms were to be let in the summer. The landlady, a motherly body, of visible excellence, was surprised indeed at receiving an application for the winter months; but I have generally found that the title of "author," claimed with an air, explains every little innocent irregularity of conduct or appearance, even requiring something of the kind to carry conviction to the lay intelligence. The present case was one in point, and when I said that I could only write in a room facing north, on mutton chops and milk, with a cold ham in the wardrobe in case of nocturnal inspiration, to which I was subject, my literary character was established beyond dispute. I secured the rooms, paid a month's rent in advance at my own request, and moped in them dreadfully until the week was up and Raffles due any day. I explained that the inspiration would not come, and asked abruptly if the mutton was New Zealand.

Thrice had I made fruitless inquiries at the Richmond post-office; but on the tenth day I was in and out almost every hour. Not a word was there for me up to the last post at night. Home I trudged to Ham with horrible forebodings, and back again to Richmond after breakfast next morning. Still there was nothing. I could bear it no more. At ten minutes to eleven I was climbing the station stairs at Earl's Court.

It was a wretched morning there, a weeping mist shrouding the long straight street, and clinging to one's face in clammy caresses. I felt how much better it was down at Ham, as I turned into our side street, and saw the flats looming like mountains, the chimney-pots hidden in the mist. At our entrance stood a nebulous conveyance, that I took at first for a tradesman's van; to my horror it proved

to be a hearse; and all at once the white breath ceased upon my lips.

I had looked up at our windows, and the blinds were down!

I rushed within. The doctor's door stood open. I neither knocked nor rang, but found him in his consulting-room with red eyes and a blotchy face. Otherwise he was in solemn black from head to heel.

"Who is dead?" I burst out. "Who is dead?"

The red eyes looked redder than ever as Dr. Theobald opened them at the unwarrantable sight of me; and he was terribly slow in answering. But in the end he did answer, and did not kick me out, as he evidently had a mind.

"Mr. Maturin," he said, and sighed like a beaten man.

I said nothing. It was no surprise to me. I had known it all these minutes. Nay, I had dreaded this from the first, had divined it at the last, though to the last also I had refused to entertain my own conviction. Raffles dead! A real invalid, after all! Raffles dead, and on the point of burial!

"What did he die of?" I asked, unconsciously drawing on that fund of grim self-control which the weakest of us seem to hold in reserve for real calamity.

"Typhoid," he answered. "Kensington is full of it."

"He was sickening for it when I left, and you knew it, and could get rid of me then!"

"My good fellow, I was obliged to have a more experienced nurse for that very reason."

The doctor's tone was so conciliatory that I remembered in an instant what a humbug the man was, and became suddenly possessed with the vague conviction that he was imposing upon me now.

"Are you sure it was typhoid at all?" I cried fiercely to his face. "Are you sure it wasn't suicide—or murder?"

I confess that I can see little point in this speech as I write it down, but it was what I said in the madness of grief and of wild suspicion; nor was it without effect upon Dr. Theobald, who turned bright scarlet from his well-brushed hair to his immaculate collar.

"Do you want me to throw you out into the street?" he cried; and all at



*Drawn by F. C. Yohn.*

She stood without flinching before a masked ruffian.—Page 710.



once I remembered that I had come to Raffles as a perfect stranger, and for his sake might as well preserve that *rôle* to the last.

"I beg your pardon," I said, brokenly. "He was so good to me—I became so attached to him. You forget I am originally of his class."

"I did forget it," replied Theobald, looking relieved at my new tone, "and I beg *your* pardon for doing so. Hush! They are bringing him down. I must have a drink before we start, and you'd better join me."

There was no pretence about his drink this time, and a pretty stiff one it was, but I fancy my own must have run it hard. In my case it cast a merciful haze over much of the next hour, which I can truthfully describe as one of the most painful of my whole existence. I can have known very little of what I was doing. I only remember finding myself in a hansom, suddenly wondering why it was going so slowly, and once more awaking to the truth. But it was to the truth itself more than to the liquor that I must have owed my dazed condition. My next recollection is of looking down into the open grave, in a sudden passionate anxiety to see the name for myself. It was not the name of my friend, of course, but it was the one under which he had passed for many months.

I was still stupefied by a sense of inconceivable loss, and had not raised my eyes from that which was slowly forcing me to realize what had happened, when there was a rustle at my elbow, and a shower of hothouse flowers passed before them, falling like huge snowflakes where my gaze had rested. I looked up, and at my side stood a majestic figure in deep mourning. The face was carefully veiled, but I was too close not to recognize the masterful beauty whom the world knew as Jacques Saillard. I had no sympathy with her; on the contrary, my blood boiled with the vague conviction that in some way she was responsible for this death. Yet she was the only woman present—there were not half a dozen of us altogether—and her flowers were the only flowers.

The melancholy ceremony was over, and Jacques Saillard had departed in a funeral brougham she must have hired for the

occasion. I had watched her drive away, and the sight of my own cabman, making signs to me through the fog, had suddenly reminded me that I had bidden him to wait. I was the last to leave, and had turned my back upon the grave-diggers, already at their final task, when a hand fell lightly but firmly upon my shoulder.

"I don't want to make a scene in a cemetery," said a voice, in a not unkindly, almost confidential whisper. "Will you get into your own cab and come quietly?"

"Who on earth are you?" I exclaimed.

I now remembered having seen the man hovering about during the funeral, and subconsciously taking him for the undertaker's head man. He had certainly that appearance, and even now I could scarcely believe that he was anything else.

"My name won't help you," he said, pityingly. "But you will guess where I come from when I tell you I have a warrant for your arrest."

My sensations at this announcement may not be believed, but I solemnly declare that I have seldom experienced so fierce a satisfaction. Here was a new excitement in which to drown my grief; here was something to think about; and I should be spared the intolerable experience of a solitary return to the little place at Ham. It was as though I had lost a limb and someone had struck me so hard in the face that the greater agony was forgotten. I got into the hansom without a word, my captor following at my heels, and giving his own directions to the cabman before taking his seat. The word "station" was the only one I caught, and I wondered whether it was to be Bow Street again. My companion's next words, however, or rather the tone in which he uttered them, destroyed my capacity for idle speculation.

"Mr. Maturin!" said he. "Mr. Maturin, indeed!"

"Well," said I, "what about him?"

"Do you think we don't know who he was?"

"Who was he?" I asked, defiantly.

"You ought to know," said he. "You got locked up through him the other time, too. His favorite name was Raffles, then."



"Who is dead?" I burst out.—Page 716.

"It was his real name," I said, indignantly. "And he's been dead for years."

My captor simply chuckled.

"He's at the bottom of the sea, I tell you!"

But I do not know why I should have told him with such spirit, for what could it matter to Raffles now? I did not think; instinct was still stronger than reason, and, fresh from his funeral, I had taken up the cudgels for my dead friend as though he were still alive. Next moment I saw this for myself, and my tears came nearer the surface than they had been yet; but the fellow at my side laughed outright.

"Shall I tell you something else?" said he.

"As you like."

"He's not even at the bottom of that grave! He's no more dead than you or I, and a sham burial is his latest piece of villany!"

I doubt whether I could have spoken if I had tried. I did not try. I had no

use for speech. I did not even ask him if he was sure, I was so sure myself. It was all as plain to me as riddles usually are when one has the answer. The doctor's alarms, his unscrupulous venality, the simulated illness, my own dismissal, each fitted in its obvious place, and not even the last had power as yet to mar my joy in the one central fact to which all the rest were as tapers to the sun.

"He is alive!" I cried. "Nothing else matters—he is alive!"

At last I did ask whether they had got him, too; and thankful as I was for the greater knowledge, I confess that I did not much care what answer I received. Already I was figuring out how much we might each get, and how old we should be when we came out. But my companion tilted his hat to the back of his head, at the same time putting his face close to mine, and compelling my scrutiny. And my answer, as you have guessed, was the face of Raffles himself, superbly disguised (but less superbly than his voice), and yet

so thinly that I should have known him in a trice had I not been too miserable in the beginning to give him a second glance.

Jacques Saillard had made his life impossible, and this was the one escape. He had bought the doctor for a thousand pounds, and the doctor had brought a "nurse" of his own kidney, on his own account; me, for some reason, he would not trust; but had insisted upon my dismissal as an essential preliminary to his part in the conspiracy. Here the details were half-humorous, half-grewsome, each in turn as Raffles told me the story. At one period he had been very daringly drugged indeed, and, in his own words, "as dead as a man need be"; but he had left strict instructions that nobody but the nurse and "my devoted physician" should "lay a finger on me" afterward; and by virtue of this proviso a library of books (largely acquired for the occasion) had been impiously interred at Kensal Green. Raffles had definitely undertaken not to trust me with the secret, and, but for my untoward appearance at the fun-

eral (which he had attended for his own final satisfaction), I was assured and am convinced, that he would have kept his promise to the letter. In explaining this he gave me the one explanation I desired, and in another moment we drove up to Praed Street, Paddington.

"And I thought you said Bow Street!" said I. "Are you coming straight down to Richmond with me?"

"I may as well," said he, "though I did mean to get my kit first, so as to start in fair and square as the long-lost brother from the bush. That's why I hadn't written. The function was a day later than I calculated. I was going to write to-night."

"But what are we to do?" said I, hesitating when he had paid the cab. "I have been playing the colonies for all they are worth!"

"Oh, I've lost my luggage," said he, "or a wave came into my cabin and spoilt every stitch, or I had nothing fit to bring ashore. We'll settle that in the train."

## CLARA'S VOCATION

By G. F. Jones

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

WE had all pitied Clara Vernon, and we had rather wondered that she had gone back to New York to live.

"All her family are dead," said Emily (Emily is my wife), "except a great-aunt or two, and though she has all her old friends there, it must be so hard not to do the things they do and not to have as good clothes. Now Clara always dressed very well. She must have spent——"

I am sorry to say I interrupted Emily at this moment, but it seemed wise.

"Yes, it is a terrible drop for her," said I, and I laid down my book and put another log on the fire.

"It seems hard enough," resumed Emily, "to lose your husband and his fortune and yours all at once, without going back to a place where there will be such a contrast. How much has she left?"

Now I was executor of John Vernon's will, and assignee, too, of his estate, which was panning out very ill, so I told Emily

I didn't know. And that was true. I didn't know whether I would save her fifteen thousand dollars or sixteen. And the income from that sum doesn't give a lady a large establishment. Besides, Clara was Emily's friend rather than mine, and if she had wanted to tell her, she would have told her. So much Emily divined, for she continued:

"Well, I suppose you ought not to tell just what is left—but she has something, hasn't she?"

I admitted that she had something.

"But she can't have enough to keep a horse in New York?"

And I admitted that although I didn't know what her income would be, I could not see how she could keep a horse.

"And how about a house?" pursued Emily, with animation. "If she can't have a horse, why shouldn't she have sold the harness and all the carriages? And if she can't have a house why didn't she



*Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.*

The same Clara, in black, to be sure.—Page 725.

sell all the furniture and china and glass? Depend upon it, Maurice, she has prospects—prospects or plans.”

“Of course she has,” I replied. “Any young woman as handsome as Clara ought to have prospects even if she hasn’t actually plans.”

“Oh, stupid,” it pleased Emily to reply, “I didn’t mean that way. In fact I don’t think that Clara cared much about being married, and I don’t think she’ll marry again.”

“I know you don’t believe in second marriages,” said I, lighting a fresh cigar, for Emily allows smoking in the library, “but I should think Clara was just the woman to marry again. Her marrying John Vernon was a perfect marriage of convenience, and though she had her own way entirely and loved Vernon after a fashion, it could not have been very satisfactory to her. Don’t you think she’ll really fall in love some day?”

Emily sat silent for quite awhile. Indeed I was forming an idea that the conversation was over and was picking up my Sienkiewicz when she suddenly broke in:

“No, Maurice, Clara isn’t that kind. She won’t fall in love; she’s too fond of power. She wants everything done exactly as she has arranged it. It showed in everything, kind and sweet as she is. It showed in the perfect arrangements of her house, in the way she trained her servants, in the way she had her horses trained, in the dresses she had made, in the ways she entertained, in everything. She was born to teach, to train, to order, to rule. She would have made a splendid Empress of Russia, she would have given her subjects a perfect government.”

But I was getting more interested in Zagloba, so I remarked, “As it is, she has given us many a perfect dinner.”

And Emily laughed and took up the evening paper.

Clara wrote to Emily to give us her address. She had taken a room on West Thirty-ninth Street. Emily replied, after a little, but their correspondence languished, chiefly because Clara’s letters were so short and told nothing of herself.

I too had some little correspondence with her, but on business matters. Every three months I had to send her a modest check, as her capital was invested near us,

and besides that, I had arranged to keep her rather extensive stores of furniture, china, and what not in some vacant rooms at the mill. This was to save her storage. There was also the harness that Emily had spoken of, a coupé, nearly new, and a pony-cart that I made room for, not much to my own prejudice, though I agreed with Emily that Clara would have done better to have sold them. We spoke of this more than once, and gradually evolved a theory that she meant to sell these things in New York from time to time when she could get top prices. But we had little faith in this, for, as Emily said, Clara never made a bargain.

Her acknowledgments of my first remittances were cordial, though brief, and told nothing of her life, but about nine months after she had left us—it was in the autumn—she wrote, saying that she had taken more rooms at her boarding-house, “you might call it a flat,” she said, and that she wanted certain pieces of furniture and boxes of china sent on to her.

She had taken the greatest pains in marking and cataloguing all her possessions, and we found that everything she sent for had been stored in one place so that it was really no trouble to get it out. We had put down the cataloguing as something to do with her prospective sale in New York, but this foresight in arranging her “things” now looked as if she were following some consistent plan, as Emily had said.

Clara’s acknowledgment of her goods was prompt and fuller than her notes usually were. She hoped Emily was soon coming to New York, as she was feeling more cheerful, and quite enjoyed making her flat look really homelike. But Clara could not go East that winter, so that our only news of Clara came from her notes. In January she sent for quite a lot more things, and there were small requisitions during the early spring.

In May she wrote changing her address to one farther up town “where she would have more room.” The curious thing was that the address was in a distinctly fashionable neighborhood. This made our quarterly talk about Clara rather more detailed than usual.

“She seems to be making that plan of hers work,” said I, handing the note over to Emily; “you see she wants almost all



*Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.*

So she trailed out, while I held the curtain.—Page 726



her things sent on. I don't suppose she has confided in you yet?"

Emily read it over, marking the new address.

"I ought to know that house," she said, "it is close to the Fessendens, and if I remember rightly it is quite large. No, she hasn't written me at all, and I am quite jealous of her correspondence with you; but I can't understand her taking such a large house. Has she asked you for any of her capital?"

"Not at all," I replied, "indeed, I made an error and sent her this check two weeks late, and you see she says it doesn't matter. Evidently she isn't short of cash."

"I am really ashamed to be so curious about another woman's concerns, but how can she do it? Does she mean to keep a school, or to 'receive young ladies into her family?' Some people hire out as chaperons, don't they? But then Kittie Weyland said distinctly that Clara was very quiet, that she didn't go out at all, and only visited two or three of her old friends."

"No," said I, "I can't think of Clara working any of those old schemes. I think it much more likely that she has secured a contract from the city to clean the streets or drill the policemen. You'd better take a trip East and see. Perhaps she'll let us in on the ground floor."

So when Emily went to Mount Desert that year, she stopped over a day in New York, although it was very hot, and proceeded in a cab to Clara's house.

"But, alas," she wrote me, "everything was shut up, a just punishment for curiosity, though I should be glad to see Clara. So the children made the best of it by dragging me to a roof-garden."

And again I had the first news of Clara. She wrote from Newport, where she was staying for a week with her friend Mrs. Goldenrod, until she was ready to move into a quaint little house in the old town, that she had taken for the summer. Meanwhile would I send her the pony-cart and harness, as she had set up a pony. I endorsed the letter "This is too much," and sent it on to Emily.

As it happened Emily stayed at Mount Desert rather later than usual, and just before she left she received a note from Clara, asking if she would not spend some

days with her in New York on her way back.

"If it had not been for the children," Emily said, when she was at home at last, "I should have done it. But they were a week late for school already, and I could not very well take them all to her house, so I decided to stay for a rest-day only in New York, and I wrote her so."

"Early in the morning there she was at the hotel, just her old self, in a beautiful black dress, hardly half-mourning, a little tired-looking perhaps, but so glad to see me. She was in a hurry and only stayed a minute, but she wanted us all to come up to her house at once to stay. I told her we couldn't do that, so we compromised on tea that afternoon, and I took Eva and Ida in an automobile. And do you know, Maurice, it is all more of a mystery than ever. She has everything just as she did here, except not quite so many servants. The door opened before we rang, just as it used to, with a man in that claret-colored livery of hers, and a maid for each of us at once to take our things before Clara appeared. Then, the minute we were ready, there she was in a heavenly violet tea-gown, and the best cup of tea I ever drank. All her old beautiful things were there, and I think some new ones, and we sat and talked and the children played about. It seemed just exactly as it was here before Mr. Vernon died."

"But—," I broke in, "but how does she do it?"

"Maurice," she cried, "I hadn't the courage to ask her. It seemed so natural and so right, that to question it seemed really wrong. I tried to lead up to it, but you know no one ever led her. I gave it up, Maurice. You'll have to find out."

And it was decided that when I went to New York that winter I should find out. Up to the time of my trip, which took place in December, about two years after Clara had left us, we had no further news except that she sent for her coupé, so that now there was nothing of hers left save her little investments—they had grown somewhat, but if turned into cash, would barely have panned out twenty thousand dollars. I told her the securities were growing in value, as she might guess by the increase in the dividend, for I did not want them to go too. We valued her quarterly messages and

were proud of our full-fledged mystery. Of course we persevered with our little theories. The "sale" theory was dead and the boarding-school ghost was laid, so we conceived her as making a great hit, incognito, in literature or on the stage. Neither of these avocations fitted with what we knew of her, but what else was there to guess?

So time passed by till at last I made my trip to New York. I sent my luggage to one of the hotels near the Park entrance, this rather with a view to Clara, and hurried through my business. Accordingly, at half after four (for Clara is so correct) I might have been seen in a top hat, a frock coat, and a hansom, careering toward Clara's abode. As the hansom stopped, I noticed there was a carriage ahead of me. Nay, as I alighted, I found that carriage was the coupé that I had stored so long. It had but one horse; but he was shiny and big, and besides the coachman there was a groom as well, both in the familiar claret.

"Clara, all over," I thought, and turned to the house, but before I had reached the steps the door swung open and I met Clara face to face. The same Clara, in black, to be sure, but the black nearly covered in beautiful furs.

"Oh, I am so glad to see you," said she, "and so sorry that I can't ask you in, for as you see I am just going out to—to meet an important engagement. But you'll come back to dinner, won't you? I dine quite early, at seven, do come."

Of course I would come, and, as I retired in my hansom, I wondered if anyone else would be at Clara's dinner. Although John Vernon had been dead for two years it hardly seemed as if Clara would start so soon giving dinner-parties, especially since she was still wearing black, purple, and the like. Of course she could have those great-aunts if she liked, or the parson, or a dear friend or two. And I devoutly hoped that Mrs. Goldenrod would not be persuaded to come, for I hate people whose wealth shows through them.

So it was with rather a beating heart that I boarded another hansom and arrived at Clara's at one minute before seven. It was just as my good fairy had said: the doors opened before I had time to ring, but this time there were three men in the hall, two footmen in claret and a butler, or major-domo perhaps, in black. They took

my hat, whisked off my coat, and ushered me up-stairs, where I found Clara alone in her drawing-room. This time she wore a dinner gown of violet. I wish Emily could describe it to you, but it looked as hers do when they are most expensive. She asked after Emily and the children at once. I replied, and before I noticed that we were not sitting down the curtains were drawn at the end of the room, and dinner was announced. So we were to dine *tête-à-tête*.

"Pray excuse me," she said, "for being so very prompt, but I have ventured to take for granted that you will go to the opera with me. Sally Copperthwaite and I have taken a box together, and this is my first night. Indeed, it is the first night I have come anywhere near going out, for more than two years, and I should like to have such an old friend with me."

Of course I was delighted to go, especially as it offered a prospect for confidential talk. But to think of Clara's subscribing for an opera-box!

"And excuse me, too, if I talk to the butler too much. Some of the men are very awkward, and you know my old weakness for housewifery."

And of course I was delighted to excuse her anything. But my solution of the mystery did not proceed, in fact it deepened. One cannot probe a lady's secrets in the presence of servants, and especially when there are so many servants.

We had begun simply enough with Blue Points served by claret-colored footmen. The butler who gave me a glass of very good stein-wein was the same one who had met me at the door, but I had a strange feeling that the claret-colored men were different. We chatted over our oysters about the children and our friends at home till suddenly, as our plates were going out, Clara said quite a few words to the butler, and when the soup came it was brought by two new men in blue livery.

I managed to hold myself together and was sustained somewhat by the soup, which was clear turtle, and good at that, but it was a distinct shock, and I was glad to find, after the butler's ministrations, that Clara had kept some of Vernon's best sherry in those boxes that I had stored.

For some moments conversation was difficult. I prattled a little of the opera for the evening, but that hardly counted, for

Clara was watching the new footmen like a hawk, and occasionally murmuring a word to the butler. Surely I was not getting on well with my solution of the mystery. I am not quite certain of the details, but my recollection is that the fish was brought in by two new blue men. The entrées, on the other hand, were passed by three men in claret, but with an entirely different button from Clara's. The roast and vegetables were brought in by a perfect torrent of green men, and green men served the salad. You see it was quite a simple dinner, except for the alarming number and variety of the attendants. After each course Clara had her low talk with the butler, so that our conversation was most fragmentary.

With the dessert, however, there was a reappearance of the first two red men. Clara smiled apologetically, and began to ask after Emily again. I replied, and gradually grew at ease. When the coffee came I hardly noticed whether the men wore red or yellow. With the final ebb-tide of domestics, after coffee, I began to consider how I could best introduce the subject of the mystery, but before I had fairly collected my thoughts, Clara said :

"They will give you a cigar or cigarette here, and in five minutes or so, I will be ready for the opera."

So she trailed out, while I held the curtain, and I communed with an Egyptian for my five minutes. So far I had had no chance. When we were in the carriage I would ask some direct questions. And so I did. The moment the door of the carriage closed on us, I proceeded to the attack.

"Clara, how on earth do you live as you do on a thousand a year, and why on earth do you have so many footmen?"

She laughed mischievously. "I am a housewife," said she.

"But Emily is a housewife," was my reply, "and she can't buy her dresses for that."

"Oh," she replied, "but she is only an amateur housewife. Now I am a professional housewife. It is my vocation. I do it for money."

"For money?" quaked I.

"Yes, for money," said she, with some pride. "I am engaged to keep three of the best houses in New York, this winter. I had four at Newport in the summer, but that is too many. I refused to go to

Lenox, the season is too short. Now I am training three sets of servants as you saw. As it happens, the three houses will open about the same time, so I am having some little trouble in putting the finishing touches on the establishments. But all the 'doing up' is over, and you have seen the men are good. I have more trouble with the women—including the mistresses. Of course I have a major-domo, who lives in each house; I live at home. But I go to each house professionally twice every day."

"What a glorious scheme," I cried; "however did you come to think of it?"

"I had thought it all out before I came here," she replied, calmly. "I knew I kept house well, and I knew many others did not. It was what I did best, in fact it was the only thing I did really well, and I thought in all New York there would be found people who would be glad of my services. I hadn't thought of Mary Goldenrod as a possible patron, but when she came to see me as soon as I arrived, and when she burst into that inevitable diatribe on servants, I said, 'Mary, let me keep house for you for a week or so. I have nothing to do, and it will rest you.' I felt it was my opportunity, and when I said that, I never meant to let go, and I never have. Of course she wanted me to come and live with them, but I had decided long before never to do that. It is much better to have a major-domo in each house, and I preserve my independence. Mr. Goldenrod hesitated a little when he asked what salary I expected.

"Of course," said I, "as I am in charge my pay should be more than any of my inferiors. I should suggest a thousand dollars more than you pay your cook." I suppose you know what a really good French cook commands. Poor man, it was a little sudden, but he had had the first quiet month of his married life, and he couldn't refuse. He was not pleased when I took charge of my second establishment, but I soon showed him that it made no difference to him. And now I have refused four offers for this winter. I find, as I said, that three establishments are enough, if I wish to do justice to them, and retain any leisure time. I have been thinking of consulting you as to investments."

## TWO SONNETS

By Edith M. Thomas

### THE GRAVE OF KEATS

I HAVE beheld that grave with violets dim  
In the great Cæsars' City where he sleeps:  
And, over it, a little laurel sweeps.  
Fruited and leafed eternally for him:  
Not far away, a pine, of sturdier limb,  
Leaf, flower, and grass the mellow sunlight steeps,  
And this dear grave! Ah, how the soul upheaps,  
The breath comes tremblingly, and the eyes swim!

In dreams that bordered close the sleep of death,  
He felt the blowing flowers above his breast:  
This moment I behold a wondrous thing—  
These blossoms, stirring in the wind's light breath,  
Do not they feel (above all violets blest)  
The ever-vital dust from whence they spring!

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### THE MASTER-CHARM

"HAST thou a charm to stay the Morning-star,"  
Sole lustre on the dawn's ethereal field,  
Its image in a thousand streams revealed,  
And broken silverly along the bar?  
Soon and swift comes Aurora's flashing car,  
When all the throats of song shall be unsealed,  
And yearning buds their storèd sweetness yield—  
"Hast thou a charm to stay the Morning-star?"

More potent knowledge! sorcery supreme!  
More sought than spells of Eastern mages are,  
Couldst thou prevail to hold for us the dream—  
The dew—the mystery—the dear half light  
That are no more once Youth has taken flight.  
Hast thou a charm to stay *our* Morning-star?

# THE DIARY OF A GOOSE GIRL\*

By Kate Douglas Wiggin

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON



Uttering dry-shod warnings which are never heeded.

## IV

July 9th.

**B**Y the time the ducks and geese are incarcerated for the night, the reasonable, sensible, practical-minded hens—especially those whose mentality is increased and whose virtue is heightened by the responsibilities of motherhood—have gone into their own particular rat-proof boxes, where they are waiting in a semi-somnolent state to have the wire doors closed, the bricks set against them, and the bits of sacking flung over the tops to keep the draught out. We have a great many young families, both ducklings and chicks, but we have no duck mothers at present. The variety of bird which Phœbe seems to have bred during the past year may be called the New Duck, with certain radical ideas about woman's sphere. What will happen to Thornycroft if we develop a New Hen and a New Cow, my imagination fails to conceive. There does not seem to be the slightest danger for the moment, however, and our hens lay and sit and sit and lay as if laying and sitting were the twin purposes of life.

The nature of the hen seems to broaden with the duties of maternity, but I think myself that we presume a little upon her amiability and natural motherliness. It is one thing to desire a family of one's own, to lay eggs with that idea in view, to sit upon them three long weeks and hatch out and bring up a nice brood of chicks.

\* Copyright, 1901, by Kate Douglas Riggs.

It must be quite another to have one's eggs abstracted day by day and eaten by a callous public, the nest filled with deceitful substitutes, and at the end of a dull and weary period of hatching to bring into the world another person's children—children, too, of the wrong size, the wrong kind of bills and feet, and, still more subtle grievance, the wrong kind of instincts, leading them to a dangerous aquatic career, one which the mother may not enter to guide, guard, and teach; one on the brink of which she must ever stand, uttering dry-shod warnings which are never heeded. They grow used to this strange order of things after a bit, it is true, and are less anxious and excited. When the duck-brood returns safely again and again from what the hen-mother thinks will prove a watery grave she becomes accustomed to the situation, I suppose. I find that at night she stands by the pond for what she considers a decent, self-respecting length of time, calling the ducklings out of the water; then, if they refuse to come, the mother goes off to bed and leaves them to Providence, or Phœbe.

The brown hen that we have named Cornelia is the best mother, the one who waits longest and most patiently for the web-footed Gracchi to finish their swim.

When a chick is taken out of the incubator (as Phœbe calls it) and refused by all the other hens, Cornelia generally accepts it, though she had twelve of her own when we began using her as an orphan

asylum. "Wings are made to stretch." she seems to say cheerfully, and with a kind glance of her round eye she welcomes the wanderer and the outcast. She even tended for a time the offspring of an absent-minded, light-headed pheasant who flew over a four-foot wall and left her young behind her to starve; it was not a New Pheasant, either; for the most conservative and old-fashioned of her tribe occasionally commits domestic solecisms of this sort.

There is no telling when, where, or how the maternal instinct will assert itself. Among our Thornycroft cats is a certain Mrs. Greyskin. She had not been seen for many days and Mrs. Heaven concluded that she had secluded herself somewhere with a family of kittens; but as the supply of that article with us more than equals the demand, we had not searched for her with especial zeal.

The other day Mrs. Greyskin appeared at the dairy door, and when she had been fed Phœbe and I followed her, stealthily, from a distance. She walked slowly about as if her mind were quite free from harassing care, and finally approached a deserted cow-house where there was a great mound of straw. At this moment she caught sight of us and turned in another direction to throw us off the scent. We persevered in our intention of going into her probable retreat, and were cautiously looking for some sign of life in the hay-mow, when we heard a soft cackle and a ruffling of plumage. Coming closer to the sound we saw a black hen brooding a nest, her bright bead eyes turning nervously from side to side; and, coaxed out from her protecting wings by youthful curiosity came four kittens, eyes wide open, warm, happy, ready for sport!

The sight was irresistible, and Phœbe ran for Mr. and Mrs. Heaven and the Square Baby. Mother Hen was not to be embarrassed or daunted, even if her most sacred feelings were regarded in the light of a cheap entertainment. She held her ground while one of the kits slid up and down her glossy back and two others, more timid, crept

underneath her breast, only daring to put out their pink noses! We retired then for very shame and met Mrs. Greyskin in the doorway. This should have thickened the plot, but there is apparently no rivalry nor animosity between the co-mothers. We watch them every day now, through a window in the roof. Mother Greyskin visits the kittens frequently, lies down beside the home nest and gives them their dinner. While this is going on Mother Blackwing goes modestly away for a bite, a sup, and a little exercise, returning to the kittens when the cat leaves them. It is pretty to see her settle down over the four, fat, furry dumplings, and they seem to know no difference in warmth or comfort, whichever mother is brooding them; while, as their eyes have been open for a week, it can no longer be called a blind error on their part.

When we have closed all our small hen-nurseries for the night there is still the large house inhabited by the thirty-two full-grown chickens which Phœbe calls the broilers. I cannot endure the term and will not use it. "Now for the April chicks," I say every evening.

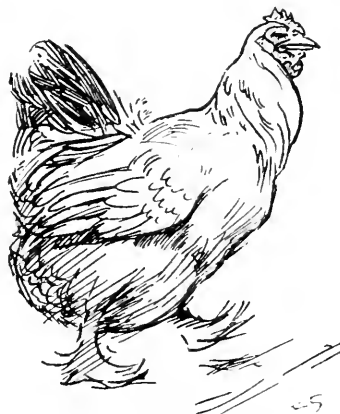
"Do you mean the broilers?" asks Phœbe.

"I mean the big April chicks," say I.

"Yes, them are the broilers," says she.

But is it not disagreeable enough to be a broiler when one's time comes, without having the gridiron waved in one's face for weeks beforehand?

The April chicks are all lively and desirous of seeing the world as thoroughly as possible before going to roost or broil. As a general thing, we find in the large house sixteen young fowls of the contemplative,

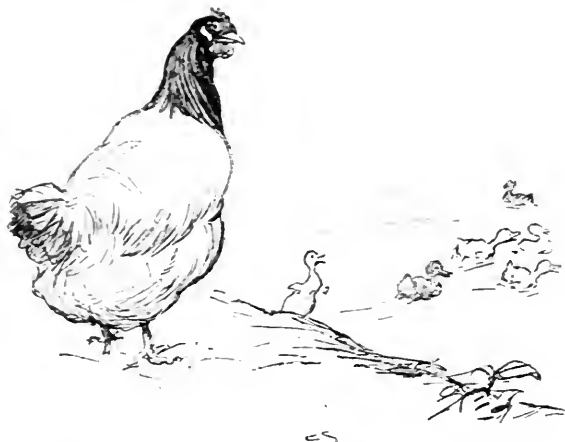


The mother goes off to bed.  
—Page 728.

flavorless, resigned - to - the - inevitable variety; three more (the same three every night) perch on the roof and are driven down; four (always the same four) cling to the edge of the open door, waiting to fly off, but not in, when you attempt to close it; nine huddle together on a place in the grass about forty feet distant, where a small coop formerly stood in the prehistoric ages. This small coop was one in which they lodged for



a fortnight when they were younger, and when those absolutely indelible impressions are formed of which we read in educa-



Cornelia and the web-footed Gracchi.—Page 728.

tional maxims. It was taken away long since, but the nine loyal (or stupid) souls cling to the sacred spot where its foundations rested; they accordingly have to be caught and deposited bodily in the house, and this requires strategy, as they note our approach from a considerable distance.

Finally all are housed but two, the little white cock and the black pullet, who are still impish and of a wandering mind. Though headed off in every direction, they fly into the hedges and hide in the underbrush. We beat the hedge on the other side, but with no avail. We dive into the thicket of wild roses, sweetbriar, and thistles on our hands and knees, coming out with tangled hair, scratched noses, and no hens. Then, when all has been done that human ingenuity can suggest, Phœbe goes to her late supper and I do sentry work. I stroll to a safe distance, and, sitting on one of the rat-proof boxes, watch the bushes with an eagle eye. Five minutes go by, ten, fifteen; and then out steps the white cock, stealthily, tiptoeing toward the home into which he refused to go at our instigation. In a moment out creeps the obstinate little beast of a black pullet from the opposite clump. The wayward pair meet at their own door, which I have left open a few inches. When all is still I walk gently down the field, and, warned by previous experiences, approach the house from behind. I draw the door to softly and quickly; but not so quickly that the evil-minded and suspicious black pullet hasn't time to spring out, with

a make-believe squawk of fright that induces three other blameless chickens to fly down from their perches and set the whole flock in a flutter. Then I fall from grace and call her a Broiler; and when, after some minutes of hot pursuit, I catch her by falling over her in the corner by the goose-pen, I address her as a fat, juicy Broiler with parsley butter and a bit of bacon.

V

July 10th.

AT ten thirty or so in the morning the cackling begins. I wonder exactly what it means! Have the forest-lovers who listen so respectfully to, and interpret so exquisitely, the notes of birds—have none of them made psychological investigations of the hen cackle? Can it be simple elation? One could believe that of the first few eggs, but a hen who has laid two or three hundred can hardly feel the same exuberant pride and joy daily. Can it be the excitement incident to successful achievement? Hardly, because the task is so extremely simple. Eggs are more or less alike; a little larger or smaller, a trifle whiter or browner; and almost sure to be quite right as to details; that is, the big end never gets confused with the little end,



We began using her as an orphan asylum.—Page 728.

they are always ovoid and never spherical, and the yolk is always inside of the white. As for a soft-shelled egg, it is so rare an occurrence that the fear of laying one could not set the whole race of hens in a panic; so there really cannot be any intellectual or emotional agitation in producing a thing that might be made by a machine. Can it be simply "fussiness"; since the people who have the least to do commonly make the most flutter about doing it?

Perhaps it is merely conversation. "*Cut-cut-cut-cut-dáncut!*" . . . I have finished my strictly fresh egg, have you laid yours? Make haste, then, for the cock has found a gap in the wire-fence and wants us to wander in the strawberry-bed . . . *Cut-cut-cut-cut-cut-dáncut!*" . . . Every moment is precious, for the Goose Girl will find us, when she gathers the strawberries for her luncheon. . . . *Cut-cut-cut-cut!* On the way out we can find sweet places to steal nests. . . . *Cut-cut-cut!* . . . I am so glad I am not sitting this heavenly morning; it is a dull life!"

The longer I study the cock, whether Black Spanish, White Leghorn, Dorking, or the common barnyard fowl, the more intimately I am acquainted with him, the less I am impressed with his character. He has more pride of bearing, and less to be proud of, than any bird I know. He is indolent, though he struts pompously over the grass, as if the day were all too short for his onerous duties. He calls the hens about him when I throw corn from the basket, but many a time I have seen him swallow hurriedly, and in private, some dainty titbit he has found unexpectedly. He has no particular chivalry. He gives no special encouragement to his hen when he becomes a prospective father, and renders little assistance when the responsibilities become actualities. His only personal message or contribution to the world is his raucous cock-a-doodle-doo, which, being uttered most frequently at dawn, is the most ill-timed and offensive of all musical notes. It is so unnecessary too, as if the day didn't come soon enough without his warning; but I suppose he is anxious to waken his hens and get them at their daily task, and so he disturbs the entire community. In short, I dislike him; his swagger, his autocratic strut, his greed, his irritating self-consciousness, his endless parading of himself up and down in a procession of one.



Phoebe and I followed her, stealthily.—Page 729.

Of course his character is largely the result of polygamy. His weaknesses are only what might be expected; and as for the hens, I have considerable respect for the patience, sobriety, and dignity with which they endure an institution particularly offensive to all women. In their case they do not even have the sustaining thought of its being an article of religion, so they are to be complimented the more.

There is nothing on earth so feminine as a hen—not womanly, simply feminine.

Those men of insight who write the Woman's Page in the Sunday newspapers study hens more than women, I sometimes think; at any rate, their favorite types are all present on this poultry farm.

A flock of White Leghorns spend most of their time in the rick-yard, where they look extremely pretty, their slender



Coaxed out . . . by youthful curiosity came four kittens.—Page 729.

white shapes and red combs and wattles well set off by the background of golden hayricks. There is a great oak-tree in one corner, with a tall ladder leaning against its trunk, and a capital roosting-place on a long branch running at right angles with the ladder. I try to spend a quarter of an hour there every night before supper, just for the pleasure of seeing the feathered "women-folks" mount that ladder.

A dozen of them surround the foot waiting restlessly for their turn. One little white lady flutters up on the lowest round and perches there until she reviews the past, faces the present, and forecasts the future; during which time she is gathering courage for the next jump. She cackles, takes up one foot and then the other, tilts back and forth, holds up her skirts and drops them again, cocks her head nervously to see whether they are all staring at her below, gives half a dozen preliminary springs which mean nothing, declares she can't and won't go up any faster, unties her bonnet strings and pushes back her hair, pulls down her dress to cover her toes, and finally alights on the next round, swaying to and fro until she gains her equilibrium, when she proceeds to enact the same scene over again.

All this time the hens at the foot of the ladder are criticizing her methods and exclaiming at the length of time she requires in mounting; while the cocks stroll about the yard keeping one eye on the ladder, picking up a seed here and there, and giving a masculine sneer now and then at the too-familiar scene. They approach the party at intervals, but only to remark that it always makes a man laugh to see a woman go up a ladder. The next hen, stirred to the depths by this speech, flies up entirely too fast, loses her head, tumbles off the top round, and has to make the ascent over again. Thus it goes on and on, this *petite comédie humaine*, and I could enjoy it with my whole heart if

Mr. Heaven did not insist on sharing the spectacle with me. He is so inexpressibly dull, so destitute of humor, that I did not think it likely he would see in the performance anything more than a flock of hens going up a ladder to roost. But he did; for there is no man so blind that he cannot see the follies of women; and, when he forgot himself so far as to utter a few genial, silly, well-worn reflections upon

femininity at large, I turned upon him and revealed to him some of the characteristics of his own sex, gained from an exhaustive study of the barn-yard fowl of the masculine gender. He went into the house discomfited, though chuckling a little at my vehemence; but at least I have made it forever impos-

sible for him to watch his hens without an occasional glance at the cocks.

## VI

July 12th.

OH! the pathos of a poultry farm! Catherine of Aragon, the black Spanish hen that stole her nest, brought out nine chicks this morning, and the business-like and marble-hearted Phoebe has taken them away and given them to another hen who has only seven. Two mothers cannot be wasted on these small families—it would not be profitable; and the older mother, having been tried and found faithful over seven, has been given the other nine and accepted them. What of the bereft one? She is miserable and stands about moping and forlorn, but it is no use fighting against the inevitable; hens' hearts must obey the same laws that govern the rotation of crops. Catherine of Aragon feels her lot a bitter one just now, but in time she will succumb, and lay, which is more to the point.

We have had a very busy evening, beginning with the rats' supper—delicate sandwiches of bread and butter spread with Paris green.

We have a new brood of seventeen



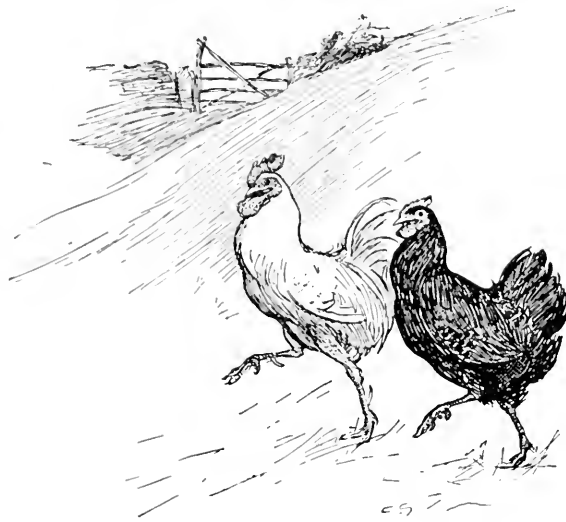
Nine huddle together . . . where a small coop formerly stood.—Page 729.

ducklings just hatched this afternoon. When we came to the nest the yellow and brown bunches of down and fluff were peeping out from under the hen's wings in the prettiest fashion in the world.

"It's a noble hen!" I said to Phœbe.

"She ain't so noble as she looks," Phœbe answered, grimly. "It was another 'en that brooded these eggs for two weeks and two days, and then this big one come along with a fancy she'd like a family too if she could steal one without too much trouble; so she drove the rightful 'en off the nest, finished up the last five days, and 'ere she is in possession of the ducklings!"

"Why don't you take them away from



Still impish and of a wandering mind.—Page 730.

her and give them back to the first hen, who did most of the work?" I asked, with some spirit.

"Like as not she wouldn't tyke them now," said Phœbe, as she lifted the hen off the broken eggshells and moved her gently into a clean box, on a bed of fresh hay. We put food and drink within reach of the family, and very proud and handsome that

highway robber of a hen looked, as she stretched her wings over the seventeen easily earned ducklings.

Going back to the old nesting-box, I found one egg forgotten among the shells. It was still warm, and I took it up to run across the field with it to Phœbe. It was heavy, and the carrying of it was a queer sensation, inasmuch as it squirmed and "yipped" vociferously in transit, threatening so unmistakably to hatch in my hand that I was decidedly nervous. The intrepid little youngster burst his shell as he touched Phœbe's apron, and has become the strongest and handsomest of the brood.

All this tending of downy young things, this feeding and putting to bed, this petting and nursing and rearing, is such pretty, comforting woman's work. I am sure Phœbe will make a better wife to the carrier for having been a poultry maid.

I wonder if the hen mother is quite, quite satisfied with her ducklings! Do you suppose the fact of hatching and brooding them breaks down all the sense of difference? Does she not sometimes reflect that if her children were the ordinary sort, and not these changelings, she would be enjoying certain pretty little attentions dear to a mother's heart? The chicks would be pecking the food off her broad beak with their tiny ones, and jumping on her back to slide down her glossy feathers. They would be far nicer to cuddle, too, so small and graceful and light; the changelings are a trifle solid and brawny. And personally, just as a matter of taste, would



Coming out with tangled hair, scratched noses, and no hens.—Page 730.



More pride of bearing, and less to be proud of, than any bird I know.—Page 731.

she not prefer wee, round, glancing heads, and pointed beaks, peeping from under her wings, to these teaspoon-shaped things larger than her own? I wonder!

I need not have cut the threads that bound me to the Oxenbridge Hotel with such particularly sharp scissors, nor given them such a vicious snap; for, so far as I can observe, the little world of which I imagined myself the sun continues to revolve, and, probably, about some other centre. I can well imagine who has taken up that delightful but somewhat exposed and responsible position—it would be just like her!

I am perfectly happy where I am; it is not that; but it seems so strange that they can be perfectly happy without me, after all that they—after all that was said on the subject not many days ago. Heigh ho! What does it matter, after all? One can always be a Goose Girl!

We are training fourteen large young chickens to sit on the perches in their new house, instead of huddling together on the floor as has been their habit; because we discover rat-holes under the wire flooring occasionally, and fear that toes may be bitten. At nine o'clock Phœbe and I lift the chickens one by one, and, as it were, glue them to their perches, squawk-

ing. Three nights have we gone patiently through with this performance, but they have not learned the lesson. The ducks and geese are, however, greatly improved by the application of advanced educational methods and the *régime* of perfect order and system instituted by Me begins to show results.

There is no more violent splashing and pebbling, racing, chasing, separating. The pole, indeed, still has to be produced, but at the first majestic wave of my hand they scuttle toward the shore. The geese turn to the right, cross the rick-yard and go to their pen; the May ducks turn to the left for their coops, the June ducks follow the hens to the top meadow, and even the idiot gosling has an inspiration now and then and stumbles on his own habitation.

Mrs. Heaven has no reverence for the principles of Comenius, Pestalozzi, or Herbert Spencer as applied to poultry, and when the ducks and geese came out of the pond badly the other night and went waddling and tumbling and hissing all over creation, did not approve of my sending them back into the pond to start afresh.

"I consider it a great waste of time, of good time, Miss," she said; "and, after all, do you consider that educated poultry will be any better eating, or that it will lay more than one egg a day, Miss?"

I have given the matter some attention, and I fear Mrs. Heaven is right. A duck, a goose, or a hen in which I have developed a larger brain, implanted a sense of duty, or instilled an idea of self-government, is likely, on the whole, to be leaner, not fatter. There is nothing like obeying the voice of conscience for taking the flesh off one's bones; and, speaking of conscience, Phœbe, whose metaphysics are of the farm farmy, says that hers felt like a hunlaid hegg for dyes after she had jilted the postman.

As to the eggs, I am sure the birds will go on laying one a day, for 'tis their nature to. Whether



Mr. Heaven discomfited.

the product of the intelligent, conscious, logical fowl will be as rich in quality as that of the uneducated and barbaric bird, I cannot say; but it ought at least to be equal to the Denmark egg eaten now by all Londoners; and if, perchance, left uneaten, it is certain to be a very superior wife and mother.

We have had a sad scene to-night. A chick has been ailing all day, and when we shut up the brood we found him dead in a corner.

Phoebe put him on the ground while she busied herself about the coop. The other chicks came out and walked about the dead one again and again, eying him curiously.

"Poor little chap!" said Phoebe. "'E's never 'ad a mother! 'E was an incubytor chicken, and wherever I took 'im 'e was picked at. There was somethink wrong with 'im; 'e never was a fyvorite!"

I put the fluffy body into a hole in the turf, and strewed a handful of grass over him. "Sad little epitaph!" I thought. "He never was a fyvorite!"

## VII

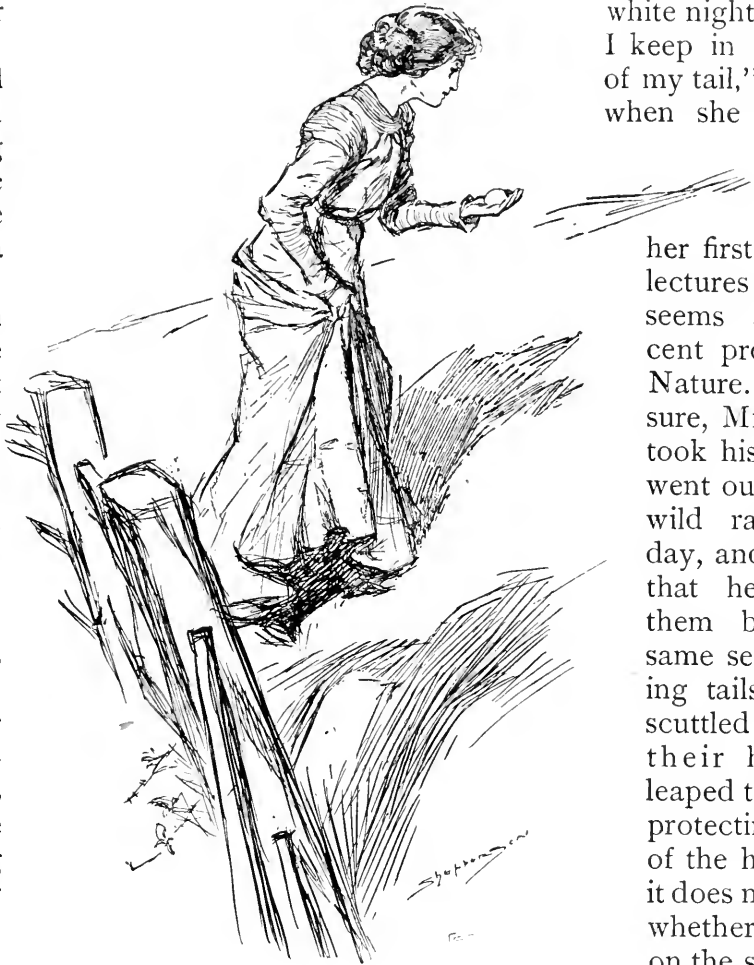
July 13th.

I LIKE to watch the Belgian hares eating their trifolium or pea-pods or grass; graceful, gentle things they are, crowding about Mr. Heaven and standing prettily, not greedily, on their hind legs, to reach for the clover, their delicate nostrils and whiskers all a-quiver with excitement.

As I look out of my window in the dusk I can see one of the mothers galloping across the enclosure, the soft white lining of her tail acting as a beacon-light to the eight infant hares following her, a quaint

procession of eight white spots in a glancing line. In the darkest night those baby creatures could follow their mother through grass or hedge or thicket, and she would need no warning note to show them where to flee in case of danger.

"All you have to do is to follow the white night-light that I keep in the lining of my tail," she says, when she is giving



Threatening so unmistakably to hatch in my hand.

her first maternal lectures; and it seems a beneficent provision of Nature. To be sure, Mr. Heaven took his gun and went out to shoot wild rabbits to-day, and I noted that he marked them by those same self-betraying tails, as they scuttled toward their holes or leaped toward the protecting cover of the hedge; so it does not appear whether Nature is on the side of the farmer or the rabbit.

There is as much comedy and as much tragedy in poultry life as anywhere, and already I see rifts within lutes. We have in a cage a French gentleman partridge married to a Hungarian lady of defective sight. He paces back and forth in the pen restlessly, anything but content with the domestic fireside. One can see plainly that he is devoted to the Boulevards, and that if left to his own inclination he would never have chosen any spouse but a thorough Parisienne.

The Hungarian lady is blind of one eye, from some stray shot, I suppose. She is melancholy at all times and occasionally goes so far as to beat her head against the wire netting. If liberated, Mr. Heaven says that her blindness would only expose



her to death at the hands of the first sportsman, and it always seems to me as if she knows this, and is ever trying to decide whether a loveless marriage is any better than death.

Then, again, the great, gray gander is, for some mysterious reason, out of favor with the entire family. He is a noble and amiable bird, by far the best all-round character in the flock, for dignity of mien and large-minded common sense. What is the treatment vouchsafed to this blameless husband and father?

One that puts anybody out of sorts with virtue and its scant rewards. To begin with, the others will not allow him to go into the pond. There is an organized cabal against it, and he sits solitary on the bank, calm and resigned, but, naturally, a trifle hurt. Then when they walk into the country twenty-three of them keep together, and Burd Alane (as I have named him from the old ballad) walks by himself. The lack of harmony is so evident here,

and the slight so intentional and direct, that it almost moves me to tears. The others walk soberly, always in couples, but even Burd Alane's rightful spouse is on the side of the majority, and avoids her consort.

What is the nature of his offence? There can be no connubial jealousies, I judge,

as geese are strictly monogamous, and having chosen a partner of their joys and sorrows they cleave to each other until

death or some other inexorable circumstance does them part. If they are ever mistaken in their choice and think they might have done better, the world is none the wiser. Burd Alane looks in good condition, but Phœbe thinks he is not quite himself, and that some day when he is in greater strength he will turn on his foes and rend them, regaining thus his lost prestige,

for he formerly was king of the flock.

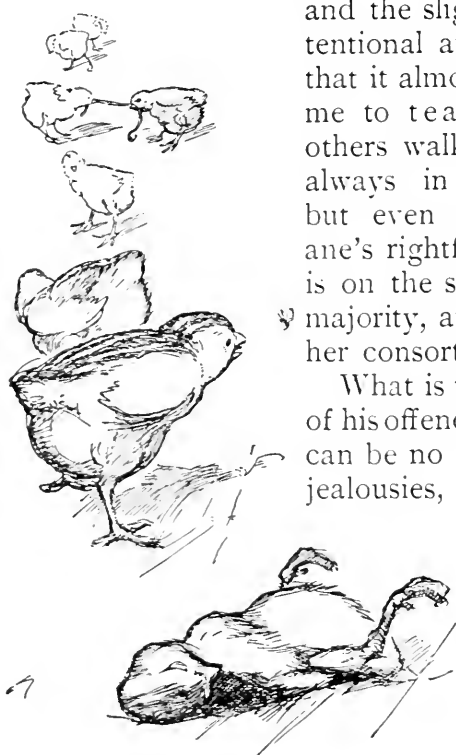
Phœbe has not a vestige of sentiment. She just asked me if I would have a duckling or a gosling for dinner; that there were two quite ready—the brown and yellow duckling that is the last to leave the pond at night, and the white gosling that never knows his own 'ouse. Which would I 'ave, and would I 'ave it with sage and onion?

Now, had I found a duckling on the table at dinner I should have eaten it without thinking at all, or with the thought that it had come from Barbury Green. But eat a duckling that I have stoned out of the pond, pursued up the bank, chased behind the wire netting, caught, screaming, in a corner and carried struggling to his bed? Feed upon an idiot gosling that I have found in nine different coops on nine successive nights—in with the newly hatched chicks, the half-grown pullets, the setting hen, the "invaleed goose," the drake with the gapes, the old ducks in the pen?—Eat a gosling that I have caught and put in with his brothers and sisters (whom he never recognizes) so frequently and regularly that I am familiar with every joint in his body?

In the first place, with my own small bump of locality and lack of geography, I would never willingly consume a creature who might, by some strange process of assimilation, make me worse in this re-



The geese . . . cross the rick-yard.—Page 734.



"Poor little chap . . . 'e never was a fyvorite."—Page 735.

spect ; in the second place, I should have to be ravenous indeed to sit down deliberately and make a meal of an intimate friend, no matter if I had not a high opinion of his intelligence. I should as soon think of eating the Square Baby, stuffed with sage and onion and garnished with green apple sauce, as the yellow duckling or the idiot gosling.

Mrs. Heaven has just called me into her sitting-room ostensibly to ask me to order breakfast, but really for the pleasure of conversation. Why she should inquire

whether I would relish some gammon of bacon with eggs, when she knows that there has not been, is not now, and never will be, anything but gammon of bacon with eggs, is more than I can explain.

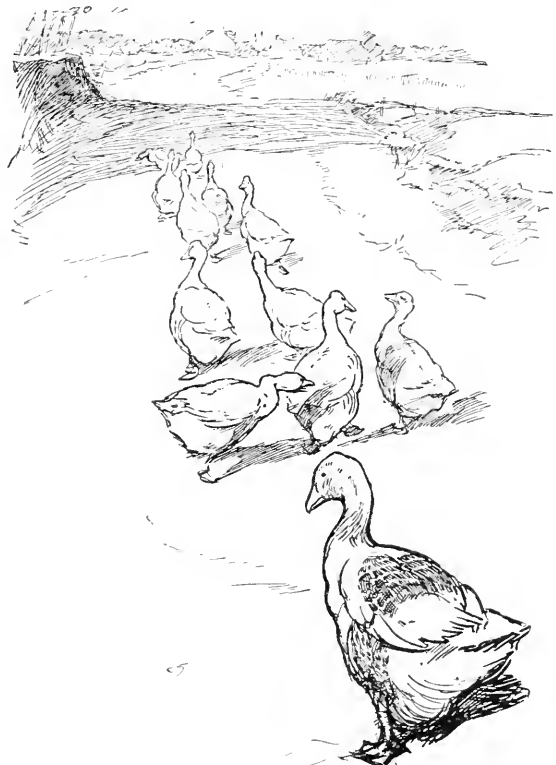
"Would you like to see my flowers, Miss?" she asks, folding her plump hands over her white apron. "They are looking beautiful this morning. I am so fond of potted plants, of plants in pots. Look at these geraniums! Now, I consider that pink one a perfect bloom; yes, a perfect bloom. This is a fine red one, is it not, Miss? Especially fine, don't you think? The trouble with the red variety is that they're apt to get 'bobby' and have to be washed regularly; quite bobby they do get indeed, I assure you. That white one has just gone out of blossom, and it was really wonderful. You could 'ardly have told it from a paper flower, Miss, not from a white paper flower. My plants are my children nowadays, since Albert Edward is my only care. I have been the mother of eleven children, Miss, all of them living, so far as I know; I know nothing to the contrary. I 'ope you are not wearying of this solitary place, Miss? It will grow upon you, I am sure, as it did upon Mrs. Pollock, with all her peculiar fancies, and as



Mr. Heaven . . . went out to shoot wild rabbits.—Page 735.

it 'as grown upon us. —We formerly had a butcher's shop in Buntingford, and it was naturally a great responsibility. Mr. Heaven's nerves are not strong, and at last he wanted a life of more quietude, more quietude was what he craved. The life of a retail butcher is a most exciting and wearying one. Nobody satisfied with their meat; as if it mattered in a world of change! Everybody complaining of too much bone or too little fat; nobody wishing tough chops or cutlets, but always seeking after fine joints, when it's against reason and

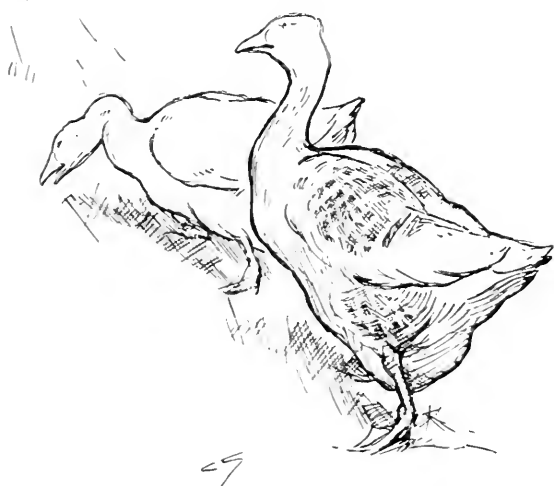
nature that all joints should be juicy and all cutlets tender; always complaining if livers are not sent with every fowl, always asking you to remember the trimmin's, always wanting their beef well



The great, gray gander is . . . out of favor with the entire family.—Page 736.

'ung, and then if you 'ang it a minute too long it's left on your 'ands! I often used to say to Mr. Heaven, yes, many's the time I've said it, that if people would think more of the great 'ere-after and less about their own little stomachs, it would be a deal better for them, yes, a deal better, and make it much more comfortable for the butchers!"

Burd Alane has had a good quarter of an hour to-day. His spouse took a brief promenade with him. To be sure, it was during an absence of the flock on the other side of the hedge; so that the moral effect of her spasm of wifely loyalty was quite lost upon them. I strongly suspect that she would not have granted anything but a secret interview. What a petty, weak, ignoble character! I really don't like to think so badly of any fellow-creature as I am forced to think of that politic, time-



His spouse took a brief promenade with him.



The life of a retail butcher is a most exciting and wearying one.—Page 737.

serving, pusillanimous goose. I believe she laid the egg that produced the idiot gosling!

## VIII

July 14th.

WE are not wholly without the pleasures of the town in Barbury Green. Once or twice in a summer, late on a Saturday afternoon, a procession of red and yellow vans drives into a field near the centre of the village. By the time the vans are unpacked all the children in the community are surrounding the gate of entrance.

There is rifle-shooting, there is fortune-telling, there are games of pitch and toss, and swings, and French bagatelle; and, to crown all, a wonderful orchestration that goes by steam. The water is boiled for the public's tea, and at the same time thrilling strains of melody are flung into the air. There is at present only one tune in the orchestration's repertory, but it is a very good tune; though after hearing it three hundred and seven times in a single afternoon it pursues one, sleeping and waking, for the next week. Phoebe and I took the Square Baby and went in to this diversified entertainment. There was a small crowd of children at the entrance, but as none of them seemed to be provided with pennies and I felt in a fairy godmother mood, I offered them the freedom of the place at my expense. I never purchased more radiant good-will for less money, but the combined effect of the well-boiled tea and the boiling orchestration produced many village nightmares, so the mothers told me at chapel next morning.

I have many friends in Barbury Green, and often have a pleasant chat with the draper, and the watchmaker, and the chemist.

The last house on the principal street is rather an ugly one, with especially nice window curtains. As I was taking my daily walk to the post-office (an entirely

been good form in an English village, for there were houses on the opposite side of the way. She waited until he opened the gate, the nursemaid took the bag and looked discreetly into the hedge, then the mistress slipped her hand through the traveller's arm and walked up the path as if she had nothing else in the world to



I offered them the freedom of the place at my expense.—Page 738.

unfruitful expedition thus far, as nobody has taken the pains to write to me) I saw a nursemaid coming out of the gate, wheeling a baby in a perambulator. She was going placidly away from the Green when, far in the distance, she espied a man walking rapidly toward us, a heavy Gladstone bag in one hand. She gazed fixedly for a moment, her eyes brightening and her cheeks flushing with pleasure—whoever it was, it was an unexpected arrival—then she retraced her steps and, running up the garden-path, opened the front door and held an excited colloquy with somebody; a slender somebody in a nice print gown and neatly dressed hair, who came to the gate and peeped beyond the hedge several times, drawing back between peeps with smiles and heightened color. She did not run down the road, even when she had satisfied herself of the identity of the traveller; perhaps that would not have

wish for. The nurse had a part in the joy, for she lifted the baby out of the perambulator and showed proudly how much he had grown.

It was a dear little scene, and I, a passer-by, had shared in it and felt better for it. I think their content was no less because part of it had enriched my life, for happiness, like mercy, is twice blessed; it blesses those who are most intimately associated in it, and it blesses all those who see it, hear it, feel it, touch it, or breathe the same atmosphere. A laughing, crowing baby in a house, one cheerful woman singing about her work, a boy whistling at the plough, a romance just suspected, with its miracle of two hearts melting into one—the wind's always in the west when you have any of these wonder-workers in your neighborhood.

I have talks too, sometimes, with the old Parson, who lives in a quaint house

with "*Parva Domus Magna Quies*" cut into the stone over the doorway. He is not a preaching Parson, but a retired one, almost the nicest kind, I often think.

He has been married thirty years, he tells me; thirty years, spent in the one little house with the bricks painted red and gray alternately, and the scarlet hollyhocks growing under the windows. I am sure they have been sweet, true, kind years, and that his heart must be a quiet, peaceful place just like his house and garden.

"I was only eleven years old when I fell in love with my wife," he told me as we sat on the seat under the lime-tree; he puffing cosily at his pipe, I plaiting grasses for a hatband.

"It was just before Sunday-school. Her mother had dressed her all in white muslin like a fairy, but she had stepped on the edge of a puddle, and some of the

muddy water had bespattered her frock. A circle of children had surrounded her, and some of the motherly little girls were on their knees rubbing at the spots anxiously, while one of them wiped away the tears that were running down her pretty cheeks. I looked! It was fatal! I did not look again, but I was smitten to the very heart! I did not speak to her for six years, but when I did it was all right with both of us, thank God! and I've been in love with her ever since, when she behaves herself!

That is the way they speak of love in Barbury Green, and oh! how much sweeter and more wholesome it is than the language of the town! Who would not be a Goose Girl, "to win the secret of the weed's plain heart"? It seems to me that in society we are always gazing at magic-lantern shows, but here we rest our tired eyes with looking at the stars.

(To be concluded in July.)



Puffing cosily at his pipe.



The Late Marquis of Bute in His Rectoral Gown, St. Andrews.

## THE SCOTTISH UNIVERSITY

By John Grier Hibben

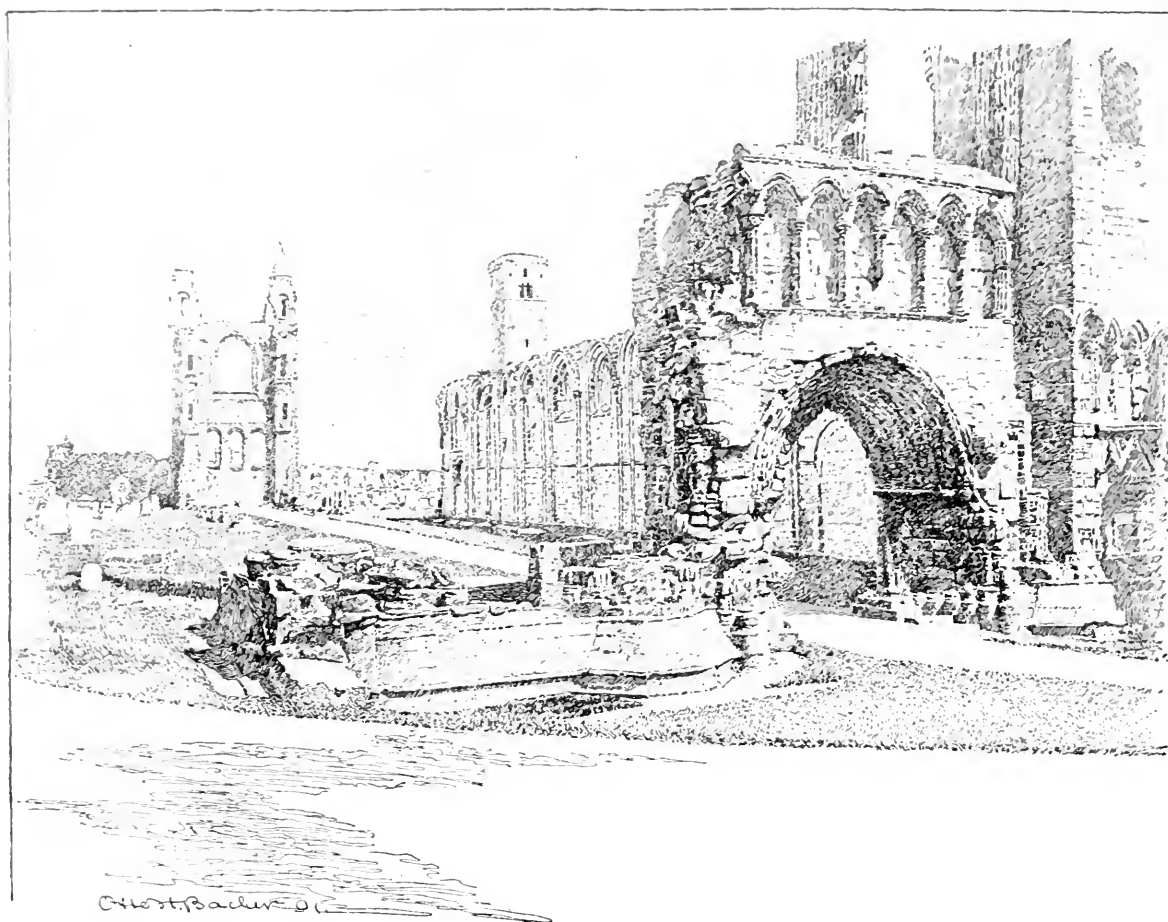


The Ancient Seal of the University, St. Andrews.

IT is quite possible that one who has run from Edinburgh to St. Andrews for a day or two of golf might easily fail to notice the group of university buildings which are situated in a remote portion of the town from the links. However, in the midst of caddies and golfers with ea-

ger stride, who early and late rush past in the narrow streets, there can be seen, now and then, the flash of a scarlet gown, which tells one that St. Andrews is also a university town. This is the gown which is worn upon all occasions by the undergraduates not only of St. Andrews, but also of Glasgow and of Aberdeen. It may occasion some surprise that Edinburgh is not mentioned in this group. There, however, we find no external mark to distinguish the student from the civilian. This





The Cathedral, St. Andrews.  
Where the first University in Scotland had its birth.

is due neither to chance nor to taste. There is a reason for it, which is this, that the three other Scotch universities have a mediæval and ecclesiastical origin, of which the scarlet gown is the symbol ; but the University of Edinburgh dates from the period of the Reformation, and therefore has no heritage of mediæval custom and tradition. St. Andrews, the first of the Scotch universities, was founded in 1411, Glasgow in 1450, and Aberdeen in 1494. The founder in each case was a bishop of the Roman Catholic Church, and each university received also the formal sanction of a papal bull. Thus the universities were, in a double sense, the creation of the Church. This early period was a time when the head of the university was a bishop, when its teachers were scholar-monks, where cathedral and cloister were regarded as the centre of the academic life and when lectures and dissertations were strangely mingled with ecclesiastical processions, Gregorian chants, swinging censers, and flickering candles upon the high altar. This was especially true of St.

Andrews, which, at the time of the founding of the university, was the ecclesiastical capital of Scotland.

The mediæval university differed in many respects from our idea of a modern university. It was primarily a guild of teachers and scholars, formed for common protection and mutual aid. It was a republic of letters, whose members were exempt from all services private and public, all personal taxes and contributions, and from all civil procedure in courts of law. The teaching function was often secondary, and often entirely overlooked. The Scottish university from the beginning, however, emphasized the teaching function, and created an atmosphere academic rather than civil or political. The early curriculum was crude, but fully abreast of the age, comprising, in the main, philosophy, theology, canon and civil law. All instruction was in Latin, and the writing of Latin dissertations was the daily task of the student—a strait and narrow way of learning. As we picture some mediæval priest, reading in a monotonous tone from an age-

colored manuscript, within the cheerless walls of crypt or cloister, while a student holds before him a candle, in the office of luminator, as the custom was and as is still indicated upon the university seal of St. Andrews, we begin to appreciate in a measure the dreary days and the meagre opportunity of the mediæval student life, and yet withal the mystery and the awe

founded, that of St. Salvator, of St. Leonard, and of St. Mary. The college of St. Leonard was originally the hospital of St. Leonard which had been founded for the accommodation of the pilgrims who came to witness the wonders wrought by the bones of St. Andrew, the patron saint. The University of Glasgow did not divide into separate colleges. At Aberdeen there



St. Mary's College, St. Andrews.

The tree in this picture was planted by Mary Queen of Scots.

which for him pervaded the temple of knowledge.

In the early university period there were no salaried teachers, no lecture halls, no separate buildings whatever. In the first years of the University of Glasgow, for instance, theology and law were taught in the crypt of the cathedral, where church and academy were evidently one and the same. The need of special buildings for instruction and residence was soon felt. The idea of distinct colleges as component parts of one university as a whole originated in Bologna and Paris, where the overcrowding and rise in prices of lodgings had led benevolent patrons to found *Collegia* where the students could be protected also by proper supervision from the corrupting influences of these communities. At St. Andrews three separate colleges were

was Kings College, so-called in honor of James IV., which remained the sole university building until the founding of Marischal College as a new and rival university. In defiance of the old Kings College, the new university assumed the quaint motto of the Earl Marischal :

Thay haif said. Quhat say thay?  
Lat thame say.

In Aberdeen there was the anomalous situation of one town containing two rival universities. This continued until 1860, when they were united, the two forming one university—Marischal College with its new buildings in the new town, and in the old, Kings College with its imposing tower and crown and ancient walls as it stood in the opening years of the sixteenth century.



*Drawn by Howard Giles.*

*The Students Rush at the Rectoral Election, Aberdeen.*

The pre-reformation buildings at Aberdeen and St. Andrews embody the history and traditions of the past in such a way as to impress upon the students who to-day walk their courts and live under the shadow of their towers that they too have a part in the glory of a day that is no more. This is a mere sentiment, it may be urged by some, but the memories which centre in one's alma mater, her

tem of scholarships or bursaries was inaugurated, which has been continued until present times, only augmented and perfected. In those days, however, the beneficiaries were expected to render some service in return; two each week were to have charge of ringing the bell to summon classes, at five o'clock in summer and six o'clock in winter, then again at ten o'clock and half past one; they were



King's College, Aberdeen, with its Tower and Crown.

gray old walls, her history, her illustrious sons all tend to deepen the nature of the men, of whose lives they have become a part—one of whom has written, with poetic feeling:

The little town,  
The drifting surf, the wintry year,  
The college of the scarlet gown,  
St. Andrews by the northern sea,  
That is a haunted town to me.

The Scottish university soon became recognized as an avenue of preferment in Church and State. Students were attracted from all quarters of the kingdom. Special inducements were offered in all the universities to poor students. A sys-

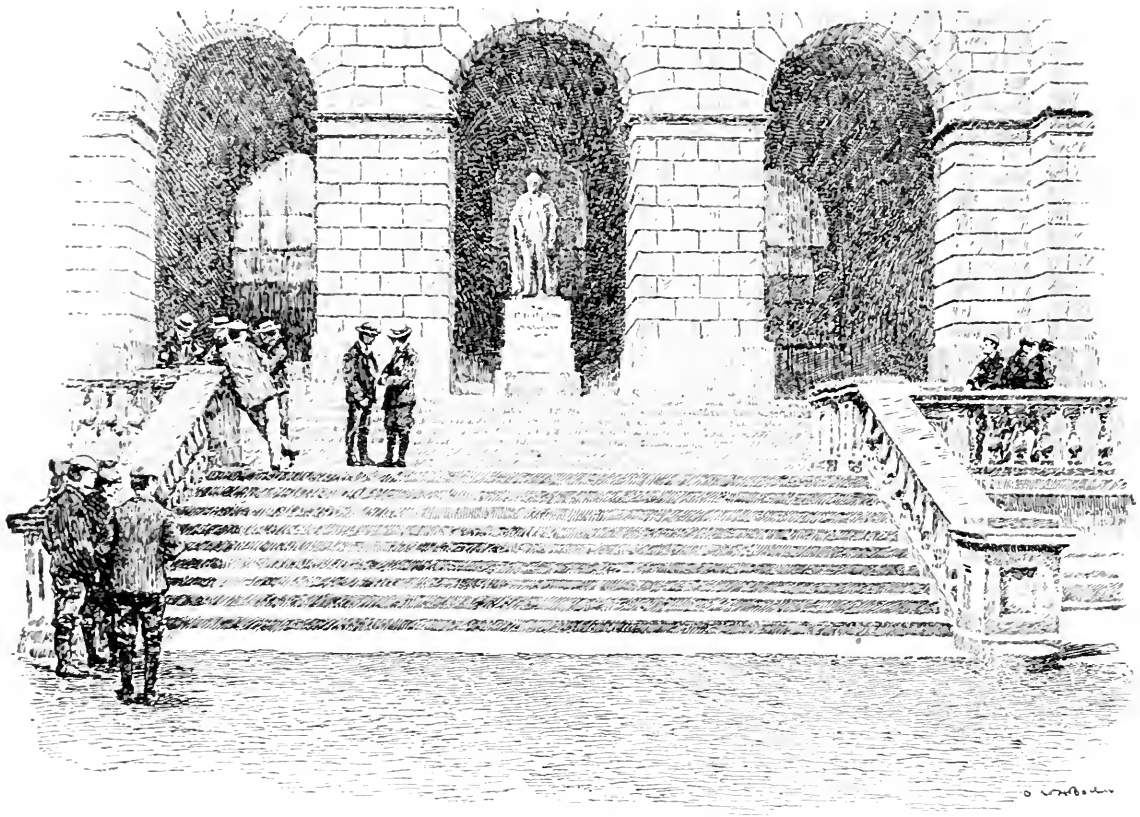
tem of "pardell" — *i.e.*, to scour with brushes attached to the feet—the stairs and entrances; the office of janitor also was to be undertaken by one of the holders of a bursary.

There was abundant provision in those early days for student supervision and control. The life was indeed one of rigor and simplicity. The students of St. Leonards, for instance, were forbidden "to frequent the town, to hold nocturnal meetings, to carry knives, or to play football," a strange grouping of academic vices. No student might go to the links unless accompanied by a master, or often-er than once a week; any additional exercise was supplied by the opportunity of

working in the college gardens. Later archery became the recognized university sport. There is at the University of St. Andrews to-day an interesting collection of silver medals which, according to the ancient custom, were presented to the university by the successful competitors in the annual archery contests. The winner's name each year was engraved upon a silver arrow still to be seen among the

had found a target in the calves of their legs, having sped wide of the butts.

In the midst of a system of stern discipline and training, certain customs grew up which cause surprise even in the present age of freedom from university restraint. At the University of Aberdeen it was customary for students receiving their degrees to give banquets to the professors, which had assumed proportions of



Statue of Sir David Brewster.

Scene of the Rectorial combat waged by the students, Edinburgh.

university's historical treasures. Instead of receiving a prize, the winner had the honor of presenting to his alma mater a silver medal which, deposited in the university hall, would tell in years to come the story of his skill. Among these medals there are three of special interest won by Montrose, Argyll, and Leslie. It is said of Argyll that this was the only victory he ever won, and of Montrose that it was the first of a long line of unbroken victories, until he suffered defeat at the hands of David Leslie, a fellow St. Andrews man and in his university career equally famous as a champion archer. There are cases upon record at St. Andrews of action brought against the students by irate citizens, complaining that arrows, carelessly aimed or with malice aforethought,

such startling conviviality as to call forth a formal prohibition, with a rider, however, as a concession to the tenacity of this time-honored custom, to the effect that the students were allowed, "to give ane drinke uponne fute for recreatioun allanerlie without anie forder additioun."

We find also a growing freedom in speech. The early college journalist as a free lance is seen in the following which was put into circulation among the Aberdeen students: "A Description of the useless, headless Masters of Kings College of Aberdeen in 1709." Then follow lines upon Professor Bower:

Wondrous things don by me  
Who weel can count both 2 and three,  
Likewise I can count 3 and four,  
All this is done by Thomas Bower.



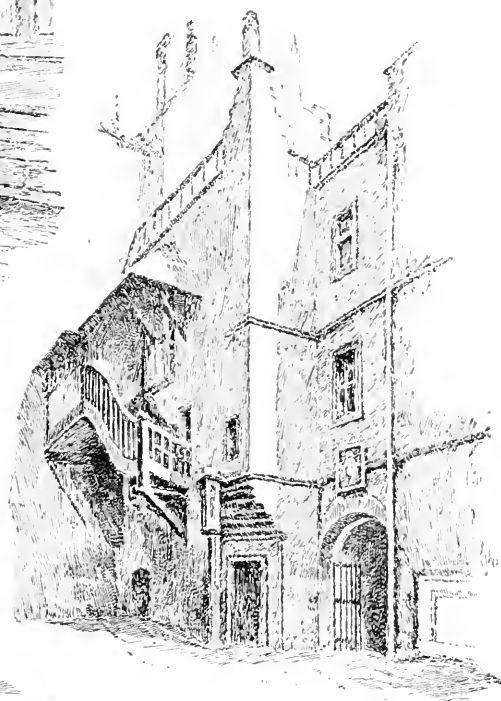
Again, from the same document, the following upon Dr. Patrick Urquhart :

From ane old Physick  
Doctor that cares not  
for pelf,  
Thinks every man honest  
just like himself  
Libera nos, Domine!

Students are the same the world over. The modern academic world produces many manners and types which seem to be fresh creations. They have their counterparts, however, in the customs of a time past and out of mind.

When the storm of the Reformation broke upon Scotland, it would not have been surprising had the Catholic universities disappeared with the wiping out of the Catholic Church. Although this period was naturally one of decline, it was nevertheless followed by an academic renaissance. The universities were to survive all other mediæval institutions, and, in spite of the troublous times which they were compelled to undergo in the transition from the old order to the new, their history presents throughout an unbroken continuity. The maces of the mediæval bishops, with their symbols of the sacraments, of the Holy Virgin, and of the papal power and glory curiously wrought in silver, are to-day borne before the Chancellor, the Rector, and the University Senate in the academic processions; the students assemble for Presbyterian service in the chapels where mass was wont to be celebrated by Romish priests; many of the chairs now held by professors of the Protestant faith were founded by Catholic patronage; and the scholar's gown, as has been already said, speaks of the university's ecclesiasti-

cal origin. Of recent years the later Marquis of Bute, as Rector of St. Andrews, had been most assiduous in his efforts to revive the mediæval customs of the university. In all the academic functions he appeared in the robe of a fifteenth century monk; it is easier to place him in one's mind at that earlier period than to think of him, stanch Catholic that he was, as a present day patron and high dignitary of



Lawn-market Entrance to Riddles' Court, Edinburgh.

Charles II.'s room (above)—main stair (below).



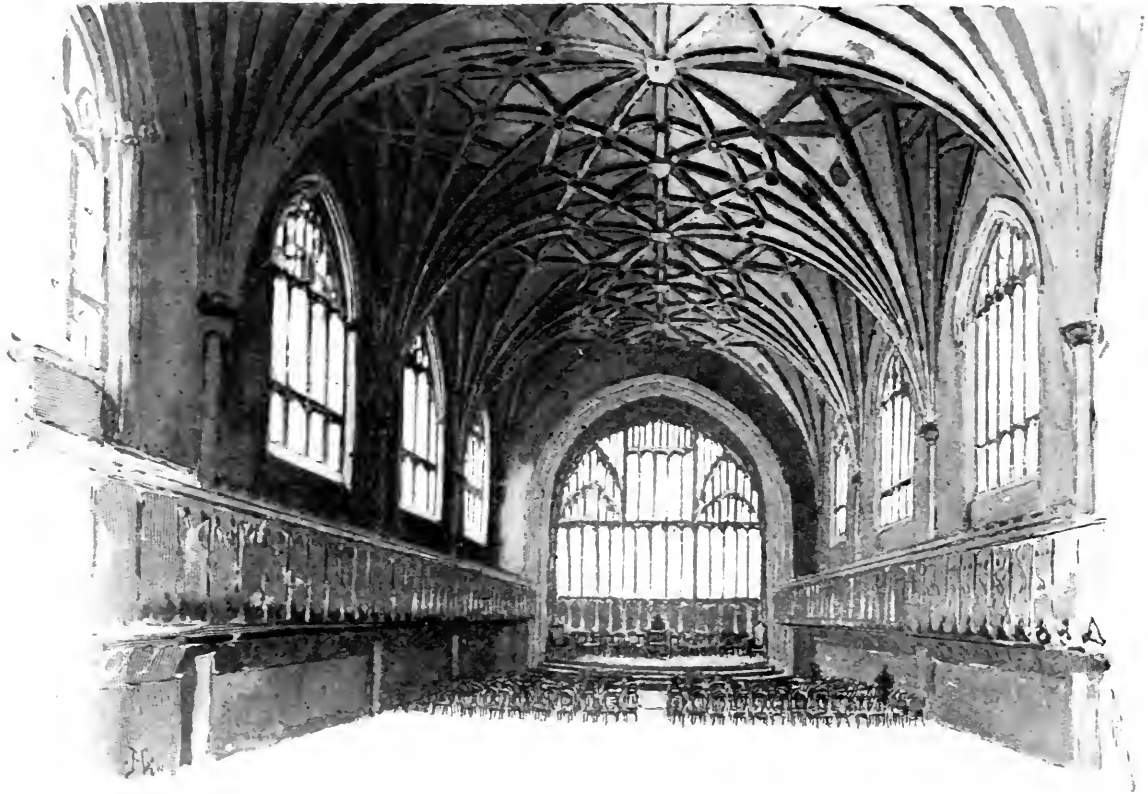
a Protestant university. The prominence which the see of St. Andrews held in the mediæval church naturally rendered that university the centre of the darkest scenes attending the Reformation period. Its sombre walls, again and

again, were bright with the light of the martyrs' fires. Before the gateway of St. Salvators, Patrick Hamilton, the first of the reformers in Scotland, was executed. By order of Cardinal Beaton the early martyr Wishart was burned within sight of St. Salvators and before the castle hard by.



Beaton in turn was murdered in his chamber and his body hung by his murderers from the castle wall overlooking the college "by the tane arm, and the tane foot, while they bade the people see there their god." John Knox and his followers were besieged in the castle by the French fleet from the sea, while the French batteries were mounted upon the college steeple and the roof of the abbey kirk. Amid such

speaks of the decadence and miserable state of both of these universities. Such a period of depression is not surprising when we recall the fact that upon her visit to Aberdeen the Regent Moray put to death the Earl of Huntly, a loyal Catholic and a patron of King's College, and that he compelled the Queen to witness his execution from a window in the house of the Earl Marischal, a staunch Protestant



The Mitchell Hall, Aberdeen.

For graduating exercises and other public functions.

scenes the traditional academic leisure must have been sorely disturbed. By a strange irony of fate, St. Andrews, where the Church had established its first seat of learning in Scotland, was the first to sympathize with the new faith. In those days "to have drunk from St. Leonard's well" was synonymous with heresy, and hostility to the Church of Rome. At Aberdeen and Glasgow, the reformed doctrines gained ground more slowly, and became dominant only after the Scottish parliament, in 1559, had declared Protestantism to be the national religion.

The Reformation left the universities in a disabled and critical condition. Mary Queen of Scots, upon the occasion of a royal visit to Aberdeen and to Glasgow,

and a bitter enemy of Mary's unfortunate friend.

Amid such scenes and times, the reformers had before them a most difficult task of revival and reconstruction. The commission appointed by the Scottish parliament, with John Knox at its head, laid down two lines of academic policy—the one was the insistence upon compulsory education throughout all the schools of Scotland, the other that the universities should be devoted exclusively to the pursuit of higher studies. Many years passed before these conditions could be realized. That they were realized at all, that the cause of learning was conserved, and that the universities received the impulse of a new life is due largely to the masterly ef-

forts of the three most eminent scholars of the Reformation, George Buchanan, Andrew Melville, and Alexander Arbuthnot. Buchanan was principal of St. Andrews; Melville was principal of Glasgow, and later of St. Andrews; and Arbuthnot was principal of Aberdeen. The universities through these leaders were touched with the spirit of the Renaissance as well as that of the Reformation. Melville is to be credited with the distinction of introducing the study of Greek into the university curriculum. In our age of extreme specialization, it is almost incredible that this one man gave instruction in Latin, Greek, mathematics, philosophy, history, theology, and the Oriental languages, at the same time inspiring his students in all these classes with the enthusiasm of learning.

The glories of the days of Melville were followed, it is true, by periods of depression; men of lesser parts were not able to realize the ideals of the reformers, and the lamp of learning at times burned low. But education in Scotland had been placed permanently upon a higher plane, and this in itself has affected the character of the Scotch people generally throughout all of their subsequent history.

The period of the Reformation was marked by the rise of a new university which was to rank with the old, and to contribute its share in solving the common problem of educational policy and method. The University of Edinburgh owes its foundation to the town council, which in 1582, under the royal charter of James VI., began the erection of a college building, upon a site adjoining the Kirk



A Group of the "Collectors."

At the Celebration of the Relief of Mafeking, Edinburgh.

of Field, which, after the murder of Darnley there, Mary had ceded to the town of Edinburgh. From the early beginnings of a limited curriculum and a meagre staff of instructors, the young academy developed slowly into the dignity of a university. With this develop-

ment two names are inseparably associated. The first is that of Principal Carstares, whose administration during the first years of the eighteenth century, was a period of expansion in all spheres of university activity. The second is that of Alexander Munro, who, in 1720, was elected professor of anatomy when only twenty-three years of age. His brilliant lectures and demonstrations attracted students from all parts of Great Britain. Through his efforts the university School of Medicine and the Royal



Some Members of the Students' Dramatic Club, Edinburgh.

Infirmary were founded. A prominence was thus given to medicine in the university curriculum, which it holds to the present day. The medical schools of Edin-

burgh have produced some of the most eminent surgeons and physicians of modern times. Conspicuous among the university's many illustrious sons should be mentioned Sir James Simpson, the discoverer of the anæsthetic property of chloroform.

municipality as well. The Senatus corresponds to our university or college faculty. As to the officers, the Chancellor is elected for life; he confers degrees, presides over the Council, and has to sanction all important matters of univer-



St. Marys College, St. Andrews.

The Simpson Maternity Hospital stands to-day as a noble monument to one whose life was so signally devoted to the relief of pain and suffering.

The constitution and government of the Scotch universities present some features which are not found in the American universities. As at present constituted, the university comprises the General Council, the Court, and the Senatus. Its officers are the Chancellor, Vice-Chancellor, Rector, and Principal.

The council is composed of the university officers, the professors, and the entire body of graduates. Its function is largely advisory; it, however, elects the Chancellor and the university member of parliament. The four universities elect two members, one to represent Edinburgh and St. Andrews, and one to represent Glasgow and Aberdeen. The court is the governing body of the university, its members being chosen to represent the Senatus, and also the church, the state, and

society policy. The Rector is chairman of the Court, is elected by the undergraduates, and holds office for three years.

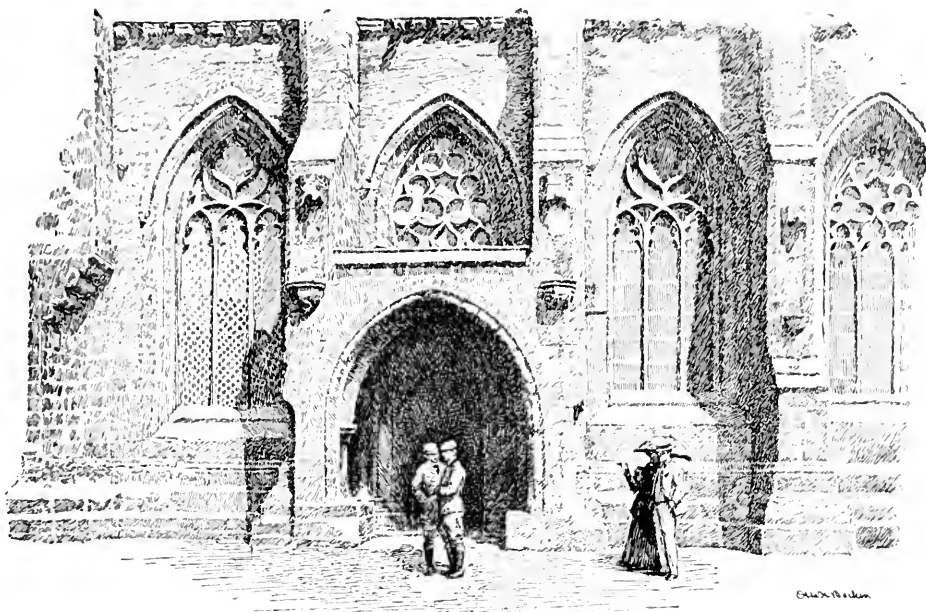
The Principal is virtually the head of the university, an office corresponding to that of our college president. In the absence of the Chancellor he is also Vice-Chancellor; his double personality is preserved to the extent of laying aside the robe of the Principal, and appearing in the robe of Chancellor, when he confers degrees at graduating ceremonies. A striking feature illustrating the co-ordination of the governing and governed bodies is that of the Students Representative Council, an undergraduate advisory board with considerable power and influence in the life of the university. Regarding the university as thus constituted, one is impressed with the representative character of its officers, both as individuals and in their collective capacity as governing boards. When we remember that in so many of our universities there is no provision for a graduate representation in the governing

board, it causes no little surprise that in the Scottish universities even undergraduates have the privilege of electing, as their representative, the presiding officer of the university Court.

The instruction of the several universities is organized under six faculties, of the arts, science, divinity, law, medicine, and music. By act of Parliament, there is a uniform basis for all examinations, whether the student is applying for entrance, or for a degree. Students are allowed a large measure of choice in their elective courses, and yet the integrity of the arts degree is preserved by regulating the choice within certain definite lines, so that each candidate is required to take either Latin or Greek, either English or a modern language, at least one course in philosophy, and mathematics or physics. In addition to a preparation for professional careers, a course is especially provided for those who are expecting to compete in the India Civil Service examinations. These examinations are extremely difficult, and it has been found that only those students who have gained high honors in their classes can enter with any hope of success.

An exceedingly liberal provision is made in all four universities for prizes and fellowships. Some of the fellowships bear an income which is available for several years, allowing abundant opportunity for special study and research. There are certain fellowships which are open for inter-university competition, each university sending up a representative whose success will reflect honor not only upon himself but upon his university also.

The undergraduate body is divided into four classes, designated as follows: The first year men are called Bajans, a word of French origin signifying a callow bird, in which we can recognize the American fresh-



Entrance to the Chapel at St. Salvators College, St. Andrews.

man. In the second year, the students are called Semies, or Semi-Bachelors. In the third year, Bachelors or Determinads, as at the end of the year students were allowed formerly to "determinate" or finish with the imperfect degree of Bachelor; the term "Tertians" is also used for the third-year men. In the fourth year men bear the honorable name of Magistrands, those about to become Magistri.

The newly fledged Bajan is at times subjected to some kind of discipline partaking of the nature of hazing, as is seen in the ancient custom still surviving at St. Andrews, which is the celebration of the so-called "Raisin day," when, upon a certain day in November, it is the privilege of any fourth-year man to exact from any Bajan one pound of raisins, giving in exchange for the same a receipt written in questionable Latin, which is the Bajan's certificate that he is a fully fledged member of the student body.

There is no provision made in the equipment of a Scotch university for dormitories. The students reside in lodgings throughout the town; sometimes an entire building will be rented by a congenial crowd who live together in a manner similar to the free and easy life of our college dormitories and clubs.

In Edinburgh, through the efforts of Professor Patrick Geddes, a number of friends of the university became interested in restoring several of the old historic houses, and in refitting them as students

lodgings. The "courts" and "closes" in the Lawn market (just below the Castle), in High Street, and the Canongate were the aristocratic quarters in the olden times. They are now the slums of the city. Professor Geddes and his associates have sought to recover some of them and to give them back their former dignity. Of these, Riddle's Court is of special interest on account of its historical associations. Here

which was once occupied by Charles II., when he was in Scotland. The general social centre, however, of the university life is to be found in the so-called "Students' Union." Each one of the four universities has such a "Union," which is really a club where the students can meet together in a social way. At Edinburgh a separate building is devoted to the "Students' Union." At the other universities



Glasgow University from Kelvingrove Park.

was the first residence of David Hume as an Edinburgh householder. After moving into his new quarters in 1781, he writes: "I have now at last, being turned of forty . . . arrived at the dignity of being a householder. About seven months ago, I got a house of my own and completed a regular family, consisting of a head, viz.: myself, and two inferior members, a maid and a cat. My sister has since joined me, and keeps me company." Here also is the house of Bailie Macmoran who is supposed to have entertained James VI. of Scotland. The ceiling of the banqueting hall has been restored so as to represent the history of this house. In this hall the students now have their common meals. There is also a room

comfortable quarters in one of the buildings are set apart for the same purpose. There are reading-rooms, a dining-hall, a billiard and smoking room, gymnasium, and baths. The various debating societies of the university—the athletic, literary, and other numerous student organizations—all hold their meetings at the "Union." There many of the students dine regularly, and every afternoon men drop in after a game of foot-ball or cricket for the cup of tea so necessary to the Scotchman's comfort, and a smoke together afterward. There also may be seen the athletic trophies and the various suggestions of undergraduate life: there, too, may be heard the latest bits of university gossip, the scores of recent games, and animated dis-



cussions concerning the war in South Africa, or the respective merits of English and Scotch golfers.

The various debating societies are the chief social function of the Edinburgh student life. There the closest friendships are formed, and all kinds of intellectual interest, but chiefly the literary, are represented. The most superior of the societies, the "Speculative," or "Spec," as it is generally called, will be familiar to the readers of "The Weir of Hermiston." The society has rooms of its own within the university, and its members take advantage of their privilege of smoking within the university precincts, and in general in doing what seems good in their own eyes. Sir Walter Scott was at one time secretary of this society, and his name no doubt gives it additional prestige. In the other universities also, the debating societies sustain a similar relation to the life of the students.

One of the most interesting of the present-day customs is the election of the Rector by the undergraduates. This custom originated in the Italian law school of Bologna in the twelfth century, and passed over to the Scottish university in the days when papal influence was dominant. It was the established custom at Bologna for the students to set upon the newly elected Rector, tear his clothes off his back, and then require him to buy back the fragments at a high price—truly a doubtful honor under such circumstances. A statute was finally enacted to restrain the "too horrid and petulant mirth of the students, but it was only a qualified prohibition, however, for the statute ran, "We do not forbid the pulling off and tearing in pieces of the raiment, provided that those who have torn the clothes may not exact any payment therefor." The present practices in Scotland at the time of the Rectoral elections reminds one of the old Italian customs, not that the Rector is now the victim, but the students themselves are arrayed in opposed bands which meet in hand to hand scuffle and scrimmage. In Edinburgh the contest is waged over the possession of Sir David Brewster's statue in the inner court of the university, and when the successful candidate is announced from the balcony above the entrance to the quadrangle, the small board, upon which are written the names of the candidates and the number

of votes polled, is dropped among the surging throng of students; then a second battle is fought to secure that much-coveted prize. In the other universities, the contest is waged over the banner of one of the Rectoral parties, or the gaining of some position of advantage in the university court or buildings. The only weapon used in these encounters seems to be bags of flour which envelop the participants in a cloud of white dust. As the candidates are generally nominated because of their prominence in national politics, party spirit runs high, stimulating in no slight measure the zest of strife.

A characteristic feature of the Scottish university which is worthy of special mention is that it has always afforded an opportunity to poor students of obtaining an education. There has always existed in the universities a fine spirit which has regarded with honor the struggles of students who are endeavoring to support themselves. And these students have so prized an education as to lead lives of strenuous self-denial, with their eyes determinedly set upon the far-off goal. Barrie has referred to it feelingly in "Sentimental Tommy." "And now, ye drums that we all carry in our breasts, beat your best over the bravest sight ever seen in a small Scotch town of an autumn morning, the departure of its fighting lads for the lists at Aberdeen. Let the tune be the sweet familiar one you found somewhere in the Bible long ago: 'The mothers we leave behind us'—leave behind us on their knees. May it dirl through your bones, brave boys, to the end, as you hope not to be damned."

Many students from their highland homes, have appeared at the beginning of the academic year with a bag of oatmeal, and a barrel of potatoes, representing the sole store of life and energy for months to come. So common was this practice that a holiday in the mid-year was appointed, known as "Mealie Monday," in order to give the students an opportunity of returning home to replenish their larder. This day is still observed as a holiday. In his reminiscences of Edinburgh, Robert Chambers tells the story of his early experiences at the university—how a friend, his brother, and himself had lived together, and each had brought to the common store



a bag of oatmeal. The three bags hung from one of the rafters of their room, and the landlady would scrupulously take a handful of the meal from each bag, in order to mix the morning porridge, according to a strictly equitable principle of distribution. It must be remembered also that, in many cases, untold sacrifices must be borne in the homes whence the sons set forth to secure an education, in order that they may live in a university town at all, even in the simplest possible manner. It is by no means an isolated case, that story of the father who had but three cows, and one of them he sold in order to send his son to St. Andrews. This incident, both in letter and in spirit, has been repeated again and again. It is a matter not only of family but of village pride when it is possible to boast of a representative in one of the national universities. From the time when the boy becomes a university man, throughout the struggles and triumphs of his academic career, until he returns to his own again, perhaps with the added distinction of well-won honors, his course is followed with the sympathetic interest which marks every detail of his progress as though he were the chosen representative of a veritable constituency. The most conspicuous illustration of the rise of a poor boy from the humblest beginnings is that of the late Principal Geddes of Aberdeen, who made his first appearance at the university one winter's day with his feet bound in straw, the sole protection against the storm and the cold. But natural talent and an indomitable will rose superior to such untoward circumstances, and opened before him a career which was crowned by the highest gift which it is possible for a university to confer upon one of her favored sons.

A stranger in a university town of Scotland cannot fail to be impressed with the earnest zeal of the students as he sees them going about their tasks, sitting with serious mien upon the long row of straight-backed benches in the lecture halls, or discussing in the debating clubs with grave dignity the questions of the day. It is possible also to see them in moods of a lighter vein. To one who was present at the annual inter-university track meeting in Edinburgh, last June, there was afforded an excellent opportunity of viewing the

athletic side of the university life. The meeting was presided over by no less a personage than Sir William Muir, the venerable principal of the university. He entered heartily into the spirit of the occasion, walking about among the contestants, and watching with keen interest the result of each event, and at the close distributed the medals to the winners. Edinburgh carried off the honors of the day amid much cheering and enthusiasm. While one was reminded strongly of similar contests among our American students, yet, nevertheless, there were several points of difference, which it may be of interest to note in passing. The track itself was a grass one, presenting rather an uneven surface. The contestants were evidently not subjected to a very vigorous system of training, as they indulged themselves in the solace of a cigarette between events. They did not seem, moreover, to be trained for any special event, as, for instance, the same man would enter for the hundred-yard dash and for the throwing of the hammer. The university athletes, indeed, know of no such thing as a professional trainer, and the special provision of shower-baths, rubbers, training tables, and the various details of the athletic side of our modern university life in America. The records made at the Edinburgh games were not such as to entitle the holder to a place in our intercollegiate contests. They were as follows :

Mile, 4 minutes 50 seconds. "Long leap" (corresponding to our broad jump), 20 feet 4 inches. Hammer, 107 feet. "Putting the weight," 38 feet 8½ inches. Quarter mile, 54½ seconds. 220 yards, 22¾ seconds. High jump, 5 feet 5 inches. 100 yards, 10¾ seconds.

After the contest of the afternoon the students separated to meet again in the evening at a theatre to celebrate the so-called "Students' Night." There again the serious-browed Scotchman was conspicuously absent. The Edinburgh students took possession of the gallery, where before the performance on the stage, and between the acts, they regaled the audience with university songs to the accompaniment of a piano which had been raised to that unwonted height for the special purpose. The other universities were represented by the athletes of the afternoon's

contest, who occupied prominent positions in the boxes, and joined their voices with the various choruses of the gallery. The play was Stevenson's "Prince Otto," and beneath the picture of the author, which appeared upon the cover of the "Student's Programme," were these words quoted from Masson, "Our Own Robert Louis." The heroine of the evening, both on the stage and in the students' quarter, was the daughter of Miss Ellen Terry, who took the part of the *Countess von Rosen*. The academic approval was indicated by the railroading of a mammoth bouquet upon an improvised trolley-wire which ran from the group of shouting students in the high gallery to the stage. The celebration of "Students' Night" at one of the theatres is a time-honored custom, repeated several times in the course of the year, and always upon the occasion of any university event of unusual interest.

In the inter-university track contest at Edinburgh, the University of St. Andrews was not represented; no doubt because the athletic interests in that place largely centre in golf. The golf champion is, there, the athletic hero. Perhaps no one has so completely realized the manly ideal of the student mind as Lieutenant Tait, who won the amateur championship on the St. Andrews links, and whose death in South Africa is so deeply mourned throughout the whole of Scotland. Until recently prohibited by action of the Senatus, the students at St. Andrews were accustomed to celebrate annually the so-called "Kate Kennedy" day, a time given over to student rule which respected neither town nor gown, a time of reckless mirth and wild behavior, which soon degenerated into a day of unbridled license. There has been some doubt as to whether the person thus honored ever existed. She was supposed to be the daughter of Bishop Kennedy, the founder of the college of St. Salvator, but the uncertainty attending her reality as an historical personage never seemed to dampen the enthusiasm of the occasion. A reference to "Kate Kennedy's" day still provokes a smile from professors who may have figured in the students' caricatures which were always a special feature of that riotous celebration.

Any public event of great interest or

any unusual academic function is generally marked in all of the Scottish universities by a student torchlight procession. When the relief of Mafeking was announced, a special celebration was planned by the citizens of Edinburgh. The old town and the new were ablaze with the illumination of buildings, both public and private. There were fireworks on all sides, the playing of martial music, the marching of civilians and soldiers, and in the midst of it all, with outbursts of wildest enthusiasm, the entire body of university students holding high the flaring torches above their heads. Accompanying the general rank and file there was a special group of students in masquerading costume, styling themselves "Collectors," who demanded from every passer-by a contribution to the war fund. The proceeds of the evening amounted to upward of £250. Some months previous, a pro-Boer lecturer in Edinburgh had been driven from the platform and followed into the streets by the students, whose patriotic zeal overmastered for the time being their wonted spirit of tolerance.

There is a custom in the University of Edinburgh, inaugurated by Sir William Hamilton, of placing upon the wall of the lecture-room in gold letters the names of the first and second honor men in philosophy for the year. It is an interesting fact that all four of the Scottish universities to-day have in their philosophical faculties men whose names may be found on the roll of honor in Hamilton's old lecture hall at Edinburgh, of whom one of the most eminent has been but recently called from Aberdeen to the chair of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge.

These cases may be taken as types of which there are abundant illustrations also in the careers of graduates of the other Scottish universities, representing all possible variety of achievement. Scotland has always been famous for her breed of men. Whatever causes may have produced the original stock, it is certain that during the later centuries of her history the forces emanating from the university centres have been potent factors in introducing a strain of manly efficiency which has contributed not a little to Scotland's glory and the general welfare of mankind.

# ORATORY

By George F. Hoar



THE longer I live, the more highly I have come to value the gift of eloquence. Indeed, I am not sure that it is not the single gift most to be coveted by man. It is hard, perhaps impossible, to define, as poetry is impossible to define. To be a perfect and consummate orator is to possess the highest faculty given to man. He must be a great artist, and more. He must be a great actor, and more. He must be a master of the great things that interest mankind. What he says ought to have as permanent a place in literature as the highest poetry. He must be able to play at will on the mighty organ, his audience, of which human souls are the keys. He must have knowledge, wit, wisdom, fancy, imagination, courage, nobleness, sincerity, grace, a heart of fire. He must himself respond to every emotion as an Æolian harp to the breeze. He must have

An eye that tears can on a sudden fill,  
And lips that smile before the tears are gone.

He must have a noble personal presence. He must have, in perfection, the eye and the voice which are the only and natural avenues by which one human soul can enter into and subdue another. His speech must be filled with music and possess its miraculous charm and spell

which the posting winds recall,  
And suspend the river's fall.

He must have the quality which Burke manifested when Warren Hastings said, "I felt, as I listened to him, as if I were the most culpable being on earth;" and which made Philip say of Demosthenes, "Had I been there he would have persuaded me to take up arms against myself."

He has a present, practical purpose to accomplish. If he fail in that he fails utterly and altogether. His object is to convince the understanding, to persuade the will, to set aflame the heart of his audience or those who read what he says.

He speaks for a present occasion. Eloquence is the feather that tips his arrow. If he miss the mark he is a failure, although his sentences may survive everything else in the permanent literature of the language in which he speaks. What he says must not only accomplish the purpose of the hour, but should be fit to be preserved for all time, or he can have no place in literature, and a small and ephemeral place in human memory.

The orator must know how so to utter his thought that it will stay. The poet and the orator have this in common. Each must so express and clothe his thought that it shall penetrate and take possession of the soul, and, having penetrated, must abide and stay. How this is done, who can tell? Carlyle defines poetry as a "sort of lilt." Cicero finds the secret of eloquence in a

*Lepos quidam celeritasque et brevitatis.*

One living writer, who has a masterly gift of noble and stirring eloquence, finds it in "a certain collocation of consonants." Why it is that a change of a single word, or even of a single syllable, for any other which is an absolute synonyme in sense, would ruin the best line in Lycidas, or injure terribly the noblest sentence of Webster, nobody knows. Curtis asks how Wendell Phillips did it, and answers his own question by asking you how Mozart did it.

When I say that I am not sure that this is not the single gift most to be coveted by man, I may seem to have left out the moral quality in my conception of what is excellent. But such is the nature of man that the loftiest moral emotions are still the overmastering emotions. The orator that does not persuade men that righteousness is on his side will seldom persuade them to think or act as he desires; and if he fail in that he fails in his object; and the orator who has not in fact righteousness on his side will in general fail so to persuade them. And even if in rare cases he do persuade his audience, he does not

gain a permanent place in literature. Bolingbroke's speeches, though so enthusiastically praised by the best judges, have perished by their own worthlessness.

Although the danger of the Republic, and his own, still occupied his thoughts, Cicero found time in his old age to record, at the request of his brother Quintus, his opinion, *de omni ratione dicendi*. It is not likely that the treatise "de Oratore" or that "de Claris Oratoribus" will ever be matched by any other writer on this fascinating subject, except the brief and masterly fragment of Tacitus.

He begins by inquiring why it is that, when so many persons strive to attain the gift of eloquence, and its rewards of fame and wealth and power are so great, the number of those who succeed as orators is so small in comparison with the number of those who become great generals, or statesmen, or poets. I suppose this fact, which excited the wonder of Cicero, exists in our country and our time. There is a foreign country which is to us as a posterity. If we reckon those Americans only as great orators who are accepted in England as such, or who, belonging to past generations are so accepted now by their own countrymen, the number is very small. A few sentences of Patrick Henry are preserved, as a few sentences of Lord Chatham are preserved. The great thoughts of Webster justify, in the estimation of the reader, the fame he enjoyed with his own generation. The readers of Fisher Ames—alas, too few—can well comprehend the spell which persuaded an angry and reluctant majority to save the treaty to which the nation had pledged its faith, and, perhaps, the life of the nation itself. With these exceptions, the number of American orators who will live in history as orators can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

I have never supposed myself to possess this gift. The instruction which I had in my youth, especially that at Harvard, either in composition or elocution, was, I think, not only no advantage, but a positive injury. Besides the absence of good training, I had an awkward manner, and a harsh voice. Until quite late in life I never learned to manage so that I could get through a long speech without serious irritation of the throat. But I have had good opportunity to hear the best public

speaking of my time. I have heard in England, on a great field day in the House of Commons, Palmerston, Lord John Russell, and John Bright, and, later, Disraeli, Gladstone, and Bernal Osborne. I have heard Spurgeon, and Bishop Wilberforce, and Dr. Guthrie in the pulpit.

At home I have heard a good many times Daniel Webster, Edward Everett, Rufus Choate, Robert C. Winthrop, John P. Hale, Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner, Richard H. Dana, Ralph Waldo Emerson, James G. Blaine, Lucius Q. C. Lamar, James A. Garfield, William McKinley, William M. Evarts, Benjamin F. Thomas, Pliny Merrick, Charles Devens, Nathaniel P. Banks, and, above all, Kosuth; and in the pulpit, James Walker, Edwards A. Park, Mark Hopkins, Edward Everett Hale, George Putnam, Starr King, and Henry W. Bellows. So, perhaps, my experience and observation, too late for my own advantage, may be worth something to my younger readers.

I am not familiar with the books which have been lately published which give directions for public speaking. So I dare say that what I have to advise is already well known to young men, and that all I can say has been said much better. But I will give the result of my own experience and observation.

In managing the voice, the speaker when he is engaged in earnest conversation, commonly and naturally falls into the best tone and manner for public speaking. Suppose you are sitting about a table with a dozen friends, and some subject is started in which you are deeply interested. You engage in an earnest and serious dialogue with one of them at the other end of the table. You are perfectly at ease, not caring in the least for your manner or tone of voice, but only for your thought. The tone you adopt then will ordinarily be the best tone for you in public speaking. You can, however, learn from teachers or friendly critics to avoid any harsh or disagreeable fashion of speech that you may have fallen into, and that may be habitual to you in private conversation.

Next. Never strain your vocal organs by attempting to fill spaces which are too large for you. Speak as loudly and distinctly as you can do easily, and let the

more distant portions of your audience go. You will find in that way very soon that your voice will increase in compass and power, and you will do better than by a habit of straining the voice beyond its natural capacity. Be careful to avoid falsetto. Shun imitating the tricks of speech of other orators, even of famous and successful orators. These may do for them, but not for you. You will do no better in attempting to imitate the tricks of speech of other men in public speaking than in private speaking.

Never make a gesture for the sake of making one. I believe that most of the successful speakers whom I know would find it hard to tell you whether they themselves make gestures or not, they are so absolutely unconscious in the matter. But with gestures as with the voice, get teachers or friendly critics to point out to you any bad habit you may fall into. I think it would be well if our young public speakers, especially preachers, would have competent instructors and critics among their auditors, after they enter their profession, to give them the benefit of such observations and counsel as may be suggested in that way. If a Harvard professor of elocution would retain his responsibility for his pupils five or ten years after they got into active life he would do a great deal more good than by his instruction to undergraduates.

So far we have been talking about mere manner. The matter and substance of the orator's speech must depend upon the intellectual quality of man.

The great orator must be a man of absolute sincerity. Never advocate a cause in which you do not believe, or affect an emotion you do not feel. No skill or acting will cover up the want of earnestness. It is like the ointment of the hand which bewrayeth itself.

I shall be asked how I can reconcile this doctrine with the practice of the law. It will be said the advocate must often defend men whom he believes to be guilty, or argue to the court propositions he believes to be unsound. This objection will disappear if we consider what exactly is the function of the advocate in our system of administering justice.

I suppose it is needless to argue to persons of American or English birth that our

system of administering justice is safer for the innocent and, on the whole, secures the punishment of guilt and secures private right better than any other that now exists or that ever existed among men. The chief distinction of the system we have inherited from England consists in two things: first, the function of the advocate, and second, that cases are decided not upon belief, but upon proof. It has been found that court or jury are more likely to get at truth if they have the aid of trained officers whose duty it shall be to collect and present all the arguments on each side which ought to be considered before the court or jury reach the decision. The man most clearly guilty should not be condemned or punished unless every consideration which may tend to establish innocence or throw doubt upon guilt has been fully weighed. The unassisted tribunal will be quite likely to overlook these considerations. Public sentiment approves the judgment and the punishment in the case of John W. Webster. But certainly he should never have been convicted without giving the fullest weight to his previous character and to the slightness of the temptation to the commission of such a crime, to the fact that the evidence was largely circumstantial, to the doubt of the identity of the body of the victim, and to the fact that the means or instrument of the crime which ordinarily must be alleged and proved in cases of murder could not be made certain, and could not be set forth in the indictment. The question in the American or English court is not whether the accused be guilty. It is whether he be shown to be guilty, by legal proof, of an offence legally set forth. It is the duty of the advocate to perform his office in the mode best calculated to cause all such considerations to make their due impression. It is not his duty or his right to express or convey his individual opinion. On him the responsibility of the decision does not rest. He not only has no right to accompany the statement of his argument with any assertion as to his individual belief, but I think the most experienced observers will agree that such expressions, if habitual, tend to diminish and not to increase the just influence of the lawyer. There never was a weightier advocate before New England juries

than Daniel Webster. Yet it is on record that he always carefully abstained from any positiveness of assertion. He introduced his weightiest arguments with such phrases as, "It will be for the jury to consider," "The Court will judge," "It may, perhaps, be worth thinking of, gentlemen," or some equivalent phrase by which he kept scrupulously off the ground which belonged to the tribunal he was addressing. The tricks of advocacy are not only no part of the advocate's duties, but they are more likely to repel than to attract the hearers. The function of the advocate in the court of justice, as thus defined and limited, is tainted by no insincerity or hypocrisy. It is as respectable, as lofty, and as indispensably necessary as that of the judge himself.

In my opinion, the two most important things that a young man can do to make himself a good public speaker are :

First. Constant and careful written translations from Latin or Greek into English.

Second. Practice in a good debating society.

It has been said that all the greatest Parliamentary orators of England are either men whom Lord North saw, or men who saw Lord North—that is, men who were conspicuous as public speakers in Lord North's youth, his contemporaries, and the men who saw him as an old man when they were young themselves. This would include Bolingbroke and would come down only to the year of Lord John Russell's birth. So we should have to add a few names, especially Gladstone, Disraeli, John Bright, and Palmerston. There is no great Parliamentary orator in England since Gladstone died. I once, a good many years ago, looked at the biographies of the men who belonged to that period who were famous as great orators in the Parliament or in court, to find, if I could, the secret of their power. With the exception of Lord Erskine and of John Bright, I believe every one of them trained himself by careful and constant translation from Latin or Greek, and frequented a good debating society in his youth.

Brougham trained himself for extemporaneous speaking in the Speculative Society, the great theatre of debate for the

University of Edinburgh. He also improved his English style by translations from Greek, among which is his well-known version of the Oration on the Crown.

Canning's attention, while at Eton, was strongly turned to extemporaneous speaking. They had a debating society, in which the Marquis of Wellesley and Charles Earl Grey had been trained before him, in which they had all the forms of the House of Commons—speaker, treasury benches, and an opposition. Canning also was disciplined by the habit of translation.

Curran practised declamation daily before a glass, reciting passages from Shakespeare and the best English orators. He frequented the debating societies which then abounded in London. He failed at first, and was ridiculed as "Orator Mum." But at last he surmounted every difficulty. It was said of him by a contemporary : "He turned his shrill and stumbling brogue into a flexible, sustained, and finely modulated voice ; his action became free and forcible ; he acquired perfect readiness in thinking on his legs ; he put down every opponent by the mingled force of his argument and wit ; and was at last crowned with the universal applause of the society and invited by the president to an entertainment in their behalf." I am not sure that I have seen, on any good authority, that he was in the habit of writing translations from Latin or Greek, but he studied them with great ardor and undoubtedly adopted, among the methods of perfecting his English style, the custom of students of his day of translation from these languages.

Jeffrey joined the Speculative Society, in Edinburgh, in his youth. His biographer says that it did more for him than any other event in the whole course of his education.

Chatham, the greatest of English orators, if we may judge by the reports of his contemporaries, trained himself for public speaking by constant translations from Latin and Greek. The education of his son, the younger Pitt, is well known. His father compelled him to read Thucydides into English at sight, and to go over it again and again, until he had got the best possible rendering of the Greek into English.



Macaulay belonged to the Cambridge Union, where, as in the society of the same name at Oxford, the great topics of the day were discussed by men, many of whom afterward became famous statesmen and debaters in the Commons.

Young Murray, afterward Lord Mansfield, translated Sallust and Horace with ease; learned great part of them by heart; could converse fluently in Latin; wrote Latin prose correctly and idiomatically, and was specially distinguished at Westminster for his declamations. He translated every oration of Cicero into English and back again into Latin.

Fox can hardly have been supposed to have practised much in debating societies, as he entered the House of Commons when he was nineteen years old. But it is quite probable that he was drilled by translations from Latin and Greek into English; and in the House of Commons he had in early youth the advantage of the best debating society in the world. It is said that he read Latin and Greek as easily as he read English. He himself said that he gained his skill at the expense of the House, for he had sometimes tasked himself during the entire session to speak on every question that came up, whether he was interested in it or not, as a means of exercising and training his faculties. This is what made him, according to Burke, "rise by slow degrees to be the most brilliant and accomplished debater the world ever saw."

Sir Henry Bulwer's "Life of Palmerston" does not tell us whether he was trained by the habit of writing translations or in debating societies. But he was a very eager reader of the classics. There is little doubt, however, considering the habit of his contemporaries at Cambridge, and that he was ambitious for public life, and represented the University of Cambridge in Parliament just after he became twenty-one, that he belonged to a debating society and that he was drilled in English composition by translation from the classics.

Gladstone was a famous debater in the Oxford Union, as is well known, and was undoubtedly in the habit of writing translations from Greek and Latin, of which he was always so passionately fond. He says in his paper on Arthur Hallam that the

Eton debating club known as the Society supplied the British Empire with four prime ministers in fourscore years.

The value of the practice of translation from Latin or Greek into English, in getting command of good English style, in my judgment, can hardly be stated too strongly. The explanation is not hard to find. You have in these two languages, and especially in Latin, the best instrument for the most precise and most perfect expression of thought. The Latin prose of Tacitus and Cicero, the verse of Virgil and Horace, are like a Greek statue, or an Italian cameo—you have not only exquisite beauty, but also exquisite precision. You get the thought into your mind with the accuracy and precision of the words that express numbers in the multiplication table. Ten times one are ten—not ten and one one-millionth. Having got the idea into your mind with the precision, accuracy, and beauty of the Latin expression, you are to get its equivalent in English. Suppose you have knowledge of no language but your own. The thought comes to you in the mysterious way in which thoughts are born, and struggles for expression in apt words. If the phrase that occurs to you does not exactly fit the thought, you are almost certain, especially in speaking or rapid composition, to modify the thought to fit the phrase. Your sentence commands you, not you the sentence. The extemporary speaker never gets, or easily loses, the power of precise and accurate thinking or statement, and rarely attains a literary excellence which gives him immortality. But the conscientious translator has no such refuge. He is confronted by the inexorable original. He cannot evade or shirk. He must try and try and try again until he has got the exact thought expressed in its English equivalent. This is not enough. He must get an English expression if the resources of the language will furnish it, which will equal as near as may be the dignity and beauty of the original. He must not give you pewter for silver, or pinchbeck for gold, or mica for diamond. This practice will soon give him ready command of the great riches of his own noble English tongue. It will give an habitual nobility and beauty to his own style. The best word and phrase will come to him spontaneously when he speaks and

thinks. The processes of thought itself will grow easier. The orator will get the affluence and abundance which characterize the great Italian artists of the Middle Ages, who astonish us as much by the amount and variety of their work as by its excellence.

The value of translation is very different from that of original written composition. Cicero says:

"Stilus optimus et præstantissimus dicendi effector ac magister."

Of this I am by no means sure. If you write rapidly you get the habit of careless composition. If you write slowly you get the habit of slow composition. Each of these is an injury to the style of the speaker. He cannot stop to correct or scratch out. Cicero himself in a later passage states his preference for translation. He says that at first he used to take a Latin author, Ennius or Gracchus, and get the meaning into his head, and then write it again. But he soon found that in that way if he used again the very words of his author he got no advantage, and if he used other language of his own, the author had already occupied the ground with the best expression, and he was left with the second best. So he gave up the practice and adopted instead that of translating from the Greek.

But to go back to what makes an orator. As I have said, his object is to excite the emotions which, being excited, will be most likely to impel his audience to think or act as he desires. He must never disgust them, he must never excite their contempt. He can use to great advantage the most varied learning, the profoundest philosophy, the most compelling logic. He must master the subject with which he has to deal, and he must have knowledge adequate to illustrate and adorn it. When every other faculty of the orator is acquired, it sometimes almost seems as if voice were nine-tenths, and everything else but one-tenth, of the consummate orator. It is impossible to overrate the importance to his purpose of that matchless instrument, the human voice.

The most fastidious critic is by no means the best judge, seldom even a fairly good judge, of the public speaker. He is likely to be a stranger to the emotion which the orator inspires and excites. He is likely

to fall into mistakes like that which Goldwin Smith makes about Patrick Henry. Mr. Smith ridicules Henry's speech and action and voice. The emotion which the great Virginian stirred in the breasts of his backwoodsmen seems very absurd to this cultured Englishman. The bowings and changes of countenance and gesticulating of the orator seem to him like the cheapest acting. Yet to us who understand it, it does not seem that Patrick Henry in the old church at Richmond need yield the palm to Chatham in St. Stephen's Chapel, either for the grandeur of his theme or of his stage, or the sublimity of his eloquence.

Matthew Arnold had the best pair of intellectual eyes of our time. But he sometimes made a like mistake as a critic of poetry. He speaks slightly of Emerson's Fourth of July Ode—

Oh tenderly the haughty day  
Fills his blue urn with fire;  
One morn is in the mighty heaven,  
And one in our desire.

What did the Englishman know of the Fourth of July emotion which stirred all America in the days when the country had just escaped destruction, and was entering upon its new career of freedom and of glory? What could he understand of that feeling, full of the morning and of the springtime, which heard the cannon boom and the bells ring, with stirring and quickened pulse, in those exultant days? Surely there never was a loftier stroke than that with which the New England poet interpreted to his countrymen the feeling of that joyous time—the feeling which is to waken again when the Fourth of July comes round on many anniversaries:

Oh tenderly the haughty day  
Fills his blue urn with fire;  
One morn is in the mighty heaven,  
And one in our desire.

It is often said that if a speech read well it is not a good speech. There may be some truth in it. The reader cannot, of course, get the impression which the speaker conveys by look and tone and gesture. He lacks that marvellous influence by which in a great assembly the emotion of every individual soul is multiplied by the emotion of every other. The

reader can pause and dwell upon the thought. If there be a fallacy, he is not hurried away to something else before he can detect it. So, also, more careful and deliberate criticism will discover offences of style and taste which pass unheeded in a speech when uttered. But still the great oratoric triumphs of literature and history stand the test of reading in the closet, as well as of hearing in the assembly. Would not Mark Antony's speech over the dead body of Cæsar, had it been uttered, have moved the Roman populace as it moves the spectator when the play is acted, or the solitary reader in his closet? Does not Lord Chatham's "I rejoice that America has resisted" read well? Do not Sheridan's great peroration in the Impeachment of Warren Hastings, and Burke's, read well? Does not "Liberty and Union, Now and Forever!" read well? Does not "Give me Liberty or Give me Death!" read well? Does not Fisher Ames's speech for the treaty read well? Do not Everett's finest passages read well?

There are a few examples of men of great original genius who have risen to lofty oratory on some great occasion who had not the advantage of familiarity with any great author. But they are not only few in number, but the occasions are few when they have risen to a great height. In general the orator, whether at the bar, or in the pulpit, or in public life, who is to meet adequately the many demands upon his resources, must get familiarity with the images and illustrations he wants, and the resources of a fitting diction, by soaking his mind in some great authors which will alike satisfy and stimulate his imagination, and supply him with a lofty expression. Of these I suppose the best are, by common consent, the Bible, Shakespeare, and Milton. It is a maxim that the pupil who wishes to acquire a pure and simple style should give his days and nights to Addison. But there is a lack of strength and vigor in Addison, which perhaps prevents his being the best model for the advocate in the court-house or the champion in a political debate. I should rather, for myself, recommend Robert South to the student. If the speaker, whose thought have weight and vigor in it, can say it as South would have said it, he may be quite sure

that his weighty meaning will be expressed alike to the mind of the people and the apprehension of his antagonist.

There is one great difference between the condition of the American orator and that of the orator of antiquity. The speaker addressed an audience about to act instantly upon the emotions or convictions he had himself caused. Or he spoke to a judge who was to give no reason for his opinion. The sense of public responsibility scarcely existed in either. The speech itself perished with the occasion, unless, as in some few instances, the orator preserved it in manuscript for a curious posterity. Even then the best of them had discovered that not eloquence, but wisdom, is the power by which states grow and flourish.

*"Omnia plena consiliorum, inania verborum."*

*"Quid est tam furiosum quam verborum vel optimorum atque ornatissimorum sonitus inanis nulla subjecta sententia nec scientia?"*

Cicero's orator is to excite his hearers, whether judges or popular assembly, for the occasion. Not so in general with our orator. The auditor is ashamed of excitement. He takes the argument home with him. He sleeps on it. He reads it again in the newspaper report. He hears and reads the other side. He discusses with friends and antagonists. He feels the responsibility of his vote. He expects to have to justify it himself. Even the jurymen hear the sober statement of the judge, and talk the case over with his associates of the panel in the quiet seclusion of the jury-room. The judge himself must state the reasons for his opinions, which are to be read by a learned and critical profession and by posterity. The speaker's argument must be sounded, and rung, and tested, and tried again and again, before the auditor acts upon it. Our people hear some great orators as they witness a play. The delight of taste, even intellectual gratification, caused by what is well said, is one thing. Conviction is quite another. The printing-press and the reporter, the consultation in the jury-room, the reflection in the judge's chamber, the delay of the election to a day long after the speech, are protections against the mischief of mere oratory, which the ancients did not enjoy.

# THE POINT OF VIEW

**I**T is only the devilish glee of the literary spadassin, letting daylight through his victim from his lurking-place behind and in the shadow, that is commonly thought of in connection with the pleasures of anonymity. The phrase carries us back at once to the giant rancors of Whig and Tory, passing easily, as they did, from savage political warfare to an even more ruthless slaughter in *Edinburgh* and *Blackwood*. In those days they made a desolation and called it literature. It was the time when literary criticism was a "malignant ulcer." Macaulay turned from his bout with Croker in the House of Commons to make the private threat that he would "dust" that varlet's jacket," and to fulfil it by an evisceration (it passed as a review) of his "Boswell." Croker hoarded his resentful malice until his opportunity came to vent it upon Macaulay's "History of England" in the *Quarterly*. But midnight murder has gone out of fashion in criticism, though it has come into it again in fiction. We all agree now with the sound canon laid down by Gibbon, in speaking of his own anonymous pamphlet against Warburton, that such veiled attacks are "cowardly." Whatever may be the merits of the argument for or against signed criticism in general, when it is a question of a direct personal assault, a swinging blow, we have to say with Calderón:

Con la espada  
En la mano, nunca niego  
Mi nombre.

It will be understood, then, that it is not the fearful joy of anonymous assassination of which the revival is urged. But may it not be well, in a day made garish by the craze for publicity, for notoriety, to exalt the charms of the life led by a shrinking writer, whose vanity it is *not* to be known? Is not a judicious anonymity, indeed, the surest and shortest road to distinction? In the mob of authors pressing for personal advertisement, for "mention," it is easier to be lost than to appear eminent. It is the case over again of Goldsmith's Chinese philosopher, who had noted the rise of twenty-five great men, seventeen very great men, and nine very extraordinary men, within less than six months'

time. Who would care to be one of such little great men? To be known as an unknown is far more comforting and smacks more of fame.

I might have made a book but that my pride  
In making none was better satisfied.

Fitzgerald, with that favorite sentiment of his from his favorite Crabbe, is the great example of the way to win a reputation by despising it. It is, however, the delight of clinging to the shade, not alone its slow and uncertain reward, that should be dangled before the too numerous and too ardent seekers after personal blazoning in print. The flutter of inquiry that one, safely ensconced in anonymity, may perceive as to the authorship of his unsigned poem, his essay, his book review, his art critique, his editorial article, is at once a delicious titbit for pride and a source of intellectual laughter at the expense of the pushing throng. From his secure hiding-place an unknown author gets, in that way, both a better measure of his own powers (the personal equation eliminated), and a truer index to public taste, with a juster valuation of public applause or blame. This surely ministers more richly to self-complacency than would the consciousness of being merely one of Swift's three hundred great poets—great on their own assertion—of whom it will so perplex posterity to remember the names. Montesquieu, in his "Lettres Persanes," rather condescendingly blessed the "modest," who were the objects of his ecstatic admiration. "You fancy that you possess nothing, and I tell you that you possess everything. You think that you humble nobody, whereas you humble all the world," etc. But the modest by preference, the great unknowns by choice, need no such assurances. They know how much better it is to be the poor wise man who saved the beleaguered city, but whom no man knew or remembered, than any of the rufflers who strut their little day and are then equally forgotten. To be ignored; to have your work credited to another; to be anxious not to write, rather than to write yourself to death, and to prefer the anonymous to the assertive, the secretive to the conspicuous—that way lies one of the purest forms of literary happiness.

TO those who look upon the subject from the outside, it is often surprising that great men should show so much interest in little things. The pursuit of difficult thoughts and of high aims seems logically to shut mankind off from the trifles that make the sum of life when it flows along the channels of the mediocre and common-place. The most pedestrian of practical men will occasionally have a moment of revolt against those concerns himself, and will feel that it would be freedom to break away from them all—the more unnecessary and irksome details of business, the bother about clothes and the minutiae of social and domestic duties which his women-kind press relentlessly upon him, and all the rest of the attention to futilities not worth attending to. If it ever occurs to him by chance to envy the man of ideas, it is because it appears to him that such a man does escape, or, at least, is in a position to escape, most of the trivialities that bore. Children, too, or very young people, estimate maturer persons according to the way in which they take the small things of existence. Pitiless contempt they have for the master who betrays sensitiveness under ridicule, for the “grown-up” who can be reached by pin-pricks, for the man of middle-age who cannot meet strangers without discomposure. The barometer of youthful admiration rises and sinks with the evidence in elders of a calm removal from trifling matters, or a nervous preoccupation with them. That, to youth, seems to be the compensation for losing youth—that trifles shall no longer be able to turn the world upside down.

With all their truly terrible criticisms in these affairs, however, children make unconsciously a distinction. The elders whom they regard enthusiastically—the great men of their narrow horizon—are above the small personal vanities and weaknesses. Yet they may be as much interested as youth itself in other sorts of little things without losing their prestige for that uncompromising jury. They may be careful of small observances, of the amenities; they may have a juvenile freshness of enjoyment in little gayeties, sports, and pleasures; they may be fastidious and nice to the point of fussiness about the decently-and-in-order of everything. And this is significant. For while the genuine great men have or have not been always above the vanities,

the extent to which they held precisely to the material, by the threads of all those harmless doings and havings that the material conditions us with, has been in a great degree the measure of their sanity. Probably there has been no better example of this than Balzac afforded. His prodigious labor and his pronounced tendency toward mysticism were enough to upset the equilibrium of the strongest brain. But his debts and his finances kept his mind as much on figures, on debit and credit and the rates of interest, as that of any merchant; and his occasional fancies and extravagances—of house-furnishings, or of fine coats and sticks—occupied his thoughts even inordinately, and filled him with a child's delight. Goethe, keeping beyond four-score his undiminished grasp on the actual, is a still more consoling instance. Walt Whitman did not approve of Goethe's countesses and court-mummings. It is the natural inclination of all men who have the dominant reforming instinct, to be very severe about such superfluities. Are they superfluities?

The contrary may very well be held; and this without one's being of that degree of materialism the qualifying adjective of which is understood to be “crass.” There is a very profound speculation of modern German psychology by which the universe is conceived as remaining in any one stage of its evolution until it has gone through all the potentialities of development of which that stage contains the material. As an analogue, it may be conceived that, since we are all, great men and little men alike, set down in this present network of infinitesimal affairs, a healthy and moderate amount of concern with them may be a necessary part of our processes of growth “within the limits of the fundamental adjustment.” It is of no use to try to disembodied ourselves before the time. Every-day people have no desires in that direction, but the great may have temptations of the sort which they do eminently well to resist. Shakespeare had his clowns, and there is no reason to suppose that they were solely concessions to the likes of the groundlings of that time. Quite probably he had a liking for their fooleries himself; being one of the very sound great men who doubtless showed interest, his life through, in many childish or otherwise insignificant things which the average man would have thought beneath a great man's notice.

# THE FIELD OF ART

## *THE EXHIBITION AT BUFFALO: SOME OF THE IDEAS WHICH HAVE DETERMINED ITS ARTISTIC CHARACTER*

THE FIELD OF ART has contained statements by artists of merit and celebrity of their immediate purpose in this and that work of art;\* and this inquiry into the artist's conscious meaning seems an important inquiry, one which it is well to continue. The artistic purpose of the artists engaged in preparing the Pan-American Exhibition is peculiarly worth asking; and if it proves to have far more extra-artistic intention than would have been expected, this fact is to be entertained as an especially interesting contribution to knowledge of that mysterious thing—the artist's mind. The following papers are by two of the artists having important charge at the Buffalo grounds; and it is hoped that on another occasion the significance of the color scheme, here hardly touched upon, may also be explained.

R. S.

*The Buildings and Grounds:* It is just fifty years since Thackeray celebrated in his mock-Irish verses

That wond'rous thing  
The Palace made of windows,

and since others, in a more serious vein, glorified the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park and its creator, Paxton. Ever since then the importance of the setting of great exhibitions has been more and more recognized. It is the buildings and the whole *mise-en-scène* which first of all attract the visitor; and it is memory of these which remains in our minds. Probably the Philadelphia Exhibition of 1876 exercised more influence upon the arts and manufactures of this country than did the later one at Chicago; but the latter has remained and will remain a much more vivid impression, because its outward presentation was so much more striking and impressive. Accordingly, when the Pan-American Exhibition was decided upon, the Board of Architects selected had a full realization of the importance of the task imposed upon them

—that of producing a group of buildings which should not only fill the material needs of the Fair, but should have charm enough and novelty enough to form in itself the greatest of its attractions.

The first question decided upon was that of arrangement—the “general plan.” In Chicago, as will be remembered, a mixed scheme had been adopted, a formal and regular disposition at one end—the Court of Honor with its great basin surrounded by buildings—joined to a piece of informal landscape gardening, with buildings placed irregularly. It is safe to say at this time that the most successful part was the former; that what most impressed us was the stateliness and beauty of the group of which the Administration Building was the chief, and of the basins, fountains, and sculpture, which, combined with it, made an architectural whole.

In Buffalo the site of the Exhibition is a large rectangular plateau, quite removed from the lake and from the river front, and touching on the south the fine Buffalo Park, one of the most interesting and successful creations of the elder Olmsted. There was nothing in the conditions which suggested any free and informal treatment, no considerable inequality in the levels of the ground, no great body of water in sight; and the absolutely picturesque character of the Park seemed to invite and demand a contrast in the adjoining exhibition. It was for these reasons, and with the memory ever present of the lesson afforded at Chicago, that an almost entirely formal and symmetrical plan was decided upon and has been carried out. The buildings, the courts, the basins are arranged upon axes, which have been carefully preserved. Each building or group of buildings has another opposite which balances it; and it has been the aim to produce rather a unity of effect in the buildings and gardens than a series of isolated units. By this, however, it must not be understood that the two sides of the composition are identical. A similarity in the masses was in general sought for; and also some sort of kinship in the architectural styles employed. As the result of a prolonged and interesting

\* See the numbers for February, 1900; for March, April, and May 1901.



discussion, which took place before any sketches were made, it was decided that the style used should be a "free Renaissance," in which term was meant to be included almost any version of what we more properly call the Neoclassic. But the buildings are the works of different architects to whom, within these loosely defined limits, complete liberty was given; and the result has been a series of structures, varying widely in their inspiration, and each with its strongly individual note. It can hardly be doubted that these differences will constitute one of the great interests of the Exhibition.

In Chicago, the principal buildings were impressive and successful and yet we may admit a certain justice in the criticisms made at the time, largely by our foreign critics, who declared that the Chicago Exhibition was not even typical of a fair. We can imagine an assemblage of the most beautiful buildings in the world—the Parthenon, St. Peter's, Notre Dame de Paris, what you will—grouped in the most telling manner, executed with the greatest perfection, as large and almost as fine as the originals themselves. Such a presentation would assuredly be most interesting and most instructive to everyone who saw it, to the artists, to the archæologists, and to the people. But as the home of a great exhibition would it be appropriate and successful? Assuredly not. Fair buildings should proceed from their own prototypes, in some degree at least; those temporary structures put up to-day and to disappear to-morrow—the *ba-raques de Foire*. They should above all be gay, adventurous, neither conceived in too serious a spirit, nor to be looked upon and criticised as if they were so many examples of the *monumentum ære perennius*. The Paris Exhibition of 1889 was an essay in this direction; in the one which has just closed, the same idea was pushed farther. How far this latter was successfully carried out is an open question; but whatever be the verdict as to this, it would seem that the principle was a just one. That it was clearly recognized is evident from the comparison between the permanent buildings, the Grand Palais and the Petit Palais which formed a part of the Exhibition, and those temporary ones which have even now largely disappeared, the former showing a certain restraint, a careful study, a quietness of feeling which contrast strongly with the audacity and abandon of the latter.

In the Pan-American Exhibition this initial idea, carried, it is true, less far than in Paris, was nevertheless to a great degree adopted. If there are fewer of these experiments in new and untried architectural (or non-architectural) forms which seem to have proved so dangerous in Paris; if there has been less striving after the novel and extraordinary, none the less the general aim has been to create buildings whose charm should consist rather in their gayety and their festal character than in a more sedate and severe beauty; which should suggest rather crowds of merry-makers out on a holiday than masses of people assembled for some earnest and serious ceremony. It is from this stand-point that the architects would wish to have them judged. They are not halls of learning, churches or State capitals, and they are not meant to look like them or suggest them; they are the home and adornments of a fair, the ephemeral monuments of a great international festival, set in a garden amidst fountains and statues. They have been conceived, designed, and built in less space of time than might fairly be expended on the study and execution of the least of them, if it were to remain for all time, and in their *ensemble* constitute what may fairly be called a great architectural sketch.

One of the first resolutions adopted by the architects was "that sculpture and color should form an important part of the general scheme." The co-operation of a great number of American sculptors has enabled the former part of this wish to be fully realized, and there is probably a greater sculptural richness in the Exhibition than has hitherto been attempted. Another hand will write more fully on this subject, in which, however, the architects were especially concerned, because it helped so powerfully to realize their ideal of giving to the whole composition an *air de fête*, an ideal which it would have been almost impossible to attain without the aid which was so freely offered by the sculptors.

The color decoration has been almost entirely confined to a very serious essay of exterior coloring on the buildings. The "White City," in which all the effects could be pretty safely predicated, has been abandoned. Instead of it, the brush and the palette are everywhere in evidence. The word "adventurous" has been used before in these pages as one of the qualities to be desired in exhibition architecture. Surely nothing could

be more adventurous than the attempt to unite color and architectural form on our exterior designs. If the result is judged successful, the Exhibition will have made a serious contribution to our knowledge of a most difficult problem.

But in a certain sense the whole exhibition may be described as adventurous. In our more serious work, in those permanent creations which will, we hope, live after us, we cannot but approach our problems in an earnest, even an anxious frame of mind. We hesitate a long while before perpetuating in enduring materials any too rash experiments, remembering that they will be seen not once or twice but hundreds of times by critical eyes, and that, as Charles Garnier said, the architects are the only members of the artists' guild who never see their own creations until it is too late to change them. The Exhibition has inspired all the artists who have worked upon it with a greater sense of freedom, with a less sense of responsibility. Painters, sculptors, and architects all have been less influenced by precedent, less timid in their work, remembering that not for long at all events can it rise up in judgment against them. They have been as gay as they dared to be; they have tried to create an exhibition which should look like an exhibition and like nothing else.

How far the result has been successful others must say; this is not the time or place for any such appreciation. The final question in all artistic creations must always be, "Are they appropriate and are they beautiful?" By the answer to this they must be judged. These lines have been written because it seemed of interest to establish in some measure the point of view which has influenced a number of artists during the last two years in the realization of a most interesting problem.

WALTER COOK.

*The Sculpture.*—This, to be properly judged, should be considered as a decorative feature forming part of the entire artistic scheme of the Exposition; for in the study of the landscape work the placing of the sculpture, its general character and mass, was carefully considered from the very inception; and it is in no case purely accidental. It was intended that the general treatment of the grounds should suggest the necessity of sculpture at the different points where it has been placed and that, in turn, the sculpture should be so

designed that it should belong clearly to the place where it is set. This has been carried so far that the story which the sculpture tells is intended to be a continuous tale in itself while yet the special subject of each piece has a direct relation to the things immediately around it.

There are several ways of entering the Exposition Grounds, including the Park, and more or less statuary without any special local significance has been placed along the lines of approach where thought necessary; but there are only two ways of entering the Exposition proper or the artistic scheme of buildings and grounds: the main entrance where the Triumphal Bridge is located and which is the point of view of the perspective, from which it was intended that the entire Exposition should be first seen, and the Railroad entrance at the opposite end of the main axis, offering the next most interesting general *coup d'œil*.

The Triumphal Bridge is dedicated to the American nation and the sculpture represents, by statues in the niches of the pylons, the virtues which have made the nation great: Truth, Liberty, Justice, Hospitality, Patriotism, Tolerance, Courage, and Benevolence; the pylons being crowned by equestrian statues of Standard Bearers with unfurled flags.

Around the left wing of the Esplanade, as seen from the Bridge, are grouped the buildings in which will be placed the exhibits pertaining to the products of the soil. The important fountain in the centre of this wing of the Esplanade contains as its main feature the Fountain of Nature flanked on either side by the Fountain of Kronos and the Fountain of Ceres. Six large groups are also to be seen representing phases of Mineral Wealth, Floral Wealth, and Animal Wealth.

In the right wing of the Esplanade are grouped the United States Government Building and the Building of Ethnology. The main fountain on this side represents Man, and is flanked by the fountains of Hercules and Prometheus, and the groups represent phases of The Savage Age, The Despotism Age, and The Age of Enlightenment.

The Court of Fountains, which is before you when standing on the Bridge and which leads up to the Electric Tower in the background, is surrounded by the buildings devoted to Manufactures, Industries, Liberal Arts, Electricity, and Agriculture. The Court is dedicated to the Genius of Man, the main

fountain at the extreme end is composed of three groups, the central group representing the Genius of Man, the other groups, Human Intellect and Human Emotions, and side fountains, representing in turn the Birth of Minerva on the side of Human Intellect, and the Birth of Venus on the side of Human Emotions. The large allegorical groups which stand on pedestals at important points represent Manufactures, Agriculture, Arts, and Sciences. At the intersection of the Esplanade with this Court of Fountains is placed the Fountain of Abundance, so that we have in this part of the Exposition the Nation in all her glory: Nature and the products of the soil; Man and his institutions; Human Intellect and the Genius of Man; and the Fountain of Abundance as the central feature.

The Electric Tower, which is the next point of interest, as the eye travels through the vista as seen from the bridge, is intended to be the great feature of the Exposition, the climax toward which everything leads. It is the highest feature, and is so placed as to be the apex of the composition. It is intended to typify the reason for the Exposition, namely, the introduction into the city of Buffalo of the electric power generated by the Niagara River and its sudden great change of level, by means of which the city of Buffalo expects to become a great and prosperous commercial centre. The sculpture on the Tower typifies this idea. On one of the two big pylons at the base of the tower proper there is an allegorical group representing Niagara in its mythical sense, as seen and understood by the Indians; on the other Niagara conquered by the White Man and harnessed to its work. The other statues represent the six great lakes and the four great rivers. The crowning feature at the top of the Electric Tower represents the Goddess of Light.

Beyond the Electric Tower is the Plaza, flanked on one side by the great Stadium and on the other by the Midway Plaisance, here called Vanity Fair; and the statuary in the Plaza is to be typical of the amusements, pastimes, and sports of the Nation.

These are the main characteristics of the sculpture; but there are many secondary features which are equally interesting. These, however, are less directly associated with the scheme; excepting, of course, the statuary on

the buildings and forming part of them, which follows the same general lines, and typifies, allegorically, the purpose for which each building is intended. In short, the sculpture, taken together, harmonizes with the festive and gay note struck by the entire scheme of the exposition.

The purely artistic matter, scale, has been treated like the rest as a unit, in contrast to the method adopted heretofore in expositions, and notably in the last Paris Exposition, where the scale of the statuary varied considerably, and very frequently without much method. In the Pan-American, after much study by the architects and the sculptors, with the assistance of small models of the grounds upon which reductions of the statuary and buildings were incorporated, nine feet was decided upon as the proper size for the ordinary figure, and this scale is carried through the entire composition, being increased in the case of the central figure of groups or of figures placed at very great heights, and being reduced where the figures are purely allegorical and subordinate to the main idea of the composition.

It would seem well to emphasize this fact, that the general scheme of statuary was treated as a unit as to its scale, so as really to form a part of the Exposition as a decoration of the same and not as individual statues or groups—because to many of the sculptors this was entirely a new idea. With most of them the statue or group had always been modelled for no particular place and to look equally well in the parlor, park, or museum—and to subordinate the sculpture to the general artistic purpose, and to make it an integral part of a big artistic scheme was to many a new experience and not an easy one; but it is fair to say that the work has been carried on with enthusiasm and with every endeavor to subordinate individuality for the sake of general harmony. Therefore, when judging the sculpture at the Pan-American Exposition, to be perfectly fair to the individual sculptor, it will be necessary to consider the general effect, and the success of each individual piece of sculpture as a part of this effect, as well as the individual merit of the work, because in many instances the sculptor may have made sacrifices for the sake of the general result and should receive credit for having done so.

JOHN M. CARRÈRE.













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