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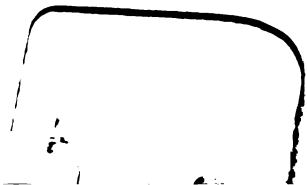
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INDEX

TO

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME LXVIII—MAY TO OCTOBER 1909

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	PAGE.
ADVENTURES OF A BOOKKEEPER, THE. Illustrated. <i>Rupert Hughes</i>	128
ANJER, A TALE OF THE EAST. Illustrated..... <i>Lincoln Colcord</i>	326
BARBAROUS MEXICO. Editorial Announcement.....	501
BARBAROUS MEXICO. Part I, The Slaves of Yucatan. Illustrated	<i>John Kenneth Turner</i> ...523
BETWEEN MAN AND MAN. Illustrated..... <i>Mary Mullett</i>	87
BROTHER MILAM. Illustrated	<i>Mrs. L. H. Harris</i>450
BUTLER, THE. Illustrated..... <i>Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews</i>	22
BUYING A MAN'S ARM.....	260
CANNED DRAMA, THE. Illustrated..... <i>Walter Prichard Eaton</i> ..493	
"CAR COMING!" Illustrated..... <i>Julian Street</i>	251
CONFESSION OF A REBELLIOUS WIFE, THE. Illustrated	211
CONFIDENCES OF A "PSYCHICAL RESEARCHER," THE. Illustrated	<i>William James</i>
DECIDING MOMENTS OF GREAT GAMES. Illustrated. <i>Hugh S. Fullerton</i>	107
DOOLEY ON WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE, MR. Illustrated. <i>F. P. Dunne</i>	198
DOOLEY ON THE MAGAZINES, MR. Illustrated..... <i>F. P. Dunne</i>	539
EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT OF MISS TARBELL'S NEW SERIES	647
EUGENIES	<i>W. I. Thomas</i>190
EVOLUTION OF A TRAIN ROBBER, THE. Illustrated. <i>Edgar Beecher Bronson</i> ..485	
EXTRA TURN, AN. Illustrated..... <i>Robert Barr</i>	604
FANTASTIC FEMININE, THE. Illustrated..... <i>Mrs. Wilson Woodrow</i> ..338	
FINE POINTS OF THE GAME, THE. Illustrated..... <i>Hugh S. Fullerton</i>	29
"FIRST TIME, THE."..... <i>Joseph Cummings Chase</i> ..137	
FRANK LETTER, A.....	101
FROM A TO Z. Illustrated..... <i>Susan Glaspell</i>	543

INDEX TO VOLUME LXVIII

PAGE.

GOOD GUESSING AT BRIDGE. Illustrated.....	<i>R. F. Foster</i>	220
GREAT FEAR, THE. Illustrated.....	<i>James Oppenheim</i>	143
HILL AGAINST HARRIMAN. Illustrated.....	<i>George H. Cushing</i>	419
HIS MOTHER. Illustrated	<i>Harvey J. O'Higgins</i>	346
HOLE IN THE CAP, THE. Illustrated.....	<i>Stewart Edward White</i> ..	315
INDECENT STAGE, THE.....	<i>Samuel Hopkins Adams</i> ..	41
INTERESTING PEOPLE		555
Dr. William Osler	<i>H. L. Mencken</i> ..	
Senator and Mrs. T. P. Gore.....	<i>W. L. Couch</i> ..	
Senator Joseph L. Bristow.....	<i>Walt Mason</i> ..	
Cyrus H. K. Curtis	<i>Samuel G. Blythe</i> ..	
William J. Locke		
→ INTERPRETER'S HOUSE, IN THE	102, 205, 414, 517, 662	
JIMSIE'S AFTERNOON OFF. Illustrated.....	<i>Mary Heaton Vorse</i>	160
LETTERS FROM G. G. Illustrated.....	93, 151, 302, 406	
MARGARITA'S SOUL. Illustrated ...	<i>Ingraham Lovell</i> , 48, 176, 263, 362, 471, 611	
MATTER OF NERVE, A. Illustrated.....	<i>Elizabeth Goodnow</i>	286
MOONLIGHT EFFECT, A. Illustrated.....	<i>William J. Locke</i>	392
OLD ORDER CHANGETH, THE.....	<i>William Allen White</i>	63
ON THE BENCH.....	<i>Hugh S. Fullerton</i>	401
PHOEBE AND THE HEART OF TOIL. Illustrated....	<i>Inez Haynes Gillmore</i> ..	430
PILGRIM'S SCRIP, THE.....	201, 306, 411, 514, 659	
PLAYS AND PLAYERS. Illustrated.....		623
PLEA FOR THE CONSERVATION OF ANOTHER GREAT NATIONAL RESOURCE. Illustrated.....	<i>George Fitch</i>	358
POOR OLD DOGS. Illustrated	<i>Marion Hill</i>	71
PUPPY LOVE. Illustrated	<i>Inez Haynes Gillmore</i> ..	649
SAVING FACE. Illustrated	<i>Lincoln Colcord</i>	277
THE SCHOOLS—THE MAINSPRING OF DEMOCRACY.....	<i>William Allen White</i>	376
SERVANT ON THE SERVANT PROBLEM, A.....		502
SEVENTH NIGHT, THE. Illustrated.....	<i>James Oppenheim</i>	80
SHERIFF OF KONA, THE. Illustrated.....	<i>Jack London</i>	384
SOUL OF JOHN BROWN, THE. Illustrated.....	<i>Eleanor Atkinson</i>	633
SPIRITUAL UNREST, THE.....	<i>William T. Reid, Jr.</i>	562
Case Against Trinity, The. Illustrated.....		3
Godlessness of New York, The. Illustrated.....		117
Lift Men from the Gutter? Or, Remove the Gutter? Which? Illustrated.....		227
Faith of the Unchurched, The. Illustrated		439
Disintegration of the Jews, The. Illustrated		590

INDEX TO VOLUME LXVIII

	PAGE.
STORIES OF FOOTBALL STRATEGY. Illustrated.....	<i>Ray Stannard Baker</i>
TAFT—SO FAR	"K"309
TARIFF-MADE CITY, A.....	<i>I. M. T.</i> 99
THREE MEN	<i>Samuel Hopkins Adams</i> ..643
UNBORN, THE. Illustrated.....	<i>James Oppenhejm</i> 505—
UNINTRODUCED NEIGHBOR, THE. Illustrated.....	<i>Fielding Ball</i>456
VOTES FOR WOMEN. Illustrated.....	<i>W. I. Thomas</i>292
WAY THE WORLD IS, THE. Illustrated.....	<i>Zona Gale</i>573
WHEN I WENT TO BOARDING SCHOOL. Illustrated.....	<i>Olive Higgins Prouty</i> ...240
WHERE THE SHOE IS PINCHED.....	<i>Ida M. Tarbell</i>155
WIND IN THE LILACS, THE. Illustrated.....	<i>Harris Merton Lyon</i> ...169
WOMAN AND THE OCCUPATIONS.....	<i>W. I. Thomas</i>463
YOUNG INSTRUCTOR AND HIS BIG DREAM, A.....	<i>E. F. Du Brul</i> 17

VERSE:—

ADOPTED CHILD, THE	<i>Lucine Finch</i>262
ARMADA OF THE AIR, THE	<i>Harry H. Kemp</i>136
BE NOT ASHAMED105
CONCEPTION OF GOD, A.....	<i>Edmund Vance Cooke</i> ...521
DREAM, THE	<i>Margaret Steele Anderson</i> 383
DUSK IN THE GARRET, AT.....	<i>Sarah N. Cleghorn</i> 28
EYES O' TH' WIND, THE.....	<i>Lincoln Colcord</i>204
FREEHOLDER, THE	<i>Witter Bynner</i> 1
GARDENS OF SHUSHAN, THE	<i>Marjorie L. C. Pickthall</i> .345
MAN OF MIGHT, THE	<i>Cale Young Rice</i>455
NO	<i>Harold S. Symmes</i>513
ODE TO SKY-CLIMBERS, AN	<i>Harry H. Kemp</i> 16
POET, THE	<i>Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer</i> ..658
PRAYER	<i>Edmund Vance Cooke</i> ...417
SUMMIT, AT THE	<i>Harriet Monroe</i>189
TWO CLOCKS, THE	<i>Margaret Erskine</i>579
TWO THIEVES, THE	<i>Witter Bynner</i>168
"WIMMEN"	<i>Harry H. Kemp</i>313
WOMAN, A	<i>Harold S. Symmes</i>209

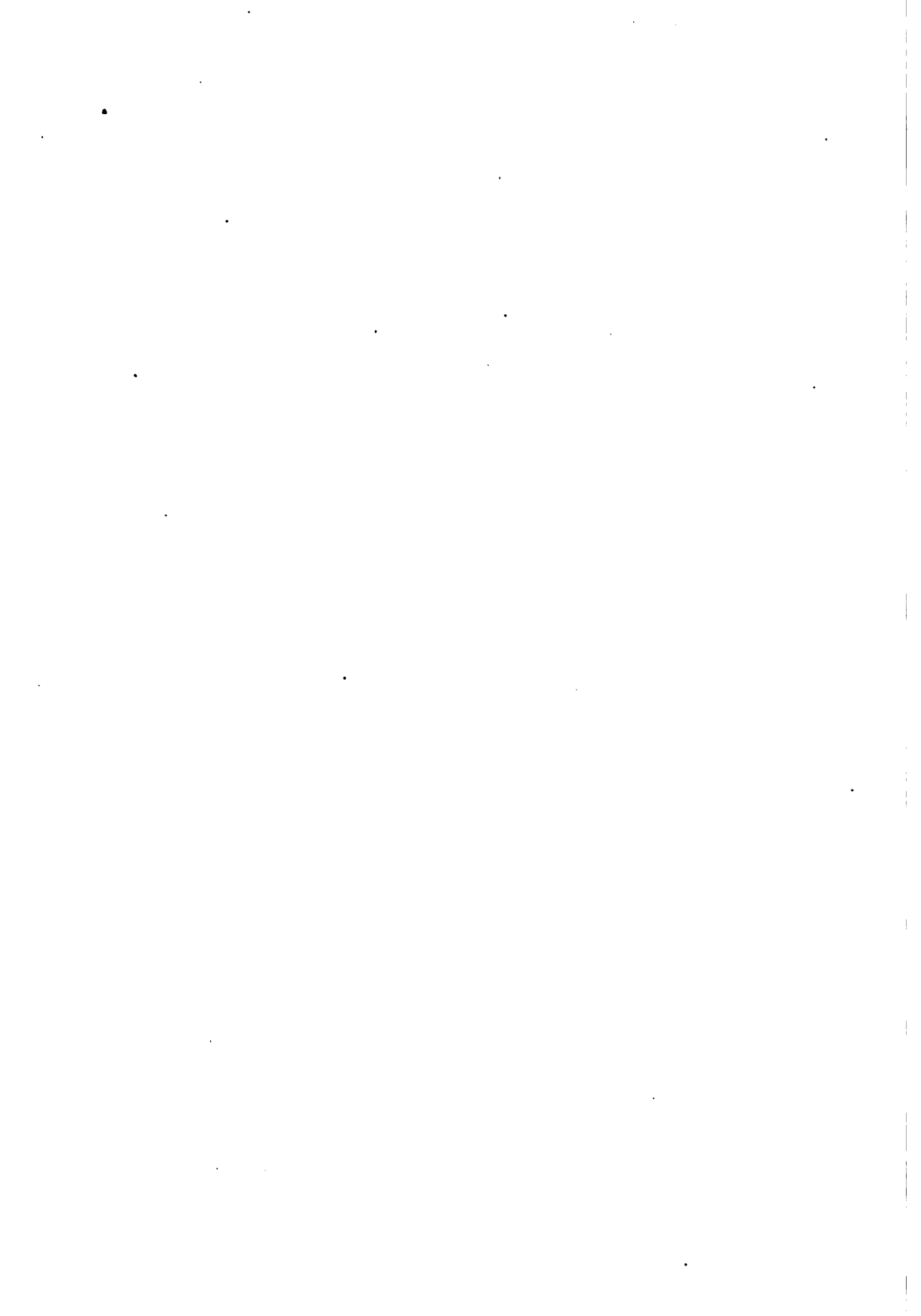
INDEX TO VOLUME LXVIII

PAGE.

AUTHORS.

Adams, Samuel Hopkins.....41, 643	Harris, Mrs. L. H.....450
Anderson, Margaret Steele383	Hill, Marion 71
Andrews, Mary Raymond Ship- man 22	Hughes, Rupert128
Atkinson, Eleanor633	James, William580
Baker, Ray Stannard, 3, 117, 227, 439, 590	Kemp, Harry H.16, 136, 313
Ball, Fielding456	Locke, William J.392
Barr, Robert604	London. Jack384
Blythe, Samuel G.....558	Lovell, Ingraham, 48, 176, 263, 362, 471, 611
Bronson, Edgar Beecher485	Lyon, Harris Merton169
Bynner, WitterI, 168	Mason, Walt.556
Chase, Joseph Cummings.....137	Mencken, H. L.555
Cleghorn, Sarah N.28	Monroe, Harriet189
Colcord, Lincoln204, 277, 326	Mullett, Mary 87
Cooke, Edmund Vance.....417, 521	O'Higgins, Harvey J.346
Couch, W. S.....555	Oppenheim, James80, 143, 505
Cushing, George H.....419	Pickthall, Marjorie L. C.....345
Du Brul, E. F..... 17	Prouty, Olive Higgins.....240
Dunne, F. P.....198, 539	Reid, Jr., William T.....562
Eaton, Walter Prichard493	Rice, Cale Young455
Erskine, Margaret579	Street, Julian257
Finch, Lucine262	Symmes, Harold S.209, 513
Fitch, George358	Tarbell, Ida M.155
Foster, R. F.....220	Thomas, W. I.190, 292, 463
Fullerton, Hugh S.....29, 107, 401	Turner, John Kenneth.....523
Gale, Zona573	Van Rensselaer, Mrs. Schuyler..658
Gillmore, Inez Haynes430, 649	Vorse, Mary Heaton160
Glaspell, Susan543	White, Stewart Edward.....315
Goodnow, Elizabeth286	White, William Allen63, 376
	Woodrow, Mrs. Wilson338





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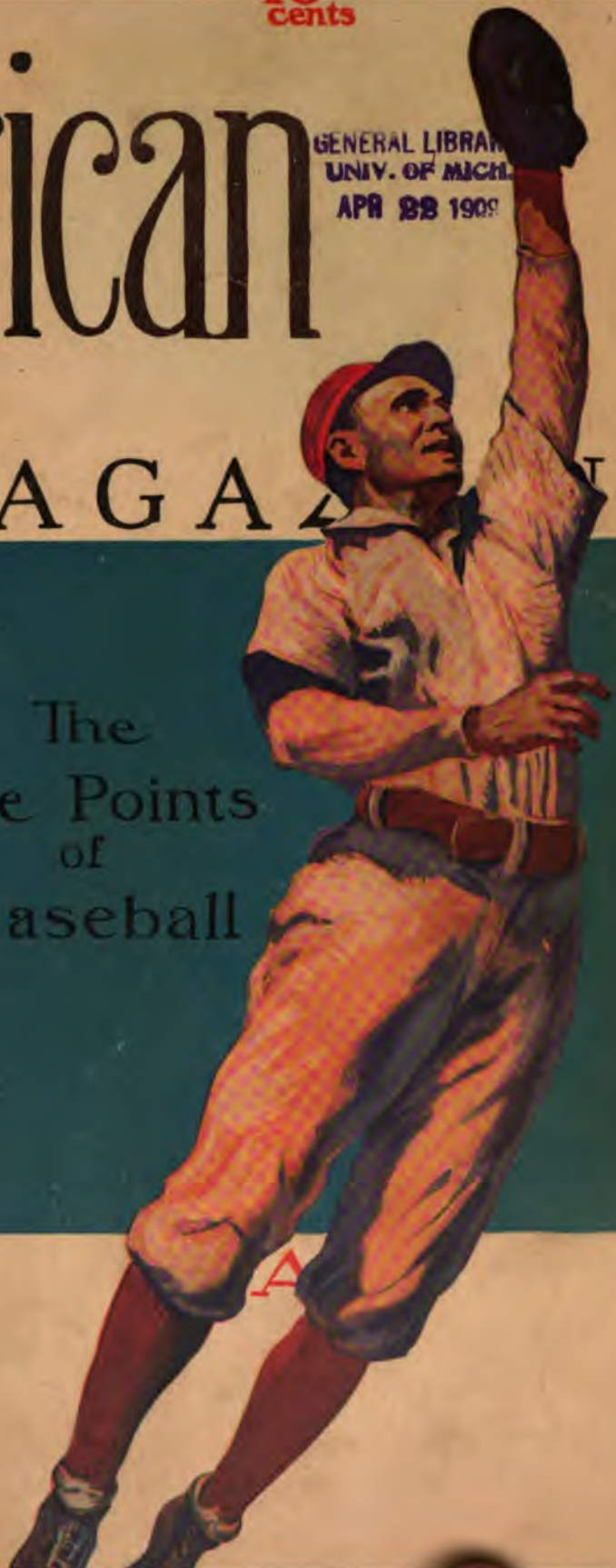
MAGAZINE

The
Fine Points
of
Baseball

M

A

Y



Buy
A
Whole
Ham



Table of Contents of this Number on Third Advertising Page



The Freeholder

By Witter Bynner

Man cannot disinherit me
From wealth that went before,
Long as my mindful clay shall be
Its own proprietor.

Though crowding me from every space
But that which I compose,
He cannot manage to displace
Possessions I enclose.

While misers clutch this little earth
And starve behind their bars,
I take my share by right of birth—
Four hundred thousand stars!



Old Trinity

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

VOL. LXVIII

MAY, 1909

No. 1

THE SPIRITUAL UNREST

The Case Against Trinity

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER

Author of "Following the Color Line," etc.

An Indictment of the Richest Church in America—but an Indictment Which Does Not Disturb One's Faith in Religion

TRINITY CHURCH, which bears the enviable (or unenviable) distinction of being rich—the richest church in America—has been curiously under attack during recent months. Newspapers and magazines have presented its affairs in a light more or less unfavorable; its shortcomings have been discussed in not a few pulpits, even in the Episcopal Church; the Legislature of the State of New York has been asked to consider its conduct as a corporate body; and finally, its distinguished rector and vestry have been summoned in the courts, and proceedings have been instituted which may be long continued and bitterly contested.

Is not this an extraordinary situation in which to find a great religious institution? Is it not strange that the public should be questioning the moral standards (for it comes to that) of the most notable church in America?

Let not, however, such questioning astonish us: it is neither unexpected nor unusual. That challenging of entrenched and wealthy institutions which has been proceeding so briskly for the past half dozen years has finally reached the last resort of conservatism: the Church. Trinity, as every one knows, lifts a presiding finger at the head of Wall Street. From its

bronze doorway one can easily see the chief offices of the Standard Oil Company and the Steel Trust, and all about are the mightiest banks, insurance companies and other moneyed institutions of this half of the earth. Each in its turn—trusts, railroad companies, insurance companies—has been questioned, attacked, discussed in legislatures, haled into the courts. To each of these institutions democracy has put its blunt queries (is putting them to-day):

Are you serving the people, or, are you serving your own selfish interests? What are you doing that you should be retained as the approved tool of civilization?

Nor should it surprise us to find that democracy stands knocking at last at the closed doors of Old Trinity, nor to hear it asking:

What, then, have *you* done with the talents we gave you? Have *you* been a faithful servant?

I shall here set down the facts regarding Trinity Church; nothing that I could write, indeed, would illuminate more clearly the prevailing condition of spiritual unrest in this country, nor present more graphically the dilemma of the church in our modern life.

What, then, is this Trinity Church?



Photograph by Marceau

The Rev. Dr. William T. Manning, Rector of Trinity Parish

Every human institution has one supreme function: to serve the people in one way or another. A railroad corporation serves by carrying freight and passengers: a church serves by promoting the true spirit of religion. In order to perform its service to the people properly, a railroad corporation is provided with certain tools—depots, a road-bed and rolling stock: and a church has its spired building, its music, its preaching, its schools. A church is not religion: it is a mere human agency for fostering religion. It may contain the Ark of the Covenant, or it may not. When the people, then, arise to criticise the church, they are not attacking religion, but rather the public service of the institution which assumes to promote religion. It is as proper to ask of a church as of a railroad company: Is it doing its work efficiently?

Like many of the great trusts and corporations, Trinity has become inordinately wealthy. No church in the world, perhaps, has so much property and such a varied and costly equipment. The value of its property is beyond \$50,000,000. Of this about two-thirds is distinctly church property, untaxed: for Trinity parish not only owns the magnificent church which stands in the midst of the spacious and beautiful (and enormously valuable) old church yard at the head of Wall Street, but it owns and conducts nine other churches, some of them nearly as large as Old Trinity itself. It also owns a number of church houses, school buildings, a hospital, and a cemetery, all of which are included in its list of untaxed church property. This vast machinery of service is controlled by Trinity parish, a corporation similar to other business corpora-



Colonel William Jay (driving)

Colonel Jay is a great grandson of John Jay, chief justice of the United States; he is senior warden and clerk of Trinity Church and attorney for Trinity corporation. He is a famous coach

tions, except that the directors are known as vestrymen, the general manager as Rector, and the stockholders as communicants. Like many other corporations, Trinity has a large income-producing investment outside of its actual operating plant. About one-third of its property—to the value of over \$16,000,000 (assessed value, as given in the Trinity report, \$13,646,300)—is in rented lands and tenements. In short, it is a big business corporation: calling it a church does not change its character.

One of the deepest, if not the deepest, need of men is religion; hence from the beginning of time men have encouraged and built up institutions to respond to that need with service. No other human institution has been so sedulously fostered or so lavishly maintained as the church. One of the very first things that our forefathers did upon coming to America was to set up churches: and one of the earliest churches so set up in New York Colony was Trinity. It was established in 1697—two hundred and twelve years ago. It was fostered then, and it has been encouraged since,

exactly like any other public service corporation—only with a greater degree of generosity. In the early days of railroading, for example, the people were so eager to extend the service of transportation throughout the country that they gave to railroad corporations vast grants or “bonuses” of land, they presented them with free franchises conveying special rights and privileges, and they even exempted railroad property from taxation.



H. H. Cammann, vestryman and controller of Trinity corporation

In exactly the same way Trinity Church was built up. In 1697 a franchise was granted to Trinity to build a church “situate in or near the street called Broadway,” and it was to be “for the use and behoof of the inhabitants from time to time inhabiting or to inhabit within our city of New York, in communion of our protestant church of England.” Eight years later came the “bonus” or grant of land, then called the Queen’s farm, which extended picturesquely along the Hudson River on the west side of Manhattan Island. This tract, now densely covered with human habitations, was then practically uninhabited. Since then for over two hundred years that



Business girls go to the churchyard to eat their luncheon and rest during the noon hour

part of the property used for church or educational purposes has not been taxed. It has been calculated that the remitted taxes on Trinity Church property for the last two hundred years—the free gift of the people of New York regardless of creed—would amount to far more than the present total value of the property of Trinity.

For many years Trinity acted literally according to the provisions of its franchise. It gave money and land freely to other struggling churches; assisting them first as chapels and as soon as they were strong enough to stand alone, Trinity gave them its blessing and made them independent. St. George's, Grace

Church, and other important churches began thus with help from Trinity.

But the city of New York began to grow: the Queen's farm, at first of little use to Trinity, became more valuable. Other churches were organized, and, as usual where large property values are at stake, a difference of opinion began to arise as to who should control it.

The original grant had been made, as I have shown, to all "of the inhabitants of our said city of New York" in communion with the church of England. Naturally other churches than Trinity thought they should have a share of the property: but Trinity would not release its grip. And in 1814, the vestrymen of Trinity succeeded in getting a law passed by the New York Legislature which at one stroke limited the control of the property to "members of the congregation of Trinity Church, or of any of the chapels belonging to Trinity corporation." This was the first step in a long process of centralizing and narrowing the control of the property.

After 1814 the policy of the great church began to change. Instead of serving all the inhabitants it devoted less and less of its income to the building up of outside churches and spent more and more on its own services. Instead of helping a chapel to become independent and self-governing, it established chapels and kept absolute control of them. In 1814 it had only two dependent chapels—St. Paul's and St. John's: to-day it has nine.



Trinity business offices where the \$50,000,000 worth of church property is administered

All this time the property of Trinity was growing more valuable. The Queen's farm had been cut up into blocks and lots: whole streets had built up with fine residences and places of business. The rental income of Trinity corporation increased enormously. Of course Trinity Church did absolutely nothing to earn this income, except to hold the title of the land: the people of New York who moved into and developed that part of the city were the real producers of the income.

As the money began to pile up, Trinity be-thought itself how to spend it. Many of its well-to-do members were moving up town, so the corporation appropriated what was then (1852) the enormous sum of \$230,000 to build Trinity chapel in West Twenty-fifth Street together with a beautiful residence for the clergy. That act brought forth a storm of protest. It was shown that Trinity had deserted mission work in the lower part of the city where the mass of the people lived, where its own property was located, and diverted the money to the building of a church for the uptown rich. These rich people, of course, might have built a chapel of their own; the poor people down town whose rentals helped to make Trinity rich could not afford to build churches. The glaring injustice of such an act brought about an inquiry by the legislature: and William Jay, a son of the great chief justice, and one of the most prominent citizens of New York

(he was the grandfather of the William Jay who is at present senior warden of Trinity Church), wrote a stinging letter to the Rector of Trinity, in which he said:

"Wealth is naturally defiant, and so long as you can lengthen your rent roll and multiply your thousands, and purchase submission and obsequiousness, you may afford to look down with supercilious indifference on the complaints and disaffection of those who are impotent to injure you. But, sir, there are signs in the political horizon which threaten a coming tempest which may level the proud pinnacles of Trinity in the dust."

Mr. Jay also charged that Trinity was using its wealth not "for the permanent benefit of the church" but for building up the influence of the "high church" party in the Episcopal Church. Said Mr. Jay:

"Her wealth has in this city, in the opinion of many, been lavished in ostentatious buildings, rather than used in promoting true piety and religion; and the parochial reports have given ground for most unfavorable comparison between the number of communicants and the amount of benevolent offerings in Trinity and her chapels, and various other churches in the city."

Trinity continued to grow richer. In 1890 the corporation went still further up town, following the rich, and built the magnificent church of St. Agnes in West Ninety-second



A back view of Trinity tenements. An owner has here torn down his house rather than let it fall into Trinity's possession when the lease expired

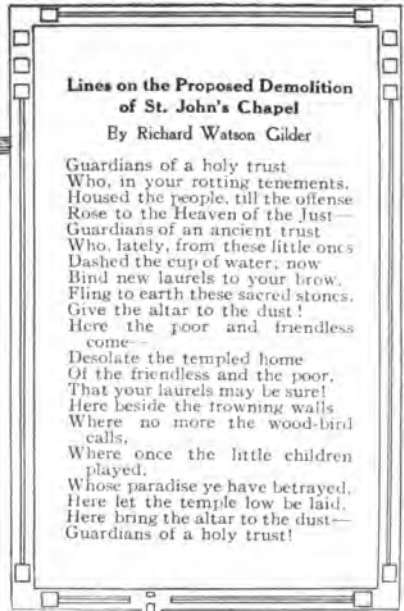


Photograph by Gesford

Richard Watson Gilder, chairman tenement house commission of 1894, which revealed the condition of Trinity tenements

Street, at a cost of about \$500,000. In the meantime it had built one large chapel downtown—St. Augustine's, in Houston Street—and afterward it acquired another, St. Luke's, on the lower west side.

How has Trinity controlled all of this great property? It is controlled, like that of the life insurance companies, by a board of directors, here called the vestry. The vestry is elected by the stockholders—here called communicants, but not all the communicants by any means are voters. Originally, under the law of 1814, every member of Trinity or its chapels had a vote: but the process of narrowing control has here also been going on. Under a law passed in 1867 (supported in the legislature by Trinity) churches are granted certain powers to establish free chapels. Un-



Lines on the Proposed Demolition of St. John's Chapel

By Richard Watson Gilder

Guardians of a holy trust
 Who, in your rotting tenements,
 Housed the people, till the offense
 Rose to the Heaven of the Just—
 Guardians of an ancient trust
 Who, lately, from these little ones
 Dashed the cup of water, now
 Bind new laurels to your brow,
 Fling to earth these sacred stones,
 Give the altar to the dust!
 Here the poor and friendless
 come—
 Desolate the templed home
 Of the friendless and the poor,
 That your laurels may be sure!
 Here beside the frowning walls
 Where no more the wood-bird
 calls,
 Where once the little children
 played,
 Whose paradise ye have betrayed,
 Here let the temple low be laid,
 Here bring the altar to the dust—
 Guardians of a holy trust!

Reprinted from the N.Y. Eve. Post

Poem on the closing of St. John's Chapel, which was largely instrumental in arousing the present agitation



St. John's Chapel in Varick Street. Ordered closed by Trinity

der this law five dependent chapels were organized having no voice in the affairs of Trinity Church. Not one of the chapels in the poorer districts now has a vestryman: in fact, Trinity corporation is controlled by the two rich chapels: St. Agnes and Trinity Chapel, all the vestrymen being selected from these

two chapels and from Old Trinity. One of the most remarkable conditions brought out in the Hughes investigation of the life insurance companies was the fact that their boards of directors were practically self-perpetuating bodies. Nominally they were elected by the policy holders and stockholders: but as a matter of fact few policy holders were ever present: and the elections were controlled absolutely by the men in power.

Such is the case with Trinity corporation.

Though there are many hundreds of communicants entitled to vote at the Trinity elections, comparatively few ever attend. At one election the twenty-two members of the vestry were elected with a total of twenty-three votes. The vestry has been in effect a self-perpetuating body, controlling an enormously valuable property, making no public reports at any time, and oblivious to criticism either from within the church or without.

What was the result of the control of such a self-perpetuating, irresponsible board of vestrymen who could be reached by no criticism?

It was very little different from the result in other corporations. Perhaps it was, if anything, worse, because there was less accountability on the part of the board of directors (vestry). An Insurance Department at Albany made at least a pretense of supervising the insurance companies; but there was no Church Department at Albany—no one on earth who had any power to demand any sort of an accounting from Trinity corporation. And unlimited power over vast unearned property in the hands of a few men who are not accountable to anyone can work out in only one way—whether the men are organized under a churchly name or not.

And what is that result?

A curious, insidious, benumbing disease seems to afflict those who control unearned property. Subtle psychological changes take place within them. One might expect such men to say to themselves: The people have endowed us with special franchise privileges; they have granted us land to work with; they have built up this land and increased its value; they are paying us a large yearly income; they have remitted our taxes for over two hundred years. We therefore owe them the most enthusiastic service, and the frankest accounting of our stewardship. Do they say this? Not at all. By the curious psychological change to which I have referred, they come to act as though the property which they control was in reality their own. They resent any questions regarding it: they spend the income where and how they like; they make no accounting to anyone.

But these men of the vestry of Trinity are high-class men. All of them are educated men, some belong to very old families, some are famous, nearly all are wealthy. Many are connected with various good works (see their names in the Charities Directory). All of the twenty-two (except the controller and the clerk) contribute their services: they receive no salary. Not one of them can be suspected of profiting by so much as a penny

from the business transactions of Trinity parish. I suppose, indeed, the same thing can be said of the directors of life insurance companies, railroads and banks—who are also high-class men. Indeed, many of these rich vestrymen of Trinity are actually in the directories of great business corporations (see their names in the "Directory of Directors"); they are part and parcel of the current methods of doing business.

In the life insurance investigations what were some of the discoveries made? It was disclosed that the business was extravagantly conducted; that inordinately high salaries were paid; that gorgeous and expensive offices were maintained; that the men in control made conditions highly comfortable for themselves and their friends. A curious parallelism exists between the life insurance companies and Trinity.

People ordinarily expect to pay something, make some self-sacrifices for their religious advantages. Some of the most heroic stories in the world are told of the sacrifices of men and women to build up places of worship, but the congregations of Trinity parish get their religious advantages practically for nothing. According to the financial statement issued recently by Trinity (the first public report in over fifty years) it cost \$340,870 to maintain the ten churches and the schools of Trinity for one year. Of this vast sum the members of all the churches contributed just \$18,210 (in pew rents). All the remainder of the expense was met from the rental income from the property owned by Trinity. In other words, the poor people and other tenants on Trinity lands have paid not only for the support of the chapels in the poorer part of town, but they have built the rich up-town churches and are paying practically all the running expenses. Communicants in Trinity worship in churches which they have not built, and to the support of which they contribute practically nothing. They are, in short, religious paupers.

It is true that the congregations of Trinity churches contributed during the year \$94,000 for special charities—but none of this money went to church support, and even if it had been so applied it would not have begun to liquidate the cost of operating the churches.

Music alone cost Trinity last year (including care of organs) \$63,000, or over three times as much as all the members contributed to the entire support of the church. There have been many complaints of the Trinity tenements (of which more later), but at least they pay for a great deal of fine music—

also for twenty-eight clergymen at a cost of \$101,674 and for thirty-two sextons and engineers at \$26,555. I find an item of "fuel and light for churches" of \$12,280. The total contributions of Trinity communicants for church purposes (\$18,000) will pay *that*, and some to spare.

As in the life insurance companies, salaries range high: the Rector is said to receive the highest salary of any clergyman in America, \$15,000 a year, and some of the vicars receive \$8,000 each—more than the salary of a United States senator. Besides the salaries many of the clergy also receive free residences (on partially untaxed property), so that they have no rent to pay—a big item in New York City—and when they retire they are generously pensioned!

It was found in the life insurance companies that, although keen business men conducted the operations, some of the real estate owned yielded a very low income. The same is true of Trinity. It costs just short of \$50,000 for salaries and office expenses in conducting the real estate business of Trinity, and yet the net income last year on \$16,000,000 worth of real estate was only about \$376,000 (gross \$752,000)—or a little more than two per cent. Tenement house property in New York is ordinarily expected to pay from five to six per cent. net, and other rented property not less than four per cent. Judging even from a strict business point of view, then, Trinity corporation is certainly open to severe criticism. The management of a private estate which could show earnings of only two per cent. would speedily be turned out, but Trinity, not making public reports, no one could know how the vestry was conducting its trust.

What of the Tenements?

I come now to the tenements. A great deal has been written and said of these tenements during the last twenty-five years. Many years ago the Trinity houses were occupied by rich or well-to-do people, but to-day they are crowded with wage-earners of all sorts and of many nationalities. While other parts of the city were built up to new buildings, these old houses on Trinity property have largely remained, although, in recent years, Trinity has put up a number of new business buildings and warehouses. There is no more barren, forbidding, unprogressive part of the city than the Trinity blocks south of Christopher Street. Trinity has sat still and waited for the increase of the value of its land.

Well, old buildings are old: and the city has been progressing in nothing more than in

tenement house reform—in short, in its views of the responsibilities of the city to the poor and unfortunate. A distinctly higher standard of social morality has been built up in New York in the last twenty-five years. And in its work of improving conditions in the crowded districts of Manhattan Island the city authorities have repeatedly collided with Trinity corporation. The first clash came in 1887. A law had been passed requiring that running water should be furnished on each floor of tenement houses. In most of the Trinity houses the tenants had to go down stairs and out of doors to get their water supply. When a demand was made on Trinity to obey the law, the vestry objected and began a bitter fight in the courts, which finally reached the Court of Appeals. Of course this costly litigation was not paid for by the vestrymen or even by the communicants of Trinity. This legal battle was financed out of the rentals of the very people who were to be benefited by the new law.

However, it was an epoch-making case, the decision of which will long be quoted, for it decided that the state can compel a private owner, for the good of the public, to alter a house at his own expense. But the church had to be driven to the new moral standard by the courts. Here is the way in which Judge Peckham laid down the law to Trinity:

"We may own our property absolutely and yet it is subject to the proper exercise of the police power. We have surrendered to that extent our right to its unrestricted use. It must be so used as not improperly to cause harm to our neighbor."

But Trinity's long-fought legal battle had succeeded in delaying the enforcement of the law from 1887 until 1895—eight years. In spite of itself, however, Trinity helped along the cause of better homes for the poor in a way it little intended. The very bitterness of its legal struggle against making improvements served to turn public attention even more closely to housing conditions in lower Manhattan. In 1894 the famous tenement house commission, of which Richard Watson Gilder was chairman, was appointed. Investigation showed that hundreds of tenements had no toilet conveniences in them: but that so-called "school-sinks," or open water closets in the back yards, were used by all the tenants, and that thousands of men, women and children were sleeping in dark holes of rooms in which there were no windows opening to the outer air—breeding places, indeed, for tuberculosis.

In 1901 a law was passed through the efforts of the Tenement House Commission, of which

Robert W. De Forest was president, abolishing "school-sinks" and dark inside rooms in tenements. Trinity waited: this time the law was tested in the courts by another landlord, and it was not sustained until 1904. What did Trinity then do? Where it could not avoid compliance with the law, necessary changes were made: but in many cases it slid out of making improvements through a provision which defines a tenement house as any building occupied by more than two families. In some of the old houses where there had been more than two families, Trinity reduced the number to two, and thus by getting out from under the tenement law, was able to refrain from making the repairs demanded.

Trinity Fights Improvements

Trinity has always been against improvement: it has always had to be lashed to its moral duty by public opinion or by the courts, or by fear of legislative action. Even when the city was seeking for land for the children's play-ground at Clarkson and Houston Streets on the West Side, it had to enter into a long and costly fight in order to get the land from Trinity corporation.

As to the condition of the Trinity tenements I made a careful investigation of many of them. They are not so bad as I expected to find, no worse than those owned by other landlords in the same neighborhood. In general, they are better—and why shouldn't they be? Why should such ancient tenements have been allowed to remain at all? In general, the rents are low, and in many cases they have not been raised in twenty-five years. And this much must be said to the credit of Trinity: none of its property is rented for saloons or for immoral purposes. There are only two places on Trinity land where liquor is sold, and in those cases the property is under a lease which cannot be controlled by Trinity.

Over and over again, when complaints have been made of Trinity houses, the vestry has said:

"We are not responsible: the land is leased and the building is owned by the lessee. We cannot control it."

And yet when the leases expire, it has been, in the recent past, a custom of Trinity to release for two years to the owner of the building. Of course no such owner can afford to make repairs when he may lose his building in two years and he does as little as possible. Trinity thus gets its land rent, the landlord gets his house rent—and the tenant who pays

the bills gets just as bad a place to live in as the Board of Health will permit.

It is difficult, indeed, to see how a group of men individually so intelligent and honorable should collectively exhibit so little vision, so little social sense, so little justice. Whether judged as good morals or as good business, the results have been lamentable and disheartening.

Complaint has been widely made (especially in New York City) that the church was losing its hold on the people, that people do not go to church as they once did nor take the interest in religious affairs that they should. Has the position of Trinity with its low standards of social justice and morality had anything to do with that tendency? When the public, and the courts, and the legislature, have to castigate a church to higher moral standards, why should the people go to church for instruction? What inspiration has the church to give? Spending \$63,000 a year for music and \$340,000—mostly taken from the poor—to support its churches, it has been willing to let those poor sleep in disease-breeding dark rooms and suffer for the want of sanitary conveniences. How, under such circumstances, can it preach a lowly Saviour and the love of man to man?

What Trinity Does with Its Money

Perhaps I have now dwelt sufficiently upon the business side of Trinity. I come now to the service which it performs. However extravagant or corrupt the administration of life insurance companies had become, the Hughes investigation showed that they yet performed a service: they paid losses.

So Trinity performs a wide and varied service. Every Sunday in all the ten churches the usual religious services are held: and there are also the usual Sunday-schools and weekday meetings. I have attended at various times, most of the Trinity churches. Some of them are well attended, some not so well; and the audiences are just about what one finds in the ordinary New York church.

Besides the regular worship there are also the usual missionary and philanthropic societies, sewing classes, kindergartens and many clubs for young people. One of the interesting and valuable activities of St. Paul's chapel is a working girl's club which furnishes a meeting and luncheon place in one of the church buildings. But perhaps the most extensive single department of the activity of Trinity outside of its strict religious work is the day schools. There are seven regular day schools connected with seven of the churches

—somewhat similar to the parochial schools of the Roman Catholics. A manual training, cooking and drawing school is maintained in Washington Square and there are three night schools. All this work is free to pupils, the only obligation being that the children shall attend Sunday School. The work follows closely that of the public schools, save that a certain amount of religious instruction is also given. School work cost the parish last year \$63,755.

What does Trinity do for churches and charities outside of its own parish? As I said before, the congregations of Trinity contributed \$94,000 last year for various charities and benevolences. But Trinity corporation itself, which was chartered to minister to all the inhabitants of New York in communion with the Episcopal church, contributed only \$46,579 to churches and charities outside of the parish—or less by some \$17,000 than it paid for music in its own churches. It also made one loan of \$5,000 to help a church outside of the parish. One of the regular expenses of every Episcopal church is the apportionment made for the general mission work of the church. Old Trinity was supposed to pay \$10,000. It never met this amount: three years ago the general church reduced the apportionment to \$2,500, so that Trinity would pay: but never until last year did it meet even this amount. It has, indeed, been notorious among the churches of New York for shirking its missionary obligations.

Trinity Losing in Membership

Judged by its own statistics, Trinity has lost ground. It has been unable to maintain its membership, in spite of the vast sums of money expended, the costly music, the activities of an army of workers. Old Trinity in 1898 had 1,767 communicants: in 1908 it had 1,340—a loss of 427 members in ten years. The figures for the combined church and chapels (except one, acquired since 1898) are scarcely less encouraging. In 1898 the total was 7,220: in 1908 it was 6,939—a loss of 281 members in ten years.

Now, I am acutely conscious, having made this dry, catalogue-like report of the work of Trinity, with its statistics and its cost, that I have not told the whole story of service. I appreciate fully the difficulty of measuring spiritual values. The work of an insurance company or a railroad can be measured more or less accurately by statistics. Not so, a church—even though the clergy themselves are content to appeal to statistics of membership to

prove their efficiency. Often I have stepped into the dim coolness of Old Trinity from the roar of Broadway on a busy day and found men and women kneeling in silent prayer. Who shall measure the value to individual human souls of such a place of refuge and worship? Or who, indeed, can compute the incalculable influence of the quiet old church-yard itself—the beauty of it, the calm of it—with its suggestion of eternal values in a place where men are furiously pursuing immediate gain? Nor can any one of us pass judgment upon the service of the individual workers in Trinity—the clergy, the vestrymen, the sisters.

And yet it is not at all a question as to whether Trinity is doing spiritual service. Of course it is. But should it not do far more? Have its leaders that breadth of vision without which the people perish? Has it power of leadership in our common life? Is it making the best use of its tremendous opportunities, its enormous wealth?

These are fair questions: questions which, indeed, the most earnest men within the Church itself are asking. They are questions which the public at large has a right to ask.

With the idea, then, of presenting the specific facts I have studied, somewhat carefully, the methods in two or three of the Trinity Churches. And I wish here to show how the work is done.

In the first place, the people in the churches have nothing whatever to say as to the conduct of their own affairs. Everything is provided for them by the self-perpetuating autocracy which controls the property; their music is paid for; their ministers are hired by Trinity. The people have nothing at any point to say. Last November a whole congregation—that of St. John's Chapel—was informed one Sunday that the church would shortly be closed, and all the people were told that they could go to another church. No one had been consulted, there had been no chance of protest or explanation: the chapel which had been open for one hundred and two years, was ordered closed. But of St. John's, more later.

Even in the rich chapel of St. Agnes, when Dr. Manning was promoted to be Rector of Trinity, the new vicar was chosen by the vestry before the congregation had ever heard him preach. Thus every detail of the machine is managed, not by the people, but by the benevolent autocracy at the top.

Using Money to Promote Religion

Consider, for a moment, the work of one of the chapels in the poorer part of town. I give

these facts hesitatingly, because the clergy are earnest men working in the deadening toils of a system which destroys inspiration and quenches brotherly enthusiasm—and yet the truth must be set down. A large proportion of the people connected with that chapel get something out of it in cash or in material benefits. And I say this advisedly, knowing that many individuals love this chapel and receive spiritual advantages from its work. Every member of the choir, of course, is paid a regular stipend. To encourage the Sunday School officers one hundred dollars in cash is distributed among them every year. Last Christmas, that day of spontaneous giving, the corporation appropriated \$750 for decorations, a tree, and gifts for the people. The Sunday School is made up largely of the children who are being educated (free) in the day and night schools conducted by the chapel, and are therefore *compelled* to attend Sunday School. And it may be said, further, that the day school pupils are also encouraged by prizes—so they, too, get something out of it.

Besides these regular payments, the dispensation of charity of various sorts undoubtedly assures the connection of not a few people with the church. It is one of the emphasized rules of this chapel that "assistance is given only to persons that are regularly enrolled members of the chapel cure."

This particular chapel has a staff of twenty-six clergy, teachers, lay-workers and sextons regularly hired: and a choir of twenty-four members: a total of fifty paid workers. Yet I have been in that chapel during services when there were not fifty people in the congregation. Think of it. With land and buildings worth \$300,000 and an operating cost (I could not get the exact figures) of probably not less than \$50,000, although it is in a neighborhood swarming with people, this is the use to which it is put! A little money—very little—is collected from the congregation for charities, but not one cent is paid by the people of the church for the support of the work. It is pure charity.

Do not think that the people in the neighborhood who see this sort of work do not know exactly what is going on. No people are more sensitive to real values, or quicker to see the difference between charity and brotherly love, than these people of the tenements. Charity is indeed often necessary, but it requires the genius of love to bestow it properly. One woman, a member of a Trinity chapel—one of the clean, self-respecting, hard-working sort, an example and a light in her neighborhood—gave me this point of view in so many words:

"There is too much giving. Most of the people go there to get something: they don't expect to help. The tendency is to pauperize the people and cheapen the real meaning of religion."

No, the people are not fooled.

When I asked a clergyman in Trinity why so much was given to these people and so little required of them, I was told,

"Why, they are poor; they can't help."

"They Despise the Pennies of the Poor"

He said that they had discontinued certain of their collections because the people gave only pennies! He thought they should be discouraged in making such small offerings! "They despise the pennies of the poor."

From this very chapel I went down to Baxter Street—not far away—and visited a Catholic Church—the Church of the Most Precious Blood. It is a large new church, with a lively, able priest at the head of it. It is attended exclusively by Italians—the poorest people in the neighborhood, and yet that church has been built complete in fifteen years out of the pennies of poor people: and it is supported to-day by their offerings. I am not here entering into a discussion of the Roman Catholic system: I am merely pointing out that poor people can and do contribute to religious work, when that work really means something to them.

Nor need I make a comparison only with the Roman Catholics. I have a still better example: a Protestant church on the lower West Side, not far from two of Trinity's chapels, St. John's and St. Luke's, and ministering to the same sort of people. I refer to the Spring Street Presbyterian Church, the work of which is like the shadow of a rock in a weary land. The Spring Street Church ministers wholly to wage-earners, the average wage of the membership being less than ten dollars a week—and the highest wage of any member being eighteen dollars a week. While both the Trinity chapels still have a few well-to-do people in their congregations, the Spring Street Church has none at all. And yet, while Trinity paid last year \$20,000 to operate St. John's chapel, Spring Street Church was wholly self-supporting. When the Rev. H. Roswell Bates, its minister, went to the church eight years ago, he told the feeble congregation that he would enter the work only upon condition that every expense (including his own salary) was met by the people of the community. The members got together and resolved to work as they never had before. Some of them went with-

out eggs and butter all the first year, others walked to their work to save car fare, in order to help raise the amount necessary. And the church has grown rapidly both in membership and in influence. Last year the congregation contributed \$4,900 and maintained an active and enthusiastic work for six hundred and thirty-five members. The church has become a marvelous source of power in the community: everybody works for somebody else; everybody gives, rather than gets. They have now built up a neighborhood Settlement House next the church where there are many clubs, classes, a kindergarten, a day nursery and the like, largely conducted by volunteer workers. Money from the outside is contributed to help maintain the settlement work, but the church is supported wholly by the congregation.

While the Spring Street Church supports its work for 635 members with \$4,900, Trinity pays \$20,000 for 487 communicants at St. John's chapel. And this is not making an unfavorable comparison of St. John's as against other Trinity chapels: for the work at St. John's, cost for cost, is probably more profitable than at most of the other chapels. At St. John's the music cost \$6,000—more than the entire cost of the work at the Spring Street Church. St. John's has six paid clergymen and lay workers, while the Spring Street Church has three.

Story of St. John's Chapel

In what I have said about St. John's, let me not blame the clergy. They are earnest young men: they have had to labor against the paralysis of the Trinity system, and in spite of that they have been broadening their work. They have increased the number of communicants of the chapel: and they had been building up guilds and classes of various sorts. I wish to make this point particularly, because I come now to the story of St. John's chapel. As every one knows, Trinity attempted to close St. John's chapel last fall—and precipitated the present storm of agitation.

St. John's chapel is one of the oldest churches in New York: a beautiful building, once in a fashionable quarter of the city, now surrounded by warehouses and tenements. One Sunday last November the curate in charge read a notice from the pulpit to the effect that the vestry had ordered the church closed on February first, and that the congregation would be expected to attend St. Luke's chapel—a mile further north. It came like a thunder bolt out of a clear sky. Trinity corporation, probably looking about to reduce expenses, had thus by executive

order, cut off a chapel with four hundred and eighty-seven communicants, and a Sunday School of three hundred and twenty-one members, in a neighborhood where many of its tenements were located, and from which it drew nearly all of its income. Its excuse was that the work, considering the changing character of the neighborhood, and the influx of foreigners, no longer paid, that the money could be better expended elsewhere (perhaps on the rich churches up town!), that the congregation of St. John's could easily go to St. Luke's and the work of both chapels could go forward together.

A storm of protest at once arose. A petition from members of St. John's was presented to the vestry respectfully asking that their committee be granted a hearing and that St. John's chapel be not closed. It was ignored. The members then presented a second petition, in which they said:

"The request accompanying our former petition, that a committee appointed by the members of St. John's chapel be granted a hearing, has been ignored. We have no representative on the vestry. Years ago, five of the vestrymen were members of St. John's chapel, but owing to the movement of wealthy people to up-town districts, the vestry seems now to be largely selected from members of the Chapel of St. Agnes, located on West Ninety-second Street, leaving us with no representation. Bishop Potter, a friend of St. John's Chapel, and the late Rector, the Rev. Dr. Dix, who dearly loved it, are no longer with us; and our beloved Vicar, who has ministered to us for more than thirty years, is absent on account of ill-health. The present rector has been in the city of New York but a few years, during which period he has resided in the upper part of the city; and we believe he has not had occasion to become familiar with conditions existing in the neighborhood of St. John's chapel. Since he has been Rector we have not seen him at any of the services of St. John's Chapel, and the first and only communication we have received from him was the notice which was read from the pulpit that the doors of the church would be closed February first, 1909."

An Appeal to the Bishop

The committee also appealed to the Bishop of the Diocese, Bishop Greer, and finally offered on behalf of the congregation to take over and support the church themselves. Still Trinity corporation did not budge.

Then the public began to stir. A notable memorial was presented to the vestry on behalf

of St. John's: it was signed by the most distinguished citizens of New York, among them President Roosevelt, Secretary Root, Mayor McClellan, Ex-Mayor Seth Low, Joseph H. Choate, and others.

Other memorials were presented by the New York Art Commission and the Fine Arts' League. The Municipal Art Commission asked "respectfully and earnestly" that the corporation might further consider "whether in the public interest St. John's chapel, as a landmark of the early religious and social life the city, and as a work of art, might not be permanently preserved and maintained as a place of worship."

And finally, Trinity spoke. Three defensive statements were made, one by Trinity corporation itself, one by Bishop Greer, and one by Dr. Huntington, rector of Grace Church. It is significant that neither the Bishop nor Dr. Huntington had ever investigated the condition of the people of St. John's nor the work being done there, yet they defended the action of Trinity as being "in the interests of the Christian religion," to quote from Dr. Huntington. The *Churchman* says of these three statements:

"But the distinguishing characteristic of the three statements is that nothing is said of the people in St. John's parish, of their rights, of their hopes or of their souls. Even the appeals that have been made in their behalf have been ignored. What religion means under such conditions, the public are left to guess."

Not having investigated, neither these men nor the Rector of Trinity, could know the real love with which many of the members of St. John's clung to their chapel. Here is the brief story of one of the communicants:

"I have been a regular member and contributor of St. John's Chapel, in good standing, for more than twenty-five years. The religious life largely of my immediate family has been connected with St. John's Chapel. My only brother was confirmed there and he died twenty-two years ago and his funeral services were held there. My sister was a communicant at St. John's Chapel, she was confirmed there, and was married in that church. My mother was confirmed there; she died about fourteen years ago, and her funeral services, also, were held in that church. In that church I met my wife, who was baptized and confirmed there, and our marriage ceremony was performed in that church, and our two children have been baptized there, and one of them, my boy, is at present a choir-boy in St. John's Chapel. My wife and I have both

taught Sunday School in St. John's Chapel, and my wife is now and has been for some time a delegate to St. Augustine's League from that Chapel."

The plain fact is that Trinity did not care for the people. And it was not really until the agitation had grown to such an extent that legislative and judicial action were threatened that Trinity began to move. Then it was too late to prevent the whole matter from being carried into the courts. The people of St. John's have based their case on the declaration that under the charter of 1814 they were voters in Trinity parish and that the closing of St. John's and the relegation of the membership to the free-mission chapel of St. Luke's deprived them of their franchise rights, and they have demanded redress from the courts. A temporary injunction was immediately issued ordering Trinity to keep St. John's Chapel open for religious services. The litigation, however, is likely to be long continued and very bitter. On the side of the people the cost of the cases will have to be raised by general subscription where money is not plentiful: but it will cost the vestrymen personally not one cent; they will use the ready money of the church—which comes out of the rentals from the very neighborhood served by St. John's Chapel. Their chief lawyer is himself a vestryman, paid by the vestry.

Results of the Agitation against Trinity

Several excellent results, however, have come out of the agitation. First, Trinity corporation has shown the first evidence in its history that it feels any responsibility to the public. It has issued its first public report, defending its position in closing St. John's Chapel, and giving its first financial statement. It has also declared its purpose of doing away with the old tenements as rapidly as possible and improving the land with new buildings. It has also decided to open St. John's Chapel on week-days, and provide noon revival services for the people of the neighborhood.

I have talked with many of the people connected with Trinity in various capacities: I found them all disturbed—indeed, astonished, perplexed, and unable to account for the extent and violence of the public agitation. One of them said it was "jealousy of the wealth of Trinity"; another blamed the clergy of St. John's; another laid it up to "agitators." They did not seem to understand, to have any grasp of the new spiritual impulses which are permeating our common life—the

new democracy, if you will—and they are yielding just as they have in the past, grudgingly, without vision. They are paralyzed by their own wealth and the pride of their traditions. They would like to improve things—a little—but they do not see that the whole aristocratic, feudalistic system upon which they are operating belongs to a past age, that religion is not charity, but justice and brotherly love. They are not ready to make the self-sacrifice necessary, in the highest sense, to save the life of their church.

It is, indeed, not at all surprising to hear the clergymen of rich and doctrine-bound churches, strike the note of disheartenment. They themselves often work hard, with a passionate earnestness of devotion, but they do not get spiritual results. The church is not holding its own; people avoid the church. The clergy wonder why; they ask vainly, "What is the matter with the church?" It even seems to some of them that religion itself is decaying.

But religion is not decaying: it is only the church. More religion is to be found in our life to-day than ever before, more hearts re-

spond to its inspiration: it is found among common men and women everywhere. As ever, it demands, not observances, nor doctrines, nor a habitation in magnificent temples—but self-sacrifice and a contrite heart.

Thus earnest men in Trinity find their efforts paralyzed by wealth and tradition. They are very far away from life: these poor men of Trinity; they have not felt the thrill and inspiration of the new time. By and by they will find it impossible to listen to beautiful and costly music, which they have not paid for, without thinking of the people of the tenements, and of the men and women and the little children there who must work long hours at low wages, and out of whose small earnings comes the money to pay for that music. And they will see the absurdity of taking from the people of the tenements and giving nothing back—save empty homilies. "It will become a matter of wonder that there should ever have existed those who thought it admirable to enjoy without working, at the expense of others, who worked without enjoying."



An Ode to Sky-Climbers

By Harry H. Kemp

Climb, sky-men, climb above the lessening world
 With all the city's million roofs below,
 And catch the red-hot rivets, deftly hurled,
 And drive them home with hammers, blow on blow;

And, to the under-whistle's tiny scream,
 Ride, as upon some huge ungainly steed,
 Into the sky the cable-lifted beam
 Which quivers in the wind as doth a reed.

Heroes you are who need no drums to urge,
 Heroes who ask no laurel, should you die
 Balanced aloft where tempests beat and surge,
 Half-vanished in the great blue-doming sky!

For (more heroic than the battle-rage
 Which animates the olden poet's lay)
 There in a task Homeric you engage
 Without the strut and tinsel of a play!

A Young Instructor and His Big Dream

The Story of an Educational Suggestion That Worked Out

By E. F. DU BRUL

Chairman of the Committee on Engineering College,
Board of Directors, University of Cincinnati

A FEW years ago, a young fellow worked as a blue print boy in a Pennsylvania bridge shop, became a draftsman, then went to college, graduating as a Bachelor of Science in Civil Engineering. He went back to the bridge works, worked there for a few years, and then returned to his college as an instructor. His teaching work interested him, but with class after class he was worried about one thing. The classes would struggle along with their work, and though managing to pass examinations, no matter how plain the instructors had made their courses, most of the students had only a very hazy notion of what they were actually about and did not thoroughly understand their lessons. Yet in each class, some students never failed fully to benefit from the course and never failed to secure good positions on graduation. Investigating the matter Instructor Schneider found these students to be such as came to college after they had gained some practical experience by working for a living. When such chaps came to college, they knew what the professors meant when they used technical terms, and their practical experience enabled them to pick and choose during their course, to discard some of the lore handed out by the professors as real knowledge and thoroughly to assimilate what was really worth while.

Another thought came to Instructor Schneider. He knew that the bridge company not only turned out a product, but followed the product up to see that it was satisfactory. In this way the producer got many a good point from the user of his product, and the product was increasingly better for this knowledge. But curiously enough, educational institutions, just knowledge factories, so to

speaking, paid no attention to the users of their product. Of course the knowledge factories didn't have to go out and sell their products. The products had to go out and sell themselves. Neither did the knowledge factories have to concern themselves with dividends. They had been left endowments whose income was to be spent and it was spent, and no one thought of asking if the products were worth what they cost.

How the Idea Happened to Strike Mr. Schneider

Instructor Schneider had a hard business head and began to inquire. Every user told him that the products of the knowledge factories were, on the whole, of rather poor quality, considering the money spent on them. Almost every user complained that though they needed the products in their business, they had a lot of trouble getting a good kind, and of the large annual production, only a few were just right. One large user even went so far as never to attempt to use an ordinary graduate until he had been hammered into really usable condition by other employers, this process needing about two years out of college. Yet this user had noted the existence of the same exceptional sort that Instructor Schneider had noted, the fellows who had been at real work before they went to college. That kind was useful as soon as turned out on the market. All of the users agreed that the thing noticeably wanting in most of the graduates was practical knowledge.

The employers wanted men who could do things. To run a shop right a man must know how to do things the shop does, and he can learn only by doing them himself, not by read-

ing about it. Yet the graduate who does not know how to do things expects to step right into a high salary and direct men who have been at real work all their lives. As his employer cannot see it in that light, the graduate feels peevish and abused, and because he has such a vast store of book learning about the way things should be done. Instructor Schneider thought after a while that it was rather a ridiculous thing to try to prepare young men for commercial production by religiously withdrawing them for four years from all contact with the work and men they were fitting themselves to direct. This man Schneider also realized that the ordinary graduate on leaving college is of an age and habit of mind that prevent him going back to learn the elementary things of the practical and business side of his career. He is ashamed to ask the foolish questions that alone draw out the knowledge possessed by others. He also realized that not in college was such knowledge to be acquired. No college can give to the "man-off-the-job" the human sense required to handle labor, nor the business sense to work out every day methods of production. This takes much time at practical work and comes only to the "man-on-the job."

So young Schneider thought and thought and as young men do, he dreamed his "Big Dream," a plan that would combine the advantages of both school and shop, leaving each to give the student the best it could, without detracting one from the other; but both, in combination, turning out the desired product: a scientific engineer with practical work-a-day shop knowledge.

He went to his superiors to explain his Big Dream. But why should a mere instructor dare dream a Big Dream? Besides, it was revolutionary. It was different. No one had ever done it that way. Finally because it really hitched the school and shop abreast instead of tandem, it would spoil the fine scholastic atmosphere. No matter that even teamsters long ago abandoned tandem hitching as inefficient and clumsy. This plan was not academic and that settled it.

Where the Plan Was First Tried

One day, however, Instructor Schneider had two offers to go elsewhere to teach. One was from a large state university, located in a country town out West. The other was from the University of Cincinnati. The State University offered the better salary, but the University of Cincinnati seemed to offer the better field. It's Engineering Department was new and small. It was not academic because

there wasn't enough of it to be academic, so Instructor Schneider went to Cincinnati as Professor of Civil Engineering.

First he had to put his own courses in ship-shape order, and this took a little time. In the meanwhile the University of Cincinnati secured a new president, one who was not academic either. He had been a chemist and an assistant secretary of agriculture and had done things.

President Dabney wanted to build up the Engineering College of this University, but there was no money for shops and things. So Professor Schneider explained his Big Dream to the president and the president told him to go out and tell it to the manufacturers, the users of his product, and also to the Faculty, the makers of his product. President Dabney not being academic, was willing to give it a trial.

Among the faculty there was but little encouragement. Only a few of them had been out of a job themselves and only to those few did the scheme seem good. To the others, it was not academic. Among the manufacturers his success was better, but here, too, he met many rebuffs. Those who had no college training and who had tried college men with poor results thought it was too academic. Others, who, though trained in the old college ways had survived their training, thought with the faculty, that it was not academic. Some others thought it just the thing, still others were dubiously willing to try it out.

Finally the faculty consented to try the plan, because it offered their only chance to build up the Engineering College. Some of them feared they would be burdened with a lot of tobacco-chewing boiler makers. Then, too, about this time, the Board of Directors had some new additions, all business men to whom the scheme appealed, and not being academic, they wanted the plan tried. Enough manufacturers consented to do their part, even though they feared they would be burdened with a lot of "Rackety Rax" boys.

The University was to give the boys an engineering course, and the employers were to give them an apprenticeship. The boys had to do all the college work any other student did, and had to have all the entrance requirements that any other student had. They had to do all the shop work that any other apprentice did, and had to take all the shop medicine any other apprentice got. Nobody played any favorites. Of course it couldn't all be done in four years, because both the College Course and the Factory Course took four years each. But then the College Course had long vacations, nearly four months each year, and it had a lot of "Near

Shop" work in it that needn't be in this new course.

An ordinary course has two kinds of students—those who "go" to college and those who are "sent." Professor Schneider figured on eliminating the kind that are sent, and by eliminating the drags that held classes back, he knew that the others could do more and better work. So the course was arranged for six years, and mechanical, electrical, and chemical manufacturers opened their doors to the student apprentices.

The boys are hired in pairs, so that they can attend the University every other week, alternating with their work in the shop. In this way, the shop suffers but little inconvenience, always having one apprentice of the pair at the shop. On Saturday morning the one attending school that week reports to the shop to get the run of the work his "buddy" is doing, that it may continue without hitch on Monday. In this way the boys learn to teach workmen by teaching each other.

Black and Blue—the New College Colors

It wasn't easy to get together the first class to try out the Big Dream. The boys had to have a stiff high school diploma to enter the University, and most boys with high school diplomas don't want to do greasy shop work. Some of that kind applied, but when they found that they were expected to start work at the 7 A. M. whistle and work ten hours a day, they just couldn't, so there. Others, though willing were not robust enough because the first lessons in shop work were on the art of wheeling sand in a foundry, demonstrated and perfected by practical exercise of several weeks.

Incidentally, though these boys might read of Parlor Socialists who don't really count, when the student becomes the "boss-on-the-job" he will pretty well know the point of view of the Wheelbarrow Socialist, who does count.

The first class was started July 1, 1906, with 44 neophytes out of 70 inquirers. After a summer's steady work, some of them didn't want to be that kind of engineer so they went off to other engineering schools, but 28 of them entered the University.

The second class started July 1, 1907, and out of 800 inquirers, 60 entered the shops for a summer's probation, and of these 44 made good and entered the University in the fall.

The third class was culled from 2,000 inquirers. Work was slack during 1908, but 60 of the 2,000 found places in the shops in July and of these 52 entered the University in September.

Having his choice from so many, Professor Schneider, now Dean of the Engineering College, naturally secures the very best type of young men. While other colleges are seeking students, taking in many triflers, and helping them through a course, graduating them only to be failures in Engineering, if not in life, Dean Schneider is carefully culling his few students from a great number of deserving, serious, creditable young men of the highest type to be found anywhere. He has no triflers—for nowhere else can such an education be had and the student be paid nearly \$2,000 while taking it. If they fail at the shops, they lose their educational chance at the University. If they fail at school, they lose their jobs. If they graduate, their future is assured.

Dean Schneider does not ask himself, "Can I induce this boy to enter my courses?" He must and does ask, "Is this boy worth while spending time and money on?" Funds are so limited—shop openings so few in comparison to the number clamoring for admission that to be a Co-operative Student Apprentice at the University of Cincinnati is a mark of the highest distinction.

"Make Good." That is the official motto of the course, and the boys are making good.

"Black and Blue" are their colors, and very appropriate, for many a hard knock they got before they made good in the eyes of all concerned. They are not a lot of tobacco-chewing hoodlums as some of the faculty feared they would be, but the best, the manliest, the decenter lot of students ever gathered together anywhere, and so do the faculty unanimously testify.

They are not a lot of "Mollycoddles" as some employers feared they might be, but the best, the most intelligent, and steadiest lot of apprentices ever collected, and so do their employers unanimously agree. Against prejudices of fellow workmen, foremen, superintendents, employers, educators, the boys have done their noble share in carrying to a successful demonstration the Big Dream of their young Dean, whom they honor and love.

Changes Right Down the Line

Now as to the ultimate results. The success of the Schneider plan of Co-operative Education means that several things are bound to happen. It means revolution all along the line of industrial education. The Engineering College of the future will not be out on a farm, nor in a country town. It will be in an industrial center where it's students can serve their time as apprentices. It is as wrong to put an

engineering college on a farm as to put an agricultural college on a city block.

The Engineering College of the future will not have extensive "Play Shops." The money now sunk in such shops, antiquated and almost useless in a few years—will in future be put into brains, and the colleges will pay better for the talent they need, but don't usually have under present conditions. It takes practical men to teach practical boys and practical men draw big salaries in shops.

Engineering Colleges can't pay them now, and they don't get the practical teachers, but when they really try to produce the educational goods demanded, the funds will be forthcoming from those demanding the goods. Professors in the future will need shop references as well as college references before they will be called to faculty chairs.

"Kid-Glove Boys" Won't Be So Popular

Something of this also affects the other colleges as well as the Engineering College, even to-day at the University of Cincinnati. The other faculties are impressed with the superiority both in mentality and morals of the co-operative students. They, too, begin to feel a stimulus, a necessity of more careful selection of students. Medical faculties all over the country have gradually weeded out undesirable and useless material by more and more stringent selection. Law faculties are not so stringent. Academic faculties are the most lax of all. But why should it be so? Why spoil a good dry-goods clerk to make a poor lawyer or a poor teacher, or an educated good-for-nothing, as are too many of our A. B.'s? Why tolerate an elective system that allows an immature boy or girl to browse through a number of elective courses accumulating a stated quantum of totally unrelated credits, sufficient to secure a collegiate degree, but totally unavailable in assisting the graduate in any manner to support himself by earning an honest living? Of course, such as are able to garner such a degree are generally supported by their fond parents during and after their college years, but is it wise social economy for colleges to lend themselves as much as they do, to such pernicious sciolism?

A revolution in high school methods is following on the heels of the technical college revolution. High schools have been, primarily, preparation schools for academic colleges. Criticism of this attitude has largely made them worse, by making them imitation colleges of a lower academic grade, largely literary, appealing more to the feminine element and as a con-

sequence deplorably and additionally feminized in their courses and in their faculties, even though some members of the faculty do wear trousers rather than petticoats.

Further criticism of this latter condition later led to the introduction of so called manual training as a sop to those who demand something practical in schools. But manual training, as now conducted, is itself feminized. It is not vocational, in fact the educational world has always fought hard against vocational training and in favor of purely cultural work. And so manual training is now merely cultural. It makes a lot of kid-glove boys who disdain labor in a real shop because their manual training teacher never having been a laborer has no actual sympathy with the dignity of labor of which so much is glibly prated.

On account of the failure of all this cultural method, manual training included, comes the demand for trade schools. But if trade schools are to be run by those who have culturized manual training the manufacturer must continue to look elsewhere for his artisans, for lo! the trades too will be culturized to the vanishing point. Curiously this has happened to the trade school already in too many instances.

A school is called a trade school, but very few trades are professedly taught, generally the trades of machinist, patternmaker, molder, or carpenter. But the trade schools put so much emphasis on drawing that a boy entering to become a good machinist graduates a poor draftsman, or entering to become a carpenter graduates a low-grade architect. The kid-glove end is too prominent. Good machinists are scarce at \$3.00 per day. Poor draftsmen are all too plentiful at a dollar and half.

The Hand and the Mind

In Cincinnati, Professor Schneider's Big Dream is changing all that. In that city 8,567 pupils are enrolled in the first grade, 447 in the tenth when the children reach an age when the laws allow them to go to work. Most of these children who drop out are swallowed up by the industrial life of the city and thereafter obtain no instruction except what they might get in night high schools. Before leaving school, they get practically no instruction in industrial efficiency nor any to help them to make a living.

Yet education should make good citizens and the first duty of the good citizen is to support himself on the highest step of the industrial ladder to which he is fairly capable of attaining. Education, therefore, should provide

plans for assisting the youth in his industrial efforts by giving him practical instruction both during his school days and after he enters industrial life.

It is impossible, even if desirable, to organize trade schools of all kinds for the thousands who enter industrial life. Millions of dollars would be locked up in shops and equipment, and yet fail of the desired end, as other trade schools fail to-day. The mechanic is trained in the shop, and is not now, never was, and never will be trained in the school. Yet the school can give much directly useful instruction that the shop cannot give, and this again means co-operation, Professor Schneider's Big Dream. Hitch the shop and the school abreast for all classes of workers from the lowest to the highest. Arrange part time schedules to fit the cases presented. Let the shop teach the hand, and the school the mind. Many a child can attend school part time if it earns money the rest of the time. Many a parent will make sacrifices to increase the child's efficiency provided that a school is so planned as to give in a part-time scheme, a course directly valuable to a child at work, earning some or all of its living.

Good for Our Country as Well as Our Boys

Professor Schneider's Big Dream is at work in Cincinnati. The high schools are better because of his Dream Come True. The City High School boy didn't make good in the Co-operative Course. It was up to the city high schools to find out the remedy and apply it. A bitter pill, but good medicine. They, too, will make good after a while. The shop boy who cannot be an engineer becomes a better mechanic by contact with the student apprentice,

and so on up the line in the shop and down the line in the school.

And finally the Big Dream means the capture and maintenance in our country of the economic supremacy of the world. How so? Because it is essentially democratic, possibly only in democratized industry. It is impossible in Europe, where society even in the shop is stratified and where no straight path opens from bottom to top. European engineers are of a class that scorn to serve a greasy apprenticeship and take the Black and Blue that goes with it.

But here we do it, and honor him who does it. Here in truth we realize not only the dignity of labor, but its inestimable value. The co-operative graduate engineer directing the co-operatively educated mechanic will produce goods with machinery designed by the "man-on-the-job" at a price that no other nation can meet, simply because the social institutions of no other nation will permit of the same kind of training. Social institutions linger long.

All of these things follow from a dream of the young instructor who was not academic and who even to-day is considered just a little queer among academicians because, forsooth, he has no Doctor's degree, nor yet even a Master's. Being so busy, he never had time to go through the necessary red tape and so remains only a plain Bachelor of Science in Civil Engineering.

Yet it is not improbable that in recognition of the service he has done her, the University of Cincinnati may at no distant day honor herself by honoring him with a Doctor's degree. Then will be soothed the souls of those who now look at him askance, and in all eyes Professor Schneider and his Dream will attain to the dignity of being quite academic. Even so, it and he have both "Made Good."



The Butler

By

MARY RAYMOND
SHIPMAN ANDREWS



With Illustrations by J. C. Chase



I FORGET who the clever, ugly Frenchman was who asked only ten minutes' start of the handsomest man in Europe. I believe that Archibold Cameron would have been quicker; I believe that he would have done with six minutes. I saw him hypnotize a dinner party in about so much. He slid into the room where we stood assembled, waiting for him, half apologetically, half respectfully, as if he knew himself inadequate to look at, but as if he did not want to come to begin with, and it was none of our business if he was long and drooping and weather-beaten and his clothes needed pressing. With blue eyes dropped, with a sun-faded mustache and a British air of saying "Tell me what you think and I'll disagree with you," he made a rapid bow to each one of us and was silent and defied us.

Mrs. McDonald, our hostess, had talked much of this war-correspondent Scotch friend who had been into hot water all over the world, wherever hot water and hot blood were spilling; I felt a chill of disappointment at sight of the hero. But Mrs. McDonald knew her affair. We went directly out to dinner; the resentful one did not lift a finger to conciliate or amuse us and in five minutes no one at the table willingly talked to anyone but him. So does personality triumph over manner, the big thing that a man is over the small things that he does. In less than half an hour we all knew that this stranger who was cheerfully at ease in an uncanny Tartar camp or a fierce African village, was afraid of us. Incredibly,

absurdly, he was shy; almost as incredibly his shyness was a force that made for instant popularity. In much less than half an hour we all meant, earnestly, to give him a good time, and meanwhile he gave us one, for forgetting himself, he talked like a fairy story. He told us in a commonplace, choppy way, in the loveliest pure voice, in burring Scottish speech, of things which one reads, without a twinge of realizing,—and we lived them as he told. He talked casually about elephant shooting on the Zambesi; he spun a merry tale of pig-sticking with a lady whose hair came down and who rolled off her pony and would not let him stop to pick her up,—and we felt a glow of comradeship with that plucky woman. Then he made us laugh as if at an episode of the Bowery, over a life-and-death stampede he had done on a lame horse out of a Thibet stronghold. It was the gossip of his life he was talking to us, only Mr. Cameron's gossip was of the caliber of history. And in and out of his vibrant voice shot magnetism—the unexplainable quality which may let all other gifts have cards and spades, and win the game. And the argument to this long preamble is only that we listened with all our ears to whatever he said.

He said much, for he liked to be killed, as other people, yet at times the absurd shyness seized him, and he flashed down the line of faces a startled glance, and then his eyes dulled and dropped and he fell silent. And with that we must provoke the lion's roar again. It was part of his charm, it added an attrac-

tion to the appealing blue glance to know that at any second it might be frosted. I half coaxed him, half prodded him through such a spasm of uncertainty, sitting sidewise in my chair to look at him—I was placed next—when the Japanese butler bent with a tray at his left hand and Mr. Cameron did not see it. I stopped to call his attention, and he turned, and then instead of taking a squab he threw back his head and flashed up a smile at the little dark man and slid off a sentence of queer sounds. The butler stood as if petrified; his masklike face twisted and he answered with a low syllable and was gone.

"What did you say?" I asked.

"I merely told him, don't you know, that they were making heroes of stuff like him out in Japan," he answered, and fell to at his salad.

"Merely!" I said. "Merely a bomb. Those little fellows are inflammable as tow, they say. You'll be owing Mrs. McDonald a butler."

"Dear me—I hope not."

And then some one spoke to him from the other end of the table, and much too soon the dinner was over, and next day the quiet hero of many adventures was gone, no one knew to what hidden corner of the world.

Two years later, in December, 1900, Mrs. McDonald called me up on the telephone.

"Something good is going to happen," she said. "Archie Cameron is coming Thursday but for only one night. He's just from China. He was in the Boxer trouble and got into Peking with the allied armies last summer. He was awfully ill—but I'll let him tell you the rest. Will you come to dinner? He's sure to ask for you—he always does in his letters."

"You don't need to flatter me," I hurriedly threw down the wire. "I'll come without urging—you couldn't keep me away."

Again I sat next Mr. Cameron, and as the middle of the dinner came around, as I sat turned, looking at him, behold again a little noiseless figure held a silver dish of birds close to his left hand, and an expressionless dark face bent over him. And again he did not see.

"Look," I told him. "You keep me busy, Mr. Cameron—every two years I have to tell you to take a squab."

He laughed, remembering, and as before he flashed up a quick look at the impenetrable Oriental mask, but this time he said nothing—only helped himself to a bird. Ishi, the butler, passed down the table. I watched him while, with the careful tenderness he has with his eatables, as if handling something precious, he bent by a woman in a gold-colored

dress. Across the pink candle shades, in the bronze shadows, the black head and olive face were a note of the East. I saw Mr. Cameron's quick eyes on him too, and he turned to Mrs. McDonald.

"That's not the same Japanese you had two years ago?"

"How you remember!" she answered in surprise. "No—oh no! This is another. A good little heathen, too, but nothing to the first." She sighed. "Nothing like that will ever happen to my dining-room again—angels don't come and buttle for us twice in a lifetime."

"What became of him?" Mr. Cameron asked, yet not as if he cared, but to show decent interest.

"He went back to Japan—he said that a word had come to him that his country needed him. I don't know what he meant I'm sure, but I know that no one ever made the silver look as he did. Little gentle creature, I hated to have him travel alone—I wanted to send a nurse with him. And such a wonder at arranging flowers. But Ishi is good—I'm fond of Ishi," she said and glanced down the room where the butler's face was a shadow painted on shadows. "How in the world did you ever happen to remember one Japanese from another after two years?" she demanded. "They look to me as if they came in sets."

"Ah, that's just the type," answered Mr. Cameron. "They're quite as distinct as we are when once you get to know them—even as Americans possibly, though that's hardly credible," and he lifted his eyes and sent down the table a luminous smile which made each woman suspect herself of being the unforgettable one of a unique nation.

Everybody had forgotten Ishi now, but the entire company was interested in Japanese personality. "Isn't it true that they're more alike than Anglo-Saxons?" a man asked. "That the same characteristics run through the nation more universally? Take their courage—it's all of the same sort—a sort by itself."

Mr. Cameron considered. "They're quite as different as we are individually, don't you know," he insisted. "Yet Japanese heroism is—typically—Japanese heroism." The clearly enunciated words fell slowly. "When one of those little chaps comes to offer up his life he inevitably does it in the national way. It's a good way. I don't know but it's the finest way I've run across."

"It isn't fair to make a distinction between one man who gives his life and another. Dying is the last test—there's nothing farther;

one way of dying can't be finer than another." I brought this out in a hurry, impelled by an unexpected violence of loyalty to white heroes. And Mr. Cameron turned to me with a wistful smile.

"Very good," he said. "I'm a white man myself. All I mean is that we are subject, as a race, to theatrical manias in heroism, and the Japanese aren't. It doesn't occur among them. For instance, do you remember that chap—what was his name? Ah—certainly—Douglas. The Black Douglas?" He inquired it of us as of historical authorities. "He had the heart of Bruce done up in a silver casket, as I recollect, to take to the Holy Land—didn't he? And as he went through a battle it was his practice to throw the casket forward, and then fight his way up to it. That was a theatrical performance. It would have served him right if an acquisitive person had made off with the box. Now that sort of business would have been impossible to a Japanese—they have better taste, don't you know. I can think of a hundred instances"—he stopped and looked up at us all, uncertainly, modestly, wondering quite plainly if he were not talking too much.

"Oh please tell one, please tell one," I begged. And with that he smiled a liquid blue glance and dropped his lashes like a girl of sixteen.

"It's a bit hard to choose," he stammered, and detached a loose pink carnation and beat the cloth with it. And then suddenly his look flashed up again, animated and at ease. "By Jove, I got caught in the Japanese column as it advanced on the Chi-ho gate—the east gate of the Tartar city."

He had forgotten himself. There was no shyness now. The words rushed.

"It was much against my will, don't you know—I couldn't help it," he went on. "But it was inspiring. Probably you know the Japanese cry of 'Banzai'—it means literally 'ten thousand years.' They began that slowly—'Banzai—Ban-zai'—keeping time to their march. And as the pace quickened, the 'Banzai' got faster. And louder—louder and faster and more furious. It was an outlandish effect, all those foreign voices together, and yet for all its gaining impetus, it kept an undertone of deliberation—of purpose—that made it rather terrible. Finally the column was running, and the welded shout of many voices was like the roll of water—'B'zai, B'zai,' like a torrent—inevitable and resistless. Every little brown man was screwed up to the last notch, teeth gleaming, muscles tight. Incarnate vengeance, human tigers—"

He stopped; there was silence; then he dropped his eyes and began beating with his carnation. Some one gasped at him:

"You—in the middle of it?"

"Oh yes," Mr. Cameron said in a commonplace tone, and looked annoyed.

"Did the Chinese fire at you?" I asked.

"A bit," he acknowledged, and smiled.

"They popped us from the gate and the wall.—The beggars shelled us too. I didn't like it. You must understand I'd got lost the day before between Tung-Chow and Peking, and run into the Japanese, and I stuck to them like a brother, don't you see—afraid of Boxers. But I didn't want to go into the attack at all. It was very much against my will. It frightened me badly."

Everyone at the table drew a breath and laughed. But we were keen now to hear more. A man spoke from the other end.

"That's intensely interesting, Mr. Cameron," he said. "It makes one want to impose on you and ask questions."

Mr. Cameron had got back into his shell—conscious because he felt the atmosphere he had created. He answered civilly but coldly.

"Oh, thank you very much."

The man went on, impervious to the chill, and we all were glad. "You talk about Japanese acts of heroism you've seen. Couldn't you tell us one? Most of us here to-night didn't get into Peking with the allied armies, and this is a great event, to hear about it at first hand."

Mrs. McDonald, the hostess, put in a word. "There's no question, Mr. Cameron, you're a lion and you must roar a little for us. Tell us a story, please. Anything as good as Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome will do. Just some simple tale."

"By Jove," said Mr. Cameron with easy, unexpected boldness, "there's plenty of material good enough for Macaulay or any other chap. Every man there saw a few things that were remarkable."

"That's what we want. Begin," Mrs. McDonald urged him. "I'll start you—Heavy clouds hung over the great city of Peking. It was the day before the battle."

"You're wrong there," he caught up the thread. "It was the very day that the allies got in, the 14th of August, 1900. I was with my friends the Japanese. I wasn't quite fit, and they were taking care of me—their hospital business was capital. However, they'd no idea, don't you see, of being left out of the scrimmage—in fact they had a distinct idea that they'd be in the front, so I had to trot along with them. And time was important.



" Then the gate blew up and the detachment was killed to a man "

The Legations might be at their last gasp—we couldn't tell. Any half hour those white women and children might fall into the hands of the cruelest devils known to history. Plenty to hurry for.

"There were several ways of getting into Peking, and the Japanese had been told off to do the march from Tung-Chow by the ancient paved road, and to attack the east gate—the one I spoke of. The Chi-ho gate, the Chinese call it. We had camped about three miles from it, the night of the 13th, and had got soaked in a rain like a mountain torrent. I was feeling rather nasty, but the little soldiers in their wet white uniforms were as fit as ever—tough little chaps. But I'm telling about taking the gate. At eight o'clock they made a rush on it—the one I was just mentioning—and we got awfully peppered from the walls and a lot of shells burst among us. Yet we advanced, sheltering along the roadside, and it was interesting to see volunteer sharpshooters rush out from the ranks up to a hundred yards of the gate, and empty their magazines at the Chinese on the walls and rush back before the fire could be returned. The quiet way they did that was rather Japanese. Of course many of them got potted," Mr. Cameron added reflectively, as if talking about a disease among chickens.

"But about shelling the gate. I forgot to say that some Japanese artillery had come up—four pieces—and they began shelling at eight hundred yards. They kept that up all day and it was surprising how the old affair stood it. It's astonishing how many shells it took to do any damage to those antediluvian gates. Case after case was brought up, the nose of each shell screwed and inserted in the gun according to Hoyle, and discharged. There was a thundering lot of noise, splinters flew, the gates shook, but there they stood solid as ever. They're rotten looking arrangements, those old triple entrances, bored like tunnels into the endless, colossal wall, fifty feet high and forty thick, the black forbidding wall of masonry which extends for miles clean around the Tartar city. It's an uncanny, heathenish creation, that wall lifting out of the black dust of the desert; it gives a man a shiver. It's as if it were taken from some ancient tale, as if built by ogres or demons, to guard evil riches. Not so far wrong either, by Jove. Peking is a fantastic setting for half-human fiends, to my mind. But that's digressing. The gates are deep arches twelve or fifteen feet high, burrowing into the wall, and over each is a preposterous pile of dungeons of five stories or so, extravagant, night-

mare dungeons, topped with the typical Chinese cocked roof. Most extraordinary affairs, really. Upon my word I thought I was dreaming when I first saw the Tartar wall and the Chi-ho gate.

"As I mentioned just now we pounded away with shells a good bit of the day, and at each discharge we thought we'd fetched it, but the old barrier stood it all, and finally there was a pause. The Japanese officers were puzzled. The next move was more radical—a detachment was ordered to blow up the gate with dynamite. The little chaps ran forward—under fire of course from the walls—a picture of soldierly trimness in their white uniforms and black and yellow caps, quick, but yet quite deliberate. All of them got there safe, and they had the explosive fixed and the fuse set in a short time, and got back without a casualty. But before they'd reached us the Boxers from the inside opened a wicket in the main gate, and two men in the dirty-blue cotton of the Chinese rank and file, had slipped through and taken away the fuse, and slipped back like evil spirits, in their element with fireworks—and the wicket was barred again. We went through that performance several times. Each time, as quickly as our men turned to leave, out through the wicket slipped the blue ghosts, and the work and the danger went for nothing. Several were killed in the attempts, and presently it was patent that there was nothing to be expected from that plan.

"A knot of Japanese officers drew together, close by me, and consulted. And whilst they talked in low tones, in a flash a soldier, a corporal, sprang from the ranks and saluted, and said something rapidly to his captain—Captain Yusai it was—I know him well. I saw the corporal quite plainly—he was ten feet from me—but I didn't catch what he said. I speak the language a little but I can't follow when it's done fast. The captain's face was as inscrutable as common, but yet I thought I saw a gleam in his eye, as if he was gratified. Then he turned, and in a loud voice asked for volunteers to go to the gate and protect the fuse till the dynamite exploded—be blown up with the gate, you understand.

"Now mark this"—Mr. Cameron bent across the table then, utterly forgetful of all but his story, and lifted a forefinger at us all. "This is one of the reasons why I think that all Japanese are heroes—every man in sound of the captain's voice wanted to go. Every man. Yusai had to pick them, and the ones who were left looked as if they'd been condemned to death, instead of their friends. A squad of six was quickly chosen, and as they



"You asked—what became of—my butler!"

stood ready to start Yusai whipped out his little water bottle and handed it to the corporal who'd invented the scheme, and the man took it and drank from it as if it had been a sacrament. Which as a matter of fact it was—among the Japanese the cup of pure water is administered to the dying by his nearest relative, as a manner of purification, I mean to say, for the next life. Then Yusai spoke a few words, and the little doomed chaps listened eagerly—you could see that, for all their impassive faces.

"'You have done well, men,' he said. 'You are serving fatherland. You go to death, and your country will keep your memory. Out of your dust will blossom the flower of honor. Forward march!'"

"They sprang as if going to a fête, led by the corporal, and the column as they started began singing—first two or three men, and then the whole column took it up. It was the Japanese national hymn—'Kimi ga yo' they call it.

"'May our Lord's dominion last
Till ten thousand years are past,'

it's translated. When the detachment heard that it seemed to set them on fire. It got into my blood even, the heavy chords of men's voices in the ancient song of triumph as a requiem to their comrades. The squad

leaped through the dust, and shot on a run across the open where the firing was hot, and the song followed after. Not a man was touched. We saw them a moment under the arch of the gateway, busy over the fuse; then we saw them a moment, a mass of white with yellow touches of the caps, grouped quietly around the dynamite. The Chinese would not meddle this time."

Mr. Cameron stopped. No one at the table moved or spoke. It was perhaps a minute we waited and then Mrs. McDonald said:

"Tell it!" And her voice broke on the two words.

He answered in a matter-of-fact tone. "Then the gate blew up and the detachment was killed to a man. Nothing else possible, don't you know?"

No one spoke. I think we all felt we had been watching a handful of little soldiers, a white spot on a gray desert, running to death. We sat at the pink-shaded dinner table and stared across flowers and silver and saw that. Mr. Cameron looked down the line of people and suddenly he seemed to know how we felt, and how he had taken us with him and we could not get back to commonplace. When he spoke again we could tell that he was trusting us with his real feeling, which he had not done before, and by the light of his words we

could read a little into the shy, reserved depths of his character, and know that some of the charm by which he held us was the charm of "him who humbleth himself."

"I know of nothing finer," he said. "Done quite simply, without self-consciousness—absolutely for their country, the antique brand of patriotism. It is that sort of heroism which seems greater to me than the pictorial edition. The self-effacement, the disregard of personal glory—it's typically Japanese. That incident stirred Japan. They were all heroes, every one of the six, but to the little corporal belonged the inspiration and the decision, the hardest part. When what was left of him was sent home to Tokio every battleship in the harbor saluted the ship bearing his body as it

passed; up and down the country the story was told and retold, and they say there's not a child in Japan to-day that doesn't know the name of Kato Gondo."

We jumped when Mrs. McDonald leaned forward sharply, knocking over her claret glass and not seeing it. She spoke harshly, and we all looked at her. "What did you say his name was?" she asked.

Mr. Cameron repeated, a little surprised. "Kato Gondo," he said. "It's a famous name now in Japan—Kato Gondo."

Mrs. McDonald's hand lay in the claret; her eyes were fastened on his face, and she was quite still for a long minute. At last:

"Kato Gondo," she spoke after him. "You asked—what became of—my butler!"



At Dusk in the Garret

By Sarah N. Cleghorn

Where wasps their frail grey nests have hung
The ancient rough-hewn beams among,
An old man climbs at evening hour to muse on days when he was young.

He does not see the River fall,
He does not hear the swallows call,
He does not look or listen through the little half-moon blind at all.

But turning from the splendid west,
He bends above a cedar chest,
Takes out the yellowed christening robe, the old cocked hat and all the rest,

And lays them by in haste to see
Some treasure hid more carefully:—
It is the bonnet never worn of his long-buried bride-to-be.

He looks upon it:—O how plain
He sees her deepening eyes again,
With dimples lost in hollows where the hectic roses bloom in vain!

He gazes but a little space,
And lays the bonnet in its place;
And down the narrow stair comes back with solemn and yet cheerful face.

The moon of May is on the wane,
Yet lights the field and orchard plain,
Where grandchildren that might have been like shadows steal along the lane.



The Fine



Little Evers of the Cubs

Points of the Game

True stories which illustrate how sharp eyes, quick thinking and ingenious signals win ball games

By

HUGH S. FULLERTON

Illustrated with portraits and diagrams

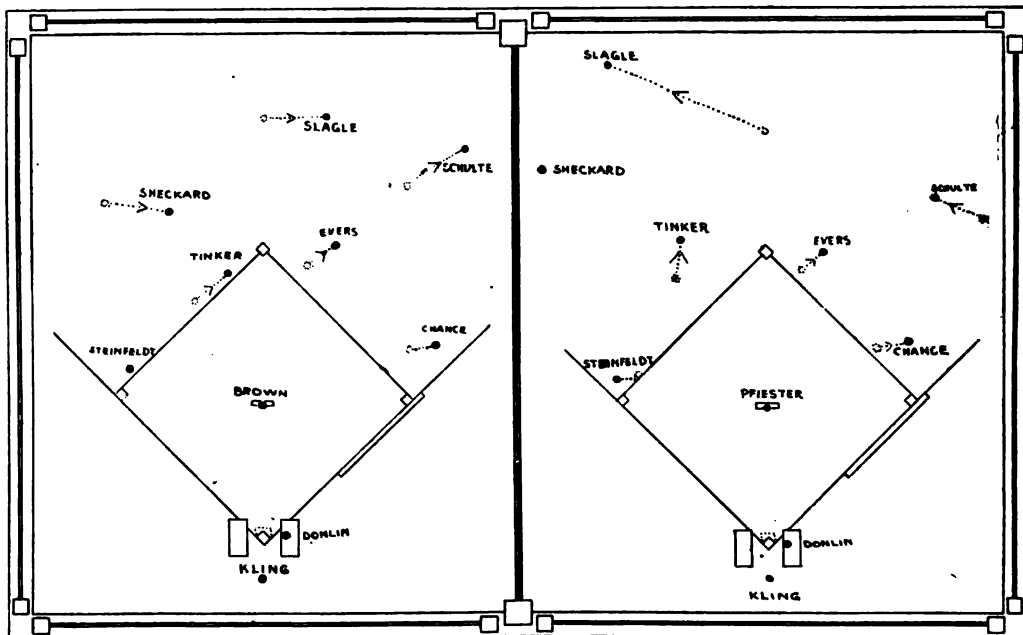
ALMOST any spectator at a major league ball game will tell you: "Oh, I understand baseball," yet in every game hundreds of moves are made and orders issued and obeyed, all with exact purpose, and scientific intent that not one in a thousand sees or realizes. The game has made such wonderful advances scientifically, and the generalship and team work have become so involved and complicated that the lover of the game, even one who attends scores of games each season, rarely sees or understands the fine points of the game, or knows how, or why a play is made even after it is successfully completed.

Every catcher and pitcher in the "Big Leagues" knows to an inch how far each base runner may leave any base and get back safely. A catcher will throw to catch Miller Huggins, of Cincinnati, for instance, when he leaves first base over twelve feet, while he will let Fred Clarke, of Pittsburg, take sixteen, even eighteen, feet without making a throw with intent to catch him. If he throws, it is to drive Clarke back, and keep him from

getting too great a start. Every infielder, at least, knows just how certain men will make a play, and turn their play accordingly. For instance, with Wagner on first and Tommy Leach on third, every catcher in the National League throws to third if Pittsburg attempts a "double steal," because it is a well-known fact that Leach, in other respects a good base runner, will "come through with the play," that is, if the catcher makes a motion as if to throw to second base and then "whips it to third," Leach will make a false start for the plate and be caught. In the last season Chicago defeated Pittsburg three times because, with either Wagner or Clarke on first, Leach was caught off third on exactly the same play. Each man must know whether Mike Donlin "pulls" a fast ball or not, whether or not he hits a curve to left. He must know that Fred Clarke is the only left-handed batter in the game who can hit a left-handed pitcher's curve ball hard—and a thousand other points of similar nature.

Besides knowing those things the team must play, as a whole, so as to cover every

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These diagrams show how the fielders of the Cubs change their positions when Donlin bats against Brown, a right-handed pitcher, and Pfister, a left handed pitcher

inch of ground possible, and, by moving away and vacating parts of the field where a batter is unlikely to hit, they can defend the remainder with much greater success. A "right-field hitter"—one who swings late at the ball, or pulls his body away from the plate, seldom is a good batter. He may hit the ball just as squarely and just as hard as a "free hitter," but the field into which he hits the ball is much better covered and the likelihood of the ball falling safe much lessened.

Watch the World's Champion Chicago Cubs. Mike Donlin, of New York, is coming to bat. Observe the kaleidoscopic movement on the field. Chance suddenly drops back ten feet and takes a step nearer the first base line. Evers edges twelve feet toward first base and goes ten feet further back, playing "deep," Schulte retreats twenty-five feet or more toward the stands and moves nearer the foul line. Sheckard, in left field, trots forty feet closer to the diamond and angles toward center field, while little Slagle swings from center over into right. Tinker is playing down within ten feet of second base. Brown is pitching, and anyone in the stands who knows the team well enough, knows that Kling has signaled Brown to pitch a fast ball waist high and on the inside corner of the plate, and that, if the ball is pitched as ordered the chances are 20 to 1 or more that Donlin will pull it hard toward right field.

Crack! the ball is driven fiercely down the first base line. Chance dives over, scoops it, Brown races to first base, the ball is tossed to him, the umpire yells "Out," and the crowd says, "Tough luck, he pickled that—and Chance just happened to be there."

Now watch the same team when Pfister, a left hander, pitches to Donlin. Kling signals Pfister to pitch a curve. Instantly the entire team swings toward left field. Slagle drops far back in left center, while Sheckard "covers up." Steinfeldt and Tinker both move back, ready for a dash forward at Donlin's first motion to bunt. They know if he hits the curve the ball is going toward left or left center. A moment later Kling signals Pfister for a fast ball. The whole team swings rapidly in the other direction—and so for every man on every team—every man except Hans Wagner; and for him they play deep and trust to luck, for he is likely to hit anything pitched and in any direction.

Do you remember the now famous game between the New York and Chicago teams last fall when the season ended with the teams tied, and they played off one game at the Polo Grounds to decide the championship of the National League? Who lost that game? It was "Cy" Seymour, but perhaps not a dozen of the 30,000 persons who witnessed the struggle know he did. New York had the game won until the third inning in which

Tinker was Chicago's first batter. During the entire season Tinker had been hitting Mathewson hard, and the psychologic effect of past performances has much to do with pitching and batting. Mathewson feared Tinker, and he signaled Seymour to play deep in center field. He was afraid that a long drive by Tinker might turn the tide of battle. Seymour saw the signal, but disregarded it, having an idea that Tinker would hit a low line fly, so he crept a few steps closer to the infield, instead of moving back. Matty dropped his famous "fade away" over the plate, and Tinker drove a long, high, line fly to left center. Seymour made a desperate effort to reach the ball, but fell a few feet short, and the ball rolled to the crowd in the outfield for a three-base hit, and started a rally that gave Chicago the victory. If Seymour had played a deep field, as he was commanded to do, the probabilities are that New York would have won the pennant.

Each man in a major league must know not only the strength but the weakness of every opponent, and the array of facts and information concerning players that each pitcher can muster up is amazing to the layman. Late last season Boston presented a new outfielder who, as far as I can learn, never had played in a major league before, and no one on the Chicago club knew him or ever had seen him play ball, yet they were perfectly familiar with him, his peculiarities, batting habits, and disposition. On the way to the grounds Brown and Reulbach, one of whom was to pitch, went minutely over that new man, analyzing his position at bat, the way he swung at a ball, the kind of ball he could hit, and what he could not, and exactly how fast he could reach first base. Steinfeldt was warned that the man was dangerous and a tricky bunter, and that he always bunted toward third. When the pitchers got through discussing the newcomer, Kling and Chance analyzed him as a base runner.

"I think," Kling remarked, "we can catch that fellow a couple of times if he gets on bases to-day. If he reaches second I'll pull

off that delayed throw. Let Joe cover and Johnny stall."

In the third inning of the game the unfortunate youngster reached second base on a hit and a sacrifice: On the first ball pitched to the next batter he raced up toward third. Kling motioned as if to throw, Tinker covered second base like a flash, and Evers stood still. The recruit at first made a jump toward second base, then seeing Kling had not thrown, he slowed down. Tinker, walking back past him, remarked: "We'd have caught you that time, old pal, if the Jew had thrown." For just one fatal trice the youngster turned his face to retort to Tinker's remark, and in that instant Kling threw. Evers met the ball at second base, jabbed it against the runner, and before he knew what had happened he was out. That man really was caught in the 'bus on the way to the ball grounds, for the play was executed exactly as Kling planned.

Quick thinking by individuals, as well as by the directing heads of the team, is absolutely necessary, and unless a player's brain acts quickly enough to follow every move he is not of major league caliber. Professor Münsterberg could save managers and club owners much time, trouble and money, as well as many disappointments, by testing the brain action of players psychologically and discov-



"Muggsy" McGraw

Manager of the New York Giants and a great man on "inside" baseball



Mike Donlin

Who captained the New York Giants last year.
One of the hardest hitters in the country

ering their brain speed before a season opens. Manager Frank Chance, of the Cubs, never has dabbled in psychological experimentation on a scientific basis, but unconsciously imitating the Harvard specialist, he declares he can discover how rapidly a man thinks quicker in a poker game than any other way, and thus save the expense of carrying some player for months to lose a game because his convolutions fail to revolve fast enough.

"Bad Bill" Egan was playing second base, "Bill" Dahlen third, and "Cap" Anson first. Chicago and New York's baseball teams in the National League were fighting desperately for victory. The score was tied. A New York runner was on second base, one man was out and George Van Haltren at bat. Van Haltren hit a sharp ground ball five feet to the right of Egan. The ball struck his hands, he fumbled, and it rolled five feet away. Like a flash Egan pounced after the ball, recovered it and, without stopping or looking, hurled it toward Dahlen. The third baseman, intent on "making the runner swing wide," looked up just in time to

dodge as the ball flashed by his head and bounded to the stands. One run scored, Van Haltren raced around to third, scored on a fly out, and Chicago was beaten 4 to 3.

"You're rotten!"
"Release him!"
"Get a second baseman!" yelled the crowd. And within a week Anson released Egan.

That play shows how little the millions of "fans" who see games know about baseball. Also it shows the relative speed with which the brain cells of the three players involved worked. Egan thought too rapidly for Dahlen, whose mind, intent on something else, moved an eighth of a second too late, and Anson, by releasing Egan for making a brilliant play, showed that he never grasped the situation at all.

The speed with which Egan's brain convolutions moved may be judged from the fact that a batted ball, hit toward a second baseman playing from 115 to 145 feet from the home plate reaches his hands in from four-fifths of a second to three seconds, depending upon the force with which it is hit, and the way it bounces. The ball hit to Egan was hard hit, bounded



Frank Chance

Captain and manager of the
World Champion Chicago Cubs

four times on solid turf, and probably struck his hands one and one-fifth seconds after it left Van Haltren's bat. The entire play was made in less than three seconds, and this is the process through which Egan's brain went in that time. His first thought was direction; second, speed; third, how the ball was bounding and whether to "back up" or "come in on it." He knew Van Haltren could reach first base in three and two-fifths seconds, and that to throw there he would have to recover the ball, make a half turn and then throw. The moment the ball bounded away from his hands he knew Van Haltren could beat it to first base. Then, while springing after the ball he thought: "Clark, who is going to third, will turn ten feet around the base, hesitate and look to see whether the ball has rolled on to the outfield and, if I can get the ball to Dahlen while Clark is hesitating, we will catch him." So he made the play, and if Dahlen's brain had worked at the same rate of speed Clark would have been out—and Chicago would have won.

The quickest thinking I ever saw on a baseball field was done by Tommy McCarthy, the Boston outfielder of years ago. He made a play that called for such rapid thinking that he would have tangled up Professor Münsterberg's instruments. Tom Browne, one of the speediest runners that ever played baseball, was on second base and New York needed one run to tie the score. Jack Doyle, then a great batter, was at bat, and it seemed certain that a base hit by Doyle would tie the score and perhaps win the game, as there was but one out and Browne was so speedy he could score from second base on almost any kind of a safe hit. McCarthy crept closer to the infield in left, realizing that although he could throw with wonderful rapidity and accuracy, the chances were all against throwing Browne out at the plate unless he was close and the ball came to him quickly. Doyle drove a hard line hit straight to left field, Browne went scudding toward third base, Doyle raced for first and McCarthy plunged forward at top speed. The fielder reached the ball on its first bound, grabbed it and without stopping or looking threw with terrific force and perfect aim across the diamond into the first baseman's hands. Browne had stopped at third base, Doyle, who had turned first with the intention of sprinting to second, was caught standing still ten feet from first. The next batter went out on a fly ball and Boston won the game.

After the game I asked McCarthy concerning the play. "Well," he explained, "Browne

is a quick thinker. He saw how hard that ball was hit and knew he would be thrown out at the plate unless I fumbled. Doyle doesn't think very fast and, knowing that he would turn first and stop to see if I was throwing home, I threw across to first and caught him."

He figured that out while the ball was screaming through the air toward him, probably reaching his conclusions and making the decisions in four-fifths of a second.

But the victories that are won and lost by fast individual thinking are few compared with those won and lost by the managers who direct the plays. Managers spend hours figuring plays, situations, and calculating days and even weeks ahead on their pitchers, using those they deem effective in one series, saving up others for coming battles, and planning new tricks and new plays. Before each game the manager and his players, especially his pitchers, go over the characteristics of the players of the opposing teams. Of course, with veteran teams and with pitchers who have been through many hard campaigns, this is unnecessary. The study of pitchers—his own as well as those of the other fellow—is the chief duty of a manager. He must know their condition, their superstitions, their courage, nerve in the face of trying circumstances, what batters they "have on their string" and what one "has something on them." He must change batting orders to meet emergencies, drag a left handed hitter out to let a right hander bat against one pitcher, and a right hander out to put a left hander in against another.

During the progress of a game the manager, both on the field and the bench, directs all plays, moves his men around, instructs each batter what he is to attempt, signals to coaches on what ball or strike a base runner is to attempt a steal or "hit and run," and frequently he issues three or four orders from the bench to one batter, trying to "outguess the other fellow."

Each man on a team has his private signals with the batters who precede or follow him, and the batter, receiving orders from the manager, signals the base runner exactly what to do. Last summer, while the Chicago team was badly crippled and changing batting order almost every day, Sheppard reached first one afternoon and Chance was following him. As Chance came to bat he was swinging two bats, and he tossed one back of him with his left hand. On the first ball pitched Sheppard attempted a steal and was thrown out. "What did you go down for?" demanded Chance later. "I thought I got the signal," said

Sheckard. "I didn't give any signal." "Well, you tossed that bat away with your left hand, and you usually throw it with your right, so I thought you'd made a new signal while I was out of the game."

Sheckard's blunder shows how closely every movement of a batter is watched, not only by his fellow players but by his opponents. In

But the science of signaling is but part of the generalship of the game, for a dozen times in each struggle, if it is close, the manager must decide points, and his decision each time may result in victory or defeat. Taking men out of the game, knowing when to do it and when not, is the hardest task. Fielder Jones, manager of the Chicago White Stockings, and



Tinker making his three-base hit which really won the now famous deciding New York-Chicago game last fall

one game last year Evers and Kling analyzed and discovered every hit and run signal used by the Cincinnati club merely by their powers of observation. Ganzel, then manager of the club, signaled entirely by words, and by close attention and listening for every unnatural phrase or expression the Cubs secured the entire code used by their opponents, and knew as well as the Cincinnati players what Ganzel was ordering.

one of the best field generals in the world, last summer used more pitchers and changed players more frequently than any other manager. In one game he changed pitchers five times and won. With the team badly crippled, and only one pitcher to rely upon, Jones, by using that pitcher (Walsh) in every emergency, came within one game of winning the pennant. Three times in the late season he summoned Walsh to pitch just one ball, and



• Three Finger • Brown of the Cubs

The two greatest pitchers

two of the three games he saved. McCloskey, of St. Louis, in a game against New York, took out a pitcher with two strikes on a batter, sent Raymond in to pitch one ball, struck the man out, and then sent Karger in to finish up the game—and won it.

Generalship by the manager is not all. A good team needs the fewest orders, and what perhaps was the most brilliant half inning ever played in a ball game, from the standpoint of headwork and perfect execution, was one in which the managers had small part.

That inning was the last half of the fourth inning of the game between Detroit and Chicago on October 13—the game that practically decided the World's Championship series. Chicago had made two runs in the third inning, and, with Brown pitching, appeared to be winning easily until O'Leary and Crawford opened Detroit's half of the fourth inning with line singles to left, putting runners on first and second bases with none out, and Cobb, the best batter in the American League, at bat. O'Leary is fast, Cobb is extremely fast, and



now playing baseball

Mathewson of the Giants

Cobb is a natural and almost perfect bunter. Everyone knew that Cobb intended to bunt the ball, and that failure to retire either him or one of the other runners probably meant victory for Detroit. Jennings, Detroit's manager, sent Cobb to bat with instructions to bunt toward third base. They knew that Brown intended to make the play to third base to force O'Leary, and the coaches were signaled to make O'Leary take as much lead toward third as possible and to start running as the ball was pitched. Brown, a past mas-

ter in field generalship as well as execution, walked over to Steinfeldt at third base and said: "Anchor yourself to that bag. The ball is coming there." Kling signaled for a fast ball close to the batter at his waist. It was his plan to have Cobb miss the ball on his first attempt to bunt and then, by a quick throw to Tinker on second, to catch O'Leary off the base. Brown shook his head and signaled Kling his intention to pitch a curve ball low and at the outside corner of the plate. Cobb was hoping that Brown would pitch precisely



Jones, fielder and manager of the Chicago White Sox,—one of the best field generals in the world

the foul line. As Brown pitched he went forward at top speed, "following the ball through," and he was in front of the ball when it bounded along. Still running he scooped the sphere, and whirling made a terrific throw straight to Steinfeldt and O'Leary was forced out by fifteen feet on a seemingly impossible play, executed chiefly because Brown knew exactly what Cobb would do.

Chance's magnificent machine was not through. Knowing that the failure of that play would "rattle" the Tigers they instantly seized the psychological situation. Kling gave a quick signal for a fast inshoot across Rossman's shoulders, and Brown, without waiting for Detroit to rally and plan a play, drove the ball fast and high.

Rossman struck at the ball and missed it. Like a flash Kling hurled the sphere toward second base, Tinker met it at top speed, touched Crawford three feet from the base and standing still, and Detroit was beaten and in panic. An instant later as Rossman struck out, Kling threw to second, and Evers, leaping, stuck up one hand, dragged

that kind of a ball, and Brown knew that Cobb was hoping for it, and it was Brown's plan to force Cobb to do exactly what he was most anxious to do—to make a perfect bunt and toward third base. Brown pitched perfectly, and Cobb bunted perfectly, thirty feet toward third base and about five feet inside

and missed it. Like a flash Kling hurled the sphere toward second base, Tinker met it at top speed, touched Crawford three feet from the base and standing still, and Detroit was beaten and in panic. An instant later as Rossman struck out, Kling threw to second, and Evers, leaping, stuck up one hand, dragged



Hans Wagner, the champion batter of the national league—Bresnahan, the crack Giant catcher, is catching

down the ball, and while descending touched Cobb as he slid. The big crowd, frenzied over the brilliant series of plays, and only half understanding them, cheered for five minutes.

A few years ago a play suggested by me came near beating the Chicago White Stockings out of the American League pennant. "Dutch" Schaefer and I, with several other players, were forgathered one evening in Chicago "talking shop" as usual, and, to promote discussion, I was lamenting the lack of inventiveness and ingenuity in the later generations of ball players. "Why," I said to clinch the argument, "to-day three of you fellows let Altrock sneak strikes over on you. After he had done it once why didn't a batter walk up to the plate, pretend not to be watching, and when he tried that quick straight ball slam it out of the lot?"

At that time Chicago was fighting desperately for the pennant and every game counted. It looked as if one defeat would mean the loss of the championship. The next afternoon, in the ninth inning, with the score 1 to 0 in favor of Chicago, Schaefer, who had been crippled, was sent to bat. As he came slouching up to the plate, carrying his bat in his left hand and pretending not to be watching the pitcher at all, I hastily regretted the argument of the previous evening. Schaefer actually turned his head away, and "Doc" White, thinking he saw an opening, drove a fast straight ball over the plate. Schaefer waked up, mauled that ball clear into the left field bleachers, drove home a runner ahead of him and beat Chicago 2 to 1. I didn't dare tell Comiskey about that argument until the pennant was won.

The "delayed steal," worked with such success by the Chicago National League team, the "bunt and steal third" developed by Fielder Jones, of the Chicago Americans, and used frequently in the American League, were two fine points in baseball perfected last season, although used before that. The "bunt and steal" really is a cleverly conceived play. It is used with a runner on second base and no one out. The batter in that situation naturally is supposed to sacrifice, advancing the runner from second to third, from where he can score on almost anything, but Jones figured that sacrificing in that situation is a useless waste of one man, so he devised a plan to waste only one strike in advancing the runner. The batter was ordered to bunt at the first ball pitched to him, pretending to try to push the ball toward third base. By this ruse the third baseman was "pulled off his base" to field the ball, and the runner at second base,

signaled to steal, slides safe to third before the guardian of the bag can get back to receive a throw from the catcher. The play worked brilliantly until opposing teams partially solved it by having the short stop cover third base the moment the third baseman starts in for the ball.

Each winter the "magnates" meet and sol-



Kling, the great catcher for the Cubs

emly make rules for baseball, amend old ones, and all summer every ball player in the business spends hours of time and thought to see how he can beat the rules, to discover some way to gain an extra base, or some slight advantage over their opponents. Showing how deeply some of them study the rules, and how to get around them, is a play devised by Johnny Evers last summer; the same being worthy the efforts of a trust lawyer.

There is a rule that a base runner may advance on the bases after a fly catch provided he touches the base after the ball strikes the fielder's hands. Another rule provides that an "infield fly" is out, whether or not the ball is caught, if first and second bases are occupied and fewer than two men out. This rule

was made necessary by fielders "trapping" fly balls and then "doubling" base runners because they were compelled to hold their bases until they saw whether or not the fielder caught the ball. Whether or not a fly is an infield fly is left to the judgment of the umpire and the rules order that the umpire must call "infield fly" while the ball is in the air, to give base runners a fair opportunity to run.

Evers reasoned that as a base runner may run on a fair catch, he may also run as soon as the umpire calls "infield fly," because, technically, the ball is caught the instant the umpire calls "infield fly." So he awaited his opportunity, which came with him on second, another runner on first, and Chicago leading by a big margin. O'Day was umpiring, and when the batter drove a high fly into the air, Evers waited at second, with one foot on the base. The ball was sixty feet in the air when O'Day called "infield fly; batter out," and at that instant Evers dashed for third, and he reached the base in safety before the ball fell into the fielder's hands and was relayed. Unlike most judges, O'Day isn't hampered by supreme court decisions or technicalities, so Evers lost the argument, although technically he was right.

Fielder Jones deliberately tested a rule in Detroit and stirred up the biggest discussion baseball has had in years. With a runner on third, Jones ordered him to steal home as the pitcher was in the act of delivering the ball. The pitcher hesitated, changed his entire motion, and hurled the ball to the catcher, who ran in front of the batter, caught the ball, and touched the runner out. The umpire called the runner out. Then Jones raised his point: Was not the runner safe because the catcher

interfered with the batter by running in front of him, thereby keeping him from hitting the ball? The umpire ruled that he was not, as the ball was thrown to the plate, and not pitched, therefore the batter had no right to hit it. Then Jones argued: Did not the pitcher make a balk by changing from a pitch to a throw while in the act of delivering the ball?

The umpire refused to discuss the case further, and called the runner out. The points raised stirred up a long discussion. President Johnson ruled one way, President Pulliam another. The umpires in the American and

National leagues received opposite instructions in regard to their decision on that play. Four-fifths of the umpires admit, after studying over the situation, that Jones was right, and that the runner was safe, either on the grounds of interference, or because the pitcher balked.

If you go to a baseball game this year watch and listen. Behind the "e-Yah" of Jennings and the way he kicks up one foot and eats grass, you may catch his signal to the runner or batter.

Back of Chance's war cries, "At-a-boy," or "Now ye're pitching," may be hidden a whole command to his team. When Matty shakes his head quickly he means "no," and when he shakes it just a little differently he means "yes." If you sit real still and watch every move you'll enjoy the game lots more. But you won't watch. The first time Donlin bangs a two-bagger down that right field line you'll stand up on your seat and yell the top of your head off. You don't care much for the fine points—what you want is lots of hitting—and victory for the home team.



Cobb, the slugging right-fielder of the Detroit Tigers

The Indecent Stage

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

There are times when it is desirable to be frank on forbidden topics. Just now the American stage is suffering from a contagious plague of evil plays and exhibitions. That this epidemic be stopped, it is necessary for good people to know about it and to be stirred to effective measures of quarantine and suppression. It is with this purpose that we publish the following article.

THE EDITOR

AMERICA is still a Puritan nation. For better or for worse the old, stern, dour strain flows, efficient, in our blood. Blue laws stand unchanged on our statute books. The whole supports, outwardly, at least, a Sunday observance which only the half inwardly approves. Literature and art are limited by the moral censorship of the New England heritage. Revolt makes itself felt, inevitably, at times, and, little by little, loosens the bonds, widens the limits. One phase of that revolt is now in process; the attempt of the stage to achieve independence of moral restraint, to attain a liberty which is nothing less than license, a freedom which it can interpret into filth. Whether this new movement, originating and centralizing in the nation's metropolis, is a vital matter or merely a passing wave, it is yet too early to determine. Movements in morals, like floods, are susceptible of correct estimate only when they have reached their height. But in any case, the situation is sufficiently serious, in its potentialities, to justify an analysis in plain terms.

At one period of the present theatrical season, one-fifth of all the dramatic presentments in New York were of dubious character, using the adjective in its most charitable sense. Half a dozen of them were sheer physical brutishness; the appeal to the Yahoo that lurks within all of us, to the beast that we hold in leash, out of respect to ourselves and to our fellows. Sensuality, it is called, in men. In women it is named, more politely, curiosity. To the police of all cities it is familiar in the worst and extremest type of slum-party. The Paris "guide," that loathsome battener on the vices of others, lives from it. It pays the "wine

bills" in the brothels of New Orleans, Chicago, and Denver. To stimulate this appetite, to divert it to his own profit, is the present design of the enterprising and progressive theatrical manager.

Bold frankness of exploitation characterizes the attempt. "A Spicy Salad, with Very Little Dressing" is the lure thrown out in print by one manager. "The Show That Made Trenton Famous," is another catchline, the production which it advertises having been suppressed in the New Jersey capital. Again, a prurient farce from the German, takes extra advertising space in the metropolitan press, ostensibly to publish the fact that its performance was permitted in certain outside cities, but the leer of the sagacious manager is only too apparent. The real meaning, for the conveyance of which to the public mind hard money has been paid, is that the play is such as to invite suppression. Thus the question is put, fairly and squarely. Can the worst be made to pay? If it pays, it will be produced.

In what follows, be it remembered, I am not discussing the typical American drama, but a definite, dangerous, and influential type of stage presentation which is becoming Americanized. For the influence comes, largely, from without. Propriety has always been, if not the invariable rule, at least the touchstone of our stage. Classics such as "Faust" have been edited down to its requirements. Raw Shakespeare is still too much for us. Occasional lapses there have been, wherein the profitable Yahoo has had his appetite appeased; but they have been sporadic until the present phase. Never has there been a time when the phallic sign might simultaneously have been displayed

above the doors of four New York theatres, as appropriately as at the entrance to the lupanaria of decadent Rome. True, there was "The Black Crook," thirty years ago, and one or two others of its ilk, designated in the bated breath of those naive and prudent days as "leg-shows." By what printable anatomical term, if one may so speculate, could the modern Salome dance be competently described, to the old-time "rounder" of Niblo's Garden? If "Faust" elevated the startled eyebrows of a generation ago, what would have been thought of "The Devil," which has all the diabolicism of "Faust," modernized and vulgarized, without one redeeming touch of the great drama's poetic and moral beauty?

The "musical shows," in their inception, lost nothing of brightness or gayety by being decent. As I remember the first of the famous Casino productions, "The Passing Show," there was not a situation or a line in it that could offend. And this has been, though not without exceptions, the general rule, right up to "Florodora" and "The Red Mill." The problem of sex which, in one form or another, must be the vital element in all emotional representation of human life, was, up to within recent years, handled either charily or with entire seriousness. Where the seamy side of life was presented, the presentation comprised more sense of moral and less of physical proportions than to-day. Ten years ago we did not chuckle over adultery or joke about prostitution. "Orange Blossoms" was suppressed as being beyond the pale of Twentieth Century tolerance. But Anna Held, exponent of the new tending, has in her plays gone from bad to worse, and in her train have come others until we find a definite proportion of the stage given over to such productions.

The Defense—or, Rather, the Excuse

Of course there is a defense. Perhaps excuse would be the more apt term. "Holding the mirror up to life." That is the purpose of the stage, we are glibly told. "An attempt to portray the night life of Paris just as it exists," is the description, on the programme of "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge." "The Girl From Rector's" makes the same claim in other words. In these two we see, illuminated by "the light that never was, on sea or land," a world of gayety and harlotry, a debauched and lustful world in which there are no penalties to pay, a world as lightly alien to moral responsibility as it is to human reality. Of a certain type of woman, the gladsome heroine of these plays, an almost forgotten philosopher wrote,

"Her steps take hold on hell." There is no glint of threatening flame in the mirror which your ultra-modern philosopher of the stage holds up to life. No, indeed! The scarlet woman's steps trip along primrose paths, in merry (if somewhat drunken) dalliance; and in the end she prevails and is, one must suppose, "happy ever after." The logic of imbecility joined to the morality of the demi-monde; the scene, the Tenderloin; *dramatis personae*, the dregs of society; the purpose, that of the pander stimulating a profitable lust—such is the stage that "holds the mirror up to life." Is there no distortion on the surface of the glass? Is this, in truth, to what the world has come or is coming? Then let us all, in the name of the eternal de-cencies, quietly commit suicide, leaving the polluted earth to the tiger and the ape!

Heard in the Theatre

Even at the cost of a shock to sheltered sensibilities, it is worth while to analyze this new movement through some of its principal exemplifications. The responsibility is universal, and the peril comprehensive, in a country where the theatres are open to all ages and conditions, as is our American custom. In a French play it would be quite possible for a demi-mondaine to point out to her lover, a "half-married" bridegroom, the door of his wife's apartment and advise him to "make divorce impossible." But it would not be possible for an unmarried girl of respectable upbringing to sit in the audience and listen to it. At a matinee three pupils of a fashionable school sat in front of me and drank in the following dialogue between an amorous judge and a pert serving maid, to whom he had been making love:

The Judge—Wait a minute.

The Maid—What do you want?

The Judge (clutching at her)—Which is the way to your room?

The Maid—Right up the aisle of the church with a wedding license in your hand.

The Judge (eagerly)—No short cut?

The Maid—No.

And again, in a dialogue between the "half-married" young man and his mother-in-law, who is keeping bride and groom apart:

"Where is my wife?"

"In her room."

"Can I go to her?"

"No; she is dressing."

"All the more reason."

"Now—Moderation! Moderation!"

The husband (a little later in the action, on receiving a bill)—"Well, it appears that I'm

married enough to pay for a bed, but not married enough to sleep in it."

In this case, the only purpose of the bill—which interrupted the action of the play—was to give an opening for the suggestive joke. These excerpts fairly express the spirit of this type of play. To give an accurate outline, to express the meaning and purport of the drama of license, while still keeping within the limits of what is permissible in print, is difficult. The spoken word sounds and is gone. The visual "situation" dissolves and passes. Not for that are they the less potent in result; for though the visual and aural vibrations die, the effect upon the mind may well be permanent and effective—all the more so, perhaps, because unrealized or half-realized. The lightning flash is the thing of a second's tenth: yet its mark in the imagination is not blotted out by a night of moonlit radiance. But to embalm, in cold print, the rancid innuendoes or the intimate indecencies of "The Girl From Rector's," would be as flat an affront as to reproduce, on the permanent photographic plate, the lustful, but instantaneously merging poses of the duo dance in "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge." Therefore, in what follows, I have attempted to describe, not what is worst, but what is printably typical.

"The Queen of the Moulin Rouge"

Frankly put, the one interest of "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge" is sexual. The title is a fair and competent advertisement. As everyone is supposed to know, the Moulin Rouge is a famous Parisian resort frequented by prostitutes and their followers. This is the environment and atmosphere of the whole play. The plot is so slight as to be almost negligible, concerning itself with a young king "out for a good time" with his attendant courtiers and his fiancée who, to prove that she is no prude, becomes "Queen of the Moulin Rouge." There are, of course, "models," "apaches," and other figures of night life in Montmartre; but the scheme of the play is quite unimportant, except as leading up, with some degree of skill, to certain "situations" and displays. The climax of the first act comes in the parade across the stage, of floats, supposed to be copied from the Quat'-z-Arts Ball, each float bearing a woman clad only in fleshings. I have seen the nude "living pictures" of the Boulevard Music Halls in Paris, and they are far more suggestive of art and less suggestive of a certain sort of professionalism than the clamant nakedness of the posed figures in tights.

In the second act, the curtain rises on "the

house with the green shutters," which, in the course of events, is raided by the police, the women being bundled off to the station. It is this detail which gives rise to the triumphant climax of the piece, a scene within the station house. Although quite contrary to real life, by a stretch of dramatic (and moral) license, the women of "the house with the green shutters" are ordered to undress in their cells. The fronts of the cells, of course, are open to the audience. They strip down to the most elementary underclothes, to the music of a song entitled "Take That Off, Too," and then proceed to resolve the trimming of their hats into stockings, skirts, etc., clad in which they sally forth to dance joyously. There have been plays on the American stage in which a woman has partially disrobed, and without offence or suggestiveness, as in "The Chorus Lady." There the situation inhered in the action. Here the action obviously leads up to a situation as strained and absurd as it is indecent. Of the rest of the play there is little to be said. It included a scene (by shadow) in a *cabinet particulier*; an ensemble dance of astonishingly vulgar posturing, and a duo dance, in which the man's performance was such, in suggestiveness, as defies even suggestion in these pages. Honor to whom honor is due. The person responsible for this masterpiece is Paul M. Potter, an American.

"Miss Innocence"

Had Shakespeare ever suffered the amazement of seeing "Miss Innocence," he would not have said "the play's the thing." Anna Held is the thing. The play is written down to the level of her guiding principle, "all the public will bear." On the programme, "Miss Innocence" is described as "a musical entertainment," which is rather a stretch of the facts. Musical it is not, certainly, and in only a slight degree is it entertaining. Take from it the nakedness, the suggestiveness, the actual "smut," and I venture the prediction that it would not last a week on any stage. As might be expected from the "model pupil of a model school" (I quote from the programme), *Miss Innocence* goes straight from the island resort to the center of the demi-monde of Paris, this time L'Abbaye. Here we see the sight already made familiar in the "new style" play, the revel of harlotry. Later, there is a delicate and dainty scene, the invasion of a bridal chamber by the lady's former husbands, in the course of which, as if to put a point and pinnacle on the whole matter, the comedian jocularly addresses one of the entrants by a name, long made no-

torious in advertisements as that of the leading quack practitioner in private diseases of men. So much for the heights to which comedy can rise under pressure. Two scenes quite unrelated to the play are introduced, the one to show a supposedly naked woman model in a studio; the other to "set" a chorus of women reclining on tiger skins and singing, from the theme of a certain nauseous novel, their desire for a son and heir, the plea being directed to the male part of the chorus. This tasteful bit was entitled "Three Weeks with You." The plot of the play doesn't matter, even were it traceable. We mention with sadness that the author is Mr. Harry B. Smith, sometime librettist of such charming comic operas as "Robin Hood" and "Maid Marian."

"The Girl From Rector's"

With "The Girl From Rector's" the matter is somewhat different. Here, indeed, is a genuine plot (taken from the French) and it is in the plot that the viciousness inheres. As in the case of "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge," the title is diagnostic. *Louie*, the principal character, is, to use the polite language of the Tenderloin, in which the play is appropriately couched, a "sporting lady." Her lover, during her absence, becomes tired of her and engages himself to a young girl, *Marcia*, at the same time breaking off his association with an aged lecher, *Tandy*. The scene then shifts to Battle Creek, on the day of the wedding. *Dick*, *Louie's* lover, has married *Marcia* by civil ceremony that morning, but the religious ceremony is not to take place until the morrow. Of course, marriages conducted according to this method are quite unknown in America. But probability is unimportant in the face of the fact that the device gives opportunity for various suggestive "lines," between the half-married man and his mother-in-law, who insists on keeping him separated from his bride. In the midst of the festivities *Louie*, the "Girl From Rector's," comes in, and it appears that she is the wife of a local judge who has been making love—and very broadly—to the serving maid. *Tandy* appears under his rightful name, as *Dick's* prospective father-in-law. To increase the complications, *Louie*, as the price of silence, makes *Dick* promise to take her to a disreputable road-house, that night. *Tandy* discovers this and arranges to have all the others there to catch them.

The finale, in the road-house, is the grossest bit of action that I have ever seen on an English-speaking stage. The "comedy" element is achieved by the women's taking rooms

at the house for the night, and after they have retired, the men's coming to seek them and getting into the wrong rooms. *Louie*, becoming stricken with an access of good fellowship, turns *Dick* from her room and bids him go to his wife—pointing out the door—and "make divorce impossible," which, later he announces that he has done. Finally *Louie* entraps her husband, the judge, in the maid's room, and, on the "tu quoque" basis, they mutually agree to let bygones be bygones. A happy, high-minded, uplifting termination!

This play also is the work of Mr. Paul M. Potter, who furnishes a "justification" of himself on the programme.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

"The Girl From Rector's," by Paul M. Potter, is a free version of Pierre Veber's famous comedy, "Loute," which has had a triumphant career in Europe. Based on the strange theory that married men often lead double lives, and that the saint of the rural home may be the Lothario of the city, Mr. Potter hesitated to introduce this comedy to a community, where he believed, in his innocence, that married men of double lives were practically unknown, but as many recent law suits have tended to prove the contrary, the management has now decided to produce this play, in the hope that it will serve as a warning to American husbands, and strengthen the hands of matrons and maids, who are battling for the purity of the American home.

Tastes in humor differ. To me that final sentence, regarding the purity of the American home, and the author's desire to battle beneath its standard, seems rather a crass sort of joke. On the other hand, if it is not intended to divert, if Mr. Potter really means that seriously, he should be careful about venturing out unattended. The alienists will get him, if he don't watch out.

"The Blue Mouse"

By the writing of amusing and decent plays, Mr. Clyde Fitch has won both reputation and wealth. In his desire to increase the latter he seems willing to risk the former. Otherwise he would never have adapted "The Blue Mouse" from the German. In this semi-Americanization of the foreign farce, he has overstepped the bounds of decency in a rather peculiarly unsavory fashion. A blackmailing private secretary plans to secure advancement from his employer, a railroad president, by playing upon his concupiscence toward the wives of his underlings. To this end, being unwilling to submit his own bride to the attentions of the old man, he hires the *Blue Mouse*, a notorious performer of the Salome dance, to play the part of his wife. Taken in by the trick, the railroad president mistakes the real wife for the *Blue Mouse*, and various complications arise out of this, as well as out of the fact that the *Blue Mouse's* lover and the real wife's father both appear upon the scene, forc-

ing their welcome attentions upon the actress. As a further complication the *Blue Mouse* herself develops a mildly amorous streak and insists upon her supposed husband making love to her. In one scene the audience is shown the actress's apartments, on the eve of an auction, which, as she explains, she makes profitable by selling off the furnishings, with names attached of her various lovers who have equipped the place for her. The father-in-law is caught in her trap, and "gives up" a large check. As a concession to the proprieties the *Blue Mouse* is made to tell her fiancé that, whatever she may seem to be, "down at rock bottom I'm all right," which is, in view of the circumstances, not wholly convincing.

After the railroad president has pursued, with quite obvious avidity, both the *Blue Mouse* and the real wife, the actress is discovered, half undressed, in the apartments of the private secretary, and matters are eventually straightened out by that ingenious young hero's obtaining the position for which he and the *Blue Mouse* had worked out their plan of blackmail. There isn't a motive in the play that is clean, nor a character that is decent, except the young wife, who is a mere foil.

"The Easiest Way"

From the types of play thus far discussed, to Eugene Walter's "The Easiest Way," is a long step. All are alike in this, that they exemplify the broadening license allowed to the drama of sexuality. Certainly, "The Easiest Way" would not have been tolerated a few years ago, when "Mrs. Warren's Profession" was censored off the stage by a not-too-intelligent super-policeman, listening, with his ear to the ground, to a sonorous, but meaningless newspaper clamor. Meaningless, I say, because when, not long after, the drama returned to New York, newspapers and public were busy with something else, and it ran its course without scandal, leaving the super-policeman to wonder why his head emitted a hollow sound, when he scratched it in stupefaction. The problems which were discussed as a feature of existence in the Bernard Shaw play, without directly appearing upon the stage at all, constitute the whole action of the Walter tragedy. "The Easiest Way" is a study in the siege and surrender of a woman; trenchant, brutal (though never brutish), powerful, and convincing. "It was too true: that was the trouble," wrote the *Sun's* critic, analyzing his own unpleasant emotions. An actress who has been the mistress of a broker, falls in love with a young Westerner and promises to marry him,

at the same time making known to him her past. It is agreed that she is to return to New York and the stage until he can "make his pile," and come to claim her. In New York she does her best, but finds all employment denied her except on condition of her being complaisant. Overcome by the pressure of necessity, and by the persuasions of a friend, who is a philosophical "kept-woman," she returns to the broker, but does not tell her fiancé. The last scene is a perfectly frank presentation of the life of a man and a woman outside the marriage tie. The deceived fiancé comes and surprises the truth. Then the broker, angry because his mistress has not "played fair" with the young Westerner, throws her over. In the finale the girl, deserted by both men, in an access of frenzy gives herself up to the world of men, and on that tragic conclusion the curtain falls.

To join this kind of a play in the condemnation of such filth as "The Girl From Rector's" or such viciousness as "The Devil" would be manifestly unfair. Those are merely the exploitation in dramatic form, of an appeal to animal appetites. This is an honest and genuine study of an existing social problem. Mr. Walter has, himself, defended it, with some passion, and, as it seems to me, with a great deal of justice on his side. The question whether or not the American public is ready to see, laid naked before it, such problems as this, is a difficult and profound one. Here, indeed, "it takes two to tell the truth; one to speak and one to hear it." Mr. Walter has spoken the truth; but has his public heard it? It is gravely to be doubted. My own estimate of the audience of which I was a part, at a performance of "The Easiest Way," is that it was essentially the same audience which I had heard cackling and sniggering over "The Girl From Rector's." At one point in the play, the professional stage beauty who is maintained by an aged lover, explicates her philosophy of life in a long speech. It is an extraordinary piece of character study, vivid, bitter, profound. But the audience took it for humor; guffawed appreciatively over the points that were genuinely tragic; obviously licked its lips over the embittered plain speaking of other portions.

In London's East End I once happened to see a group of hoodlums and harridans convulsed with laughter and relish over the dying struggles of a cat which had been run over. I should say that the point of view of that Stuyvesant Theatre audience was about the same. Neither tragedy nor truth inhered in the play, for them; only titillation of craving nerves.

"Salome"

"Salome" is an opera in which the prose play of Oscar Wilde is set to music by Richard Strauss. It portrays the imagined actions and emotions of the daughter of *Herodias* and assigns the basest reasons for her demand for the head of *John the Baptist*. In Oscar Wilde's hands the story becomes the artistic apotheosis of degenerate passion. *John* is unmoved by the approaches of *Salome*, who sets about getting some satisfaction for her abnormal lust. She takes advantage of the temperament of *Herod* (her mother's husband) and through a voluptuous dance so rouses him that he offers to grant any request. She asks for the head of *John*, and when it is brought falls upon it with loathsome caresses, as the final curtain drops.

This piece was given at the Metropolitan Opera House some years ago with Fremstad in the title rôle. It was taken off after one performance, though presented without the frank emphasis evident in the current production.

How far laxity of public opinion has gone in the interval is seen from the fact that "Salome," with Mary Garden as *Herodias'* daughter, has been given at the Manhattan Opera House more times this past winter than any other opera at either house. Oscar Hammerstein announced to the public of Philadelphia, after protest was made against its production in that city, that he would fulfil his promise of three performances, but if after the first one subscribers for the other two wished to give up their seats, he would exchange or repurchase tickets; yet we are informed that there were practically no such requests made.

"Salome" is a slightly disguised piece of abnormal sensuality. It is a case for Kraft-Ebing (the great authority on "Psychopathia Sexualis"). This sort of thing can only be normal in a world made up of lecherous-minded people—a world in which such ideas and motives being natural to the mass are the proper subjects of art. The book drapes the disgusting theme with the magic of artistry; with wonderful and instinctive skill a genuine poet expresses his degraded temperament in simple voluptuous language that lures to a state of mind destructive of feeling and thought.

There are no aesthetics of bestiality as such; in "Salome" there is only the confusing appeal to the corrupt sense in the guise of pretended beauty—which but drapes the thing in order to suggest what should not be seen. In reading the scene between *Salome* and *John*, we can imagine the melodious recital of *Salome's* words with restrained and poignant acting, as

by an overwrought worshiper of Dionysius, producing an acceptable effect because of its world old significance of passion. But as delivered by Mary Garden in philistine abandon of dress and posture, signifying to the most stupid what the most stupid think of as the exhibit of desire, the whole scene becomes absurd and ridiculous. And yet the opera-house is thronged with men and women, many of them young, to look upon this abhorrent piece, that has no redeeming idea or suggestion. Even the charm of parts of the score is lost—for the disgusting evolution of the action on the stage, brilliantly set and costumed, is too startling and sensational to permit of the music being appreciated.

Why New Yorkers Like These "Shows"

It is on the neurotic side, I am convinced, that we shall find in part an explanation of the present dramatic tendency. New York is a city of abnormal and unhealthy nervous tension. The New Yorker works, keyed up to a strained pitch. After work comes the revulsion. The nerves slacken; the whole psychologic being droops. Nervously, the man is spent and flaccid. If you will track the average "man of affairs" after he leaves his business, you will find him making an alcoholic progress uptown, from bar to bar. This does not mean that he is getting drunk. It means, simply, that he is striving to bring his depressed and fagged out nerves up to the concert pitch at which the normal person lives. After dinner he is ready for amusement. Often it is gambling, the excitement of which keys him up. Or, it is the theatre. Of this he says "I don't want to see anything that makes me think. I'm too tired. Let's take in something with 'go' to it." What he really and unconsciously means is, not that he is too tired to think, but that he needs a mental cocktail; something that will spur his jaded nerve centers up again. Shock will do it; the appeal to the sensual and the animal within him will do it. Hence the success of the prurient drama, amidst a theatre-going public largely composed of sufferers from depressed nerves.

Then, too, the demand of the cosmopolite must be considered as an element. There is, in this country, a great and growing circle of people who travel. Many of them travel purely for excitement. Their "Wanderlust" is a pathologic phenomenon; St. Vitus' dance of the soul. Whatever of forbidden fruit the world affords, they must cull. But for their ready American gold, Montmartre, Monte Carlo, and the Continental boulevard would

be less luxurious, though perhaps not less laboriously flagitious. To a considerable extent they maintain the lupanars and gambling houses of civilization, and when these appear on the stage, they support the sham life as they have supported the real. Lacking any genuine sense of national responsibility or patriotism, they demand, on their return, the license of more settled and ordered civilizations, careless of what the general effect may be. Add to this, the influence of the more thoughtful travelers, who cannot but feel a broadening and relaxing influence, from the contact with looser standards, and we find potent forces working toward a change of moral attitude. But we must bear in mind that we cannot safely loosen the bonds on one side without tightening them on the other. Unlike the European stage, the American stage is for all. "Why can't we have the same freedom that France allows?" demands the traveled hot-head. He forgets the vital fact that the French, essentially a more moral, as they are a more philosophical people than we high-strung occidentals, protect from influences poisonous to unformed minds, those upon whom the future of the nation chiefly depends, their young women.

In the Smaller Cities

Thus far the American outbreak of impudency has been fairly localized, a species of New-York-itis. Undeniable as is the influence of the metropolis over the rest of the country, in so far as its cachet of success in artistic matters is concerned, it is doubtful whether the lesser and more typically American cities will slavishly follow the leader, in its new moral complaisance. Outside of half a dozen of the largest cities, the Puritan influence is still powerful. The decencies of public opinion hold sway. The pulpit has not wholly lost its power to ban. The newspapers could, and in many cases would prevent the production of the pornographic shows. Patronage, too, would be lessened by the fact that the very men who would naturally support the Yahoo drama, see it, if at all, when they visit the metropolis "for a good time." Recently I asked a fellow townsman if he had seen "The Blue Mouse."

"Yes," he said. "Pretty lively show. I saw it in New York."

"You might have seen it here," I suggested.

"What, in my own home!" he said disgustedly. "They never ought to have let the d—n thing come!"

This curiously localized sense of civic decency is, I believe, fairly prevalent. It alone

will save "the provinces" for a time, at least, from the vitiating influences of the growing dramatic indecencies of New York.

What the Public Negligently Tolerates

In the last analysis the public will decide whether or not the lust-drama is to stay. From the managers, there is nothing to hope. They are not in the business for their own physical or the public's moral health. Said one of them to a dramatic critic whom he met coming out of the theatre:

"What do you think of it?"

"Personally or professionally?" countered the other.

"Oh, personally."

"I think," said the critic after some consideration, "that I'd hate to have taken a woman to see it."

"Hm-m-m," ruminated the theatrical man from the creases of his chin.

"Perhaps you don't like my frankness," suggested the critic.

"Like it! My dear fellow, if I wasn't so decent I'd have it on the bill boards by tomorrow."

There, within the compass of a phrase, is the attitude of the men (there are some honorable exceptions) who put on our drama, as well as the expert's estimate of his public. Whether the public will live down to this estimate is by no means certain, simply because it paid \$14 per seat for the opening night of a farce that had been suppressed elsewhere. This may be but a wave of prurient sensibnalism, of vapid immorality, which will recede. Against this hopeful possibility, however, is the evidence of big profits reaped by every improper production of the season. Evidently a certain considerable portion of the populace demands productions that will sate its lower appetites. Is it practicable to check this? Would a censorship do it? Consider the potentialities of the censor method under our system of political appointments: the Hon. Tim Sullivan, for example, as the arbiter of what should and what should not hold the boards in New York. And there would be, always, this peril in censorship: that it would maintain arbitrary and cramping restrictions, and crush out the legitimate and honest revolt against the artificial standards of extreme Puritanism. Public opinion, perhaps, will be the final arbiter. But public opinion is, by turns, hysterical and inert. And, in the long run, like it or not, we Americans shall get, in amusements as in politics, not what we really want, but what we are negligently willing to tolerate.

Margarita's Soul

The Romantic Recollections of a Man of Fifty

By INGRAHAM LOVELL



With Illustrations by J. Scott Williams



Alas for this unlucky womb!
Alas the breasts that suckled thee!
I would ha' laid thee in thy tomb;
Or e'er that witch had wived with thee!

Alas my son that grew so strong!
Alas those hands I stretched to th' bow!
Or e'er thou heardst that wanton's song,
I'd shot thee long ago and long,
Through the black heart that's shamed me too!

—*Sir Hugh and the Mermaid.*

Synopsis.—Margarita, a beautiful young girl, has been brought up in absolute seclusion and in ignorance of her father's name, in her out-of-the-way home on the coast not far from New York. On her father's death she comes to New York to see the world and her first encounter is with Roger Bradley, a man about forty years old, who belongs to an aristocratic Boston family. He is struck with her extraordinary beauty and her naive manner. They dine together and Roger takes her back to her home. He then wires his friend Jerry, who is writing these reminiscences, to come and bring a "sensible parson" with him. Jerry arrives and Margarita is married to Roger, who is still ignorant of his wife's surname or who her parents were. Jerry likewise falls a secret victim to Margarita's charms.

Part IV.—In which the stream winds through a sullen marsh and becomes a brook

I—STRAWS THAT SHOWED THE WIND

To Roger From His Cousin Sarah

BOSTON, Sept. 7th, 188—

YOUR mother, I am sorry to say, is not physically able to answer your surprising and most disturbing letter, and has laid upon me the unpleasant task of doing so. It is, as you somewhat brusquely say, unnecessary to discuss at any length what you have done, since it is irrevocable. We can but feel, however, that a thing so hastily entered upon can be productive of no good (if, indeed, the matter has been as sudden as you lead us to suppose).

To a woman of your mother's deep family pride this alliance with a nameless girl from the streets, practically, if I am to read your letter

aright, can be nothing short of humiliating. She instructs me to tell you that she can take no cognizance of any such connection with any justice to the family interests, and that although you will always be welcome here, she cannot undertake to extend the welcome further with any sincerity of heart.

Winfred Jerrolds may, as you say, have been your best friend, in one sense, but I fear that sense is a very narrow one. He has certainly succeeded beyond anything he could have hoped in his connection with our family. I always thought his attentions to Uncle Winthrop unnatural in so young a boy, but he was always politic. I am informed by Uncle Searsy's partner that nothing can be done about it; you will be pleased probably.

You will realize, I hope, that living as I do with Aunt Miriam, I cannot with propriety

take any course counter to hers in the matter of your marriage. It may be that she will be more reconciled with time—I hope so, for it must be a terrible thought for you that she might die with such feelings as she now has for her only son!

Your affectionate cousin,
SARAH THAYER BRADLEY.

From My Mother

STRATFORD, CONN.,
Sept. 7th, 188—

MY DARLING BOY:

This is a hasty note to tell you that I am afraid I cannot come to you and help dear Roger's bride (how interesting and beautiful she must be!) for I must stay and nurse poor old Jeanne, who has had a bad fall putting up the new curtains and nearly fractured her hip. She is in a great deal of pain and cannot bear anyone but me about her. I should enjoy helping Roger's wife with her trousseau—how did he happen to go to the island she lives on? Is she one of the Devonshire Prynnes? Your father knew a Colonel Prynne—cavalry, I think. How you will miss Roger—for it will be different, now, Winfred—it must be, you know. Oh, my dear boy, if only I could help *your* wife! If only I could see you with children of your own! Don't wait too long. Your father and I had but four years together, but I would live my whole life over again with no change, for those four. I must go to Jeanne, now.

Your loving Mother.

From Roger's Sister

NEWTON, MASS., Sept. 10th, 188—

DEAR JERRY:

I hope you and Roger will not think me unkind, but Walter will not hear of my looking up Roger's wife, as you ask me. You see Mother has just begun to be nice to him, and we can't afford to lose her good will, Winfred—we simply can't. I think Roger has a perfect right to marry whom he chooses and I don't believe a word of the horrid things Sarah says. They are not true, are they? But of course they're not. But why did Roger do it so suddenly? Why not let us meet her first? What will people think? She will hate me, I suppose, but Roger knows what we have suffered from Mother and I hope he will understand. Walter's eyes have been very bad, lately, and Mother is going to get Cousin Wolcott Sears to send him on some confidential business to Germany, the voyage will do him so much good! Do explain to Roger—he will understand. And ask him to write to me, if he will.

Yours always,
ALICE BRADLEY CARTER.

From Roger's Uncle

3—COMMONWEALTH AVE.,
BOSTON, MASS., Sept. 12th, 188—

MY DEAR ROGER:

Your mother has communicated to me the facts of your marriage, and while I cannot pretend that I feel the haste and apparent mystery surrounding it are entirely satisfactory to your aunt and myself, I have hastened to point out to your mother that a man of your age and known character is beyond question competent to use his judgment in such a matter and that I cannot believe you so unworthy of the family traditions as she feels you to have shown yourself. In any case, I disapprove heartily of any public break or scandal, and in the event of her failing to reverse her decision, which I believe to be too severe and unjustifiable in view of your consistently clean record in all your family relations, I am writing to offer you, in your aunt's name as well as my own, the hospitality of our house as long as you and Mrs. Bradley care to avail yourselves of it.

With every hope that this distressing situation may be quietly and privately adjusted and regards to Mrs. Bradley from your aunt and myself, believe me,

Yours faithfully,
WOLCOTT SEARS.

From Tip Elder

UNIVERSITY CLUB,
NEW YORK, Sept. 13th, 188—

DEAR JERRY:

I can't resist sending you a line to tell you of my encounter with Russell Dodge, just now. You might drop Roger a hint of it, if you like, not going into details, of course. I hope it will be for the best. I was so hot at the fellow's impertinence I let myself get caught into a lie, I'm afraid, but like Tom Sawyer's aunt, I can't help feeling "it was a good lie!"

He was dining here with a set of pretty well known New York men and I had my back to his table. Suddenly I heard Roger's name and a great deal of laughing and in a moment I found myself overhearing (unavoidably) a disgusting and scandalous piece of gossip. In some strange way a garbled account of his marriage has come in from Boston, and Dodge, with that infernally suggestive way of his, was cackling about Roger's "jumping over the broomstick" with a "handsome gypsy" and letting his relatives believe the thing was serious in order to tease his stiff necked family.

I tell you, it made me hot! I jumped up and looked that fellow Dodge as straight in the eye as anyone can look him, and said, "I beg your

pardon for this interruption, Dodge, but you happen to be making more of a fool of yourself than usual. As regards the lady you are speaking of, I married her myself at her father's country place, last week, with Winfred Jerrolds as best man."

He mumbled something or other, but I forced him to apologize plainly, and they all heard him. Then he said that he had understood that no one in Boston even knew what her name was, and I said almost (I hope!) before I thought, "she was a Miss Prynne."

Then I left for the writing room. My only excuse is that Roger himself did not correct that fellow from the station when he called her that, and, honestly, I couldn't turn on my heel and leave that last remark open. I'm ready to eat dirt, if need be, but for a fire-eating parson I still think I did pretty well! To think of my running against Dodge again after all these years—you remember our famous duel?

What a strange day we had out there! Let me know how Roger feels about it. It's sure to be in the papers now, I suppose. The name, I mean—I've quashed the other part, of course.

Yours faithfully,

TYLER FESSENDEN ELDER.

From Sae Paynter

3— WASHINGTON SQUARE,
Sept. 14th, 188—

JERRY DEAR:

It occurred to me in the middle of the night that you might be excused for thinking me cold and uninterested in your request apropos of Roger's wife, and I can't bear you to think so for a moment. Shall I be quite frank (and how foolish to be anything else with you, dear Win!) and admit that I was just a little hurt that Roger had not told me? It was stupid of me, I know, and I hereby forgive him—before he asks me, *par exemple!* I do it thus quickly, I am afraid, because of an unusually nasty letter from Sarah. How can a woman be so good and yet so horrid? If Roger has been unwise, all the more reason for us to stand by him!

But apparently he has not, and you are under the same spell that bewitched him—don't attempt to deny it. Madam Bradley threatens us all with excommunication, it seems, but *n'importe*—she has been kind to me, in her alabaster way, but it is incredible that I should desert Roger after his unspeakable goodness to me.

I will meet you whenever and wherever you say and give the new Mrs. Roger the benefit of whatever good taste Providence has blessed me

with—I am a past mistress of the art of a hasty trousseau, I assure you! And I pray she may wear hers more happily than I did mine.

Be sure to let me know the moment I am wanted. Let Roger know how glad I am—if he asks. What friends you two are! I wonder if you know what you are losing? Probably not—men don't foresee, I suppose.

Your friend always,

SUE PAYNTER.

From My Attorneys

SEARS, BRADLEY AND SEARS
Attorneys and Counselors-at-Law
Cable Address, Vellashita

2— COURT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.,
Sept. 12th, 188—

WINFRED JERROlds, ESQ.,
University Club,
New York, N. Y.

DEAR SIR:

We are instructed by the heirs and next-of-kin of the late Mr. Winthrop Bradley and by Mr. Sears Bradley, as his administrator appointed by the Probate Court, to advise you that the will of Mr. Winthrop Bradley, of the existence of which we have so long felt confident, has finally been discovered in an unexpected way and that you are the principal legatee thereunder.

We are further instructed to advise you that its genuineness is unquestioned. We are already taking steps to probate the will here and in North Carolina.

You will see by the will, of which we enclose you copy, that Mr. Winthrop Bradley bequeathed to you \$100,000—in bonds of the — Co., which bear 4½ per cent. interest, and in addition his lands in — and — Counties, North Carolina, which aggregate about 12,000 acres, and of which a part has been farmed on shares for a number of years past, bringing in an annual income varying between \$75 and \$250 above the taxes on the whole tract.

We shall be pleased to receive any instructions you desire to give us in the premises. We remain,

Yours very respectfully,
SEARS, BRADLEY & SEARS.

Roger's Telegram to Me

News of will forwarded in packet from office. More glad than can say, deserve it all. Cold wave here and shall take noon express Thursday. Sail Saturday. R. B.

II—THE ISLAND COTTAGE

I have hitherto said nothing about the Bank, for the best of reasons—I hate it. I hated it, I think, from the day when a letter from one of my father's friends introduced me to it, until the day when the letter from the legal firm of which Roger's uncle had been the brilliant head released me from it. I do not think, however, that many people knew this. I did my work as well as I could, accepted my periodical advances in salary with a becoming gratitude, saved a little each year, and quieted my eruptions of furious disgust with the recollection of my mother's unhindered disposal of her little legacy since the day I left the university.

If anyone had told me that on a day in early autumn I should suddenly come into a thousand pounds a year and freedom, I should have caught my breath at the very idea, and here was the thing, a fact accomplished, and here was I, not only quite self-contained, but sober beyond my wont, and ready to take the Bank and all its stodgy horror upon my shoulders, if with it I might have had one thing—one woman! The world was before me, where to choose, all the far corners and reaches for which I had inherited the hunger with the blood that ran in my veins,—and if I might only have been the first to find one lonely, insignificant point on the Atlantic coast, my heart would have journeyed there, content, and ceased (or so I thought) its wanderings. Truly our joys are tempered for us, and no shorn lamb was ever more carefully protected from the winds of heaven than we from too much joy. It is an actual fact that I regarded my resignation from the drudgery of twelve years, the disposal of my rooms and furniture, the heartening preliminaries with the lawyers, and my booking at the steamship company's offices, with less interest than the successful transportation of Margarita's wedding gift.

It was with a real thrill of pleasure that I drew out my small savings—a little over a thousand pounds—and with the breathless assistance of Sue Paynter and a famous actress of her acquaintance selected the most perfect string of pearls to be purchased for that money. One of the heads of the great firm whose name has been long associated with American wealth and luxury himself lent a discerning hand to the selection, and for the first time I tasted the snobbish joy of sitting at ease in a dainty private room while respectful officials brought the splendors of the Orient to my lordly knees, and lesser buyers hung unattended over the common counters. Except in

the purchase of my first gift for my mother—a tiny diamond sword-hilt, in memory of my father—I have never experienced so much pleasure.

I had the clasp engraved with her name—*herself* a pearl—and slipped the delicate case in my pocket. The great comedienne, whom I have always thought the sweetest of women—but one—talked a moment aside at the smiling request of the master jeweler and then whispered laughingly to Sue with the most artfully artless glance at me. Sue, who was a little drawn and white from her enemy neuralgia, murmured to me in French that I had the honor to render desolate Miss L—n R—I, the reigning stage beauty, who was greatly desirous of precisely those pearls and whose too vacillating admirer would doubtless enjoy his bad little quarter hour *à cause de moi*. I do not deny that this put a point to my satisfaction. I was, in fact, idiotically gratified—God and man that is born of woman alone know why.

I hurried to the dingy station as a boy hurries to the train that will take him home to the holidays, and the tedious hours were miraculously light, the face of the telegraph operator like the face of my best friend, the rough, damp passage in the blue boat a pleasant incident. Caliban had a friendly, stupid grin for me and rowed his best; the very oars knew how I wanted to get to her!

They stood with a lantern on the landing steps, in the rough, picturesque clothes I had first seen them in, and we hurried through a thickening drizzle to the warm, light cottage, ridiculously hand-in-hand, the lantern bobbing between us.

Roger had revived his old school accomplishments and had ready a panful of delicious little sausages in a bath of tomatoes and onions and Worcestershire that sent me back to Vevay in the fraction of a second, and we dipped fragments of the crusty French loaf I had brought in the sauce, in the old Vevay fashion, and drank to their voyage in the last Burgundy from the little wine bin. If anything were needed to place Margarita's father in our estimations, that Burgundy would have done it! After the sweet course of jellied pancakes that Roger had taught Caliban, we fell upon the cigars I had brought, and when Margarita, an apt pupil, had sugared my demi-tasse to my liking, I reached into my pocket and drew out the Russia leather case. My fingers trembled like a boy's as I took out the pearls and clasped them around her beautiful neck, above the soft black handkerchief.

"If this is not your first wedding present, Mrs. Bradley, I shall be furiously angry," I

said with mock severity, to keep down the lump in my throat, for I was absurdly excited.

"Jerry, you extravagant old donkey, what do you mean by this?" Roger cried huskily, "I never heard of such a thing!" While Margarita, for the first time in our acquaintance a daughter of Eve, ran up to her mirror. She would have been as pleased, I think, with a necklace of iridescent seashells—wherein she differed widely from Miss L—n R—l, as Roger and I agreed.

We talked, of course, of Uncle Winthrop and the old days, of his loving interest in me, the slender little chap with the dead soldier-father, who had taken long walks up and down narrow old Winter Street with him, and mailed his letters and fenced with his sword, and listened by the hour to his tales of rainy bivouac and last redoubt, of precious drops of brandy to a dying comrade and brave loans of army blankets in the cold dawn. We wondered at the extraordinary chance which had kept the old portfolio, with its worn leather edges that I remembered so well, hidden during the two years that had elapsed since his death, and what secretive instinct had led him to put his last will and testament there. We marveled at the sagacity which had led him to drop hints as to the existence of such a document so effectively that the family had felt themselves bound to hold the property intact for three years, to give every possible chance of finding it, and had spent many useless dollars in the search for the old servants who were believed (and rightly, as the event proved) to have witnessed it. Our friendship had been more than ordinary in its strength and real sympathy; one of those attractions that laugh at disparity of years and absence of any tie of kinship, and indeed, up to his death I had been far closer to him than Roger ever was. Dear old Uncle Win! He knew what he would do for me and what it would mean to me, well enough: as a young fellow, he had been tied to *his* Bank!

I spoke tentatively of Sue Paynter, and Roger flushed and struck the table in his disgusted excitement.

"Good heavens, Jerry—I never once thought——"

Poor Sue! There was nothing more to say.

"The first thing I want you to do for me, Jerry," said Roger, "is to go through the cottage thoroughly and see if you discover any trace of who lived here. I've done it, of course, but I'd like to have some one else do it, too. Go all by yourself, and I won't give you any hint of my idea, and then we'll compare notes."

Nothing, just then, could have interested me

more, and I started systematically for the cellar steps, lantern in hand.

The first thing that struck me was the trim neatness of this part of the house too often—and especially in country districts—neglected. The steps were firm and clean and nearly dustless, the cement floor dry and apparently freshly swept, the walls and ceiling well whitened with lime. Bins of vegetables, a barrel of summer apples, a cask of vinegar on two trestles with a pail thriftily set for the drippings, a wire cupboard with plates of food set there for the cellar coolness, and in one corner a little dairy compartment built over a spring covered by a wooden trap-door, completed the furnishings of the floor. For the rest, the place was a fairly well stocked tool-house; a scythe and a grindstone, snow-shovel and ladders were arranged compactly; a watering-pot and rake stood, fresh from use, by the door.

A low cow-stall came next and beyond this a fowl roost, both these last noticeably clean and sweet, and this in a day when the microbe and the germ were not such prominent factors in our civilization as they are at present.

I retraced my steps and went through the living-room to the room beyond it, over the shed and dairy. It was a fair-sized study, unmistakably a man's. The end wall held the fireplace, with a large map of the world hung over it. The ocean side of the cottage was windowless and lined with well-used books on pine shelves. These overflowed on the wall which held the entrance door and where they stopped a sort of trophy of arms was arranged on the wall. An army revolver, a great Western six-shooter, a fine little hunting piece, a grim Ghoorka knife and an assegai, which I recognized from similar treasures on the barrack wall of an English friend of mine—an infantry major—one or two bayonets, a curious Japanese sword and a curved dagger whose workmanship was quite unknown to me, completed this decoration, which was the only one on the walls. In the center of the floor stood a large table-desk of well-polished cherry with a heavy glass ink-well, pin-tray, letter-rack, etc., and a fair, clean square of blotting paper. But none of the customary litter of such a desk was upon it; all was swept and garnished, orderly and bare. The drawers were empty, the ink-well pure, the very pens new. There was not the faintest hint of what work had gone on at that desk.

I crossed the room and took down a book here and there at random from the shelves. From one or two, evidently old ones, the fly leaves had been neatly cut out; others had no mark of any kind. It came over me with a

staggering certainty that here was no careless, makeshift impulse; a methodical, definite annihilation had been intended and accomplished. An extraordinary man had arranged this. What was the secret he had concealed so perfectly, and what had been his motive? What his necessity? Three or four comfortable chairs and a light wicker table completed the furniture of the room, which held—for me—the strange fascination of the living-room, that deep, impersonal sense of culture, that rigorous suppression of whim and irrelevant detail. The man (not so long dead, probably) who stood behind that room had stamped it indelibly, inevitably with the very character he had tried to eliminate from it. One wanted to have known him; one felt instinctively what a firm grip, what a level eye he had.

The books were almost as little tell-tale as the rest. A fine set of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*; histories of all sorts, but only the best in every case; a little standard poetry; the great English novelists—Dickens much worn, Meredith's early works, the unquenchable Charles Reade, who has nursed so many fretful convalescents back to the harness; two or three fine editions of Shakespeare, one, a half-dozen small green volumes, worn loose from their bindings; Darwin, Huxley, and a dozen blazers of that wonderful trail, much underlined and cross-indexed, and a really remarkable collection of the great scientific travelers and explorers, that occupied much space; and a fair collection of French fiction and archaeological research and German scientific and historical work completed my first rough impression of this library. I have gone over it very carefully since, and amused myself with noting its omissions—quite as significant in such cases as the actual contents. No classics but the usual school and college text-books; no recent fiction; almost no American literature except the most reliable of the historians; none of the essayists or belle-lettrists, except Carlyle, Macaulay, and such like heavy artillery; nothing whatever of a religious nature but a small, worn Bible thick with dust, on the top shelf among the school books. And there was not in the whole library one page or line or word to indicate that its owner was conversant with or interested in Italian or Italy.

O builder of that sand-hued cottage, owner of that manly room of books, how many hours have I devoted to patient study of you! How many nights have I hunted you down, searched you out, compelled you to reveal yourself to me—and how strangely have I succeeded! It has been a labor of love, and I have some-

times felt I know your mind almost as my own.

In the outside further corner of the room a narrow, steep flight of steps led to the second story and lent a queer little foreign air to the whole. Ascending, I found myself in a small room with one door—its only entrance—and one window. For a moment I had a curious sense of the English barracks and seemed to be in the major's sleeping-room again. A low cot-bed with a narrow rug beside, a pine washing-stand and a chest of drawers, a straight chair and small bed-table with a reflecting candle and match box upon it, and a flat, tin bath furnished this room, which was, like all the others, speckless. A small shaving mirror was attached at convenient height near the window; razor and strop hung beside it. All this I took in at a glance, without turning, but when I did turn and confronted the entrance wall, I caught my breath. For there on the space directly opposite the bed hung what, for a moment, I took to be a portrait of Margarita.

I moved closer and saw that it was a wonderfully perfect etching of a head by Henner—a first impression, beyond a doubt. It was a girl's head, half life size, almost in profile, white against the dark rain of her hair, which covered her shoulders and bust and blackened all the rest of the picture. The haunting melancholy, the youth, the purity of that face have become so associated with Margarita and her home and that part of my life that I can never separate them, though it has been more than once pointed out to me, and fairly, I dare say, that the picture does not resemble her so much as I think, that her type of beauty is larger, less conventional, infinitely richer, and that, aside from the really unusually suggestive accident of her likeness, it is only a general effect.

Well, well, it may be. But I dare to believe that I understand, perhaps better than anybody, why it hung facing that bare cot-bed, and what it meant to the man who slept so many years of his life there, dreaming of the woman for whose sake he hung it. He knew what it recalled to him even as I know what it means to me, and to both of us it was more than any portrait. For we are fearfully and wonderfully made so that no reality shall ever content us, and those sudden sunsets and bars of music and the meaning glance of pictured eyes are to teach us this.

The picture (etched by Waltner) was framed in a broad band of dull gold, and under it, on a very slender, delicately carved teakwood stand whose inlaid top just held it, was a silver bowl full of orange and yellow and flaming nasturtiums. They were quite fresh

and must have been put there that morning, for the dew was still on the pale leaves.

It was inexpressibly touching, this altar-like, vivid touch in the austere room, and I stood, drowned in a wave of pity and passionate regret—for what I could not quite tell—before it, overwhelmed by the close, compelling pressure of these mysterious dead loves; all over now and gone? Ah, who knows? Who can know? Not Darwin nor Huxley, be sure!

I went down the stairs, crossed the study and living-room, and after a comprehensive glance over the little kitchen-ell with its simple *batterie de cuisine* went up the main staircase, and entered the room over the study. Here again was a surprise, for this room was completely furnished in delicate, light bird's-eye maple, fit for a marquise, all dainty lemon-tinted curves. The exquisite bed was framed for a canopy, but lacked it; the coral satin recesses of the dressing-table had faded almost colorless; the chintz of the slender chairs had lost its pattern. An oval cheval glass reflected the floor on whose long unpolished surface sprawled two magnificent white bear skins. But with these furnishings the elegance ended, for nowhere in the cottage was to be found such curious, mocking contrasts. The walls, which should have displayed wanton Watteau cherubs, were bare, clean gray; instead of a satin coverlet a patchwork quilt covered the fluted bed; no scented glass and ivory and silver-stoppered armory of beauty crowded the dressing-table, only a plain brush and comb such as one might see in some servant's quarters; the beautiful grained wardrobe's doors, carelessly ajar, spilled no foam and froth of lace and ribbon and silk stocking; only a beggarly handful of clean, well-worn print gowns hung from the shining pegs. A battered tin bath and water-can stood beneath the window, and on a graceful cushioned *prie-dieu* instead of a missal lay—of all things—a mouse trap.

I have never in my life stood in a room so contradictory, so utterly unrelated to its supposed intention. Occupied it certainly was: towels and soap and sponge, and nightgown neatly folded on the patchwork quilt, showed that. But of all teasing suggestion of femininity, all the whimsical, rosy privacy of a girl's bedchamber, all the dainty nonsense and pretty purity, half artless, half artful, with which romance has invested this retreat and poetry and song have serenaded it, Margarita's apartment was entirely void. Even its spotlessness was not remarkable in a house so noticeable everywhere for this quality, and as for personality, a nun's cell has more. I think that its utter scentlessness added to the peculiar impres-

sion; there was not a suggestion of this feminine allurements; not even the homely lavender or the reminiscent dried roses hinted at the most matter-of-fact housewife's concession to her sex.

And yet it had its own charm, this strange room, a peculiar French quality, provided, perhaps, by the mingling of yellow furniture and soft gray wall spaces; and a quaint atmosphere of something once alive and breathing and daintily fleshly, cooled and faded and chastened by inexorable time.

I slept that night in the room with the etching (the silver bowl was filled with marigolds) and all night I heard the roar of the surf and the hiss of the breaking waves through my busy dreams.

I woke into a clear storm swept morning, just after the dawn, very suddenly, and with no apparent reason for the waking. That is to say, I thought I woke, but knew instantly that it must be a very pleasant and odd species of dream, for there in the quiet light, at the foot of my bed—quite on it, in fact—sat Margarita. She smiled placidly, classic in her long white nightgown, and I smiled placidly back as one does in dreams, and prayed not to wake.

"You speak when you sleep do you not, Jerry?" she said calmly, "because you called my name, but your eyes were closed."

Then a cold sweat broke out on my forehead and I clenched my hands under the blankets, for I knew I was awake.

"Margarita!" I gasped, "what is it? Why are you here?"

"Because I wanted to talk to you, Jerry," she answered pleasantly. "Roger is asleep. Do you like this little room? It is my father's."

Her hair hung in two braids; one rosy bare foot showed under her nightgown, as she sat, her hands clasped about her knees, like a boy. The upper button of the gown was loose and I saw my milky, gleaming pearls around her neck: they were no whiter than her even teeth and no more perfectly matched.

"Get down," I said sternly, "get off the bed immediately and go back to your room. You ought not to have come here!"

"But I do not want to get down, Jerry—the floor is cold. Roger is asleep and he cannot talk to me. It is like being alone, when anyone is asleep. Do you not want to talk to me, Jerry?"

"Yes, I want to talk to you, well enough," I answered in a sort of stupor, "but—but you must go. Please go, Margarita!"

In her abominable perspicacity she answered what I meant, not what I said.

"No," said she, shaking her head adorably,

"I shall not go. Why do you pull the blanket up to your chin so? Are you cold, too?"

My head was whirling and my breath came uneven through my lips, but I fixed my eyes on the wall over her head, and this time there was, for the best of reasons, no ambiguity in my voice.

"I beg and implore you, Margarita, to get down at once," I said, as steadily as I could. "It is not at all proper for you to be here, and I do not wish it. If you want to talk to me, I will dress immediately and go out for a walk with you, but not unless you go instantly. Do you understand me?"

She sighed plaintively and unclasped her hands from her knees.

"Yes, I understand you, Jerry," she said, dropping her voice that haunting third, "but I would rather——"

"Are you going?" I cried.

"Y-yes, I am going," she murmured, and with what I knew were backward imploring glances and argumentative pouts she slipped down, hesitatingly, hopefully, as a child retreats, and pattered across to the door.

When I lowered my eyes the room was empty—but where she had sat the blanket was yet warm!

III—FATE PLAYS ME IN THE SHALLOWS

To-day I dived into one of my boxes for some warmer underclothing and stumbled upon a pair of rubber-soled shoes for deck wear. They brought the great boat before me in a flash and then the wharves and then the little group that had gathered at the long pier on that Saturday morning so long ago,—Wolcott Sears and his wife, Sue, white as a ghost, Tip Elder and I, with Roger and Margarita leaning over the rail. She had on a long, tight-fitting traveling coat of slate gray and a quaint, soft little felt hat with a grayish white gull that sprawled over the top of it. She looked taller than I had ever seen her, and her hair, drawn up high on her head, made her face more like a cameo than ever, for she was pale from the excitement and fatigue of shopping. On her hand, as she waved it with that lovely, free curve of all her gestures, shone the great star sapphire Roger had bought her, set heavily about with brilliants, a wonderful thing: all cloudy and gray, like her eyes, and then all densely blue, like her eyes, and now stormy and dark, like her eyes, and always, and most of all, like her eyes, with that fiery blue point lurking in the heart of it.

It was her birth stone—an odd bit of sentimental superstition for Roger to have cherished—and his own as well, for they were both born

in September. Her father had told her of this on one of the few occasions when he seemed to have talked with her at any length, and like all his remarks it had made a great impression upon her. Anything more violently at odds with the theory of planetary influence it would be hard to find, for two people more fundamentally unlike each other than Roger and his wife, I never met.

And yet . . . and yet (for I am not so sure as to what is "absurd" now that my half century milestone is well behind, and those months in Egypt taught me that much of the inexplicable is terribly true) shall I leave out of this rambling tale the moment of attention due the old horoscopist of Paris? I think not.

To old Papa Morel, then, I propounded the problem of accounting for Margarita's birth month having been Roger's, and even within the same week. Pressed for the year of her birth, I made her twenty-two, at which the old man scowled and muttered and traced with his cracked yellow nail devious courses through his great map of the heavens. To tease him I enumerated a few of her qualities and habits, all to be thoroughly accounted for in my estimation, by her strange environment and bringing-up; but far from exasperating him further, as I had supposed it would, this recital appeared to please him mightily. Shaking his finger reprovingly, he advised me no longer to mock myself of him, for unknown to myself I had exposed my own deceit: was I so utterly unversed in the heavenly politics as not to know that this person described herself fully as having been born four years previous to the date I had given him, in the year of the eclipse, which was moreover a comet-year and one in which Uranus usurped the throne of reigning planets, and breaking all bounds, shadowed that fateful season? That Aquarius, drawn by him, had imposed himself, too, and affected the very Moon in her courses? Indeed she would be an unbelievable person, that one! But assuredly she was born in the year 186—. And when we finally found the year of Margarita's birth, it was precisely the year stated by Papa Morel! He told me, moreover, that she would be a great artist, at which I laughed, for her future life was fairly well mapped out for her, I fancied, knowing Roger as I did. He told me that she would be in grave danger of death within three years, and then, turning to a horoscope of my own which he had insisted upon drawing, he ran his yellow finger down to a point and raising his mild, fanatic eyes to mine, remarked that at precisely that time it was written that I should save life! At which I smiled politely and said that I hoped

I should save Margarita's and he replied politely that as to that he did not know.

"You will remark," he added, "that persons born in that month of that year will never be otherwise than far out of the ordinary. No. And mostly artists; dramatic, musical—how should I know? You will remark, also, that they will indubitably possess great influence over the lives of others—and why not, with Uranus in that House as he is, opposing the Moon? Ah, yes, her life is not yet lived, that one!"

But on the Saturday that found us waving from the pier I had not met the good old Morel, and I was not thinking of the planets at all. It had just come over me with dreadful distinctness that from now on my life could never, never be the same. When I had first parted from Roger and Margarita, the poetic strangeness of their surroundings, the shock of all the discoveries I had just made, the relief of finding our friendship secured on a new footing, nay, the very darkness of the mild evening through which I was rowed away from them after that exciting day, all combined to blunt my sense of loneliness, to invest it with a gentle, dreamy pathos that made philosophy not too hard. It was like leaving Ferdinand and Miranda on their Isle of Dreams, with my blessing. But here were no Ferdinand and Miranda; only a handsome, well-dressed bride and her handsome, well-dressed husband-lover, sailing off for a brilliantly happy honeymoon and leaving me behind! The excitement was gone, the past was over, the future seemed dreadfully dull. My English blood, the blood of the small landowner, with occasional military generations, forbade my plunging into the routine of business, in the traditional American fashion, even had the need of it been more pressing. It may as well be admitted here and now that I was not ambitious; I never (fortunately!) felt the need of glory or high places and my simple fortune was to me wealth and to spare—Margarita's pearls were the greatest extravagance of my life. Up to this point I had never seriously realized that all the little, comfortable details of that little, comfortable bachelor life of ours were over and done, the rooms into which we had fitted so snugly, rented, perhaps, at that moment, the table at the club no longer ours by every precedent, the vacations no more to be planned together and enjoyed together.

The ship drew out into the harbor and I leaned hard on my stick and wondered drearily how long I was likely to live. Oh, I admit the shamefulness of my unmanly state! I might have been drying the orphan's tear or making

Morris chairs or purifying local politics, but I wasn't.

Tip Elder walked over to me and put his hand on my shoulder.

"Well, *that* baby's face is washed!" he said cheerily, "as my mother puts it. And I hope it's going to turn out all right. But I don't believe you and I would be in Roger's shoes for a good deal, would we?"

I turned on him fiercely.

"Speak for yourself, Elder!" I cried. "I'd give most of this life that I know about and all of the next that you don't, to be for a little while in Roger's shoes! Understand that!"

And brushing by him and utterly neglecting Sue and the Wolcott Seares, I jumped into a waiting cab and hurried away from that departing vessel, with two-thirds of what I loved in the world on her deck.

I took one last look at our old rooms, bare and clean, now, for my things were sold and Roger's stored; I gave all my clothes to the house valet, to his intense gratitude, and when, with a nervous blow of my favorite cane—a gift from Roger—in an effort to beat the pile of cloth on the floor into symmetrical shape, the stick broke in the middle, I came as near to an hysterical laugh as I ever came in my life.

"Take all the other sticks, Hodgson," I said huskily, "and the racquets, if you want them. And give the rod to the night porter—Richard fishes, I know. And take the underwear, too—yes, all of it!"

"And the trunk, sir? Where would you wish—"

"O Lord, take the trunk!" I burst out, for the familiar labels, ay, the very dints in the brass lock, carried only sour memories to me, now.

"But, sir, you've only what you stand in!" the man cried, convinced I am certain that I contemplated suicide. "I've got the day, to get through, Hodgson," I reassured him, "and the shops will be of great assistance!"

I left him gloating over his windfall, and plunged into haberdashery.

Fortunately for my nervous loathing of all my old possessions, I had celebrated Uncle Win's legacy by a prompt visit to my tailor, and the results of this visit went far to stock the new leather trunk that I recklessly purchased for the shocking price such commodities command in America. At the end of a successfully costly day I registered myself, the trunk, with its brilliant identification label, a new silver-topped blackthorn, and the best bull terrier I could get in New York, at the new monster hotel I had never before entered, with a strange feeling of an identity as new as my overcoat. This ter-



"Persons born in that month of that year will never
be otherwise than far out of the ordinary"

rier, by the way, marked my definite division from Roger more than anything else could have done. I have always been fond of animals, dogs especially, and as a little fellow was never without some ignominiously bred cur at my heels; but Roger never cared for them, and little by little I had dropped the attempt to keep one, since he objected to exercising them in town, did not care to bother with them in the country, and absolutely refused to endure the encumbrance of one while traveling. Not that he was ever cruel or careless: when thrown into necessary relations with animals he was far more just and thoughtful of them than many a sentimental animal lover of my acquaintance! Strangely enough, I have never seen a dog or cat that would not go to him in preference to almost anyone else—one of nature's ironies.

With Kitchener (not of Khartoum, then!) curled at the foot of my bed in a brand new collar, I went to sleep, woke early, and took the first train to Stratford to say good-by to my mother and receive her congratulations on my legacy.

Everything was unchanged in the neat little house: only old Jeanne in her bed in a wonderful nightcap marked the visit as different from any other. Years had ceased to leave any mark on her, since my mother's hair had turned grey, and I might have been a collegian again as I kissed her.

What extraordinary creatures women are! She knew inside of ten minutes I am sure, as well as Sarah Bradley had known, how matters stood with me, and whenever I spoke of Margarita an inscrutable look was in her eye and she stroked my arm in a delicate, mute sympathy. Nor did she refer to my children any more or her hopes that I would *ranger* myself and settle down. If she sighed a little at the news of my projected *wander jahr*, she did not beg me to set any term for it, and cheerfully congratulated herself upon my known faithfulness in the matter of correspondence. The tact of the woman!

She herself cooked our simple dinner to Jeanne's voluble accompaniment of regret: the chicken from her own brood, the salad from her garden, the delicious pastry that her own hands had put into the oven. After dinner, during which we drank Jeanne's health and took her a glass of the wine I always brought with me for the stocking of her unpretentious cellar (the neighbors had never been able to regard this addition to my mother's table without suspicion and regret), my father's favorite brand of cigars was produced and I dutifully smoked one. I had not inherited his taste in this instance, but for years I had respectfully

made this filial sacrifice and my mother would have been seriously hurt had I foregone it.

We talked of anything but what was in our minds: the wonderful late planting of peas; the beauties of Kitchener, who was formally introduced to Jeanne and listened with perfect good breeding to a long account (in French) of the departed family poodle; the kindness of the old parish priest to Jeanne; the war-scare in the East (my mother religiously took the London Times and watched Russia with unceasing vigilance); the shocking price of meat. Later she brought out my old violin and I played all her favorites while she accompanied me on the little cottage piano my father had bought for her when they began life together. If a tear dropped now and then on the yellow keys, neither of us took it too seriously, and it was a pleasant, soothing evening on the whole. My nerves relaxed unconsciously, and Jeanne's wild applause as one after another of her particular tunes rang out (*Parlons-nous de lui, Grandmere, Sous les Tilleuls* and *Je sais bien, mon amour*) gave me an absurd thrill of musicianly vanity.

I slept in my own little room with the prim black walnut bedroom suit, the prize-books in a row on the corner shelf, the worn rug made from the minister's calf that I shot by mistake, and my father's sword, with its faded tassel, over my bed. By some odd chance all my dreams that night were of those boyish days, and it was with sincere surprise that I stared on waking at my long mustache, in the toilet mirror—we were not so universally clean shaven twenty years ago.

My steamer sailed at noon from Boston, and to my intense delight there was no one on board that I knew. Unattended and unwept Kitchener and I marched up the gang plank, and I pointed out to him the conveniences and eccentricities of his surroundings with the contented confidence known only to the intimate friend of a good dog. For Kitchener and I were already intimate: the cynical philosophy, the sentimental maundering, the firm resolutions I had poured out in his well-clipped ear had brought us very close together, and had he chosen to betray my confidences he could have made a great fool of me, I can tell you.

Though I had made no formal decision as to where I would go, somewhere in the back of my brain it had been made for me. That astonishing young Anglo-Indian had not at that time reminded us that "when you 'ear the East a callin', why, you don't 'eed nothing else" (I quote from memory and far from libraries) but it was true, for all that, and I knew the skies that waited for me,—the low,

kindling stars, the warm, intimate wind, the very feel of the earth under my feet.

And yet I did not go there, after all. We were bound for England, and as I traveled up the Devon country and drank in the pure, homelike landscape and strolled by those incomparable (if occasionally malarial) cottages, my father's and grandfather's blood stirred in me, and half consciously, to tell the truth, I found myself on the way to Oxford. By some miracle of chance my old lodgings were free and before I quite realized what I was doing, I was making myself comfortable in them.

I should have hated to be obliged to explain to my incredulous American friends what I "did" in those long months, when every week I planned to be off for the South and every week found me still lingering by the emerald close, the gray tower, the quiet, formal peace of this back water of the world. In their sense, of course, I "did" nothing at all. I watched the youth around me (any one of them I might have been, had my father lived); I renewed the quiet, cordial friendships, which, if they never rooted very deep, never, on the other hand, desiccated and blew away; I wrote many letters and more than this, I formulated once for all, though I did not know it then, such theory of life as I have found necessary ever since. What it may have been does not so much matter: if I have failed to illustrate it in my life, if I have, even, failed to make it reasonably clear in this rough sketch of the most vital interests of my life, it cannot have been very valuable.

Among my correspondents at this time neither Roger nor his wife was numbered. This was not strange, for he was a poor letter writer, except for business purposes or in a real necessity, and she had never been taught so much as to write her own name! But I heard from them indirectly, and as Roger, it turned out, supposed me to have gone on a long hunting trip through the Rockies, neither of us was alarmed by the three months' silence.

A strange, dozing peace had settled over me; though I thought of them often, it was as one thinks of persons and scenes infinitely removed, with which he has no logical connection, only a veiled, softened interest. Margarita seemed, against the background of the moist, pearly English autumn, like some gorgeous and unbelievable tropical bird, shooting, all orange and indigo, across a gray cloud. It was impossible that I, a quiet chess player sitting opposite his friend, the impractical student of Eastern Religions, could have to do with such a vivid anomaly as she must always be. It was unlikely that the silent, moody man strolling for hours through mist-filled English lanes,

pipe in mouth, dog at heel, should ever run athwart that lovely troubler of man's mind, that babyish woman, that all-too-well-ripened child.

My Christmas holidays were quietly passed with the Oriental Professor in his tiny Surrey cottage, where he and his dear old sister, a quaint little vignette of a woman, forgot the world among her pansy beds. She was not visible at that time, however, owing to a teasing influenza which kept her in bed, and our hostess was her trained nurse, a quiet, capable little American, with a firm hand-grip and kind brown eyes, already set in fine, watchful wrinkles. She rarely spoke, except in the obvious commonplaces of courtesy, and our days were wonderfully still. The Professor taught me Persian, in a desultory way, and chess most rigorously, for he was hard put to it for an opponent even partly worthy of his prodigious skill. He was a member of all the most select societies of learning in the world, an Egyptologist of such standing that his pronouncements in that field were practically final, a man called before kings to determine the worth of their national treasures and curiosities—and his greatest pride was that he had beaten the hitherto unmatched mechanical chess-player in public contest and had been invited to settle absolutely the nicest problems in a chess magazine!

I dwell with a curious fondness upon this placid interval in my life. I supposed myself honestly settled, grown old, grateful for the rest and oblivion my father's old university gave me so generously. When I thought of the feverish, break-neck journey I had planned, of the hot and doubtful reliefs and distractions I had promised myself that day when the lawyers' letter had dropped half read on my knees and I had sniffed my freedom first, I wondered. But, truly, it is all written, and the hour had not yet struck, that was all!

IV—MARGARITA COMES TO TOWN

From Sae Paynter

WASHINGTON SQUARE, Oct. 16, 188—

JERRY DEAR:

First about the will—how splendid it was! Nothing could have pleased Roger more, I am sure—he told me with that queer, little whimsical grimace of his that it cleared his conscience to feel he was leaving you *something*! What a personality he has, and how, in his quiet unassuming way, he impresses it on us!

I hear that Sarah made a great fuss about the will, but was advised by Mr. Sears to stop—

and stopped! With Madam B. I am of course anathema—I have not heard from her since. The bank, *bien entendu*, is of the past, and you, I hear, are in the far West. How you will revel in the freedom and how good it must have been to kick off the ball and chain! If anyone can be trusted not to abuse leisure, it is you, dear Jerry—you won't appear so culpable as a pure American always does, somehow, under such circumstances. Even I feel unjustifiably idle now, so I have taken up some of Mr. Elder's fads—what a fine, manly sort of fellow he is!—and may be seen, *moi qui vous parle*, teaching sight reading to a boy's glee-club!

But of course you are impatiently waiting for me to turn to Margarita and leave this silly chatter about my egotistic self. *Eh bien*, she is marvelous. For half an hour I hated her, but I couldn't hold out any longer. I have never even imagined such a person. What a pose that would be if any actress were clever enough to avail herself of the unparalleled opportunities it would give her! Of course I thought it *was* a pose, at first—I simply couldn't believe in her. But equally of course no woman could deceive another woman very long at that, and she is one to conquer both sexes. When she put her hand in mine and asked if I was going to buy her some dresses on Broadway, I had to kiss her.

I got very little, just enough for absolute necessity, and gave her a letter to my woman in Paris and another to one I could only afford occasionally, and told her to obey them and take what they gave her. She understood and promised not to buy what happened to strike her—this was necessary, for she begged piteously for a rose pink street satin dress and a yellow velvet opera cloak to wear on the boat! We had a terrible struggle over a corset—she screamed when the *corsetière* and I got her into one and slapped the poor woman in the face. It took all my diplomacy to cover the affair and I doubt if I could have done it, really, if Margarita herself had not suddenly begun to cry like a frightened baby and begged pardon so sincerely that the woman was melted and ended by offering her sister as a maid! The girl had the best of references, and as she must have someone and Elise has traveled extensively and seems very tactful, she is now (I trust) adjusting the elastic girdle her sister finally induced Margarita to wear.

I took her to my Sixth Avenue shoe place, and she was so ravished with a pair of pale blue satin *mules* I got her that she actually leaned down and kissed the clerk who was kneeling before her! Fortunately we were in a private

room and he was the cleverest possible young Irishman, who winked gravely at me and took it as naturally as possible—he thought she was not responsible, you see, and assured me that he had an aunt in the old country who was just that way!

What a beautiful voice she has—have you ever heard it drop a perfect minor third? But what a strange, strange wife for Roger, of all men! I suppose she is the first thoroughly unconventional person he was ever closely connected with—in one way *you* would seem more natural with her—I suppose because you are more adaptable than Roger. With him, everybody must adapt. Will she! *Voilà l'affaire!* I should say that the young woman would be likely to have great influence over other people's lives, herself. If she and Roger ever clash—! Ah, well, *advienne qui pourra*, it's done.

I am forgetting to tell you about our visit to the Convent, and you must hear it. I love the old place and often go up there to see Mary, when things grow a little too unbearable. She is wonderful—so placid and bright, so somehow just like herself, when you expect something different! Why did she do it, I wonder? I was one of her best friends, and I never knew. Her great executive ability is having its reward, they tell me, and she is likely to be Mother Superior some day.

I had told her about Margarita and she was deeply interested in her, though the terrible state of the child's soul naturally alarmed her. When I told her that her sister-in-law had never been in a church, nor seen one, unless she had noticed those we passed in New York, she crossed herself hastily and such a look of real, heartfelt pain passed over her face!

Well, I got my charge safely up there, and everything interested her tremendously from the very beginning. It was the intermission *demi-heure* of the morning and the girls were all munching their *gouter* and playing about on the grass. I explained to her why they all wore the same black uniform, and why the honor girls, "*les très-biens*," wore the broad blue sashes under their arms, and why the sisters kept on their white headdresses in the house, and why the girls all made their little *révérence* when Mother Bradley came out to meet us. She kissed Margarita so sweetly and held her in her arms a moment—I don't think Roger quite realized how his attitude hurts her: it is the only almost unjust thing I ever knew him to do. In the halls there is a great statue of Christ blessing the children and Margarita stopped and stared at it several minutes, while we watched her. She seemed so rapt that Mary took my hand excitedly and



"Margarita stopped and stared at it several minutes"

whispered to me not to disturb her for the world, but wait for what she would say. After a while she turned to me.

"Why has that woman a beard, Sue?" she asked cheerfully. Imagine my feelings! I did not dare look at Mary.

We went all through the school rooms and she was most curious about the globes and blackboards and pianos. We stopped at the door of a tiny music room, and I smiled, as I always do, at the pretty little picture. The young girl with her Gretchen braids of yellow hair straight-backed in front of the piano, the nervous, gray haired little music master watchfully posted behind her, beating time, and in the corner the calm faced Sister, pink cheeked under her spreading cap, knitting, with constantly moving lips. The music rooms are so wee that the group seemed like a gracefully posed *genre* picture. Before we knew what she was about, Margarita had slipped in behind the music master and brought both hands down with a crash on the keys, so that the Chopin Prelude ended abruptly in a hysterical wail and the young lady half fell off the stool—only half, for Margarita pushed her the rest of the way, I regret to say. Fortunately Mary was able to get us out of it, but I fear there was no more Prelude that day! Why will women play Chopin, by the way? I never heard one who could. Do you remember Frederick's diatribes on the subject? He used to say that Congress should forbid Chopin to women, on pain of life imprisonment.

But you must hear the end of the visit. We went into Mary's room—perfectly bare, you know, with a great crucifix on the wall and below it, part of the woodwork, a little cup for holy water. As soon as she entered the room Margarita paused, and gave a sort of gasp—her hand which I held tight in mine, grew cold as ice. She moved over slowly to the crucifix, with her eyes glued to it,—she seemed utterly unconscious of us, or where she was; she stood directly under the crucifix, with Mary and me on either side of her shaking with excitement, and then she put out her hand in a wavering, unsteady way, like a blind person, dipped her fingers in the empty bowl and began to cross herself! She touched her forehead quickly, then moved her hand slowly down her chest, fumbled toward one side, then drew a long breath and stared at us, winking like a baby.

"I wish I had some food, Sue," she said, and actually yawned and stretched her arms, like a plow boy, in our faces, "I think this room makes me hungry. Are you not hungry, Mary?"

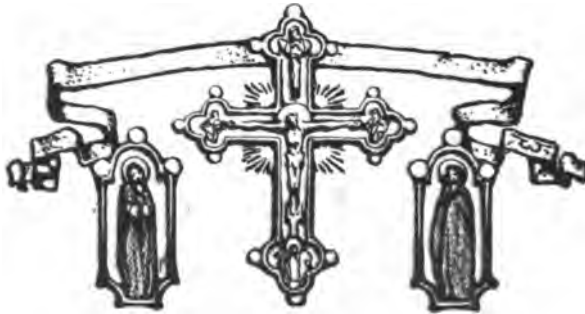
Now, Jerry, what do you make of that? She cannot have seen a crucifix, can she? Nor anyone crossing themselves? She acted like a woman walking in her sleep. If I lived in Boston and were interested in that sort of thing I could swear that she had been a nun in her last incarnation!

What do you think of it?

Yours always,

SUE PAYNTER.

TO BE CONTINUED



The Old Order Changeth

By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

V. The Leaven in the National Lump

THEORETICALLY this Nation lives under a government of laws sustained by a written Constitution. Practically it is a government by public sentiment. This does not mean that it is a government by public clamor. But it does mean that whenever the people have believed in a public policy, whether it was the direct election of the President by the people, or the emancipation of slaves, or the issue of greenbacks or the acquisition of colonies or the direct election of United States Senators, and have believed in these things deeply enough to sacrifice their own personal comfort for them,—to fight for them in short—the Constitution has never been strong enough to hold them back. The Constitution was meant to suppress clamor, not sentiment; the difference between the two expressions being—broadly—that clamor is the desire to reform some one else, and public sentiment is the desire to reform one's self. Public clamor is essentially selfish—tyrannical. Real public sentiment is essentially unselfish—democratic. For democracy is at base, altruism, expressed in terms of self government. And so to know what kind of a National government we really have in America, it is as necessary to study our public sentiment, as it is to examine our laws and consider our written Constitution.

For while a city or a state may exhibit some sporadic legalization of clamor, the area of the Nation is too large, geographically, mentally and morally, for sheer clamor often to get legal recognition. A democracy must be big. Size is a fundamental part of it; and our very bigness here in America has prevented many vital mistakes. Clamor, from California to Maine, and from Florida to Oregon, however loud and terrifying, generally wears itself out

before the machinery of law can stamp it and authorize it. So as a rule, our federal laws are observed; not because the government is so ruthless, but because the laws are just.

Public Sentiment—How It Acts

And in taking inventory of our National progress during the decade or two last past, we must consider, along with our new laws, the public sentiment that made them, and that sustains them and is demanding the extension of these laws into larger areas. For the sentiment that made the laws is more important than the laws themselves. And the study of the organization and growth of sentiment is an important part of the work of the student of our government. For much error prevails about the way this Nation thinks. Commonly newspapers are supposed to be the great factories of sentiment. Gentlemen in the pillory of public sentiment blame their discomfiture upon the newspapers and magazines. And, if these gentlemen are in funds at the moment, they buy other newspapers, and subsidize other magazines, and—accomplish nothing. For newspapers and books and magazines do not make sentiment. They merely voice sentiment. Often they make clamor, but public sentiment grows. It is as evanescent as the wind, and as resistless as the waves. It may be dammed, but not permanently checked. And in America, public sentiment grows after the manner of the genius of the people: by parliamentary organization.* Given an idea in common to three Americans, and the best known becomes president, the most effective secretary, and the richest of the three treasurer. These are our faith, hope and charity.

The Incubation of an Idea

"To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart, is true for all men—that is genius," says Emerson and admonishes us "speak your latent conviction, and it shall be the universal sense; for the inmost in due time becomes the outmost." So public sentiment grows in America. An idea comes to a man and simultaneously to his brother a thousand miles away, or perhaps in the next block. The idea draws them together. When they meet there is a third and a fourth with them, and they organize. The idea has become a force in the world. It has the seed of events in it. If men are willing to sacrifice their time for it, to give up their comforts for it, to live for it and if need be to die for it, the group that fostered it multiplies by division, in some curious way into a multitude of groups, all pressing the idea into life. There is the state association, two, three, perhaps four state associations—all advocating the righteousness of the idea. Then comes a call for a National association, and the wild-fire is out. State associations spring up everywhere. A national bureau is set up promoting the idea, fostering its propaganda, bound to its work in the world, and then follows a national law, and the private institution becomes a public institution.

Ideas in various stages of incubation may be seen all over the country. Where the demand for pure food was ten years ago, the contest against tuberculosis is to-day. And ten years from now tuberculosis may be as arch an enemy to the laws of the republic as adulterated food is to-day. And here is another curious thing about the advancement of ideas: Just as the same hundred men or so are the directors of all our big banks, all our great railroads, many of our public service corporations—directing the centripetal forces of American society, so a hundred men more or less—but another group entirely—are found directing many of the societies, associations, conventions, assemblies and leagues behind the benevolent movements—the centrifugal forces of American society. It is Harriman, the Goulds, Winslow Pierce, Ryan, Stillman and their associates, against Seth Low, Homer Folks, Samuel McCune Lindsay, Jane Addams, Clinton Rogers Woodruff and their associates. They are captains of two opposing groups, each necessary to the life of the Nation, each performing his organic function in our body politic. But nevertheless it is a curious phenomenon in our social pathology!

Thus our history is made by men organized

in parliamentary form bound together by an idea, often opposing a force not always organized save by the instinct of fear under attack which makes the community of interest in business and in politics. For instance: One of the most important laws put on our federal statutes in two decades, is the Hepburn railroad law. It prohibits discrimination between individual shippers reasonably well. It is correcting a serious and sinister abuse in our national commerce. The law is fairly well observed. The sentiment of the people is behind it. Here is the leaven that changed the National lump. Before the passage of the Hepburn law, there was an organization among American business men, known as the "Interstate Commerce Convention." It was composed of state and local commercial and trade organizations—boards of trade, fruit growers, lumbermen, and the like, in thirty-four states, and in addition to these it comprised thirty-five National associations, like the American Herford Cattle Breeders, the National Association of Manufacturers, the National Paint, Oil and Varnish Association, the National Hay Association, and similar organizations that one rarely hears of in the newspapers.

This association of associations, called the "Interstate Commerce Convention," met from time to time and formulated its demands. In those demands was sacrifice for some associations, abnegation of special privileges by others, selfishness in some quarters and meanness in others, but on the whole what they asked for was fair. They appealed to the nation. The people were convinced. The newspaper began to voice the sentiment of the people. The president recognized the sentiment, and realized its justice. The railroads controlled the machinery of politics. They had hundreds of subsidized newspapers. They hired men to establish bureaus and to write controversial articles and paid editors to print a refutation of the shippers' demands. Money was spent without stint. Millions might have been used, if they had been usable. The Interstate Commerce Convention had raised \$22,855. Gossip said at the time and the lobbyists for the railroads boasted that they had two millions. Probably they had no such sum. But they might have had ten. And yet the \$22,000 of the shippers was enough. Half as much would have done as well. For money in America does not make sentiment. Printing presses are as useless as cheese presses in making sentiment. Public sentiment comes out of the consciences of the people, and it cannot be fed to them in any sort of medicinal form. So the railroads surrendered with all their money.

The Hepburn law was enacted. The genius of the people for parliamentary organization outside of constitutions and law saved them. They sacrificed something—did these hundreds of thousands of people in the organization—not money, but time, and convenience, and special privileges—passes, inside rates, rebates, concessions and what not of the crumbs of commerce, and by giving to the common good they won for the common good.

Pure Food—How We Got It

Take another instance. The people of this country were eating poisoned food. The president, the secretary and the treasurer met, discussed the matter, and the Pure Food Association, greatly to be sniffed at by the entrenched forces of culinary poison, began its work. It had no money. It had no newspapers. Newspapers and magazines ten years ago were taking millions of dollars in advertising from manufacturers of improper foods. But the pure food show began to appear in American cities and towns just as the tuberculosis is moving over the country to-day. The people learned the truth. The wholesale grocers' associations took up the fight, and in spite of all the money behind the manufacturers of the adulterated and poisonous food, the pure food and drug act passed congress and became a law. The sacrifice of hundreds of men and women who were willing to give their time, their service and their names to the cause of pure food for the masses, was more potent than all the legislative machinery, all the lobby of retailers, all the flood of telegrams from cattle growers, and all the forces of selfishness.

Observe another illustration of the force of public sentiment in our American life. There is the National Civil Service Reform League. The forces of plunder and graft in the United States hate that League and all its works. The high caste politicians of the states, of the cities, and of the nation make this league the particular object of their curses. If organized politics could stop the spread of the civil service with all its power and with all its machinery, it would be a dead issue. Yet this little handful of men in the civil service league—most of them highly incompetent in the machinations of practical politics,—has organized the sentiment of the American people for justice in the public service, and as a result during the last eight years much has been accomplished; in 1901 sixteen hundred positions in the war department were restored to the classified service after removal from it in 1899; in 1902 two hundred and fifty employes of the temporary

government in Cuba were added to the classified list, and labor regulations were made for the Washington departments. The next year the Shipping Commissioners were restored to the classified service and the Philippine teachers added, and in 1904 the classification of the subordinates in the Isthmian commission began and the year following the whole labor service was put under control of the Civil Service Commission. Since then the fourth-class postmasters have been protected from political assaults and a rule has been established putting presidential postmasters under the merit system; under this rule they are reappointed in spite of congressional endorsement or opposition, if their records are in the first grade of the service. The states Wisconsin, Illinois, New Jersey, Colorado and Kansas have adopted laws which protect certain employees from removal for political reasons, and in a measure establishing the merit system. Moreover, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Des Moines, Cedar Rapids, Atlanta, Baltimore, Duluth, St. Louis, Wilmington, N. C., Oklahoma City, Portland, Ore., Philadelphia, Scranton, Pittsburgh, and Norfolk have established civil service rules for one or more of the city departments. And all of this leaven of righteousness is worked by public sentiment and the particular organism that promotes that sentiment is the National Civil Service League which never spends over \$9,000 a year. Money plays a small part in American public life:

In 1901 and the two years following, Commercial bodies and labor unions all over the land began petitioning Congress to establish some sort of a bureau of commerce. And in 1903 the Department of Commerce and Labor was established. It marks the greatest advance in our government's relation to the individual that has been taken for a generation. For the right of the government to examine the books and accounts of every American business concern, and upon its own judgment of expediency to withhold or make public the result of its examination, in effect legalized the precedence of the common good over the private right in private business and makes all business public business, so far as its status before the law is concerned. The altruism of democracy has no stronger fortress in America than the law upon which the Department of Commerce and Labor is founded. Yet it was founded without excitement, without clamor, because the president, the secretary and the treasurer of a thousand business organizations—willing to reform themselves, to subject themselves to inspection and regulation, asked for it.

The Core of the Reform Movement

And now we come to the core of the so-called reform movement in America; for it is at bottom a National movement. What we find in ballot laws and democratic tendencies in states, what we find in regulative and restrictive legislation in the various commonwealths, what we find in the reshaping of charters, and remaking of municipal governments are but the local symptoms of our National adolescence. They are growing pains of the new life that is upon us. When President Roosevelt interfered in the anthracite coal strike early in his administration, he did not create the sentiment which backed him up so loyally in his extra-constitutional act. A score of organizations for a decade had been making sentiment which recognized the common good as paramount to the private right. The right of property as against the right of the people was a shell. It was worm-eaten by public sentiment, and however the coal operators might chatter about their divine rights, the real divine right was that of the people to keep warm at a reasonable price. Chief among the organizations propagating the right of the people to industrial peace was and is the National Civic Federation. It is composed largely of rich men who have vision to see that they must surrender to the common good much of their vested rights, and generally these men find joy in it. Among other members of the Federation are labor leaders who see that they too and their constituents must give in before the common good, and take joy in the giving. That sentiment is abroad in America, and it is the soul of our new-born democracy. So that one who looks at the large National movements of the decade now closing will find that those movements which have become National laws are laws looking to the distribution rather than the accumulation of wealth. Practically all the large National organizations which jam the trains annually going to their conventions are fundamentally altruistic. There are a million Masons in the United States. There are six million members of fraternal insurance companies distributing annually nearly \$6,000,000 in sick and death benefits, and giving almost as much more in free fraternal service from man to man in time of trouble. For this democratic tendency of our times does not express itself well in dollars and cents. But always it is ready to respond to any call whether political or social or economic when the voice is clear and the motive unblurred. When Theodore Roosevelt came to the White House, he merely saw the obvious thing, and did it,

and became a force for righteousness, because he had a righteous people behind him.

Roosevelt's Policies Not His Alone

The important measures accomplished under Roosevelt are these: The regulation of corporations, the beginning of the Panama Canal, the enactment of the pure food law, the reclamation of the desert by irrigation, the preservation of the forests, the extension of the civil service, the establishment of peace under the Portsmouth treaty. These may be called the Roosevelt policies. Yet they are not his. He merely adopted them. He found in every case a strong parliamentary organization, working for these things. Moreover, in every case these organizations were poor in funds and rich in men, and were fighting entrenched interests rich in funds if often poor in men. The struggle of the Interstate Commerce Law Convention with its pitiful little \$22,000 against the millions of the railroads has been noted. The same forces that fought the Hepburn law, and the establishment of the department of Commerce and Labor, opposed the Panama Canal undertaking. For the canal will play havoc with transcontinental rates. And the packers and poison dealers who opposed the pure food and drug law were beaten by the same little David in another coat who slew the railroad Goliath in the first two battles. The Irrigation Congress had to fight the cattle men and the sheep men who had the ranges and desired to keep them, but the cranks and the dreamers won, and the fields were cut into "quarters" and "eighties" and the desert blossomed as the rose. In the contest for the preservation of the forests, the timber cutters have had nine points of the law. They have had possession, and they have had unlimited funds. And the American Forestry Association, The Appalachian National Forest Association, The International Society of Arboriculture, and the Society of American Foresters, have had less funds than it takes to give a National Lumberman's banquet—yet the feeble folk built their homes among the rocks of simple justice and are winning, and inevitably must win. When he established peace at Portsmouth, President Roosevelt was not alone. There was with him the sentiment of a Nation fostered by the American Peace Society, maintaining eighteen lecturers in the field, the Association for International Conciliation, the Universal Peace Union, and the Lake Mohonk Peace Conference, not to mention 32,000,000 of church communicants in the nation. The history of the Roosevelt

administration, with its wonderful advance in our National institutions, has been the history of the expression of the people rather than the growth of the people. Like Homer when he "smote his bloomin' lyre," Theodore Roosevelt found the people bursting with pent-up righteousness, "and what he thought he might require, he went and took."

Since the Spanish War the whole movement of the people, from crass materialism so evident in our business and politics and religion, is the movement of an organizing people. It has been as methodical as the growth of life in its inanimate form. It is as though the social body were the host of a myriad altruistic bacteria, each somewhat different from the other, but all having a strong centrifugal movement, and all united to produce a democratic tendency that is not a disease but a growth. The blood of our National life is thick with these germs that are consuming the poison of selfish decay that threatened us, and they show no senility but youth in us.

It is therefore proper to examine a few of the hundreds of more prominent organizations having a National scope and charter, and aiming at distinct betterments of our common life. For these organizations are prophetic. What the civil service reformers have done, what the peace advocates are doing, what the forest preservers are in the way of doing, what the commercial bodies of the Nation have well under way, in the matter of railroad regulation, ocean competition, and corporate restriction, the other organized forces of righteousness may well expect to accomplish. For they are all common symptoms of a National condition, and whatsoever is worthy and of good report will prevail.

The American Federation of Labor

One of the most ominous shadows casting itself before some coming event in our National Life, is the American Federation of Labor. And it is important, not because it affects so many people, though probably ten million Americans are directly affected by the life of the Federation; it is important because of the way these ten millions of people are affected. For all of them, men who work and their wives, sisters, children, sweethearts, fathers and mothers, and sympathizing friends, make the Federation or some one of its component parts, their religion. They are willing to sacrifice not only their comfort for it, but time and again they do sacrifice their very necessities for it. Their conduct—which is nine-tenths of life—is regulated by the Federation, and their creed

in religion and politics is more or less biased by it. The material results of their altruistic faith in the Federation may be seen in the fact that the members paid \$1,257,244 in death benefits last year, and \$593,541 in sick benefits, \$205,254 in unemployed benefits, and \$2,549,759 in strike benefits. Here is a grand total of four and a half million dollars raised by men to whom a dollar means more than a hundred dollars means to the forces these men are contending with. And when one considers what a vast amount of time and thought and service has come in proportion to this money for this cause, one must recognize that eventually the men who devote that sacrifice in money, and that time and thought and personal service to the common good, must accomplish real results. For whatever error now is impeding them, whether error in their own demands or error in the claims of their opponents, must go down before such an organized force.

For this is not a material world. In the organization of this thing we call civilization, there is no force so resistless as kindness, and this vast kindness of the workers to their brethren—whatever of cruelty, whatever of meanness it may call forth either on their own side, or on the side of their antagonists, in spite of the evil the kindness must win some substantial reward in the end. Laws may be temporarily denied to them, courts may check them, and executives keep within their legal restrictions, but in the end, whatever there is of unselfish justice in the demands of labor for a humane day, a clean environment, and a living wage, will come to them under National law. For when one considers how far labor has come in fifty years in this country, how large has been its actual as well as its comparative betterment as the result of organization, the future becomes something more than a guess. For to-day the organization is of a higher type, the leaders have a broader outlook, and the devotion of the men and women inside the organization is of a more intelligent kind than ever it was before.

Others are Aiding Labor's Cause

So labor to-day is enlisting in its cause thousands who are not allied with the trades. The Child Labor Committee and the Consumers' League, and the National Civic Federation, for instance, are organizations outside the trades that are making an enlightened public sentiment for the demands of labor. The Child Labor Committee has secured the passage of laws restricting the employment of

The Consumers' League

children in practically every American state, and there is talk of a Bureau for the consideration of Children in the National government. The Consumers' League is devoting itself successfully to the work of securing recognition for the union label, from the buying public, but the most important work done for labor outside of the labor unions is being done by the National Civic Federation. And that work is not the settlement of strikes in many states, nor the settlement within the past two years by arbitration of street car strikes in San Francisco, New York, Chicago, Newark, New Orleans and Pittsburgh; nor the settlement of strikes in the textile trades and building trades. The work of the Civic Federation until last year was rather beneficent than scientific. But the real work of the Federation began when at the invitation of President Seth Low, John Mitchell took charge of a department known as the department of Trades Agreement for Industrial Peace. This department, headed by Mr. Mitchell in an organization financed by a sufficiently large per cent of the employers of labor in the country to make a governing minority, marks a definite meeting place for labor and capital, wherein they may treat as equals. In selecting Mr. Mitchell and giving him authority to act, the employers have met with fairness, the self-sacrifice of labor, and a real basis of agreement may be found. It will be in effect an extra legal National bureau of arbitration, and it is the history of our government that we have always taken over for government use any good thing developed by the people.

For this idea is following the well-known life history of our institutions. First we have the society or organization, next comes the private establishment securing results, then follows the law, putting the whole matter under the federal government. Our National government is jealous of success outside of its domain, in any public matter, and whether it be the Director of the Office of Public Roads, who is annually promoting the construction of thousands of miles of first class public roads, or the superintendent of the Life Saving Service who is annually directing the underpaid federal employees who save hundreds of lives, or whether it is the chief of the bureau of chemistry that enforces the pure food and drug law—wherever the government finds an organization working unselfishly to an end that is unmistakably for the common good, that organization becomes a part of the federal government, and the department of trades agreement of the civic federation has only to prove its value for the government to legalize it.

Even the Consumers' League is not safe. It may be taken over in time. For it is awakening buyers to the cruelty of late shopping in the Christmas season; it is working for a shorter day for women, and through its influence Louis Brandeis of Boston gave his services as ancillary counsel of the attorney general of Oregon, and directed the work of preparing the brief upon which the United States Supreme Court rested a unanimous decision in favor of the law which limits the hours of labor for women and children, so that now no one need refuse to support a short hours bill for women and children on the grounds of its constitutionality. And the work of the twenty-six leagues under the National League in twenty-two states is now turned toward securing state laws in harmony with the United States Supreme Court decision. When one considers the crass brute force of the organized greed which this league is opposing, with its meagre funds, and its simple faith, one longs to see the combat quicken to its inevitable end. For it will be an object lesson in the impotence of wealth and material power that will put heart into millions of men and women who fear to trust their instincts. Co-ordinate with the Consumers' League, but in no way related to it is the Legal Aid Society with branches in New York, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, Denver, Cleveland, Hoboken, Cincinnati, Rochester, Buffalo, Newark, Washington, Portland, Ore., New Rochelle, San Francisco, and Los Angeles. This society seeks to redress without cost the legal wrongs to the poor, and in New York alone it handles about 30,000 cases and recovers from the oppressors of the poor nearly \$100,000 annually. It has the seed of a state activity, and even now free legal advice for the people is being agitated by certain bar associations.

A National Business to Look After the Poor

The obvious altruism of organizations like this indicates a spirit of mutual helpfulness in the hearts of the people, which makes it seem queer that with all our local charitable organizations spending millions to help the needy, the Salvation Army is almost the only organization with a National scope which makes it a business to look after the poor. For our poverty is interstate, as much as our commerce, and until it is handled with a National spirit, and studied from the broad National outlook its causes will not be thoroughly understood. So while the Salvation Army spends annually

nearly a million dollars upon the nation's poor, feeding 300,000 of them at Christmas dinners, furnishing daily work for over 1,000, and supplying during a year over two million beds, and supporting 100 industrial homes, wood yards and employment stores and 21 rescue homes, still this is but a fraction of the work needed, and the establishment of the Pittsburgh Foundation for the study of the social and economic condition of the wage earning classes, probably marks the beginning of a deeper and saner interest in our National poverty, and its causes and possible cures than we have had before. For our sense of National charity must awaken and have a being as definite as any other organ of our National spirit. The Pittsburgh Foundation at least has done this: It has shown that we have a National system—an American system—of dealing with labor. That system makes labor bear the charges of breakage and wreckage and wear and tear in labor. But when once the American people understand that this system is peculiar to us, that other nations compel the different trades to bear the expense of wear and tear and breakage of men as they bear the wear and tear and breakage of machinery, our system will change; the employers' liability will be legally established, and the mockery of damage suits in federal courts by maimed employees against their negligent employers will cease; the doctrine of the assumed risk of the laborer in any trade will vanish, and at least one fruitful source of poverty—the maintenance of the crippled—will disappear. Those in charge of the Pittsburgh survey now seem to think that the city, "is the only thing big enough to counterbalance organized industry, and make life sane and normal and beautiful." But perhaps when the National government feels the impulse of the people who have been enlightened by the saddest facts in all our statistics, the nation may leave the city less to do than they think who see the situation to-day.

It is reasonable to believe that this century may see an improvement in the condition of the weak and defenseless in our industrial system which the last century saw in the care of the mentally and morally and physically infirm and helpless. The state has advanced so far in its care of insane, of deaf and blind, of the morally imperfect, that millions of dollars are spent upon these unfortunate people. The best thought of the best scientists of the nation is given them freely and willingly, and no tax upon the people is so gratefully paid as that which goes to make existence easier for our feebler kin. And improvement is moving so rapidly that we who do not watch it scarcely

realize that the state separates its insane into groups, that it generally paroles its first offending criminals, that it allows no children in jail, that it has all but stopped prison horrors, and that the punitive spirit is passing from all of our legal institutions. Says Secretary Alexander Johnson of the National Conference of Charities and Corrections: "You may fairly state that on the whole there is a trend toward good business administration (of our prisons and charitable institutions) with the elimination of partisanship." The people are getting what they ask for. The private neglect of ages and the public abuses of the middle years of the last century are giving way to the expression of the public sympathy and generous care. And what the people feel for the helpless they will feel for those who are ground to helplessness in our industrial life. As citizens of a democracy, the altruism of our National character may find a way to do what economist and legal doctrinaires have not been able to accomplish. The service pension system and general welfare work for the employees is coming into our railroads as a voluntary establishment so rapidly that its legalization will hardly mark a practical advance when it comes. And in the industries experience has proved that the service pension and the welfare work pay—and that guarantees their adoption. And when the economic value of kindness is demonstrated the instinct of democracy to help the needy will have no political opposition.

Work in the Colleges

A generation ago when the college curriculum began to broaden and the laboratory began to take an important place in college life, educated men bewailed the material spirit of our education. There was a movement to force education back to the humanities, back to culture, back to "the sweet serenity of books." But now the laboratory is returning to the democracy that founded it, the service that is due. Our scientific societies are most purely altruistic. The health and well-being of the masses is engaging scientists all over the Nation. A score of scientific societies state and National have as their reason of being some improvement in our public life. The Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis is doing effective work in Washington, Oregon, California, North Dakota, South Dakota, Minnesota, Kansas, Nebraska, Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Louisiana, Alabama, Florida, Tennessee, Missouri, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Maine and West Virginia, where effective campaigns for state appropriations to

stop the spread of the disease are waging. From the other end of the college campus, the students of economics are coming into public life and one group of them has formed and is maintaining The National Tax Association, The Economic Association and the American Academy of Political and Social Sciences which hold national conferences and are gathering most valuable data and forming most important conclusions in economics and sociology. The future work of these and similar associations will be inestimable. But it is altogether unselfish. There is not a dollar in it for any one. Like all of the great American democratic movements the study of economics is for the good of the many at the sacrifice of the few. And it is but one of a score of the activities of men from the broader college and the greater university which democracy is establishing all over the land, by local taxes or private gifts.

Helping Ourselves

We have seen in passing but a few of the hundreds of activities of the Americans as they are organized for mutual help. But these activities are so many, and the organizations so wide-spread that scarcely a citizen escapes them. Whatever his inspiration to aid his fellow may be, he finds it organized and in some organization he finds outlet for the desire to help, to be of use in the world, to satisfy his soul by service. And so these societies and associations and conferences and conventions and assemblies, do three-fold duty. First they express public sentiment after the parliamentary fashion of the old Aryan, who moved after "the most ancient ways" in due form and order. Again they develop in Americans the self-sacrifice and self control and high altruism that is necessary for a permanent democracy. And finally they also unify the nation. For these organizations are National, and men of all sections meet one another for the common good, as Americans. But most of all they help the man who helps. It was the Samaritan

rather than he who fell among thieves who was benefited by the kindness on the Jericho road. And so we who by the millions are manning these societies for the betterment of our kind, are helping ourselves more perhaps than those we would help. The just sympathy strike helps the sympathizer, makes him bigger, manlier, nobler, even though it does not help the first striker. Likewise, thousands of men are helping their souls as they help others fight tuberculosis in their bodies. And so with all our reforming conditions about us, by the millions and millions we are first of all reforming ourselves. We are promoting democracy by forgetting ourselves in the thought of others. This self-abnegation is the greatest movement in our National life. And at bottom all this desire to heal our souls is but the prick of the National conscience. It is essentially a Puritan movement. The movement in our National politics toward the more equitable distribution of our common wealth is from the Puritan's conscience. It is not solely from those who are wronged; it is from all classes. The conscience of the people knows no class. It is National. And until the conscience is satisfied desire for reform will not abate. This movement for equity—for democracy in our National life—is not a craze. The reform movement is a deep tendency of our life; it is our mysterious link with the infinite body of humanity—the body in which through some strange spiritual alchemy, the good of one is the good of all. The Divine leaven in a sordid generation, which in the end shall leaven the whole lump, is our National inheritance through the home, from the mother of our own blood, brought here as equal and partner through great suffering and sacrifice to make a Nation. The social leaven in so much as it is instinctive and emotional is feminine; but in that it is dominant and masterful it is bred of men. But whatever this conscience of democracy is, it is binding us into a closer National union than we have known before, making us one blood in our common aspiration. And thus a race is renewing itself.



Poor Old Dogs

By MARION HILL

Author of "His Little Red Hen," "Jessica," Etc.

With Illustrations by Dan Sayre Grosbeck

IN the Quaker City there is a street whose sedate houses once harbored but ultra-fortunate beings, those whose income got around regularly and without much trouble, beings who paid by check at the end of the month instead of by cash every Saturday night, beings who journeyed in private coaches instead of patronizing the horse-cars, beings whose wives always "kept a servant" (there were no "maids" in those days) and never, never by any chance had to brave the publicity even of early dawn by appearing on the sidewalk with pail, mop, brush and whiting to preserve the glaring, if short-lived, purity of their three marble steps.

But, alas, this select prosperity is nothing now except a memory, having belonged to the street some forty years ago, when the city authorities exercised even less control than they do now in regard to the shoveling away of snows, and the lamp-lighters in the winter's dusk used to lean their ladders against convenient drifts when they climbed to apply the match; steadily, ever since, its residential glory has dimmed year by year, dulled by the smug obscurity of little shops which have wriggled in wherever they could, so that now the once gentle thoroughfare is one long bartering line of petty trade, and such houses of distinction as still remain are apt to flaunt a brass plate set within the marble coping of a window pregnantly inscribed *Modes, Coal Orders Taken Here, Undertaking, Table Board* and the like, to say nothing of a universal *Apartments*.

The street's degeneration was a constant source of annoyance to M. Jules Joullin, the famous tenor, an annoyance which augmented to fury when a certain Simon Helbig rented the house opposite and turned out to be a gunsmith, filling his parlor window, or what

should have been such, with a centerpiece of bayonets framed in glittering new revolvers.

To Gabrella, Jules' pretty wisp of a daughter, Simon Helbig was nothing at all—the revolvers were even less, whereas Simon's son, Harry, became considerable. Whether Harry was Jew or Gentile, German or American, none knew, not even Harry himself, and no one cared, nor did it matter; enough that he was good looking and industrious, was young in full measure, and that he thought Gabrella the prettiest thing in the world and as high as heaven above him—which is all as it should be.

Gabrella herself was in no position to take exception to nationalities. Her father was a Frenchman—one of the incurable kind—her mother was dismally English, cockney at that, while Gabrella was as American and as airily independent as the very eagle on top of the flag itself.

So American was she that she considered it the proper thing to make fun of whatever was sacredest to her feelings—even of Harry. "My beau is the son of a gunsmith!" she was singing with cheery impudence one morning as she persistently watered some flowers in a flower-box upon the ledge of a window overlooking the displayed weapons.

"Guybrella," suggested Mme. Joullin reprovingly, "why don't you come away from the flair-box (Lord knows the flairs are drenched to their deaths by now) and see what your father wants? 'E's 'ollerin' something awful. Will you 'arken to 'im!"

Which was not difficult to do for the reason that the belligerent sound was right at the door which now flew open with a crash disclosing a plainly uncontrolled Jules. Fat and florid, with suspiciously black hair and a more suspiciously green scalp, he let his breath come convulsively from his protuberant chest,

he swallowed vainly in the region of his veritable pumpkin of an Adam's apple, he waved his small fat nervous hands and all but danced on his dapper nervous feet.

"*Je vous faire mes compliments!*" he remarked scathingly, stuffing his chest still further out and twisting his mustache till the ends stabbed the sky.

"*Come on, Jool?*" queried Mme. Joullin, talking French.

"*Comment!*" he echoed sarcastically. "Oh, nothing nothing no no no no no! Do we breakfast not at all, never, this morning? *Nomme d'un—*"

"*Hullo, there, stop that!*" called Gabrella, her lovely young voice which was perpetually gay with hint of laughter, menacing unconcernedly. "Behave yourself. Never swear when there are ladies in the room. Say what you like when there's only one, for one can't bring witness, but be careful before ladies. And down with that mustache." Sidling up to him, she tweaked both ends of it, reversing its tilt till it drooped meekly. "That's better. Now I can kiss you." Coaxing the fiery face down to hers she kissed it into semi-amiability. "And in with that inflated tenor chest!" she ordered, vigorously thumping the angry front. "No hauteur so early in the day!"

Her last energetic little thump sent a shower of water drops over him from the watering-can which she still held and reminded him of an occupation which had probably become chronic with her.

"Grimacing over the way again, hein? out of the window, is it not? dreaming of fooleries and trousseau, hein?"

"Fooleries, yes; trousseau, no," said Gabrella with cheerful shamelessness. "How American you are getting to be, thinking to marry off a daughter without a dot." Gabrella was at impudent laughing pains to sound the last word as if it rhymed with not. "Why have you never exerted yourself, adorable Dad, to accumulate for me a dot?"

"*Sacrrrrre!*" exploded M. Joullin. "Wherefore pronounce it thus? Pronounce as it should, as it should!—*dot, dot, dot!*"

"Certainly; dough, dough, dough," obeyed Gabrella, laughing outright. "The American Dad of mine, exploiting the dough!"

Cocking her head, she danced around him tantalizingly, singing in a high sweet voice,

"Isn't it funny?
Dough is money,
Everywhere you go.
Do, re, mi fa, sola, si, dough!"

"And from what opera?" demanded Jules

meaningly, his constant effort being to confine Gabrella's warblings to the legitimate.

"From 'Norma'—miles from it," said Gabrella gravely. "'Hear me gnaw, ma,' as the little mouse said to its mother."

"Little mouse?" questioned Jules, fiercely suspicious.

"Guybrella," chided Mme. Joullin, "'ave done kiddin' your Pa and tyke 'im 'is tea and toast."

"Not tea and toast—caffy and petty pan," corrected Gabrella, delighting in her Yankee twang.

"*Chut! Psst!*" snorted Jules by way of scholarly protest.

"Chut, psst, then; anything you like to call it," agreed Gabrella "I call it coffee and rolls."

"Less chatter, child, and more 'urry," urged Mme. Joullin.

"One parent on me at a time is quite enough," stated Gabrella, holding a reproving finger up at her mother. "*Tais-toi, p'tit, je t'implore.*"

After this, Gabrella wisely flew from the room to bring the belated breakfast, leaving her father and mother to smile at each other, as they did, quite helplessly—Gabrella being the head of the firm. The girl dominated them by her proficiency in what each lacked, pattering exquisite French to her hopelessly English mother, and scattering slang Americanisms over her French father, to the bewilderment and silencing of them both.

"Still, by 'ook or by crook, the child 'appened to 'it upon a serious matter, Jool. *Kelker shows dampert.* Why *don't* you put by a bit of money for 'er? We live along from d'y to d'y, pretty comfortable truly, but without a penny laid up. And we've reached a tidy ige, both of us, fifty over, and it aren't 'ardly safe not to think of the future. *Ness par cur jay ryson, Jool?*"

"Reason—within limitations—my angel," replied he in fluent French which she perfectly well followed although she could not have written it to have saved her life. "Right—within limit—which is as near as woman ever comes or should hope to come. Quite true, we have nothing saved. But what imports a bagatelle like that, since my voice wins for me in a single evening more than we require to spend in a week?—thanks due immensely to thee, my angel, who art careful exceedingly of funds entrusted. Time was, indeed, when a single evening won the sustenance not for a week alone but for a month, yes, even two. That was in the day when the world had not gone mad for nonsense. Now, when the public wants not opera but the songs of the coon; wants not a night's up-



He waved his small fat nervous hands and all but danced on his dapper nervous feet

lifting but ten minutes of a laugh; instead of stability, wants variety; instead of knowledge and experience, wants youth and appearances"—here he involuntarily ran his hand through the hair which was so falsely black, a gesture of sad betrayal, revealing the vanity as no vanity at all but rather as the desperate endeavor of a loser to keep pace with a young world which forged ahead and won the goals—"wants buffoonery rather than method; wants sottish words regardless of voice—why, I admit, my angel, there is a great diminishing of the income. Still, voice is voice! even the vaudeville asses of managers have to admit that. And they need me on their bills. But what place do they give me? *me*, a pupil of the one and only great Garcia! Why, they graciously permit me to appear after the juggler is done, while the trained monkeys are making ready to honor a cultured audience—I am one of the freaks! I who have sung before kings and queens, I, who——"

"Ah, that's wot you 'ave, Jool," interrupted Mme. Joullin soothingly. She was always

apprehensive when he reverted to the, to him, degrading theme of his enforced transition from Grand Opera to vaudeville, following the time's inexorable trend. "Indeed many a bit of a trinket you 'ave to show for your popularity with the crowned 'eads——"

"I crave permission to finish," he broke in testily. "I come in advance of the monkeys, but the monkeys are the favorites. When one misses his trick is he hissed? No, the people clap and clap and smile encouragement and when he does it with correctness toward the last they make a veritable fury of applause. But, when my voice breaks on a high note, what then?"

"Why, hit never brikes," she supplemented complacently.

"Last night!" he contradicted, with anguish he could no longer hide.

"Jool!" she cried protectingly, immediate tears starting fondly to her eyes. This, then, was his reason for the anger of the morning. "And the narsty thing——?"

"They hissed."

"Ow, dearie me!" cried Mme. Joullin. "The good Gawd must forgive them; Hi never will. Hissed you; and you-a-tryin' your best to serve and please!"

"For forty years. And more. I was but a little one of ten when I sang the Stabat Mater in the cathedral."

"And Garcia heard of it (lucky fellow, he heard the *last* of it, which I never have!) and he took you for a pupil," broke in the irreverent Gabrella darting in with the breakfast tray. "And you 'attack' a note, just as he did and better, whereas for the *portamento* you certainly ban Bannigan and Bannigan beats the Dutch; now eat breakfast. It's a mercy it doesn't choke you under that name, seeing that it is twelve noon and the men are coming home to their dinners."

Her dancing eyes strayed toward the window overlooking the street. Harry Helbig was not inapt to come home to dinner of late.

M. Jules Joullin by tapping his pursed lips with the finger of silence forbade his wife to confide his mishap to his care free daughter; and she nodded her head in ready acquiescence; then they both pretended to relish a meal for which they had both lost appetite.

Their policy toward Gabrella had always been protective, with the inevitable result that the girl was as helpless as a baby. Though joyous as a sunbeam, she was just as sunnily idle, without knowing it perhaps, much as a dragon-fly is idle which flutters over a summer pool, darting happily from here to there, from this to that—a jewel-like flash—apparently busy because never at pause, yet aiding along the world no more than to cast a flicker of color in shaded places.

Her future was problematic; perhaps her slender prettiness, her easy gift of merriment would stand the shock and stress of trouble; perhaps would go to pieces. For the present, she had no thought or aim beyond the newness of her cheap little gowns and the pleasures of her narrow social world; and, in describing her gowns as cheap and her world as narrow there is not the slightest hint of disparagement to either Gabrella or her affairs, for youth and prettiness are never cheap, whatever the fabric in which they are clothed, and a narrow world is execrable only when it narrows the mind. Gabrella, bright-hearted and good, was always joyously content with existence; lately she had become infatuated with it, Harry Helbig having opened for her the pathway to its one best treasure.

"And I think he's coming in," she murmured aloud, startling the two at the breakfast table. She withdrew her glance from the

window, a proper blush flying into her saucy face.

"A telegram boy?" demanded Jules, as if apprehensive. (Now what message could he have been dreading?)

"The letter carrier, Guybrella?"

"Harry Helbig," announced Gabrella going to the door and ushering in the newcomer.

He was a smiling chap who wore his straw hat like a halo. He had a clean clear skin, had the easy manners prompted by a clean clear heart, and owned no more etiquette than a caterpillar.

"Hullo," he said deferentially to Gabrella.

"Hullo," he said cordially to Mme. Joullin. "Hullo," he said nervously to Jules.

He flipped his halo to the sofa and dropped down abidingly into the nearest chair. That he had not yet been asked to sit seemed to him all the more reason why he should do so at once of his own accord so as to save the others the needlessness of speech. That Gabrella was still standing was nothing. Where *could* Gabrella stand, she choosing to, if not in her own home?

"Chut, psst!" choked Jules, the laxity outraging him.

"Steady!" warned Gabrella, seating herself cleverly between the two.

"'Ow's your father, 'Arry?" asked Mme. Joullin graciously.

"Hotter'n a live wire, ma'm," said young Helbig cheerfully. "The coroner's got him."

"Mercy sikes," ejaculated Mme. Joullin, "what hever for?"

"It's kind of funny." Here in reminiscence Harry Helbig went off into a peal of the fresh, compelling laughter which seems to enjoin a listener to laugh too, even before he knows why. So Gabrella and her mother added their mirth to his. "Yet it's not funny either. Last night a fellow came to our place and father sold him a revolver. The fellow said he wanted to shoot an old dog. He bought a bully gun; he asked for bullets; had father tell him all about the right kind—for the old dog. Father talked to him for a coon's age; he was an entertaining sort, nice spoken and all that. Then he went home and suicided! True's you're born. The paper says he'd lost his job; couldn't get another; wasn't young any more, you see; and so he made away with himself. That's why he bought the revolver. Said it was for an old dog!"

Modern journalism is perhaps responsible for the fact that good natured, fine hearted Harry Helbig nevertheless roared again. The daily papers serve up such a steady offering of atrocities, holocausts, railroad wrecks, mine horrors, and murders by the wholesale that a swift and unscandalous suicide is less vivid in



"Not for a moment," cried Jules, rising in a mighty wrath

the memory than a grim quip made by the victim.

"Great Father in Heaven!" cried Jules, his accusing eyes rolling in his head, "to you is death then a joke?"

"Death?" asked Harry aggrieved. "Not by a darn sight. I'm sorry as can be for the poor gent. But he *said* he was going to shoot *an old dog!*"

Agonizingly struggling for sobriety, Harry went off into another fit of laughter, wooing Gabrella to follow.

"An old dog," muttered Jules, his head falling into the prop of his hand. "*Les pauvres vieux chiens!*"

Mme. Joullin reached across the table and

locked her fingers around the hand within her grasp.

"What I'm here for to-day is to see *you*, Mister Jewlin," ingratiated Harry.

"Me?" He reared a hostile head and swung the word like a weapon.

"Sure. We boys have a glee club—the Happy Larkers. I guess you've heard of us?"

"Never the honor!"

"Well, it's the Happy Larkers all right, and we're planning to give a pippin of a sing-fest, some time along in June, and we'd kind of like some drilling. Now, I told the boys you could sing the socks off of anyone I ever heard, and they said 'Run him in!' and I said 'He's a top-notch and will need some big money,' and they said, 'We'll feed him all the dough he wants,' and I said, 'Then that's all right, I'll ask him,' and will you do it?"

"Do! What!" boomed Jules, entirely at sea.

"Drill his glee club for a concert," threw in Gabrella.

"On a salary Jool; I'd think of it, dearie."

"Not for a moment," cried Jules, rising in a mighty wrath. The astonished Harry rose too and backed to the sofa so as to recoup his halo and hold it in readiness for flight. "Not for a moment. Truly, it is an honor. The Happy Larkers. Dough to me for their sing-fest! I make you a thousand thanks, young Mr. Helbig, for your distinguished proposition, and regret deeply that it is unable of me to comply. But the public still commands me. To them I am still an artist. It is to the Happy Larkers alone that I rank as a driller and a teacher. My compliments! my compliments!"

"What did I do?" asked Harry in a terrified whisper of Gabrella as she was hurrying him into the street.

"Combed his hair the wrong way, you poor boy."

"How should I have combed it?" clinging dazedly to the figurative.

"Over his eyes of course." But Gabrella's laugh lacked its usual glee.

"So's he couldn't see *what*, Gay?"

"That you think he's cheap enough to hire!"

"Now *you're* hurt."

"Not very much. Good-by. Don't worry about it any more, Harry; the thing will have blown over by to-night."

This proved true, but not according to the full letter of Gabrella's prophecy; for that evening, Joullin, in more than his customary state of nervous depression, met young Helbig in the street and asked to be permitted to take the position after all.

Though highly astonished at the capitulation, and not thoroughly admiring it, Harry Helbig cried heartily:

"Sure. Good enough. I'll tell the boys."

"But not Gabrella."

"Not tell Gay—Gabrella?"

Conceding to iron necessity, Joullin drew from his inner pocket a certain communication and revealed its contents to his companion. "And not tell Gabrella—or her mother."

"Why cert; not a chirp out of me."

"I thank you, a thousand times. And for my discourtesy of this morning, I—I beseech pardon."

"Oh, rats (oh, excuse me)—oh, cut it out—oh, rip it off and chuck it, Mr. Jewlin; don't mention it," stammered Harry, pushing back his hat to the last possible hair. "And I'm darned sorry for what's happened to you—"

In language, if not in subject matter, he had gone a step too far, and Joullin withdrew haughtily!

"It was your pardon, young sir, that I besought; not your sympathy."

Young Helbig bolted—just to keep the peace.

"It's like standing on a crater, Gay; I never know when I'm slated to bust his crust," he complained ruefully. This was later on in the year; the Happy Larkers had their concert and had almost given over talking about it; spring had gone and taken its clustered blooms of wistaria with it; and the burning burden of fiery summer had fallen heavily upon the panting city, driving the greater part of the population into the streets at evening, or into the friendly parks for a breath of air. Gabrella and he had just come back to her house from one of their nightly strolls.

"It's not you alone, Harry; it's everybody

these days. Dad's a handful even for me at times. It's almost as if he had something on his mind."

"Well, I should say," slipped casually from the young man as he nodded an emphatic head.

"Why, is there?"

"Now—now—now, Gay, do you think your father's likely to confide in *me*?"

"No, I don't," laughed she, impudently tickled with the idea. "Whatever it is, Dad's not very cheerful company, and poor dismal Ma is worse. She's not very well in hot weather, and she's sort of waiting for Dad to send us to the country as he always does; but he hasn't coughed yet."

"Gay, don't tell me it's none of my business, for I know it isn't; but—aren't the vaudeville houses all closed for the summer?"

"Yes; and you're wondering how we pay the piper?"

"Something like that."

"Oh, father always manages," nonchalantly, "he's generally rattling with small change, enough to give me everything I ask for—which reminds me that I want to ask him for a new dress."

"Gay—don't be angry?"

"What is it, dear?"

"Would you let *me* give you the new dress?"

The pride of a hundred Joullins stiffened through Gabrella's lithe little body. "Thank you very much; but no. I think I'll say good night."

"Oh, girlie! won't you come back and say it a little softer?"

But Harry Helbig was forced to go away cheerless, for her swift departure had been final.

She chanced to disturb a parental conversation, or dispute, rather, concerning the very dress in question.

"Is it of a necessity?" Joullin was booming. "That is all I inquire!"

"Such a Donnybrook about a frock, Jool!"

"A necessity with a wiggle on it, Dad. Look at me and judge." Gabrella extended her arms and pivoted in lovely burlesque dejection before his brightening eyes. She was pinker and sweeter than a bunch of roses. "Aren't you ashamed of me?"

"Ashamed as ever, my sunbeam," he murmured fondly. Then, briskly to his wife: "Allons donc, angel of ours, take of this what is needed to make for Mademoiselle Sunbeam a summer toilette, and let us have no further fanfare about the matter." He commenced to unload his separate pockets of dimes and quarters.

"Dad, *you* were doing the blaring; not Mrs. John Bull here."

"Laws a mercy me!" ejaculated Mme. Joullin, rather querulously as she held out her two hands for the mass of money. "'Ow hever did you come by such fiddlers' pence, Jool?"

"Honestly!" he thundered. "That should suffice to you!" And he stamped furiously from the room.

"Ow! Guybrella, but your father's a trial these 'ot d'ys," wailed Mme. Joullin, bursting into tears. "'E's worse than a bear with a sore back. A body's afride to hopen 'er mouth!"

"Don't open it, then, mother-mine," soothed Gabrella. "It takes an artist to talk to Dad; one has either to bully him or to let him alone. It irritates him to talk to him just right. Everything *you* do is just right. Go to bed, dear, and sleep it off."

"Do you see 'ow gray 'is 'air his gettin', too?"

"It's a question of *letting*; not 'getting'; he's merely foresworn the stove polish."

"'Ow lightly you tyke things, Guybrella!"

The girl laughed. "Every morning there's a new world; go to sleep and bring it nearer."

The new world came to Gabrella of course, because she was young and had an exclusive Harry of her own, to walk with whom, even to the edge of a city's park, was equivalent to the biggest voyage of discovery undertaken by the hopefulest Balboa known to history. During the happy romancings of these enchanted walks it is to be feared that Gabrella often forgot that there are such things in existence as troubled parents.

It would seem though that young Helbig sometimes remembered.

"Where do you suppose your father is—these nights?" he asked once. He and Gabrella were two atoms in a whole night world of song and laughter. The Parkway was crowded with pleasure seekers and was gay with music—that is, Harry called it music, but Gabrella emphatically did not; she had a correct and critical ear which the warblers and organ grindings more often offended than pleased.

"Father has private patrons at whose houses he sings," said Gabrella, immensely proud to confess the social eminence of at least one of the family. "Awfully rich houses—terribly swell people—people who wouldn't even bow to *me* if they fell over me in the street—or to you."

"They don't need to," said Harry promptly repudiating the unoffered recognition. "Well, I'm glad Mr. Jewlin's so well fixed." Never-

theless he looked a trifle unconvinced. "And where are you shoving to, Gay?"

"Do let's get away from this street piano," she begged, tugging him toward the park. "Listen to it wheeze. It's got the pip."

"Anywhere for quiet," he agreed amiably. "But it seems to me, girly, you've flapped from the frying-pan into the fire and we're up against a roar of a song right around this corner."

"So we are," confessed she, laughing hopelessly as she caught the first sounds of the street-singer whom they were nearing. Then she pricked up her ears. "That's no slouch of a voice," she criticised, listening sharply. "But it's a sure enough has-been. For a singer he's all in. My, what a croak that was! The poor old rooster ought to have his throat turned inside out and scraped. There! he's on the right track again. Why, he hits off a dandy, once in so often! It's the voice of one of Garcia's pupils all right, all right; I can tell from the way he doesn't feel around for a note but jumps right on to it. Father ought to hear this. It's against his noble principles though to listen to street singing; and I don't much blame him. This song's good though; it's his favorite Rigoletto-thing—his pet fireworks. Why—" Here Gabrella's face went suddenly frightened. "I want to see this man. It *is* father! Listen! Come!"

"Oh, nonsense, Gay," said young Helbig nervously urging her away.

She looked at him, stricken. "You *know* it is father," she cried, reading his face. Slipping her hand from his detaining arm, she flew to the crowd surrounding the street singer; and the miserable Harry could but follow.

Just where the equestrienne statue of Jean d'Arc was silhouetted in fragile delicacy against the softly dark sky of a summer night, in the center of an idle throng of good-natured listeners, stood Joullin. His song finished, he had been handing around his hat and was now pocketing some coins.

"Oh—oh—" choked Gabrella, shrinking from the sight. She clung again to Harry who had regained her side.

"And now to conclude, my kind and generous friends," cried the singer benevolently, "I will sing for you the grandes' song in this big world; at least," he corrected himself tactfully, "the grandes' to one who has had the misfortune never to hear 'My countree, 'tees ov thee.' I allude to La Marseillaise." His voice broke harshly and he struggled to clear his throat.

"He can't sing it; there is something the matter with him," whispered Gabrella. "Oh, Harry, there is something dreadful the matter with him and I don't know what it is. This is horrible. The song demands too much. It will break his voice—and his heart."

"La Marseillaise!" announced Joullin ringingly. No guard of the old empire could have made a more magnificent last stand than this ashamed and brave street singer, his body drawn to its fullest height, his triumphant head flung back, his spirit matching the undying spirit of his country's martial saint embodied in the sprite-like statue which upreared behind him in the background of the night. No silver trumpet ever flaunted a sweeter strength than vibrated in Joullin's voice during the first strains of the immortal hymn which his soul loved; the almost insolent majesty of the melody appealed to the untamed independence of his belief in himself and his boundless power of song; the music and he were bold comrades

who together defied fate, who taunted and dared oppression, who invoked disdainfully the lightning stroke of destiny.

And the stroke came. It fell at the moment of Gabrella's dread, at a note of superb beauty, a note which rose as triumphantly as a flame. Then there was a horrible sound of gasping. At last there was silence—with Joullin grimacing strangely at his puzzled audience. At this they broke into the careless laughter of the uncomprehending many and idly wandered to less tragic places. They had come out to be amused.

Lifting her head which had been down-

stricken in fright, Gabrella gazed startled around her. "Where is Father? He can't have gone in this moment. Where are you taking me, Harry? This is not the way home. And I must go there—to Father."

"He hasn't gone home, Gay. I know a little about his doings of late. We'll find him just where I'm going. Come."

For a brief pleasuring a whole summer day is too short, yet a life's anguish is lived through to its end in the space of minutes. That dreadful evening Gabrella remembered but in hurried flashes: there was a short, hard scene at the office of the throat specialist where Joullin was found. "I warned you," the doctor was saying, at the time the young people entered. Then Joullin was waved back into privacy while the specialist explained the case to Gabrella. "And you must tell him he will never sing another note again," concluded he. At this Joullin appeared, haughtily



No guard of the old empire could have made a more magnificent last stand.

bowing. "I spare my daughter the necessity. *Lache!*" His voice was a strangled whisper. It would never be anything more. Gabrella and Harry followed him out again into the streets, taking him home, guiding him as if for blindness while he talked, talked, always in that gasping incoherency. The scene at the home was harder, for it could not be forced to a conclusion but went round and round in the helpless circling repetitions of grief. But even grief has its pauses, and the stricken house grew quiet in time, matching, in appearance at least, its sleep-visited neighbors.

As her father and mother went up-stairs at

last, seeking the semblance of rest, Gabrella laid a detaining hand on Harry's arm. "Don't go. Not right away. Stay with me at the door a moment. I have not breathed for so long." So they sat together on the doorstep.

Up-stairs, Joullin knelt at the window casing looking at the night. It seemed to him as if sight were the only sense left to him and he wanted to use it to its fullest. But the night was very dark. The moon had gone behind clouds. Unselfish though he was, yet he took an aching comfort in the thought that his wife and daughter shared his despairing wakefulness. Not to be alone in sorrow—that was something; for these two he had forced his voice to its death, and it did not seem unfit that they should watch with him awhile.

The regular sound of his wife's breathing smote him slightly. Then she slept. Well, age grows weary; old eyes, perhaps, have wept their tears away. Strange, though, that she had no fright for the future. Did she not realize that actual famine was striding near? Still, let her sleep!

But the prop of her sympathy removed, Joullin felt lonelier and his eyes stared more haggardly into the dark. Then, through it, rising with the shy, soft swiftness of a bird, came a laugh from Gabrella, love-laden and hopeful, the laugh of one for whom each morning there still dawned a new world.

He was alone indeed.

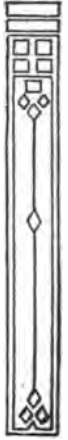
Presently he stretched out his arms to the quiet dark houses around him, and let his heart talk to them.

"My people, I have sung to you. I have never taxed or wearied you. But I can sing no more. And I am forgotten before the sunrise. You will not even miss me. For there are always others to sing. City full of people, I say good night to you. Sleep." The tears rained down his face, not for himself, but for his people, because he could never sing to them again. Next, he raised his still outstretched arms to the dark sky above him, and asked of it a question, as simply as a child. "Father, what does one do when one can no longer earn? Thy one great gift to me, Father, was a voice—to sing to my people—to sing a home and a shelter around my nearer ones. (Oh, little girl of mine, must you laugh again?) But now, Father, that Thou hast taken back the gift—what? For a dumb singer, oh, pitiful God in Heaven, what hope? Give me a sign. I have never sung ribaldry. Only the best. Out of the dark, dark night send me a sign."

And the moon broke brilliantly from the clouds, pouring radiance everywhere, even upon the window opposite, upon Simon Helbig's window where hung a glittering new revolver.

"Ah!" Joullin's head fell forward on the casement. "*Les pauvres vieux chiens!*"





The Seventh Night

By JAMES OPPENHEIM

Author of "Groping Children," "Everyday," etc.

With illustrations by Rollin Kirby

EVENING, when all old heads are lost in shadows, had come. Street after East Side street dissolved fold on fold of ugliness and filth in the soft dimness of the twilight. The streaming people were touched by the witchcraft of the City's white night and were beautiful. About a bench in the Playground Park were gathered nine old men. Some sat, some leaned over the back, some stood in front; a red handkerchief stuck from the pocket of one; another, in shirtsleeves and slippers, had on a plush cap and a pair of steel spectacles, his beard was soft and gray; some carried canes; some showed folds of flesh in the back of their big necks; most of them wore battered old derbies.

They were a noble gathering. In the melting folds of the twilight one could see Walt Whitman and Ruskin, Adam and Moses, Longfellow and Tolstoi, with big broad faces, fat noses and flowing beards, grandly conferring—a peaceful lot, looking as if life were closing upon them very tenderly—their last round being too deep for noise. These were men full of the human—each brain-cell in the old skulls storing up some face, some street, some pang of love, some dream or deed to be drawn on in rich afternoons of talk with their friends—men who had known all of life—not widely, as one far-

traveled, but deeply as one who lives on ten streets and sounds deep down into their twenty thousand souls and their passing generations.

"Walt Whitman"—big broad old god, fat cheeked, fat nosed, a genial peaceful lover of men, women and children—sat in the center. His name was Ben Labor. His mild rich voice was raised continuously; his big face-encircling beard foamed luminously over his open shirt; his big blue eyes were clear and beaming. His sweet strong masculinity was in his face.

Their talk? Old times, the changes that have been on earth, the "I-remembers" of age, the intimate notes on families, the up-swinging of new generations, glories that were, glories to be, and they, sitting a little to one side to watch the ranks tramp by, they, sitting on their harvests and mildly waiting the close of golden Indian Summer, and Sleep.

The lamp-lighter snapped back a little door on the f-shaped electric-light pole, turned a switch and a blue glamour daubed the flowing beards; a crowd circulated about them; the night deepened into a starriness of Heaven and Earth, the City flashing back to the sky a luminous Milky Way; the great City, a zone of glow, busy with black human gnats. Peace lay on the Earth soft as light; the old men talked; the ranks tramped by.

Then a girl of eight snaked her way quickly through the man-density, her skinny legs flying, her bright brown-eyed face pale with laughable wonder and terror. She was big with news so important that she had to grin, it being very dramatic to bear it. She edged her way to the old men, she pushed in to the knees of Ben Labor, she disregarded his mild greeting and spoke breathlessly, grinning insanely:

"Say, Grandpa, Martha, she's terrible sick—she's going to die—*sure*—fell down on the floor and kicked—she's talking crazy, too. Mamma says come quick, Martha's sure dying."

She looked at his face to see the effect, almost laughing with the part she was playing. She was disappointed. The old men, including the old god, shook their heads as if to say: "Such is life: we know: nothing surprises us any more," and old Ben Labor arose:

"So, Hilda-chen (little Hilda dear)," he murmured. "Come: we will go home to Martha."

He took her hand and they walked through the circling crowd. He did not bother the girl with questions, knowing beforehand what answers she could give. He said in Yiddish:

"So, you went to school to-day, little one?"

The child replied in tart English, skipping at his side:

"Sure! Where else should I go?"

"And what does Hilda-chen learn in school?"

"Why, I learns everything teacher learns me. What do you think?"

The reply drove his mind down the Alley of the Years, and he contrasted the children of now and then. Into his deaf ears the girl poured a jargon about the glory of teacher and what she could do and the two went over the busy gutter of Canal Street and down the shop-lit pavement and among the flicker and flash of men and women.

They stopped before a little sunken restaurant, two deep windows of plate-glass either side an open door, and took two steps down. Inside flamed four naked gas-lights above small bare tables and a sawdust floor. A sprinkle of men and women sat at the tables chatting excitedly in the golden radiance. All looked up as the old man and the child entered and gazed at them significantly.

The old man led the child to a back door which he pushed open. They stepped into a weird scene. A tiny gas-light flickered in one corner next an open window through whose iron grating one could see the rear-tenement lights beyond. In a double bed lay a girl of eighteen, flat, hands playing with each other,

lips muttering and gasping, and over the bed leaned a wild crying little group, Mrs. Lefcovitz, the Mother, Mr. Lefcovitz, the Father, Jennie, the waitress and Mrs. Khasan, the banker's wife. They all moaned and cried to each other. The Mother tried to draw words from Martha and momentarily turned, crying:

"She is crazy! She is dying!"

Hilda began to shriek with fright. Ben Labor spoke loudly:

"Minnie—have you sent for the Doctor?"

The Mother turned, bound her arms about Ben Labor's neck and cried hysterically:

"Oh, she dies; they would send her to the hospital, but I said: 'Nicht schicken zum Hospital, da stöbt Sie!' (Don't send her to the hospital, she would die there.) Hospital? They cut her throat there. O God, now we have troubles! The Lord punishes! What, Father, shall we do,—we poor Jews?"

And Samuel Lefcovitz raised his voice:

"And she, our pride, Martha! I, too, loved her! Oh, it's terrible—it's terrible—terrible!"

Ben Labor spoke with authority:

"Be still! You will all kill her with fear and noise; be still! Did you send for the Doctor?"

Mrs. Khasan spoke shrilly:

"Ya! We did send for Dr. Rast. He comes right away."

And even then the door opened and the big dark form of the Doctor hovered through. There was a hush at once.

"Good evening!" he murmured, searching the room with his kindly glance. "Where is our little patient?"

He went to the light and turned it big; he set down his satchel and stepped over to the bed. He leaned close, softly feeling a wrist. In the light his dark hair glistened, his eyes sparkled. His busy, cool, professional manner was reassuring and calming. They stood breathlessly aside, watching him.

At first glance, he was astounded by the beauty of the girl. He had not seen her for a year, and she had matured; her curly hair and her eyes were a shining blue-jet, her face rounded, her neck gracefully curved. There was something of the burning desert, the far-East in that face, mixed with the sorrow of a thousand wander-years and the rush and buoyancy of a new free land. It was a Jewish type. But a moment later, he forgot the face in marking the symptoms. A deep red flush was in the center of each cheek; the expression of the face was weird with a mixture of anxiety and apathy; the eyes were brilliant; the nostrils dilated; the breath came in short expiratory grunts. A barely perceptible pulse beneath his fingers raced at a terrible speed; she was in high fever

and all the time she mumbled wild snatches of incoherence. His limbs seemed to get cold; the blood left his cheeks. In a flash he saw what he alone was facing.

He turned quickly to the Mother who stood opened-mouthed.

"How long has she been sick?"

"Och, long!" she moaned. "A whole week."

"Chills?"

"Much, terrible; she wake up all stiff and then shake all the time."

"Did she stay in bed?"

The woman shook her head:

"No,—she? She's got a mind of her own. She walks around, fights, talks, goes out. No one could make her go to bed."

He looked swiftly over the group to see what help he could muster.

"Mr. Lefcovitz," he said sharply, "run to the druggist and get—" he broke off in despair, crazy for lack of time, pulled out a pad and pencil, scribbled: "Tank of oxygen—*at once*," and handed the sheet to the Father. "Get this," he said sharply. "It's big, like a soda-water tank; you know, big, steel, heavy; bring it as quickly as you can. *Run!*"

The man hesitated, scratching his head, but finally turned and hurried out. The Doctor spoke to bleary-eyed frail twisted Jennie, the waitress:

"Whisky, Jennie, whisky! *Run!*"

She rushed out in a wild fierce fright that loaded down her legs. The Doctor turned to the others:

"Now—out, all of you—quick!"

The Mother clutched his sleeve:

"Oh, Doktor, liebe Doktor!" she began, "don't let Martha die; I gif you a hundred dollars, gute Doktor—"

"Mrs. Lefcovitz," he cried in an agony, "trust me. We can't spare a minute. I'll do everything."

And then, suddenly, a strange face appeared before them, a strange unshaven hairy brown face, an intelligent face with sharp brown eyes and curly brown hair and long jaw. It was young William Wolf, the reporter on the *Jewish News*, a boy of twenty-three. He looked strangely pale, his lips shut tight, a weird light in his eyes. He stepped to Doctor Rast and seized his coat-lapel.

"Doctor," he whispered in an intense thrilling tone, "you tell me—*the truth!* How is she?"

The Doctor, gazing at that soul that stood naked and in agony in the boy's face, understood. He swallowed hard to let words through his throat. He clutched William by both arms:

"William, here's the truth. She has pneumonia; this is the seventh night, the crisis night; it's a fight, a terrible fight—and then, God knows! *Brace up, William, help me!*"

The boy trembled in the Doctor's hands. A strange sound broke rumbling up his throat and through his lips.

"Martha?" he cried. "Martha?" He broke loose; he flung himself down at the bedside. "Oh, Martha!"

The terrible sight brought a wild wail from the Mother; Mrs. Khasan coughed in her handkerchief; Hilda sobbed hysterically and Ben Labor looked sad as a god who loves man. The Doctor hesitated a moment.

Then Ben Labor spoke, raising both hands:

"William, this is acting like a *child*. This is *selfish*. Where is it written that she is yours, more than God's? Get up; we need help."

The boy staggered blindly to his feet and sought the Mother's breast.

"Forgive me," he sobbed, "forgive me. Oh, Mutter, Mutter, my life is her life,—let me die—"

"Ach, my boy, my boy!" wailed the Mother. "We have many troubles now."

Dr. Rast spoke again:

"William, keep yourself *steady*; *I need you*. And now all—*out!* I must be alone!"

"Oh, gute Doktor," began the Mother.

Ben Labor took her arm:

"Come, child, we will go out!"

The old god led the distracted women away, but William broke loose, hesitated, turned and waited till they were gone. Then wildly he took two steps to the bed again and suddenly he was Romeo bending above the sheeted body of Juliet in the torch-lit vault of the Capulets. But she lay, her young body heaving under the white cover, her eyes wide and shiningly sightless, her cheeks flushed scarlet, her blue-jet ringlets tossing, her lips uttering mad sounds. The boy stooped and clutched a convulsive hot hand and smothered it at his mouth; he bent nearer and gazed into her eyes, close to her lips.

"Martha!" he whispered. "Martha! Don't you know me, don't you see me? Martha, it's William. You must live for us, us,—Martha—"

The Doctor leaned and seized the boy by the arm and slowly drew him up. William broke out wildly:

"She's mine! If she dies to-night, I'll go with her. We'll go on together, married forever. God! see how beautiful she is—"

"William!" cried the Doctor harshly, "do you want to kill her? Think of her Mother, her Father—of all of us! Come—come—"

He led the boy to the door. William turned madly for a last look, cried out and rushed into the restaurant. The Doctor, with hand on knob of the closed door, stood for a moment with that sense of paralysis that comes of being helpless and pushed for time. Then he flung his coat on a chair; he rolled up his sleeves; he ripped off his collar and relieved his neck; he opened his satchel. As he stood for another terrible moment, the door gratingly opened and frightened Jennie shambled in with a glass full of whisky. Poor Jennie! she was watery and dim and thin of face, big ugly teeth, bleary eyes, flat hair, and gnarly thin of body. Tears flowed down her cheeks.

"Here," she said. "Is it enough?"

Gazing on that big glassful, he smiled and nodded, yes, and she shambled out again, softly closing the creaking door. He held the glass in one hand and stepped to the bedside. He took a deep breath to brace himself. He faced the fight. He realized all.

Only once before, when the little Grabo girl had died under his hands within half an hour, had he been summoned in to battle pneumonia at so critical a stage. He alone was aware of what he had to face; one of the most terrible, most dangerous, most treacherous diseases. He knew the odds were on the side of Death. He saw vividly that little frail child who had gone out like a flame quenched; he remembered the rising rush of pulse and temperature; the fight to turn the tide; the sudden turn; the drop, and then—heart-failure. It might have been otherwise, though not through any struggle of his. Was this to repeat that pitiful case? At the final moment, after all has been done that can be done, was the body of its own accord to stop dead, or was it to become normal,—was there to be Death or a sudden sweat and sleep? And this was the seventh night; he realized it all.

He glanced a moment at the flushed beautiful face, at the playing feverish hands, the brilliant unseeing eyes. Then, quickly, he pushed an arm under her neck, lifted her head and forced a swallow of whisky through the

lips. At once Martha shrieked in delirium and began to fight and bite. He had to set down the glass and force her arms to her side. The door opened and the Mother, the Father and William wildly staggered in.

The Doctor flew toward them in a blaze of anger.

"Get out!" he cried. "And don't dare to open this door. You are killing her."

They drew back, moaning and wailing. Then the Doctor spoke sharply:

"Here, give me the tank, Mr. Lefcovitz. Now get me some cracked ice, a sponge, a towel—water—*water!* Quick!"

He seized the tank and pushed them out, closing the door. He drew the tank to the bed, put the rubber glass-tipped tube to one of the girl's nostrils and applied the oxygen. She gasped, grunted, breathed heavily and began to cry out again. A moment later the Mother brought ice and sponge, towel and water.

And then the routine of the fight was established. Strive as he would, he could not keep the family outside. In characteristic fashion, the wild emotionalism of the race, they kept rushing in to see what changes had taken place and whether the girl were dead or alive. But



Strive as he would, he could not keep the family outside

despite these breaks, the confusion, the worrying cries, he held to his course. It ceased to be a personal matter. The girl on the bed was merely an organism, a mere body. He watched it closely, following heart and pulse action, the flickering of the temperature, the change of expressions. Every ten or fifteen minutes he applied oxygen. He replaced ice-bag with ice-bag. He sponged the face and limbs with cold water. He administered stimulants. Not for a moment was he idle. His face was white and dripped sweat. His back and arms ached unendurably. He flung himself back to the fight time and again, now recoiling exhausted, dazed, nerve nearly lost, now hurling himself back with every ounce and grain of power in him. After a terrible hour, the wild delirium became constant and he fought only as a modern Doctor can fight. He fought with exactness, with mad energy, with heroic purpose. The body of Martha fought back; there were attempts to leap out of bed; there were piercing shrieks; the fevered brain seemed to see strange apparitions and cried out to them; the worried lips held weird conversations with the empty air; the face was staring wild.

But he fought on—and on—and on—at times almost exhausted, almost despairing. At one moment he longed to turn and fly; he hated his profession; he wanted to give in and let the body have its way. At the next he flung back into the fight with terrible intensity. And somewhere, as the time went on, in his mind he could see beyond the moment, see the turning point, the drop—and beyond that the specter of Death. How long would it last? How long would *he* last? He felt already that he had reached the limit of his power.

And outside in the little restaurant room, as the night deepened and the streets stilled, there was a queer scene. The air of the place became thick with the sleep of the City around it—thick, drowsy, hushed. Everyone moved about in the one dim light with sick-room silence, padded footsteps. Little Hilda lay cuddled up in a corner, asleep. Mrs. Khasan and the customers had gone home. The Mother and Father and Jennie sat about a table near the upper end; the Mother leaning over and sobbing at intervals or raising her head to listen; the Father stupefied and large-eyed; Jennie rocking back and forth in a rhythm of hopeless terror. At the lower end, on either side a small table, with ketchup, pickles and horse-radish between them, sat Ben Labor, large in his chair, and William, head on his outstretched arms. They were a lot of shadowy humans in a deep glassed-in, dim-lit room, little distracted atoms of the race lost to the

great thick warm world that slumbered about them. The city always has some such midnight room.

Now and then there was the rattle of a car in the empty street or the far horn on the foggy river; now and then through the closed door came the noise of the fight—a heart-rending scream, a sound as of wrestling and then, silence. Each time, all looked up, a wail of anguish broke from the Mother, and William gasped as if the audible pain were his. They were a bowed broken group, save that Ben Labor sat upright, very mild and very sad.

There had been a great cry within, the poor soul struggling to get through the flesh.

"Ben Labor," muttered William, "I can't sit still. I can't sit out here while she is in torture—in Hell. I can't! *I won't!*"

"William," murmured Ben Labor, "you can do nothing—but be wise and patient. You are learning to-night."

"Learning *what?*" cried the boy in scorn. "You can say that, *you*—but I, working so hard to make our little home, worshiping her with my heart and soul—," he deepened his voice and clenched his fist, "loving her—*loving her*—oh, my God, my God—," he laughed harshly. "God? There isn't any! Or He wouldn't make a creature, an angel like *her* suffer so!"

"Hush!" Ben Labor raised his hand. "Boy, I have laid away one I loved as you love Martha and three I loved as you cannot dream." He tapped his heart. "Father-love, father-love! Ach! ach! ach! Three, bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, soul of my soul. Ah, what know you of grief, of sorrow, of life, of death, of God? Live back my eighty years with me and—learn!"

He bent near, laying a cool hand on the boy's hot one.

There was a fresh outcry. William lifted his head, gnashed his teeth, almost hissed:

"I don't care for your sorrows. Here am I, living, young, hot-blooded; how can you feel what I feel, how can you know my agony? At my age, were you calm about it? Did you sit still? God! it's so easy to talk! But I—I—I who have worked so, scraped so, dreamed—*dreamed* so—putting together penny after penny, working night and day, loving her—and she—loving me, waiting for me each night, smiling on me; we in our little world; just us in it, just we two! My God, Ben Labor," he cried out in his moment of agony, "how many nights have I not sat here, while the city around us was asleep and she hovered near, waiting on me, stealing up and putting an arm about my neck, touching

these my lips—"
He flung his head
on his hands.
"Oh!"

Ben Labor laid a
hand on the curly
brown head and
smiled sadly:

"Peace! peace!
This is one of your
great nights; my life
was full of them;
they leave us calm
and holy and ripe
for God."

The old man
slowly arose and
spoke so that all
heard him.

"We must have
something to eat.
To eat in sorrow is
to be sane. I will
scramble some eggs,
no?"

No one spoke and
he shuffled across
the room and out a
side door and they
heard him descend,
painfully shuffling
step by step, down
into the kitchen
cellar. Then, from
beneath them, came
the clatter of tins
and pans in the
drowsy silence.

The inner door
creaked very sharply
and William with a cry leaped up and rushed
over. The Doctor peered out, his face ghastly,
he spoke in a broken weak whisper, as if the
effort were too much:

"More ice, William—*damn you, quick!*"

William turned frantically, with a cry, and
rushed across the room to the cellar-door. His
feet thumped down. The clattering stopped.
They heard the softened cries of Martha and
beneath them the cracking of the ice. It was
as the cracking of their hearts.

The cellar-door was flung open again, William
burst in, a big bowl in his arm. The
staggering, trembling Doctor took it.

"For God's sake," whispered William, "tell
me how she is——"

"It's—it's——" The Doctor seemed suffo-
cating. "The crisis."

He closed the door. In the little room the



Now and then through the closed door came the noise of the fight—a heart-rending scream

light still blazed big; the girl in the bed still
struggled. The Doctor applied ice again, and
then as he held and marked the pulse he felt
the rapid, terrifying change. Down—down it
went; slower and slower and weaker. He
could barely feel it flutter. He laid his head
softly against the heart, and it barely throbbed.
He stood up and waited breathlessly, gazing
deeply into the unseeing brilliant eyes. The
head tossed weakly now back and forth, show-
ering slowly the blue-jet ringlets; the splendid
neck curved slightly; the grunting gasps came
horribly. The great moment was at hand.

It was one of the moments he remembered
and carried with him like a battle-scar. He
realized all that was at stake. He could dimly
feel the sweet story of first love, the hopes, the
dreams, the work; he could feel then what his
wife Nell meant to him; he knew that Martha's

family worshiped her, that she was the life and glory of the place; her smile their starriness, her word their authority. And then he felt for the young life throbbing and gasping before him, the young girl with all of life before her; all the glories, the dreams to be unfolded and made real, all the tremendous experiences to be gone through, the wifehood, motherhood, the old age, the love and pain, the joy and toil,—the human round. She was beautiful, beautiful, she was so young, so fresh, so ready to carry on the evolution of the race, so ready to mould the future. And was she to go now? Was this to be the end of all? Who could tell? He had done all that he—all that Science could do; he was torn and shattered, nerveless and broken. He could do no more. The battle was passing out of his hands. He had been a single man holding a mountain pass against an army. His strength and ammunition were spent. His hands were failing him. And now, helpless, breathless, hoping against hope, holding his ground, he waited and waited for the far thunder of reinforcements. He almost looked around the dim room to see if they were coming. They might come or they might not—those invisible forces of Nature, those powers within the Power. It was as if the little room awaited the presence and sweep of God. It was as if the clay lay there waiting for God Himself. The poor human tool was cast aside.

And yet outside were those waiting for *his* word; there were those who trusted in *him*. They had given this precious soul into *his* keeping. Would he return it to them, safe and sweet and living and sound?

He could only stoop and feel the pulse again.

He felt it. He stared hard, keeping his lips tight. His torn heart beat a wild alarm. There was so little pulse, hardly a stir, barely more than cold limp flesh in his hands. In an agony he stooped, and laid his head again upon the heart. There was a faint, a pausing flutter. The eyes were glazed and wide and meaningless.

He staggered back, pressing his hand on his heart. He could not lose this way, he could not let her go. He closed his eyes in horror, alone there in the room, alone in all the world, no human help, no human word, no human

comfort. The reinforcements were not coming. He pressed his forehead. He wanted to cry out. He stooped again to look, to bravely, heroically *look*, to face the last of the fight. Then he would muster up the shreds of his soul and tell those that waited.

He stooped again, so wild of brain, that he could not detect a flutter, a sound. The body was cold, suspended in senselessness. He could not withdraw his hand. He himself now became icy cold from head to foot.

And then suddenly—bursting his heart within him, strangling his throat—under his hand broke a sweet sweat. He leaped back; he looked; the lips began to move; the breath came evenly; the eyes closed; the head turned a little from the light. Martha lay in a sweet deep sleep.

She was safe. He had won. She was healed; she was asleep. His eyes went blind. He did not know what he did but actually he got on his knees and put his head on the bed and he, the big man, sobbed like a little child.

"Oh, God!" he sobbed, "dear God, dear God!"

He arose in a dream; he clattered together his things and put them in his satchel; he covered his hot body with hat and coat; he went staggering, tumbling in a trance to the door. It seemed like twenty minutes before he set it ajar and passed through. There was a wild leaping up, a quick crying and crowding.

He smiled idiotically:

"She's—she's—all right," he half sobbed and laughed. "Martha's all right—she's safe—she's well—she's asleep——"

There was a wild outcry from every throat. The Mother girdled him with her arms, emptying her full heart in tears and words of love. The Father gave a groan as if his spine had broken, doubled up in a chair and wailed. William tried to hold his breath, to keep down that hysterical heaving in his breast. Instead, he flung himself on the floor and sobbed—sobbed—as if his heart were broken in two. And the Doctor crazily cried with them all.

Only Ben Labor stood silent. Then he spoke mildly, raising a hand:

"Children, it is the moment of dawn!"

They turned, and lo, in the empty street outside the plate-glass, gray, shimmering, soft, the misty Dawn came trembling through the air.





Between Man and Man

By MARY MULLETT

With illustrations by H. A. Mathes

THEY sat in front of an open fire, for it was a chill evening in early May. The only light in the room—that of the kindling flames—threw the two men's shadows, vast and shifting, on the tiers of books behind them.

There was about the place the indefinable discreetness one finds in all book-padded rooms. This one seemed to invite secrets to be told within its walls. When its one door was closed, it was as if the rest of the house ceased to exist.

The door was open now; and one of the men, as he smoked, listened with a profound sense of content and well-being to the music of a piano on the floor below. Though still more modulated by the distance, the music itself was gently made; just a bit of friendly companionship between the keys and loving, but none too skilful, fingers.

Up-stairs in the Judge's study it came only as little wandering wafts of melody, as soothing as the touch of feather-light fingers. He did not even need to strain his ears to catch the fainter notes. For more than twenty-five years his wife had played for him the slender repertoire of her girlhood days and he knew it now to its uttermost cadence.

Sometimes when the Judge was out of the house his wife would pick her way through a

new selection, giving a goodly portion of the notes the cut direct as she went by them. But her husband would have none of these new candidates for favor. So, for at least a decade, she had forborne to tempt—or to threaten—him with them.

Now, as he listened and smoked before the fire, his books around him, his son beside him, there came over him a sudden almost poignant realization of the satisfying happiness his life had brought him. He honestly believed that his wife was the finest woman in the world. He would have argued the matter, heatedly, if the occasion had arisen.

As for Mason—the Judge stole a glance at the young man beside him—certainly no father ever had more reason to be proud of a boy! Clean, manly, honorable, and already making, old lawyers sit up and ask who that youngster was—no wonder the Judge's heart warmed with pride of him.

Of course he and his wife would be a trifle lonely after the wedding next month. But the young couple would be settled within a few blocks of them. The Judge, whose one great sorrow had been the loss of a little witch of a girl child, half smiled in anticipation and, leaning back, closed his eyes in pleasant reverie. He was roused by his son's voice.

"Father——"



"Think of having doubts now! A man might be crazy to marry a girl and yet find out later that he had made a horrible mistake. But would a man who was really in love—pshaw! it's not in reason!"



The Judge waited; but the boy stopped there, his lower lip caught hard between his teeth.

"Well, son?"

"Father——"

Again the voice broke off. The Judge laughed comfortably.

"Is it going to be three times and out, eh?" he said.

"I guess so. I *hope* so."

"Anything serious?"

"It seems so to me."

"Um-hmm. Well, let's see how it seems to me."

"I'm afraid of how it will seem to you," in a half-breathless tone. "But——"

"Wait a minute, son. I infer that your mother is not invited to this session."

"No, sir; it's a small and select," said the young man, with a forced laugh. "Just us two."

"Between man and man, eh?"

"Yes," eagerly. "Just that!"

"Then suppose you close the door there. Your mother might come up."

As Mason crossed the room the Judge, startled by the emphasis with which the boy had spoken, ran over in a swift review the usual subjects of filial confession. Most of them seemed positively grotesque in the present connection. Mason not only had set up certain ideals—most boys of an ardent and generous nature do that—but he had shown an unusual persistence in his effort to be true to those ideals. So that his father now mentally negated one after another possible subject of the forthcoming confidence. Then, just as quickly, his years of experience snatched back every negative and admitted that anything was within the range of the possible. As it happened, the confession that did come was the one thing he had not thought of.

"Well, son; what is it?" he asked as Mason came back to the chair by the fire. "Something you want to get off your mind before the wedding?"

"Father," leaning forward with an appeal in tone and gesture, "it's the wedding that's troubling me!"

"Oho! so that's it, is it?" The Judge's hearty laugh rang with relief. "Well, I don't know that I blame you. The doo-daddles they have nowadays are enough to put any man in a blue funk. Why, young Marden told me he came within an ace of marrying the bridesmaid at *his* wedding. It seems he was to walk eight steps from a certain point and then stand still and wait for the bride. He was so upset that he lost count and went

only six steps. Maybe it was ten. Oh, I don't remember, but at any rate he says he would certainly have married one of the bridesmaids if he hadn't been rescued. Don't you worry about it, my boy. Nine out of—well, out of nine men are morally certain they won't live through the ceremony. But they go through it swimmingly and so will you."

The Judge's relief made him rather loquacious.

"You don't understand, Father. I'm not talking about the ceremony. I mean the whole thing. It's the"—his voice fell—"the getting married itself that I mean."

His father looked sharply around, fixing a level, searching gaze on his son.

"You mean——" he said slowly.

"What I say, Father," was the troubled but dogged reply. "I suppose you'll think I'm a coward, a brute, a—oh, everything contemptible and dishonorable! But I want you to hear me through. It seems to me I'm almost crazy trying to think the thing out."

The Judge stared thoughtfully into the fire. "You mean," he said slowly, "that you want to—back out?"

The young man winced and hesitated.

"I guess that's the common name for it," he said in a low tone.

There was silence for a moment. Then the Judge leaned over and patted the clenched young hand.

"Go on, son," he said gently. "Tell me all about it."

The boy drew a quick breath of relief.

"Thank you," he muttered. Then he smiled rather a wry smile. "I was afraid you'd be disowning me for a cad before I could get even this far. I seem a cad to myself. And yet—God knows I can't help it. I can call myself names till I'm black in the face. It doesn't make me any the less afraid that I don't love Ethel enough. Is it being a cad to ask myself if I ought to let a thing go on which may make us both miserable for life?"

There was a pause which the Judge finally broke.

"N-no," he said consideringly. Then, with a quick uplift of his head, but without looking around: "No, I shouldn't call that being a cad."

Unexpected acquiescence is always disturbing. It is as if you entered a tournament and found the knight, against whom you had expected to tilt, caracoling amiably along by your side.

As the Judge resumed his thoughtful stare at the fire there was nothing for the younger

man to do but to go on with his confession. It was hesitating and apologetic at first; but as his mind called up again the troop of tormenting doubts which had stung him, he spoke with a certain desperate boldness.

"I suppose you're thinking it's pretty late in the day for me to talk about having doubts. I know it is; know it better than you or anybody can. I didn't have them until a few weeks ago. At first I thought it was just a passing nervousness. I knew I cared a lot for Ethel. I do now. I'm *awfully* fond of her. But sometimes—why, Father, it's terrible! I look at her and I think of all the years we are planning to spend together and—and—all of a sudden she seems strange; and I find myself dreading a future full of misunderstanding; or worse still, real understanding which will make us see each other entirely—*entirely* different from what we now seem.

"Perhaps if I had known her longer—but it's been only six months and—well, you know I was hard hit at the very start and I was furiously jealous, too. All I thought of was getting her. And now that I've got her," he said with bitter frankness, "now I begin to wonder, and to doubt, and to hesitate. Isn't it contemptible! Isn't it beastly! But for the life of me I can't help it. And if I can't, have I any right—I mean, wouldn't it be more right—oh, I can't explain it; but it isn't as selfish as it sounds."

His father spoke, still without taking his eyes from the fire.

"Is there anyone else?"

"Anyone else? *No, sir.*"

The tone was so fierce that the Judge with difficulty suppressed a smile.

"Did you think it was *that*, Father? Well, it isn't."

"I merely wanted to know," said the Judge mildly.

"I suppose it is a natural inference," admitted the young man; "but there's not a grain of foundation for it. I care more for Ethel in a day than I ever did for any other girl in a dozen years."

He seemed a little startled by his own enthusiasm.

"It's all so mixed up, Father," he went on with a gesture of hopelessness. "Sometimes I think Ethel and I would be perfectly happy. And then again I'm afraid of the whole thing. The only absolutely clear point to me is that I do have doubts. Oughtn't that to settle the question? Think of having doubts now! A man might be crazy to marry a girl and yet find out later that he had made a horrible mis-

take. But would a man who was really in love—pshaw! it's not in reason!"

The speech was so incoherent it was not surprising that the Judge looked around with a smile. Yet there was something surprising in the quality of that smile; something more than amusement; something tender and joyous, almost exultant. Once more he leaned over and patted the boy's hand, but this time he got up and walked to his desk.

"Not in reason, eh?" he said as he fitted a key into a lock. "Just wait a minute, son. You just wait a minute till I—um-m-m—here we are. Now then, turn on that light there, won't you?"

He seated himself within the circle of the droplight, put on his glasses, threw a quizzical glance over them at his astonished son and began turning the leaves of a book he had taken from the desk. He glanced along at some of the pages but lost very little time in finding what he sought. Reading at first to himself, the exultant smile faded and he flushed the painful, difficult flush of the no longer young.

"Son," he said, looking up at the young man waiting before the fire, "you've been an observer—I dare say—of your mother and me for close on to twenty-five years. What is your honest opinion of our life together?"

"Oh," with a gesture and a lighting up of the troubled young face, "you and mother! Oh, it's perfect, you know,—you two. It's what I want myself. And it's because I've seen the thing I want"—his face clouded again—"seen it, as you say, for almost twenty-five years, that I'm sick at the possibility of—of making a failure where it might be something so fine and good. If I didn't know you and Mother, maybe I wouldn't know enough to be afraid."

"Thank you, son. I'm glad a spectator, with such unusual opportunities as you have had, has looked upon the life your mother and I have made and has found it good. It has seemed good to me in the living. It has been good from the day I took your mother for my wife. And it is good now that we are growing old together."

He cleared his throat, and, taking off his glasses, held them up toward the light a quite unnecessarily long time. Then he polished them slowly and put them on again.

"I'm going to read you something, Mason, that no human being beside myself has ever seen; something, I hope, that nobody else has ever dreamed of—in this connection," he added. "When I was your age, life was not quite so crowded as it is now; anyway, we

young folks were different—in some ways. For instance, for several years I kept a diary (this is it); a thing I fancy you don't do."

"No, sir."

"I thought not. Even if you did, I imagine it would record facts rather than fancies. But, as I said before, my generation was different. We not only had sentiment, we also had a good deal to say about it. Um—" he checked himself and got back to the real point by saying briefly: "That explains the diary. Now, son, here is something I want you to hear:

"Thursday, September 15th.

"I continue to be haunted by tormenting doubts and fears. The day set for the wedding is six weeks off and with every diurnal step closer to it, I seem to see it loom with more threatening import.

"You see I was thinking about my big words then," interjected the Judge with a grim smile; "but I soon got past that.")

He read on:

"I would rather die than be a recreant to plain duty or bring pain to a tender and loving heart. But which way does duty lie? If an act will cause years of unhappiness, ought one—nay! *has one the right* to allow that act to proceed? Will the pain inflicted—assuming that to be possible—by a short sharp shock, be as bad as the lifelong bitterness I might give Clara cause to feel if I did not speak now?

"I love and respect her too much to be thinking only of myself in this matter. But if I do not love her as I should—and these doubts and fears would seem to prove that—can I, year in and year out, play a part and play it so that she will not detect the truth? Putting aside all thought of my own happiness—and I admit that I crave that—can I make *her* happy?"

The Judge turned the leaf.

"That was the fifteenth, wasn't it? Well, it was the same on the seventeenth: 'Last night I slept badly. What is my duty in this matter?' Humph! On the twenty-first I was 'consumed with doubts of our mutual understanding.' The twenty-fifth"—he was turning the pages slowly and gathering a sentence here and there—"the twenty-fifth I questioned whether, 'in our inmost feelings, we are truly akin.'

"And so on," said the Judge, looking up in some embarrassment to meet the young man's bewildered gaze. "Son," he said, holding the red-covered diary at arm's length and making gestures with it, "son, do you know what was my first thought when you told me this thing

to-night? I said to myself: 'Well, thank the Lord! I'm not the only honest man that has wanted *to back out!*'

"For thirty years I've called myself the hard names you've been cringing under for only thirty days or so. It has been a secret that I've kept to myself and been ashamed of all this time. I felt that it set me apart somehow from other honorable men. I don't mean that no honorable man would back out—to keep that expression—but that nobody but a fool would do it, as I did, because of mere vaporous fancies and nervous doubts.

"Why, son, you've rehabilitated me in my own eyes. I never talked with other men about it; about anything of the sort. Now doesn't it strike you as rather strange that you, whose confidence in this matter is the first I have ever received, should duplicate my own experience? I should say we had here a very good piece of confirmatory evidence. Do you for a moment dream that this is a mere coincidence? That you and I are alone in this thing?"

He suddenly dropped his legal manner, struck the book on the table and exclaimed:

"No, sir! There are decent men, honorable men all around us"—he waved his arms with evident satisfaction—"who have come so near backing out that they just got through the door by the hem of their coat-tails!"

He laughed jubilantly.

"Now then, my boy, as to your own case. Do you think"—he leaned forward earnestly—"do you think it doesn't mean as much to me now that you should get a good little wife as it meant to me years ago when I was so concerned about choosing my own? Well, it does. And I've studied this little girl of yours a good bit. So has your mother. We've cared about it, my son, in a way you will understand yourself, I hope, some twenty-five years or so from now. You won't until then. Well, I believe in the little girl. I believe you stand a good chance of following in your old dad's footsteps, not only in hesitating over your choice, but in never needing to regret it. What do you think, son?"

"Well—I'm so surprised, Father, that I can't think anything very straight, but I—well, I *feel* better, anyway."

They were still talking—and with an apparently increasing tendency of both to "feel better"—when ten minutes later there came a tap at the door.

"Your mother, Mason. Let her in."

After the two men had installed her in the most comfortable chair and had put a cushion under her feet, she studied those same feet

rather absentmindedly before she suddenly interrupted her husband by saying:

"I've been having company."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; Ethel has been here."

"Ethel!" exclaimed Mason, starting up. "Has she gone?"

"Yes," said his mother, putting out a detaining hand. "She did not know, when she came, that you were at home. She thought you had business on hand to-night."

"So I had," with a slight flush. "It was with Father."

"When she found out you were here she ran off."

"Alone?"

"Yes."

"Can't I overtake her?"

"I don't think so," said his mother, though she evidently was not thinking about that at all. Instead, she changed the subject abruptly by saying with absolute irrelevance, "The child has no mother of her own."

"I guess you'll have to attend to the mothering then," said the Judge with somewhat exaggerated ease of manner.

"If she will let me," with a slight shake of the head. Then, looking up at her son with sudden decision, she went on wistfully, "Mason, you'll be very gentle with the child, won't you? She is worrying lest she has made a mistake. She is afraid she ought to break off the engagement; afraid she doesn't care quite as much for you as she ought to if she is to marry you. Now wait a minute!" as she saw the startled change in his expression.

"I am going to confess, after all these years," with a glance of loving apology at her husband, "that I had the same doubts and misgivings before my own marriage. If I hadn't"—she nodded her head shrewdly—"I suppose I should have been indignant that anyone could have a doubt when *my son* was concerned. But"—again the affectionate glance at the Judge—"you see, I had known other miracles of the same sort. Girls almost always feel these doubts, dear boy. You mustn't be disturbed about it. Just let it make you very gentle and loving with the child and it will be all right. It's one of those things which are perfectly natural in a sweet and conscientious girl. I sometimes wonder," with a look of pride which included the two men beside her, "I sometimes wonder that men don't hesitate too. But you are always so strong and sure. It is such a comfort that you don't seem to have these nervous doubts and fancies."

The Judge pushed a paper over a red-covered book on the table.

"How could we have them?" he said with a gallant bow which pointed his meaning.

But the young man bent down and kissed his mother.

"Mother, you're a dear!" he said. "If you don't mind, I think I'll see if I can't catch Ethel before she gets home. I promise you I'll try to make her feel just as sure of herself as I do of myself. And that," he added, giving his father a glance in which there was a flash of smiling reassurance, "is somehow or other *dead sure*."





Letters from G. G.

With Illustrations by R. M. Crosby

VI

(G. G., Montoro, to E. R., at Home, Summer)

I WAS ashamed of you, and it hurt to read what you had to say of the king's assassination. That you should refer to it as a *good newspaper story*, and a thing which, seen at close range, must have had a *peculiar interest* for me.

Well, how does it look to you? Considering that you were addressing yourself to one staying in the house of a friend whose nephew came by an atrocious death. What do you suppose I'm made of, anyway?

That has been the bitterest part of that fearful affair—the way the world has taken it. The assassins had some excuse. Their king was not a good king. He was young, impatient, despotic, changed the constitution every few days, in the attempt to arrive quickly at results a wiser, more prudent man would have seen needed a lifetime to accomplish. The assassins had good cause for discontent. They had their grievances, they are half savages, and they killed him.

But the callous way in which the public the world over accepted the horror, and the press piled up a fantastic monument of slander upon the ill-starred boy's memory!

I suppose it is the fate of kings to be thought of rather as names than as men, and the king of an unimposing little country might be even only the shadow of a name, but that luckless young man was more to be pitied than anyone I know. I never have heard of a sadder life, and there are those

who loved him left to grieve for him. What do you suppose is the effect upon them of the ghastly accompanying details—the publicity, the ill will, the stony indifference? One can't wonder so much at the masses who read, and believe and forget, *and don't think*, but one does expect something else of intelligent folks, doesn't one?

"An interest in the human drama?" Why, *of course!* INTERESTED? Who is *more* interested than I? But do you look upon it all, tragedy or comedy alike, with your impassive smile? If it is comedy I laugh; if it is tragedy I cry. Whether my own or anyone else's. If one doesn't, as you say (in one's own heart, I mean, not vocally, of course), cry out at one's own tragedies, it argues to me either that one has never had much cause for suffering, or that one has not much heart to suffer with.

(G. G., Montoro, near Florence, to E. R., at Home, Summer)

Dear Guinea: You say you can't make me out in Florence? Does my life here sound so very unreal? Well—it *is* almost unreal if one thinks of life in a New York apartment house, spent scrabbling through the weeks to catch up with one's work and engagements as *real* life!

I'll send you some photographs if they turn out well, they'll give you the setting of my life here. A life which flows without a ripple, serene, peaceful, wonderful. I feel like a shell in a deep, safe harbor. All here is harmony



and beauty, not a detail is out of tune. Each day is flawless. It is like being in a convent, in a way, or in an Adamless Eden. It is very sweet, very restful. There is a dignity and a beauty about everything surrounding the Princess, that makes life a constant delight to the imagination and the senses.

Each morning I make what we call *il bel giro* of the gardens. Properly done it takes two



hours. I dodder along slowly, slowly; I look at everything, at every new bud and leaf almost—at every shadow of the clouds on the hills, I smell of every new flower that has blossomed overnight. I make long pauses on sun-warmed benches, looking off over the valley at Florence azure and rose down yonder, with the sun picking out a living diamond on a roof here and there.

We literally see no one. The household is in mourning, of course. There is one exception, an English woman who plays superbly on the piano, comes every week and plays Bach as I have never heard him played before. I have never cared for him *much* until now, but she is enough to convert anyone!

At night my balcony makes a most wonderful bed. I am as on the top of a tower—or in a balloon. It is a fine thing to sleep there, a finer to lie awake and watch the night's changes—see the color flow back into the garden and turn it from gray and black to iridescent. To see Florence flooded with moonlight, and then touched by the first glimmer of day—and then—the sun.

You say you wonder if I'm happy and suppose I am in spite of all? In spite of what—my friend. Happy *because* of all. I can't imagine anything that would make me unhappy, any calamity, I mean. I can suffer, of course, to any extent, but that is not the same. I dare say a crime on my conscience, "a killing sin," remorse, would make me unhappy. And right here let me tell you that I am in no present danger of displeasing you by marrying, though when you so quaintly say that you "wouldn't like it a bit if I were to marry," you mean, don't you, if I were to marry one whom I didn't love. Wouldn't you *love* to have me marry one

whom I truly loved? Of course you would! No—I came near enough to the other monster to see the whites of its eyes, and I had time to deliberately turn away from what I saw lying behind them—before it could gobble me up. I call myself a good woman, as women go—that is—I don't call myself a bad one, but I can imagine a demoralization that would make me equal to the worst.

You add that you suppose "the other thing is not so pleasant either"—what do you mean by "the other thing?" being a penniless old maid? Oh, my dear! Don't you fret! It has its compensations, especially being the kind of old maid I mean to be! I don't intend to dry up and blow away! You watch and see what a nice little old maid I shall be, and the kind of penniless I shall be! It's rarely I have a moment when I'd change my state with kings. Penniless or no, old maid or no, believe me I intend to love and be loved to my dying day—and after! What else counts?

Your speaking of me as more *real* to you than people you saw only yesterday interests me, it so bears out one of my deepest convictions as to the meaning of association between people. The object of their meeting is not that they shall enjoy a long and happy companionship. How many live together for a half-century who have never truly met and been a reality to one another at all, who remain strangers to the end? The point is, that meeting they shall recognize each other and remember and understand. It matters nothing, then, whether they meet for five minutes, or a day, or a decade.

Why should one marry?

I don't see why *any* one should *ever* marry *anybody anyway!* Unless, of course, they positively couldn't *live* without them! And as there has never lived a man I couldn't live without the conclusion is obvious that I have never yet seen anyone that I wanted to marry.

But I'll tell you a tale.

It is called the tale of the Sceptic.

You see, there was once this girl—who had a reputation for having scalps hanging from her belt—but who arrived at the age when it is said one must begin to "coiffer Sainte Catherine."

One day some one said to her, "Of course I know you have had scores of adorers, and I daresay you keep somewhere among your possessions a most interesting collection of memories—and of love letters."

He said it in a wistful, discouraged voice with reproach brimming from his inveterately child-like eyes, as who should say, "Couldn't you have waited until I came?"

This reminded the girl that down in the country—"down home," out in the woodshed, she thought, or was it in the attic? was a wooden box—a soap box, crammed with love letters. She had treasured them all carefully, thinking that some day, long years hence—when all the world was old, when she was an old maid—it might be diverting, gently comforting and warming to sit by her fire corner and read over those tender relics of her golden headed days.

When midsummer came and she went home for the long warm quiet months, she searched for the box. It was in the woodshed. She had it carried up to the attic, and waited for just the day, which should seem made for the reviving of old memories, the calling up of the tender light of a day that was dead.

It did not come until the fall, then in late October dawned a day of returned summer heat, with veiling mellowing mists. This was just the time, she thought, the attic was just the place, and she—well—she who had been the loved one climbed up the steep stairs.

At last! it was open—
at last she had managed to loosen one of the boards of the cover, had twisted it sidewise and could put in her hand far enough to bring out one fat bundle after another.

One was tied with pink ribbon, one with broad blue moiré, one with a rubber strap which crumbled off as she touched it; one with a violet cord and tassel, it had come tied around *such* a bunch of violets! There were plenty tied with plain, stout, serviceable string.

The attic was suffocating. The sun beat down on the great planks and beams close overhead.

She dragged the box near the window and threw up the sash. A great puff of air rushed in, cool and sweet scented. Is anything sweeter than the wind blowing from the sea over miles of pine woods and cedar swamps—and sweet fern and bay bush!

Then she sat down on the floor, leaning her back against a trunk, and began to read.

The house was very still. She read, and read—and read . . .

Here among the pink ribbon letters was one which said:

"You will always be for me the only woman in the world. That has been decreed by a court from which there is no appeal."

Her first love! He was nineteen when he wrote that to her—sixteen. She had been tremendously impressed when she had received it! She wondered now, with an indulgent smile, where he had found it, dear boy! He was sweet in those days! He was still charming for that matter. He married and went to live in Europe. The girl had seen him a couple of years before. He had come on a flying visit to New York, was sailing the very next morning, but had looked her up. She found him waiting when she came home from a dinner party, and they sat down and had one of their old chummy talks until an unmentionably late hour.

"Of course he is happy"—she murmured to herself now—"of course there is no court from which there is no appeal!"

She read on. This was the blue ribbon man. There were not many of his letters, but the ribbon symbolized them. In one he said:

"I come of a tenacious clan, and I shall

never give up the hope of winning you, until either you are married to some one else (which God forbid) or I am dead—I never loved a woman before, never even as boy did I know what is called calf love. I shall never love again."

"Oh those *nevers*," she sighed. "How long did they stand for?" Was it two or was it three years later—it was two—that he married the sweetest little smooth haired, blue eyed woman in the world! The girl loved her and delighted in visiting them in their downy nest, it was so cosy and hearty and full of friendliness and cheer.

Here came the rubber strap man. What memories of good times his handwriting called up! Most of his letters were written on athletic club paper, or yacht club, or golf club, or some



kind of club. He was the man who first introduced her to college football games. Those were the days when the sun rose and set at Cambridge. He had also been the first to take her canoeing on the river and he had a racing yacht!

Here was a note, one of the last, in which he said: "I may be foolish—you have often called me so, but the fact remains, that if you stay in town, I stay—and only if you leave, and go where I can't follow you, shall I go on the cruise. You know that I want to be where you are, now and always—always, tho' you seem to have no room for me on earth."

Strangely enough he had found the one who was really the Right One—in the course of that very cruise! The girl had met him in the park the fall before, and he had said, smiling: "You haven't changed a bit in all these years! How do you do it? I wish you'd come and see us. My wife wants so much to know you. I've told her about you, you know!"

Here was a diverting one. His letters were written in purple ink, tied with a gold thread. The dizzy climax he climbed to was: "For me you are the whole show—the whole thing!" She doubted whether to-day he remembered her name!

And so on—through the list—and here finally was one of whose letters there were hundreds. They were written in every mood of grave and gay, but the burden of their song was ever this: "Life is not long enough to prove my devotion to you. All time—all eternity will not suffice to show you the infinite depth of my love!"

Ah me—no—all eternity had not been required—eighteen months had sufficed. He was the only one of them all who was not married—yet—but, bless you! There was time enough!

She dropped the letters and looked out of the window. The branches of the wild cherry tree made such a pretty pattern against the blue. The blue was beginning to deepen, it must have been not far from sundown.

She sat lost in thought. All feeling of time seemed canceled. She could not have told at that moment whether she were living to-day or last year, or a hundred years ago. The gallery of these people who had been so real to her once, so much a part of her life, seemed to rise and pass before her like ghosts. All these sincere protestations, and they *had* been sincere at the time of writing—she gave them that credit—had meant . . . what?

These swains had found others upon whom to hang their vows, others who answered them in their own key—gave them food for more

vows, and a peg to hang their hearts upon. They were married and were loving and faithful spouses, as they would doubtless have been had she herself married any one of them—tho' there's the "if" that blocked the path—was too huge even to be peeped over!

But what struck her with force was the fact that she who had never made protestations of undying fidelity, or exaggerated feeling of any kind—had been the only one to remain true to her original sentiments. As much as she had loved any of these individuals, she still loved them to-day—and she had been fond of each in some measure, tho' in no case fond enough. She was the only faithful!

And he who had last reiterated the old refrain, the one who had been the immediate cause of this unearthing of old love letters, this wholesale resurrecting of past emotions—oh, dear me . . . would he too . . . ? Why, of course!

Ah, well . . . she could have wept at *that* thought—had not a smile trembled in the corner of her mouth—or she could as easily have laughed—had there not been something very like a tear in the corner of her eye!

There . . . wasn't that a nice little story?

And all these many sheets I have covered sum themselves up, after all, in the simple statement that I suppose that I look for too much from love. What I should look for in the happiness that love would bring would be something worth the loss of everything else. It might be to the onlooker blind, unwise, unworthily bestowed, wasted, a sacrifice, a crime, but to *me*, I should look for its making the supreme heaven on earth. And—you see—until I could experience so sizeable a passion, one which should fill that very large bill, I must remain as I am . . .

And who has taught me this? Who indeed—who but he—who but my Star—even before I came into the world.

(G. G., B'way, to E. R., at Home, Autumn)

How did you know that I was so inordinately happy at getting home? The mere words of my quotation need not necessarily have conveyed the impression, august and joyous though the language of Dante is. I was fair bursting with glee! And the feeling of it must have reached you by some subtle medium

You know, of course, how much I like to go to Europe! How I go as often and stop over there as long as I can! How I love the whole performance, the getting ready to go, the start, the journey, the arrival, and everything about

the stay over there! But, my dear good friend, there is nothing in the whole thing that comes up to the getting home!

When I set foot on the steamer heading for this side I am the child let out of school, the prisoner coming out of a damp, dark dungeon—the uncorked champagne bottle. I'm all of it! You just can't hold me down. I effervesce all the way back, and I don't flatten for weeks after landing, either. And it is not especially that I'm crazy to get back to my family, and house, and dog—it's just the joy of getting to the U. S. A.

I have the feeling on landing that everything in sight belongs to me. It's *my* New York, and my Broadway, and my Park—and the people all over the place are *my* people, every man, woman and child is mine, and I know them, and they know me.

A while ago, just after landing, I was coming down Fifth Avenue, and Daisy turned to me after a long, cozy silence, and said:

"Would you mind telling me what you are grinning at?"

"Oh, nothing," I answered idiotically. "I just saw Lillian Russell go by in a hansom."

I don't know Lillian Russell, you know, but just to see her drive by in a cab, made me feel as if I were sitting by my warm fireside.

There's nothing like it. It's worth going away from—even if there were not raptures awaiting one on the other side—just for the bliss of getting back!

Shortly after my return I made a round of visits in and near Boston and all over New England. Such a good time! Visiting people I dearly loved, being petted and spoiled and purred over and shown off!

Now I am back here in New York and trying to settle down to work again.

There is nothing in the world so contagious as irritability. You lift your eyebrows—but you shall see. You start from home on a sweet fresh morn filled with peace and good will toward women, you are in love with the whole world, and not for the whole world would you tread on anyone's toes. You go to buy a bargain veil. The counter is crowded. The girl

beyond it snippy—and the women before, behind and beside you beastly rude. They try to brush you aside like a mosquito, and are so peevish at your being there that you catch their ill temper and if you were not a Perfect Lady you might forget things and be as ill-bred as they, having become infected with the uncontrollably irritable microbe.

Now there is only one microbe more infectious. That of unalterable amiability. In a hand-to-hand set-to it is so sure to come out ahead and does it so easily that the battle doesn't seem fair. The victory is so inevitable that it seems like betting on a dead sure thing—almost unsportsmanlike. It is so sure to do the trick—and the trick is so easy to do!

What made me think of it was, that when I was coming on here to New York from Boston the other day the train was crowded, at least the common coaches were, and I was not traveling in a parlor car that day. There are feast days and fast days in my calendar and that day I was just getting to New York and that was about all.

It was hot and very stuffy, and I searched the train from end to end for an empty seat before I found one beside a kind old gentleman. Across the aisle sat a lady with a young son, fourteen or fifteen years old. They had many, many parcels in the rack and on their laps,

and some had spread onto the little single place opposite them, you know the little seat with its back to the engine, right next to the ice-water tank in some cars?

A young woman who had arrived late was having the same difficulty that I had had in finding a place. I saw her hesitate as she



looked at the seat, with the parcels on it. The mother and son were already so crowded by their bundles that she visibly disliked suggesting their giving up the space occupied by their belongings.

They looked with determined absence of mind out of the window. They weren't hearing anything. She addressed herself to the lady, and said that though she was very sorry to crowd her, she feared she would have to beg her to take her effects from the little seat opposite her. The lady looked very fussed but moved not a finger.

Then the boy began: "I don't see why you can't find some other place! You can see for yourself we are just as crowded and uncomfortable as we can be already"—and on—and on—but never a move moved he.

If I had been that girl—or no—if I had been a big man—how I should have taken that boy and that Irish woman and cracked their heads together and pitched them swiftly out of the train window. But this girl was a Lady and made use of such weapons as she possessed.

Her face became angelic, beaming kind. Her smile sugary. Mind you, *real* sugar, untinged with the least edge of irony, and looking at the boy with gentle interest, she asked quite simply, in a buttered pink plush voice: "Would you *like* me to stand?"

His face blazed scarlet.

"No—no—of course not—" he stammered, and began hurriedly dumping the bundles off the seat.

She took it with fitting thanks, but she looked charmingly uncomfortable with her back against the wall which gave no room for the brim of her broad hat, and poked her head forward, or made her sit bolt upright. Before many miles the boy gruffly offered to exchange seats with her, and let her face the engine. She accepted with a grateful coo, and the rest of the journey passed like any other journey.

But honestly now, aside from its being so much pleasanter all around, just looking at it in the light of a paying investment, did you ever know the like of it?

No expense, and so much coming in!



Error: On page 584 of the April number, Mr. Theodore Justice of Philadelphia is quoted as saying before the Ways and Means Committee that wages in the woolen industries in the United States are two hundred times as great as in Germany and one hundred times as great as in England. The error is obvious: it should have read two hundred and one hundred per cent., instead of two hundred and one hundred times. This error was discovered too late to be corrected.

I. M. T.

A Tariff-Made City

What It Does for Its Workmen

THE city of Pittsburgh is the greatest monument in this country to the practice of High Protection. For fifty years it has been the stronghold of the doctrine. For fifty years it has reaped, as no other center in the United States, the benefits of prohibitive duties.

The town lies at the heart of a district in which is produced from one quarter to one half of all the various kinds of American iron and steel as well as a goodly proportion of all our tin, plate-glass, and machine shop products. All of these articles have for years had the American market practically to themselves. All of these articles have for years been exported and sold at less prices than the American consumer can buy them. All these industries have produced enormous fortunes. So many, so conspicuous are they that a recognized American type in Europe and the United States is the "Pittsburgh millionaire." Now it is certain the tariff produced the Pittsburgh millionaire, but that was not what the tariff was fixed for by the Congress of the United States. The tariff was laid to protect and help the Pittsburgh workman. According to the protectionist argument Pittsburgh, as the bulwark and center of protected industries, should produce the happiest, most prosperous and best conditioned workmen in the United States. How is it?

There has just been published in *Charities and The Commons* (now *The Survey*) one of the most significant pieces of investigation the country has seen. It is the result of a year or more of work on the part of a band of trained investigators commissioned by the Charities Publication Committee. It gives a blue print of Pittsburgh:—the place itself, the people, and their work. What does this blue print show of the workingman under protection?

It shows him working twelve hours a day for SEVEN days in the week, and once in two weeks filling a "long turn" or a twenty-four-hour shift. It is not simply the exceptional man who overworks in this cruel fashion. The twelve-hour day is the extreme of an "altogether incredible amount of overwork by everybody," so the Survey declares. Can you make a man by these hours? Is it any wonder that those

who lived and walked among these men preparing this Survey report their saying "Too tired to read—too tired to think—I work and eat and sleep." Any wonder that they report the God-fearing women crying out for the Old Country "We might not have been able to live so well there, but oh man, we could have brought up the children in the fear o' God and in a land where men reverence the Sabbath." Any wonder that those men who have not the restraining influence of a family drown fatigue at night in saloons and brothels?

And what do they earn for their toil? In the tariff protected industries steel and iron, the greatest number receive a wage, says the report, "so low as to be inadequate to the maintenance of a normal American standard of living. Wages adjusted to the single man in the lodging house, not to the responsible head of a family." And this in industries where "to protect the workingman" this country has for years taxed itself millions upon millions of dollars. The estimated tariff profit in the steel trust alone in 1907 was \$80,000,000. Who got the money? Go look at the steel palaces and chateaux in New York and Paris. Go ask the Pittsburgh millionaires who fill the glittering places of pleasure in the great cities of Europe and this country, who figure in divorce and murder trials, who are writing their names on foundations and bequests and institutions.

How does this "protected" workingman live? What kind of households are these "buildd on steel?" The reporter of the situation summarizes them: "*Evil conditions were found to exist in every section of the city. Over the omnipresent vaults, graceless privy sheds flouted one's sense of decency. Eyrie rookeries perched on the hillsides were swarming with men, women and children—entire families living in one room and accommodating boarders in a corner thereof. Cellar rooms were the abiding places of other families. In many houses water was a luxury, to be obtained only through much effort of toiling steps and straining muscles. Courts and alleys fouled by bad drainage and piles of rubbish were playing grounds for rickety, pale-faced, grimy children. An enveloping cloud of smoke and*

dust through which light and air must filter made housekeeping a travesty in many neighborhoods; and every phase of the situation was intensified by the evil of overcrowding—of houses upon lots, of families into houses, of people into rooms."

Among the worst illustrations of these typical conditions are certain properties owned by the very corporations who are reaping wealth from the tariff protected products. These beneficiaries of the generosity of the American people, these gentlemen who when they see the taxation in their interest threatened hold up the laborer and his good as a reason for continuing it, what do they say when these conditions are pointed out to them:—"We don't want to go into the housing business. We are manufacturers, not real estate dealers. We may be forced to build houses in certain new districts in order to attract and hold labor, but in an old, settled community let the laboring man take care of himself. We don't believe in paternalism."

They have had no more interest in preserving the lives of the men who do the terrible toil necessary to their wealth than in giving them decent housing. For years the death rate from typhoid fever in Pittsburgh has been the highest of any city in the civilized world. Everybody knew it. Everybody knew why. There was no supply of pure drinking water. A filtration plant was needed. Did any Pittsburgh millionaire offer to build it—instant that the industries which called the vast army of labor to Pittsburgh should build it? No, they left a corrupted city government to fight over the appropriations for the work and scattered in endowments and in institutions in other cities and other states, many times the five millions needed in Pittsburgh to save the lives of the workmen. They hold up to the world for admiration their love of great material problems—they argue with the American people that their skill in solving these problems is a good and sufficient reason for continuing general taxation in their favor. But a problem which worked out would benefit nobody but the humble two-dollar-a-day man who sweats out his life in the heat of their profitable furnaces does not interest them. It might savor of paternalism!

Not even the child has touched them. The conditions under which the children of the poor are brought up in Pittsburgh are such that babies die like flies. Of those along the river, a settlement worker told Samuel Hopkins Adams, when he was working on health conditions for the Survey: "*Not one child in ten comes to us from the river-bottom section without a blood or skin disease, usually of long standing. Not one out of ten comes to us physically up to the normal for his or her age.*

Worse than that, few of them are up to the mental standard, and an increasing percentage are imbecile."

As to the schools here is what an authority says: "*The school buildings are in many cases crowded, dark, dirty, often of three stories, and bad fire risks. The condition of the children in these schools good and bad, rich and poor, may be known by the large proportion having defective teeth, reduced hearing, imperfect vision. An excessively large number of them are mouth breathers, partially so because they are unable to breathe through their noses in the smoky air of Pittsburgh, and a very considerable number are below the stature and the weight determined for the average child. In a large percentage, the defects of teeth, nose and throat bring them below the physical normal. These are the children that wear out in childhood."*

Is it a wonder that this gentleman suggested: "*Ought not the Pittsburgh schools to be closed and the children repaired?*"

This Pittsburgh Survey is the most awful arraignment of an American institution and its resulting class pronounced since the days of slavery. It puts upon the Pittsburgh millionaire the awful stamp of Greed, of Stupidity and of heartless Pride. But what should we expect of him? He is the creature of a Special Privilege which for years he has not needed. He has fought for it because he fattened on it. He must have it for labor. But look at him and look at his laborer and believe him if you can.

Justice takes a terrible revenge on those who thrive by privilege. She blinds their eyes until they no longer see human misery. She dulls their hearts until they no longer beat with humanity. She benumbs their senses until they respond only to the narrow horizon of what they can individually possess, touch, feel. She makes, as she has in Pittsburgh, a generation of men and women who day by day can pass hundreds of tumbled down and filthy homes, in which the men and women who make their wealth live, and feel no shock; who can know that deadly fevers and diseases which are preventable are wiping out hundreds of those who do their tasks, and raise no hand. Little children may die or grow up stunted and evil within their sight and no penny of their wealth, no hour of their leisure is given them. Women may pass hours of incessant toil and die, broken and unhonored within their sight, and they raise no hand. Wealth which comes by Privilege kills. The curse of Justice on those who will not recognize injustice is the sodden mind, the dulled vision, the unfeeling heart.

A Frank Letter

I OBSERVE that you are saying a good deal about what you call "The Spiritual Unrest."

I wonder whether I am in substantial agreement with your other readers in thinking that there isn't as much spiritual unrest lying around loose as you imagine. Indeed, I should say that things haven't been so quiet spiritually since I was a boy.

I am living at present in New York City. I don't know whether you ever stopped to think of it, but it is a fact that one person out of every eighteen in the United States lives here—perhaps not within the prescribed city limits, but within this densely populated district, which includes Jersey City, Newark and other large cities. New people are coming in at the rate of 90,000 or more a year. Proportionate increase in our urban population is taking place in Chicago, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, and all the rest of our big towns.

Now what about this "spiritual unrest" in a city like New York? Some people say that they can detect it. I confess that I can't. So far as it is expressed by attendance upon church services, I am sure that nobody would claim that it is a very real or genuine thing. The pastor of Broadway Tabernacle says that Manhattan Island will be the next field for foreign missionaries to attack. So far as one can see he is an excellent prophet. On Manhattan Island there are 2,000,000 people and seats in Protestant churches for less than 500,000. And of course the seats are never filled, else more would be provided.

Why don't more people go to church in a great city like New York, where there are good preachers to listen to and splendid music to hear? I have thought about this a good deal, and I think I have got to the point where I can tell you in simple language. What I say you can accept as autobiographical, too. And there is no better way to get the truth than by searching yourself.

I don't go to church any more because I find it much easier to act natural in a big town than in a little one. I am not afraid of other people's opinions as much as I used to be. A whole book could be written on the naturalness of people in New York. You who come here from Peoria and see the show on Broadway and Fifth Avenue think this isn't true. Ask a plain middle-class New Yorker, however. Ask him whether he ever lived in a place in his life where he was as free to do as he pleases, to rid himself of bores, to select his companions, to choose company, to sit alone, to go, to come, to stay. Ask him whether this isn't true even to the point where he sometimes feels that the whole city is standing aloof from him. Go to the root of it and ask him specifically whether there haven't been nights when he started

out to find a friend to talk with, and couldn't. They were all away, or otherwise engaged. Imagine an inhabitant of Peoria unable readily to find a companion for the evening!

Living, therefore, in a great city where I can be natural, I decide naturally about going to church. And, beyond the fact that I am not as afraid of the Devil as I used to be, no deep conviction deters me from going. I haven't any definite ideas about creeds, or theology, or any of the other matters usually discussed in this connection. I have sometimes pretended that I had a definite conviction that the church contained too many hypocrites to suit me. I think I have occasionally advanced that as an excuse for not going. I am sure now that that was never my real reason for not going. And I think now that I am worked up to the point where I can tell the real reason. It is going to look very small, too.

The reason is that when Sunday comes I am too tired. Why, we often sleep—my brother and I—until eleven o'clock! This habit of late sleeping on Sunday is not due to our being out late the night before. Not at all. On the contrary, we generally go to bed Saturday night as early as usual—and often earlier. No, we do it because we are tired and want to go "the limit" on sleep. Nothing seems to refresh us as thoroughly.

After breakfast we get out of doors, tramp as far off the beaten track as possible, and try to get our feet onto real ground. All the week we never set foot off pavements. I have gone over the whole thing before saying that. It is literally true—down Sixty-third Street, into the Subway, down Broadway and Liberty Street to work. Then back home by the same route. Six return trips a week. Always the same—work from morning until night. Dinner at seven. Bed at ten-thirty. Up at seven. No straying off the hard stone walks on the way home to see a neighbor's new rose bush. Why, no! You couldn't pry a hole into the solid walls that line the way from my home to my work.

And people? Always people to see, hear and feel. The activity of it all is something that, for me, simply *must* cease once a week.

I know that when I present this, it doesn't look like much. It doesn't seem like a good excuse. But that is the beauty of the way I am telling it to you. I don't feel the necessity of straining myself to persuade you. I am willing—and I say this reverently—I am willing to leave it to God that there are spots on this globe (and New York is one) where a considerable number of people can praise Him best by taking care of their bodies and nerves, and by avoiding "spiritual unrest."

In the Interpreter's House

"So they drew on towards the house (the house of the Interpreter) and when they came to the door they heard a great talk in the house."—Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress

I HAVE been calling on my friend the Candid Pirate—said the Responsible Editor—and he tells me he has stopped his subscription to this magazine. He was quite frank and friendly about it. "You are a bunch of dreamers and idealists," he told me. "You talk too much; you make people feel that the world is not as good as it might be; that makes them restless. It is difficult enough to support properly what we have already in this world without having new ideas disturbing things. What's the good of it? We're all right if you let us alone. I won't have your magazine around."

I am sorry, for I like the Candid Pirate, and I had hopes of gradually converting him. But it is a satisfaction that he is uneasy. When a hard-headed citizen like him resents our dreams, it gives one a hope that maybe we are beginning to realize a little of our vision.

The Candid Pirate—said the Philosopher—should not speak lightly of dreamers and idealists. If he would look over his bailiwick and consider what is at the bottom of the best paying stocks in which he deals, he would find it was somebody's dream; somebody's ideal. He has missed more than one great opportunity by his scorn

of dreamers and idealists. I have myself heard him curse himself for not buying telephone stock thirty years ago when he might have had great blocks of it for a song. He cannot have forgotten the day when he jeered at that courageous and far sighted citizen, Gardiner Greene Hubbard, for walking the streets of New York and Boston and scouring inland towns trying to find men to help him develop Mr. Bell's wonderful invention. He certainly can recall that when Mr. Hubbard proved to him that the thing could talk, and argued that since this was true, all the people should have the use of it, he laughed him to scorn and bought stock in a silver mine. You could see and feel and use silver, he said, but the telephone was a plaything fit only for children and lovers—sell it to them. The mine is long

exhausted, but the telephone will go on forever.

He owns thousands of miles of pipe lines through which he pumps petroleum from Oklahoma to New York harbor. But I remember the day when he said that it was insane to believe that oil could be pumped from Northwestern Pennsylvania over the mountain to the seaboard, and did his utmost to prevent the "dreamers and idealists" who were staking all they could beg and borrow on their faith in the idea, from realizing their faith—even going so far as to persuade railroads to tear up the pipes. He argued that it was a foolish and irresponsible scheme, that the very suggesting of it was reprehensible, since it threatened to revolutionize something which already existed—and which he controlled! But today the method of oil transportation he defended is as antiquated as a tallow candle and he is drawing fabulous dividends from the pipe lines he gobbled up as soon as the "dreamers and idealists" had proved them practical.

These great combinations he is so proud of, what is behind them but a gigantic vision—the vision of an entire industry controlled by one head eliminating all waste, all duplication, all overproduction, of conducting all knowingly, of attaining the most perfect efficiency? It is that vision which has made them live and grow in face of the bitterest opposition of the unseeing mass. Some day there will come along a man who will put into the trust dream a new ideal, and we will see it humanized, socialized, used not for the Candid Pirate and his crowd alone, but for all the people. He won't like it. He will talk about confiscation, but this I am sure of, on that day he will get a credit from the people denied him now; for when they begin to profit instead of suffer from combinations, they will do credit to the dreamers who first "saw" them, though they saw them without the radiance of humanity.

Why, the very continent your friend is exploiting so successfully was revealed to his predecessors by "dreamers and idealists." I should like to take him to Europe and show him a collection of maps of the new world

in the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth century which I once saw. They were the results of scores of journeyings westward over the unknown ocean and into the unknown land—crude and painstaking efforts to show to a doubting Europe that a new world was there for the seeking. I should

**A Continent
Which Sprang
from the
Imagination**

like the Candid Pirate to see the struggles of those daring voyagers to locate the Atlantic Seaboard, how little by little the maps added a new inlet, a few dozen miles north or south. I should like him to follow on these maps the fight to find the mouth of the Mississippi! They found a river but where did it begin? Where did it end? They carried it westward to a legendary sea—the Vermillion Sea with which for lack of anything better, they filled all the west beyond their travels. They carried it east, they ran it simply into the ground or left it dangling hopelessly on the map. It took lifetimes to land it in the Gulf of Mexico. Why did they persevere instead of staying at home and catching fish and carrying merchandise through familiar seas, as the Candid Pirates of their days advised them to do? Why did Kings and Queens, Popes and Cardinals of that day spend their nights questioning each returning mariner? Why did they sell their jewels to fit out new expeditions? Because they were “dreamers and idealists.”

I WONDER—said the Poet—how the Candid Pirate would swing his schemes were it not for the propensity of men to dream dreams and see visions? What else is it that keeps his army of promoters in business? Not avarice, not the gambling instinct. They appeal to the imagination. They paint the picture of a possibility. Men see it and stake their savings on it. A few years ago I was living in a booming western oil country. Two young friends of mine wagered that they could by correspondence secure from any section of the United States enough money to float an oil property. They had no land—no money, and it goes without saying no sense of responsibility. They were simply interested in testing their theory. So they bought a charter—it was easy enough—and wrote a most alluring description of something which did not exist. Where should they try it? They decided to select a Southern State of no great wealth. They secured three lists of names from the state:—those of the clergy, the school teachers and the county and state

**The Scheme
of a
Candid Pirate**

officials and sent out their circulars. Over ten per cent. of those written to responded, the majority sending money. So seriously were they taken, so large were the returns that the young men dared not reply that they were only experimenting. Besides it was not necessary. They had cash enough to go into business. They bought a property and when I left were trying to develop it!

The Candid Pirate appeals to the same thing in men every day of his life—and sometimes with little more real property behind his appeal than my friends had. Moreover, if he only knew it, the world would go to pieces without its dreams. It is all that holds any one of us to the grindstone—all that forces us to support the chain of convention and the burden we call duty. Somehow there has come into us a vision of a thing we might do or be—it may be the picture of a trivial or fantastic thing, as trivial or as fantastic as “Clem Sypher's Cure” in Mr. Locke's lovely story. But it is what we live up to. My six-year-old youngster is today living up to his dream of being a policeman some day. He walks straighter, strides longer because of it and he loves to pilot his mother across the road and to hold up his hand and see the coachmen stop the horses to please him. Four years from now he'll dream of a football captaincy and try to live up to it. Eight years from now, of college honors perhaps, and who can tell of what he will dream at twenty-one? All I know is that on what he dreams then depends his heart's content through life.

I count on the ideal of womanliness his sister is forming to keep *her* straight through life. It is all that saves women in my judgment—a vision that pulls them back as they are stepping over the precipice—that impels thousands of them to climb back after they have stepped over. Dreams rule us. They are the compelling force of the young, the staying force of the middle aged. Dull them and life dulls with them. Take them from us and we are sodden plodding beasts.

You can no more make a magazine without them—broke in the Responsible Editor—than you can make bread without yeast, send a telegram without electricity. One of the great dreams of freedom lies at the bottom of our periodical literature—the dream of letting all the people know the whole truth of things. It is all that stands between the people and their arch enemies, demagoguery, despotism and greed. So long as the press remains free to speak its mind and picture things as they are, none of these evil forces is going to attain permanent mastery.

The Candid Pirate complains because what we say goes all over the country—but that is what we want. A magazine is a kind of national newspaper. It cannot be local in its subjects and its tastes. It goes to all the country. It is the only form of periodical literature which it is practical to send from San Francisco to New York. Obviously a daily newspaper can serve only a locality. Mr. Hearst tries to get around this by having organs in all great cities. It is said Mr. Hearst dreams of journals in every city of over 50,000 inhabitants, so that he can reach practically everybody in the country every day. It is the only feasible way to accomplish his dream.

The weekly obviously has a much better chance—and *Collier's*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Outlook*, certainly are circulated from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The time limit maybe a hindrance for others, but the monthly is not handicapped by this physical problem. It can appear on all the newsstands of the whole country on the same day. National in circulation, it naturally should be national in topic. Only what concerns all the people is suitable for it. If we treat a local experiment like Chicago's traction settlement it is because principles are involved which are as pertinent to San Francisco and New York as to Chicago. If we attempt to show the injustice of a practice, the criminality of a person, the danger of a thing, and succeed in demonstrating our point, we arouse a national pressure against the offense. That is what my friend complains of. He might stifle a pressure coming from one locality he confesses, but when it comes on him from North and South, from East and West that frightens him.

Then, too, he sees a danger in a journal that has time to gather and digest facts. The newspapers and weeklies, pour out as a rule the contemporary events, their range that of a short period. The monthly concerned only with the durable question—can review more leisurely. It can show the beginnings, the progress, the tendencies of things. You cannot get away from a consistent record of a score or more of years while you might explain away or justify an incident of which the daily press makes much. It is the long continued purpose to control or swindle that a people fears more than the bold occasional raid. It is the power of demonstrating this to all the people which my friend does not like.

He thinks, too, we are too friendly to new ideas. What's the good of them he asks.

I quoted him Franklin, "What's the good of a new born child?" Nobody knows, least of all the parents. But the hope of the world lies

with it. Among those of to-day are the discoverers, the writers, the singers, the poets, the conquerors of to-morrow. Nobody knows in which cradle to look. More likely than not the greatest one lies in the humblest cradle. It has usually been so. It is queer how few great heads lay on swansdown at the start, how few conquerors shook a silver rattle. Wooden cradles, coarse cotton, a tin rattle, these

*A Good
Idea and a
New Born
Child*

have been accompaniments as a rule of the new born destined to stir up the world. I am the last to prophesy about the new idea—the fresh version of the old one. But I take it as thankfully and reverently as I do a new born child. I do my very best for it, and I send it out prayerfully. It must make its own way. If it is good and needed, it will grow in spite of all the cohorts of pirates in the world. If it is weak it will die. It goes into a common pot, and whether it proves a leaven in the brew or only another uncounted drop is not my affair. Mine is to give it a chance. The lack of new ideas, the proper presenting of them is *my* anxiety. When we took over this magazine two years and a half ago, I tried to tell what our dream was. You remember what I said:—

"We have a vision of a magazine; it may never be realized, or it may be realized in part. But we conceive that in it no great thing of human interest would go unrecorded; that in it would be something of the best of all: literature, that in story and poetry refreshed the emotions and the love of life; art that stirred anew the faculty of seeing beauty and truth in the world about; counsel and judgment and light upon men and public events that concern us all; new knowledge of man's achievements in the wide ranges of his devices and discoveries; and all set forth with such zest, such knowledge, such art of expression, that there would be no dull line and no indifferent picture—that some glow of truth or humor or sentiment would play on every page, and that you would rise from reading with the mind enlivened and the heart refreshed and a confirmed belief that it was worth while living in this world, and worth while living to make it better."

I know how they laughed at us then. The Candid Pirate called me up and said I was an imbecile. "You cannot do business on a vision," he said. For my part I don't believe you can do business without one.

*The Part
That Vision
Plays in
Business*



Be not Ashamed

by Jesus: son of Sirach

BSERVE the opportunity, and beware of evil; and be not ashamed concerning thy soul. For there is a shame that bringeth sin; and there is a shame that is glory and grace. Accept not the person of any against thy soul; and reverence no man unto thy falling. Refrain not speech when it tendeth to safety, and hide not thy wisdom for the sake of fair-seeming; for by speech wisdom shall be known, and instruction by the word of the tongue. Speak not against the truth; and be abashed for thine ignorance. Be not ashamed to make confession of thy sins; and force not the current of the river. Lay not thyself down for a fool to tread upon; and accept not the person of one that is mighty. Strive for the truth unto death, and the Lord God shall fight for thee.





"Wee Willie" Keeler, who once spoiled a home run by jumping upon a fence and catching the ball

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Deciding Moments of Great Games

By HUGH S. FULLERTON

Author of "The Fine Points of the Game"



Joe Tinker, whose three-bagger in the deciding New York game won the championship for Chicago Cubs

NEARLY every baseball game is won and lost on one play, a play that comes at the psychological instant. Among the players, who do not study psychology, the crucial moment is known as "the break," a phenomenon which not one has analyzed, and which the players themselves do not understand. Twenty men on the bench are watching closely and intently every move of the pitcher, every swing of his arm. The tide of battle rises, ebbs,—and then suddenly at the start of some inning, something happens. What it is no one outside the psychic sphere of influence ever will understand, but the silent, tight-lipped, watchful, alert, fellows on the bench see something, or feel something and the mysterious "break" has come.

"One ball!" The players on the bench suddenly stiffen and prepare for action. "Two balls!" Two players jump for bats and begin swinging them, the coaches, who have yelled only because it was their duty,

suddenly begin raging, screaming, and pawing the dirt, and the manager, who has appeared half asleep, makes a trumpet of his hands and leads his men bawling loud orders and wild taunts.

The spectators do not understand anything has happened. Other batters have had two balls called many times—and it looks the same to the spectator, who is beyond the mysterious "break" sphere. In two more moments the players' bench is a madhouse with twenty men, shouting, screaming, ordering, moving. "Three balls" and a madman rushes out to the "deck." "Four balls," and the spectators join the play-

ers in the demonstration. The madness is spreading. Crack—a base hit,—a bunt, a wild throw, another base hit—screams, shouts, imprecations,—a roar of frantic applause, a final long fly. The manager reaches for his glove, spits into it and says quietly, "Four runs—We've got 'em." The "break" is over, and the players' bench is again the quietest part

of the grounds. The surge of enthusiasm, confidence and noise subsides and the game is won.

Baseball is almost as much psychological as athletic. Why one team can beat a stronger one regularly, and lose to a weaker with the same regularity; why one batter can hit one pitcher and is helpless before another; why one pitcher is effective against a strong team and at the mercy of another that cannot bat half as hard, are psychological problems.

Last season Joe Tinker of the World's Champions, who is only an ordinary batter, became imbued with the idea that he could hit Mathewson's pitching at will. The confidence born of this idea enabled him to beat Mathewson out of several games, and after that Mathewson seemed to have the same belief, for Tinker during the season won five games from New York by his individual hitting, and in four of them Mathewson was the victim. One of the hits that Tinker made off Mathewson will be part of Chicago's baseball history for generations. The teams, with Mathewson and Brown pitching, had battled for four innings, neither being able to score, and in the fifth Tinker came to bat, first in the inning. Tinker drove the ball on the line into the far left field corner—and he raced around the bases. At third base Zimmerman who was coaching, leaped out, tackled Tinker and threw him, trying to drag him back to third base, but Tinker broke away and scored with the only run of the game, beating Mathewson 1 to 0. Twice later in the year, Tinker beat Mathewson by long drives and when the clubs met on the Polo Grounds to play off their famous tie for the championship of the National League it was Tinker who, with a long hit over Seymour, who had approached too close to the diamond, brought "the break" and paved the way to victory for the Champions.

One of the hardest games Chicago lost last season was to Brooklyn late in the year, at a time when the Cubs were fighting desperately to overtake New York and Pittsburgh, and when



Tim Jordan, whose terrific batting cost the Cubs a game last year at a critical time

every defeat seemed to wreck their last hope. The Champions had the game well in hand, but Tim Jordan was hitting terrifically and Lundgren seemed unable to stop him. Twice Jordan had driven the ball over the right field fence of the Washington Park grounds and yet when "the break" came in the eighth inning, Chicago was two runs ahead. With one man out, two on bases and Jordan at bat, Chance, seeing Jordan was so anxious to make another long hit that he was kicking one foot high in the air every time a ball was pitched, went to Lundgren and said: "Put it over straight. Make him hit it, if he hits it out of the lot." Four times Lundgren tried to make his straight ball go over the plate, and four times it swerved outside and Jordan drew a base

on balls. Brooklyn suddenly changed plans, ordered Lumley to bat for Lewis. He drove a three-base hit against the right field fence, and a long fly that followed allowed him to score, and gave Brooklyn the victory.

Another game, lost in the critical instant to



Lundgren, who gave Jordan his base on balls at a critical time



Two friends who prove the honesty of baseball. Lobert, of Cincinnati, made a two-bagger in the ninth inning which won a game from Chicago when every game counted. Overall, a great friend of Lobert's, was pitching, and Lobert was wild for Chicago to win the pennant

Cincinnati on the same trip, seemed to kill Chicago's final chance for the pennant, and was the result of just such a rally. The ninth inning saw Chicago seemingly victorious, but the psychic wave inspired the Cincinnati's and, with two men on bases, Lobert at bat, and two strikes and two balls called, Chance ordered his pitcher (Overall that time) to pitch a straight low ball, and it looked as if the entire result of the season's struggle hinged upon that one pitched ball. Overall tried, but the fast ball went high instead of low, and Lobert sent it screaming over second base and drove home the runs that gave the game to the Reds.

That hit was the best testimonial to the honesty of baseball in the history of the game, for Lobert was wild for Chicago to win the pennant and a friend of Overall, whose heart was almost broken by the hit his friend made.

How a Pitcher Shows He's "Rattled"

The majority of games are won and lost by pitchers blundering in the crucial moment, but

sometimes it is the catcher who makes the mistake and one of the funniest blunders of years was made by "Hackenschmidt" Gibson, Pittsburgh's grand catcher, last season. "Lefty" Leifield is one of the best and brainiest pitchers, but essentially a "fast ball" pitcher and a "waster." A "waster" is a pitcher who never puts the ball over the plate unless he is forced so to do, but keeps it high, low, inside, outside, everywhere except over the plate, his plan being to make over-anxious batters hit bad balls. Leifield seldom uses curves, unless compelled to do so, and his high fast ball which breaks with an odd little jump movement, was one of the hardest puzzles for the Chicago club to solve. One day Leifield had held the Cubs helpless, and beaten them decisively and the following day, after the Champions, in the "break" moment, had started a slashing attack upon Willis, "Young Cy" Young was sent in to check them on the theory that a change from a right to left handed pitcher might stop the break, although every ball player knows that when a team starts hitting

nothing will stop them except sheer accident or a sudden change of "luck." Gibson had observed Leifield's effective use of his fast ball against Chicago and signaled Young to pitch fast ones. The Champions made seven straight hits before Young was retired, and all because Gibson did not differentiate between two kinds of fast ball, Leifield's going high and out, while Young's is pitched shoulder high, angles down and low.

Pitching and studying batters is an art in itself, and the pitcher who knows the men who oppose him, and who can put the ball where he wants it to go is a great pitcher, and one who sometimes can stop "the break." In the art of pitching, the batter, so far as brainwork goes, is merely a stoughten bottle, except in rare instances in which batters are men of desperate courage and fearless. The batter in matching wits with the pitcher, has no chance because he is taking all the risk of injury, and trying to "outguess the pitcher" is dangerous, as the one who blunders may receive a blow on the head that will end his career. The pitcher on the other hand, can study the batter, analyze his position and condition of nervousness, and, if he has sufficient control of the ball, he can prevent him from hitting. Observe closely a pitcher when "the break" comes. Up to that time he has been pitching coolly, taking his time, studying each man—but, after "the break" he hurries, returns the ball as fast as he gets it, loses head, loses control, and loses the game. Mathewson, one of the greatest of them all has only that one fault, and the instant the tide turns against New York, every effort of the other players is to slow down Mathewson and make him hold the ball, instead of pitching as soon as it returns to his hands.

A Great Piece of Brain Work

One of the prettiest bits of brain work was done by Leifield, by which he won a hard fought game from Boston and staved off defeat by sheer cleverness. Pittsburgh had been leading, but "the break" came against them and Boston started slugging and piling up runs rapidly, until one more hit meant victory when Bill Dahlen came to bat. Dahlen is a dangerous hitter "inside"—which means when the ball is pitched between him and the plate, and Leifield knew this, so he attempted to make his fast ball go high and outside. Instead the ball escaped him and went waist high across the plate, on the inside corner, just where Dahlen likes to hit. Dahlen, expecting a high fast one, was surprised, and swung at the ball, missing it. Instantly the entire Pittsburgh

team was screaming at Leifield, abusing him for making the blunder and ordering him not to pitch inside again.

Leifield instantly decided that, as Dahlen had heard him ordered to keep the ball away, he would expect a fast ball outside, so instead of pitching there, he deliberately repeated his blunder and Dahlen struck again. Clarke, angry and fearing Leifield had lost control and would lose the game, rushed in and ordered him to keep the ball outside. Leifield nodded assent, but pitched the ball where Dahlen likes it best for the third time and Dahlen struck out because he had been out-guessed and outgeneraled.

Another game which Leifield won late last season after one of the hardest struggles of the year, was won by his brainy pitching to John Kling, Chicago's heavy hitting catcher, who came to bat in the eighth inning with men on second and third bases, and one out. Leifield pitched three balls so far from the plate Kling could not reach them, and Kling naturally supposed that Leifield was going to give him a base on balls, fill the bases and increase the chances for a double play, so he was stretching as far as possible, hoping Leifield would pitch close enough to the plate for him to hit to right field. Instead Leifield shot a fast ball straight over the plate, and followed this up by curving two over, striking Kling out, and the result was that Brown lost his first game in three years to Pittsburgh.

Championship Hung on This One Ball

There are three decisive moments that stand alone in baseball history. Possibly the greatest of these was the famous tenth inning at Columbus, Ohio, when, with one hit, Big Dave Orr decided the American Association race, and kept St. Louis from breaking all records as a pennant winning team. Brooklyn and St. Louis practically tied for the Championship on the last day of the season. If both teams lost, or both won, St. Louis would win its fifth pennant. If St. Louis won and Brooklyn lost, the Browns would have the honors—but if Brooklyn won and St. Louis lost, Brooklyn would win. Brooklyn, playing in the East, already had won, and St. Louis and Columbus were tied in the ninth inning. St. Louis scored one run in the tenth—and with a runner on second base, two men out—and three balls and two strikes called—Orr stood at the plate with one ball left to decide the season. He drove it over the center field fence—sent home a runner ahead of him, and won the pennant for Brooklyn, his hit according to



"Lefty" Leifield, of Pittsburgh, one of the brainiest pitchers in the box

many being the longest ever made. The famous spit ball pitched by Jack Chesbro, which beat New York out of a pennant, is almost as historic, and last year, in that famous final game between New York and Chicago, one pitched ball settled the contest. Mathewson tried to drop a slow "fadeaway" over the plate low, it went too high—Tinker drove it over Seymour's head—and started Chicago on the rally which won the pennant for Chicago. Seymour misplayed the ball, or he might have saved Mathewson. But really it was another play, a blunder in attack, that early in the same game, robbed New York of the victory in that final fierce struggle.

With men on first and second, no one out and Pfeister wild, Kling saved his team in the first inning. Bresnahan the batter, essayed a sacrifice, and missed the ball. Like a flash Kling whipped the ball to Chance, Herzog was caught blundering ten feet off first base, and New York's rally was broken, "the break" stopped, and the day saved for the Champions.

But for that play New York probably would have made three or more runs in the inning, and won easily.

Perhaps the Greatest Catch Ever Made

The greatest individual feat ever performed was one by which Bill Lange, now retired, saved a game for Chicago and \$200 for himself in Washington, in 1895. There is an odd story connected with the play. Lange had missed a train in Boston two days before, failed to reach New York in time to play there and Anson had fined him \$100. Thereupon he missed a train to Washington—arrived on the grounds after the teams had practised and just in time to play, and for that Anson fined him another \$100. The game that afternoon went eleven innings, Chicago scoring one run in the eleventh. There were two men out and a runner on the bases, when "Kip" Selbach, then one of the hardest hitters in the business, smote the ball a terrific blow and sent it flying



"Dutch" Schaefer, the Tigers' second-base man, whose quick catch made a tie game out of one of the world's-championship series last fall

over Lange's head toward the center field fence. The hit seemed a sure home run but Lange, a man weighing 225 pounds, turned and without looking, sprinted desperately straight out toward the fence, racing with the flying ball. At the last instant, as the ball was going over his head, Lange leaped, stuck up both hands, turned a somersault and crashed against the fence. The boards splintered, one entire panel crashed outward, and out of the wreckage crawled Lange, holding the ball in his hand, and the crowd went mad. Lange came limping in, with the crowd standing on seats shouting and he said to Anson: "Fines go, Cap?" "Nope," said Anson, and the catch had saved the big fielder \$200.

Jumped on a Fence and Caught a Fly

There are scores of almost miraculous individual fielding feats made in critical moments, by which games have been won. On one occasion Jimmy Ryan, of Anson's White Stockings, leaped entirely over the bleacher barrier in the right field at Washington and caught a

fly ball while falling into the crowd. One of the greatest exhibitions of nerve and courage of that sort was given by Hughie Jennings, now manager of Detroit, in a game at Chicago, when he was playing short stop for the famous old Baltimore team. The crowd had encircled the playing field, and was surging closer and closer to the base lines as the battle progressed and, when the ninth inning came with the score tied, one out and Bill Everett on third base, it looked as if Chicago had won and that Baltimore, by losing would be compelled to surrender the pennant. The batter hit a foul ball, high, and into the crowd back of third base, a crowd ten deep, part seated, part kneeling with rows of standing spectators behind. Jennings, tearing across from short, did not hesitate. Hurling himself through the air he caught the ball over the heads of the spectators and plunged down upon them. Everett meantime

had touched third base, turned and was sprinting for home. Jennings, climbing upon the heads and bodies of prostrate spectators, threw to the plate, cut off Everett, and in the next inning Baltimore won the game.

That Baltimore crowd, a team of inferior players winning by dash, nerve and courage, gave many exhibitions of individual daring, but one of the greatest was the feat of Wee Willie Keeler on the home grounds. Right field on the Baltimore grounds of those days was the terror of visiting players. It was down hill, rough and weedy, and back of it was a high fence, peculiarly constructed for advertising purposes. Inside the fence sloped at an angle of about 65 degrees, being straight on the outer side. Boston was playing there late in the season in which the two teams had their frantic struggle for the pennant, and late in the game, with runners on bases, Stahl drove a long fly to right that seemed likely to win the game for Boston. Keeler, one of the fleetest men in the business, seeing the ball was going over his head, leaped upon the slope of the fence and started to run along it, going higher



Frank Chance and Hughie Jennings, the two greatest baseball generals

and higher, and just as the ball was going over the fence, he caught it. His momentum carried him higher along the incline, and before the big crowd realized that he caught the ball, he was running along the top of the fence, and then holding the ball aloft, he plunged over and went outside the grounds. Probably never a baseball player in the world received such a rousing ovation as he did when he climbed back over the fence and tossed the ball to the infield.

Another magnificent individual feat was that of "Dutch" Schaefer, the Tiger second base-

man, in the opening game of the World's Championship Series between Detroit and Chicago in October, 1907, a game which for thrills and excitement was the greatest ever played. An immense crowd watched the battle, and both teams were near exhaustion in the twelfth inning from the succession of exciting situations and desperate plays. The crowd seethed and bubbled with excitement, and spouted volcanoes of noise at every move of the players. The score was tied. Chicago had a man on first base and two out when Frank Chance hit one of the fiercest drives of

the year—a line smash between first and second which, if it cleared the infield, was certain to go to the corner of the grounds and bring home the run for which the clubs had fought for over two hours. Schaefer, playing down near second base, raced back ten steps, leaped, twisted, stuck up his gloved hand, with his back to the stand, and while twisting, he dragged down the ball, and the crowd was so stunned by the wonderful catch that it forgot to applaud until the umpire had stopped play and called the game a draw.

That same game, however, was thrown away by Chicago in the critical instant by Steinfeldt, who, in the stress of excitement, lost his head and the game at the moment of victory. That was in the tenth inning when a wild throw let Slagle sprint for the plate, as Steinfeldt was batting. The ball was recovered and thrown back to the plate, too late. It came high and five feet to the left of the plate as Slagle raced across, and, in that instant, when the crowd thought the game over, Steinfeldt hunched his shoulder, made the ball hit him, preventing the fielder from getting it. Slagle promptly was called out because of Steinfeldt's interference and the struggle continued until Schaefer saved it by his wonderful catch.

Sometimes the turning play of a game, the one that decides it is freakish, and one of the oddest freaks of recent years happened last season, in one of the bitter contests between the Chicago and New York teams, an accident that gave New York a victory, and almost gave them the championship. Chicago had runners on first and third bases, one man out and Del Howard at the bat, when the fates interfered. Howard hit a vicious bounding drive near

second base, and Doyle was in front of the ball, with Bridwell standing on second base to receive the throw and relay the ball to first base to complete the double play. The ball broke through Doyle's hands and struck his shin bone with terrific force. Instead of the error making Chicago's victory easy, it beat the Cubs, for the ball, bouncing off Doyle's shin, went straight into Bridwell's hands and resulted in an easy double play that deprived the champions of the victory.

Saved the Day—But Had to Hurry

In that same series there was one of the grandest exhibitions of generalship and pitching ever recorded. Crandall was pitching for New York, and the Giants gained a big lead early in the game. When the ninth inning started with New York four runs ahead, Mathewson, who had been warmed up and ready to rescue Crandall, thought the game safe

and, retiring to the club house, disrobed, got under the shower bath, and prepared to don his street clothes. Just then the break came, the Cubs began a slashing batting assault upon Crandall and before McGraw could make a move Chicago had two runs and a man on bases. Tenney, Bridwell and Devlin were striving desperately to steady Crandall, who was getting worse and worse, and McGraw sent out a C. Q. D. for Mathewson to save the day. Delaying, arguing, using every trick and device, McGraw played for time. Reports came from the club house that "Matty" already had his shirt on. Two substitutes were acting as his valets, and he was dressing rapidly as possible, when the cruel umpire ordered Mc-



"Matty," famous for his "fadeaway"

Graw to play or forfeit the game, and Joe McGinnity was sent out to pitch. McGinnity used up as much time as possible, but finally was compelled to pitch one ball—Slagle rammed a base hit over first—and Chicago needed only one run to tie the score. Meantime Mathewson couldn't find his uniform trousers. Half a dozen were assisting him to dress, and, before McGinnity could pitch another ball, Mathewson, half dressed, with shoe strings unloosed, and uniform awry, came racing across the field. There was no time to warm up, for already McGraw had wasted eleven minutes and the umpire was getting peevish, Matty's arm was cold and



Ed Reulbach, the leading pitcher in the National League for three years

to use curves or attempt speed meant almost certain defeat with Del Howard at bat. Mathewson dropped three, slow, twisting, "fadeaway" balls near the plate, two of them fading until they hit the ground, and Howard took three desperate swings at them, went out—and the Giants were saved.

Pitcher's Mistake at the Deciding Moment

Pitchers like that hold the key to the situation in the decisive moments of great games, and upon what kind of a ball they pitch the result generally hinges, yet they may blunder and be saved by some great fielding feat. Ed Reulbach, who has been the leading pitcher of the National League for three years, has odd theories about batters, and he lost one game through a funny mistake. Harry Lumley, now manager of Brooklyn, is one of the best hitters in baseball, and Reulbach was intent of dis-

covering his "weakness," so one day he went to the Brooklyn grounds at noon to practice, and there found Lumley who wasn't feeling very well and was out early working and trying to get into trim. Lumley's eye was bad, and Reulbach after pitching to him for half an hour thought he made a great discovery. On the bench that afternoon Reulbach whispered to Brown, "I've got Lumley's weakness. Low curve, inside the plate. I pitched them to him half an hour and he can't touch them." "You may try him with one; I won't," remarked Brown. Reulbach pitched against Brooklyn in the next series in Chicago and late in the game Lumley came to bat in the deciding moment. Kling signaled for a fast high ball, Reulbach shook his head and signaled that he would pitch his curve low and inside. The dent is still in the sign over the right field bleachers where that ball struck and Reulbach is still searching for Lumley's weakness.

Clark Griffith, now manager of Cincinnati, than whom no brainier pitcher ever lived, was past master of handling batters in the psychological moments. Once in Washington, with the Senators needing a run to tie—and with men on second and third, Al Selbach came to bat. Griffith's best line was taunting and nagging at batters, delaying and "stalling" to make them nervous and over anxious. He taunted Selbach thus: "You big stiff, you couldn't hit this one with a board," and then he pitched wide and high, and he kept up that kind of work until two strikes and three balls were called and Selbach was wild with anxiety to hit, and rising onto his toes with eager-

ness. Then Griff, smiling and exasperating, said: "Hit this, you big bloat," and he deliberately tossed the ball underhand toward the plate, so slowly that Selbach, in his eagerness to hit, over-balanced, fell to his hands and knees before the ball reached the plate and was called out on strikes.

Griffith's greatest feat, though, was in a game between Portland and Seattle in the old Northwest League, when he and the afterwards famous "Dad" Clarke were opposing each other in the final game of the season. The game went fourteen innings, with neither side able to score, and in the first of the fourteenth, before a man was out, a hit and two errors filled the bases with Portland players. Clarke was rumaging around the base lines, taunting Griffith, who walked out of the box, went over to "Dad" and said, "I'll bet you \$10 I strike out the next three men." He did, and Clarke



Clark Griffith, who in his pitching days was a past master of handling batters in psychological moments

was so angry he refused to pay the bet until years afterwards when both were in the National League. There is one more interesting incident that stands unique, and it is one by which Jimmy Slagle staved off disaster to the Chicago team in a twenty-inning battle between Chicago and Philadelphia, which Reulbach finally won two to one. In the eighteenth inning of that struggle, with a runner on first base, Sherwood Magee drove a hard line hit to left center. Slagle had just shoved his hand into his hip pocket to get his chewing tobacco when the ball was hit, and as he started in pursuit of it, he discovered to his horror that his right hand was caught in the pocket and refused to come out. A quick jerk failed to release the hand, and Slagle, racing on, leaped, stuck up his left hand, and caught the ball, saving the Cubs. Then he pulled out his tobacco, bit off a piece, and grinned as the crowd applauded.

THE SPIRITUAL UNREST

The Godlessness of New York

By RAY STANNARD BAKER

Author of "Following the Color Line," etc.

Illustrated with Portraits and Diagrams

At first when Francis of Assisi renounced the world and sought to follow his Lady of Poverty, the people said he was assuredly mad. He could not wholly convince the people of his sincerity: for he had been a rich young man. The Bishop finally advised Francis to give up all of his property.

"To the great surprise of the crowd, Francis, instead of replying, retired to a room in the Bishop's palace, and immediately reappeared absolutely naked, holding in his hand the packet into which he had rolled his clothes: these he laid down before the Bishop with the little money that he still had kept, saying: 'Listen, all of you, and understand it well; until this time I have called Pietro Bernardone my father, but now I desire to serve God. This is why I return to him this money, for which he has given himself so much trouble, as well as my clothing, and all that I have had from him, for from henceforth I desire to say nothing else than Our Father, who art in Heaven.'"

Of this act the chronicle says: "On that day he won for himself a secret sympathy in many souls." And in a few years all Italy was at his feet.

FOLLOWING the presentation last month in this magazine of the "Case Against Trinity," the question naturally arises:

"What about other churches in New York City? Are they, or any of them, triumphantly successful in reaching the masses of the people? Do any of them sound the clear note of spiritual leadership? Is their service adequate to the conditions of the new age?"

In order to answer these questions with clearness I have spent many months visiting the churches and missions of New York City; I have talked with many clergymen and other leaders in religious work; I have visited settlements, charity organizations and labor unions in order to get a point of view of the churches from the outside; and finally, I have made a somewhat careful study of the abundant literature issued by the various denominations regarding church conditions in New York City. In this article I shall give an account of the general conditions and tendencies of church work as I have found them.

One of the most extraordinary things that I discovered when I began the study of the church situation in New York City was the

very general tone of discontent and discouragement among church workers themselves. They feel that the churches are somehow inadequate to their great task of spiritual leadership. Something is felt to be wanting.

The Reverend Charles E. Jefferson of the Broadway Tabernacle, the oldest and one of the largest Congregational churches in the city, said last year in a sermon:

"While the church has been filled with doubts and fears, there has been an ever deepening estrangement between the Church and large classes of our population. . . . The last decade has been the most strenuous and discouraging for Christian workers which this city has probably ever known."

Not long before his resignation, broken down with overwork, Dr. Rainsford of St. George's Episcopal Church struck the same note of despondency—calling attention to the falling away in the size of the Sunday congregations in spite of the most strenuous activities to keep the work at white heat. The late Reverend George C. Lorimer of the Madison Avenue Baptist Church said in one of his last sermons:

"There is such a thing as a religious crisis



The Reverend Charles Stelzle, Superintendent of the Labor Department of the Presbyterian Church who said: "No one can deny that the church is slowly, but surely losing ground in the city"

in America, however much we may scoff at the idea. Religion is to-day of very low vitality."

One Million Churchless Protestants

Many other New York ministers have made statements of similar tenor which are, indeed, substantiated more or less definitely by the findings of the Rev. Dr. Walter Laidlaw of the Federation of Churches, who has made extensive sociological and statistical studies of Church conditions in New York City. Dr. Laidlaw estimated that in 1905 there were over a million (1,071,981) churchless Protestants in the city. By churchless Protestants are meant people whose antecedents were Protestant and who, if they became interested in religious work, would naturally associate themselves with some Protestant church. Dr. Laidlaw shows, moreover, that the membership in Protestant churches, in spite of rapidly increasing population, has barely held its own in Greater New York, while on Manhattan Island there has been an actual loss of membership.

In the first five years of this decade (1901-1906) the population of Manhattan Island in-

creased by 300,000, but the number of Protestant church buildings actually decreased by three, the Catholic churches increased by only five, and the Jewish synagogues (buildings), in spite of the enormous Jewish immigration, by eighteen.

The Roman Catholic Church has felt a similar loss of power, not only in New York, but in other great American cities. Concerning this tendency we have the word of no less a personage than Archbishop Falconio, apostolic delegate from the Pope, spoken at the first great missionary conference of the Roman Catholic Church in America, held last spring in Chicago. He said:

"In our day a spirit of religious indifference and relaxation of Christian morality is permeating the sanctuary of Christian families. To check this dangerous tendency we need a revival of the true Christian spirit. Besides, in some dioceses numerous Catholics are in want of priests, churches and schools: there are immigrants who are in need of religious assistance."

And the Roman Catholic is not more concerned than the Jew. Although the Jewish population of New York City is growing rapidly, the same disheartenment exists among Jewish religious leaders as among Christians. The Jews, especially of the younger generation, show a growing inclination to drift away from the synagogues and the teaching of the fathers.



Doctor Edward Judson, Rector of the Judson Memorial Church in Washington Square, notable for its institutional activities

A clear observer, the Reverend Charles Stelzle, superintendent of the labor department of the Presbyterian Church, who sees the church from the point of view of the workman, says:

"The church to-day seems to have arrived at one of the most crucial periods of her history. . . . No one can successfully deny that the church is slowly but surely losing ground in the city. Nearly every city in America is witnessing the removal of its churches from the densely populated sections where the church is most needed. Within recent years forty Protestant churches moved out of the district below Twentieth Street in New York City, while 300,000 people moved in. Alarmed for her safety and her very life, the church has sounded a dismal retreat in the face of the greatest opportunity which has ever come to her."

Not only have the working classes become alienated from the churches, especially from the Protestant churches, but a very large proportion of well-to-do men and women who belong to the so-called cultured class, have lost touch with church work. Some retain a membership, but the church plays no vital or important part in their lives. Thousands of men and women who contribute to the support of the churches, yet allow no church duty to interfere with the work or pleasures of their daily lives. They are neither inspired nor



Doctor Charles E. Jefferson, Pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle, who said: "The last decade has been the most strenuous and discouraging for Christian workers which this city has ever known"



Doctor Walter Laidlaw, whose extensive statistical studies of church conditions show that there are over 1,000,000 churchless Protestants in New York City

commanded. And what is more, this indifferentism is by no means confined to the "wicked city" but prevails throughout the country, in small towns and villages as well as in large cities—except possibly in a few localities where "revivals" have recently stirred the people.

Such, in general, are the conditions at the present time, to which the church leaders themselves are the strongest witnesses. We may now look into the causes of this decline of church influence: narrowing our study in the present article to the Protestant churches.

Flight of the Churches Away from the People

One of the most evident tendencies of Protestantism in New York City has been the movement of the churches uptown, or out of town, following the movement of the rich or well-to-do people. In fact, the Protestant churches for over a century have been in a constant condition of flight away from the common people. Where poor people, or foreigners, or Jews moved in, the Protestant churches moved out. Apparently they were afraid of foreigners, afraid of the poor, afraid of Jews, afraid of Catholics.

But the churches, though in constant flight, always looked back. They did not leave the masses of the people without qualms of conscience. They felt that, as Christians, they had a duty to perform toward the poor and the foreigner, though they did not want the poor or the foreigner in their comfortable churches. They wanted to help him—on

later the Episcopal denomination on its own account organized the City Mission Society.

Not for a moment would I minimize the work done through many years and still being done by these organizations, but the fact remains that they were institutions paid by the churches to perform the service of human brotherhood—"to visit the fatherless and



Photograph by Gertrude Kaschier

Doctor William S. Rainsford, for many years the much loved rector of St. George's Church. Before he retired, a few years ago, he called attention to the falling away in the size of the Sunday congregations in spite of all the activities

their own terms and at a respectable distance.

To fulfill what they felt to be a duty toward the poor, the Protestant churches long ago devised a business-like plan for "saving" them. A number of the denominations came together in 1825 and organized the New York City Mission and Tract Society: and a few years

widows"—which the churches themselves would not or did not do.

In the sixties the population in the lower part of the city had grown so dense that it was felt that more efficient means must be taken to reach, religiously, the masses of the people. Accordingly the Mission and Tract Society began building mission chapels—the

first, Olivet Memorial Church, in 1867. They planned to take over more of the work of salvation, assuming, indeed, the general territory below Fourteenth Street on the East Side. Since then they have largely extended their work.

Two things happened after this. First, a still more rapid hegira of the churches from the lower part of the city to the comfortable residence districts uptown. In the forty years after 1867 no fewer than seventy-two churches and missions moved uptown or perished. The following are the denominations:

Baptist.....	11	Episcopal.....	12
Congregational.....	1	Dutch Reformed.....	5
Methodist.....	16	Universalist.....	2
Presbyterian.....	14	Others.....	11

In short, there has been a gradual separation, a drawing apart, of the churches of the rich, and the chapels and missions of the poor. After 1867, indeed, this tendency was greatly accelerated by the development of dependent missions by the rich Protestant churches which had moved to the comfortable uptown residence districts. Either the consciences of the leaders were troublesome, or else they looked with apprehension to the establishment of non-denominational churches by the Mission and Tract Society: at any rate the movement toward building missions for the poor was widespread. The rich churches usually paid for everything outright. They furnished the church, they hired the minister, they paid for the music—and then they marveled because the poor did not flock into the missions and be converted. It is a fact that many of these missions have had a precarious and discouraging career. The Rev. Gaylord S. White, of Union Theological Seminary, who has seen much of the work of church missions, says of them:

Failure of Mission Chapels

“The misconceived mission chapel, unattractive and often positively mean in appearance, but ‘good enough for the poor’ and fitted out with a pastor to match—the whole thing undemocratic and insulting in its implications to the intelligence and self-dependence of the workingman—has been a dismal failure.”

But the uptown churches, having paid their money for mission work among the poor, were apparently content.

Be it far from me to decry the unselfish work often done by earnest men and women in these missions, nor shall I fail later to show

how the work of some of them has recently been improved. I am merely making the point that they did not, after all, reach or influence any considerable number of people. Children came, and women and a few men, but the population at large was apathetic, if not openly hostile. An old mission worker told me that it was a common gibe among the people of the neighborhood in his earlier days to ask of a person seen going to the chapel: “Have you got your basket with you?”

Many excuses are made by the Protestant churches for their present discouraging and decadent condition in New York City. No one will deny that the situation has been enormously difficult to meet. Thousands of Roman Catholics and Jews have been pouring into the city every year and settling districts formerly occupied by Protestants: a self-absorbed, amusement-loving city life is difficult to reach religiously: and to a large extent the population is in a state of flux, moving about so rapidly that it is difficult indeed for a church to keep in touch with its people.

Yet, while all these difficulties are recognized, the fact remains that the Protestant churches have been losing ground in New York—have failed to meet the great problem of the twentieth century city. Even if the Protestant leaders would admit that their faith is not broad and deep enough to apply to any but a certain class of well-to-do people of Anglo-Saxon or Teutonic stock, which of course no Protestant *will* admit, the fact remains that the Protestant churches have not been able to maintain even the allegiance of their own people. As Dr. Laidlaw shows in the statistics I have already referred to, there were in 1905 over 1,000,000 nominal Protestants in New York City who had no church affiliations. On the other hand, they have been practically unable to reach any of the enormous Jewish population, although a large proportion of the Jews—eighty per cent. in some parts of the city—are themselves alienated from their synagogues. Through foreign-speaking missionaries, the Protestants have reached a few Roman Catholics; but, on the other hand, the Roman Catholics have probably reached quite as many Protestants.

It is advanced as an explanation of the conditions that the Protestants have migrated in large numbers to the suburbs where they have built up thrifty churches—but this is not so much an excuse as a further illustration of the flight of the Protestant churches away from the poorer people. Attempts have been made to interest the suburban churches in the conditions in the crowded districts of New York,

but so far practically with no success. Although the members of these suburban churches come into New York every day, employ more or less directly many of the people of the crowded districts, and make their money in the city, yet they apparently feel no responsibility for religious conditions there.

Naturally, this flight of the Protestant churches, or their lack of adaptability to modern conditions, has not gone unnoted. In a very true sense the Protestant churches and Protestant doctrines are on trial—as many religious leaders recognize.

How the Churches Met Their Problem

Years ago, the uptown independent churches which of course dominate their respective denominations in the city, began to feel that ordinary mission work was not enough. What was the trouble? This was a question familiarly asked in public and religious conferences: it was discussed with heat in religious journals—and variously answered.

The first instinct of the rich, whether individuals or a church, when really troubled, is to *give more money*. Money to the rich somehow seems the universal explanation.

And this was the method first attempted in New York City. When an institution is young it possesses abounding vitality, it has hope and faith, it is more or less oblivious to material expression or to material comfort. But when the institution grows old and fearful, begins to lose its confident hold upon life, instinctively it seeks to replace its failing vigor with material proofs of its greatness and power. As the spirit dies down, stone buildings rise up. As I have gone among Protestant churches in New York, as I have studied their abundant literature, I have discovered both clergymen and layworkers in many cases devoting a very large part of their time, not to progressive religious work, but to getting together huge sums of money which, put out at interest, will support the work of their churches. No longer able to command the enthusiastic allegiance and the willing offerings of the people, they resort to the ready alternative of interest-bearing stocks and bonds.

The struggle for money, indeed, is often fierce enough! Here, for example, is the plea in a Methodist publication on behalf of the "twentieth century movement" among the churches of New York:

"This movement is primarily an effort to secure money. The goal fixed, a Million for Metropolitan Methodism, makes the enterprise a worthy one, worthy of the marvelous

century into which we have come, of the city in which we live, of the denomination to which we belong, its traditions, its history, its spirit; worthy of the coöperation of all our people, challenging our largest loyalty, our most venturesome courage, and our unshrinking faith. . . . All the methods employed have been simple and straightforward. The strong motive of self-interest was appealed to, for self-interest is always stronger than public interest."

Yes, the methods have been simple and straightforward, and self-interest has been appealed to.

A Cathedral of the Rich, for the Rich.

Another expression of the same tendency is to be found in the upbuilding of enormous and costly churches, cathedrals and parish houses. The new cathedral of St. John the Divine (Episcopal) is a notable example of what I mean. Set upon the top of a hill five miles up the Hudson River from lower Manhattan Island, it is isolated in every possible way from the crowded centers of population. An enormous, pretentious structure, it will probably cost when completed over \$20,000,000. It has been constructed in imitation of the great cathedrals of Europe, but instead of being a people's church, paid for by the people and growing out of a passionate religious and democratic impulse, as did those wonderful old cathedrals, this huge and costly temple, built by the subscriptions and bequests of rich men and rich churches, is indeed far removed from the spirit of the age. Says Paul Sabatier of the middle age cathedrals:

"The cathedrals were the lay churches of the thirteenth century. Built by the people for the people, they were originally the true common house of our old cities. Museums, granaries, chambers of commerce, halls of justice, depositories of archives, and even labor exchanges, they were all these at once."

How far is the Cathedral of St. John from realizing any such democratic idea.

Nor is this movement toward great buildings confined to the Episcopal Church: the Presbyterians have been trying to raise money to endow one of their churches in Fifth Avenue as a sort of Presbyterian cathedral, and some of the newer churches of other denominations are of exceeding gorgeousness and costliness.

No, there is no lack of money. The Protestants have the money and they are willing to expend it. More money is put into Pro-

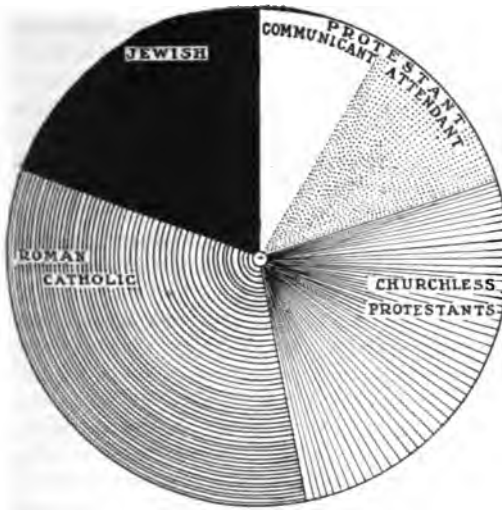


Diagram showing the proportion of Roman Catholics, Jews, and Protestants in New York City



Diagram showing the division of the Protestant population of New York City in the year of 1905

From the *Federation of Churches*

testant church work now than ever before; but in spite of this inflow, the churches have steadily lost influence.

Although the population of the city has been increasing, although the number of missions and missionary workers has risen, although the amount of money expended has increased, the report of the Methodist Church Extension Society of New York City for 1908 will show that the mission church and Sunday-school membership of this progressive denomination has been slowly declining.

	Number of Churches, Missions and other agencies	Number of Members	Number of Conversions	Number of Sunday School Scholars
1890	24	3,439	1,181	7,101
1895	25	3,465	1,082	6,496
1900	23	2,545	531	4,954
1905	28	3,048	536	4,187
1907	28	3,216	640	3,901

While some of the Methodist missions of 1890 are now self-supporting churches, the fact remains that the mission work of 1907 was not as productive for the church, as a church, as that of 1890.

The same tendency is shown in nearly all other denominations. For example, in the Episcopal Church, Sunday-school enrollment, which is a good barometer of church interest, has been falling away in spite of the utmost activity to maintain it. Here are the recent figures for New York diocese:

Sunday School enrollment in 1900	44,226
" " " 1904	43,974
" " " 1908	38,840

Of this falling off in Sunday-school enroll-

ment a member of the Sunday-school Commission said:

"Great parishes on Manhattan Island are losing their schools, or some of them are. Children of well-to-do parents rarely attend, and even the less well-to-do are growing increasingly careless. New York is the largest and among the first to suffer. The trouble extends, however, to the whole country.

"Ask parents the cause. The situation is discouraging, and nowhere is it more so than in this city. With thousands of dollars expended, and with children in vast numbers, our church is not getting hold of them. Our failure to do so in this generation will be felt in church membership records in the next."

It has long been said by Protestants: "If we can only get the children we are all right," but even the Sunday-school is now failing.

One is likely to form the hasty conclusion that because the Protestant churches are not reaching the people that therefore there are not enough churches: that more should be opened, that none should be closed: in short, that the Protestants are niggardly in their support of churches. My own first impression when I began my inquiry was that New York was underchurched; but I soon came to the conclusion that the city to-day is not only not underchurched, but decidedly *overchurched*—I mean so far as audience rooms for Sunday worship are concerned. I have visited a large number of churches of all denominations during the past year: I have attended morning, afternoon and evening services, and in all that time I have been present at only a comparatively

few services at which the church could be said to be even well filled. One of these services was at the church of the Paulist Fathers (Roman Catholic), where at the close of a three weeks' mission there were 2,300 people crowded into a church which seats about 1,900. Another service was at an uptown Christian Science church. Another was a noon Lenten service in Old Trinity. I am speaking here of the ordinary religious services; at Easter, when extraordinary musical programs and beautiful displays of flowers are provided, when it is fashionable to go to church, many of the churches are crowded. On the other hand, I have been at services where the audiences were so painfully small that it was hard to understand how the minister had the heart to go on with his sermon. In one Protestant church on the East Side, one Sunday morning not long ago, I found just fourteen people in the audience including myself. It was a good sized church, heated for the occasion, with an organist and a choir, besides the clergyman who preached the sermon. One is almost driven to the conclusion sometimes that an endowment is the worst possible possession a church can have: for it makes it unnecessary for the church to report constantly to the people, or to draw its life blood from the people. Not only rich churches like Trinity are paralyzed by their money, but numerous small churches, like the Duane Methodist Church in Hudson Street, and the Emmanuel Baptist Church in Suffolk Street, live a miserable, hopeless existence, spending their income, it is true, but more dead than alive. This does not mean, of course, that there are not plenty of people of all sorts and of every denomination swarming about, but that *these people don't go to church.*

What Shall the Church Do

Why don't they go to church? What shall the church do?

Upon this question of *doing*, the ministry has divided itself roughly into two great classes. One has sought to save the church by strengthening the institution as it is at present: this, indeed, was naturally the first impulse. Many church leaders have been seeking endowments, building more churches and parish houses, preaching more energetically. And like any institutional group under pressure, its position has often been one of denial and opposition. Having no power of prophecy, no triumphant message, it has scattered its energies in preaching and working *against* various minor evils. Thus we find

the united clergy of various cities campaigning with enthusiasm against Sunday baseball, Sunday concerts, vaudeville and moving picture performances—the amusements of the poor.

Now, I am not entering into the question of vaudeville theaters, moving-picture shows and the like (no doubt they are bad enough and need to be closely looked after) nor am I even inquiring why the expensive Sunday automobiling, yachting, opera concerts, and golf of the rich are not as evil in their results as the baseball and vaudevilles of the poor—I am merely illustrating this tendency to preach and organize *against* things, instead of preaching and organizing *for* things. If they could do away with Sunday vaudeville, Sunday baseball, Sunday concerts—what next? How would they supply the deficiency? The people won't come to church anyway. About the only time the workingman really feels the church is when the church tries to take away some of his pleasures!

But another group of church leaders have hesitatingly taken quite another course. They have begun to suspect that possibly the churches were wrong—radically wrong in their spirit and methods. As one minister put it to me directly:

"We discovered that the giving of money was not enough. We had to go deeper."

Another said:

"We are giving up the idea that it is sufficient to get people into a church building and teach them a doctrine. We must do something more."

This feeling that "we must *do* something," that the church must produce works, developed in some instances into a passion for "efficiency." I know churches to-day where the word "efficiency" has become a sort of fetish: and I know more than one worker who is half killing himself with his varied activities. They must at all events *do* something. But what shall they do?

They do not realize that efficiency of itself is nothing, that mere "doing" is nothing. For there can be no real efficiency without vision. Unless a man knows to what end he is working, what shall all his arduous days and sleepless nights profit him?

Can the Churches Get Back to the People?

There has been, indeed, no lack of experimentation during the last ten or fifteen years among a growing group of thoughtful progressives. Though it is difficult to break away from tradition, many Protestant churches

have been doing it. It was a decided innovation when men like Rainsford in the Episcopal Church, and Judson among the Baptists, added to their church work such accessories as carpenter shops, gymnasiums, baths, and parlors, and organized all sorts of clubs and classes. It was surely a drastic and original step when men like Worcester in Boston, and Batten in New York, turned their attention to healing sick bodies, as well as sick souls. I have described the Emmanuel Movement in a former number of this magazine. In another church, the Church of the Ascension, Mr. Irvine, a Socialist, addresses a large audience every Sunday evening, and a socialistic discussion is held afterward—surely, an unusual activity for the church. Another Episcopal Church, St. George's, which numbers among its members some of the richest men in New York, holds a revival and the clergymen and the choir, with all the congregation, goes out and marches singing in the streets to gather in the people from the by-ways and hedges.

These unusual new activities are but a few examples of many experiments which the Protestant churches are now trying. I shall pass them over here, hoping in the future to consider more fully the institutional church, the modern revival, and like activities.

When summed up, all these movements mean just one thing: that the Protestant churches, having fled from the common people, are trying various constructive measures for *getting back to the common people*. They are trying new ways of serving the people, whether with carpenter shops, baths, bodily healing or socialist discussions. And all of them are full of significance. They are signs of that spirit of humility, that willingness to do service, which always accompanies the appearance of new truth. Each contains a fundamentally valuable idea, each is leading men and women toward a new vision of the high place which the church should occupy in our modern life.

When I began this inquiry all these movements loomed large upon the horizon, for they have had wide secular publicity, and they have been eagerly hailed and enthusiastically commended in certain progressive church circles. But viewing the whole field, as well as studying specific neighborhoods and specific churches, I have been surprised to find how little, after all, the real religious situation has been changed by all the devices so far attempted. In the first place, comparatively few churches among the hundreds in New York, have attempted any of the new work. The majority of the churches are still simply

content. Moreover, where the experiments are tried, the same sorts of work—clubs, classes, baths, gymnasiums, to say nothing of bodily healing and socialist discussions, are being done and often better done by other agencies—such as the settlements and schools. Some of the churches which made a fine start in institutional work are already finding it difficult to maintain that work with any great enthusiasm. Dr. Batten and other clergymen who with rare energy have been trying the Emmanuel Movement have attracted more people to their churches—but they are practically all Protestants drawn away from other Protestant churches. I say this in no spirit of carping criticism, but merely as a statement of conditions. A small group of people, already socialists, attend and enjoy the addresses and socialist discussions at the Church of the Ascension.

Failure of Revivals in New York City

As for revivals, although some of the greatest revivalists in the world, men like "Gypsy" Smith and W. B. Dawson, have recently conducted extended services in New York, practically nothing has been accomplished. A few backsliding Protestants have been reached, but, broadly speaking, the situation remains unchanged.

All the new devices, indeed, taken together, have not prevented the steady decline of church influence, nor have they changed, as yet, the tone of disheartenment with which many Protestant leaders look upon the situation. A million or more Protestants are still outside of Protestant church influence, to say nothing of the Roman Catholics and Jewish people. Dr. Worcester of Boston, who has had one of the most active institutional churches in the country, strikes a common note of discouragement when he says:

"I have heard many of the ablest and most conscientious clergymen of our church confess with tears that they are doing this work with a sense of despondency and humiliation because they do not feel that they are giving the people the best they have to give.

"In other words, the church of Christ cannot maintain and propagate itself by anything less comprehensive, less spiritual and tremendous than the Christian religion, and the plain truth is we are not bringing the full force of our religion to bear upon the hearts and lives of the people."

In all this work, indeed, there is no resistless or triumphant note of faith. Many of the experiments are timid and soon become

apologetic, and in nearly all cases the new movements spring up, not as the common inspiration of a denomination, or even of a single church, but are the result of some individual inspiration. *There is no group impetus.* It was not the Episcopal Church which spoke in the Emmanuel Movement (the Bishop is reported to "tolerate" it), but a single bold-hearted man. A Parkhurst springs into feverish activity and accomplishes results, not because he is a Presbyterian, or because a great church is behind him (a good many church people were against him), but because he is a strong individual, fired with a zeal for social betterment.

Do Protestants Believe Their Own Creeds?

The Protestant churches, as churches, may be said, indeed, to have no longer any very positive convictions or any very definite program. They no longer believe their own creeds, and the old fervor of hostility with which they becudged one another (a sign of life at least) has departed. No longer fighting one another, neither do they unite: there is no fire to fuse them. Scarcely two ministers, let alone two denominations, agree either on doctrine or on methods of work. A "Federation of Churches" exists in New York, but it is hardly more than the activity of one energetic man whose valuable statistical studies of church conditions have been financed by contributions from various denominations. It has almost no significance as a directing or centralizing power.

I have said that the Protestant churches, having been withdrawing from the common people for a hundred years, are now trying to get back. To this end they have given much money: it has not availed. Neither has charity re-established them, nor mission chapels, nor even carpenter shops, clubs, classes, gymnasiums, socialist discussions, nor revivals.

What is Really the Trouble with the Churches?

What, then, is the trouble?

The Archbishop of Canterbury said recently that he worked seventeen hours a day and had no time left to form an opinion as to the solution of the problem of the unemployed. To which Keir Hardie replied that "a religion which demands seventeen hours a day for organization and leaves nothing for a single thought about starving and despairing men, women and children, has no message for this age."

Two remarkable reports have just been is-

sued, one a study of workingmen's budgets in New York, by Prof Robert Coit Chapin of Beloit College: another a report of industrial conditions in the city of Pittsburgh by a staff of trained investigators. Both of these reports show conclusively that a very large number of the people in our great cities are chronically overworked and underfed. Many of the families investigated for Professor Chapin's book had incomes so small that it is difficult to believe that human beings could exist on them without outside help. There was also a considerable percentage of actual underfeeding—even among those of higher incomes.

And Dr. Edward T. Devine gives this summary of the findings (in part) of the Pittsburgh survey which will apply with more or less force to conditions of the working class in all American cities:

"An altogether incredible amount of overwork by everybody, reaching its extreme in the twelve-hour shift for seven days in the week in the steel mills and the railway switch yards.

"Low wages for the great majority of the laborers employed by the mills, so low as to be inadequate for the maintenance of a normal American standard of living.

"Still lower wages for women.

"An absentee capitalism, with bad effects strikingly analogous to those of absentee landlordism of which Pittsburgh furnishes noteworthy examples.

"The destruction of family life, not in any imaginary or mystical sense, but by the demands of the day's work and by the very demonstrable and material method of typhoid fever and industrial accidents, both preventable, but costing in single years in Pittsburgh considerably more than a thousand lives, and irretrievably shattering nearly as many homes."

At the same time that this condition exists among the working people, wealth has been increasing, the "steel magnates," the "railroad kings," the "coal and oil barons," have been growing richer and richer. Along with discomfort in the tenements have grown elaborate luxuries, elaborate amusements in the homes, hotels, and clubs of the rich. Nor need we go to any socialist agitator to draw the conclusions: we have it from the scientific experts of the Pittsburgh survey in these words:

"The contrast, which does not become blurred by familiarity with detail, but, on the contrary, becomes more vivid as the outlines are filled in—the contrast between the prosperity on the one hand of the most prosperous of all the communities of our Western civili-

zation, with its vast natural resources, the generous fostering of government, the human energy, the technical development, the gigantic tonnage of the mines and mills, the enormous capital of which the bank balances afford an indication; and, on the other hand, the neglect of life, of health, of physical vigor, even of the industrial efficiency of the individual.

"Certainly no community before in America or Europe has ever had such a surplus, and never before has a great community applied what it had so meagerly to the rational purposes of human life. Not by gifts of libraries, galleries, technical schools and parks, but by the cessation of toil one day in seven and sixteen hours in the twenty-four, by the increase of wages, by the sparing of lives, by the prevention of accidents, and by raising the standards of domestic life, should the surplus come back to the people of the community in which it is created."

No Message for the Common People

This is the situation which the Protestant churches are facing. Many of the rich are in the churches: nearly all of the poor are outside. The churches feel that somehow they must "get back to the people." But they have not yet touched the real problem. Here and there a man is crying in the wilderness, crying to a people who are spending their wealth on themselves. The churches, as churches, have not waked up. They are still dallying with symptoms: offering classes and gymnasiums to people who are underfed and underpaid who live in miserable and unsanitary homes! They wonder why revivals of the sort of religion they preach do not attract the multitudes. They devote tremendous energy in attempting to suppress vaudeville shows while hundreds of thousands of women and children in New York are being degraded body and soul by senseless exploitation—too much work, too small wages, poor homes, no amusement. They help the poor child and give no thought to the causes which have made him poor. They have no vision of social justice: they have no message for the common people. They are afraid to face the world "without purse or scrip": they have no faith. And without such vision how shall they reach the hearts of men? Of what purpose is their "passion for efficiency"?

"The world," says the Rev. Dr. Cochran, of Philadelphia, "will not be satisfied with our religious professions until we attack the causes of poverty and disease with the same enthusiasm and persistency that we palliate the symptoms."

New York Overchurched But Underworked

I have said that New York is at present overchurched rather than underchurched: but I might with equal truth say that New York, religiously, is extraordinarily *underworked*. Everywhere I went I heard the same plea:

"If we could only get a few more helpers! What we need is workers."

This I have heard not only among the churches but among settlements, and in all sorts of progressive movements. In short, men and women are wanted everywhere. *Human touch, not money, is required. There must be personal self-sacrifice.* It was not until Francis of Assisi stripped himself naked that "he won for himself a secret sympathy in many souls."

It is not enough that men give money, they must give themselves: and the same is true of the churches. The churches are still far more interested in having fine buildings, in being Baptists, or Presbyterians, or Lutherans, than they are in reaching the people. They make no real surrender. A complaint has gone up from the churches for several years of a lack of young men entering the ministry: it is laid down as a reason that ministers are not paid enough salary. But that is not the true reason: the true reason is that young men of ideals feel no inspiration or vision within the churches. The churches offer them no great message to deliver. Men who are willing to sacrifice most, never do it for salaries. And there is never any lack of men to go through fire and tempt death if only they are aflame with a great purpose.

Until the Protestant churches have that vision which inspires men to a new sense of the brotherhood of humanity—all humanity—which is the expression of the Fatherhood of God, they will never "get back to the people." They will never reach the poor, or the foreigner, or the Jew, or the Negro. Can the Protestant churches, divided among themselves, full of the pride of tradition, and rich in worldly possessions, ever rise to the situation?

The Adventures of a Bookkeeper

By RUPERT HUGHES

With Illustrations by Albert Levering

UNDER the green eyeshade—under the thick eyeglasses, under the green eyeshade—under the heavy eyelids, under the thick eyeglasses, under the green eyeshade, under the green drop-light, the bookkeeper's weary eyeballs shuttled to and fro. He could not strike his trial balance. It was just \$10,000 askew.

Inasmuch as the total business of Spiegel's Owego Emporium for six months would not have reached that sum, the bookkeeper was worried, and worse.

It was late—so late that it was early. By ten o'clock nearly every light in the business district of Owego was out, except the green drop-light over the long-legged desk where Horace Wadhams sat among his lank limbs like a huge many-jointed grasshopper. He was studying a ponderous volume of his own composition. For hours and hours he added, and re-added, and re-added cords of columns, but he could not find the missing \$10,000.

And so he moiled till that harbinger of dawn, the first rattletrap milk wagon, went crackling down the street.

Filled with despair and haggard for sleep, the bookkeeper pushed back his eyeshade, dropped down from his eyrie and went to the window. The starless sky looked like an ocean upside down, and that reminded him of the romance he had been reading the past few days, in what little leisure bookkeepers enjoy. It was Jules Verne's "Ten Thousand Leagues Under the"—all of a heap, Wadhams realized



where the mysterious ten thousand had come from. His subconsciousness of the story had obtruded itself on his work, the wires had crossed, and he had absentmindedly tucked the ten thousand into a crevice in his addition.

This thing had happened before. While he was submerged in the tale of "The Count of Monte Cristo" he had caught himself beginning a column with the fatal "One! Two! Three!" On another occasion he had found himself entering in his daybook among such items as "Mrs. L. K. Schuster, two rolls oil cloth,"

"Mrs. N. C. Hassett, six yards insertion," "N. C. Peabody, one lawn mower"—among such items he had caught himself inserting this: "Henry M. Stanley, six crocodiles, four natives, three rhinoceroses." It had taken a deal of work with the ink eradicator to efface this dangerous aberration. For, while a rolling eye and an absent mind may be a fine thing in a poet, they are not pardoned in a bookkeeper.

Horace Wadhams was underpaid and overworked at the Emporium, and he was underfed and over-lodged at Mrs. Magoffin's boarding-house. But the rag carpet in his little bedroom was a magic carpet, and of evenings as he sat creaking precariously in a wicker-bottomed chair, with a book from the circulating library between the long sharp arms elbowing his long skinny legs, the genie of imagination swept him through the walls and out across the world. The rag-carpet genie had an incongruous passenger in Wadhams; he was as grotesque in his store-clothes

as Don Quixote in his tinware, but his soul was as high and his fancy as free.

Wadhams affected especially books of adventurous travel. He knew more about forbidden Tibet than he did about Broadway. He would have been lost in Central Park, but he could have taken you by the hand and led you across Africa in the track of Livingstone on a cloudy night. Though he drank nothing stronger than the partial coffee or the pallid tea of Mrs. Magoffin, he saw strange shapes wherever he looked. Across his ledgers at times ran trumpeting elephant herds; in his inkstand coiled an inflated cobra; with his pen he speared many a deadly *fer de lance*.

At the boarding-house, if he spoke at all, it was of exploration or adventure; his table-talk was spiced with picturesque words like assegai, ice floe, felucca, mushroom bullet, quetzal, iguana, sandalwood, copra, coral atoll, simoom, and lagoon.

The most scandalous thing Wadhams did was to stay home from church. He did this so regularly that it was almost a religion of itself. But he did not waste this period on the bulky Sabbath newspapers that came up from New York; he spent it in the company of wilderness-threaders and horizon-haters.

And so he lived his life unhonored, unsung, unmarried and unimportant. Aside from his book-voyages, his travels were confined to the trips up and down his ledger columns and to that stretch of sidewalk between the boarding-house and the Emporium, though he sometimes varied this by walking a block or two out of his way—"for exercise." You would have called his a torpid life, the career of an oyster in an R-less month; but that would have been because you were ignorant of the high excitements that enriched his evenings and his Sundays.

Seeing him in his humble room; or shambling to and from his work, you could not have guessed that his was a life of double-entry. In that boarding-house cell he fought maddened pumas with a woodman's axe; he scaled ghastly precipices where his least whisper would have brought down avalanches; he staggered across alkaline hells, mumbling with split lips and black tongue for water, water, water; he found whiskered tarantulas under his pillow; he saw the one-eyed octopod leering at him and thrusting snaky arms from under his bed; he heard the first crackling flames snickering in the fagots of the cannibals (or, as he preferred to call them, the anthropophagi); down the early morning streets of Owego he heard the black wolves come howling and hungry; under his door he heard

the sniff of the famished tiger; and if a branch of the maple tree outside swished at his window, he shuddered lest a shaggy pygmy be perched there with poisoned blowgun aimed. It was more than Mrs. Magoffin's food that kept him thin and sharp.

But all his adventures were by proxy. He never had anything deserving the name "event" that he could call his very own. And then one day, one long-delayed day, something actually happened to him. A distant relative became still more distant, leaving her dear kinsman an altogether unforeseen legacy of fifteen hundred dollars. The shock was so great that Wadhams came near joining the distant relative.

The effect on his boarding-house status was nothing short of revolution. Mrs. Magoffin put butter in his coffee at breakfast and offered him a second dish of cherries at supper. But—and this you will hardly believe—when he walked into the Emporium and reached for his alpaca desk-coat, the proprietor, Mr. Spiegel, said:

"Good morning, Mr. Wadhams."

This was almost more exciting than fifteen hundred dollars. Wadhams could hardly hold his pen for thinking of it. To cap it all, the proprietor took him to dinner at Shanahan's Bonanza Restaurant. There Mr. Spiegel told him that he had always liked him and his work, and that, as a favor to an old friend, he would sell him an interest in the business.

But Wadhams knew the business—from the inside. So he declined, with many apologies. Then Mr. Spiegel graciously offered to borrow the fifteen hundred on a long-time loan at six per cent. Wadhams mentally computed the interest at \$90 a year, with a fair chance of getting neither it nor the principal. So he declined once more, with profuse apologies and perspiration.

Mr. Spiegel's temperature dropped twenty degrees Fahrenheit, and he said:

"Vell, I metch you to see who bays for the lungeon."

Wadhams did not believe in gambling, but he matched, and paid. His fortune was now reduced to \$1499.50. He realized that he must avoid ruinous hospitalities.

Many days passed while Wadhams wondered what to do with his fortune. Much advice was given him, most of it involving a commission of some kind for the adviser. But Wadhams shook his head.

He had a letter from his mother who lived on a farm at Oscawana. She advised him to apply the money to the mortgage on the farm.

But as the mortgage was \$1450, and it had lived so long, he decided not to impoverish himself in vain. He sent his mother a note of filial regret and a hat which he bought at cost price at the Emporium. His fifteen hundred was now \$1491.31.

Once a bookkeeper always a bookkeeper, Wadhams pondered. Fifteen hundred would not suffice to lift him from his estate for more than a few months. It would dribble away in inconsequential luxuries, the mere sweetmeats of pleasure which have no sustenance and leave a sour taste. While he was fretting over his good luck, a new book on Africa appeared at the library. He got it. He read the first chapter. Then he slammed the volume shut with an irreverence that was almost sacrilege in such a book-worshiper as he. He leaped to his feet, emancipated. With one fierce gesture, he flung off the shackles of literature. He was through with books. He was done with hand-me-down adventures. He had nearly fifteen hundred dollars in cash and he was going forth for to get some experiences of his own. As for books, he would write one himself. He spent several delicious hours dreaming over a title for it. "*My Adventures in Africa*, by Horace Wadhams." That looked good. "*African Adventures*" was also good. "*In Wildest Africa*" was better yet. He could hear people asking for it at the library where he had asked for so many other people's books:

"Excuse me, Miss, have you got Wadhams' 'Wildest Africa'?"

"I'm sorry, but it's out."

"Seems to me a library like this'd ought to have more'n one copy of such a book."

"More'n one? Goodness me, we have six; but they're always out. Three copies are at the bindery now being rebound after being all wore to pieces."

He would dedicate it, of course, to the memory of the distant relative who had given him Africa and immortality. He spent several delicious days writing the dedication. Two or three of his attempts were in verse, but he found that poets had to plod, so he decided to stick to prose.

He could see the reviews of his book, especially in the Owego papers. How the Owegans would talk

about him! People who hardly knew him would claim kin. Probably they would put a memorial tablet on the boarding-house, and his tall stool would be chipped away by souvenir hunters. The magazines would publish pictures of the sidewalk—"his favorite stroll."

The only fly in the ointment of this rapture was the fear that he might not live to finish the book. He might perish at the hands of a Mbuti warrior, some treacherous Aruwimi chief might transfix him from behind his wicker shield, the tusk of a charging rhinoceros might disembowel him, or he might be macerated by the fail-like tail of a crocodile, or end as a ragout in the kettle of a Mpongwe tribal feast.

Still it would be dying the death. Better to die than never to have lived. Better to let his bones bleach in the jungle than to let his heart fossilize at Owego.

He resigned his job. That was the first great draught on his courage, but he believed in burning his bridges behind him. He set forth for New York, and there was a piece in the paper about it; he was called "our distinguished fellow townsman, long identified with the enterprising Spiegel Emporium, which has long been one of Owego's most flourishing institutions, a favorite resort of the ladies of our fair city," etc. There was a little too much about the Emporium. That was because Mr. Spiegel advertised. Wadhams breathed a sigh of relief at fleeing from such venality and such grinding commerce to the great free wilderness.

Wadhams found New York very trying.

He had to ask the way so often that he began to wonder what he would do in Africa, where there were no numbered lamp-posts and no policemen.

He had an evening to kill before his steamer sailed. He went to a roof garden where an Arab magician with three wives performed some wonderful tricks. Also there was an American lady who performed a "Salome" dance in an imitation of a costume, mostly imitation jewels. Wadhams wondered if anything in Africa could shock him after that.

At the dock the next day he had a trunk dumped on his foot. He limped aboard,



and a banging cabin door put his hand in a sling for a week. Later his stomach envied his hand. His ticket included his food. That was more than Wadhams could do. He ate but little, nor loved that little long. When he arrived in Liverpool at the end of a week, he decided to go to Africa by land. But that turned out too expensive, and he was forced to return to the docks. At the sight of the greasy waves and the churning keel, he came near giving up Africa. He gave up everything else. But when he was nighest to despair he would go to his stateroom and look at his pith helmet, and his elephant gun, the field glass and the camera he had bought in Liverpool. They were the guarantees of hope.

The slow old ship went on its scallopy way past historic England, the Abbey, and the Tower, and all the sights dear to tourists. They were not for Wadhams. Nor did Paris with her gilded mirth lure him from the forthright of his purpose. Rome should not know him, nor even Spain. He was for greater wonders than any Alhambra or Escorial.

The ocean disappointed him sadly. He had counted on assisting in at least one storm at sea. He had read so much of the mountainous waves of Fenimore Cooper, and the foam-smother of Marryat, and the crackling timbers of W. Clark Russell. But the billows were never high enough to give him anything more than a headache. He saw nothing but tame skies, drizzly rains, dismal fogs, and waves—always waves and more waves that went by in stupid droves like cattle crowded to a slaughter-house.

At length, when he was but a wisp of strength, the left shoulder of Africa loomed up along the sea. It gave him new hope, but it was some days before the ship reached Sierra Leone.

Here the vessel paused for a few hours. Wadhams donned his pith helmet, slung his camera over one shoulder, his field glass over the other, and taking his elephant gun in hand, went ashore, feeling like Vasco da Gama and Diego Cam rolled into one.

He set foot on Africa at last! To his sea-shaken legs it seemed as if the continent were about to tip over under his weight. But he found no chance to use his elephant gun. He found ordinary streets full of ordinary people. He could have wept at the natives he saw.

They wore shirts and trousers! They looked and acted and dressed like the negroes of Owego, only more so.

He was glad when the steamer sailed. But the further towns were not much better. Everywhere, he found simply the discomfort and crudity of American villages gone to seed, or still in a fresh-plank condition. The foliage was tropical, but it did not come up to the pictures. The animals to be seen were the cows and pigs, the hens and dogs of Owego; and if there were any local *fauna* they revealed nothing that the circuses had not shown him since his boyhood.

He met a few native monarchs, but they were simply replicas of the more shiftless negroes of Owego. They were a little drunker, a little dirtier, a little nakeder, a little smellier, that was all. Their wives were many, but were only like unkempt washerwomen, carelessly clad.

He saw a few native dances. But his trip to the Midway at the Chicago Fair had given him sensations that were not surpassed. He saw an unusual amount of human hide displayed, but it was so unattractive that he regretted the lack of drapery. To a man of his neat habits, the evident neglect of the Saturday night bath was enough to rob this living ebon statuary of any allurements it might have had.

He found that a drunken sot is a drunken sot even if he happens to be called King Palabala. A thatched roof was a slovenly and populous thing in spite of all the traditions. The head-dresses of the natives looked better in the photograph than on the head. Mr. Wadhams believed in short hair and frequent shampoo.

But still with an undismayed hope he stalked adventure, lugging the heavy gun that was guaranteed to stop an elephant and double up a leaping tiger.



Finally he reached the goal of his dreams, the storied mouth of the Congo. His revered Stanley had described the region as "barren, uninviting and sparsely populated." In spite of themselves, the printed words had fascination. To read that a place is "a barren and uninviting mangrove swamp" gave it at once a charm. But Wadhams found the appalling possibilities of the literal truth seen with the fleshy eye.

In desperation he left the towns and plunged into the wilderness, hoping against hope for adventure. Better to be entombed in a tiger or a cannibal than murdered with ennui. His heart was stopped once by a terrific scream that curdled through one primeval fastness. He asked a grinning native if it were a mad-dened tigress. "Nope, him locomotive," was the answer. He never saw a tigress or even a tiger loose. No cannibals noticed him.

The only elephants he saw were like enormously idiotic oxen overworked and disgustingly meek. He lost his way often enough, but polite natives acted like policemen and led him to shelter. He was bitten by flies, gnats and mosquitoes, but that might have happened in Owego. He got blisters on his feet and tore his trousers, but one native applied to his sole a salve made in Skaneateles, and another mended his trousers with a sewing machine. His nearest approach to death was when he was butted by a trolley car whizzing through the jungle. And yet he labored on, assured that some great event lurked behind the next cocoa palm, or lay in wait just across the nearest yam-farm.

From childhood he had been giving his pennies to the missionary funds. And now he saw what crops those copper showers were raising. He felt like asking for his money back with interest. The missionaries themselves were doleful. They baptized numerous black bodies, but the souls stayed chocolate. Civilization had brought all its attendants. Natives learned to speak English in order to lie in another language. They were schooled in new vices, new cheats, new gambles, new crimes. There were churches, but they were like the African Baptist or the A. M. E. churches of Owego; and there were saloons like Owego saloons.

Wadhams made so bold as to invade the dirty hut of one shiny onyx monarch of Gaboon known as King Jim Smith Bobala. Wadhams counseled this ace of spades that rum was ruining his people.

The boozy King bleared at him and answered:

"Thasso—'stoo bad—have some wit' me."

Wadhams evaded the rum, but he had to sit through a concert. Even this was not of barbaric music, for the delighted natives had welcomed the labor-saving device of the phonograph. And poor Wadhams must squat on a dusty mat and listen to raucous records of old times, stale even in Owego, and not improved by rough usage. He had come to Africa to hear again "The Letter that He Longed for Never Came," "In the Baggage Car Ahead" and "Oh, Promise Me."

He promised himself that he would take himself back to Owego. There was that



He had come to Africa to hear again "The Letter that He Longed for Never Came"

odious ocean to do over again, but on the other side of it was home.

Never was a man more disappointed than Horace Wadhams. His fifteen hundred dollars was going, going, almost gone. His Africa—his fabled Africa—had yielded him nothing but bad smells, bad beds, bad meals and boredom. Never an adventure, never a chapter for his book.

He would return to the Emporium and ask Mr. Spiegel for his job again. At least he could have the uncertainty of hunting down his wild and elusive trial balance. Perhaps the old charm of adventure would come back to him through the inverted telescope of the printed page.

Wadhams began to believe that literature is to many people what stained glass is to little churches; it takes what the average eye can see only as common every-day yellow sunshine and weaves it into glory and magic and rainbow resplendence. Charles Lamb was a bookkeeper, and he saw everything prismatically. It was not because Wadhams was a bookkeeper that he could not see Africa artistically. It was because he was Wadhams and he had read too much.

It was a doleful and empty Wadhams who leaned over the rail of the steamer making once more for the right side of the equator. He threw overboard his pith helmet and his white umbrella. He was tempted to jettison also his elephant gun, but he decided that it would look well hung across a couple of nails on his wall at Mrs. Magoffin's. All else he was taking home was a few snapshots. The most nearly interesting ones had come out light-struck or under-exposed, the remnant were of such nature that they would hardly do to show in Owego; they would prove shocking without proving interesting. He had not even the material for his dreamed-of stereopticon lecture at the Sunday-school. He decided to visit his mother for a few days at Oscawana, while he waited to see if Mr. Spiegel would re-receive the husk-sick prodigal, with or without fatted calf.

When the endless voyage was ended, and the steamer sighted Sandy Hook, Wadhams believed that there was no such thing as adventure outside the libraries. How little we know where or when our adventures await us or in what clusters they may come!

The view of the Manhattan sky-line, the Gargantuan buildings maintained together at the foot of the metropolis, lifted him from his depression like a sudden gift of wings. The puffing tugs and the waddling ferry-boats gave life a lilt. The anchored freighters rust-

ing for paint and sitting high on their red keels while they waited for cargoes, looked to be the very vessels of romance. Wadhams forgot that he had gone further than they, and had fetched home no such merchandise.

The slow warping into the wharf on the Jersey shore was a pageant to him. The hustling stevedores were beautiful when he thought of the pitiful blackamoors swarming about the African coasts. Everything American was more beautiful than the charms of any other continent. His money was nearly gone, however, and he found New York as expensive as it was exhilarating. He posted a letter to Mr. Spiegel, and asked him to send his forgiveness to Oscawana, care of Mrs. A. J. Wadhams, R. F. D. 31. Then he took train to his ancestral estates, consisting of several acres and a mortgage.

Even Oscawana had changed a good deal since he had left it, but there was a reminder of boyhood days in the billboards and dead walls which were alive with the circus posters of one of the numerous greatest shows on earth. One huge picture represented the wilds of Africa. It was a conglomeration of ferocious animals: a lion leaping into the gaping jaws of a crocodile; a cannibal in the coils of a boa constrictor; a tiger making ribbons of a goring rhinoceros; an elephant with a leopard in his trunk while a hippopotamus crunched his hind leg, and a Zulu in death wrestle with a gorilla.

Wadhams smiled—the smile of one who has been there.

The hack driver explained that a circus was in the town the day before and had driven away early that morning. It had a grand menagerie, he explained. He asked what kind of a weapon Wadhams had in the case, and Wadhams showed him the long express rifle that had neither suffered nor done any harm, and the unbroken box of cartridges guaranteed to plough a widening furrow through a whale.

Peaceful thoughts wooed Wadhams as he recognized the scenes of his barefoot boyhood, the trees from which he had fallen, the swimming-hole in which he had come so near drowning, even the schoolhouse to which he had expected to return as President of the United States. He sighed to think that he was returning only as a jobless bookkeeper in seedy clothes. But his mother—bless her heart!—she would be glad to see him any way he came.

He wondered where and how he would find her.

As they topped the last hill, he saw her—in the last place he could have dreamed.



He pulled the trigger and went over backward. So did the lion

She was sitting on the roof of the farmhouse; in the farmyard below stood a lion, a tiger, two elephants and a cougar.

Wadhams and the hackman looked at each other. The horses looked at each other, sniffed the foreign odors from afar and whirled so quickly that they spilled Wadhams and his ammunition into the road. They disappeared in a cloud of dust, the hackman assisting their speed with willing whip. As Wadhams sprawled on the ground he fully expected to wake and find himself in bed or just out of it. The old homestead mixed with the circus lithograph come to life had no claim on reality. Then he noted that the lion was pacing majestically and roaring in huge grunts, while the tiger was making ineffectual attempts to leap to the roof where his mother sat huddled. Her shrieks were no dream.

Wadhams was much too scared to run away. Besides that was his mother there—the only mother he ever had. There was nothing to do but unlimber and get into action. He had lugged that elephant gun all over Africa. Now was its chance to prove itself.

He loaded it with hands composed of ten thumbs and tried to remember all the rules he had ever read about the art of accurate aim. Then he drew bead on the bounding tiger. He pulled the trigger and went over backward. So did the lion.

The tiger continued to spring in the air. Wadhams was puzzled. Then he calculated hastily that if, by aiming at a tiger, he had killed a lion, the way to kill a tiger was to aim at the cougar.

It did not work. He tried it twice in vain, his second bullet taking a brick from the chimney over his mother's head. Then he ran further down the hill, reloaded and fired again and again at the tiger. It leaped and snarled, oblivious of the bullets, while Wadhams crept nearer and nearer, firing always.

The eighth shot at the tiger nipped the cougar, and he sped for the horizon on three legs. The tiger grew more and more desperate as he grew wearier and hungrier, but he leaped and leaped like a dying flame. He did not heed the approach of the desperate Wadhams, until finally, blind with frenzy and real-

izing that he had only one bullet left, he ran straight for the striped fury, and jamming the muzzle of the gun into the tiger's ribs, blazed away. The result was a smell of singed fur and a dead tiger with a millstone hole through him.

Wadhams and his elephant gun were at last confronted now by an angry elephant—by two angry elephants, in fact. But there were no more of those famous mushroom bullets. Wadhams was too crazed with excitement to know what he was doing, but a pale-faced gentleman peeking through a knothole in the woodshed said that, after casting about vainly for an elephant hook, Wadhams seized a garden-rake and dug it into the nearer elephant's jaw after the manner of a mahout. The amazed mammoth shivered with respect and suffered himself to be led into the barn, whither he was dutifully followed by the other elephant.

Wadhams was then seen to issue from the stable, bolt the door calmly, and calmly carry a ladder to the side of the house. He assisted his mother to the ground with the grace of a Sir Walter Raleigh.

She started to faint, but her son, having finished his work, fainted first. The man in the woodshed came forth and simultaneously, from behind a dozen rail fences, came various circus people who had remained in discreet retirement, less afraid of the animals than of the terrible figure of Wadhams and the blazing elephant gun with which he had eventually destroyed several thousand dollars' worth of live stock.

The leader of the circus gang demanded damages for his dead; but the pale-faced man from the woodshed turned out to be a business man too—a Mr. Joel Crane, the mortgagee of the farm, in fact. He had called on Mrs. Wadhams to demand payment on penalty of foreclosure, when the homestead was invaded by a rabble of mad animals from foreign parts. Mr. Crane had swiftly negotiated the woodpile, while old Mrs. Wadhams, whose motto was rheumatism, had scaled the roof with an agility that won the applause of a distant trapeze artist.

It transpired eventually, after much palaver, that a discharged tent-pegger had taken a sublime and drunken revenge on the proprietor of the circus by opening the cages of several of the animals during a pause to rest the horses. The lion, the tiger, and the cougar had stampeded the elephants, and all had made for the nearest poultry farm, which chanced to be that of Mrs. Wadhams.

Mr. Crane finally got rid of the circus gang by offering to sell them the two elephants in the stable in return for a receipt in full for the useless felines littering the farmyard. This was agreed upon.

When the circus men departed over the hills with the two elephants meekly lumbering after, Mr. Crane and Mrs. Wadhams carried the bookkeeper within. Mr. Crane in a burst of generosity told Mrs. Wadhams that, in view of her son's heroism, he would not foreclose the mortgage yet awhile.

As for Wadhams himself, the embarrass-



He seized a garden-rake and dug it into the nearer elephant's jaw after the manner of a mahout

ment of adventures had been too much for him after the tedium of his voyage to Africa. He went to bed for six weeks with a well-earned case of nervous prostration.

The neighbors had ceased to heroize him long before he was a well man. During his convalescence he received from the owner of the circus a letter praising his pluck and offering him a job as a lion tamer. But Wadhams declined with thanks. He had had enough of real life. Mr. Spiegel agreed to give



him back his old job. He returned to the keeping of his own books and the reading of other men's. And now at least once a month when trial-balancing time comes, you may find him at the Owego Emporium late at night. Once more under the green eyeshade—under the heavy eyelids, under the thick eyeglasses, under the green eyeshade, under the green drop-light, the book-keeper's eyeballs shuttle to and fro as he adds and re-adds and re-re-adds cords of columns.

The Armada of the Air

By HARRY H. KEMP

“Lo! Cloudy heights high-pillared in the air,
Great beam, and strong-braced steel, and girder bare,
Naked anatomies of iron bone,
And barren framework ignorant of stone:
These are the docks whereat the ships of war
Loom, lashed and cabled, on the gaze, from far:
And pigmy cities cling about their knees
And on their fronts the cloud-scud breaks and flees.

The churning screws in sloth begin to twirl,
And verge into a gradual blur and whirl
Of flashing light, and hoarse-voiced engines roar—
Then through the sunned abyss the vessels soar:
The sunset smites their sides with colored spray
While the proud-bannered flagship leads the way,
Laden with passive death they haste to meet
The dauntless captains of the patriot fleet.

But comes the storm, the red-lit hurricane,
The great gray volumes of slant-driven rain,
The black clouds, lightning-whipped, which pour about
And put their sickly lights and signals out
Until, confused, the battleships collide
And timbers crash and rended seams gape wide
While here and there a flaming wreck doth flare
And light the dark abysses of the air.

So the Armada in the olden time
When lusty Spain was in her splendid prime
Spread multitudinous sail and with great boast
Bore down on England's beacon-lighted coast
But sudden tempests brought to naught its pride
And broke it up as driftwood on the tide.”

Thus sings a poet of the years to be
Shaping a song from Current History.

"The First Time"

Four Drawings
of Child Life
by

J. C. Chase



The First Swim The First Lie
The First Parasol The First 'Pants'





The First Swim



The First Lie



The First Parasol



The First 'Pants'



He was thinking of death. Face to face with it, he was going through a Hamlet-soliloquy in terms of an American workman

The Great Fear

By JAMES OPPENHEIM

Author of "Everyday,"
"Crooping Children," etc.

With Illustrations by Harry Townsend

A DOZEN pieces of old furniture piled one on top of the other at the edge of the sidewalk, could mean but one thing. An ill-clad young man stopped to look. He stood shadowy and bowed on the wet, gleaming pavement. The air was chill and a luminous fog rolled up and down Second Avenue, circling the elevated road pillars and blurring the blue gold of the lights. A bit of the dull light lit the young man's face; one could see that his lips were blue, his mouth moving, and his eyes staring.

"The man"—so he thought half-aloud—"lost his job; the wife had to get out and work; the kids took sick; the man took sick; the bunch starved and froze; and then—" he smiled bitterly—"they got the disposess! Not for mine!"

He gazed silently at a broken bed, a straw mattress and a hard kitchen chair. His jaw squared and he jammed his hands into his trouser pockets. A fear—the *Fear*—which had dogged him for six months now seemed to grapple with him.

"*Not for mine!*" he repeated fiercely.

He looked down the row of brilliant shop-windows through the dim air, and his eyes rested on the iron-grated glass of a pawnshop. The window was choked up with jewelry, revolvers and tools—symbols of the Fear. Unsteadily the young man walked across the pavement, pushed open a flap-door and slouched against a shining glass-topped counter in a dim jewel-littered room. The pawnbroker came down behind the counter, rubbing his sleek hands.

The young man spoke huskily:

"I want a revolver—*cheap*."

"Five dollars?"

"*Cheap*—I said."

"Three?"

"What's the cheapest?"

The pawnbroker looked him over and shrugged his shoulders. Then he opened a drawer and lifted out an ugly short-barreled pistol a man could hide in his fist.

"How's dis?"

The young man fingered it, narrowing his eyes and thinking sharply. His heart bounded in his breast.

"How much?"

"Von dollar."

The young man brought out a little yellow pay-envelope, tore off one side and pulled out a thin folding of money. There were just twelve dollars. He slapped one down on the counter, and pocketed the pistol and the cartridges.

The pawnbroker whistled softly as he watched the young man go shuffling out into the misty evening.

He walked up to Eightieth Street and turned east through one of the shabby streets of New York—cavernous, empty and dark in the mist. The high windowed walls looked blank; the gutter was muddy. Here poverty was squalid and bleak—lit by far-spaced meager gaslights, fronted and backed by dull brick—lifeless, supine.

The young man shivered slightly and glanced about him like a hunted dog. Suddenly he stopped still, under a flaring blur of gaslight, and turned into a green crumbling hall. It smelt damp, and it was dark and deep. He walked past the narrow stairway far to the rear of the ground floor. Again, in the darkness, he hesitated, his hand searching the wall. He found a door-knob—he shivered slightly—he pushed into his home.

What struck him first, like a hot iron run into his breast so that he felt like sobbing, was a low, sweet music—the cooing tones of a mournful, lovely voice. The bare dim kitchen-dining-room, with its rough table and old in-walled



Would it not have been better to kill himself, than to let the marriage be killed?

stove and naked gas-jet, was small and warm. Under the tiny flame a young woman sat on a rocker, swaying back and forth with a little baby at her breast. The child uttered little stifled cries; the mother's bending face was very near it. The young man stood, gazing. And in that moment, he loved as if he were starved for love—loved her brown light hair blown in wisps over her low forehead; loved her pale, hollow cheeks and her large mournful blue eyes; loved her thin, callous hands; loved even the familiar faded calico.

The young wife, hearing him, said: "Shuh!" without looking up, and warned him with a finger.

He stood, miserably swallowing at something in his throat, and then beyond his help a groan burst from his lips. His wife's face lifted under the light—startled, white, frightened. She rose with the child.

"Pete!" she cried, "you ain't—sick?"

His lips parted; he took two steps and flung his arms about her and the child, and half-sobbed:

"Annie! Annie! Annie!"

And suddenly he drew away from her. She clutched her child close as if he had threatened to steal it from her.

"Pete!" she whispered tensely, "you've—*lost your job!*"

He buried his face in his hands and groaned again. So—it had come at last—the frightful long-expected moment. It was as if the floor beneath them cracked open and they were plunging a thousand miles into Blackness.

When they next glanced at each other's face, they saw plainly written there the Fear—the Great White Fear. This is a Fear, not of the yellow or black races, but of the factory-drilled whites alone—the fear of unemployment, of dispossession, of moneylessness. It gives a hunted look to a face; a man becomes a little white animal cowering in a corner.

The young wife felt the hurry to her heart of the mother-passion. What would happen to this little baby—her baby—her son? This little thing that cried so at her breast?

"Wait! wait!" she whispered sharply. "He's got to go to sleep! Don't make a sound!"

She glided into the small dark bedroom, and as the young man crumpled up on a kitchen chair, his head against the little table, he heard her sweet mournful voice singing the child to sleep. Why was he unwittingly forced to make his young wife suffer? What had she done? What had he done? They were *honest*. Good God, they were *honest!* They earned bread by the sweat of their brow; they had

tasted Poverty; yes, got all the taste out of it, up against the palate,—the hot gall, the venom. Their's had been a life squeezed dry of luxuries; their's had been a hard fight on hard food and hard hours. Yet all was well enough,—all was splendid—splendid—save the Fear, the Fear that they went to bed with at night, the Fear they read in newspapers at breakfast, the Fear that sung in the factory machines all day. For these had been hard times,—times of the Fear. And now—

Breaking into his bitter thoughts, came the light footsteps he knew so well. A hand was laid thrillingly on his shoulder; and her shrill voice roused him:

"Pete! don't you care! Ain't we goin' to fight? It's all right, it's all right! Pete! Ain't we fighters? Now you tell me about it!"

The brave words sat him up straight. His fighting blood stirred; the saving power of anger, anger hot and strong, swept through him. And the wife calmly took a bit of sewing and sat on the rocker. He glanced a second at her parted lips, her flashing eyes. He raised a clenched fist and smote the table softly:

"Damn it! *he*—" she knew he meant the boss—"he laid off the last of us to-night. Said he was sorry—it's hard times. Was that *my* fault? We're slaves—*slaves*; this country better look out—"

A wild light came into his eyes, the light of the terrorist. His wife, looking quickly, spoke sharply:

"Don't you go talking that way, Pete! Things is bad enough!"

"Yes," he cried hotly, "who made 'em so? I? Was I honest? Was I skillful? Was I hard-working? *Them*"—she knew he meant the rich—"got their automobiles and yachts and palaces and servants hard times or no hard times. *We're* the slaves. Don't you cross me, kid—I say, *slaves*. Free? Free, how? Free to starve, beg, die,—that's how! *They* got the pay-envelopes, ain't they? Well, we got to feed out of their hands, and if they ain't a mind to feed us, what then? Eh?"

She spoke more sharply:

"That sort o' talk ain't goin' to pay the rent. You quit it and you hustle for a job."

He looked at her terribly and smote the table again:

"Annie, *there ain't a job in my trade in the city!*"

She shivered in spite of herself. He spoke the truth. She swallowed hard:

"You've—got to do something!"

"What? Come, now, what've I got to do?"

"Anything—any job."

"Ain't there thousands looking?"

"But, Pete, you're strong and young——"

"Not so strong, not so young as you think."

In the silence they heard the East River tugs wailing against the fog. In a tenement opposite a child was crying loudly. A gray chill seemed to settle about their hearts. They were alone in the Desert of the City. Millions of souls wove their warm lives about them—in the flat above, in the street outside, up and down Manhattan and over the bridges. Shops were full of food and clothes; there were houses enough for a million more souls; trains and ships swept in with floods of riches; factories poured out produce. A great city of civilization, well-lit, sanitary, secure, towering its wealth into the very skies, held them in its mighty heart. Yet they were on a Robinson Crusoe Island. They were exiles in their own city. The huge machine in whirling had thrown them out into the gutter. The race said to them: "Not wanted." They were in a prison without a jailor to bring them food and keep them warm,—the prison of the Great White Fear. For a moment they avoided each other's eyes. They were panic-stricken,—an unreasoning terror rushing the blood to their heads. They knew they could not even help themselves, though in the midst of plenty. Something had gone wrong with the world. But who was to blame? The Boss, squeezed by Hard Times? The honest worker? Who?

Silently they sat in the dim room, gazing upon the floor, and then at last the young wife spoke tremblingly:

"How much have you got?"

There was a moment's silence:

"Here!"

He pulled out the yellow envelope and handed it to her. She grasped it with feverish hands, and suddenly looked at him.

"It's *torn*, Pete!"

He looked at the table, and mumbled,

"Yes."

Something like a pang bit her heart. She pulled out the bills.

"Pete, there's only *eleven*—there ought to be *twelve!*"

He half-closed his eyes:

"I spent one."

"For *what?*" Her tone was frightened: it shook him.

He could stand the strain no longer. He suddenly rose, and for the first time since the child came, rough-mouthed her.

"It's none of yer business! Shut up!"

Out into the black bedroom he swung. Somehow he stumbled against the crib. Soft light from the kitchen fell on the sleeping child. He leaned close. Hard times indeed

had come; he had wronged his wife; she too was suffering. He swallowed again and softly felt his pocket for the lump of cold steel.

Then he fell to brooding on the baby's face. Sleep is an elemental thing, full of awe. The breathing of the child came very tenderly; the blue transparent lids were softly shut; the dark little head was bent back; the little hands stuck up in the air with helpless waxen fingers. It was his child, his own son, fast asleep. Mystery of Sleep! mystery of Fatherhood! He gazed and his mood strangely softened. The tears choked his throat. He turned away; he staggered slowly into the kitchen; he sank on the chair at the table; he lowered his head on his hands, and he cried softly like a little child.

"I wish the kid had never been born!" he sobbed.

The woman's arms were about him, soft and comforting, and her voice murmured a hundred meaningless things in his ear.

But he sobbed: "It's no world for a poor little kid!"

Yet he drew her close, he lifted his face to her's, and looking in each other's eyes, they smiled tenderly, luminously. Their hearts filled with love. They were marvelously soothed and calmed.

"Pete," smiled the young wife, "we're goin' to fight, ain't we? We're fighters, Pete! Ain't we goin' to fight?"

"Sure, Annie!" he laughed, "like the devil!"

The Hunt began early next morning—the Hunt for the Job. The hunter, however, is really the hunted. Now and then he bares his skin to the unthinking blows of the world, and runs off to hide himself in the crowd. You may see him bobbing along the turbulent man-currents of Broadway, a tide-tossed derelict in the thousand-foot shadows of the skyscrapers. The mob about him is lusty with purpose, each unit making his appointed place, the morning rush to work bearing the stenographer to her machine, the broker to his ticker, the iron-worker to his sky-dangling beam. In the mighty machine of the city each has his place, each is provided for, each gets the glow of sharing in the world's work. The morning rush, splashed at street crossings with the gold of the eastern sun, is rippled with fresh eyes and busy lips. They are all in the machine. But our young man crouching in a corner of the crowded car is not of these; slinking down Broadway he is aware that the machine has thrown him out and he cannot get in. He is an exile in the midst of his own people. The sense of loneliness and inferiority eats the heart out of the breast; the good of life is gone; the

blackness soaks across the city and into his home, his love, his soul.

Some go bitter and are for throwing bombs; some despair and are for wiping themselves away; some—the rank and file—are for fighting to the last ditch. Peter pendulated between all three of these moods. In ordinary times he would have been all fight; in these hard times, drenched with the broadcast hopelessness of men, he knew he was foredoomed to defeat. Only a miracle could save him.

Trudging up Seventy-ninth Street to Third Avenue, fresh with Annie's kiss and the baby's pranks, he had the last bit of daring dashed out of him by a strange area-full of men. It was a small Hebrew synagogue, and packed in the deep area were forty unemployed workers, jammed crowd-thick against the windows and gate. It was fresh weather, not cold, yet the men shivered. Their bodies had for long been unwarmed by sufficient food or clothing; there was a grayness about them as of famished wolves; their lips and fingers were blue; they were unshaved and frozzy with some vile sleeping place. Hard times had blotched the city with a myriad of such groups. And as Peter stopped and imagined himself driven at last among them, he saw a burly fellow emerge from the house and begin handing out charity bowls of hot coffee and charity bread. Peter, independent American workman, was stung at the sight; the souls of these workers were somehow being outraged: they were eating out of the hands of the comfortable, like so many gutter dogs.

The rest of the morning Peter dared now and then to present himself at an office to ask work. At some places he tried boldness; at others meekness, and at last he begged, "For God's sake, I have a wife and baby—" He met with various receptions at the hands of clerks, office boys and bosses. A few were sorry, some turned their backs, the rest hurried him out. Each refusal, each "not wanted in the scheme of things," shot him out into the streets, stripped of another bit of self-reliance. In spite of himself, he began to feel his poor appearance, his drooping lip, his broken purpose. He was a failure and the world could not use him. He hardly dared to look a man in the eyes, to lift his voice above a whisper, to make a demand, to dare a refusal. He slunk home at last like a cowed and beaten animal.

It was two in the afternoon. Wearily he pushed in the door, and stood in the dancing sunlight on the kitchen floor. At the window, in dazzling light, Annie was tucking the baby in the little shiny go-cart. She looked up

anxiously and saw his stricken sick face and the limp body with the life gone out of it.

She glided over to him; she hushed his complaining lips with a kiss; she crowded him in a chair and brought him food; she let the full measure of her love go warming through him. Like the true mother-wife she prattled on about the baby, archly drawing smiles to his taut lips, and at last she induced him to walk out with her in the sunny afternoon. Up the streets to the West he wheeled the go-cart, and Annie walked at his side talking quickly. They trudged through a strange slash of the city's life, squalid poverty to Third Avenue, mediocre fringes of middle class to Lexington, middle class respectability to Madison, luxurious wealth to Fifth Avenue, and then one of the loveliest stretches of landscape Park beyond. As they walked block west, the street grew quieter, finer, less crowded, more and more palatial, and last they stepped from the avenue-divided social classes of Man into the sweet democracy of Nature. The hills were yet green and pure; pines glittered green among bare boughs in the wash of sun; the walks were clean; the air fresh and tingling. Here mingled the well-to-do and the poor, bench by bench, and they sat down, and to Peter came a moment of deep peace, fraught with thoughts alien to his daily life. The escape from Man, from the world that did not want him, brought him face to face with quiet Nature, the world that had arms to gather in all that came. Here he had a place at last; he felt a new kinship with the still life of the earth; he had come back to the mother of all. Sitting on the hard bench, and pushing the go-cart out and in, a strange sense of a God in things swept his brain and a mood eternal with life and death and mystery possessed him. He had never been religious; but now his heart opened out to the undercurrent of all the hurling worlds, and he was softened, subdued to Nature, and, for the time being, calm and ready.

So went the days until the money dwindled away,—the mornings of humiliation, the afternoons of peace. Annie was roused to her full strength; they ate their money penny by penny; they resolutely forgot the little daily pleasures. And yet within two weeks, there was nothing left. Peter was up before dawn each morning to answer advertisements; but each time he was one of a hundred men storming one job. Several times the employer had to call the police to disperse the mob of the unemployed. There was work nowhere; men hung feverishly to their jobs; ordinary men did extraordinary work; only those were laid off

whose positions were squeezed out by the business slump. And so Peter was buffeted about in the whirlpool, cuffed by the whirlwind—a useless bit of humanity. His misery became more numb and callous; the pain of it grew less and less; but so did the man. He was acquiring the tramp-soul, the vagrant-heart. He grew careless of how he looked or where he drifted. He was sinking down from social stratum to social stratum; he was slowly being engulfed by the Undertow, the Underworld of Crime and Vagrancy that is the quicksand-foundation of the modern city, over which the strong world towers like a house of cards.

When he came home, numb, white, sullen, Annie's silent fear grew day by day. All that was left in the home now was love, and that was endangered. Peter was morose and harsh and unresponsive. The Park, which at first was the saving touch, now made him impatient. Tramp-restlessness had seized him. He could not sit still on a bench and be quiet with the hills.

It was a night of wild storm when the crisis came. All afternoon he had been meditating on two things. One was flight from his wife and child, flight from the hyena city, flight from the burden. The other was the lump of steel in his pocket that could be hidden in a man's fist. This last meant flight from everything, including himself.

The low, back kitchen was dim with a flickering gaslight; the wild storm beat with gusts of washing rain down the sealed windows; the gale roared through the backyards, slamming shutters and whistling over clotheslines, and in the dimness at the small center table Annie and Peter ate a meager supper of bread and fowl coffee. Each time they moved the floor creaked weirdly. Now and then a burst of noise swept down the airshaft as if to smother them.

They were drunk with despair—the young wife thin, hollow-cheeked, unkempt, biting slowly at a crust of bread; the lean white-faced man sitting, head on hand, sullen and absorbed in his mood. He was thinking of death. Face to face with it, he was going through a Hamlet-soliloquy in terms of an American workman. What was he facing, so common, so universal, so inevitable, so inscrutable? The vast mystery of his own life wrapped him like a rising ocean. He that was sitting there, alive in every nerve, brain thinking, hands moving, heart beating, what would happen to him if he lifted the lump of steel and emptied one of its chambers into his skull? There was but a film, after all, between this world and the next. Did it matter if he faced the Thing, had it out with the

Thing, now, or a few years later? Didn't it all come to the same in the end? The world did not want him. Why should he want the world? They must be rid of each other.

Into this soliloquy broke his wife's voice, and yet as if from far away:

"Peter."

"Yes."

"Peter."

"What you want?" Sullen, defiant.

"PETER!" She suddenly bowed her head, and the weeks of terror had their pay. She sobbed wildly.

He looked at her stupidly. Why cry, when it was all the same in the end?

She lifted her face—wild with sobs.

"Peter—you've got to speak to me—this—this has got to stop! *It will drive me crazy!*"

In the moment's silence, her strange sobs chimed in with the swashing blows of the rain and the noise of the airshaft. They were in the deepest pit in a world of desolation.

Peter shifted uneasily and mumbled in a numb voice:

"Well—well——"

He had never seen his wife in this frantic state. She lifted her head again, and her words came sharp, hot, and flew wild:

"I can't stand it—I can't—I can't! You've changed—you don't love me, Peter—you don't love the baby any more—what is it? *Are you going to kill yourself?* Are you going to leave us? What did we do to you? Haven't I tried to help you a little bit at least? I'm a poor fool—I'm a poor fool of a woman—*oh!*"

He bit his lips and automatically put his hand in his pocket and clutched the cold lump of steel. His wife put her two hands to her face—her's was exquisite misery at that moment. She spoke in a low wail:

"Oh, what have we done that we must suffer this way? And the baby—" she lowered her voice and spoke in an intense whisper. "*He's going to be sick—he's going to die!* And you," she cried wildly, "you're his father—you're my husband! Good God! why don't you act like a man!"

Anger touched him:

"Have I hunted a job or not? Get one yourself, if it's easy as talking."

She looked at him, startled, white,—a new light dawning across her storm-tossed brain. She paused a moment; she caught his eyes; she spoke straight into him, making him quiver.

"*I will, Peter!*"

Something shocked hot and cold through him.

"You'll—you'll— What'll you do?"

"I'll *get* a job—there's lots of jobs as servants. I'll *get* a job!"

His jaw fell.

"*You!*"

She rose to her feet unsteadily.

"I'm tired; I'm going to bed."

And she crawled to her place beside her child. For long hours Peter sat, head in his hand, a vague new trouble stirring his heart into life, a new and vaster sense of tragedy and ruin, a feeling of the moral order of the world upset, of something sacred gone from life. And the storm blew about the tenement, sounding the dirge of the flight of human souls.

At five the next morning the sleeping man was roused by his wife. He sat up, and in the gray glimmering light saw Annie standing at the bedside with the baby in her arms. She spoke sharply:

"Peter! quick! I want to show you! Wake up!"

She laid the baby on the bed, and again and again showed him how to change the clothes. She did not notice his sullen listlessness, but spoke on and on, giving endless directions about the bottle of milk and the baby's outing and sleep. The baby lay at the foot of the bed cooing and fondling its feet. Suddenly Annie turned from it, seized Peter by both hands, leaned near and looked in his eyes.

"Peter, I'm trusting you with the best of my life—with all I've got—my flesh and blood and—" she stopped. "Promise me—" her voice rose almost hysterically—"promise me, you'll do nothing *rash*,—that you'll act like a man,—Peter,—that I can trust you!"

He was silent, his eyes on the baby.

"Peter," she half-screamed, "*promise me!*"

"Oh, I'll promise," he mumbled.

She bent suddenly, kissing him on the lips; a tear splashed his hand. A moment later she was hugging and hugging her baby. And then she was gone and the door shut softly.

Peter was much perturbed; he had a desire to sob; something tough and hard and callous, knotted like a cancer about his heart, began to dissolve away. But he crawled out of bed, laid the baby in its crib, and slipped into his clothes. Then a busy time began for him. He felt curiously weak and empty, like a mere tottering shell of a man. It was hunger and cold and sickness and the Great White Fear. And it was something new, the sense of the sacred gone out of life.

He thought his work, however, with a grim touch of humor. He was a poor sort of a mother at best, and of late he had been a poor sort of a father. He tussled long with the child's cries, rocking him, walking him, mum-

bling foolish words over the little head. Finally he got the milk, and stilled the child by over-feeding it.

And then the long day began. It was a gray cold day, but rainy fresh with the night's storm, and at ten that morning there was seen, cutting through squalor and wealth to the fading Park, a thin, sick, pale young man wheeling a go-cart. He walked alone, shuffling his feet, and leaning heavily over the handle. There had been no breakfast but a crust of bread and he was sick, sick through and through, nauseous, fever-shaken.

In the Park he doubled up weakly on a bench and pushed the go-cart out and in. And then the unbidden terrible thoughts began to tramp, tramp, tramp across his brain. He knew now that he was no "master of his fate"; the vast forces of the world, the interplay of human souls, the sweep of events, the cyclone of life, were all bearing him against his will to strange issues. Somehow he had been caught in a cataract and swept away. Even now, at the great moment of decision, his hands were tied. The only freedom he had was the freedom to die; this was the moment; this was the only act he could do to regain his mastery. And he had rashly promised this away. To what end?

And then bitterly the tramping thoughts flashed across his brain scene after scene, mood after mood, of his earlier life. He was back in the moonlit streets of summer, when he and Annie used to sit on the steps of the stoop, and this world was the pure magic; the nights that were the true days of life, the nights of sweet, frail first love. And he was back to his pride in his independence, the pride that prompted him to ask her to be his wife, to be the mother of his children. They had not expected an easy life; they were not used to that. But they had expected and entered into a warm little kingdom, a snug fairyland of Home, only two rooms, but Annie in them. And his greatest pride had been that he was the man, that he was the breadwinner, that Annie was free to be a wife and a mother. The coming of the child had eaten up his savings, but there was left his strength, his skilled hands, his ambition, and his deep love for Annie.

At this thought the poor young man doubled over deeper, and had to stifle his sobs.

And now? Events in which he had no part had suddenly broken his life to pieces. No one was to blame. So the world moved, and in moving, crushed. And it had mercilessly crushed him, not only physically, but—he sat up suddenly—his mind aghast. He was face to face with his mutilated heart.

And now Annie had gone out to be the Man, and he had stayed home to be the Woman. This then was the sacred something that had been lost. He felt dimly, though there was no clear thinking, that the most sacred part of their marriage was that he was the Man and she the Woman, that the world-struggle fell to him, the home-struggle to her—a relationship touched sacred by a million human years up from the very cave of the first man,—something so ingrained in human bone and flesh that it was nearly as sacred as the more ancient love. Would it not have been better to kill himself, than to let the marriage be killed?

It was supper time. The poor sick man had cradled his baby in his arms, until the little one slept. Then tenderly, very tenderly, with eyes gone blind, he had laid the few pounds of human flesh in the crib. He was strangely changed. He wandered weakly up and down the dim kitchen. He forgot how hungry he was, how empty and fever-stricken.

His heart, his mind, his soul, were yearning for Annie. He hungered for her; the sight of her mournful blue eyes, the pathetic, old-known hollowness of her cheeks, the touch of her hands. The world had crippled him and driven her from her home; they were both greatly wronged; he was becoming a mere woman, and she a man. But who could help it? There was that little baby in the crib! One had to care for him, one had to give all up utterly, as Annie had done, that one young soul might live and grow and be sunned into a man. One had to sacrifice even a bit of manhood.

He walked up and down, hungering for his wife. He stopped to listen to each sound. He did not wonder any more why life is, or death is, or pain is. He knew—*that love is*.

And then, at last, startling him in spite of his expectancy, the door burst open and Annie rushed in. Twilight had come and the room was ghostly and gray. Just for a moment, glimmeringly at the shining stove he stood, irresolute, drinking in each feature of her face, loving fiercely the light brown hair blown in wisps over the low forehead; the large blue eyes, now flashing so strangely; the deep cheeks, now so darkly colored, the whole woman dim and soft in the twilight. And then it came over him that she was sparkling with excitement. And he noticed that she carried two bulging paper bags.

"Peter!" she cried, "the baby—how is he?"

He could hardly speak; he blurted.

"He's—all right—and you—did you get it?"

She put down the bags.

"Supper, Pete!" she cried in an exhilarating

voice, that swept electricity through him. "Supper!"

She rushed and flung her arms about him.

"Pete, Pete! I got it! I got a job! It's a dollar a day—very special. A grand house over near Fifth Avenue. Peter! Ain't it glorious, Pete?"

He humbly drew her close, and then the experiences of the day overmastered him. The growing mood of the long weeks broke its ice and went pell-mell down the valleys of April. He heaved terribly, his shoulders wrenched—wrenched—his head went down on her shoulder—he knew not what he was doing, but the long unnatural man-sobs shook through the darkening room.

"Pete!" she cried, taking him closer and closer. "It's all right! Everything's all right! Don't you feel that way about it! I love the work, honest, I do, and we can live, Pete! We can wait. *Better times are coming!*"

He laughed through his sobs weirdly.

"You're the man of the two of us. You're the fighter!"

"Don't you believe it, Pete!" she cried. "But get busy; light up big and blazing; set the table. I got—what you love best—guess—guess—"

"What!" he mumbled, "cornbeef—"

"And cabbage—" she cried.

He kissed and kissed her like a man possessed, the big tears on his twitching cheeks. He stroked and stroked her cheek softly; he held her face away to look into it with lustrous eyes, its shades of love and fondness. And then, softly, he whispered:

"Wait a minute, wait a minute!"

Swiftly he slouched through the darkness to the square of window stained with the few lights back of the yards. He raised it, his figure black against it, he drew secretly from his pocket a lump of steel hidden in his fist, he reached out his hand and opened it—and listened. Something hard hit the pavement of the back yard.

And Annie, bustling about with the supper, though the tears streamed, pretended that she did not hear.

But he stood gazing on the first star in the far-flushed skies, the evening star, and he knew and Annie knew by some strange vast tide of light through their hearts, that the Great White Fear had been flung out of the window, and was gone forever. There would be Hard Times and Good Times, there would be new Exilings and New Hunts, but they had learned how to Fight, to Fight in team with all the strength of man and woman married. They had won their roof and their crust.



Letters from G. G.

With Illustrations by R. M. Crosby

(G. G., Broadway, to E. R., at Home, Winter)

A YOUNG Southern girl once said in my hearing that she'd *love* to write a book! She didn't know whether she could or not, she'd never tried, she knew anyhow that she "had all the fine feelin's" to make one, but what she was not sure of was whether she'd know how to set 'em down,—but she supposed she could learn, etc.

Now the book that is wanting to push its way out of my head hasn't a glimmer of a "fine feelin'" in it. In fact, as far as I can make out, my book would be a descriptive catalogue of the galleries making up the museum of more or less precious or grotesque or foolish things that fill my memory. The various corridors in mine, filled with specimens, shall be labelled, for instance: "Scrub Ladies I Have Employed." Doesn't that resurrect them, the line of them? Can't you see them there, standing single file; the bony, the red-haired, the fat, the funny, the prettyish, all waiting to be told about, each a character, an individuality, with some sort of a history that makes a good yarn?

You've never had to do with Scrub Ladies, of course. You'd have to supplement Typewriter ladies in your volume.

Let me see now: "Intimate Enemies I Have Made," "Adoptive Nieces that Have Been Born to Me," "Hand Painted Portraits I Have Sat For," "Garrets I Have Inhabited," "Clothes, Pleasant and Unpleasant, I Have Inherited," "Tragedies (my own), I Have Lived to Laugh At," "Love I Have Recovered From," "Dreams I Have Awakened From" (the last three synonymous), "Spankings I Have Richly Earned"—Why, there's no end to the chapters that immediately spring to mind. Don't you call those thrilling and suggestive topics? Don't they call up Harlequin sets of tableaux in your own past? Doesn't each heading open a door into a well lighted room lined with pictures, some dim with years, others still paint-wet, portraying people and things and events that you've known? Don't you want to write a companion volume to mine?

Go ahead—Guinea—you begin! Tell me, for instance: "The Merry Tale of Dear

Friends You Have Wanted to Kill," or of "Engagements of Marriage You Have Neglected to Keep!"

My good four year old friend. It's a long time, four years, to be friends, it is quite a considerable fraction of our lives. What a lot happens in four years! How many dreams are fulfilled—how many hopes dispelled, how many heart aches stilled—how many fears quelled—(sounds like verse—as I live!) how many moods outlived! Even friendships and

sneer at the names "Nervous Prostration," and "Nervous Collapse," let me lay a stern injunction upon you never to do it again! If you do—may you be forgiven—for you know not what you do! I was once upon a time that sort of a fool, among other kinds, myself, but I've been learning things, learning them "fast and frequent," and in such wise as not to forget them in haste.

There is another nervous prostrate in this house. God help her—she's been at it for



loves have had time during that period to spring up, to bloom, to flourish and die! The seasons come and go—and you and I stand fast—where we stood four years ago. Don't you think it is nice? So few things remain stationary, everything in the universe seems either waxing or waning, growing or decaying. I think of you today, I receive your letters with the same keen thrill of expectancy and curiosity as I did at the beginning; I know strangely little of you, and yet I think I knew you from the first hour.

(G. G., Florida, to E. R., at Home, Winter)

You see—it had to be—I had to be "sent South"—though that expression would seem to suggest that I was an express parcel. I was little better than a ridiculous limp bundle of rags when I arrived, and I'm nothing to boast of now. I've been beastly ill—E. R.—and I reckon I am yet. If you are one of the healthy, who have been wont heretofore to

three years! Good Heavens! is it possible I may be in for such a siege as that? No, no, no, no,—it simply couldn't be. I'd be dead or well before that—I'd make an end sooner. As it is—the roof has sometimes a ghastly and insistent fascination for me—the roof—its railing—the stone path below. Don't be alarmed—those are words—words—words.

The other N. P. and I have long nerve to nerve talks about our symptoms! It would make any sane well person howl to see us sitting close with eyes dilate and agoggle with horror—uttering in shuddering whispers: "And do you sometimes feel as if feathers were growing all over you?"

"No—but I feel as if my tongue and my fingers were the consistency of those egg biscuits, you know—cracknels, dry and brittle and floury, and as if I should break them off if I were not very careful!"

"Oh-h-h-h-h-h! I know that sensation! And do you ever, in the night, feel as if you



were growing and *growing* and GROWING and GROWING—until you filled the room—and would presently fill all the world?”

“Yes!—and don’t you sometimes feel as if you were growing smaller and smaller and smaller and smaller, and would in just one more moment dwindle and disappear entirely?” And nothing can picture to you the genuine anguish that these absurd illusions and diabolical tricks of our imaginations represent, though as I said before, you whose nerves are solid would look upon us as two mild lunatics, and that, I suppose, in a measure is what we are—

The horror is, not knowing where it will end. Not being able to entirely control one’s thoughts and motions and speech.

That is why I shrieked the other day when I found that I couldn’t keep one of my feet still—it *would* jerk, and my toes *would* wiggle! Any sane person would have said to me: “Why, for Pity’s sake, let ’em wiggle—where’s the harm; and don’t make such a row!” But the horror lies in the fact that if

you can’t keep your toes from wiggling—maybe—oh, maybe presently you’ll be unable to make your tongue obey, and you’ll be hearing it utter gibberish!

Oh, the nights! I think they have contained enough of Hell to punish me for all my sins past and to come!

Mostly I lie on a cot, on a covered verandah. The branches of a huge live oak almost sweep me off it on a windy night. The tree is full of birds; at exactly four in the morning a blue Jay rings the alarm clock, for the score of other kinds of birds, and then such a fuss! They all begin their practice for the day; it is as if they were all trying their voices, clearing their

throats, doing exercises, trills and scales and snatches of melody to be performed later on.

I don’t speak of that as a part of the torment of the night, quite the contrary; the night and the dawn are full of the sounds of living creatures that help me to feel that the time *is* passing and that if only I can hold out and wait for it, day *will* come!

Some nights when it is clear



and dry, I take my bed out on the roof, and there, lying on my back, with nothing overhead, I can watch at ease the stately procession of the stars.

I spell out the constellations on a map of the heavens by day, and constate them in the sky by night. I have plenty of time—for the night when I sleep three hours is a sweet and rare one—

In the face of the incredibly cool statements of astronomy how utterly silly the fear of sleeplessness seems! Me, and me narves, dwindle down to our proper dimensions when we are told the size and distance of Sirius, hundreds and hundreds of times the size of our Sun—and *look* at him!

Oh, the heavenly restfulness and security that come of realizing oneself part of a scheme so vast and so precise! It does seem as if one *ought* to find breathing easy with so much space; one ought not to feel crowded and cramped with so much room!

I invite you to go a visiting the stars with me sometime. We'll make an extensive tour. We'll play upon the Lyre, and ride behind the Swan and on the Dolphin's back, and we'll go and pick flowers on Jupiter where it is always spring. Which reminds me—I shall miss the spring this year. There is none to speak of down here, and it will be over by the time I go North. It is really distressing, for there are so few springs in a lifetime at best, and to miss the charming sights of the world seems like not living at all.

It has taken days and days and days and days to write you. Since I last wrote I've been much worse: I believe I'm losing ground. I

am so exhausted that it seems impossible I should continue much longer to make the effort to draw breath.

Is it dying I am doing? I'm not afraid to go—but I also appear to be such an "unconscionable" time doing it; I'm afraid my courage may give out. I'd like to do it nicely, with head up—and if it takes much longer I'm afraid I may have to do it crawling and abject. In any case I feel I must be about pulling up the weeds in my heart, lest I carry undesirable things with me into the next world. I ought to make ready—for I am not fit to go without ceremony into God's presence. I fear that I have never lived in it.

Your letter came the other day. I am so glad to hear that you are going to Italy! How nice! I almost take your going as a personal favor, I am so delighted by it. How splendid it sounds! A tour in your motor through Italy, France and Germany! I hope you'll enjoy it as much as it sounds as if you ought.

You ask for credentials that will admit you to Montoro. Here they are—and another to another friend near Florence. You'll find her a dear—and so good to look at, and she lives in a charming Villa also. I wish I were to be there to show you things! But as I am now I should not be of much use to you.

Do you remember it was from Florence you first wrote me?

I want to ask you to do something for me in Florence—but it will have to be another day—this must go now to catch you, and I have forgotten how to hurry.

God go with you, dear Pilgrim.



Where the Shoe is Pinched

By IDA M. TARBELL

Author of "The Life of Lincoln," "The History of the Standard Oil Company," etc.

IF one were to arrange in order of their importance the articles essential to keep a man in working condition in the temperate latitude of the United States, the items would probably stand: bread, shelter, shirt and trousers, shoes. It would seem to be both good economy and good ethics that the ingenuity of man, and if need be the powers of the government, should be directed to seeing that these essentials are so abundant and so cheap that everybody could have them. Above all it would seem intolerable that there should be efforts to make them dear. And yet manipulation of at least one of these articles, with that result, has been going on for years now in this country and with amazing success,—and that is shoes.

In the March number of this magazine* one factor which has helped to put up the price of shoes was touched on—the duty on hides which has made sole leather and the upper leather of common heavy shoes so much dearer in recent years. But it takes something beside leather to make shoes. For one thing it takes thread—and thread, linen thread particularly, has so advanced in price that it has added perceptibly to the cost of making a pair of shoes.

But why has thread advanced? It is as pretty a little study of combined tariff and trust manipulation as the curious could find. To begin with we do not and never have raised in this country any flax suitable for making linen thread. In spite of this fact we have long had a high duty on all flax fibre imported, whether hackled, *i.e.* dressed, or not. Of course the avowed purpose of this duty has been to protect the "infant industry" of raising flax for use in manufacturing. Let us see what this protection has done, and in answering the query the writer is using information direct from the Bureau of Plant Industry at

Washington and of so recent date as March 1909. It shows that we have a good flax acreage in this country—though it has decreased by over 1,000,000 acres since 1902. But this flax is grown not for the fibre but for the seed, being used for making linseed oil.

It is the custom not to harvest this flax until the seeds are fully ripe, and when that time comes the straw is too old for fibre. It is true that in a few localities in the Northwest a few tons of flax are used annually for making twine, upholstering tow and insulating boards, but practically none of this is fit for making thread—that is, *in spite of the fact that we have been steadily paying from \$20 to \$22 a ton on undressed flax for many years, we have scarcely ever produced a ton fit for thread.*

Of course the thread itself is protected, and this protection has worked in the linen thread industry very much as that on cotton thread was shown to have worked in the March number of this magazine. Seeing the tariff trend here, the great linen thread manufacturers of Great Britain followed the example of the Coats' and Clarke's cotton thread makers, and came here many years ago to produce under the protection of the tariff the thread they had been exporting. This went on until the Barbours of Lisburn, Ireland, had a branch at Paterson, New Jersey; the Finlaysons of Johnstone, Scotland, at Grafton, Massachusetts; the Dunbar Co. of Gilford, Ireland, at Greenwich, New York; the Marshalls of Leeds, England, at Newark, New Jersey—all of the great British companies were here to preserve the market for themselves.

Most efficient masters of their business—the Barbours were a century-old house—they grew rapidly under the high protection they enjoyed. The logic of their privilege was of course what it has been in all our highly protected industries—a trust. This came about a few years ago—the Linen Thread Company,

* See THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE for March, 1909. "Where Every Penny Counts."

of which the president is Mr. William Barbour, the vice-president A. R. Turner. (These two gentlemen have for many years been the chief advocates before Congress of high duties on flax and thread, and Mr. Barbour is an active member of the Protective Tariff League.)

The formation of the trust did wonders for the linen thread business. They were able to make large economies. Instead of separate mills making all the products each mill was assigned to do the work it could best do. At the same time the marketing expenses were reduced. In one of the communications to the recent tariff hearings, a writer familiar with the industry says of these economies:

"One mill which, while independent, used to make \$400,000 worth of thread per annum now makes \$600,000, and another which made \$250,000 now makes \$400,000, an increased turn off of about fifty per cent., and this without hiring an additional hand. This, of course, lessens the cost of manufacturing considerably. When the four mills were selling independently on this side, each of them carried stock in New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, and San Francisco, and each had traveling men going over the territory. But with the advent of the combination all the stores in the various cities were turned into one, and a much smaller force is used to sell the products of the various mills."

Now of course if the theory of the trust is sound, we should be getting some benefit from this combination on shoe thread, the only one of its products which we consider here. But what has happened to shoe thread? In the last two years every variety has advanced rapidly. Increase in cost of materials—increase in rents—rapacious dealers—the trust people tell you. But the facts are these according to an expert authority: the linen thread trust are selling their shoe threads to-day for at least 50 per cent. more on an average than they cost them, and they are able to do this almost entirely because of the duty which protects them from foreign competition. The cost of producing in Ireland a shoe thread known in the trade as No. 1 is 40 cents a pound. In the United States it is 47 cents.* The duty on this thread is 19½ cents a pound—12½ cents more than is necessary to cover difference in cost—and the trust sells the thread 71 cents net a pound! No. 4 shoe thread costs 53 cents to make in Ireland. It costs 64 cents here. There is a duty of 25 cents a pound on it, and it sells at \$1.20 a

pound, nearly *twice what it costs!* In the last two years its price has jumped *three times.*

And what is the attitude of the Linen Thread Trust toward the protective tariff? Its members signed a petition to the Ways and Means Committee last winter in which they prayed that the duty be kept on flax. They wished to "encourage the fibre-producing industry," they said—although they knew, nobody better, that no flax fibre for thread has ever been grown here in spite of more than thirty years of taxpaying. Of course they asked that the duty on thread be untouched!

But a high protection tariff and a trust agreement are not the only advantages the Linen Thread Company enjoys. It has an alliance which gives it a commanding strategic position in the business. A little glance at those bulky and uninviting but really fruitful volumes, the manuals of industrials and corporations, will show how this comes about. Among the most prosperous of the many prosperous concerns whose official histories are recorded in these volumes is one known popularly as the "Shoe Machinery Trust." It began its life ten years ago in New Jersey like so many of its kind. At that time, 1899, it was capitalized at \$25,000,000, divided into preferred and common stock, the first at six per cent. the second at eight per cent. Six years after its organization the company underwent a reorganization. This reorganization seems to have been a way of getting rid of its extra earnings, for it presented its stockholders with comfortable extra cash dividends as well as a fifty per cent. common stock dividend. According to the last report to which the writer has had access, 1907-1908, the capital of the company had in eight years increased from \$17,250,000 to nearly \$32,000,000, its surplus from \$1,355,914 to over \$13,500,000, and the net earnings from \$1,770,110 to over \$4,500,000. This is certainly doing well!

One may fairly ask how they have done it. It is clear enough when one looks at what they have had to go on. In the first place, as everybody knows, the shoes of this country are now made almost entirely by machines. The first practical machine invented was the famous McKay sewing machine. It was followed rapidly by others: machines for welting, lasting, heeling, pegging, more than a score for performing the many complicated operations by which the modern "ready made" shoe is built up. Up to 1899 these various machines were handled by different companies. But in that year the twelve most important concerns were combined into the trust named above,

* This price includes a 10% mill profit. These are the figures given in December to the Ways and Means Committee by the Rochester Thread Company, independent.

officially the United Shoe Machinery Company.

Now there prevails and has since the days of McKay—who, by the way, was not the inventor but the promoter of the first shoe machine—a system of handling its output peculiar in manufacturing industries. It never sells, it always *rents* its machines. That is, a maker of shoes cannot buy for his factory the machines to do his work, as the ship builder, the miller, the woolen manufacturer, can. He rents the machines for a term of years, paying a royalty on each shoe made.

When the shoe machinery company was formed in 1899, it inherited this curious method. It took hold of its various acquisitions with rare energy and ability, its aim being to produce what it calls a system of shoe manufacturing. To accomplish this it proposed to "tie" together, as it puts it, the machines it controls in such a way as to give a practical continuity of service. That is, each machine was to be so adjusted to each other that the shoe could be passed from one to another without loss of time or waste of effort. To do this effectually meant improving the old machines as well as adding new ones. The results of the combination of machines and of the improvement are nothing less than extraordinary. It is a practically continuous service enabling the manufacturer to increase his product and the laborer, who in the shoe industry is paid by the piece, to increase his earnings.

The management of the new organization proposed at the start not to raise the royalties paid at the time the combination was formed for the use of the various machines, and it has never done so. It proposed also to take off what had been a custom in the business—the initial charges for installing machines. Indeed, the company claims that while before the combination the initial charge for fitting out a factory was \$12,000, it now is but \$1,700. In the case of many of the metallic machines, as they are called, the practice was to charge no rent but to require the manufacturer to take from the companies certain findings like tacks, wire nails, and eyelets; the company charged its own price, not the current one, and in this way got its pay. These prices probably were always high, but the company claims it has never raised them. That is, the new organization proposed to make no changes in what the manufacturer had been paying, but to increase its profits through the greater continuity and perfection of the service of its system.

But this of course meant that the manufacturer should use all the machines in its sys-

tem; that is, all those that it had tied together. And to make sure that he did this, the company prepared a remarkable lease requiring that all the machines it made pertaining to the bottoming of shoes beginning with the lasting of the uppers should be kept together; that is, that no outside machines for any of these processes could be used, and if an attempt was made to introduce one, the company had the right to take out the remaining machines of the system.

In addition to the regular bottoming and lasting machinery the company handled a large number of general machines, and it was specifically provided in the leases of each of these that it should not be used on shoes that had been lasted and welt-stitched, or turn-stitched on other machines than those put out by the company.* The penalty for using the leased machine with outside machines was the forfeiture of all leases in all departments—also the breach made the lessees liable to an action for damages.

The New England Shoe and Leather Association considered certain features of the leases for the metallic fastening machines so objectionable that a long series of conferences was held in 1901 with the company and certain modifications were obtained. Thus an alternative was secured for the ironclad lease covering the metallic fasteners by which the shoe manufacturers could use them with foreign machines by paying ten per cent. more for his materials. (The rent of these machines, it will be remembered, was included in the price charged for the materials.) The penalty for disobedience was also lightened, and other concessions were obtained. Thus it is possible now to buy the general machines outright. The committee said quite frankly in its report that it was clear that the company intended to make such contracts as would give it a monopoly of the manufacture and renting of all shoe machinery, but it added it was patent that to do this it must continue to serve the shoe manufacturers better than they could be served elsewhere.

The monopoly the committee foresaw was

*This clause reads as follows in the lease of the machine known as the edge-trimmer:

Four.—The leased machinery shall not nor shall any part thereof be used in the manufacture of any boots, shoes, or other footwear which have been or shall be welted or the soles stitched by the aid of any welt sewing or sole stitching machinery not held by the lessee under lease from the lessor or its assignors, or in the manufacture of any turn boots, shoes or other footwear, the soles of which have been or shall be attached to their uppers by the aid of any turn sewing machinery not held by the lessee under lease from the lessor or its assignors, or in the manufacture of any boots, shoes, or other footwear which have been or shall be lasted, pegged, slugged, heel seat nailed, or otherwise partly made by the aid of any lasting or pegging or "Metallic" machinery or mechanisms not held by the lessee under lease from the lessor or its assignors.

of course inevitable. To-day the United Shoe Machinery Company owns more than ninety per cent. of the shoe machinery of the country. Its profits are enormous, as the expansion noted above shows. The royalty on a pair of woman's shoes is about three cents. On a pair of man's shoes it is from four to five cents. In a factory turning out a thousand pairs a day of the former there is a royalty of \$30 a day. The writer has talked with one shoe manufacturer who claimed he had paid \$165,000 a year in royalties to the trust and upward of \$100,000 for materials. Many would-be independent manufacturers claim they could reduce the cost of manufacture two cents a pair if allowed to own their machines. It is a common assertion among them that the royalties for the first year pay a reasonable price for the machines. That as the life of a machine is ten years, there are nine years of "unholy profits to the trust!" While discontent at the "benevolent despotism" which rules the business breaks out all over the country in spots, and several energetic attempts are making to build up independent systems, the shoe manufacturers as a body have accepted the combination. Certainly they are getting from it such a service as they never had before, whatever the oppression, and into the merits of their complaints we do not propose to go now. As pointed out above the shoe manufacturer can by the use of the "system" increase his product and the piece-paid laborer his wages. At the same time without raising royalties the company profits enormously. The person who seems to the writer to get no advantage is the man who buys the shoes. The royalty paid on each pair is just what it was when the trust was formed.

And what has the United Shoe Machinery Company to do with linen thread? To understand, one should refer to that interesting volume (interesting when rightly used), the Directory of Directors. He will by a little cross-examination find there that the president and the vice-president of the latter, Mr. William Barbour and Mr. A. R. Turner, are both directors in the former. If he attempts to find out how the stock [of the concerns] is held the one fact he will hear reiterated is that Mr. Barbour, the largest owner of the linen thread stock, is also a large individual stockholder of United Shoe Machinery. Can any one doubt that such a relation has not been of importance to the Linen Thread Co. in securing the 80% of the linen thread business which it controls? Or would it be surprising, the power, the protection and the surpluses of

the two being given, if there soon was nobody outside of their fold making either linen thread or shoe machinery?

Moreover, is not the logical and almost inevitable result of the practical monopoly of these two interwoven concerns the rapid absorption of the shoe manufacturers themselves? Why, when they own and control all machinery and linen thread, and furnish a rapidly increasing list of the findings, should they stop there? Does not the strategy of the situation, do not the same arguments, the same laws which have led to the monopoly of each and the alliance of the two, force them into shoe manufacturing? This is no new alarm. In 1901, when the New England Shoe and Leather Association made the report referred to above, it said:

"The fear has been expressed that should one company control all the machinery in use in the production of shoes it would be quite easy and enormously profitable to create a trust which would be a monopoly in the shoe manufacturing business.

"The committee has not discovered the remotest indication of such intention. The present managers of the United Shoe Machinery Company are unusually able, experienced men, and they know that their profits are to come from coöperation with shoe manufacturers rather than competition with them."

That was true of the profits then, it is true now, but with recalcitrant manufacturers refusing to coöperate—wanting to work out their own salvation—and with funds piling up for expansion, the "good of the shoe business" which led to the first monopoly seems to the writer to point strongly to a second.

There is but one force to hinder the final absorption of the shoe business by the combinations we have been considering, and it must be admitted that this is a powerful one—there is a rival trust with as rapacious a maw and as brutal a strength as any the country has produced, on the trail of the shoe—that is the Beef Trust.

Nearly twenty years ago when the amiable Mr. McKinley was disposed to give a duty on hides Mr. Blaine wrote him an emphatic letter in which he said "*It will yield a profit to the butcher (Beef Trust) only, the last man that needs it.*" Mr. Blaine prevented the duty then—but Mr. Dingley gave it, and certainly the beef trust has profited as much as the shoe has suffered.

But while the cost of the leather has been steadily increasing under the duty on hides, there has been going on in the Beef Trust the inevitable combination which special privi-

leges always breed. Buying practically all the cattle on the hoof, the packers owned all the hides. Hides go to tanners to be prepared for sole leather. It has always been a prosperous and widely spread business in the country. But the dream of the Beef Trust is to allow nobody to do anything directly or indirectly connected with the steer which it can do. It owned the hides; why should it not tan them? And promptly it began to "acquire" tanneries. There is no space here to go into the history of the steady absorption by the packers of this great American industry which has been going on in the last few years. It is the familiar tale; all that is essential here is the fact that to-day the united packers, Armour, Swift and Morris control fully thirty of the largest tanneries in the country. There is no well-informed and candid person in the leather or shoe trade who does not say that it is inevitable that the packers should soon own, control and operate the entire leather business of the country.

And the next step? Signs of what it will be are already abroad. Repeated rumors have come that the Armours were going into the shoe business. The alarm that they meant not only to absorb shoe making but harness, belting and other leather manufacturing has sounded!

In the reports of the recent tariff hearings is a letter from the president of the Wholesale Saddlery Association of the United States protesting against the duty on hides. In this letter he writes:

"The statement that follows may appear to you very far fetched, but it is my confident personal opinion that if the condition which confronts leather manufacturers and the manufacturers of leather articles continues and advances with the same strides during the next ten years that it has during the past five, not only will the beef packers control the manufacture of the leather, but they will likewise control by ownership the shoe, harness, belting, and other leather industries."

And this is only one of the several such intimations to be found in the reports. There is nothing surprising in it. That the packers should absorb the manufacturing from leather is quite logical as that they should make leather.

And what is to be done about it? Certainly any special advantage which these com-

binations have through the tariff should be taken away. Hides and flax should be free as the Payne bills provide—though whether they will be when it is finally passed, no man knoweth.

There is no rational interpretation of the doctrine of protection which can defend the duty still left on linen thread. All that decently can be asked for it is enough to cover the difference in wage cost here and abroad—enough to defend Mr. Barbour in the United States from Mr. Barbour in Ireland! According to the calculations of a practical independent thread man doing business in both countries, the actual difference at this time, in the cost of production in Ireland and the United States is not over six cents a pound. But the Payne bill fixes the protection of the three linen threads most used in shoe making $15\frac{1}{2}$ cents, $18\frac{1}{4}$ cents and 20 cents. It is doubtful that this reduction is sufficient, now that the linen thread maker gets his raw material free, to produce any effect at all on the price to the trade. The duty is still grotesquely prohibitive.

Whether the relation of the United Shoe Machinery Company to the shoe is oppressive to the shoe manufacturer and to the inventor is too complicated for discussion here. It is one which deserves dispassionate and serious study. To the writer's mind the serious point is not so much the leases of which the would-be independent shoe manufacturer complains or the practice of requiring that he buy certain supplies of the concern to use in machines he is getting rent free, but rather the practice, of not selling the shoe manufacturing equipment so that the shoe maker can never carry on an independent business. He is always dependent. This practice, as has been said, is no invention of the company. They found it in all branches of the business when they formed the combination.

Here then is where the shoe is pinched; certain it is that if we cannot find legitimate and fair checks on these rapidly expanding monopolies one or the other, or the two in an *entente cordiale*, will soon form the greatest trust the world has ever seen—a perfect nucleus for the socialistic state! Fresh support for the familiar argument that the most effective aid Socialism is receiving in this country comes from its bitterest opponents the monopoly-builders!

Jimsie's Afternoon Off

By MARY HEATON VORSE

With Illustrations by David Robinson

IT was just about half past twelve on the last Saturday half holiday that Jimsie Bate entered the restaurant and sat down at one of the marble-topped tables and helped himself to a napkin in the middle. Next him sat a complaining-looking woman, middle aged, with a long nose; she was eating a wholesome lunch of pie, doughnuts and coffee. A man on his other side was gobbling beef stew in a hurry to get back to his job. Opposite Jimsie a pert miss with a blond pompadour and pink cheeks was, as Jimsie thought to himself disgustedly, "showing buckwheat cakes into herself." He noticed she had put sugar on top of the maple syrup.

Jimsie's glance at her had been as indefinite as a drifting leaf—if it had expressed anything, it had expressed disapproval; but the girl had been conscious that she had been looked at by a young man. She let her eyes—eyes as frank and unreserved as the windows of an apothecary's shop—rest on Jimsie. Jimsie was good to look at.

Jimsie scowled and looked at his plate. Experience had taught him that in another minute they'd be talking across the table.

The restaurant was filled with a mighty clash of dishes. Waitresses, pale with the heat of the long summer, ran about nimbly, carrying incredible piles of dishes. To the clangor of the dishes was added the whirr of the electric fans and the uproar of the elevated outside, and the bang-banging of cable cars. All around humanity fed itself. Men fed doggedly, expeditiously; fed mostly on meat. The women were more languid. No one could move without adding his quota of noise to the uproar. The floors of cement, the marble tables, the white-tiled walls, all sent their fraction of noise into the general din.

It was a hideous place to eat, thought Jimsie; and he was doing it for Louise. Well, what do girls care for sacrifices—what do women know of the world? There was Louise in her shady, cool home, while Jimsie—poor Jimsie—toiled on and on in the heat of a great city, giving his life to work, denying himself even the

small luxury of a quiet place to eat for Louise's sake; saving—yes, actually saving, putting aside money—for the home that they would make together. He wanted no credit for that—he was glad to do it, of course—but when he asked for his last Saturday afternoon to be spent in quiet, alone with Louise somewhere, she had turned her eyes on him with sweet surprise and said:

"Why, Jimsie, you know we promised to go to the Morrisons Saturday afternoon. They're giving a garden party just because it is the last Saturday afternoon, you know, and all the boys can come."

"Have I got to sit around all afternoon in a garden," Jimsie had demanded, "and watch you talk to other people, Louise? What I want is to go off alone with you somewhere."

"But you *said* you'd go, Jimsie," Louise had said, with sweet reproach. Louise was unversed in the changes of the masculine mind.

That had been the beginning. The end had been something near a quarrel. Jimsie had asserted his manhood to the extent of saying that if Louise's idea of his character was that he was just a little dog to be led at the end of a string, she was mistaken. Louise had ignored this loftily, but had insisted that if Jimsie wanted to see her, it would be at the Morrisons. She had promised them they would go—not that her plans need, of course, affect Jimsie at all; if Jimsie didn't like to go to the Morrisons, of course he needn't. She, heaven knew, wasn't going to force him to do anything against his will. Why, she asked him, hadn't he told her in time if he didn't want to go? For some unaccountable reason this had enraged Jimsie still further, and they had parted with some coolness.

So that was why Jimsie, a man engaged to be married, was indulging in the emotions of a sixteen-year-old boy who has quarreled with his sweetheart. But a man cannot stay a boy forever, and Fate sometimes chooses a series of odd events to make a man of him.

Meantime here was Jimsie, at the beginning



The departure of the others had thrown them together

of his last Saturday afternoon of summer, eating alone in a restaurant hideous with noise. Where was the bunch? Jimsie wondered. He didn't know. After all, he considered, just because a fellow's engaged, his friends didn't need to shun him like he had the leprosy! He hadn't stopped to think about it much until now, but now that he did, he felt aggrieved. There was Edith Sessions—she had pretended to be such a good friend of his; since he was engaged, he practically hadn't seen her at all! Earlier in the day he had telephoned to her office to find out if they couldn't go somewhere together that afternoon, but she had replied that she was going somewhere with Darrow. Fat old Darrow was a very good fellow in his way; but when a girl is working on a newspaper, alone in a great city, she can't be too careful in her associates, Jimsie thought severely. He had once spent a great deal of time with Edith himself, and he couldn't but feel it was a come-down for her to take up with Darrow.

It was pretty hard lines for a man all through!

Your friends go back on you—they don't care a hang where you spend your last Saturday; the girl you're engaged to wants to go to a fool garden party, and doesn't care enough for you to give it up for your sake! But then, Jimsie thought magnanimously, young girls like amusement and gaiety—let Louise go and enjoy herself. Perhaps she'd miss Jimsie. This cheered him a little.

Meanwhile, he was saving money for Louise in the hot city. It was a man's lot—

The waitress slammed down his lunch before him, clattered the coffee on the marble, slopping some of its hot contents into the saucer. The girl across the table, with a promptness that would have led the wary to suspect she was waiting for this, here pushed the sugar to Jimsie.

"Thanks," he said, and looked up and met her frank, handsome eyes squarely.

"You're entirely welcome," she replied, and smiled, a triumphant, gay sort of smile, that had any number of very white teeth in it.



The table had thinned out. The droopy lady with the long nose had left. The men on either side had finished feeding. Jimsie and the girl were alone but for one old man down at the other end of the

line of chairs. The girl was seated directly opposite Jimsie. The departure of the others had thrown them together.

Jimsie looked up from his plate at the girl. She sat there eating tranquilly, leisurely, nerveless, composed. In her bearing was no more self-consciousness than there was timidity; either of them would have been as out of place in her as in a statue in a public park. People could come and go, stare at her, talk to her, and she would stare back at them, talk with them, give back joke for joke with the same indifferent friendliness with which she had smiled at Jimsie.

Her face, Jimsie noted, had a delicate bloom of tan. The short hair lower on her forehead showed out blond against it, lighter than her skin. It seemed like a barbarism to Jimsie that they should sit there with only the narrow strip of marble table between them, and not talk.

Then his own grievances enveloped him again, until the girl's second order of buckwheat cakes came, when Jimsie pushed back the sugar. They smiled at each other again; Jimsie had the sort of smile that wins the hearts of children.

"Keep it up," said the girl, "I like to see you look that way."

"What way?" asked Jimsie, with another grin.

"Looking pleasant," said the girl. "It's fierce sitting opposite a sorehead."

Any sympathy, even so vague as to come in the guise of a reproach, was enough to make Jimsie's bitterness overflow into speech.

"Perhaps you'd look like a sorehead, too," said he, "if you didn't know where to go your last half holiday."

"That's me," said the girl, "—but I don't look like I'd shaken the lemon tree, do I?"

"No," said Jimsie, "you look——"

"Ah, cut it out!" She shoved the impending compliment away with a practised hand. She could push aside a compliment as readily as she could make change.

"How do you happen to be alone?" Jimsie asked.

"You see, it was like this," the girl explained. "I was starting off for lunch with my gentleman friend, an' he begun gettin' sore. 'Look here,' says I, 'when I go out I go out for a good time—see!' But he went on blowing off hot air—how I'd given the glad eye to some one. 'Well,' I says to him, 'that's business, ain't it, in my job?' I'm cashier at Bleecker's. 'You've been doing the Pinkerton act too much,' I told him. So," she finished, "we just scrapped, an' I got off the car an' come in here to eat. He'll get over it," she added, with tolerant understanding of the cranky ways of men.

Just how it happened Jimsie didn't give himself a clear account. It might have been her suggestion; it might have been his. It may have come to them spontaneously. At the time it seemed as simple as adding two and two—the natural outcome of things, that they should go out together. Chance had given him this companion for a day's outing—and why not?

Jimsie found himself feeling, as they started, that he was doing rather a noble act in making good the spoiled holiday of a girl who worked hard all the week—rather a citizen of the world, he felt, too, to have done it so neatly and expeditiously, without any bowing to false standards. Now, there was Louise—much as he loved Louise, he couldn't but admit that she wouldn't have understood this. The best of women have their limitations. Indeed, Louise had ebbed away from him in a strange fashion this day.

There are tides in the affairs of the year that ebb and flow; and it was distinctly low tide with Jimsie. Bare, empty places, stretches of sand flats diversified by pools of shallow and stagnant water, are not as pleasant a spectacle as tide at flood, with the waves pounding gallantly on the shore. Jimsie distinctly preferred the high-water mark of the emotions, and he blamed Louise for the arid places in his life that were laid bare before him. Still, he was glad he could fill in this time with good works.

It was with such cheering reflections that he took the Coney Island boat, his companion close beside him. There was something about her sweet good temper, as smiling and as heart-cheering as a sunny day, that caused Jimsie to expand into confidences. By the time they were half through their journey, Jimsie had told her, with artless veracity, about his engagement with Louise, about their misunderstanding, and his grouch at the "bunch" for having deserted him.

"Ain't you like a man," was Miss Sanders' comment at the end of this narrative, "making

a fuss about what's your own fault!" She laughed good-humoredly over it, a laugh that implied flatteringly that the perversities of man pleased her.

Jimsie took up her guying tone with:

"You think you know a lot about men, don't you?"

"You bet I do!" she replied with promptness. "That ain't no dream. All kinds of men—every sort."

"Don't you come up against some pretty tough ones sometimes?" said Jimsie, by way of drawing her out.

"My, no!" she replied with good-humored scorn. "I know that kind as far off as I can see 'em. They don't trouble me none. I don't mean there ain't jays that don't try to give me the fresh jolly; but I don't mind 'em."

Indeed, it was evident that Miss Sanders had a gift for "not minding" things. Jimsie was silent. His mind drifted to Louise. He tried to imagine her filling Miss Sanders' job—and failed in the attempt. He had a twinge of acute affection for Lousie—poor little Louise, who needed a strong arm to protect her and a strong hand to guide her.

"I don't mean I don't make mistakes," pursued Miss Sanders. "Now, there's you. When I first saw you, I thought, 'There's a stuck-up gazabel!'—you had such a funny look on when you first looked at me. But then I thought right away, 'There ain't nothing wrong with that kid, take him the right way.' That's all most men needs, is to be took the right way. What makes men fierce is that girls is fools. No, I saw right away you're the kind that wouldn't harm a fly."

Someway, Jimsie wasn't as flattered in his vanity as he might have been. The little stream of her talk was rapidly washing away his self-conceit. He didn't feel nearly as much the philanthropist who was bringing happiness into the life of an honest girl as he had half an hour before. Rather, his good-tempered companion seemed to be handing him out a good conduct prize for being a good little boy.

"Say," she asked suddenly, "has all the sandwiches in the world died?"

Jimsie procured some of the bad sandwiches that are found on the Coney Island boats.

"Ain't the water a lovely place to eat?" Miss Sanders murmured dreamily, disposing of the sandwiches. "You know, working like I do in a restaurant, I ain't got any use for restaurant food. What I like's things like you get down to Coney, where we're going. Do you know what one of the girls I know calls me? 'Lunch Cart Mag!' I'm awful queer; but honest, I'd rather eat stuff off'n a lunch cart

than eat at Sherry's. The simple life for muh, all right. It's queer, ain't it?"

She was lost in naïve admiration of her own eccentricities.

When they arrived at last

at Coney Island, "Do you swim?" she asked Jimsie.

"Sure," Jimsie answered. "Do you want to go in for a dip?"

"You guessed right!" she affirmed cordially.

As they strolled along in the direction of the bath establishment preferred by Miss Sanders—

"I think I'll have a soft-shell sandwich," she announced.

Imagine a boy of eight turned loose in the cake shop, without a restraining elder at hand. Imagine your joy when young to have been allowed to eat just as much as you wanted to of anything, and there you have Margaret Sanders' attitude to the food of the lunch cart. In the presence of her favorite food, she became as a little child again. Without fear and without reproach she wandered from soft-shell crab to "red dog," thence to peanuts, on to popcorn brittle, thence to the candy-made-on-the-spot, and back to soft-shell crab again. Sophisticated as she was, a shrewd judge of men, brought up in no greater privacy apparently than that afforded by an elevated train, still she could wander in and out among the sandwiches with the artless joy of a child in a field of flowers.

It was a touching sight. Jimsie felt no more desire to laugh than he would have at a child. Her high-hearted appetite was a thing to bless the gods for having seen.

As she crunched the claw of the last soft-shell crab—

"Gee!" she announced, with genial satisfaction, "I'm doing the Lunch Cart Mag act for fair to-day!" Her face blossomed into friendly, sunny smiles. "Now we'll have a swim," she said.

They emerged from their bath-houses at about the same time. At sight of his companion ready for her dip, Jimsie gave a little whistle of surprise. Involuntarily there came to his mind a little colored girl's observation to one of his aunts:

"Mis' Sadie, de Lo'd ain't slighted yo', not in de leastest particular."



More than ever Miss Sanders gave the impression, both in her beauty and in her unconsciousness of the people who noticed it, of some statue placed in a crowded thoroughfare. Youth Triumphant was what she seemed; Youth, that neither work in a city or summer heat can tarnish; Youth, for which numberless sandwiches before swimming have no terrors.

Without hesitating, she made for the water and plunged in, without preliminary screams or hesitations, and made her way expertly beyond the line of surf and struck out. Jimsie followed. Together they worked out, now down in the hollow of an incoming wave, now rising buoyantly on its crest. The life-boat man kept his eyes on them. She waved her hand with a good-humored, "Hello, Captain!"

After a time they came in again, stopping in the surf to play with the big waves as they came in one after another. On the beach, the girl took down her shining hair and spread it out about her to dry. They lay flat in the warm sand, sunning themselves. Jimsie took in long breaths of the warm air. A sense of freedom enveloped him. He was enjoying himself—enjoying himself hugely. He felt as if he'd found himself after a long absence. It was good, he reflected, for a man to take an afternoon off once in a while even from such a delectable thing as being engaged to Louise. He wondered if, after all, his wasn't too free a nature for marriage.

Venders of various things came along, the popcorn man, the peanut man, the sandwich man, and each one of them Miss Sanders stopped, that she might eat from the contents of his basket. After a time:

"Say, let's get into our clothes and go up to the dancing pavilion. Do you dance?"

"Sure," Jimsie replied.

"Did you ever dance after you'd had a swim like this?" she asked him. "It's great!"

"No," Jimsie confessed, "I never have."

"Well, say, you ain't never danced, then," Miss Sanders informed him. "There ain't no dancing at any other time that's thirty cents to it."

They made their way to the dancing pavilion. Ever and anon Miss Sanders stopped to partake of what she termed "lunch cart grub," and all along their progress down the crowded street she waved greetings to this person and that. Her acquaintance was apparently enormous, and all of her friends seemed to be at Coney Island.

Then for half an hour they danced—danced as Jimsie never had danced before. Miss Sanders danced with the full-blooded joy of life

—danced for the sake of dancing, danced as if her heart would break. She didn't look at Jimsie while she danced, nor talk to him, except for a brief word or two. She gave herself up to the joy of motion whole-heartedly. At the end of a dance she disposed herself in a chair to rest, her breath coming a little short with the sheer joy of living.

Two girls she knew came in, accompanied by a nice-looking young fellow, and to these she introduced Jimsie. Little by little, under the warming sun of her enjoyment of things, Jimsie's philanthropic mood had returned to him. He was pleased with himself—almost pharisaically pleased. Almost was he at the point of thanking God that he was not as others were; that he could appreciate the frank fellowship of this fine girl; that he had known enough to go along and have a good time with her, instead of moping; contrasting himself with many a man he knew who, situated as he was, would have been too hide-bound to have ventured.

Then something happened.

The incident, so slight in itself, upset Jimsie's self-conceit as quickly as a child can upset a pitcher of cream.

It was the appearance for a moment of two men at the door of the pavilion. They stood there, well dressed and tranquil, looked around a moment and wandered on; the men were Boothby, who had once been a suitor of Louise's, and Louise's brother.

Boothby—of all men in the world, Boothby! Never would Boothby have taken a stray girl, picked up in a restaurant, for a day's outing. Boothby was fastidious, scholarly, very much of a gentleman, and removed by a hundred years of training from the possibility of a small irregularity like this coming into his decent, well-ordered life.

Miss Sanders had followed Jimsie's gaze.

"I know that kid," she announced. "He takes lunch in our restaurant pretty often. You looked as if you knew him, too," she added, her frank eyes questioning Jimsie.

"Oh, I know him all right!" groaned Jimsie. "He's the brother of the girl I'm engaged to. I know the other man too—he's an old friend of hers."

Miss Sanders took in the situation instantly.

"Gee!" she exclaimed. "That's fierce! D'you know what you'd better do? You'd better beat it."

"Beat it?" Jimsie questioned.

"Sure," Miss Sanders responded cheerfully. "I c'n get back alone all right." She was as frank and sincere-minded in this proposition as she had been in accepting Jimsie as the companion of an afternoon.



He wondered if, after all, his wasn't too free a nature for marriage

"Well, I guess not!" Jimsie replied.

"See here," Miss Sanders argued, "I know just the kind of cloth that other chap's cut off'n. I know him just like I'd been raised in the same house with him. Why, there's a dozen of him eats at our place every day. 'Good morning, Miss Sanders; beginning to feel like fall, isn't it?'"—she mimicked Boothby's supposed manner. "That's all; eat there a thousand years and that'd be all. And that kind's the meanest minded when it comes up against something it doesn't understand. Look here," she said, "if they see you, do you know what

you'll get from your girl—the frozen mitt, that's what—the throwdown, see?"

There it was; and Jimsie knew it was true. All at once he saw his afternoon out from their point of view. Even if they took it in the most charitable light, trifling and unreliable was what he would seem—indeed, was what he was. That he and Miss Sanders had gone on this excursion as two men might have gone, and that their brief friendship all through had been as frank as that of two boys, made no difference; for, after all, Miss Sanders wasn't a boy—she was an extremely good-looking girl.



He told her everything, all at once, mixing up the sequence of events

Any one of a hundred people might have seen them who knew them both—might now be going around with the news: "Jimsie Bate—the fellow that's engaged to Louise Kittredge—is down at Coney Island with the pretty cashier of Bleecker's." By doing what he had done with such light-hearted ease, he had brought Louise's name into it. He had put the man engaged to Louise in a position to be gossiped about.

He had done worse than that; he had run the chance of getting from Louise what Miss Sanders described as "the frozen mitt" and "the throwdown." In other words, there was the possibility of his happiness and Louise's being at stake—it was a remote possibility, but it was there just the same. And he had been ready to risk this—and for nothing at all! He had been willing to risk it because he had acted like a grouchy kid.

For the first time he realized that from now on everything that concerned him concerned Louise; that his life was part of hers. And it touched him profoundly that this should be so. The tide of affection now came in fast. He wanted more than anything else to go straight to Louise as fast as boats and trains could take him. But this was precisely what Jimsie couldn't do.

Miss Sanders now, however, rose briskly, consulting her watch.

"We'll have just time," she announced, "to catch the next boat—the girls are going home now; we'll all go along together."

Jimsie threw her a glance in which gratitude was written large.

During the walk to the boat, Jimsie was oppressed by one of the most ignominious emotions that man is heir to—the fear of being seen. In spite of himself, his eyes roved in the

crowd, watching for a sight of Boothby's well-groomed back and for the red head of his future brother-in-law. He tried blustering to himself about it—that, after all, he hadn't done anyone any harm. He even tried to put a little of the blame on Louise. Hang it, now that he thought of it, she *was* some to blame, anyhow, turning him adrift that way!

But all that wouldn't go now. Jimsie had been growing up too fast in the past half hour. With his longing for Louise growing stronger every minute, he couldn't fool himself into blaming her, nor could he check his cowardly wish to conceal himself in the crowd.

They got on the boat—and there, straight in front of him, was that for which Jimsie had been searching with dread, there was Boothby's back, as immaculate as Jimsie had pictured it, and the hot red of young Kittredge's hair shining out from beneath his straw hat. Their backs were turned. Miss Sanders saw them too; and leading the way, her head up and her broad shoulders well squared, she drew Jimsie to the other side of the boat.

"Look here," she said to Jimsie, separating him a little from the others. "You make me tired, that's what you make me! You think you're doing a pretty fine thing sticking around, don't you? I know men—I know just how you feel!" Again her smiling eyes denied her definite tone. It was as if she said, "I know men, the darned fools, bless 'em!"

"All you think about's yourself," she pursued. "You don't think about me none. How do you suppose I'll feel, going off knowing that I've got you into a mess? Why, I like you a lot—there's nothing the matter with you, except that you're daffy with the heat. After I've come out with you like this, you might do what I tell you for once!"

She ignored with large tranquillity that he had been doing as she said all day long.

"What do you want me to do?" asked Jimsie.

"What I want you to do is not to be more of a fool than the Lord made you," she responded promptly. "You go and find them friends of yours and stick with 'em. Go and find them anyway—don't let 'em see you're hidin' on 'em."

Jimsie was no quitter; he had brought Miss Sanders out and intended to stick by her to the last, and told her so; at which she merely said, with a tolerant humor with which one treats an obstinate child of ten:

"Ah, cut it out!" and turned on him her broad and efficient back.

Jimsie sulked away, and ran into Kittredge and Boothby half-way down the boat.

"Why!" Kittredge exclaimed, "what are you doing here? Didn't you get Louise's telegram? I sent it myself. She told me you didn't want to go to Morrison's, and said that somebody's got to give in in things, and she guessed she'd better. That's the way Louise is, you know—for a girl she's mighty reasonable."

This was the last straw for Jimsie's self-conceit. What little of it remained tumbled to earth. Poor little Louise! She'd given in; and there he'd gone gallivanting around in Coney Island with strange women! There wasn't any punishment too black for him.

Then Fate, once having begun her work, finished it with a fine climax. Miss Sanders, accompanied by her friends, came strolling down the deck.

"How d'you do," she greeted him. "How d'you do,"—she bowed to Kittredge. She embraced them both in a wide, impersonal smile. Both of them were patrons in the restaurant she worked for, Jimsie as well as Kittredge, one of the miscellaneous horde of customers for whom her deft fingers made change. Slipping her arm through that of one of the girls, she strolled on again, with a casual nod to both of them.

The episode was closed, was what her nod said, closed and done with. Jimsie might want to make a fool of himself, but in this case it would take two to let him do that, and she for one would see that he didn't.

Jimsie hated a lie. Small deceits were the especial sort of lax morality that he detested most, and he had an unreasoning desire to shout to the world at large that he and Miss Sanders had been spending the day together at Coney Island—to put it exactly to Kittredge and to Boothby, and let them do what they wanted to. And that he couldn't do this made him rage.

But there was one person in the world that he could tell—and that was Louise. At the ferry he shook his two companions and started for New Rochelle. His fault loomed before him in gigantic proportions. It blotted out everything else. He saw himself a traitor to all the finer instincts of man; he saw himself an outcast, not worthy to touch the hem of Louise's skirt. The time that separated him from her, and from his confession, stretched out incredibly long. He wanted to confess, and receive his sentence. He wanted to tell Louise that she was in love with an irresponsible idiot, who did unaccountable things that in his chastened mood Jimsie saw that no man ought to do. If Louise cast him out, it would serve him right. He would spend the remainder of his days in trying to be worthy of her whom he might have married.

She was waiting for him on the piazza. She had absolved him for not coming before he came.

"I knew you hadn't got my telegram," she cried. She put herself in the wrong for everything, wanting to save him the pain of any apology he might now be ready to make.

Her instinct told her at once that there was something wrong with him—that something had gone very far awry in his world. She waited, a little breathless, for him to tell her what it was.

His remorse was now at its height. No New England gentlewoman, raised in all the traditions of her punctilious life, could view Jimsie's performance with more severity than Jimsie himself now did. Solemnly he told Louise that he had a confession to make—that he had done something for which she might not forgive him. She waited with strained attention, her head thrown back with its little arrogant tilt that Jimsie loved so much.

And he told her everything, all at once, mixing up the sequence of events, bungling the telling incredibly; then waited for his sentence,

his death sentence, he felt it might be—although as he told it, it seemed very much less than it had on the train coming out. After all, it was not a thing to throw a man into the outer darkness for; still, one couldn't expect girls brought up like Louise to understand. Jimsie hadn't learned yet that affection will give a woman a clairvoyance as to the state of things that no limitations of up-bringing can affect.

He finished, and stood waiting humbly before Louise for her judgment of him to come. She let him wait a moment. He looked up, and saw the stiffness with which she had received his first words gone.

"Well," he finished tragically, "what are you going to do about it, Louise?"

And the sentence fell.

"Do about it?" said Louise. "What do you suppose I'm going to do about it?" In her tone there was a hint of Miss Sanders's wide tolerance of the weakness of men.

Then she put out an impulsive hand to him with a little laugh.

"Oh, Jimsie," she said, "what an awful *kid* you are!"

The Two Thieves

By WITTER BYNNER

I like the thief who's an honest thief,
Who can steal and wink and laugh,
Whose eye is clear and his grin is bold
For friend or photograph.

But set me a thousand miles away
From the unconditioned crook
Who can pry into his neighbors' prayers
And steal a pious look!



The Wind in the Lilacs

By HARRIS MERTON LYON

Author of "Sardonica"

With Illustrations by Olive Rush

IT was about half past ten that night and Gampa was in the old garden, leaning back on his bench against the lilac-bush. He had a pipe between his teeth and all the smells of spring came sweetly to him, and the darkness seemed to creep and murmur about him.

There was a *slish* of quiet feet across the grass. "Gur-racious! I knew I'd find you here," whispered Ruth. "Ain't it lonesome and quiet, though?" There was a movement of an old hand toward the pipe. "Don't tell me to get back to bed, *ple-e-ease*, Gampa. I just couldn't sleep. So I slipped on my sweater and—and here I am."

Her great-grandfather blew out a very little smoke from his mouth:

"Ain't the wind soft, though?" he said. "I'm just waitin' for it to begin."

"Begin what?"

"Ssh! Listen hard; and ask it for a story. It'll tell you one. That's what I've been doin', Woof. I was just sittin' here, makin' up my old mind what to ask it. But—ssh! I'm goin' to let *you* ask it."

"No-o-o. *You!*"

"Nope. *You!* It's a—it's a privilege and a—a gift."

The sweater smuggled down against Gampa's arm, and two big round eyes stared out from above it at the lipping, teeming blackness of the garden. Now when the Wind tells you a story, as you know, you must let it yarn along in its own way. Most people won't, of course: that is the reason the Wind tells so few stories to so few people. But the very old grandfathers and the very young children generally listen in just the right way, and the Wind consequently—well, it likes to talk to them, of course.

"*You* ask it, Woof."

The sweater smuggled a mite and then a solemn young voice whispered:

"Well, then, I ast it to tell somethin' about me when I've grown up . . . and somethin' about Mother, too."

You may not believe it, but she had hardly finished the "too" when the Wind slowly dropped and began saying something very soft and gentle that sounded like "*sibil . . . sibil . . . sibil*" (like a brook that can't make up its mind to run over the stones at a ford) and then, just as soothing as sleep, it began:

THE STORY THE WIND TOLD

It was early twilight in the Old Lady's room. Faint odors of spring lilac came through the open bay windows to mingle with the fainter, rarer odor of old lavender. A sweetness seemed to come and go, from lawn to center table; and within the room every little, dainty thing breathed an antique fragrance, or smiled the smile of quiet age, or sighed an ancient song . . . The Aaron Willard clock, that came ninety odd years ago from Boston-way, ticked behind its painted glass all the kindlier as the later years went by; the prim daguerreotype propped above the lace centerpiece took on a luminous gentleness in the dusk; the old French mirror gave back a dim poetry for everything which looked into it; the stark chest of drawers lined with bird's-eye maple . . .

Well, in that chest of drawers, in one of the compartments, half-open, lay a baby's hood all scattered over with dried rose leaves, where the Old Lady had taken it out and, carefully careless, replaced it again; a silk-and-lace hood, pricked neatly with a thin blue ribbon . . . and the breeze of nightfall, you may be sure, cuddled about this softly.

Even the marble mantelpiece beneath the clock was a thing of sentiment . . . faithful, stupid, servantlike sentiment, perhaps . . . but sentiment. It bore in fidelity its china shepherd and shepherdess, who smiled in a tricksy, china sprightliness at the old tête-à-tête chair and the white silk shawl athwart it.



"It's a— it's a privilege and a— a gift."

It was early twilight in the Old Lady's room . . . a June twilight that hung long in the heavens and smoothed the earth and the air, as reluctant to go as a young lover who has said "Good-night" and is holding the hand of his sweetheart . . . just such a night as this, only earlier. The old room and the old things in it felt the seductive lilacs. The mirror's face stirred with the sinking June. It was as if garden-ghosts, the placid ghosts of three generations, had rustled in through the big windows. Nothing began and nothing ended. The room and the garden, the garden and the room, floated lightly into each other like dew-mist into moonlight. Yet there was no fairy extravagance about this. It was something quieter, even duller. The sense was one of a light, nebulous passivity. It was more than that, even. It was . . . apathy! A kindly apathy.

The early twilight crept into the Old Lady's room as it had crept for countless Junes . . . at least, they seemed countless. But they were a hundred. Not that the Old Lady was as old as that. She was sixty-two. The Aaron Willard clock, shaped like a gilt banjo, upside down, could remember its ninety-fifth June in that room; the mirror, sweet-temperedly, its seventieth; the baby's hood its fifty-sixth; the mantelpiece its hundredth. There is nothing so calm, so contained as the well-preserved old age of inanimate things, inanimate things which have been in contact with years of human fingers. Yet they make you gasp with a sudden quick sense of life . . . life glorious, charming, futile . . . life relinquished, life erased. A breath from light young lips, fluttering before that mirror, had come as a miracle, a stupendous poetical miracle, and had as miraculously faded. Whither? The mirror is there, fragile yet immortal, steeped in a benign and deity-like apathy.

In the Old Lady's room in the early twilight, stirred by the scent of new lilac, the things began talking, monotonously, as gods talk, telling ideas they already know.

The fresh Letter on the center table rustled out importantly and read itself with emphasis:

DEAREST MOTHER: Victory at last! The great building—my building—has been completed, inspected, passed—a success! I can hardly keep myself from shouting. "The most daring *tour de force* in all architecture," one writer has called it. At thirty-five I have justified myself to myself—and to you, to your patience, to your care of me.

I enclose one clipping . . . "the greatest builder of modern time," you see it names me. I am mentioned with Michelangelo and Wren. The thing seems absurd, impossible . . . impossible that

there should be a distinct American style and that I should have planned it! And yet, you cannot conceive how away down in my heart I glory in it.

I've won! I've won! Betty says she knows you'll feel proud of me. You do, don't you? Of course, I know you do. Somehow, tired as I am, I feel strong enough to do anything now. And later I can, and will. This is just my beginning. After this I mean to go ahead to the greatest things a man ever planned.

You know, I used to complain at the dull years that kept going by one after the other without my accomplishing anything. Now I see that they were merely years of preparation, of getting myself ready for the big work that from now on I've got on my hands.

God bless you for all the care and worry you spent upon me! I never can repay you in the things of this world; only perhaps you may feel proud of your son to-day. I've got a little present for you that you shall have when we stop in to visit you. We are going to Europe for a short "convalescence." I wish you would write me and wish me good luck.

Your affectionate son,

CHARLES.

—"Oh, isn't that nice!" Ruth whispered.

—"Ssh!" said Gampa, with his hand over her mouth.

The twilight in the Old Lady's room did not deepen; it held itself like a caught breath. The sounding young words mellowed off into that languid, noble air and mixed at last with the limitless murmur of the garden and the mute fragrance of the rose leaves and lavender. The old Clock ticked. The Mirror smiled. The Baby's Hood stirred gently with a rivulet of breeze and composed itself.

" . . . And she merely laid me down and went out for a drive!" mourned the Letter.

"As grass lays down a dead thing," ticked the Clock. "In all gentleness, and in all . . . serenity."

There was a pause like a low note of music. The tick-tick of the Clock seemed to be saying: "Think of the years" . . . "Think of the years" . . . "Think of the years."

"I cannot understand her apathy," the Letter insisted. "She seems soft, yet impassible. . . ."

"As the light is impassible," murmured the Mirror.

"You would think she would thrill with joy at her boy's success . . . her only boy and his inconceivable victory. Think how she must have nursed him and dreamed over him and fed him full of ideals! . . ."

"There are two kinds of ideals," interrupted the Clock.

"The ideals of fairies and the ideals of men," breathed the Lilacs.

"Men . . . men," ticked the Clock. "Think of the years" . . . "think of the years."

"Let me tell you something about myself," said the Baby's Hood. "I am an heirloom, a little silken heirloom. For three generations in this house I have covered a baby's head. The last was his. Before that, hers. Before that, her mother's. I suppose I have heard more whispered beauty than any piece of silk on earth . . . beauty of which you would say it was appallingly incongruous to believe that it ever came from human lips. But it did. And I have heard it three times over, and many times in those three. I am not going to tell you what this beauty was. It would either terrify you or else make you laugh. It came as inexplicably as the warm sudden pulses of blood before childbirth; it came as ineffably as the tender pains. And it was always the same. In all true mothers it is the same.

"How shall I describe its coming? There is a flow of love and then . . . a whisper. That whisper is freighted with a beauty that is intangible, undefinable, inconceivable. It is so low that silence drowns it. It is so high that eternity hears it. It is so true that God weeps at it. It propounds the most awful wonder on all the earth; it sings a hope that is as ruthless as deity, it chants a nobility more terrible than the Holy Ghost.

"A mother, at her first-born nativity, is no longer a human being. She is a body in dissolution, and a spirit in flower. There are moments when she feels herself to be nothing . . . nothing . . . except an ambient essence. She hovers like a fragrance over this little creature . . . and the little creature melts like a miracle into air. Imperceptibly, they mingle. And she instils, instils, instils herself as if in some superhuman dream. This is when the whisper of that beauty is passed between them.

"So . . . the mother whispers. There are things before earth was dreamed of in that whisper. Cosmic memories. Eternal purposes. Purity beyond all knowledge of purity. An ideal so sublime as to make men giddy, so fierce, so passionate as to be amazing. A spirit more awfully gentle than that which gave an eleventh commandment. Yet the whisper comes through a hue of roses and a scent as soft as spring. It comes as mildly as a muffled kiss, as faintly as a hosanna from another star. Somewhere, in a way she never knew, she suffers. Her passion is supernal, as supernal as the passion which conceived the systems of suns. A glory that makes glory inglorious suffuses her soul . . . and this is the glory that passes into her whisperings. For the first time in her life *she is not dumb*. And what she speaks transcends herself, almost terrifies her

. . . would terrify her, but that she is so sure, so dominant, so omniscient in these moments. In humility she radiates. Certain seconds pass like ages, in which she breathes a blithe eternal message.

"You cannot conceive these things? Yet these are the things I have heard."

—"Was that the way of Mother and me, Gampa . . . the way the Hood says?" Ruth asked.

—"Ssh! It will go on," her grandfather replied.

And the old Clock ticked: "Men . . . Men" . . . "Think of the years . . . think of the years." The somber charm of the old room deepened. Each bit of experienced furniture accepted the words with a quiet smile. such a smile as would be on the Old Lady's face as she stooped in the garden to smell a flower. This beauty the Hood told about, whatever it was, was beyond them . . . like philosophers, they smiled at each other, almost nodding their contemplative heads in that brooding, affectionate dusk. It is true of old people that when they cannot comprehend, they wrap themselves in an attitude of abiding patience. And they do likewise when they can comprehend.

"The Letter has wondered at our Lady's apathy; the Hood has recited about an ineffable beauty and a beauty before that and a beauty before that . . . ever receding, ever recurring," spoke the Mantel, calmly . . . with an incongruous calm beneath the fixed, absolute coquetry of the shepherdess. "The Hood has spoken in mysteries beyond the world. How shall we strike the balance, fill the equation? It is very hard. I sometimes think we do not know truths. We know only facts. But what we know we know. A man is not a thing of dreams. He is of a devious but practical business. He sickens through acts to consequences . . ."

"All men, all women . . . always," smiled the imperturbable Mirror. "All sick."

The definite, calculating Clock took it up. "The beauty fades. *He* grows . . . do you follow me? . . . away from the fairy toward the philosopher. Away from what his mother intended him to what the world expects him to become. Away from the dream toward the business. Conceive the child! . . . born in a wave of God, endowed in a glamour. Conceive the swift transcendency of the mother's spirit! and then conceive what happens . . . what always happens . . ."

“Dust, dust, dust. Dust in the mouth, dust on the flower,” murmured the Lilacs.

—“I remember,” said the Mantel, “a story that a teapot told me once: a blue china teapot

one’s self in another. It gave me no thanks, it did not think of me—it was admired and praised. I was so glad at that: how happy must it not have been! One day I heard it said



“Yet these are the things I heard”

that used to sit on my shoulder. *She* had it from another teapot who had it from still another, a Danish teapot whose mother and grandmother both lived in Copenhagen. It was—let me see—to that grandmother-teapot that this adventure happened. She had started out in life as a perfect pot; but one day her spout was broken off. She was then called an invalid and placed in a corner. Finally she was given to a beggar woman. Then earth was placed in this teapot and a flower bulb was set in the earth. Well, she tells it this way: ‘And the bulb lay in me, it became my heart, my living heart, such as I never before had possessed. The bulb put forth sprouts; they burst into flower. I saw it, I bore it, I forgot myself in its delight. Blessed it is to forget

that it deserved a better pot. I was thumped hard upon my back . . . and I was thrown away in the yard, where I lie as an old potsherd; but I have the memory: *that* I can never lose.’”

—“I know that story!” cried the Bookshelf—for there was a bookshelf in the room—“That is one of old Hans Andersen’s!”

—“It is the world’s way. After all, in the world they must live, these people,” clanked the Clock. “I have marked it for ninety-five years. Do you marvel that I, of all the ghosts in this room, am apathetic? What is time? All time is alike. Can you tell one moment from another, when they dance past like motes. Is one more neatly shaped, rounder, or sweeter or more melodious? Can you smack it on your tongue? Can your meticulous fingers pinch

and appraise its daintiness? All passes. It is *tick-tick* . . . a sorry game, so old it brings levity with it. Do you wonder, my brothers, that none of us wonder?

"She dreamed of him and all her dreams were fairy-dreams. Her mother dreamed of her. I saw it all. And waited, as I always wait . . . must wait. And when she dreamed of him, she knew in her heart that *she herself* had failed, failed to stay in the fairy-land where she was born. And before her, her mother dreamed, instilled beauty . . . after *her* failure . . ."

"And, before her, *her* mother had failed," consoled the Mirror. "She gazed into me one night and murmured with her own young lips that she had failed."

"Well, you can't grow into the world without growing out of the country you were born in."

"How do all women know these things?" went on the Clock. "*They*

know their failure first. It takes those others scores of years. But women know. The world shoulders in upon them more sharply, more suddenly. They succumb of a sudden; but they all succumb. With the men . . . the men conciliate from the first. They adapt themselves, as they call it. They palliate.

They sink. Quicksand. All passes . . . but it passes slowly.

"I am an old Clock, and I know Time. For I make a business of Time. And I know

Time's brother, the World. I know the game these two play. And yet I smile, apathetically, and I tell you that all passes. And *she* knows it . . . the Old Lady here. And her mother before her knew it. And her mother before *her*. Is this a chain of mystery? I don't know. I think it is a chain of epics.

"What did the World do to this boy? The Letter there will boast that it worked a miracle. No. It stole upon him from behind. It passed a hand before his eyes. It took his soft brain and moulded it, twisted it, thumped it, shaped it. It erased the dream. It wrote the fact. It lit lamps where he should have seen no lamps. He walked valiantly after false lights. Why? There

"And murmured with her own young lips that she had failed"

were no true lights any longer! If you lose the dream there are no true lights anywhere . . . and everyone loses the dream. It is part of the bargain of the Two Brothers. Are you any longer amazed at our serenity?"

"Give up trying, little Letter," said the Lilacs, "give up trying to believe that such



things as you are of any importance to an old lady. We have just told you why old people are slow to joy. Now, she would rather see my lilac-flowers every spring than a Letter like you every spring! She can understand such letters; but she cannot understand such lilacs. She expects such letters; but she wonders every time the lilacs come—and that wonder is a part of the something that didn't die in her when the world came in. Letters and architects and trips to Europe! . . . alas and alas!" ended the Lilacs.

"He will be a wonderful man," asserted the Letter.

"But a very poor sort of a soul," said the Clock.

"And a soul is what the Old Lady once dreamed he was," the Mirror meditated.

"Nothing comes out as we dream it might," sighed the Baby's Hood.

"Therefore—old age and apathy," said the Lilacs again.

And the Clock ticked: "Men" . . .

"Men." "Think of the years" . . . "Think of the years."

Silence came over the room; it was deep dark by that time and the twilight had

gone to bed behind the stars. Everything seemed very sweet and cool, what with the lilac scent and wind from the garden; and suddenly the Old Lady appeared in the doorway. She called back quite softly over her shoulder to the maid and said:

"Don't bring in the lamp, Janet. I want to sit alone in the dark for a while . . . here . . . in my old room . . . in the dark . . . and think to myself."

The wind went "*sibil*" . . . "*sibil*" . . . "*sibil*" again and died.

"Hum!" said Ruth very gravely, with an inquisitive look at her Gampa.

"A very unkind story, I say, to be told to young ladies," he remarked.

"Ho-hum!" she answered sleepily, "I didn't understand a word of it."



The old lady appeared in the doorway





Margarita's Soul

The Romantic Recollections of a Man of Fifty By INGRAHAM LOVELL

With Illustrations by J. Scott Williams

Now sit thee down, my bride, and spin,
And fold thy hair more wisely yet.
The church hath purged our love from sin,
Now art thou joined to homely kin;
The salted sea thou must forget.
—*Sir Hugh and the Mermaids.*

Synopsis.—Margarita, an extraordinarily beautiful girl, has been brought up in total ignorance of the world, of her father's name, and of all knowledge of her mother. She has lived in complete seclusion in an out-of-the-way spot on the coast not far from New York. She is consequently entirely unsophisticated and uneducated. On her father's death, she comes to New York to see the world and her first encounter is with Roger Bradley, a man of about forty, who belongs to an aristocratic Boston family. Roger returns with Margarita to her home and there they are married by a young minister whom Roger's best friend, Winfred Jerrolds (known as Jerry), brings for that purpose. Roger's relatives object strenuously to his marriage to a nameless girl, but he is devoted to his bride, and sails with her for Paris. Jerry, who is writing these reminiscences, has also fallen in love with Margarita, but has successfully kept his secret. Deprived of his best friend and the woman he loves, Jerry decides to travel, but gets no further than Oxford, England.

Part V.—In which the brook becomes a river and flows by great cities

I—Our Pearl Bathes in Seine Water

BLEEKS, LITTLE ARCHES, SURREY,
January 2d, 188—

MY DEAR MR. JERROLD:

You will be surprised, doubtless, to hear from an old woman who is *perfectly unknown* to you in all probability, but if your mother is still living, she will remember Agatha Uppgrove and the cups of tea and dishes of innocent scandal she shared with her, when you were rolling in a perambulator. I write to you instead of to her in order to find out if she is living, in fact, and to renew at *sixty-two* the friendship of *twenty-six!* You may well wonder at such a sudden impulse after thirty years, almost, of silence, and if you will pardon a garrulous old woman's epistolary rambles, I will tell you, for you are at the bottom of it.

My grand-niece was summoned hastily to Paris a month ago, to act as bridesmaid to a young school friend, and as no one else could well be spared at that time to go with the child, I offered myself. I am an experienced traveler and even at *my* age think far less of a trip across the Channel than most of my relatives do of one to India, with which, by the way, I am also familiar. It was when my husband's (and your father's) regiment was ordered to India that your mother and I met. You came very near being born there, did you know it? It was my son, Captain Arthur Uppgrove of the—the Hussars, who taught you to walk—I can see you now, with the lappets of your worked muslin cap flying in the wind, and *such* a serious expression!

But to return to my trip to Paris. I established my niece comfortably with her friends, and then betook myself to my own devices till

such time as she should need me again. I had not been in Paris for eight years (one settles down so *amazingly* in provincial England!) and I derived great pleasure from the old scenes of my honeymoon, that sad pleasure which is all that is left to women of my age, who have not their grandchildren to renew their youth in!

The Major and I had always been *particularly* attached to the Gardens of the Luxembourg, and there I went and sat musing many hours on end. One morning as I sat watching the children and their *bonnes*, my ear was caught by a shrill scream and I turned and saw a very handsome young woman, beautifully dressed, dragging a cup and ball away from an angry little French boy. I supposed, of course, that she was his mother or his aunt, and only regretted that she should be so rough and *undignified* in her manner to him, but when his nurse rushed up and angrily questioned the young woman, who fought her off, still clinging to the toy, I realized that something was wrong, and went over to them. Hardly had I got there when a neat-looking lady's maid ran up, chid the young woman severely, and apologized in a rapid flood of French, that I could not follow, to the nurse. Then it was clear (or so I thought) that the poor creature was *not responsible* and I tried to soothe her, in a quiet way, till her attendant should leave the *bonne*.

To make a long story short, imagine my surprise when I found that she was not insane at all, only strangely undeveloped. Her maid explained this to me while the curious young thing (a *bride*, too!) actually made friends with the child and begged the cup and ball away successfully!

She took quite a fancy to me and we talked together in English, as soon as I found out that she was an American. What an *extraordinary* nation! It quite makes one giddy to think of them. Fancy a child that had never been taught of the God who made her nor the Saviour who died for her, in a civilized *Christian* country! And yet she was naturally very sweet, I found, though high tempered. She spoke beautiful French (they tell me Americans often do), but she seemed to know very little about her native country and had never seen a red Indian nor a buffalo. The Major always regretted so *deeply* that he had never hunted in North America.

During our conversation, which I should hardly dare to repeat, it was so *very* odd, she told me that she was very glad to have found another friend, for now she had three, besides her husband.

"And who are the other two, my dear?" I asked her.

"One is Sue, that is a woman," she answered, "and the other is Jerry, that is a man."

"Jerry? Jerry?" I repeated, for it sounded strangely familiar.

"Yes. Do you know him, too?" she asked eagerly.

"I am afraid not," I said, "but it so happens that I once knew a baby boy whom his mother called Jerry many years ago, in England."

"My Jerry gave me these pearls," she said, and she showed me a beautiful string of pearls which she wore.

"I do not think it likely that the Jerry I knew would be able to afford such presents," I said *rather stiffly*. You must know, Mr. Jerrolds, that we are still *old fashioned* in our ideas in England, and fail to realize the quick growth of your amazing American fortunes!

She persisted, however, and to quiet her I told her that "my Jerry's" right name was Winfred Jerrolds. When she assured me that it was "her Jerry" and described your appearance (exactly your father's, except that he required a *pince-nez*), I began to believe in the *strange coincidence*, and readily agreed to go home with her. She lived in a charming *appartement* (I have forgotten the street, but they were *au cinquieme*, and there was a queer little hydraulic lift, which I refused to use, preferring my own feet), and she did the honors of it very prettily, upon the whole, like a child that is just learning, looking to her maid constantly for approval.

This, frankly, did not seem right to me, Mr. Jerrolds. I may be *old fashioned*, but I cannot think that a woman should learn *etiquette* from her *maid*, and I must have showed my feeling in my face, for the girl, a capable one, I must say, blushed and said that in her opinion Madame required a governess, a *chaperon*, as it were, and that she believed Monsieur had it in his mind also. I could not help exclaiming that I knew of the *very person*, and most officiously, I know, I wrote down the address of a second cousin of mine, once removed, then in Paris, by the merest chance.

She is Miss Jencks, Mr. Jerrolds, and of *unexceptionable* family: her great-uncle a bishop, her father a retired army officer. She has been governess to the family of the Governor-General of Canada, thus, as you see, enabling her to know just what would be required in American society (the maid told me that Mr. Bradley was most *aristocratic* and quite

wealthy) and has always associated with the *best people*. She is plain, but refined, and unusually well educated, being in Paris now for special art study. She would be moderate in her charges, I am sure, and would take a *real interest* in young Mrs. Bradley, for she deeply enjoys forming character and manners and has always been considered *most successful* at it.

I wrote down the address of her *pension* and left it with the maid, telling her, so that Mr. Bradley would not think me *too forward*, that I was an old friend of your mother. Do, if you write to him, say a good word for Miss Jencks, for I am sure he will never regret engaging her.

Before I left, Mrs. Bradley sang for me, accompanying herself on the piano. Her voice is unusually fine, though she does not sing at all in the English way, but more like a *professional* opera singer. It was rather startling to me. Barbara Jencks could teach her a little more restraint, I think, to great advantage. But there is no doubt of the beauty of the organ. She is taking lessons of a famous teacher, and the maid says she has made the most *wonderful* progress in a short time. She is a very loving little creature (I call her little, though she is half a head taller than I!), but though she is so childish, I fancy she has a *very strong will* and a character of her own. She would have a *great influence* over anyone that was much with her, I think.

I am sending this letter in care of your mother's old bankers. I hope so much that I may hear that she is alive and well! I was never better myself. I enclose with this long letter a picture of my son. Like your mother, I have but one, and he is *everything* to me, as I daresay hers is.

I trust that you will not come to England without letting me see you at Bleeks, and remain, my dear Mr. Jerrolds,

Your mother's old friend,
AGATHA UPGROVE.

From Roger's Diary

PARIS, Feb. 17th, '8-

Weather fine and clear for a week. M. well and very happy. Her voice certainly comes on surprisingly. Mme. M—i very enthusiastic. Miss J. has persuaded her to learn to write. She makes great progress.

Feb. 24.

To-night we actually gave a little dinner. Friends of Miss J.'s: a sort of practice affair. M. behaved very well, but drank her neigh-

bor's (Miss J.'s cousin's) wine and would not apologize. Miss J. a little inclined to be over-severe, I think. It will be very pleasant to entertain, later, certainly. Spent the morning at the *Bibliothèque Nationale*, reading up *Code Napoleon*. What a man! I never thought enough emphasis laid on that side of him.

Mar. 3.

Bad weather over for the present. Called at the Legation. M. very quiet and good and looking exquisite in dark blue silk from Sue's crack dressmaker. Enormously admired and very happy. Quite well. Took a few notes to-day on the *Code*. A great lawyer, that man.

Mar. 6.

Wonderful weather, fine and warm. Chestnuts soon starting. Went to Versailles for the day. M. played cup and ball with R—n, the sculptor, who wants to model her. He gave us a *petit souper* and M. behaved perfectly. Miss J. certainly an investment. She cannot drag M. into a Cathedral, however. M. insists they make her feel queer and then hungry. Says her hands get cold. Have told Miss J. cannot have any meddling with religion just yet. (N. B. not at all!) Strange not hearing from Jerry.

Mar. 10.

M. spoke of old home to-day for first time. Remarked on absence of ocean and hoped dog was well. Dog's name appears to be Rosy, which is absurd, as it's not that kind of dog. Obstinate as usual. Miss J. objects to kissing as a disciplinary measure. M. balks at Kings of England in order, and gets no dessert. Odd thing to have happen to your wife! She grows sweeter every day. Am getting quite deep into notes on the *Code*. Really enough for a book.

Mar. 15.

Weather still holds. Met Stokes and Remsen of my class to-day and went out to St. Cloud with them. Say I look five years younger. Didn't realize I needed the rest, to tell the truth. Suppose we do work too steadily, over there. But I never felt any ill effects from it. Have cabled Jerry at University Club. Remsen swears he saw him in London last week. Doesn't seem possible, or would have known. M. sang to-day at *musical* for Mme. M—i. Great success and looked very beautiful. She gets a high color singing. Hate Frenchmen as much as I ever did. They're more monkey than man. Magnificent new tenor-barytone just discovered—

can't recall the name. Wants to sing with M., who was much taken with him. Worked up a few of my notes: Stokes thought well of them.

Mar. 16.

Barytone called while I was out with Miss J. yesterday on business. M. told me that he loved her and admits that he kissed her. Went around to his rooms and gave him a good licking this afternoon: warm work, for he is a big fellow. M. cannot see anything out of the way in what she did: told me she wished she'd married Jerry, I was so cruel. Miss J. talked to her like a Dutch uncle. Can't have the child treated too harshly for all the Governor-Generals Canada ever had, and told her so. We all got pretty hot, but nothing would budge M. till Elise happened to confide in her that I was a man in a thousand. This for some reason struck her forcibly and she acted like an angel. Women are certainly strange. Nothing more done on the *Code*.

FLORENCE, Mar. 26.

Have been a week here. M. enjoys it very much. She and Miss J. studying Italian day and night: M. takes to it like a duck to water. Got a grammar myself and began. M. practises faithfully. Some pleasant old ladies I knew in New Haven called on us to-day and M.'s behavior could not have been better, I thought, though Miss J. objects to her crossing her ankles. She writes very well now. It is better than a play to hear her and Miss J. arguing over points of etiquette. J. explained the theory of the chaperon, but M. pinned her down to admitting that it did not apply to married women. Then why to her? M. demanded imperiously. J. shuffled a little, then explained that M. was an exceptional married woman. M. inquired if that meant that she was the only married woman that could not be trusted alone with a man. J. replied, "Unfortunately, no, Mrs. Bradley!" M. scored, in my opinion.

April 2.

Long cable to-day about Wilkes case. Cannot possibly attend to it from here. Cabled to make every effort to postpone it. Bound to get in a mess, if they don't. R— should have been disbarred long ago. M. spoke again of the beach at home to-day. The second time since we were married. Sometimes I think she has no heart, in the ordinary sense, and then again her sweetness and kindness would win over a statue. She cannot, of course, be judged by ordinary standards.

April 6.

Heard from Jerry to-day. Has been in England all the time, the rascal, playing chess and learning Persian! Has promised to run over to Paris and we are going back there. M. wants to go on with her music lessons. Have never known her so steady at anything. Expected to stay here indefinitely, but must be very patient with her now. Is wonderfully well. Wouldn't mind getting back to work, myself, but she can't very well sail now, I suppose.

PARIS, April 11.

Perfect weather. Paris very gay. As a holiday, all very well; as a business, what a life! Mme. M—i advises stop lessons now for a while. M. very disappointed, but yields finally very gracefully. How changed Jerry will find her! He agrees to stay a fortnight at least, which delights M. And me, too. We must have one of our old walking trips, perhaps try an ascension. Have got at the *Code* again.

April 15.

Weather still holds. Jerry expected tomorrow. M. has taken to reading. She and J. read aloud *David Copperfield*, turn about. What good work it is, after all! Hester taught her to read unknown to her father, who seems to have forbidden it. It was her only disobedience, it seems. I wonder what that woman's real name was? She learned to read from the Psalms, but never read much. The Wilkes case going badly, I'm afraid: no postponement. They will be able to appeal, however.

II—My Pearl of Too Great Price

Kitchener and I were very philosophic as we crossed the Channel that fine day in April. We had got thoroughly fitted to each other, now, the rough edges smoothed down, all idiosyncrasies allowed for; we knew when to press hard, so to speak, and when to go light, and the result was a good, seasoned intimacy that lasted twelve long years.

I have always been a good sailor, a slight headache in an unusually nasty roll being my only concession to Neptune, and Kitch and I viewed with cynical tolerance the depressing antics of our less fortunate fellow travelers. As we neared the French coast I realized gradually how good it would be to see Roger again, and found time to regret a little of my solitary lingering through the damp English winter, which seemed more oppressive in retrospect than it had been in reality.

For Margarita I had only the kindest feelings and the friendliest hopes that she would develop into a good wife for Roger. To marry such a bewitching knot of possibilities was of course more or less a risk, but on the other hand, if any man could succeed in such an undertaking, surely that man was our placid, patient Roger! I had learned patience myself during the winter, by dint of chess and philosophy, and somehow, as the little Channel boat pitched under me and the shifty April clouds rolled along the sky over me, life, as it stretched out for me and Kitchener, was not too gloomy: was even flavored with a certain easy freedom that rather tickled my middle-aged epicurean palate—for the middle thirties were, even twenty years ago, reasonably middle aged.

Nevertheless it was impossible not to remember that my feelings had not always been thus ordered, and when, a few hours later, the guard let me out of the carriage, and I saw only Roger on the platform, I realized that I had braced myself a little for a meeting that did not take place.

"It's good to see you again, Jerry," he said heartily, "mighty good!" And with his hand gripping mine, I had a moment of whimsical wonder that any woman born should have been able to threaten such a friendship for (or by!) the twinkling of an eye.

We talked of our plans, mine, such as they were, being only too ready to merge into his, which included a stiff climb through the Swiss Alps; of my Oxford sojourn; of Margarita's music and his readiness to get back to America as soon as she should feel equal to it. It amused me a little to discover how simply Roger accepted his rôle of indulgent American husband: those men are born to it, I believe—there seems no crisis, no period of instruction, even. I never pretended to half his real strength of character, but I could not have imagined myself stopping in circumstances more or less distasteful to me until my wife's whim should release us! I had spoken to no woman for many months, you must remember, but my landlady and the Professor's trained nurse, and unflattering though it may sound to the much-desired sex, I had not been conscious of any special lack, after the first few weeks.

To this day I have never known the name of the street nor the number of that Paris *appartement*. We were deep in our plans for mountaineering, and except that I noted the wheezy little lift of Mrs. Upgrove's letter, I remember literally nothing about that excursion

but the familiar odor of the Paris asphalt, the snapping and cracking of the Gallic horse-whip, and the smoke of my own cigarette which blew into my eyes as I threw it away on entering the house.

The late afternoon sun poured into the gay little drawing-room, all buff and dull rose, in the charming French style, and full of sweet spring flowers in bowls and square jars of Majolica ware. The height of the *appartement* made it delightfully airy and bright, and through the western windows I glimpsed the feathery tips of the delicate new green of the trees. A small grand piano stood near an open window and a gorgeous length of Chinese embroidery on the opposite wall was reflected in a tall, narrow mirror that doubled the apparent size of the room and gave a pleasant depth and richness to all the airy clearness of the spring that seemed to fairly incarnate itself in the spot and the hour. I have never liked Oriental embroideries since that day; and the clogging scent of hyacinth is a thing I would take some trouble to avoid; those sad little spires of violet, pink and white spell only sorrow to one man, at least; sorrow and memories of pitiful and unmanly weakness.

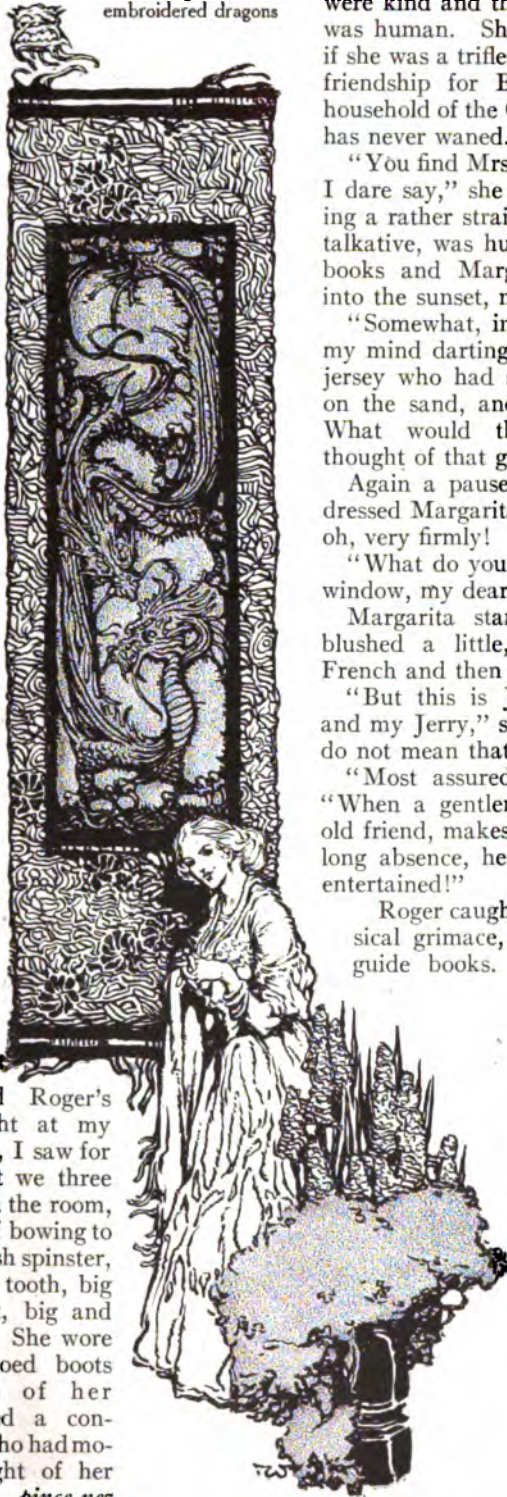
For standing by the piano, one hand with its cloudy, flashing sapphire white among the pale, stiff spikes, her deer-like head dark against the fantastic rose and orange of the embroidered dragons, was Margarita, a lovely smile curving her lips and the warm light in her deep slate-colored eyes burning down, down into my very vitals. In that one rich, welcome smile all my calm English months melted like wax in a furnace, and Oxford was a drab dream and Surrey a stupid sick-bay! As I faced her, the old wound burst and widened, with that torturing sweet shock that I had relegated sagely to poets and youthful heats, and I knew that I loved her hopelessly, with a love that put out my love for Roger and my mother as the sun puts out the small and steady stars.

I had left a bewitching, unlikely elf; I found a magnificent woman. She seemed to my gloating eyes to have grown tall, though that might have been the effect of her loosely flowing, long-trained gown, which was as if she had put on a garment of shot green and blue silk and then another over it of rich, yellowish lace. The neck was cut in a sort of square, such as one sees in the pictures of Venetian ladies in the *cinque cento*, and at the base of her full throat lay an antique necklace of aqua marines. Heavens! How perfect she was! As she moved over in her grand free stride

and took my hands in both of hers, vitality and glowing strength seemed to pour along her veins into mine; she seemed almost extravagantly alive, and I a pallid, stupid dabbler on the shore of things. Her figure was much fuller; her arm, where the loose lace sleeve fell back from it, was plump and round, and this and the increased softness of her throat and chin added a year or two—yes, three or four—to what I had hitherto believed to be her age. She was a fit mate for Roger now; no longer a captured child-witch.

I bent over her hands, to cover my emotion, and ceremoniously kissed the backs of them; there was a creamy dimple below each finger now. As I lifted my head and heard Roger's chuckle of delight at my amazement at her, I saw for the first time that we three were not alone in the room, and found myself bowing to a neat, chill British spinster, big and white of tooth, big and flat of waist, big and bony of knuckle. She wore sensible, square-toed boots and the fashion of her clothing suggested a conscientious tailor who had momentarily lost sight of her sex. She bore a *pince-nez*

Her deer-like head, dark against the fantastic rose and orange of the embroidered dragons



upon her flat chest, the necessity for which was obvious, but her short-sighted blue eyes were kind and the grasp of her knucky hand was human. She was a thorough-going lady if she was a trifle grotesque, and my respectful friendship for Barbara Jencks, late of the household of the Governor-General of Canada, has never waned.

"You find Mrs. Bradley somewhat changed, I dare say," she remarked, by way of breaking a rather strained silence, for Roger, never talkative, was hunting among a pile of guide books and Margarita was staring dreamily into the sunset, now a miracle of golden rose.

"Somewhat, indeed," I responded politely, my mind darting back to that girl in the red jersey who had sat cross-legged like a Turk on the sand, and told me that I loved her. What would the Governor-General have thought of that girl?

Again a pause, and now Miss Jencks addressed Margarita, affectionately, but firmly—oh, very firmly!

"What do you find so absorbing out of the window, my dear?"

Margarita started like a forgetful child, blushed a little, murmured impatiently in French and then smiled delightfully at me.

"But this is Jerry, Miss Jencks, Roger's and my Jerry," she said beseechingly. "You do not mean that I must be polite to Jerry?"

"Most assuredly," returned Miss Jencks. "When a gentleman, even though he be an old friend, makes a journey to see one after a long absence, he expects and deserves to be entertained!"

Roger caught my eye, made his old whimsical grimace, and rooted deeper into the guide books. Margarita sighed gently, seated herself in a high carved chair and inquired, with her lips, adorably after my health and my journey, but laughed naughtily with her eyes, an accomplishment so foreign to my knowledge of her as to reduce me to utter banality; which suited Miss Jencks perfectly, however, so that she resigned the conversational rudder to her pupil and concerned herself with knitting a hideous gray comforter (for the Seaman's Home, I learned later), giving the occupation a character worthy the most *comme-il-faut* clubman.

A neat, black uniformed

bonne brought in tea, in the English fashion, and Margarita served us most charmingly under the eagle eye of Miss Jencks, eating, herself, like a hungry school girl, and stealing Roger's cakes impudently when the some-time directress of the Governor-General's household affected a well-bred deafness to her request for more. After tea Miss Jencks departed with her knitting and we three were comfortably silent; Margarita dreamy, I all in a maze at her, Roger relishing my wonder. The hyacinths smelled strong in the growing dusk, the Chinese dragons burned against the wall: color and odor were alike a frame for her beauty and her richness. I can never wholly separate that hour in my memory from the visions of a fever and the burning heat of worse than the African Desert.

Later we sat about the candle-shaded dinner table, a meal where English service faded in the greater glory of French cooking, and I rebelled with Roger at Miss Jencks's curtailment of her charge's appetite.

"Surely, Miss Jencks, this *escarole* is harmless," Roger protested, with a smile at Margarita's empty plate, but when that lady repeated, nodding wisely:

"I assure you, Mr. Bradley, she is better without it," he succumbed meekly, even slavishly, I thought, and shook his head at Margarita's pleading eyes.

In the center of the table was a graceful silver dish, filled with fruit, and as the attendant *bonne* left the room, Margarita, with a little cooing throaty cry, reached over to it, seized with incredible swiftness two great handfuls of the fruit, and leaping from her seat retreated with her booty to the *salon*. For a second she stood in the doorway, two yellow bananas hugged to her breast among the rich lace, an orange in her elbow, her teeth plunged into a great black Hamburg grape, her eyes two dark blue mutinies.

Roger burst into a Homeric laugh and even Miss Jencks smiled apologetically.

"I suppose we must let her have the fruit," she conceded; "an old friend like Mr. Jerolds will make allowance—"

"We expect the child in June," said Roger simply, and then something seemed literally to give way in my brain and I clutched the table-cloth as a sharp, hard pain darted through my temples. Strange, unbelievable though it may seem, I had never thought of such a thing as this!

My face must have excused my brusque departure, my utter inability to eat or drink another mouthful. I muttered something about a rough voyage and my land-legs (I, who never

knew the meaning of *mal-de-mer*!), and I know my forehead must have been drawn, for Miss Jencks pressed *sal volatile* upon me solicitously. Roger, manlike, let me get off immediately and alone, as I begged, and once at the bottom of the interminable stairs, I flung myself into a wandering *fiacre*, and drove through the merry, lighted Paris boulevards, a helpless prey to passions black and bitter—to a wicked, seething jealousy such as I had never dreamed possible to a decent man.

That was the deep throat, the large and lovely arm! *That* was the dreamy, full-fed calm, the woman ruminant! God! how the thought tortured and tore at me! I, who had thought myself cured and a philosopher—a kindly philosopher! My first fit of love for her had carried its exaltation with it, but in this grinding, physical rage there was only shame and madness.

I caught, somehow, a train for Calais, I stumbled onto a boat there in a driving rain, and walked the deck in it all night. I traveled blindly to Oxford and tramped through soggy, steaming lanes, through sheets of drizzle, through icy runnels and marshy grass. For hours and hours I walked, muttering and cursing, my teeth chattering in my head, my brain on fire, my feet slushing in my soaking boots. I did not know clearly where I was, I did not know why I was walking nor where, but walk I must, like the convicts on the tread mill. Something laughed horribly in the air just behind me and said like a parrot, over and over again:

"We expect the child in June! We expect the child in June! We expect the child—"

I hit out with my black-thorn stick. "Damn you and your child!" I cried wildly, and fell face forward in a marshy puddle.

III—Fate Lands Me on the Rocks

Long periods of time passed; days perhaps, perhaps years. Some one, I know, turned with difficulty on his side, so that the puddle did not choke his mouth and nostrils. Some one, by and by, felt something warm and wet and rough against his icy cheek and was grateful for the feeling. Some one was reading to me from a book which described the sensations of a man lifted up and carried in a broken balloon that could only ride a foot from the ground, bumping and jarring horribly, and I was that man, in some strange way, and at the same time I was the illustrations that accompanied the tale. I read the story myself, finally, aloud and very shrilly, as that unfortunate man bumped along. After

"For hours and hours I walked, muttering and cursing"



days of this cold journey, the man fell out of the balloon into a warm lake and was delighted with the change, for his very soul was chilled—until he realized, at first dimly, that the water was growing hotter every minute and that the intention was to torture him to death! I was that man, moreover, and I

kicked and screamed wildly, though every motion in the boiling water was agony. Just at the point when my breath was failing and my heart slowed, they turned off the water in the lake from a tap, and as it slowly receded, I was safe again, and knew I could fall asleep. Long I slept, and dreamed inexpressibly,

and then I would feel the insidious lapping of the warm lake, rejoice a moment in the comforting heat, then realize with horror that the temperature was rising slowly but surely, and the inferno would begin all over again. Every joint and muscle was red hot, each burning breath cut me like a knife.

I could not count how many times this happened, but I prayed loudly for the man to die (he had been confirmed, so he had a legal right to pray), and after a long time I began to have hopes that he would, for he discovered a way of drawing his face down under the boiling water and ceasing to breathe. Whenever he did this, a cold, smarting rain drove through the water on his face and forced him to breathe, but he managed to sink deeper and deeper, till at last he felt the throb of the great world on its axle going round, and saw the stars below him, and knew he was nearly free.

"More oxygen!" said a tiny, dry voice far off in infinite space, "more oxygen!"

I grew light and rose to the surface; the stars went out.

"More oxygen!" said the voice again, louder now and close to me. I fought to sink back again but it was useless; I burst up to the surface and breathed the sweet, icy air against my will.

"Now the mustard again, over the heart," said the voice, "and try the brandy."

Something ran like fire through my veins, I opened my eyes, stared into a black, bearded face and said distinctly:

"You nearly lost that man. He heard the thing going round."

Then I fell into a deep and dreamless sleep.

I was very weak and tired when I woke, but quite composed. That feeling of gentleness and conscious pathos that floods the weak and empty and lately racked body was mine, and I looked pensively at the white, blue-veined hand that lay so lax on the counterpane. What a siege it had been for the poor devil that owned that hand! For I realized that I had been very, very ill indeed.

As I studied the hand it was lifted gently from the counterpane by another and clasped lightly but firmly at the wrist. The arm above this hand was clad in striped blue and white gingham; a full white apron fell just at the limit of my sidewise vision. I was far too weak to raise my eyes but it occurred to me that this must be my landlady, for I recognized the footboard of my bed. And yet it was not at all like my room. The armchair was gone, the books were gone, the student lamp was gone, although it was my sitting-room.

Then why was the bed there? I frowned impatiently and then the white apron lowered itself, a white collar appeared, and above it a face which was perfectly familiar to me, though I could not attach any name to it.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Jerrolds? a drink, perhaps?" said a clear, competent voice, and I knew at once who she was—the Professor's sister's trained nurse. For one dreadful moment I feared I *was* the Professor's sister—it seemed to me it must be so, that there was no other course open to me, for that was the person Miss Buxton nursed! Then, as she repeated my name quietly, it was as if a veil had been drawn, and I understood everything. My bed had been moved into the study; her bed was in my room. Doubtless the Professor had sent for her.

I felt thirsty, and hungry, too, a fact known to her, apparently, for in a moment she brought me a bowl of delicious broth, which she fed me very neatly by the spoonful. It made another man of me, that broth, and I watched her record it on a formidable chart, devoted to my important affairs, with great interest.

"Have I been ill long?" I asked, and my voice sounded hollow and rather high to my critical sense.

"Two weeks, Mr. Jerrolds," she said promptly, "quite long enough, wasn't it? It has been most interesting: a very pretty case, indeed."

"What was it?"

"Inflammatory rheumatism," she said, with a gratifying absence of doubt or delay (such a relief to a sick person!), "and a great deal of fever, very high. You ran a remarkable temperature, Mr. Jerrolds."

I received this information with the peculiar complacency of the invalid. It seemed to me to denote marked ability and powers beyond the common, that fever!

"How did I get here?"

She sat in a low chair by the bed and regarded me pleasantly out of the kind, wise, brown eyes.

"I will tell you all about it," she said, "because I am sure you will be easier, but after I am through I want you to try to compose yourself and go off to sleep, because this will be enough talking for now, and I want you to be fresh for the doctor. Do you understand?"

I dropped my eyelids in token of agreement and she went on.

"You remember that you complained of feeling unwell in Paris at Mr. Bradley's house. You probably had quite a temperature then,

though you might not have known it. You came directly back to Oxford, but for forty-eight hours no one knew where you were, for the people here supposed you there. Finally, when Mr. Bradley telegraphed, they grew anxious here, and while they were wondering what to do, your dog ran in, acting so strangely that they suspected something and followed him. He led them directly to you and they found you unconscious in a marshy old lane about six miles out from the town. They brought you here in a horse blanket, the Professor sent for me, and we have been taking care of you ever since. Mr. Bradley has been here twice, but you were too ill to see anybody; he saw that everything possible was being done. I shall write him directly that you are on the uphill road now, and that care and patience are all you need.

"Now, take this medicine, Mr. Jerrolds, and repay me for this long story by going directly to sleep."

I took it, lay for a moment in a dreamy wonder, and drifted off. As she had said, the uphill journey had begun.

That afternoon I saw the doctor, a grizzled, kindly man, and it was he who told me what I had already somehow divined—that I owed my life to Harriet Buxton.

"I never saw such nursing," he said frankly; "the woman has a real genius. It was nip and tuck with you, Mr. Jerrolds, and she simply set her teeth and *wouldn't* give up! One can't wonder the American nurses get such prices—they're worth it. Now it's hold hard and cultivate your patience, and get back that two or three stone we lost during the siege, and then good-by to me!"

But oh, how long it was! Day after day, and night after night, and day after day again I counted the pieces of furniture in the bare, dull room and read faces into the hideous wall paper and stared into the empty window. The little night light punctuated the dark; the feeble sunlight struggled through the rain. The few kindly friends who called upon me I could not see; their sympathetic commonplaces were unendurable to my weakened nerves. Had it not been for the return, now and then, of the pains I had suffered in my delirium, mercifully less and less violent, which made the periods of their absence hours of comparative pleasure, I think I should have grown into a hopeless nervous invalid from sheer ennui. I had never been ill that I remember since the days of my childish maladies, and I fretted as only such an one can and must fret under the irksome novelty of pain, weakness and irritation.

How Harriet Buxton bore with my whims and fads and downright rudeness, I cannot tell. When in a fit of contrition I asked her this, she smiled and said that men were generally irritable.

"But I should go mad if I were obliged to humor the caprices of such a bear as I!"

"But you are not a nurse!" she answered quietly.

After ten days of steady convalescence when I was propped a little upon my pillows and could feed myself very handily from an ever-increasingly varied *menu*, I asked suddenly if she had heard from Roger lately.

"Yes," she said promptly, "only yesterday. I was waiting till you asked. Before I give you the letter I must tell you that they are no longer in Paris: they have gone back to America."

"America?" I echoed vaguely, with a half shocked consciousness that I did not care very much one way or the other where they were.

"Yes, Mr. Bradley came in the day before they sailed, but you were far too ill to see him. At the same time I saw no reason why you should not pull through, and told him so. Mrs. Bradley suddenly expressed a wish to go to her old home, and though for some reasons they did not like to let her begin a sea voyage, for other reasons they wanted to gratify her. She grew quite determined and they decided to allow it. You know she expects her baby in June."

"Yes, I know," I said quietly. I remembered the man who had tramped the wet lanes, but to-day he seemed to me a wicked fool, justly punished for his folly. For I knew, though no one had told me, that I should never be the same after this sickness. The very fibres of my soul had been twisted and burned in that white hot furnace of my delirium, and though Nature might forgive me, she could never forget. Every winter she would take her toll, every damp season she would audit my account, after every exposure or fatigue she would lightly tap some shrinking nerve and whisper "Remember!" A passion whose strength I had never suspected had brought me to this bed, and in this bed that same passion had struggled and shriveled and died. It was with no mock philosophy that I thought of Margarita. No, the fool knew his folly now. But it was a folly of which I had no need, I verily believe, to feel ashamed. It was not that I was the sort of monk we are told the Devil would be, when he was sick, although my physical weakness may have lain—God knows!—at the root of it once. No, I had changed. Those who have gone through

some such change (and I wonder, sometimes, how many of the passive, unremarkable people I pass on the street, in the fields, in hotels, have gone through such) know how well I knew the truth of this matter and how little likely I was to deceive myself. I loved her, yes, and shall love her while consciousness remains with me, but it would never again be bitter in my mouth and black in my heart.

And so at last in default of something more to my mind, I turned to my nurse and determined to make that silent woman talk. At first it was difficult, for I tried to discover her feelings, her attitude, her history. As to the first two of these I met only failure and the last was pathetically simple. An orphan she was, a bread winner, an observer. I say it was pathetic, but not that *she* was. Things are changing rapidly with women, I can see that plainly, but twenty years ago a man still felt, ridiculously perhaps, that a kindly competent woman, however successful in her chosen profession, must needs be, in the very nature of the case, even more kindly and more competent with a child on her lap and an arm about her waist. If in the new doctrine of the Brotherhood of Man it is admitted that we owe each our debt to humanity and posterity, I, for one, have never been able to understand why women should not pay that debt in the coinage most obviously provided them for the purpose. The Brotherhood of Man is a great idea, but surely without the Motherhood of Woman it would grow a little shadowy and impractical. (I speak as a fool!)

And so, I repeat, there was something a little pathetic to me in Harriet Buxton's life, though nothing in the least pathetic in her personality or her actions. Do not turn on me too fiercely, dear ladies, and demand of me with your well-known remorseless logic, what would have become of me if Harriet Buxton had not been beside me in my delirium, with nothing but a clinical thermometer on her knee, and a white apron around her waist. Do not, I beg you, for I shall shock all your strict habits of mind by taking refuge in blind, illogical instinct and reiterating my firm conviction that though I perish, truth is so, and that Nature had a better use for Harriet's lap and waist. She had! (as you used to say in the old emotional era) she had!! *She had!!!*

Well, in despair of eliciting anything romantic from her, I languidly inquired as to her travels. They were not extensive; this was her first "trip abroad." It had been rather a failure, in a way, for although she had been engaged with the understanding that

her passage was to be paid both ways, her patient on recovery had decided to spend the summer abroad, and had made it very evident that she did not consider herself any longer responsible for her nurse under these circumstances!

"You should have taken legal advice," I expostulated; "the woman was dishonest. It was shocking, Miss Buxton—surely you could have done something?"

"Perhaps," she admitted, "but I had no friends here and it was hard enough to get my salary, anyway. I could have gone with Mrs. Bradley if I had been free. As it was, I sent them another American nurse I knew of in London, who was glad to go back."

"Why didn't you send her to me and go yourself?" I questioned curiously, "if you want to go so much?"

She looked at me in sincere surprise.

"Why, I had already accepted your case, Mr. Jerrolds," she said.

Alas, Harriet! Why, why were you not teaching your simple code of honor to some sturdy, kilted Harry?

There seemed to be nothing more to be got from Miss Buxton, and I began to discuss the best winter climate for me, for I understood perfectly that for more years than the doctor cared to impress upon me just now I must avoid damp and chill. We discussed Nassau, Bermuda, Florida, and I mentioned North Carolina. Then Harriet Buxton opened her lips and spoke, and in a few amazed moments it became clear to me that I was in the presence of a fanatic. For she had been in North Carolina, and this state that for me had spelled only a remarkably curative air and a deplorably illiterate population represented the hope of this woman's life, the ambition of her days and nights, the Macedonia that cried continually in her ears, "Come over and help us!"

For a year she had lived there in the western mountains, giving her duty's worth of hours to a wealthy patient, bargaining for so much free time to devote to that strange, pathetic race of pure blooded mountaineers, tall, serious, shy Anglo-Saxons, our veritable elder brothers, ignorant appallingly, superstitious incredibly, grateful and generous to a degree. As she talked, rapidly now, with flushing cheeks and kindling eyes, she brought vividly before me these pale and patient people, welcoming her with eager hands, hanging on her wonderful skill, listening like chidden children to her horrified insistence upon long-forgotten decencies and sanitary measures never guessed. As my questions grew her confidence grew



“Her weekly check, plus a draft for a hundred pounds”

with them, and at last she went quickly to her room to return with a thick, black book, which she thrust into my hands.

“It’s my diary,” she explained. “If you are really interested you may read it. Oh, Mr. Jerrolds, to think of the money that goes to Africa and India and slums full of Syrians and Russian Jews, when these Americans—our real kin, you know!—are putting an ax under the bed, with the blade up, to check a hemorrhage! If they were Zulus,” she added, flashing, “some one might do something for them.”

I could not keep myself from staring at her: with that flush, those kindling brown eyes and

that heaving bosom, my nurse was near to being a handsome woman! And all because the natives of North Carolina had no adequate hospital service. Can you imagine anything more extraordinary? I opened the book curiously; not, of course, that I cared tuppence for the natives, but that I had actually begun to feel interested in Harriet Buxton.

I should never have thought of it again, probably, but for Harriet herself, for now that the magic string had been touched, her heart overflowed to its echoes, and my waking hours were filled with anecdotes touching, brutal or humorous, of her years of joy and labor. Her cottage rent had cost her forty

dollars, her clothes nothing, her food had come largely from the grateful people. Over and over again she returned to her ridiculously pitiful calculations. She could live for one hundred dollars a year. She could have the use of a deserted schoolhouse free. Two hundred dollars would fit up a tiny hospital and lending-closet, with linen, rubber articles, simple sick-room conveniences. If she had five hundred she would start on that and trust to getting help to go on with. She could stay there a year, then nurse for a year, and go back with the money she had saved.

And so on, and so on, and so on! The floods of North Carolina needs that swept over my helpless head would have drowned a stronger brain than mine. In vain I tried to dam this tide of confidences and hopes and ha'penny economies; it was useless. After a week, during which actual photographs, hideous blue prints, the first advance guard of that flood of amateur photography destined to wash over the world, were brought out for my edification, I rebelled and declared myself cured.

"And to get rid of you," I added crossly, "I am going to give you this," and I handed her her weekly cheque, plus a draft for a hundred pounds. "Take it, and get off to those benighted natives, for heaven's sake!"

She stared at it, at me, at it again, then choked and fled to her room. I felt like a fool.

Later, when I saw what it really meant to the absurd creature, I surreptitiously copied bits of the sordid little diary, and sent them to Roger with a slight account of her, and suggested that he mention this matter to Sarah (who had recently washed her hands of the American negro on the occasion of his having bitterly disappointed her hopes in a brutal race riot) and give that philanthropist's energies a new direction.

I saw Harriet off for her boat, tried in vain to get a half hour of rational conversation on topics unrelated to the western mountains of North Carolina, agreed hastily to all directions as to my health, held Kitch up to be kissed and went back to my sunny garden corner, for it was full May, now, and my strength was growing with the flowers.

I thought that chapter ended, and was startled and not a little shaken by the thick letter that found me planning my lonely summer early in June. It was from Harriet, a curious, incoherent scree; tiresomely detailed as to her plans, painfully brief as to important issues. She had found a letter from Mr. Bradley awaiting her arrival, she had followed his suggestions and interested Miss Sarah

Bradley, his cousin, in her schemes, with the result that the Episcopal organization had sent a deaconess for a year to work under Harriet's direction and a contribution toward fitting out the little hospital. She had gone to see Roger and thank him personally and found him on an island, with Mrs. Bradley in sudden and acute need of both nurse and physician, the former with a broken leg, the latter gone to New York for the day, as his prospective patient was supposed to be in no immediate need of him. She had hastily set the nurse's leg, telegraphed for the doctor, then devoted herself to Mrs. Bradley, who, though beautifully strong and well, developed sudden complications and gave her quite a little trouble. Things were rather doubtful and hard for five or six hours, but fortunately the doctor had left full supplies for the occasion and the other nurse was able to give the anæsthetic—she was dragged on a sofa by a deaf and dumb man, who ran five miles to the village just before. It ended triumphantly at dawn and Mrs. Bradley had a lovely little girl—the image of her father. Both were doing well.

Mr. Bradley had overestimated her services, and as she could not dream of accepting the fee he offered her, he had insisted upon paying a salary for three years to a young physician (selected by the doctor who arrived at noon) who was to give his entire time and strength to the mountain hospital and superintend the affair, now grown into a real institution, since Mr. Elder had volunteered to supply a young fellow from his club, anxious to act as orderly and assistant for the sake of the training, and Mrs. Paynter, a friend of Mr. Bradley's, had managed to get a full dispensary supply at cost prices from connections of hers in the wholesale drug line.

"And it all comes from you, Mr. Jerrolds," the letter ended, "all owing to your wonderful, your noble interest in this work! You told Mr. Bradley, and though he is not justified in thinking I saved her life, it is perfectly true that those cases give us a great deal of trouble sometimes, and I was very fortunate in having had a great deal of maternity work in the mountains, when I had to act all alone and do rather daring things. But I got the practice there, and so if I did save your friend's life (or the baby's, which is nearer the truth, I confess to you, Mr. Jerrolds!) you have amply rewarded the cause that gave me the training to do what I did!

"Your grateful
HARRIET BUXTON."

I sat under the glass-topped wall, the letter

between my knees, staring at the brick walk bordered with green turf. How strange it was, how incredibly strange! A curious sense of watchful, relentless destiny grew in me. Truly it slumbered not nor slept! I, who had cursed that child unborn, had reached over seas and helped it into the world! I, who had been jealous of my friend, had sent him a friend indeed! I, who had grudged Mar-

garita husband and child (for in my black, cruel fever I did this) had given her back to both!

I pondered these things long (as if the thread in the tapestry should marvel at its devious windings) and then summoned my landlady.

"Mrs. Drabbit," said I, "I am thinking of going to America."

To be continued



At the Summit

By HARRIET MONROE

Where bold Sierras cut the sky
Mount Whitney, of the high most high,
Halts the pale clouds that wander by.

We crept and climbed with eager feet,
Until the world, fulfilled, complete,
Plunged like despair before his seat.

So high the peak was we had won
Earth's air wore thin, its woof undone,
And blue space darkened round the sun.

Yet as we trembled there and quailed,
Lo, higher yet an eagle scaled
Smooth steeps of air, and sunward sailed.

EUGENICS

The Science of Breeding Men

By W. I. THOMAS

Author of "The Adventitious Character of Woman,"
"The Psychology of Woman's Dress," etc.

IF the "visitor from Mars" whom we are in the habit of invoking when a disinterested opinion of mankind is involved had been present in the early infancy of the human race he would hardly have picked man from among all the animal forms as the one destined either to tame or exterminate the others. For man has no great strength, size or swiftness, when compared for instance with the carnivorous animals. His teeth are neither long nor poisonous, he has no formidable claws, nor heavy jaws for crushing, and his hand is very puny indeed when compared with the paw of the lion. Much of his time must have been spent in flight, but he is not a good runner. He is not naturally a swimmer, as the other animals are, he cannot burrow to hide himself, and he is not the best of climbers. His one great point of superiority was his power of *calculation*. He was not able to throttle or mangle the large animals, he could not crush an ox with his paw, but he observed that there were lying about him objects which *he could make to do these things for him*.

If he held in his hand a heavy and sharp-edged stone, or fixed it to a handle, he could crush or cleave through the bone to the brain of the larger animals. Or if he fixed the sharp point of flint to the limb of a tree he had an artificial tooth ten feet long, if you please, and capable of more desperate work than that in the mouth of the saber-toothed tiger. He could not overtake the swift deer with his own motion, and there were animals so violent in their disposition that he did not even wish to come close to them—very wicked animals, the old French traveler called them, "which if at-

While the wise man is thinking of getting married the fool has a son born to him.—*Tartar Proverb*.

tacked will defend themselves." But in his flights and pursuits through the forest, man had observed that the limb of a tree when displaced violently will fly back with stunning force.

So he took advantage of this resiliency of wood and made the bow, and he modified his artificial tooth, to wit his spear, and made it very small, and so he had an object, the barbed arrow, which virtually did his running for him with an incredible rate of swiftness, and carried a tooth at its forward end.

Man's Natural Distaste for Work

The superiority over the animal world which inventive contrivances of this nature gave man finally led to such a thinning out of game that he sometimes found himself reduced to cultivating plants, a very unexciting occupation when compared with hunting, but one which women had already taken up, owing to the uncertainty of the chase. This predicament caused man's inventive ingenuity to take a different turn. Brought face to face with the problem of work—and a very ugly problem it is in the rough—he planned to avoid it as much as possible. He tamed, fed, tended, and bred the animal, drank its milk and ate its flesh, and above all he taught it to do the heavy and unstimulating part of his work. But the animal is not intelligent enough to do this alone, so man wherever possible caught other men and forced them to do his work for him, reducing a part of his own species to the grade of animals. And, along with this, he gradually got control of the blind forces of nature, the winds and water streams, and steam and electricity, and he made ma-

chines to be moved by these forces, which, when he had once set them going, could even do work which his hand and eye were not good enough to do. So while he reduced a portion of the human world to the animal status, he raised a part of the inorganic world to a quasi-human status. A machine is an arrangement of materials and forces without a mind, *but which works as though it had a mind.*

Now it is to be observed that all this clever work of the mind of man implies looking backward and forward, comparison and calculation. Human supremacy is due to this indirect quality of mind. The other animals leave the world as they found it; man reconstructs it. The mind is quick to remedy intolerable and painful conditions, but to look a long way ahead and prevent their occurrence is not easy, and indeed not natural. In fact, man could not possibly calculate to prevent bad conditions until they had occurred and he had felt the painful consequences. Very certainly one of the greatest stimulations to looking ahead has been periodic shortage in food and the recurrence of famines. This led to economy, thrift, and systematic labor. The domestication of the animal, the use of its milk, harnessing it to the plough and putting off on it and the women as much of the particularly disagreeable task of cultivating the ground as possible, the capture of other men to do his work for him, the use of so unpromising creatures as the little bee and the silkworm to provide for his comfort, and the later resort to machines, to child labor, to capitalistic manipulation and industrial slavery, are inventions through which man helped himself out of disagreeable situations.

Why a Certain Eskimo Kept on Fishing

These devices were not always moral, for morality is not necessarily a part of mental life. Still we must not think of early man as without morality. He had even grasped more thoroughly than we have the idea that if men live in groups, as they must necessarily live if they are to live at all, the welfare of every man is bound up with the welfare of every other man. He never thought of letting a man go hungry. This would have weakened the whole society. Among the Indians of this country no one ever entered a lodge without being offered food, and any man, woman or child could enter any lodge and take food in the absence of the owner. It was even proper to take game from the trap of another man, courteously leaving him the better portions of the animal. Stefánsson asked a prominent

man of the Eskimo why he continued to fish when he already had frozen fish enough to last for years. He replied that some of his neighbors would probably not be so fortunate, that he had heard game was scarce in certain quarters and that he wished to have enough to feed everybody who needed food. "No man," he said, "who wants to be called a good man, stops fishing when he has just enough food for his own household." To have many and strong men, good hunters and fighters and workers, was also a definite tribal ideal, and the production of many and strong children thus became a definite tribal desire. This interest was so well defined in some Indian tribes that a relative inhaled the last breath of a dying man in the confidence that the spirit of the dead would thus be conserved within the tribe and in the course of time reborn. This was also the period when barrenness was considered a reproach to a woman.

The Morals of Savages

As society has become increasingly individualistic, it has become increasingly irresponsible for the condition of the individual. Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost is the individualistic principle, and under it some men have reached heights of magnificence and other men have sunk to levels of squalor which savage society knew nothing of. Even our law which the "founder of jurisprudence" called "the perfection of reason" and "nothing else but reason," is perfectly negative in its moral quality. It does not demand that a man shall be good, only that he shall not be positively bad. This is perfectly expressed by Sir James Stephen:

"A sees B drowning and is able to help him by holding out his hand. A abstains from doing so in order that B may be drowned, and B is drowned. A has committed no offense."

That is, all the law requires of A is that he shall not push B into the water. Speaking in this connection recently on the injustice of the law to the poor man, the best a jurist could say was that "the poor man is treated no worse in the law than he is everywhere else." When we wish to say the worst of anything we are in the habit of calling it "savage," but in respect to the "rights of man," and even to "enlightened self-interest," we should do well to take a leaf from the moral code of the savage. As a result of our narrow, individualistic, incomplete and immoral calculation we have a vast amount of poverty, crime, intemperance, hereditary disease and insanity, and an average of civic worth, intelligence and in-

tegrity so low, and public life so close to the anarchistic, that the best are happy if only they are not ruled by the bad. The completely rational and at the same time completely moral proposition is that society must look out for its own interests by looking out for the interests of all its members, and by anticipating and preventing evil conditions instead of awaiting their development.

I believe that disease, contagion and epidemics of sickness have done more than any one thing to bring home finally to men's business and bosoms the realization of the double truth that no man can calculate for his own welfare without calculating for that of everyone else, and that the best calculation of evils is to anticipate and prevent them, instead of awaiting them and fighting them after they have done their worst. To prohibit is to make the wiser calculation. We realize that the prevention of disease, crime, intemperance, accident, food adulteration, and poverty is not only more humane but vastly cheaper.

What Eugenics Means

This is the same quality of calculation used by primitive man in controlling the future but based on a larger scientific experience. And it is along this line that eugenics makes its proposal. Eugenics means primarily good reproduction, and to the degree that it is possible to carry it out, it will eliminate the congenital criminal, the insane, the idiotic, the dipsomaniac, those tainted with hereditary disease, the violent, and, it is to be hoped, the Philistine. It would also encourage reproduction in stocks which have shown themselves of a high degree of "civic worth." And it would so surround life after it is produced that it cannot become bad. In this latter point eugenism becomes associated in its aims with politics and education.

At present eugenics is scarcely more than an idea and a sentiment. There is as yet no definite program to which even its own advocates would all subscribe. For this, indeed, a more perfect knowledge of biology is required; and to make any program effective changes in the present social order will be necessary. Certain things we do now know. Children are at present largely in the class of accidents, they are not universally desired, and marriages are not arranged with reference to producing the best specimens of our kind. The families of the economically better classes are not as large as they were fifty years ago, and the same is true of the more capable artisan and working classes, while the families

of the very poor are not diminishing in numbers. Insanity, suicide, dumbness, dipsomania, erotism and violence are on the increase, both because they are bred rapidly and made possible by the bad social conditions.

Man Will Always Be Old Adam

The idea of eugenics does not imply that the family is to be interfered with or in any way modified, except that the family situation may be improved, as indeed it should be. Marriage should not only not be undertaken without a view to good offspring, but the family should be the place where the sentiment for eugenism should be developed most acutely. A sentiment and a calculation with reference to maximizing the number of efficient individuals in the family and in society is all that eugenics implies. And this interest would cover not only the conditions of the reproduction of children, but a more fundamental interest in their rearing.

It would be unfortunate if those who are hospitable to the idea of eugenics should expect more of it than could be realized. The idea of breeding men is not altogether new, and so eminent a man and evolutionist as Alfred Russel Wallace has stated a view—which is at the same time a popular though certainly a mistaken one—that it is possible by the selection of stock to produce a race from which the old Adam is eliminated, whose disposition resembles that of angels and whose intelligence approaches in absoluteness that of the Deity. This is the wildest sort of a dream. All the instincts and qualities which man has are natural and useful to him. A creature without capacity for anger and resentment, an interest in conflict and success, without some degree of fallibility and infirmity would be a very poor human creature indeed, or rather he would not be human at all. The true ideal and the only one realizable is an individual of eminently marked human traits, with strong sympathies and intelligence, with that balance which we call normality, under full control of himself and dominated by the finest social feeling. By breeding out characteristic stimulations we should also breed out characteristic expressions of activity. Moreover, biology and practical stock breeding hold out no encouragement that a new species can be created by selection.

What We Know From Stock-Breeding

Nature has been working a long time at species and they are now practically finished.

It has been calculated that historical time compares with geological time (if the former is reckoned at 6,000 years) as five seconds to a day of twenty-four hours. At a late but still distant point in geological time life appeared on the earth, and in countless places, during hundreds of thousands of years, nature has through trial and error developed millions of animal species, and among them man. In him she seems to have practically reached the limit of her materials. Great men lived before Agamemnon, and modern times have produced no greater minds than those of Plato and Socrates. The general average of health, vigor, manhood and mentality can be raised by breeding, and possibly the percentage of illustrious minds, but the general pattern of mind cannot be changed. I think what I have said about primitive man's power of invention is enough to indicate that he had a very good mind indeed, and personally I see no reason to think that the mind has improved since those prehistoric times. That the number and range of mental acts has vastly extended there can be no doubt, and the sum of knowledge is immensely enlarged, but this means merely an improved state of knowledge, not a different quality of mind.

In the field of domestic animals there has been no limit to the nature of experiments which man was able to try, and no end of experiments tried, in the effort to produce new forms, but even under conditions so favorable to control, the results have been very far from radical, especially so far as mental qualities are concerned. The dog approaches man in intelligence, and the horse is among the intelligent animals, but no horse or dog has ever been able to speak or count. The owner of Clever Hans actually thought this horse could count. If the owner asked him to add two and three he would move his hoof five times, and he would do this if a stranger proposed it. But what he actually did was to observe that the man made a slight, unintentional and almost imperceptible inclination of the head when five was reached. The man knew when to stop, and the horse got the cue from him. When two scientists, each ignorant of the number the other would give, whispered two numbers in either ear of the horse, neither of the men knew when to stop and neither did the horse. He went on stamping. It was very clever of the horse to notice the movement of the head, but it was not counting.

Great variety in size and disposition has been secured in dogs by selection, and this could be done in man also, but it is significant that for all-around intelligence and as an all-

around dog, the cur is hardly surpassed. We also use the word "thoroughbred" as denoting the highest degree of excellence, but the thoroughbred racing horse is the poorest animal of its species ever bred for general uses. Mr. Speed says: "The thoroughbred horse is far from a good animal for anything but racing. He is a long-legged fellow, very nervous, lacking in stamina, and notoriously unsound, so that . . . he usually runs to the end of his career before he is four years old, very frequently, indeed, before he is three." The stock-breeder breeds for points, not for general utility, and the disproportionate development of a single point is usually at the sacrifice of other qualities. Stock-breeding, therefore, does not encourage us to hope that the human mind will be revolutionized by breeding.

Exactly What You Can Hand Down to Your Child

There is still another limit to the possibilities of breeding which the eugenists are prepared to accept, but which I believe the general public is not. There is no hope that the improvement made in the individual during his life will be transmitted to his children. No development of the body through healthful exercise, no improvement in æsthetic taste or moral feeling, and no skill attained by long practice will leave a mark on the next generation. If you cut off the tails of twenty generations of mice, as Weismann did, there will be never a tailless mouse born of them all. If a man is born with six fingers, it is entirely probable that his children will have six fingers. He brought these fingers into the world with him and they will pass on in his line or tend to do so. But you might prune all the limbs of both parents without affecting so much as one digit of the child. There are men, in this country even, whose ancestors in direct line for eight generations or more have been college men, but these men have not heaped Ossa on Pelion, intellectually speaking. If the results of the training of their forefathers had come down to them they would be at least intellectual giants, forming an aristocracy of learning so elevated that the son of the unlettered man could not hope to enter it. As a matter of fact, they are usually ordinary gentlemen of intelligence and civic worth, but it is more than probable that the son of the immigrant, or the country boy, if he comes within striking distance of college at all, will make a more brilliant record. To him the college represents an unusual opportunity, and he is stimulated profoundly by it, while the traditional college goer

takes the matter very calmly and even indifferently.

The only exception admitted at present to the rule that individual practice and experience are not transmitted is in such cases as chronic alcoholism and syphilis, where the poison drenches the system so thoroughly as to reach the reproductive germ itself. Of course, if the parents are ill-nourished or in feeble health the child will probably be born ill-nourished or even dead. In that case the reproductive germ has been ill-nourished, but this is quite a different thing from the transmission of practice. So far as reproduction is concerned our acquired characters lie on us almost as lightly as our clothing—more lightly, in fact, than some of it, for the corset of the mother leaves no furrow on the waist of the child, though it may impair the child's general vitality. All of the novels and all the psychology and pedagogy assuming the transmission of the memory of definite acts to the child are without foundation in fact, and all stories of "prenatal influence," or the marking of the child by an accident to the mother, are "old wives' fables."

Just Where Hereditary Influence Comes In

This is not to deny at all the fact of hereditary influence. It simply means that children tend to be born as their parents were at birth, and not as they were in later life. But to many minds it seems a very hopeless view, and even Herbert Spencer was peculiarly distressed when it was definitely set forth and emphasized in the works of August Weismann. What hope have we then of progress, he asked, if the effects of education are not transmitted? But the answer is simple enough. Intellectual progress will be secured if each generation adds something to the knowledge already on hand and transfers more of it and by better methods to the child. This would be progress even if all children were born alike. The only other way is to breed for "congenital" qualities, as the stock breeders do, and this is the principle on which eugenics is based. The breeder of animals merely watches for what happens in reproduction, and mates those animals which have the qualities which he desires to perpetuate and develop. Certainly a racing mare has to be tested to determine whether she has extraordinary racing talents, and it is even advisable to see whether she has the speed to lower records, but whether the horse is raced much or little has no effect on the colt.

So far as breeding is concerned eugenics

must therefore content itself with the selection of congenital characters. And there is no doubt that in this respect the limits of variation are very wide, though the bad variations are as conspicuous as the good ones.

To begin with the most unfit variations, we have the idiots who have not enough equipment to do normal work, the imbeciles who have a little more mental outfit but still not sufficient, though they may perhaps be taught to do a third, a half or even two-thirds of the work of a normal person, and the insane whose minds are often brilliant enough, but defective, unbalanced or injured, so that they do not correspond to the world as it is actually made up and carried on. Next above the insane, in the possession of remarkable mental qualities, are the prodigies in whom some one faculty is overdeveloped to the disadvantage or sacrifice of the others. Notable among the prodigies are the lightning calculators. Prodigious mathematical ability is not always associated with defective mentality along other lines, but it is usually associated with at least mediocrity.

Some Interesting Mathematical Minds

Above the prodigies we next find true genius, and strongly marked expressions of this are also found along mathematical lines. Between 400 and 450 students take degrees at the University of Cambridge annually, and of these about 100 gain honors in mathematics. About forty of these honor men are distinguished by the title of "wranglers," and it is very creditable to be even a low wrangler. The examinations are marked by points, and there is practically no limit to the number of points a man may make, because the work is of such a nature that no one can possibly do it all in the time allowed. In one of these examinations, reported by Professor Galton, the senior wrangler obtained 9,422 points, the second man 5,642, and the lowest honor man 309. In another year the senior wrangler obtained 7,634 points, the second wrangler 4,123, and the lowest man in the list of honors only 237. "Consequently the senior wrangler obtained nearly twice as many marks as the second wrangler and more than thirty-two times as many as the lowest man." The examiners say that the system is fair so far as the lower candidates are concerned, but unfair to the higher, for the lower man has to *work* his way to his conclusions, while the man of genius *sees* his way through, and merely sets down the result.

What is Genius?

Some of these students have, of course, gone in for mathematics more heavily than others, but, taking any view you please of it, there is an immense difference between individuals in respect to mathematical aptitude. And similar differences are found in other fields, particularly the artistic. Now the perilous point about genius, taken in this sense, is that it is the result of bad balance in the mental faculties and approaches the danger line which insanity has crossed. The social value of the genius lies in the fact that he is a specialist by destiny. Other specialists have chosen their line of work. He *can* do but one thing. All specialists, indeed, work in imitation of the genius—that is, they do not use all their faculties, and they lead on that account a pathological life. We regard specialization so highly that we never think of it as anything out of the way, but to the Oriental who has not gone in for it, gluing your eye to a microscope day in and day out, or collecting and classifying insects, always insects and nothing but insects, seems a sort of madness.

I would even go so far as to say, as Seneca said many hundred years ago, that "there is no great genius without a mixture of madness." There are men of illustrious talents, generous natural endowment, extraordinary capacity for concentration, and that "infinite capacity for taking pains" which Carlyle calls genius, who are not geniuses at all. They are such men as Washington, Lincoln and Darwin. Their work simulates that of genius, and has been of more value on the whole to society than that of genius, but they are not predestined and limited to any one line of mental work. They are sound—that is, under their own control.

The Kind of Men We Ought to Breed

Now, admitting that there is great variability among men, and that mental qualities tend to transmit themselves by precisely the same laws as physical qualities, it still remains a very delicate question for the eugenicists to formulate a program for breeding men which will represent what society most needs. Will it breed for the genius or for the man of all-around ability, for the unstable or the stable product? The human mind is a highly unstable arrangement under any circumstances when compared with what Schopenhauer calls the "dry seriousness of the horse." Its efficiency depends on its instability. But to breed for instability would be dangerous. I

venture to think that the most important thing is to breed for high grade all-around ability. The bias in this or that direction is bound to be present in some degree. In horse phraseology, the thoroughbred is not so desirable as the Kentucky saddle-horse—well bred, but not excessively, of good disposition and great endurance, and capable of going as many as five gaits.

There is also a natural but short-sighted and mistaken tendency to associate "civic worth" with success and social distinction, and to identify poverty and failure with inferior biological worth and unfitness to reproduce the species. And there is an element of truth in this view, for the more efficient persons do tend to better their social position. Naturally, also, the unfit elements of society tend to locate themselves among the poor, unless sustained by inherited wealth, but it is also true that in the lower social grades, imperfect nutrition, defective hygiene, inadequate clothing, bad surroundings and bad family influences are enough to doom the best germ from the start.

"A Girl for the Brothel—a Boy for the Penitentiary"

Let us look at the facts about the life of the poor. The conditions in the bad quarters of our cities are so horribly bad that life could not exist if they were worse. In his great work on London, Mr. Charles Booth has divided the population of East London (909,000) into eight classes on the basis of family incomes. Not until he reaches the fifth class (337,000) does he find families with a weekly income of from 22 to 30 shillings, and regularly enough to eat. The fourth class (129,000) he calls "poor," none of the families rising above poverty unless by the earnings of the children. The third class (75,000) is poorer still. The second class (100,000) with family incomes falling much below 18 to 21 shillings weekly, he calls "very poor," and "living in a state of chronic want." For the first class (11,000) he finds no adequate description. "Their life is the life of savages. . . . From these come the battered figures who slouch through the streets, and play the beggar or the bully, or help to soil the record of the unemployed. . . . They degrade whatever they touch, and as individuals are perhaps incapable of improvement."

The head master of one of the London schools, containing above 400 children, reported to the County Council for 1905 that the clothing of 7.4 per cent. of the boys was "the scantiest possible—e.g., one ragged coat

buttoned up and practically nothing found beneath it; and boots either absent or represented by a mass of rags tied upon the feet"; that the clothing of 34.8 per cent. was "insufficient to retain animal heat and needed urgent remedy"; of 45.9 it was "poor but passable, an old and perhaps ragged suit with some attempt at proper underclothing." On the score of cleanliness he reported 11 per cent. of the boys as "very dirty and verminous"; 34.7 per cent. whose "clothes and body were dirty but not verminous"; 42.5 per cent. were "passably clean for boys"; and "12 per cent. clean above the average." In 1906 the "Ringworm" nurses who visit the London schools to inspect for dirt and disease reported that of 119,762 children examined, 67,387 were clean, 8,365 partially cleansed, and 44,010 were verminous. Of the 42,140 infants examined, 29,675 were verminous. Would any man think of raising stock under such conditions? And yet it is the English who have raised the loudest cry that the worst elements of society are increasing and that their race is deteriorating.

In America conditions in the country are comparatively good, but a police justice in New York city recently said: "There are thousands of families in this city—I had almost said a majority—where the rearing of two more children means a girl for the brothel and a boy for the penitentiary." School officials have recently reported to the Board of Education that 5,000 children who attend the schools of Chicago are habitually hungry, and at least 10,000 other children attend school without having sufficient nourishment. One of the officers also reports that "many have no beds to sleep in; that the majority of the indigent children live in damp, unclean or overcrowded homes that lack proper ventilation or sanitation, that children often beg merchants for decayed fruit and even for dead fowl in crates, and that they search for stray crusts."

Now, it is almost as hopeless to attempt to grow human life in the slums as to grow grain among rank weeds or in a cellar. Some scientists, indeed, take the extreme view that the only important side of eugenics is the economic. In a communication to the Eugenic Society, Dr. Nordau says:

Actually every European nation represents a mixture, different in *proportion* only, of all the races of Europe and probably some of Asia and Northern Africa. Probably every European has in his ancestry representatives of a great number of human types, good and indifferent ones. He is the bearer of all the potentialities of the species. . . . Place

him in favorable conditions and there is a fair chance of his developing his potentialities and of his growing into resemblance with the best of his ancestors. The essential thing therefore is not so much the selection of particular individuals (every individual having probably latent qualities of the best kind) as creating of favorable conditions for the development of the good qualities. Marry Hercules with Juno, and Apollo with Venus, and put them in slums—their children will be stunted in growth, rickety and consumptive. On the other hand, take the miserable slum dwellers *out* of their noxious surroundings, house, feed, and clothe them well, give them plenty of light, air and leisure, and their grandchildren, perhaps already their children, will reproduce the type of the fine tall Saxons and Danes of whom they are the offspring. Eugenics, in order to modify the aspect and value of the nation must ameliorate not some select groups, but the bulk of the people, and this aim is not to be attained by trying to influence the love-life of the masses. It can be approached only by elevating their standard of life. Redeem the millions of their harrowing care, give them plenty of good food and rational hygienics, and allow their natural sympathies to work out their matrimonial choice, and you will have done all the eugenics that is likely to strengthen, embellish and ennoble the race. In one word: Eugenics, to be largely efficient, must be considered not as a biological, but as an economical question.

This is also what Emerson means when he says: "If a man is sick, is unable, is mean-spirited and odious, it is because there is so much of his nature which is unlawfully withheld from him." And the man who suffers injustice from society is also a danger to society.

The Democracy of the Human Mind

I have presented the view of Nordau thus fully not because I think he is right in denying the possibility of improving the race by breeding (and I think the considerations I have presented up to this point indicate that he is not), but because I think it is possible to overestimate biological heredity in comparison with social heredity. I think the masses of humanity are essentially sound, but starved mothers produce starved offspring, vicious surroundings produce criminals, and much disease, intemperance, bad morals and intellectual and social unfitness are the symptoms of evil social conditions. There are biological variations toward the good and toward the bad in *all* the social grades, and the eugenists must give a great part of their interest to social hygiene, along with their efforts to select the germ. If all members of society had equal opportunities, then it would perhaps be good eugenics to breed from the higher social grades.

In a profound sense all races are selected stock, very rigorously selected in the struggle

for existence. There is no man living to-day who did not have superior ancestors. The inferior did not live and produce. There are few things in the world so democratic as the human mind—that is, so evenly distributed through the whole population in its fitness and unfitness and so inclined to preserve its normality. If the reproductive germ is so deep seated that it is not harmed by bodily mutilations neither is it touched by outrageous fortune. The mind may remain ignorant and the body underfed for centuries and yet come to their own finally with proper education and feeding. And it is fortunate that, like Job, they can wait until their change cometh—until institutions become as truly democratic as the mind itself. For if those families which in historical time have risen to eminence and wealth, or have been thrust upward, sometimes through the laudable thrift and energy of one of their members, sometimes through his unscrupulousness and violence, had inherited the results of their special opportunities along with their wealth, and if the minds of those who have been thrust downward into hunger, disease and drink by the manipulation of the capitalistic class had become as bad as their surroundings, there would be indeed an aristocracy of mind which would make a democracy unthinkable. Instead, of being a matter of regret, the non-inheritability of acquired characters and superficial nature of poverty are the only sure guarantees of our present democracy.

Eugenics and Marriage

Eugenics must join with the other branches of sociology, and with economics, medicine, civics and education in the development of sentiments and measures for the better nurture of children. And when this is done much that is positively bad and threatening in society will disappear. On the side of selective reproduction it will have to develop a program answering to all the social facts and to the facts of heredity. In addition it will have to develop a sentiment for those marriages which have good reproduction in view. It is thought by some that the development of this latter sentiment will be difficult or impossible, owing to the unwillingness of the young people to act on other than sentimental and ro-

mantic impulses in marriage. But the history of society shows fortunately that there is no sentiment too difficult for introduction and acceptance.

Many of the feelings which seem to us most fundamental and innate are of the nature of acquired tastes. Most of our food sentiments are acquired, as is apparent in our acceptance of the hog and rejection of the horse as food. He was indeed "a bold dog who first swallowed an oyster." Some savage tribes have a horror of fish as food, and others who eat human flesh without any qualms have as deep a prejudice against eating an egg as we have against cannibalism. An egg does not seem to them an object to be eaten, and if you think of it a moment it is quite possible to take that view of an egg. The feelings about marriage are equally variable. The women of some tribes will if possible have it made part of the marriage agreement that the husband will marry an additional wife as soon as possible. They want the company and help of another woman. Our sentiment against the marriage of brother and sister is stronger than it could be made by any legal enactment, and even the feeling against marriage of first cousins is so strong that few persons so related fall in love with each other. Exogamy was a sentiment in tribal society as strong as our feeling of incest, and prevented a man's marrying any woman within his clan. If the whole feeling about marriage is thus movable, it is evidently psychologically possible for eugenics to become a compelling sentiment.

It may seem that I have had more to say against eugenics than for it, but nothing which I have said detracts in any way from the importance of the idea of a more scientific and sentimental interest in the child before and after birth. And if the proposals of eugenics seem vague and even its knowledge of heredity imperfect, we must remember that the main thing in progress is the possession of important general ideas. The whole history of progress shows that the general idea comes first, and its detailed and practical applications are worked out slowly. Electricity, evolution, and the germ theory of disease are among the ideas which have been of great social value. But they became working ideas of considerable importance only recently, and they are not even yet completely understood.





Mr. Dooley on Woman's Suffrage

By F. P. DUNNE

WELL sir," said Mr. Dooley, "fr'm th' way this here female sufferage movement is sweepin' acrost th' counthry it won't be long before I'll be seein' ye an' ye'er wife sthrollin' down th' sthreet to vote together."

"Niver," said Mr. Hennessy with great indignation. "It will niver come. A woman's place is in th' home darnin' her husband's childher. I mean——"

No Longer "For Gentlemen Only"

"I know what ye mean," said Mr. Dooley. "'Tis a favrite argymint iv mine whin I can't think iv annything to say. But ye can't help it, Hinnessy. Th' time is near at hand whin illiction day will mean no more to ye thin anny

other day with th' fam'ly. Up to th' prisint moment it has been a festival marked: 'For gentlemen on'y.' It's been a day whin sthrong men cud go foorth, unhampered be th' prisince iv ladies, an' f'r th' honor iv their counthry bite each other. It was a day whin it was proper an' right f'r ye to slug ye'er best frind.

"But th' fair sect are goin' to break into this fine, manly spoort an' they'll change it. No more will ye leap fr'm ye'er bed on illiction mornin', put a brick in ye'er pocket an' go out to bounce ye'er impeeryal vote against th' walls iv inthrenched privilege. No more will ye spind th' happy mornin' hours meetin' ye'er frinds an' th' akelly happy avenin' hours receivin' none but inimies.

"No sir, in a few years, as soon as ye've

had ye'er breakfast, ye'er fellow citizen who, as th' pote says, doubles ye'er expinses an' divides ye'er salary, will say to ye: 'Well, it's about time we wint down to th' polls an' cast my votes. An' I do wish ye'd tie ye'er necktie sthraight. Honorya, bring me me new bonnet an' me Cashmere shawl an' get papa his stove pipe hat.' Thin ye'll be walked down th' sthreet, with a prociession iv other married men in their best clothes an' their wanst a week shoes that hurt their feet. Th' sthreets will look like Easter Sundah. Ye'll meet ye'er frinds an' their wives comin' fr'm th' pollin' place an' talk with thim on th' corner.

"Good morning, Michael."

"Ah, good morning, Cornelius."

"A delightful morning is it not fr' th' exercise iv th' franchise."

"Perfect! Howiver, I fear that such a morning may bring out a large republican vote."

"I hope our frind Baumgarten will succeed in his candydacy."

"I heartily agree with ye—he will make an excellent coroner, he's such good company."

"Yes, indeed, a charming fellow fr' a Dutchman. Cud I prevail on ye an' ye'er lady to come an' have a tub iv ice cream sody with us?"

"Thank ye, Cornelius, we wud be delighted, but three is all I can hold. Shall I see ye at th' magic lantern show to-night?"

"Th' pollin' place won't be in th' office iv a livry stable or a barber shop, but in a pleasant boodwar. As ye enter th' dure ye won't say to th' polisman on jooty: 'Good mornin', Pete; anny murdkers so far?'"

Our Recent Importations in Ballots

"But wan iv th' judges will come forward an' how an' say: 'Madam, can I show ye annything in ballots? This blue is wan iv our recent importations, but here is a tasty thought in ecru. Fr' th' gintleman I'd ricom-mind something in dark brown to match th' socks. Will that be all? Th' last booth on th' right is unocypied. Perhaps ye'er husband wud like to look at a copy iv th' *Ladies Home Journal* while ye'er preparin' th' ballots.'

"Ye needn't get mad about it, Hinnessy. Ye might as well face it. It's sure to come now that I see be th' pa-apers that female sufferage has been took up be ladies in our best s'ciety. It used to be diff'rent. Th' time was whin th' on'y female sufferigists that ye iver see were millinery th' same place I buy mine, cut their hair short, an' discarded all iv

their husband's names excipt what was useful fr' alimouy.

"A fine lot iv rugged pathrites they were.

"I used to know wan iv thim—Docthor Arabella Miggs—as fine an' old gintleman as ye iver see in a plug hat, a long coat an' bloomers. She had ivry argymint in favor iv female sufferage that ye iver heerd, an' years ago she made me as certain that women were entitled to a vote as that ye are entitled to my money.

"Ye are entitled to it if ye can get it. They ain't anny argymint against female sufferage that wudden't make me lible to arrest ivry time I'm seen near a pollin' place. But it isn't argymints or statistics that alters things in th' wurruuld. Th' thick end iv a baseball bat will change a man's mind quicker an' more permanently thin anny discoorse.

"So th' first iv thim lady sufferigists had a hard time iv it, an' little boys used to go to their meetings to hoot at thim, an' they were took up in th' sthreet be polismen fr' pretindin' to look like gintlemen, an' th' pa-apers wud no more think iv printin' their speeches thin iv printin' a sermon in a church.

"Now, be hivens, 'tis diff'rent. 'Tis far diff'rent. I pick up th' pa-apers an' read:

"Gr-reat sufferage revival. Society queens take up th' cause. In th' magnificent L. Quince dhrawn' rooms iv Mrs. Percy Lumley's mansion in Mitchigan avnoo yesterdah afthernooun wan iv th' most successful sufferage teas iv th' season was held. Mrs. Lumley, who presided, was perfectly ravishing in a blue taffeta which set off her blonde beauty to perfection. She wore pearls an' carried a bunch iv American beauty roses. On th' platform with her were Mrs. Archibald Fluff, in green bombyzine with a pink coal scuttle hat, Mrs. Alfonso Vanboozen in a light yellow creation cut demi thrain an' many other leaders iv th' smart set.

Sending Your Vote by the Footman

"A spirited debate was held over th' pint whether something shudden't be done to induce th' department stores to put in polling places. Wan dhream iv beauty asked whether if it rained iliction day wud th' iliction be held or postponed fr' better weather. Th' chair-man ruled that th' iliction wud have to go on rain or shine. "Iv coorse," says she, "in very bad weather we cud sind th' footman down with our votes. But we must not expect to gain this great reform without some sacrifice. (Applause.) In anny case th' tillyphone is always handy."

“A lady in th’ aujence wanted to know how old a lady wud have to be befure she cud vote. Says th’ chairman: “To be effective th’ reform must be thorough. I am in favor iv makin’ it legal f’r ivry woman to vote no matter how old she is an’ I, therefore, wud put th’ maximum age at a lib’ral figure, say thirty years. This gives all iv us a chance.” (Cheers.) Afther th’ meetin’, a few voters dhropped in f’r an informal dance. Among those presint was.”

“An’ there ye are. Ain’t I again female sufferage? Iv coorse I am. Th’ place f’r these spiled darlings is not in th’ hurly burly iv life but in th’ home, be th’ fireside or above th’ kitchen range. What do they know about th’ vast machinery iv government? Ye an’ I, Hinnissy, are gifted with a supeeryor intelligence in these matthers. Our opposition to a tariff is based on large pathriotic grounds. We have thought th’ subjick out carefully, applyin’ to it minds so sthrong that they cud crush a mountain an’ so delicate that they cud pick up a sheet iv gold foil. We are in favor iv abolishin’ th’ tariff because it has thrown around this counthry a Chinese wall; because we are bribed be British goold fr’ m th’ Parsee merchant who ripsisints th’ Cobden Republican Marchin’ Club iv London, England; because th’ foreigner does or does not pay th’ tax; because Sam’l J. Tilden was again th’ tariff; because th’ ultimate consumer must be proticted.

“Larkin on th’ other hand, blessed with a republican intelck since eighteen eighty four whin he become a protectionist because James G. Blaine was a fine man, annyway ye took him, is in favor iv a tariff on borax, curled hair, copra, steel ingots, an’ art because cheap clothes makes a cheap man; because th’ star spangled banner an long may it wag; because th’ party that put down th’ rebellyon an’ stormed th’ heights iv Look-out Mountain an’ sthrewed th’ bloody field iv Anteatam is th’ same party (applause) that to-day is upholdin’ th’ tax on hides undher th’ leadership iv th’ incomprable hero Seerinio D. Payne. Often have I set here listenin’ to ye an’ Larkin discussin’ this here question, wan moment thinkin’ that I was as fine a pathrite as th’ goose that saved Rome, be payin’ more f’r me pants thin they were worth an’ another moment fearin’ I was a thraitor to th’ flag f’r buyin’ pants at all undher this accursed tariff. Both iv ye want to do what’s best f’r th’ counthry.

“But if ye put th’ question up to th’ ladies, if women undherstood th’ tariff, which th’ poor crathers don’t, ye’d find they were

against it f’r no higher reason thin that it made thim pay too much f’r th’ childher’s shoes an’ stockin’s. Can ye imagine annything baser thin that, to rejoyce a great question like th’ tariff down to a personal level, take all th’ music an’ pothry out iv it an’ say: ‘I’m again it, not because it has lowered th’ morality iv ivrywan that it has binifitted, but because it’s a shame that I have to pay eighty-six cints a pair f’r stockin’s.’

Life Spent at the Bargain Counter

“Women take a selfish view iv life. But what can ye expict fr’ m a petted toy iv man’s whim that has spent most iv her life thryin’ to get four dollars worth iv merchandise f’r two dollars an’ a half? Th’ foolish, impractical little fluffy things! It wud be a shame to let thim hurl thimsilves into th’ coorse battles iv pollyticks. How cud ye explain to wan iv these ideelists why we have th’ Phlippeens an’ th’ Sandwich Islands, an’ why we keep up a navy to protict Denver, Colorado.

“We don’t hear much about sufferage up our way in Ar-rchy road an’ th’ ladies that have got out their noblest hats in behalf iv th’ cause complain that they can’t stir up anny excitement among th’ more numerous ladies that prefer to wear a shawl on their heads. Maybe th’ reason is that these fair dhreamers haven’t been able to figure out that a vote is goin’ to do thim anny good. P’raps if ye asked ye’er wife about it she’d say:

“Well, ye’ve had ye’er vote f’r forty years. F’r forty years ye’ve governed this counthry be a freeman’s ballot an’ ye’er salary an’ perquisites at th’ mills still amounts to a dollar an’ eighty-five cints a day. If a vote hasn’t done ye anny more good thin that I don’t think I can spare time fr’ m domestic jooties to use wan. I will continue to look afther th’ fam’ly, which is th’ on’y capital a poor man can accumylate to protict him fr’ m poverty in his old age. I’ll stay at home an’ see that th’ boys an’ girls are saved up ontill they are old enough to wurruk f’r us. An’ if ye want to amuse ye’erself be votin’ go on an’ do it. Ye need recreation wanst in a while, an’ ye’er vote don’t do anny wan no harm.’

“I wudden’t talk to me wife about votin’ anny more thin she’d talk to me about thrimin’ a hat,” said Mr. Hennessy.

“Well,” said Mr. Dooley, “if she gets a vote maybe she’ll thrim it to please ye. Annyhow it won’t be a bad thing. What this counthry needs is voters that knows something about housekeeping.”

The Pilgrim's Scrip

Letters, Comments and Confessions from Readers of the Magazine

What Will Mr. Taft Do?

I wish that the question did not insist on popping up its head. I would prefer to have no shadow of doubt about what he will do. I want to think that Mr. Taft has no more use for Mr. Cannon than I have, and that he rejoices as I did that Mr. Aldrich is to retire to private life. I should like to believe that he had no more sympathy with the group of free and near-free senators than he had with the Aldrich-Elkins-Penrose combination, that he would rather see an insurgent than a stand-patter. But it does not look so just now in Washington. The two most frequent callers at the White House are Messrs. Cannon and Aldrich, and the faithful are taking their cue from them. The free men and revolters are not called as yet. It looks very much as if the day of reaction had come. That its headquarters were at the Presidential mansion.

Mr. Taft's present relations are of infinite importance because upon Mr. Taft's present advisers depends the kind of tariff bill the country is to get. He is pledged to an honest revision downward—to a revision which cuts duties on the necessities of life, and that means one which first of all, I should say, gives the average man cheaper woolen garments—which the Payne bill does *not* do—to a revision which gives him the advantage of free hides—free lumber—free iron ore—which the Payne bill does do, but to prevent which the usual raid has been organized. What will Mr. Taft do? Will he in the interests of party peace—and dishonor—compromise on the downward cuts—let the swindler stand, overlook the jokers which are hidden in the schedule jungles or will he veto any bill which is not frankly in the interest of the average man?

A TARIFF REFORMER.

Roosevelt and the Small Coal Shippers

It is hardly to be expected that one who did not agree with the Roosevelt administration politically would find much if anything to commend in the achievements of the past seven years of its reign in Washington.

It is, however, my desire to bury partisanship and take up what to my mind stands out most prominently as one of the greatest achievements of the strenuous reign.

Before the interstate commerce commission

probe was thrust into the coal shipping industry, particularly in the soft coal regions of the Middle Atlantic States, there existed a condition of tyrannical abuse of power made possible only through the instrumentality of the railroad company, by the larger shippers against the smaller, which to human minds who are tempered with a reasonable measure of justice, would seem almost inconceivable.

It was my lot for a number of years to take part in the handling of a railroad business where I was in daily touch with the methods commonly and flagrantly used by all common carriers engaged in the handling of coal shipments.

Here is a common case: Mr. Jones owns a large coal mine and his daily output is fifty railroad cars; near by Mr. Brown has opened a small plant, and his daily capacity is five cars.

The time has now come for Mr. Brown to make proper requisition upon the nearest railroad official for a supply of cars, and the nearest official in charge of that district is the yard master, who, upon getting Mr. Brown's request, immediately wires the superintendent of the division stating the circumstances and asking for instructions what to do.

The usual method was to give Mr. Brown the desired number of cars that he requested, and to Mr. Brown this seemed quite encouraging. He immediately loads up the cars and starts them for the Eastern market, where he has contracted for the daily output of his mine, at \$1.50 per ton f. o. b. the cars at the mines.

In course of a few days the cars reach the scales, where the weigh master immediately cuts them out, and wires the superintendent, stating the circumstances with which that official is already quite familiar, and asks for instructions. He gets the reply to pursue the usual course.

The weigh master then wires the yard master at originating office for a complete history of Mr. Brown, stating that inasmuch as he is not familiar with this shipper it will be necessary for him to prepay his freight, as he has no credit standing with the railroad company; this notwithstanding the lading of each car is worth three times the freight charges and going to a regular established agency.

To Mr. Brown, who is just getting his eye teeth cut, this is a new and entirely unexpected sensation, but rather than lose time and money he proceeds to meet this unjust requirement on the part of the railroad company, and if his finances hold out too long the car supply is discontinued suddenly.

All the inquiries he makes of the yard master elicit no information, and he finally goes to the superintendent, who informs him that he has orders from the master of transportation at headquarters to discontinue the car supply until further notice, and that he had better go direct to headquarters for any information he may desire. To this higher official he goes, and with much difficulty gets an interview, only to be informed that, inasmuch as the railroad is short of equipment, they found it is necessary to cut him out of cars. The interview ends as it began, with no results but untold misery for Mr. Brown, who now goes home heart broken.

He hardly reaches home until his rival in the coal business visits him and inquires as to what the trouble is that he is not working. The rival is, of course, very familiar with the cause of the trouble, having made the balls for the conflict, although the firing was done by the railroad company. The interview winds up by Mr. Jones offering Mr. Brown ninety cents per ton f. o. b. cars at the mines. Mr. Brown becomes very indignant, saying that he could not think of it, as he can get \$1.50 per ton for his output at open market. But Jones says: "You cannot get the cars, and if you sell me your output I will keep you running steady."

There was no way out; refusal of this offer meant bankruptcy. I have seen this worked out time after time. Why the coal operator was able to accomplish this and the power they held over the railroad company was very vividly developed in the investigation held in Philadelphia.

Now a change has come, and actually the railroad companies have at last discovered that they are "common carriers" and only that; that they maintain a public highway which is accessible on equal terms to all alike; and that special privileges cannot be granted to one shipper more than another, but that all must be treated on an equal basis; and that such discriminations between shippers similarly located was deplorably wrong.

The small shipper to-day fears and pays homage to no one, as he knows that he will get every car that he is justly entitled to. This is one thing that the interstate commerce commission under Roosevelt has done.

WALLACE BRATTON LANSBERRY.

Who Represent Us?

I have not read all the articles about Roosevelt; but I have read enough to feel pretty sure that the one you publish in your March number is decidedly the best and the most illuminating.

It seems to me that the verdict upon Roosevelt must be Caesar's upon Sulla: that Sulla had not the sense he ought to have been born with when he laid down the dictatorship; that the republic was a mere name, devoid of substance, with scarce the semblance of reality.

Representative government in the United States is clearly breaking down. It is ludicrous

to assert that Congress represents the people. It represents neither their wisdom, nor their folly, nor their wishes. Roosevelt's strength lay in the fact that the people felt he represented them, while Congress did not.

The masses are utterly helpless before the classes until the former get a leader; then the classes are helpless before them. Are we approaching the time when the only form of democracy possible among us will be that form in which the masses have a leader—which form is usually called a despotism? W. C. ROSE.

The Farmer's Daughter to the Jobless Man

I have just read the article entitled "Looking for a Job" in the April number of your magazine. I am greatly interested in the problem of the unemployed from the other side. I do not wish to say that the author of that article does not know what he is talking about; he knows the condition of the laborer of medium ability in the cities far better than I. But when it comes to a question of daily bread, and clothes to wear, I should like to ask why the problem we are facing in the country is never considered.

I am living on a four-hundred-acre farm in southern Michigan, in a small village five miles from the railroad. There is plenty of work on our farm for from two to six men all the time at a dollar and a quarter a day and board. I have been advertising and searching for months for a girl or woman for general housework. Our work is not heavy. We have everything possible in the way of labor-saving devices. I am willing to pay four dollars a week with board and room. We want help, just plain, ordinary men and women who will work ten hours a day and do what they are told to do. They don't even have to think for themselves. And I am stating the case of practically all the farmers around here. There is plenty of work with good wages and low expenses in our little village here for at least twenty-five of the "unemployed."

I believe, moreover, that the case is very nearly the same all over the country outside of the cities and manufacturing centers. Everywhere young men and women are rushing to the towns to take positions at the same wages as the country offers, with living expenses more than doubled. Almost the only thing we cannot give to equal the city is the social life. We have not the five-cent theaters, we cannot give the wild, bohemian life they furnish. We are nearer to the sources of life, and it is harder for each of us to shift his own personal responsibility. We have actual places in the world to fill, and we gain, for responsibility is not all loss, a greater dignity and self respect. Best of all the man who is willing to work is always sure of three good meals a day and a place to sleep. The necessities of life need never take more than a relatively small part of his earnings. Why do not some of the "starving unemployed" seek work outside of the cities?

An Outspoken Editorial on Miss Tarbell's Tariff Articles

We quote below a remarkably outspoken editorial from the Opelika (Alabama) *Daily News* which comes to the desk just as we are going to press:

UNDERSTANDABLE INFORMATION

The writer has read many miles of tariff argument and statistics, has heard numberless hours of tariff speeches, aye, has essayed himself to "spiel" a bit in Democratic campaigns with the tariff as a text. This in prelude to writing something for print in the column a bit out of the ordinary—at least it may be taken as an advertisement, the which is by our own rules barred from this space. This being our paper, and the rules supposed to govern it being made by us we claim the right to fracture them or at least bend them, if we so desire. Now for the main point. We will put it bluntly, and let the reason follow. We cordially and sincerely recommend to our readers THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. We say this on the broad ground that it is one of the best published to-day, taking it "by and large," in all its many departments. The particular inspiration for this article arises from our having been reading in that publication the series of articles on the tariff written by Ida M. Tarbell. Of all the presentations of this important subject we have ever read or heard none can approach in the simplicity of argument, in the plain marshalling of convincing facts or in logical deductions, the matter prepared by Miss Tarbell. The same meed of praise applies to Miss Tarbell's series of articles exposing the Standard Oil Company, her historical articles on Lincoln, in fact to every one of the many subjects treated by her facile pen. The articles on the tariff impressed us most, however, for the reason that the people are in sore need of information, understandable information, on this important subject. We venture to say that any intelligent person who will read what Miss Tarbell has written for THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE on that subject will admit that they have never had the iniquities of the high tariff system put before them so plainly. *We believe if it was possible to have every voter in the United States read carefully Miss Tarbell's disquisitions on the tariff it would work a political revolution.*

A Card from Mr. White

In the February number of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE I said that the supreme court of South Dakota had always declared referred laws constitutional. My authority was a publication devoted to the direct legislation cause. The facts are that the court declared the only referred law before it inoperative, because it sought to refer a law with an emergency clause in it; a decision that is obviously proper. The other law passed

under the initiative and referendum has never come before the court.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.

An Appreciation

If you can keep up the standard you have set for the making of a national monthly magazine, you'll deserve all the good things earth has to bestow.

Particularly valuable, it seems to me, are the *kind* of articles you are printing upon the prominent men of the country and upon the important issues of the day.

"The Interpreter's House" is fine—although I cannot agree with all of the ideas expressed in it—for it stimulates thought, and thinking makes a healthy mind.

This is *not* written for publication, but as the result of an impulse to say—thank you—for a thousand fold in value for the money invested.

Cordially yours,

GEORGE S. ROBERTS.

Who is the author of "Margarita's Soul"?

Miss Jeannette Gilder, the distinguished literary critic, writes in *Putnam's Magazine* the following:

"Are you reading 'Margarita's Soul' in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE? No? Then lose no time, but buy the back numbers and begin at once. The name of the author is given as Ingraham Lovell. That may be his name, but I have my doubts. If Du Maurier were living, and had ever been in America, I should think that he was the author of the story, trying to disguise his style but not succeeding very well. That guess being ruled out, my next one is W. J. Locke; for it is in his 'Marcus Ordyné' manner. Margarita is a sort of American Carlotta. If the author is confessed by the time this paragraph appears in print, you will probably see that I am right. I should rather be wrong, however, and find that there were two authors capable of turning out such delightful stories. After all's said and done, there is a good deal of fun in anonymity. It sets people guessing, and to the author it brings something like an opportunity of reading his own obituary. He gets the frank, unprejudiced opinion of the reading public on his work, for he hears himself discussed and can read about himself quite as an outsider. He can even take part in the discussion and, if put to it, may write a scathing criticism of his own story, for he would hardly be likely to praise it, under the circumstances."

An author from St. Paul writes:

"By the way—I guess the author of 'Margarita's Soul' to be a certain young war correspondent, aged twenty-six, and am so pleased with my guess that I am keeping it to myself, as the story is undoubtedly better off to stand on its own feet."



The Eyes O' Th' Wind

By Lincoln Colcord

What's that I see t' wind'ard! What's that a-hangin' low
Along th' black horizon, like houses in a row?

*I never felt th' wind blow harder!
Blow, winds, blow!*

I thought I see a village, like one I know t' home,—
But what I took f'r houses, was only caps o' foam.

*Say, listen t' them gusts a-screamin'!
Blowin' some!*

I thought I see my mother, a-standin' at th' door,—
But I guess th't I was dreamin'—I've seen them things before!

*Th' wind 'uld put a feller's eyes out!
Blow so' more!*

There aint no land t' wind'ard; there aint no home in sight:—
But holy smoke, I reckon we'll have a nasty night!

*Steady! Ease her when she pitches!
Flyin' light!*

I guess th' job f'r me t' do, is quit this seein' things,
An' get 'er snug an' ready f'r what th' next hour brings.

*Th' wind's a-blowin' like th' devil!
Moon's got rings!*

*Say, Cap'n! Down below!
It's goin' t' be a holy terror!
Blow, winds, blow!*



In the Interpreter's House

"So they drew on towards the house (the house of the Interpreter) and when they came to the door they heard a great talk in the house."—Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress

THE most important question at present before the American people—began the Responsible Editor sententiously—
—is the revision of the tariff—finished the Poet with a groan.

Not at all—continued the Responsible Editor. The tariff will have been so badly revised by the time the June number of this magazine is out that we shall be glad to keep silent about it for a few months. The real

Eighteen Million Boys and Girls Let Loose This Month

question for the American people in the month of June is what we are going to do with the boy and his sister in the three-months summer vacation. Do you realize that the public schools will let loose this month something like eighteen million boys and girls under eighteen years of age, not to speak of the home-taught and private school pupils and the 250,000 older ones from normal schools, colleges and professional schools. What is to be done with them? What are you going to do with your boy, Mr. Reporter? You are a practical man.

My boy—said the Reporter, with a gleam of confidence in his eye—is going to be kept busy doing things he likes. I have not been a city reporter for twenty years without getting considerable wisdom on how boys and girls are made bad or kept good, and my conclusion is that usually it is a mere matter of what they find to do in their leisure. It is not in their working hours that they learn foolishness and vice. It is in their play time. They will have fun, just as they will have food, and it is just as necessary for them. If they are not drilled to what is wholesome, they will take what is unwholesome. I never knew a boy or girl yet that might not have been steered into decency. Years ago, when I was an assistant in a night school in Philadelphia, I had a husky boy of fifteen brought in to me, Irish and full of fight. The first night he cleared out the room—the second he smashed the fur-

niture. We had a wonderful teacher there in manual training, J. Liberty Tadd—and I took the boy to him. He heard the story and said confidently, "My class is where he belongs." So he took the devastator up to the wood carving department, and giving him a pile of carved wooden blocks, the work of pupils, and a mallet and chisel, he said, "Smash these if you like." For an hour that boy cut and slashed at those blocks like a young fiend—and then he began to notice that the boys around the rooms were using his weapons of destruction to make things. He watched them, and before he left he was experimenting himself. He came back, and before a month was up he was one of the most tireless workers in the class. He kept at it month after month every moment he could snatch from boot blacking, until he became so skilful that a cabinet maker gladly took him as an apprentice. He was saved by giving him something he liked to do. I never forgot that, and I plan for my boy's Saturdays and vacations, more carefully than I do for his school. I give him healthful easy work in new and interesting surroundings where he is thrown on his own resources and gets at once experience and skill. It is not *my* work he does, it is *his*—the rewards are his. Moreover, it is something he likes. He gets fun, experience, resourcefulness and self-reliance from every vacation. I would no more allow him three months of unoccupied self-directed freedom than I would turn him loose in the slums. Moreover, he is going to find in those months of working for fun what he is good for—going to find himself. I have discovered more than one man of eminence in my time whose career dated from the interest some grown-up took in his leisure.

Take the Wright Brothers. I doubt if they would ever have made a flying machine if it had not been for the sympathy and good sense of both their father and mother. Mrs. Wright was one of those rare women who can do things with her hands. She used to make bob-sleds

and playthings for the boys, and of course assisted them with what they were trying to make. Every sign of mechanical talent which they showed pleased her. Orville Wright as a little boy was always trying to work out some kind of a contrivance, and his mother encouraged him. She seems

**When the
Wright Brothers
Were Boys**

to have had great belief in the latent power of Wilbur. "That boy has powder under his heels," she used to say to her friends; a good expression, whether original with her or not, and worth reviving and passing on to other troubled mothers of geniuses.

For instance, one of the earliest activities of Orville Wright was printing. When he was only fifteen years old he and a friend got out a little four-page paper called *The Midget*. The father, Bishop Wright as he is known in Dayton (Mr. Wright, Senior, was for many years an active Bishop in the United Brethren Church) took a cordial interest in the boys' undertaking, but when in their very first issue they ran out of news and left the third page blank, he suppressed the whole edition because it was imperfect work! Wilbur Wright had no connection with *The Midget*, except an insatiable curiosity about the printing plant which the other two boys had set up. A little later, in 1889, the Wright Brothers, together with Orville's early partner, started a three-column, four-page weekly which they called *The West Side News*. They were the editors, typesetters and pressmen on this paper. On Saturday nights, at ten o'clock, they themselves delivered the papers to their four hundred subscribers. The press on which *The West Side News* was printed was made by the boys themselves, and it did such good work that it attracted the attention of more ambitious newspaper men, and even was examined once by a salesman from one of the great printing press houses.

In this newspaper undertaking the father was an interested spectator and counsellor. He kept his eye on the boys, too, when a little later they were carried away by the bicycle craze, and gave up their printing business, and set up a little shop for repairing and making wheels. It must have given the good gentleman a great deal of satisfaction to have watched these boys working out their own tools, even the larger and complicated ones like the lathes. As a matter of fact, I find that the Wrights now prefer to make their own tools. They seem to have more faith in that which their own hands have fashioned. This is particularly true, I am told, of the

delicate parts of their machines. There is no doubt that they made good wheels in those early days. A man in Dayton once showed me a bicycle he bought from the Wrights which had given him six years' service. "It was one of the last bicycles they ever made," he said. "And when they made it their heads were full of flying-machines."

You would expect boys so encouraged to go in for all the fun there was to be had out of their business, and they did so. Both were good bicycle riders. Wilbur was not a racer, but he was a "terrible" road rider—long, lean, and full of endurance. Orville was a husky amateur racer. He won an occasional prize. He was very daring when it came to "getting out of a pocket" in a hot race, and very plucky when he "took a tumble," according to one who used to race against him. One of the most amusing pictures of the Wright Brothers which one picks up in Dayton to-day is the story of a huge tandem bicycle which they built, and upon which they rode all over West Dayton. It was made out of two old high wheels which were connected by a gaspipe fifteen feet long. "It was a better sight to see than a circus," the proud townsman tells you.

It seems to me it was the most natural thing in the world that they should become interested in flying. It happened in this way:

**How the
Wrights Got
Started**

Wilbur, always a great reader, and Orville, always an enthusiast, got interested, in the summer of 1896, in the experiments of Lilienthal, a German forerunner of successful aviation who died that year. They read everything they could lay their hands on. It is possible that the memory of the flying toy which their father brought to them from New York in childhood, and the recollection of the great kites which they built and flew all through boyhood, may have had a share in attracting them to the subject. It is much more probable, however, that their eager minds were simply seizing upon a new idea, as the case has been so often before.

They took hold of the thing together. They had done everything together—from the days of their childhood, when Wilbur, the older by four years, used to "make up" stories and pour them out in a stream for the entertainment of Orville, each separate story ending, "And then the boiler bust." For five years they studied the theory of the flying-machine at odd times. But still for fun. And still no machine of any kind. In the meantime they kept up their bicycle business, earning a fair

income, and living regular, everyday, reasonable lives.

Although the most useful information they gained was obtained from books and from practical work on the problem carried on in their shop; they also observed the birds and the winds. For hours and hours of a Sunday afternoon they would lie on their backs on a hill outside Dayton and watch the buzzards soar on rising currents of air. Indeed, it was their first idea that man would never do more in the air than soar in some sort of a gliding machine, just for

*Watching
the Birds
and the
Whirlwinds*

fun, and as long as he could keep up. They also watched many other birds, both large and small, and were continually arguing about what they had seen. A man who has often been in their shop told me that more than once he has seen them rush to the window to have a look at a passing flock of birds. All this, together with their innumerable observations of small whirlwinds making their way through a cornfield, or across a dusty road, did not help materially toward the solution of the problem. But, according to Orville Wright himself, it was a never-ending stimulation. It helped to keep their enthusiasm undimmed in the face of discouragement.

It was not long after they took up the study before every moment of their leisure was given to it. In 1900 they decided they must have an experiment station. So they decided to go down to Kill Devil Hill in North Carolina and establish an "experimentation camp." So far they had given about the same amount of time and money to flying as other boys do to a trip "up the lakes" or "to the World's Fair"; but now the matter assumed more serious proportions. One can imagine how many a father would have discouraged these strenuous absorbing efforts given to a mere amusement, would have advised "sticking to something that paid." But I cannot help believing that Bishop Wright watched his boys' efforts to fly with as much interest as they felt themselves, and they needed his interest for often they were discouraged. In 1901, the year after they had begun to experiment in North Carolina with a gliding machine, they returned pretty well played out. On that trip they discovered that the tables of calculation previously made by all the authorities upon whom they had depended were wrong, and that, if they were to succeed, they must work out the whole theory from the bottom up. At that time Wilbur Wright expressed his solemn conviction that man would not fly for a thou-

sand years. But that belief did not detain him and his brother from tackling the job. This is the point in their career where they best showed the stuff they are made of. They not only worked out a scheme for balancing and controlling the machine, but they developed propellers for their machine on information which they had discovered for themselves. Further than this, and more important, they had to work out new tables showing the pressure of the air against various surfaces at various angles. Without all this technical information, the collection of which was a task scarcely conceivable, they could never have solved the problem.

Probably their method of work saved them from failure at this stage of the undertaking. It was this: When one made a suggestion the other attacked it—but not without reasons, of course. The outcome was that frequently a whole day's discussion—and they often talked at home until the women folks felt like sweeping them out with a broom—would result in each one accepting the position of the other. Then the next day the whole thing would be gone over again, until they had got the truth and both were persuaded. In this manner they undoubtedly avoided "going off on a tangent" and also stimulated each other's determination. And for this reason everybody in the family, and everybody in Dayton, is satisfied that neither brother could have mastered the thing alone.

On the 17th of December, 1903, after the boys had made hundreds and hundreds of experimental flights in their gliding machine (nearly a thousand in September and October of 1902 alone), their first machine to carry a gasoline engine made a successful flight. This was at Kill Devil Hill, in the presence of five persons, and it was the first time in the history of the world that a power-driven heavier-than-air flying-machine, with a man aboard, ever left this planet in successful flight. The first flight lasted only twelve seconds, but later the same day the machine flew for fifty-nine seconds, covering a distance of 852 feet against a twenty-mile-an-hour wind.

The time to celebrate had arrived! So the boys went to a telegraph office and wired the news home with a dollar which the good Bishop had given them to spend for that purpose if they met with success!

IT isn't boys in homes like the Wrights and towns like Dayton that trouble me—said the Philosopher. "Give a boy freedom and territory to operate in, and he will take care of the rest. With fields for kite flying, holes for

swimming, trees to climb, garrets to read and dream in, corners of the woodshed or barn in which to tinker and to build bob-sleds or flying machines if he wants—you can depend on him to keep active without much of your interference.

**What To Do
With the
City Boy**

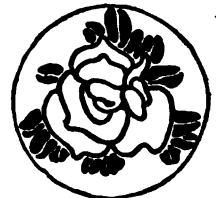
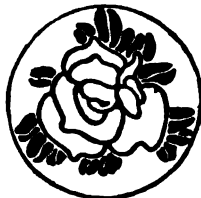
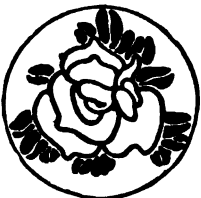
I have just read a book of genuine sense intended, I suppose, for teachers, but quite as useful for spectators and interpreters like us. It is called "Civics and Health" and is by that able, and belligerent advocate of the theory of curing municipal ills by letting the air on them, William H. Allen, the Secretary of the New York Bureau of Municipal Research. Mr. Allen quotes as a sort of text in one of his chapters this from Luther Burbank:—*'Every child should have mud pies, grasshoppers and tadpoles, wild strawberries, acorns, and pine cones, trees to climb and brooks to wade in, sand, snakes, huckleberries and hornets; and any child who has been deprived of these has been deprived of the best part of his education.'*

Almost any boy can get these things in Dayton, Ohio. It's the boy in New York, in Chicago, in Pittsburgh, the boy whose home is in an air-tight flat, whose father and mother are in an endless struggle for rent and food money, whose only playground is a street which never saw a grasshopper or tadpole, and where his possession of it is disputed by drays, pushcarts, grown-ups, girls and cops. What can you expect of that boy? You cannot expect him to keep still. He cannot. He will find something—papers to sell, boots to black, errands to run, gangs to join, and he will learn with a boy's unshrinking directness the ancient and terrible wisdom of the street. He learns it not from choice, but because he is given no place in which to learn other things. Give him a playground or a shop and see how quickly he will take to tools or athletics or gardening. The stories Mr. Allen tells of the promptness with which boys and girls take possession of every spot opened to them in New York all fill me with glee. There are the vacation schools. I never heard of them until last

winter. All summer long from nine to twelve the New York school houses in districts where the children never leave town, are opened, not for book study, but for any occupation of the hands the children want. It must be a heartening sight.

"One who visits vacation schools," Mr. Allen says, "is struck with the difference in the atmosphere from that of the winter day schools. Here are the same rooms, the same children, and in many cases the same teachers, but different work. Each child is busy with a bright, interested, happy expression and easy attitude. Some are at nature study, some are weaving baskets, making dresses, trimming hats, knitting bright worsted socks and mittens for the winter. Boys are at carpentering, raffia, or wrought-iron work. In none of the rooms is the absolute unity or the methodical order of the winter schoolroom, but rather the hum of the workroom and the order that comes from a roomful of children interested in the progress of their work."

But there are other openings for them. The roofs of the school houses are turned into playgrounds which are crowded from morning until night. In certain sections where there are vacant lots school farms are being established. Take to it? They beg to be given the plot if not bigger than a desk top. The boy or girl who secures one is happy for the summer. Those who do not, get their comfort in sitting on the fence watching their luckier mates! Pining for something active and interesting to do—that's the normal boy in country or city. All we have to do is to steer him into a healthy open place and give him his head. Who can tell how many a Wright the world has lost because there is no room anywhere for him to fly a kite or build a bob-sled! It is not our teaching they need: they know how to learn. It is not our apparatus: they can make their own tools. It is not our presence: they are masters of their own world. It is *room*—a lot, a roof, a backyard, an abandoned pier. Give it to them and their busy brains will turn it into a Boy's Kingdom.



GENERAL
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The July
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The **CONFESSIONS** of a
Rebellious Wife

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Godlessness of *New York*

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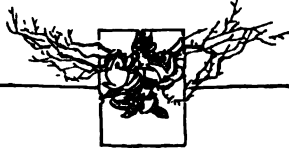
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A Woman
By
HAROLD S. SYMMES



By the sorrow in her eyes
That mists her sight,
By the stifled sobs that rise
In the night,
By the quiver of her lips,
Well I know
Life's one joy has seen eclipse
In life's woe.
Yet no sympathy she asks
Nor grieving brings:
Pale, she plies her daily tasks,
And she sings.





Sudden and inexplicable "flare-ups"

The Confession of a Rebellious Wife

With Illustrations by Jay Hambidge

WHEN I first met Frank I thought he was conceited and I disliked him. However, like most girls, I suspected nearly every young man I knew of being conceited. I used to snub Frank until I discovered that he liked me. Naturally I began to like him. It was several months before I saw that he was in love with me. Shortly afterward he showed that he was determined to marry me. Then I grew frightened. For several weeks I did not know what to do. To a girl there is something terrible in the approach of love. It seems opposed to all the reserve bred into her from birth. With me the realization that I loved Frank came perhaps all the more slowly because he was so persistent. I had always thought of myself as happy; but I saw that I had been merely patient and that way down deep, I had been lonely. I was young enough not to have thought seriously about love or about marrying; yet I discovered that, unconsciously, I had been waiting. When I told Frank that I loved him, it seemed as if my life had become complete and rich and wonderful. Strangest of all, everything assumed a new relation to me. I felt that I was a part of the life of the world. I suddenly became a successful woman. I justified my existence.

It is, I suppose, the sense of importance that makes so many lovers odious. Perhaps Frank and I appeared so. If we did, we were punished, that is, I was punished. Among all the wonderful memories of that happy time, there is one that even now gives me a chill. *Some of our friends were not glad because we were happy.* They openly showed they were not glad! The realization shocked me. When I spoke to Frank about the way one of my oldest friends, a beautiful and sympathetic girl, had been acting toward me, he merely laughed as if he knew exactly what her behavior meant.

Since that time I have never referred to the matter or to anything like it, with Frank or with anyone else. But I have thought of it many times. And it has made me ask myself this question: "Is happiness such a rare thing that people begrudge it to one another?"

To me, leading a rather isolated and colorless life, to know that someone lived for me and responded to all my feelings and thoughts, was perfectly thrilling. From the moment of our engagement Frank apparently had only one wish, to do whatever I believed to be right, to follow me in everything, to be my echo. I wonder if, during the engagement time, many women have the same experience. In some cases, it is plainly the woman who echoes the man. From the moment that Frank showed he loved me, he deferred to me in everything. It was not that I assumed the advantage. It was he that insisted on giving it. And, as soon as we became engaged, he acted as if it were only right and natural that I should be the leader.

Of course, the slang of the day, which tells so much of what people are thinking, recognizes that during courtship a man regards the woman as an angel or a queen. And what happens after the engagement leads to marriage, has been made familiar enough in songs and jokes. But the steps that lead to the change have not been seriously traced and explained. And there is no recognition that in the change lies the tragedy in the life of many a woman.

There are plenty of people, including women themselves, who would say that it is absurd for any woman to be treated as a superior being and the sooner she realizes the truth the better. Here I disagree. During engagement I believe that I was kinder and more deferential to others than I had ever been before. My happiness gave me a real humility and a sense of my own unworthiness.

The trust Frank placed in me made me exaggerate my responsibility to him. Often the advice he asked for I drew from what I believed to be his wisdom. In other words, we deferred to each other.

So far as Frank and I were concerned, our engagement was without a blemish on our happiness, without a disappointment. I doubt if he saw my faults, but I saw his and loved him all the more for them and I used to find a real joy in laughing at them and humoring them. Never once did I even wish to complain. In his very conceit I found something to love. It seemed like a conviction of power. Perhaps it was power. Here I believe I touch on a fundamental difference between women and men during engagement. The man does not see the woman's faults; the woman sees clearly the man's faults and longs to give him protection and help. In the love of nearly every woman for a man there goes the feeling of indulgence and solicitude. And, either consciously or unconsciously, it is to this very feeling that, during courtship, the man makes his strongest appeal. It has enabled many a weak man to win a strong woman. It has saved many a man. It has led many couples to disaster. And I believe it is the quality that makes the institution of marriage possible.

During our honeymoon, a time of bliss such as I had never imagined, we used to become at moments dreadfully nervous in each others' presence. Often Frank would go away from me and let me recover myself. I suppose that this symptom characterizes all marriages. It soon disappears. "Some brides return happy; some don't," says an old lady of my acquaintance. I returned with delight to take up my real life with Frank. Wonderful as the wedding-journey had been, the daily living with him would be even more wonderful. I even thought with joy of the troubles we should share. That was the key to our happiness, our sharing everything. Never again loneliness, never again even thinking alone. There was always the other, the one who took love and gave love! No one who had ever known love like ours could let it go. It carried with it the assurance of lasting forever.

Frank thought his business did not justify him in taking a little house. He was sure, in time, of making a great success, and until the tide turned he decided that we'd best live in an apartment hotel. Though I should have loved to keep house, I eagerly acquiesced. For two years we lived very quietly. In the evening I would read to Frank or play the piano. He spoke less about business, perhaps, because, as I assured myself, it was getting to be an old

story. Many things we once talked over we now took for granted. We laughed together just as we had done before.

All the money Frank could get together he had put into business. So we were often hard pressed for small sums. Frank kept warning me to be cautious about little things. I had everything that I needed; but often I was embarrassed for lack of change. This inconvenience I bore as cheerfully as I could. It was a pleasure to me to deny myself indulgence in small purchases such as all women love. Frank impressed on me the importance of keeping our credit good and the advantage of securing time in payment. Each month he carefully examined the bills while I looked over his shoulder.

The only incidents that marred our happiness were sudden and inexplicable "flare-ups." Occasionally, to our amazement, a trifle would make us glare at each other like animals and speak bitterly. Five minutes later we would express our regret and shame. Soon I perceived that these quarrels were due to nerves and to the trials of adjustment. One evening we had an argument that was particularly violent and distressing. It ended by Frank's going to bed. I remained in the seat where I had been reading and for a long time I pretended to myself that I was going on reading. Presently tears fell on my book. Then I said, "How silly all this is! I am making myself suffer and I am making Frank suffer, too. I will go and tell him that I am sorry." So I stole into the bedroom. He was sleeping peacefully.

That little experience, not without humor as I look back on it, made me first realize how differently Frank and I could be affected by the same cause. It marked the beginning of my uneasiness. Soon I stopped reading aloud to Frank, why I can't remember. Little things disturbed me. At first the thought of them used to be swept away by my delight on seeing Frank in the evening. Then, too, there would come the feeling that those things were accidents and would not occur again. In the second year of our marriage, just after dinner, Frank would read the newspaper till he began to doze. Then he would rouse himself and try to be agreeable. The effort troubled me. There was also the quiet and efficient deciding of little details without reference to my wishes. And here I felt there was danger. Once I said to myself: "Suppose I should tire him," and I grew cold. Then I thought of the moment when I should discover that I was tiring him. Here my sense of humor came to my rescue, and I felt better. I imagine that many women pass through this phase.



During our engagement, Frank told me everything that happened to him



The monthly bills I looked forward to with dread

During most of the first two years Frank made me so happy that whenever I had any apprehensive thoughts they seemed morbid and strange and remote from me, as if they were the thoughts of someone else. And yet now, as I look back, I feel as if during those days of enchantment, a little voice used suddenly to whisper to me: "Look out. Look out. It isn't going to last. It isn't going to last."

Some people will say: "She was sick," or "She was morbid," or "She was a fool." But I believe I was a perfectly wholesome, healthy woman. It was simply that to me happiness was precious. I longed to cherish it, to guard it from the risk of harm. To Frank, somehow, it seemed like a thing for every day use. In fact he thought very little about it. He accepted it just as some people accept all kinds of food, without stopping to think whether it is good or bad or well-cooked or ill-cooked. Of course, at this time I did not realize his point of view. I only knew that for him our happiness was part of our normal life together, such as many other people had and such as all married people ought to have. He said something of this kind one day and I marvelled. To me it seemed as if there never could have been such happiness as ours.

When Frank began to prosper in business

and we decided to take a house we had the delight of planning together for our home. There were so many things to do that my days were crowded. In the evening, there were many things to talk over. At that period I can't remember that I had a doubt or a qualm. In planning for the table it was the greatest joy to study Frank's taste and to get just the right things and have them perfectly served. How I blessed the Lord for letting us have what we wanted. I took a childish delight in seeing Frank eat. At first he praised everything. After a few weeks he stopped praising and discussed only those dishes that he wished to criticise. Gradually it became plain to me that he expected everything in our house and in our life to be right, as a matter of course. When things went wrong, he would become amazed and indignant. He never blamed me personally; but, naturally, his criticisms reflected on my management. I tried to follow all his suggestions; but only a housekeeper knows how hard it is to make *everything* go right.

Meanwhile, I was happy, awfully happy. But I was uneasy, too. How can one be happy and uneasy at the same time? Well, a woman can. Often my uneasiness actually contributed to my happiness. And yet, at moments in the morning, when Frank had gone

away, I used to run up to my room and have a nice, little cry. Often I didn't know just why I cried. But the reason was in some way connected with Frank's starting off for business so jauntily, looking so well-groomed and handsome and important, and leaving me alone to get through the day. Long ago I stopped crying. But I still feel the same old pain.

Now I know what it all meant: Frank was ceasing to be dependent on me. His life was no longer merged in mine. It is true that we were husband and wife. We lived together. But we were not one as we had been before. Our minds were not one. Our engagement had been more of a consecration than our marriage was or could ever be. The world thinks of marriage as a man and woman living together, sharing each other's destiny, and rearing children. But all that is largely physical, of tremendous importance, but only contributory to the deeper relation which is essentially spiritual. Our engagement had been a perfect spiritual marriage; our marriage was becoming a sort of partnership, not unlike a business partnership.

During our engagement, Frank told me everything that happened to him. He consulted me about complications that came up, usually personal. Often he said that my advice kept him out of trouble. Occasionally he would telephone and ask me to come down town and take luncheon. I knew almost as much about his work as he did himself. Several of the men in the office I met and the little colored boy Frank was so good to, used to come to see me. It seems absurd that I should have cared deeply when those little attentions dropped out of my life. But their disappointment was the chief sign that Frank was going back to a life of his own. In future he would have two lives, one with

me, one wholly apart from me. He never told me not to call him up during business hours or not to go to his office; but I felt that he wished me to avoid doing those things. And I saw or I fancied that I saw that to his associates a wife was not nearly so interesting a person as a sweetheart; she was a necessary incumbrance, a creature who could easily become a nuisance if she did not take care.

When we had been married two years, Frank had practically ceased speaking to me of his business affairs. To my astonishment I saw that, though he enjoyed business, he did not enjoy his associates. He despised nearly every man he worked with, even his partners. Later I discovered with amazement that there was in Frank a deep well of bitterness and contempt for practically all the men he had ever done business with. Nevertheless, it was business that supplied the main-spring of his life. He could not possibly have conceived of himself without thinking of business. And he used to

speak of business, business as it is now conducted I mean, as one might speak of air or any of the elemental things of the earth. That men had made business just the thing it was, never occurred to him. If he could not relate a thing to business he despised the thing. Whenever I urged him to do a thing he did not care to do, he was ready with one remark, which, as a reasonable woman, he felt would at once make me acquiesce: "Why,

that would interfere with business."

In spite of our prosperity, I still had to be very careful in spending. Frank explained that he had to use as much money as he could in business. I had very little money for myself and the monthly bills began to be so distressing that I looked forward to them with dread. Sometimes I told little untruths to avoid resentment or criticism. When I asked



I sat in the mountains, reading by a lamp, alone

for a regular allowance, Frank became indignant. "Don't you have everything you want?" he asked. It was impossible for me to argue while he spoke and looked at me like that.

It was at this period that I knew my first child was coming. That is a sacred and a terrible time in a woman's life. It develops an intensification of her deepest relations. Then, of all times, it is important for a husband to be tender. Frank was tender; he was good. But he didn't understand. Often my condition made me exacting, whimsical. He didn't know it was my condition. And sometimes he was severe, just, as he made perfectly plain, to do me good.

that comes to a mother on hearing her child's first cry. For days I seemed to wander in what I can only describe as Horror-land. If men understood the meaning of the Horror-land perhaps they would be a little more gentle, a little less quick to blame. After coming out of Horror-land I returned to life to be that most terrible of all things, a burden. For nearly six months I was lifted from place to place, a pall on the household. Often I wished I could die. And yet I believe I could have recovered quickly if I had once felt sure that Frank was bearing the trial cheerfully, gladly, for my sake.

On my recovery I faced a new life. Henceforward everything I did was in some way to be



Toward all my little doings Frank assumed an air of tolerant contempt

Never once did he show that he even suspected how hard I tried to control myself and how often I resisted an almost overpowering impulse to call to him to help and comfort me. We would sometimes sit together and be miles away. It is only fair to say that just then he was tormented with anxieties about business. But in my sickness I used to ask myself what business was compared with human life. I see now that I was wrong. But oh, how wonderful it would have been if Frank had pretended that I wasn't wrong and if he had been more patient. I should never have forgotten.

I was too near death to feel the thrill of joy

related to our boy. My husband's attitude toward me changed. I was the mother of his child. In a thousand ways he expressed the change, with a frankness implying that he recognized in me a greater distinction. And yet, though I loved my child dearly, and though I rejoiced in the miracle of our having a child, I was not wholly pleased. In Frank's new manner there was a suggestion of greater authority, of sure possession, of the right to make stern exactions. Soon I saw that through the child he felt that our home had acquired a sort of completion. Now he had a family. He became the man in his own house. At times

his way of asserting himself as the man in his own house used to throw me into almost uncontrollable irritation.

For the next five years we went through the most dreadful agonies with our child. He was delicate and the usual number of children's diseases he took hard. Worst of all, he had to undergo a terrible operation. Never shall I forget the anguish of that operation time. Our doctor casually told us that the boy would be better off in the mountain air. I believed that home was the best place for him. But Frank overruled me. Then followed fifteen months in the country, fifteen months of miserable isolation. Each Saturday Frank would come up and stay till Monday. Meanwhile I nearly perished. At times it seemed as if my soul died. I tried to divert myself with music and with reading. Occasionally some woman friend would come and make me a little visit. Perhaps I read too much. I know I thought far too much than was good for me. Sometimes I wonder if women ought to think seriously at all.

I can fancy readers of these words, women, too, saying: "What an unnatural mother. Didn't she have any love for her child?" Yes, I loved my child so passionately that the fear of the pain he suffered and the dread of more sickness, with possible death, used to drive me almost frantic. But the child was not enough to fill my life. As an intelligent woman I longed for companionship and for understanding. Even in the visits of my husband I had little satisfaction. His pleasure in the fine way in which the doctor's advice was working out used to exasperate me. The burden of the experiment fell not at all on him. Once I asked him if it wasn't hard for him to be without me at home. He raised his eyes and said: "Why, of course, it's hard." And in the words there was reproach. I let the subject drop and I never complained. He was going through tremendous business deals and making a great deal of money. He told me that business often kept him down town till midnight.⁸ So it was really a convenience, having me in the country. I knew just how his evening work was done, over dinner-tables at clubs, in clouds of tobacco smoke and among luxurious appointments, while I sat in the mountains, reading by a lamp, alone.

Perhaps I ought to have accepted my task in a finer spirit. A better woman might have been more patient. Many women would have been glad to sacrifice themselves for the sake of a child. There are some women who, the instant they become mothers, are apparently nothing but mothers. But I was still a wife

and I was a civilized woman with a mind and a nature clamoring for interests and occupations that a child could not supply. I believe, too, that my being something besides a mother, made me a better mother. I could have borne my exile with more cheerfulness if I had felt that Frank even understood how hard it was for me and if I had believed that he, too, would have made as hard a sacrifice for our boy. But Frank had the faculty of making his duty coincide with what he wished to do. In his mind, however, what I wished to do must have no relation with what I ought to do. Of course, I realized fully that in the reward of his activities I shared, that is, in part of the reward. He occasionally reminded me that he was working for me and for our boy. He wasn't. He would have worked just as hard if he had been a bachelor. He worked because he loved achievement, conquest, making other people do as he wished and, most of all, because he enjoyed being important. I could have loved him more if he had made some sacrifice of success, which meant himself, for the sake of our happiness together. Most of all, I could have loved him if he had been a failure. I actually envied women who were married to failures, to men who had to lean on them and be sustained by them.

Oh, I was ugly at this time. But I didn't become rebellious till I went back to the city, with my boy rugged enough to go to school. My life with Frank apparently began as before. But it was really different. He had developed an air of expecting everything to be done for him, of being beyond the reach of harm, that is, of being absolutely independent. He openly showed his amusement at things that did not inspire his interest and respect. I took up my life feverishly. I longed to live in an atmosphere of stimulating interests. Toward all my little doings Frank assumed an air of tolerant contempt. The people who came to our house bored him unless they were business men like himself, and, of course, successful. His manner with nearly everyone was superior and patronizing. For a while I tried to force myself to discuss with him the things I cared for. Often I saw that he didn't know what I was talking about. Often he ridiculed. Gradually I ceased to try to depend on him. Once I had longed for his return in the late afternoon. I remember perfectly the winter evening when I shivered at the sound of his key in the latch.

All this is horrible. But its commonness is my justification for setting it down here. With me the situation was simply this: During courtship Frank had fancied that he was in love with

his ideal, and he loved me for being his ideal. I had seen him as he was and I loved him for what he was. After the first year or so of married life he did not care for his ideal. He wished me to be something else. He actually resented my trying to go on being what he had wished me to be. And I began to resent his attitude toward me and almost to hate him for what he had developed into.

I don't mean this. I don't hate Frank. I have never hated him. It is my love for him that makes me unhappy. If I didn't love him, I shouldn't care so much. A few months after I returned to the city he had an illness of several weeks. I nursed him through it devotedly, unfalteringly, with all the tenderness I was capable of. Now I am going to say something that many people will dispute: when a woman, one who really is a woman, has once truly and deeply loved a man, she can never wholly stop loving him. For that man she will always feel a certain tenderness. I still have a great tenderness for Frank. And I have, too, an even greater pity. Perhaps I pity him chiefly because he has never for one moment suspected how I felt toward him. He could not possibly conceive of my being rebellious. If he were to read these words it would not occur to him that I could have written them. In spite of all his shrewdness, which makes him see so clearly into the weaknesses of business men, he has never doubted my loyalty. I could have friendships with a dozen men and he would not raise a question even in his own mind. That confidence is dear to a woman, even if she knows that she does not deserve it. In one way I do deserve it. Never, for an instant, have I been attracted to another man. And yet I believe I could easily love another man. I could even love two men at the same time, one of the two being Frank. At this point perhaps I become shocking. Merely to love two men at the same time is scandalous in a woman. Yet many men can and do love more than one woman at the same time.

No. I am rebellious; but I am not wicked. I am not even in danger. I long, miserably and hopelessly, for love such as I knew it when Frank and I first loved each other. But I shall never have it again. I am still fairly young and Frank's success enables me to wear beautiful clothes and I believe I am considered an attractive woman. So it would seem that I might easily be drawn into an interest in some other man. But on every side, at every step, I am hedged about, protected. In the first place I am considered a very lucky and a very happy woman. This gives me a certain aloof-

ness. My husband is a personage; as his wife, I am a personage, too. No man from outside can even come near me. In our American life there are virtually no friendships between women and men, no close friendships, I mean. The chance of ever meeting a sympathetic man and our falling in love with each other is so remote as not to be worth considering.

My life with Frank has become utterly prosaic. Our problems are all practical. One of the worst comes from my use of money. Frank cannot understand why I need ready money. To get it, I have to resort to all kinds of shabby expedients. I have not as yet sunk to the depths of those women who rifle their husband's pockets, nor have I been tempted to do as a woman of my acquaintance does, enter into a conspiracy with my dressmakers to have the bills over-charged so that I may take the difference. I live luxuriously, but I can never rid myself of the uncomfortable feeling that our way of living is a pretence and that I am dependent. I believe that a great many wives suffer acutely from the feeling of dependence. The happiest women I know are widows whose husbands have left them property. It is a real pleasure to me to see them enjoying their independence, spending their money just as men do. "I date my real life from the time of my husband's death," says a clever woman of my acquaintance whose husband made her scrimp while he was alive and left her a fortune. And yet she loved her husband. Often we don't realize our chains till they fall off. There are unnecessary miseries that many women patiently accept as inevitable. Under our American system wives are at the mercy of their husbands. In theory it is a beautiful system, even ideal. It relies on the magnanimity of men. It has justly given American men a reputation for being generous. But it offers men all kinds of chances to be tyrannical and petty. I envy the women who are not dependent on their husbands' generosity for money.

But it is not alone in money matters that wives have to resort to treachery. There are so many other inducements. Indeed—the life of many a woman is a long pretence. The marvel is that there is so much truth left in us. There are matters that come up with Frank and me, matters of great importance, which Frank cannot possibly understand. Long ago I ceased trying to make him understand and now I generally yield. Occasionally, however, the matters are so serious that, to avoid trouble, I fall back on deceit.

Most women that I know are more or less afraid of their husbands. Their best defence

is lying. Some women *act* with their husbands nearly all the time. A friend of mine who believes she is happy, unconsciously betrays her joy whenever her husband goes away from home. During his absence she grows prettier. She blooms. All deceiving women, however, end by deceiving themselves. They resolutely turn away from the truth and live in unreality. Many women who are made to suffer by their husbands would deny that they suffer, and believe that they didn't suffer.

Occasionally, in desperate moments, I wonder if there is any way of escape for me. As I grow older such moments, happily, do not come so often. I am learning to accept. I suppose that many women go through the same experience. Some women decide that they were mistaken about life and try to adjust themselves to what they consider to be the inevitable. I have not yet reached that conclusion. I deny that such a life as mine is natural or inevitable or right or even justifiable. It is simply the result of wrong conditions. Some women try to change the conditions by way of the divorce court. They merely secure, at the cost of dreadful pain, a second brief period of happiness to meet again the same miserable situation. Divorce is no solution while men and conditions remain what they are. And yet I rejoice in the increasing number of divorces. They are calling attention to the defects of marriage as marriage now is. The clergymen and other social reformers declare that divorce is an evil. But the evil does not lie in divorce; it lies in the relation that makes so many people seek divorce. The reformers would have more reason to be shocked if they were aware of the vast number of women who are dissatisfied with marriage as they know it and have not the desire or the courage to seek divorce. I, for example, should prefer to endure what I now endure than go through the horrors of seeking a divorce and of being classed as a divorced woman and of living without any established and respected position in the social world.

Why is it that at times I am so unhappy? Why don't I make my boy a consolation? That boy! He is a dear. But he nearly kills me with anxiety. I don't know what people mean when they speak of children as a comfort. Every day of my life I ask myself if I am doing my duty by my boy. Frank never worries. He wants the boy to be manly. By manly he means physically, mentally and morally tough. I want Tom to be, above all things, considerate of other people. I have a horror of his being mentally or even morally tough. I would rather see him mild and

gentle than strong and brutal. Frank is strong. He wants the boy to be just like himself. More than anything else in the world I long to keep Tom from being like his father. He looks like his father and he adores his father and, every now and then, he has a trick of turning on me with a look and a word that is his father all over again, and that smites me to the heart. But I am determined that he shall not be like his father. And never, never shall I let him take the attitude toward me that his father has taken. Nor shall I ever take the attitude toward him that I have taken toward his father.

What do I mean by these terrible words? Simply this: Frank is like a man living in a prison cell. On three sides are stone walls. He can look out only in one direction. What goes on behind him and on either side he cannot know or even imagine. It is not his fault that he is in prison. He does not know that he is in prison. So he does not suffer. But by having his mind and interests cramped, he cramps all those whose lives are bound up in his. More than anyone else he cramps me. He tries to force me to live in prison with him. The difference is that I long to be free. The only way by which I can prevent his shutting me up is by lying to him. I lie repeatedly, shamelessly. But lie to my boy, I will not.

My life with Frank makes me think it is the tendency of business to shut men up in prison. And the more successful the men are, the closer their confinement. Already Frank is planning to have Tom share his cell, that is, to take him into business. But Tom shan't go until I have done everything in my power to unfit him for business. Like many business men, Frank is inclined to sniff at colleges and at college-graduates. He rather admires those technical schools that prepare boys for practical life, and he intends to send Tom to one. I have no objection, provided that Tom first goes through college.

Now why am I so eager to send Tom to college? Because I wish to do everything I can to make his mind free. College is only one of the many expedients that I shall try. Of course, I know there are many college graduates who are as narrow-minded as Frank. But they would either be narrow anyway or they may have been cramped by the circumstances of their lives. Already I have begun to train Tom to take what I call a human attitude toward things and people. I cannot bear the thought of his growing up and dwarfing some woman's life and his own. Frank has no notion of what I am doing. But it is going to lead to the struggle of our existence together, the only real struggle. I shall be ready.



"I never cheated at cards in my life," he asserted, with some warmth

Good Guessing at Bridge

A Story of an Ocean Voyage

By R. F. FOSTER

This tale of gambling on ocean steamships is founded upon fact. It conveys a wholesome warning to travelers and illustrates some of the ways of this interesting but wicked world. The author, Mr. Foster, is a well-known authority on card games.—THE EDITOR.

THREE men were lolling against the rail of an ocean greyhound that had left Queenstown that morning, bound for New York. Two of them were gamblers. They were in doubt about the third man. They had met him only once before, in the Casino at Boulogne, and had "sized him up" as a sport but had no proof of it.

They had made some advances to him there with a view to helping them to pluck a young Englishman in a game of baccarat in a private room at a hotel, but he had begged to be excused, saying that he never played anything but bridge and piquet. When asked what his racket was at those games, he declared it was simply guessing.

"I can guess what a man has almost every time," he said. "You can most always tell by the way a man's face lights up that he is crazy to make it when he is dummy in a

bridge game; and in piquet, I will bet good money that I can name the deals that elder hand hasn't much show for the point."

While this struck the two experts in shuffling and shifting cuts as rather too elementary to be depended on for a livelihood, they accepted it in good faith and the three had parted on good terms. The sea being calm and the passengers having done justice to a good lunch, the three men were renewing their acquaintance and at the same time "sizing up" the passengers that walked past them with a view to forming some estimate of the crop before them and the harvest that was to come.

The bridge player, who called himself Buskirk, was very noncommittal, in spite of the efforts of the other two to draw him out by a liberal explanation of their own plans. They had marked down a wealthy Spaniard from

South America and were following him up with a view to getting a good chance at him in a poker game or blind hookey. Mr. Buskirk confessed that he had no special "sucker" in view, but that he would "butt into a bridge game" if he could, as he did not care for poker.

When they asked him if he could work the cold deck in a bridge game single handed, he smiled softly and shook his head.

"I never used a cold deck in my life. All you need in a bridge game is good guessing. If you guess the makes right oftener than the other fellows, you can win all they've got, with even cards."

"Partnership game is surer," remarked one of the others. "And an occasional no-trumper with four aces evens up the run of the cards a bit."

"But your four aces always attract attention when they show up every rubber or so. It looks bad to cut the same partner all the time, too. I can play with any of them, and pull it off if I'm guessing them good."

The conversation drifted to the passengers who were promenading the deck in the afternoon sunshine, each of them coming in for a brief and pregnant criticism from the three rail-birds. After making due allowance for the deceptive nature of appearances on ship-board, the two partners estimated that there were at least a dozen who would play poker for "good money," and several who would bite on blind hookey. The bridge players were not so easy to identify.

"There is a U. S. Consul, a judge, and three doctors aboard," remarked one of the partners, pulling out a passenger list which he had carefully marked up. "That tall Englishman with the big gloves and the check trousers looks like he might be your meat, Buskirk."

"And that old fellow that walks past with his hands behind him and his head

down," remarked the other, "he looks like one of those dopey duplicate-whist players who takes on bridge when he has no trays handy."

"There is no money in those think players," was Buskirk's comment. "What I watch for is to see whether a man turns out in the same suit of clothes every day. If he does, he's no good for bridge for big money. There are six men on board that have valets with them," he added, pulling out his own passenger list. "They should be pay dirt. To-morrow, when they start the pools, will tell the story. That brings the sporting blood to the surface."

"You bet," agreed the first speaker. "I always make a note of the men that buy in their own numbers and bid for choice of high and low. They are the high rollers. No ten-cent limit game for them. Here comes something that will sit still a good bit," he continued, fastening his eye on a lame man that was toiling slowly along the deck with the aid of an ivory handled cane. He was a tall young fellow, in a covert coat, with a collar high enough to choke him, his head surmounted by a peaked cap that seemed two sizes too small for him.

Opinions were divided as to whether he would play poker or bridge, but all three agreed that he did not look particularly wealthy.

"Some one ought to tell him to chuck that cap overboard," suggested Buskirk, after he had limped past. "That fore and aft rig has been out of style for twenty years."

Next morning, the weather continuing fine, most of the passengers were out on deck and the shuffle-board fiends were at it early. Mr. Buskirk was making mental notes of the men who had changed their clothes, and turned out in new suits.

"Told you that fellow would sit still a lot," observed one of the partners, nodding toward the lame man, who was seated in a steamer chair, sucking



Sucking the head of his cane and intently watching the game of shuffle-board

the head of his cane and intently watching the game of shuffle-board.

"Hasn't changed his clothes either," commented the other partner. "But he sure ought to fire that steamer cap."

"The tall man that just shot is the one I hear them calling 'Judge,'" remarked Buskirk. "He looks like a dead game sport."

"Bet you the wine for dinner he plays poker instead of bridge," challenged the first speaker.

"I'll just take a guess on you," said Buskirk quietly, "and bet you the wine he does not play cards for money."

That afternoon only one small game of poker made its appearance in the smoking-room, but there were two or three bridge tables. Buskirk won his bet on the judge. Four of the men who had valets with them were bridge players. The Spaniard wanted to raise the ante at the poker table, and the lame man simply looked on, with the end of his cane in his mouth and his injured leg stretched out in front of him. He declined the invitation to join the poker party, saying the only games he knew anything of were chess and euchre. After he had gone out on the deck again for a stroll, one of the players ventured to remark that the only amusement the lame man seemed to have was sucking the head of his cane.

After the pools were sold that night, the ante at the poker table was raised to twenty-five cents, and the bridge players made it two-and-a-half. Mr. Buskirk contented himself with looking on, sitting behind a cotton broker who seemed to be a very good player, and who had a member of the Racquet Club for a partner. Between them, they proved too much for the U. S. Consul and his partner. There were the usual comments on the play by the bystanders, one of whom referred several times to his neighbor, Mr. Buskirk, but that gentleman only shook his head, declining to give any opinion on the game except that the player "didn't guess right that time."

Next morning, when the three met and compared notes while they leaned against the rail, the poker players did not seem so cheerful. There had been objections to the Spaniard's proposal to raise the limit to five dollars, and there was one man in the game who had a nasty habit of shuffling the cards when it was not his deal. Mr. Buskirk confessed that he had not been asked to play as yet, so he thought they were making the better progress.

While they were talking, the Spaniard came along and approached them with a proposal that they should have a game before lunch for

five-dollar limit; just the three of them, unless their friend, Mr. Buskirk, would join?

Tempting as the opportunity was, the partners thought best to decline it, saying they wanted the air. When he had passed on they smiled at each other and wished that everyone they fished for was as hungry for the bait as that one.

The judge was taking his morning constitutional, walking at a great pace, which made still more apparent the slow progress of the lame man, who soon gave it up and dropped into a chair near the three men, stretching his neck as if his high collar was too much for him. One of the partners stepped over to help him with his rug, lifting his lame leg for him and tucking him in. When he returned to the rail he whispered to his friends:

"He's got some kind of iron brace on that game leg. Did you get on to the face he made when I touched it? He said 'thanks' about six times, but that seems to be the limit of his conversation. Doesn't seem to have much to say to anybody, and don't play cards."

"He's no good to us," remarked Buskirk, turning round and looking at the sea. "I haven't seen him buy a drink or a cigar."

The third day out it rained, and the smoking-room was uncomfortably full. Three or four poker games were in full swing and the partners had succeeded in eliminating the undesirable shuffler and had raised the limit to five dollars, at the urgent request of the Spaniard, who was quite a little ahead of the game.

The member of the Racquet Club had referred a point of play to Mr. Buskirk after being cut out of the bridge table, and had been so impressed by that gentleman's analysis of the situation and his memory of every card played that he hastened to suggest:

"Why don't you join us? We should be delighted to have you, I'm sure. Only two and a half a point, you know. The Consul wants to make it ten."

"Anything not over twenty-five suits me," replied Mr. Buskirk. "I usually quit about even any way."

Accordingly, he cut into the next rubber and the points were raised to ten cents. Buskirk cut the U. S. Consul, who got the deal. Among the spectators there was quite a little buzz of excitement when the points were raised to ten cents, and the judge, who was looking on, drew his chair closer. Everyone seemed to be either a player or a spectator at the card tables, except two who were reading, and the lame man, who was sitting in front of



Both were sure that they would catch Buskirk in something or other if they watched long and closely enough

the open fire, gazing at it vacantly and apparently trying to swallow the head of his cane. The Englishman with the check suit and the big gloves changed his position so as to overlook the newcomer's hand.

The judge was evidently well up on bridge, for whenever he saw a play that tickled his fancy he would nudge his neighbor and smile knowingly. "I knew the Consul would take that finesse," he whispered. "Did not notice the discards. Let the bare king win a trick. Rotten play."

"The one with the black mustache that just started in looks as if he knew the game," replied the other. This allusion was to Mr. Buskirk, who, as soon as the hand was over, smiled pleasantly at the Consul, saying:

"You played that hand very nicely, partner. Did not think you could get the odd out of it," a remark which made the Englishman in the check suit look round at the others in astonishment, and caused the judge to lie back in his chair and gasp.

Some of Mr. Buskirk's makes were classified by his partner as "the limit," and he did not seem to have very good luck with them. Said he was not guessing as well as usual today. When he cut the Racquet Club man for a partner he made him a little nervous once or twice by opening short suits against no-

trumpers, some of which did not work very well.

"Did not quite understand your opening, partner," the Racquet Club man explained, "but I judged it better not to return it."

"Quite right," assented Mr. Buskirk immediately. "You guessed it just right. When I open short against a no-trumper you can lead your own suit or up to dummy's weakness as you think best; but never return my lead if it is the top of nothing."

This piece of heresy made the judge exchange glances with the Englishman in the check suit and caused several other spectators to smile. A moment later their attention was attracted by a commotion at one of the poker tables, from which loud voices came. Almost everyone in the room rushed over to see what was the matter.

It appeared that the undesirable card-shuffler had been looking on and had made some remark to the Spaniard which had caused that gentleman to accuse one of the partners of cheating. This broke the ice, and several came forward to say they had known all along that the two men were gamblers. The upshot of the matter was that the game broke up, with no prospect of its being resumed with either of the two marked men in it during that voyage.

For his own protection, Mr. Buskirk thought it best to cut his two friends next morning. On meeting some of those with whom he had played bridge, he lost no time in bringing up the matter.

"Why, don't you know, I had no idea those fellows were gamblers," he began. "I had quite a talk with them on Sunday morning and I thought they were rather nice sort of chaps. But one never knows, on a steamer, when poker is the game."

Deprived of their own game, with the blind hookey proposition rendered absolutely hopeless, the two partners did not exactly see how they were going to make even their expenses on the trip, and their thoughts at once turned enviously toward the more fortunate Mr. Buskirk.

"He's making good on the bridge game, all right," remarked one to the other, "and he's got to divvy up or we'll give him away. He'll stand for a couple of hundred apiece to us, sooner than have us squeal."

Mr. Buskirk met their proposition squarely, and politely told them to "go to blazes."

"I never cheated at cards in my life," he asserted, with some warmth. "You can watch me all you like, and if you see anything crooked I'll give you every cent I've got. I don't shuffle the cards that I deal in bridge. You know that. And I deal them as square as any man living. Stand by and watch me all you want to."

"Then what's your racket?"

"I don't need any racket. I can play the game better than any of those fellows. They can't read cards. They're afraid to make it no-trumps on an ace and two queens. I'll do that every time if I feel like it, when I'm guessing good. As for ducking suits and making re-entries out of four spots—why they never heard of such things. And for guessing, they never do it. They've got rules for everything."

In spite of these protests, the two partners thought they might just as well watch the bridge game, especially as they had nothing else to do. They thought they knew enough of human nature and of gambling ethics to be pretty certain that Mr. Buskirk had some advantage or other. If it could be worked "single-handed" it was well worth learning. The great objection to bridge as a gambler's game is that one player cannot cheat at it without being caught. He must have a partner, and half the time that partner is an adversary, and what one wins the other loses.

By mutual agreement, the points had been raised to twenty-five cents at the bridge table,

and everyone in the smoking-room who knew anything about the game and was not playing poker, crowded around the experts. The Englishman in the check suit was one of the first to secure a good position, and the judge took his accustomed seat, which he surrendered, however, to the lame man, who seemed to be drawn to the table by the general force of attraction. The cotton broker was just too late to get into the first rubber, but he stood close up, so that he could follow the play.

One of the disgraced poker players edged in behind Mr. Buskirk's chair, while the other stood opposite him, on the other side of the table, leaning against the chair in which the lame man sat. Both were sure that they would catch Buskirk in something or other if they watched long and closely enough, but in spite of all their knowledge of the tricks of the trade and all the sleight of hand possible with a pack of cards, neither could detect anything wrong, a conclusion which each communicated to the other by an occasional shrug and a slight lifting of the eyebrows.

The judge seemed to enjoy the play immensely, and took occasion to whisper to the lame man what he thought of some of the makes and leads. The only response he got was a regret that the cripple did not understand bridge, only euchre, after which explanation the attempts to swallow the head of the cane were resumed. With the Englishman in the check suit the judge had better luck. His commendations of the man from the Racquet Club impressed the Englishman so much that he offered to put a fiver on him to win the rubber, a bet which Mr. Buskirk, who was his adversary, declined, saying he was not "guessing them good enough" just then.

Mr. Buskirk's intimation that he was not afraid to make it no-trumps on an ace and two hopes was fully demonstrated on several occasions. One of the men who had a valet with him, and who appeared in a different suit of tweeds every day, stood close behind Mr. Buskirk for one rubber and could not help raising his eyebrows a little and glancing at his neighbor when Mr. Buskirk made it no-trumps at the score of love-all, rubber game, on the ace and five little spades, king of hearts alone, five clubs to the queen six, and one diamond.

The opening was a small heart, led from five to the ace. Dummy had none. He had two small diamonds and three small hearts, five spades to the king, ace and two small clubs. The dealer won the first trick with the king of hearts, made six tricks in spades, upon

which the player on his right, who discarded from weakness, let go two clubs, keeping the ace and king of diamonds and his hearts. When the dealer led the club queen, the king covered and the jack fell, so that Mr. Buskirk made a little slam.

"That hand turned out pretty well, partner," he remarked calmly as he cut the cards for the next deal. "Of course, I guessed you had something, and I thought it better for the concealed hand to declare."

"Judging from results, you are certainly a good guesser," was the partner's comment. "If they open a diamond they make five by cards."

This hand tickled the judge so much that he tried to explain to the lame man how the discard had lost four tricks. The cripple took his cane out of his mouth and thanked him very much, regretting that he did not quite see the point, but that he believed bridge must be a very interesting game.

Some of Mr. Buskirk's opening leads were certainly calculated to excite admiration if one may measure the merit of a beginning by a successful ending. The player on his right having made it, no trumps, Mr. Buskirk promptly doubled; holding six clubs to the ace king, three spades to the jack and two small cards in each of the red suits.

The dealer redoubled, holding four clubs to the queen nine, four spades to the queen jack ten and the ace king queen of both red suits. Mr. Buskirk hesitated a moment and then redoubled, which made the well-dressed man behind him gasp. The dealer redoubled again, whereupon dummy protested and wished to avail himself of the rule permitting a player to object to doubling beyond a hundred points a trick. The dealer immediately offered to assume the responsibility and informed Mr. Buskirk that he could proceed if he wished to.

After thanking the dealer for his generosity

he did redouble, and the dealer then thought he had had enough, the odd trick being worth three hundred and eighty-four points, or a hundred and ninety-two dollars to him, as he was taking both ends.



"Billy here yet?" he inquired softly

To the astonishment of both the well-dressed man and the gambler who stood beside him, Mr. Buskirk did not lead his club suit, but started with the jack of spades, Dummy laid down three small spades, five of each red suit, and no clubs. Third hand, who was the player from the Racquet Club, won the first trick with the king of spades and then stopped to do a little thinking. The judge nudged the lame man, who was falling asleep, and whispered that the leader must have made one of those rotten short-suit openings.

Finally, after due consideration of the dummy's cards, third hand returned the jack of clubs.

The dealer covered, with the queen nine and two small in his hand. Buskirk won with the king and at once led another spade. Third hand won this and led the ten of clubs without hesitation, as if the situation were now clear to him. The ten held, so he led the trey, and Buskirk's ace and seven picked up the dealer's nine and four, making four more club tricks; two by cards against the declaration.

The well-dressed man took out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead, looking round him in a dazed sort of way, as if to assure himself that it was all real. The lame man removed the cane from his mouth long enough to look up at the judge and ask quietly:

"Was that a good play then?" The judge was too astonished to answer. He was waiting for the comments of the players themselves. Mr. Buskirk was the first to speak:

"Nothing like taking a chance, partner," he remarked, breezily. "The moment he redoubled I knew he had my suit stopped and

that you must come through him. Lucky guess that, though, to put you in, but it was the only suit in which I had a card that would show you I did not want the suit returned. Glad I guessed it right."

"As I remarked before, you are certainly a wonderful guesser," was the smiling comment of the Racquet Club man as he spread the cards to cut for another rubber, in which he got the cotton broker for a partner, the Consul falling to Buskirk. The Consul wanted to make it fifty cents a point; but Buskirk objected.

"Not that I am afraid of the result, partner," he said, smiling; "but I never play for more than twenty-five. We are only playing for amusement anyway, and I would just as soon play for two-and-a-half." A remark which made the two gamblers simultaneously look up at the ceiling.

Having finished dealing, Mr. Buskirk picked up his cards and found that fortune had favored him with six diamonds to the ace king queen, three very small hearts and spades and one little club. He promptly passed it, and dummy made it hearts, holding six to the ace king jack, three small spades and four small clubs.

The adversaries made three spade tricks and the king of clubs right off the reel. The next club the dealer trumped. He discarded dummy's two remaining clubs on his own winning diamonds and then led a trump, dropping the queen and making four by cards, just enough to go game.

"Lucky I did not make it an original diamond," remarked Mr. Buskirk, cheerily. "I hate a diamond at the score of love-all, and I guessed you must have something better."

"As your former partner has remarked upon several occasions," replied the Consul, "you are a wonderful guesser."

The lame man looked up at the judge and smiled, with a gleam of intelligence in his face.

"So it's a guess game, is it? I always thought bridge was very scientific."

"All I can say," answered the judge, laugh-

ing, "is that if I could guess like that fellow I would spend the rest of my life in Wall Street."

To the end of the voyage it was the same story. Mr. Buskirk had struck his gait. Not more than once in five times did he guess wrong and not once for five minutes did he cease to be the talk of every bridge player on the boat.

Having profited to the extent of some two thousand dollars by his skill as a guesser, combined with his accurate play, Mr. Buskirk was in a liberal mood when he walked down the gangplank in New York, and he handed his less fortunate acquaintances a hundred dollars each as a consolation after they had assured him that his game was dead square.

Throwing his portmanteau, rug, and handbag into a cab he drove up to the Gilsey House, and registered, after shaking hands with the clerk.

"Billy here yet?" he inquired softly.

"Just went up to his room. Had an accident while he was away, eh? Broke his leg, or just sprained it?"

"Only a sprain. That'll be all right in a day or two. What number is he? I'll go right up and see him."

On opening the door of Billy's room, he found the young man busy, with the assistance of the head porter, in removing a clumsy iron brace from his right leg.

After a cordial handshake Buskirk remarked:

"Billy, you did fine."

"Thanks, awfully, old man. The only thing that bothered me was when some one spoke to me, and I had to take the cane out of my mouth before I had signaled up the whole hand. The judge was a perfect nuisance that way."

"You did fine, Billy. I had to laugh at the way you kept on practising the signals with the head of your cane all day long. The only place I got stuck was when you pulled it out so far I didn't know whether my partner had the nine of clubs or the ten. But you did fine, Billy."



THE SPIRITUAL UNREST

Lift Men from the Gutter? Or, Remove the Gutter? Which?

By RAY STANNARD BAKER

Author of "Following the Color Line," etc.

Illustrated with Portraits and Photographs

ONE of the most extraordinary institutions in this country is the Jerry McAuley Mission. For it lifts men and women out of the lowest gutters of human degradation and sets them again on their feet in the world of usefulness. It performs the miracle of the new life.

Two things the church has to do—no more, no less. One is to inspire the individual man with faith in God, the other is to draw all men together in a more friendly and democratic relationship. The old formula, love of God, love of fellow men, expresses the whole range of the activities of the church. Some religious institutions, like the Jerry McAuley Mission, emphasize individual regeneration, others, like Christ Church, emphasize social reconstruction. The two types are presented here in contrast: the one lifts men individually out of the gutter, the other also seeks to remove the gutter. Which is the more necessary?

The McAuley Mission is in Water Street below the Bowery, and almost underneath the huge Manhattan end of the old Brooklyn Bridge. The immediate neighborhood, which at one time was one of the very worst on Manhattan Island, has now been partially built up to warehouses, but not far away are still to be found the poorest sort of poor homes and some of the worst of saloons. When the churches began their flight northward years ago, deserting the poorer people, this part of the city was left the prey to every devil of the slums. It was a district without religion, without even humanity. Dozens of saloons and dives were to be found in every block. Kit Burns's famous "rat-pit" was a popular resort of the neigh-

borhood, where, almost every evening, a certain hero of those parts who was called Jack the Rat, entertained late audiences by biting off the heads of live rats.

A Conversion in Sing Sing Prison

Here, in a dilapidated old building, Jerry McAuley and his wife opened, in 1872, the first of the now well-known type of rescue missions. As a boy Jerry never had a chance. Everything was against him. He had grown up in the worst possible environment, where his heroes were thieves and his instructors were drunkards: an environment which still exists in New York for thousands of boys and young men. Naturally he became both a thief and a drunkard, and being of a daring nature he soon attained wide notoriety as a river pirate. Before he was twenty years old he had reached the natural result of such a career and had been sentenced to Sing Sing prison for fifteen years and six months. A rude preacher of that day was "Awful" Gardner, a former prize-fighter and tough whom Jerry had known as a boy. Gardner came to preach to the prisoners at Sing Sing, telling his own story in his own way. It was a rough sort of personal conviction that he had: and he knew the life of the men before him. Jerry was touched, and his conduct and life were immediately changed, so much so that he was pardoned by Governor Dix.

When he left the prison he had no place to go except to his old haunts in the Bowery and no friends to look after him: and not unnaturally he fell victim again to the environ-

ment into which he was so heartlessly cast. For months he was a riotous drunkard, worse than he ever had been before. One night he overheard a missionary preacher talking with a woman: he said that he heard only one word, the name of Jesus: and he decided again to reform. He went with the missionary that night and signed the pledge, but the next day he found it no easier to earn a living honestly than he had before—for he had no training and no knowledge of an honest life. Nor did he have a single friend who knew how to make a living except by stealing. After a day or two of trial the Bowery again overwhelmed him and he deliberately abandoned his idea of reforming and set out with a companion on a marauding expedition. By chance the two met the missionary, who said:

"Jerry, where are you going?"

"I can't starve," said Jerry sullenly.

"Jerry," said the missionary, "come with me. I will pawn this coat before I will see you starve."

Jerry looked the coat over and saw that it would not bring fifty cents at the pawn-shop. Then he said:

"If you think enough of me to do that, I'll die before I steal."

The First Rescue Mission

From that moment he began the hard upward struggle. Five different times he fell and became riotously drunk, but he kept doggedly at it and finally succeeded. Four years later, after he had thoroughly schooled and tested himself, he started his little mission. At first he met every sort of ridicule, opposition and persecution; at one time hot coals were thrown out of a window upon him, but he continued every night to tell his story to the crowds of "bums" and toughs who gathered in his small room. It was the simplest kind of story of individual salvation through faith in God.

Ever since then the meetings have continued, not Sundays only, with a closed church during the remainder of the week, but every day in the year with the mission open from early morning until late at night. Jerry died years ago, but his work has gone around the world, the idea of the rescue mission having been adopted in scores of cities.

I wish to give as clear an idea as possible of what such work means and to what extent it is effective, or ineffective. To some of those accustomed to the soft surroundings of up-town religion, a mission of the slums is repellent, not less in the character of the people

who attend, than in the nature of the religious expression. But there are deep realities here, too, if we are willing to look for them.

Walk into the small, narrow, stuffy hall of the McAuley Mission any night of the year and you will find the seats filled with the last and lowest dregs of humanity—men who are thieves, ex-convicts and drunkards. Every sort of humanity indeed, from the university man downward, may here be found: they have all reached the last equality of degradation. Around on the walls you will see lettered some of the most striking promises from the New Testament. In front, on the platform, sit a number of men and a few women, with the leading musician at the piano. The air is not fresh, not at all fresh: it could not be with such an audience of rags and dirt and drunkenness. Nor are the sights and sounds pleasant to fastidious senses. But wait, we are at the very bottom of the ladder: and there are significant things here too, things well for all of us to know.

Where Drunkards Come

What do all these men come here for? Well, they come for various reasons, comparatively few directly for religious purposes. It is a cold night and they have no place to sleep, so they come in, homeless and drunken, for a chance to rest for a little while, where it is warm. Once a week they are fed liberally, and every night a few of them receive tickets entitling them to a lodging-house bed. Sordid business it seems, doesn't it? A common criticism is that these missions are a mere encouragement to vagrancy.

But are the motives which draw many of the people into the rich up-town churches so fundamentally different? I wonder, is it better to go to church to seek social connections, or business relationships, or to exhibit a new bonnet, than it is to go to church for a corned-beef sandwich?

Anyway, for whatever purpose, these poor and ragged men are here, and no one can tell what is going on in the souls under these rags, any more than one can tell what is going on underneath the gorgeous raiment at St. Bartholomew's Church. If all the worldly were turned into the streets, I wonder, would the Fifth Avenue temple fare better or worse than the slum mission?

Many curious and significant differences exist between the methods of the McAuley Mission and those of the prouder churches. Here no one preaches to anyone else. No one argues any dogmas or creeds: there is almost no sort of ceremony practiced.

Down here people have learned deep things out of life itself. They have been shaken down and tried out. What they want is not books or doctrines or advice or churches; all these superficial things they have spent out with their money and got beyond. Any religion that touches them has got to *live*, and show visible works: there is no other way around it, or about it.

Stories Told at the Mission

And so the religious service at the McAuley Mission is made up almost exclusively of pages out of the book of common life. It is story-telling—true stories, stories like that of the blind man who said: "One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see." Is there any more convincing evidence? So they get up in the Mission, men who are cleanly clad, who look clean, and tell what has happened to them, personally. The stories are much alike, for the human experiences which lie behind them are much alike. There is always the bed-rock of conscious and utter failure: there is always the real evidence of salvation. "The difference between the audiences down here, and those in uptown churches," one of the workers said to me, "is that these men know they are sinners: uptown they don't know it."

Here is a somewhat typical story I heard at the McAuley Mission:

"I came in here two years, six months and ten days ago, a drunken wretch. I was down and out. I had no hope left. I felt here that Jesus Christ had the power to save me when I could not save myself. I surrendered to him. Since then my life has been changed. I am no longer a slave of drink. I have a job and a good living. I have become reconciled with my family, and I stand here to-night to show what religion can do for a man."

It is impossible to give a true conception of these stories, because a mere report of what is said cannot convey the earnestness and simplicity with which the words are spoken.

Carping criticism may say what it will about such a story, but it cannot touch that man. He knows what he has got, and those wretches who hear him—do they not understand intimately what he has suffered? And do they not also long blindly for the power he has won for himself?

Every one connected with the Mission, from the superintendent, John H. Wyburn, down, has had the same sort of experience: he is on a common plane of life with the men who crowd the little room: he can touch them directly

and intimately. He can give them life. One night, when I was there, I heard a Bowery man named Chris, tell his story. Like Jerry McAuley, he had grown up on the Bowery, a street waif. In a city of boasted schools he had grown up without knowing how to read or write. "When they put me in at one door of the school," he said, "I ran out at the other." He was a thief and a drunkard: he had often been arrested: but finally he had stumbled by chance into the mission to get something to eat. There his life was changed. His story, told with the Bowery twang, and dealing with places in the Bowery familiar to all, and relating the particulars of his own resurrection from death, was tremendously impressive. He has now learned to read, and he has a good position where he makes an honest living for the first time in his life. As he told his story he reiterated again and again:

"This is a reality. This is true."

Every night many men come "forward for prayers"—which heaven knows they need—but most of them are imposters, known to be imposters, who come merely on the chance of getting a bed-ticket, or a dime, or a sandwich—and yet from among these abject men, some are reached and lifted. Nothing impressed me more than the infinite patience exercised with these men. The leaders watch for the veriest spark of the new life that they may fan it into flame.

"You have to exercise great patience," I said to Mr. Wyburn.

"Yes," he replied, "someone exercised great patience with me twenty years ago when I came in here a hopeless drunkard—or I should not be here to-night."

They never give up, these leaders, nor do they reject any man, no matter how hopeless he may seem: for have they not had miracles in their own lives? They act on the motto:

Most Wretched—Most Welcome

"The most welcome are those who are the most wretched."

S. H. Hadley, one of the former leaders of the Mission, himself a reconstructed drunkard, once said:

"We love the drunkard because he is a drunkard, and because nobody else does love him. . . . He is asked no questions, no promises are exacted, he has no rules to observe except the one rule of order. He is not lectured on his past, he is not exhorted to lead a better life in the future. He is loved, treated kindly, and joins in prayers night and morning and attends the meetings. Although it is essen-

tially a religious institution, religion is not forced upon him; he is neither watched nor suspected. He is treated as a brother. He is puzzled and don't know what to make of it. Sometimes he comes to the conclusion he has a 'graft' and proceeds to work it for all it is worth. He steals whatever he can lay his hands on and clears out. Sooner or later he is driven back again by hunger, as the only place where he can find food or shelter. On his return he is met with the same welcome, the same kindness. There is no word of reproof or scolding. Again and again he may show the cloven foot, but in the end he finds that in the missions founded by Jerry McAuley there is a stock of love and patience not to be exhausted. That here, if not elsewhere, the spirit of the founder of Christianity lives and moves and endures."

And the leaders and workers of the McAuley Mission, like the Catholic priests, are always at their work. Mr. Wyburn lives with his family in the rooms over the Mission, and he makes a home and a rallying place both for the men who, having been converted, volunteer night after night to help with the work, and for the struggling new converts. I took dinner with the group one evening; it included some half dozen men with their wives and children. Every man there, and some of them were now prosperous business men in New York City, had gone through the fire of just such experiences as I have described. Many of them, in gratitude, devote practically all the spare time of their lives in helping the Mission work, not only giving what money they can, but giving themselves in personal service night after night.

"If you'd been saved from what I have," said one of the men, "you'd be willing to give something in return."

The Friendliest Place in New York

Another man told me of his well-to-do earlier life, of his ambitions and of his final downfall. When he finished his story he paused, and then added, looking around the small, plainly furnished room:

"This is the friendliest place in New York."

One night I attended an anniversary. When a convert has stood fast for a year, he has an anniversary. For the first time he leads the meeting, and he tells his story at length for the first time. I attended the anniversary of a young Scotchman named Andy. He had been brought up in a good Scotch home, had become a drunkard and gambler, had been cast off, had drifted much about the world and

had finally been cast up among the other human wreckage upon the Bowery. A year ago he had come into the Mission drunk. His life was changed: he had been taken into the little circle upstairs, he had helped as a cook—for these men are willing to do anything in getting hold again—and now, after a year, he told with husky voice of his experience, including the news that he had been reconciled with his family in Scotland, and hoped to go home again soon. And there was real rejoicing over the good fortune of this rehabilitated man.

I wish, indeed, I had space here to narrate more of these stories of struggle, reconstruction and human helpfulness, and to tell more of the men I met, but I cannot here find the space. Nor can I speak of the splendid activities of other missions and churches which are struggling with the problems of the poor and the outcast: the work of such men as Elsing of the De Witt Memorial Church, Bates of the Spring Street Church, Cocks of the Church of the Sea and Land, Dowkontt of the Mariner's Temple, and others. Whenever I went down-town to see this work I always came away hopeful, impressed with the feeling that I had touched something that was real: an inspiration that I seldom felt when I went to the great churches up-town.

The point I wish to make most emphatically is that here in this Mission of the slums, among the lowest of the low, is demonstrated again and again the power of a living religion to reconstruct the individual human life. And it apparently makes not the slightest difference whether the man is an unlettered Chris or a university graduate, the power of reconstruction is the same. Once grasped, such religious faith changes the whole world for the man who grasps it. It cures, as it did in apostolic times, both bodies and souls, and it produces, moreover, a singularly simple and brotherly relationship among those who are reached, a desire to serve one another. It is no affectation which causes these men to refer to one another as "Brother." They *are* brothers.

I have endeavored thus to give a picture of one of the best types I know of that sort of religious work which emphasizes the salvation of individual souls. And yet one cannot with open-mindedness study the McAuley Mission and others like it which are doing an honest work, without coming away full of the gravest doubts and questionings. All of the surroundings of the honest mission (how much more detestable the travesties of the occasional fraudulent Mission!), all of the misery, the degradation, the abject hypocrisy, are intensely

repellent to the ordinary man or woman. By turns they arouse one's scorn and wring one's deepest sensibilities. They cry out for one's compassion. And even though it is apparent that a man here and there is lifted out of the morass, one comes away from such a mission filled with a conviction as deep as his soul that in some way the whole spectacle of horror and misery is grotesquely and irretrievably wrong.

For how can such things be in an age which calls itself civilized? Why should not a civilized nation provide a better school of training than the Bowery for bold and original boys like Jerry McAuley? Why, indeed, should there be any Bowery? Why should the saloon keeper be more friendly than the church? Why all these potent agencies for tearing down and ruining men and women, and why, after having ruined tens of thousands of souls, should a few feeble missions be maintained to drag away, here and there, a single man from out of the wholesale wreckage?

Over and over again the men saved at the missions have the same experience that Jerry McAuley had. A man is converted and then goes back into the hell of his old environment. In the Bowery his old companions await him, every visible thing conspires against him, and nine chances in ten he falls again. A few, a very few will, indeed, win their way into the new atmosphere and the friendly influence of the little upper rooms like those of Mr. Wyburn at the McAuley Mission, but the most will go out again to mean and dirty homes and lodging houses, and a heart-rending search for work, with the ever-enticing and friendly saloon always ready to appease their despondency. If one of them by remote chance should seek the new environment of an uptown church, what do you suppose would happen to him?

I made inquiries among many missions as to the proportion of men and women coming to the missions who were permanently converted. Of those only who "come forward and ask for prayers"—a small proportion, of course, of those who attend—from one to ten per cent., according to the estimates of various experienced workers, are "saved" or converted permanently. Five per cent. would probably be a liberal estimate. In other words, for every five men rehabilitated among those who "inquire," ninety-five go on downward into a very real hell of degradation. While religion is feebly getting at five men, our civilization is hopelessly ruining not only the ninety-five others who "inquire" but the hundreds upon hundreds who come to the missions and do not "go forward," to say nothing of the

thousands upon thousands of miserable creatures who never visit the missions at all! How futile the church seems under such circumstances! Is it any wonder that the clergy should be discouraged? Is it any wonder that the people should be crowding the church aside and looking to new ways of producing better results in our civilization?

More than this—far more than this—consider even the five per cent. saved by the Mission. A man cannot be a drunkard or a thief, nor a woman a prostitute for one, or five, or twenty years, and come out in most cases, although converted, and be the same, strong, sure, serviceable man or woman he or she would have been without passing through such horrors. These men are "saved:" that is, they have made peace for themselves, personally, for a few years, but as a general rule they have become more or less ineffective as human instruments. Society has helped to ruin them: society must bear the loss.

Much the same generalization applies to every great revival of religion. Mighty enthusiasm is stirred up. Men are brought to a realization of God, they acquire a new faith, they feel kindly toward all people—but when they go out into the world again, and try to practice that brotherhood of men which is the only visible proof of the love of God, and to live by the Golden Rule, they find themselves in that Bowery which is the business world, or that jungle which is political life—where the laws that prevail are the laws of the jungle—strife, envy, covetousness—everything to promote hatred, little to promote love. Is it any wonder that most of the converted soon become "backsliders?" The conditions of the world suffocate the religious spirit.

This brings me to the second type of religious work which I wish to present in this article—the type which has come to the conclusion that an effort must be made to reach and cure the *causes* of degradation, as well as to save a few of the victims. In this new vision of usefulness the priest is only following the doctor. For years, typhoid fever, for example, meant wholesale death except for a few individuals plucked out of danger by costly and drastic measures. Now the doctor, having investigated causes, demands that the water miles away in the hills be filtered, and the wells of the distant milk-man be cleansed. The doctor has learned that most physical diseases are due to social neglect and while still prepared to treat desperate cases with amputation or drastic medicines, the main work of the medical profession lies now in the realm of prevention and hygiene. It is social work.

But the church learns more slowly! It is so cumbered with traditions, so worldly, so divided within itself, so fearful that by means of some new truth which God gives to men He will somehow abolish Himself! The priest often lacks the faith of the doctor! He may see that the spreading disease of unbrotherliness has its origin, in large measure, in the injustice of modern industrial and business conditions, which grind down the poor and the weak, the children, the women, the foreigner—but how falteringly he strikes at these causes, how he palliates with excuses, how he avoids the direct issue! Often, he not only fails to demand changed conditions, but he becomes the chief apologist for the maintenance of the present evil environment!

But churches here and there have begun, seriously, the task of changing social environment. I shall describe the Christ Presbyterian Church as one of the best examples I know of this new sort of religious activity.

Christ Church is affiliated with and supported largely by the Brick Presbyterian Church, one of the most notable of the rich churches of the Fifth Avenue district. It is on the West Side of New York City, in Thirty-sixth Street, near Eighth Avenue, in a neighborhood occupied exclusively by wage-earners, clerks and small shop-keepers, largely German by extraction, with, recently, a rapid crowding of a poorer population of Italians and Negroes. Christ Church, like so many other small churches in New York, had its beginnings in a Sunday School. One Sunday afternoon, more than fifty years ago, a group of earnest young men, one of whom, John E. Parsons, a distinguished lawyer and a director of the Sugar Trust, is still living, went down among the working people and gathered in a group of boys from off the streets. The school grew. Mr. Parsons was for years its superintendent—a position more recently held by his son, Herbert Parsons, now congressman and political leader in New York state. A church was finally organized and a large building of the old type was constructed. By the old type I mean a Sunday Church, open one day in the week for religious services, and closed for the most part during the remaining days of the week.

But for the times it was considered a reasonably good work: hundreds of churches in New York City to-day (and elsewhere) are still slumberously conducting Sunday churches and are apparently at ease in Zion. Indeed, there was more interest in this Mission than in most, for a few volunteer laymen, men like Mr. Parsons, William D. Barbour and others,

took a keen interest, especially in the Sunday School. Money was contributed liberally and preaching was steadily maintained.

And yet, at no time in its history did the church have more than four hundred and fifty members, out of an immediate neighborhood with a population of from 15,000 to 20,000 people. As a vital or commanding influence upon the common daily lives of these swarming thousands it was, of course, hardly more than negligible. How could it be otherwise? Even the earnest volunteer workers who came down from Fifth Avenue once a week knew and could know next to nothing at all about the buyings and sellings, the births and the marryings and the buryings, the hopes, and fears, and joys which make up the great part of the lives of these working people. They lived in a wholly foreign sphere. Two or three admirable paid workers were on the ground all the time, but among the crowding thousands of the population of the neighborhood a few women and a busy pastor count for comparatively little.

I am saying these things not in criticism of Christ Church: I am merely pointing out conditions more or less common to all New York church work—conditions of which the clergy themselves have been the sharpest critics.

Out of the conviction that the old Christ Church was not the power in the community that it should be, that, indeed, it was losing its hold on the common lives of men, grew the new Christ Church—a seven-day church—the work of which I wish here to consider. No essentially new ideas were adopted by the Brick Church in the reconstruction of this branch of its work. It was the result of a wide-spread spiritual unrest, both inside and outside of the churches, which was expressed here in a social settlement, there in more scientific charity organizations, and in many other social and civic activities. It was a part of the present ethical revival. Dr. Rainsford and Dr. Judson had shown the way toward the institutional church, and they in their turn had learned much from the social settlements.

The new Christ Church, then, is an institutional church. That is, besides its places for Sunday worship and Bible schools, fully half of its building is devoted to various social and neighborhood purposes, with rooms for clubs, classes and amusements. And it is open seven days in the week. In short, it is an effort to reach and serve more of the people of the neighborhood, to touch them on more sides of their lives, and to influence them more continuously.

Three men of vision inspired and made

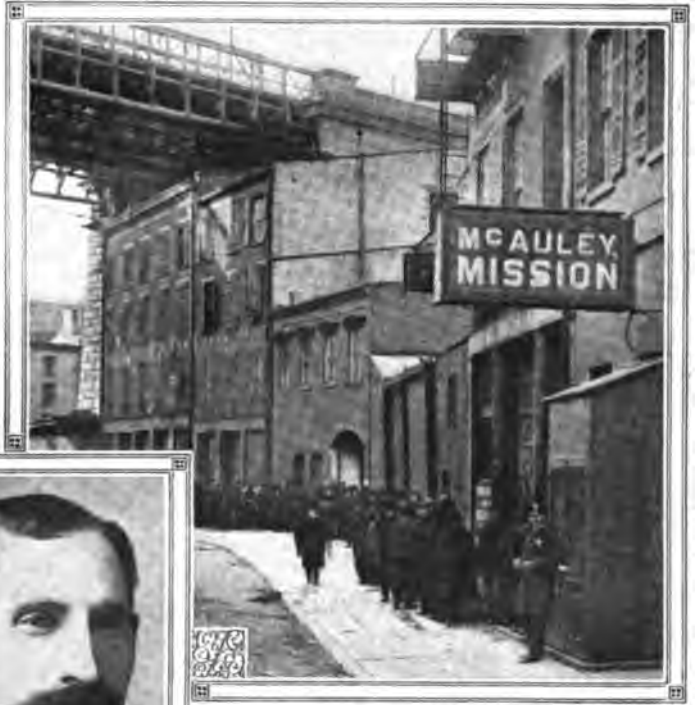
possible the construction of the new church—three successive pastors of the Brick Church. Dr. Henry Van Dyke began the work; it was continued through the brief pastorate of Maltbie D. Babcock, and it was completed by W. R. Richards, the present minister.

Many of the older church missions were poor and cheap affairs, built on the principle that almost anything was good enough for the poor, but in many respects Christ Church is a better, more beautiful, and more commodious building than the mother church. When Dr. Richards first went to see it after it was completed, he said:

“The best thing about this place is that it is better than anything we have got ourselves.”

The building has been open now for four years, an able leader, the Rev. James M. Farr, has been in charge of it, and while its activities have not been as extensive or as costly as those of St. George's or St. Bartholemew's, they have been developed with enlightened energy.

I think no one could visit either the church house on a week day, or see the Sunday School on Sunday with eight hundred children in attendance, without being greatly impressed. There is life here! The church is open all day long—open longer than the public schools, and more days in the week—but not open as long as the saloons and nickel theaters, cigar stores and candy parlors, which are to be found in numbers everywhere. A schedule of activities in the entrance-hall gives one an impressive idea of how the days are filled, and of the variety and extent of the work attempted. Two large kindergartens are held in the morning for some ninety little children. Older children and young people are organized in clubs and classes which meet at various hours during the week. Instruction is



From copyrighted stereograph by Underwood & Underwood

Jerry McAuley and the famous McAuley Mission, “beneath the Manhattan end of the old Brooklyn Bridge”

given in carpentry, sewing, cooking, type-writing and basketry. A boys' cadet corps is drilled regularly. To provide for the amusement which human nature will have (in the saloon, if not in the church) there are billiard tables, a bowling alley, a shooting gallery, a gymnasium and baths, and a room for games. In the summer, excursions to the country are constantly being organized. A considerable library is provided and the books are widely used in the neighborhood. The McAlpin literary society and the Glee Club give plays and other entertainments, including social dances.

A catalogue of activities such as this seems dry enough and it cannot, of course, convey the cheerful spirit of association and helpfulness that pervades the work. The church provides an outlet into the finer and pleasanter things of life for an over-worked people whose low wages and poor homes give them few opportunities. It gets them together, it lets them see something of the people from uptown, and better than that, it lets the people from uptown see something of them: it tends to awaken that sympathy between man and man which is the fundamental note of democracy.

Dr. Farr says that one of the chief purposes of the work is simply to make people happy: to give them a greater interest in life.

"Happiness makes for religion," he says, "quite as much as religion makes for happiness."

Youthful activities, which once spent themselves in destructive and lawless amusements

environment of life easier by ministering to the sick. Christ Church maintains a clinic with a physician on hand at stated times, and a visiting nurse is constantly employed.

A tuberculosis class similar to those which I described in a previous article is also maintained with success. Some of the patients find a place to rest out-of-doors on the roof of the



... the seats filled with the last and lowest dregs of humanity. ...
Every sort of humanity, indeed, from the university man downward, may here be found: they have all reached the last equality of degradation "

now have, in such institutions, an organized outlet—organized clubs, organized classes, organized sports, organized gymnastics. Since the settlements and institutional churches have appeared in the large cities the old gangs of hoodlums which formerly menaced the poorer parts of the city, have almost wholly disappeared. Such work prevents at least some of the conditions which produced Jerry McAuley.

Illness among the poor is one of the influences which tend to produce hopelessness and deterioration; an institutional church can, therefore, do much toward making the en-

vironment of life easier by ministering to the sick. I saw a group of them there, wrapped in rugs, sitting in steamer chairs and looking most comfortable.

While statistics do not convey an idea of the spirit which animates this work, it is interesting to know that a staff of 17 salaried workers, five men and twelve women, are employed to do the work, and there are, besides, about 175 volunteer workers, mostly in the Sunday school, who give occasional service.

Here, then, is an effort to reach and improve the social life of the neighborhood which is, of course, lacking in institutions such as the McAuley Mission. So far as it goes, and up



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Arthur E. Ryerson
with his wife and children

A soldier of the Boer War, he fell to the lowest stages of degradation and became a drunken out-cast without home or friends. In 1907 he came to the Mission, his life was changed and he has now regained his family and is materially prosperous

John H. Wyburn
Superintendent of the McAuley Mission

Twenty-one years ago Mr. Wyburn was a hopeless, ragged drunkard, a hanger-on of the Bowery saloons. He was converted at the McAuley Mission and has been for years connected with Mission work

to the extent of its capacity, it is undoubtedly a great influence in its community; it tends to leaven the hard lump of unfriendliness and to give a vital meaning to religion.

Not for a moment would I say anything that would hinder or injure such progressive work in any way; and yet, if we are to understand the problem which to-day confronts the church in New York we must inquire just how far the institutional church has now reached in its tremendous task of changing the environment of the people of the poorer neighborhoods.

On the strictly ecclesiastical side—that is, if we measure by statistics—Christ Church has shown little progress in four years. Its membership has increased only from about 500 to 536, while its Sunday School, with an enrollment of 1,000 pupils, always an enthusiastic work, has with difficulty been maintained at its full strength. On the other hand, the social activities have reached an increasing number of people, and have helped in some degree to feed the religious services and the Sunday School. Over 500 people make use

of the building every day in the week, and there are 2,500 names on the roll, representing 1,000 families. And yet, compared with the swarming population of the neighborhood, this number is small, indeed. A single nickel theater around the corner attracts two or three times as many people every day as all the free attractions of Christ Church put together—and as for the saloons, they have not lost their popularity! The people reached are nearly all of American or German stock; practically none of the thousands of Italians and Negroes of the neighborhood are touched in any way.

I am not giving these facts in any spirit of criticism, or arguing that Christ Church could or should do more than it is doing. I am merely trying to give an idea of the immensity of the problem, and the strength of the opposing forces.

The church is, indeed, trying to touch life in new ways, but as yet even the institutional activities touch only a little fringe of it, inspire or amuse or train, only a very few of the swarm-



A convert of the McAuley Mission

A young New York business man who became a victim of both drink and drugs. After being in hospitals for drunkards, he finally visited the McAuley Mission. "I heard many men tell their stories," he says, "and in the after meeting I went forward with about twenty others and began to lead a Christian life"

Edward C. Mercer

Began drinking while a student at the University of Virginia. After his graduation, his downfall was rapid, he alienated his friends, his wife had to leave him and he became an outcast in New York. Converted at the Mission, he has since been engaged in Y. M. C. A. work, chiefly among men in the colleges

ing population. The church scarcely touches, as yet, the vital problems of everyday life of the neighborhood—the buying and selling, the work, the play, the deepest hopes and fears and joys of the people. And these are the things which tear down or build up the life of individual men and women.

Moreover, the work of the church is largely with children; a work, indeed, necessary to be done, and of the highest value. But upon coming of age most of the young people drift away; and rarely return to the influence of the religious activities. Neither Christ Church nor any other gets and holds many men, especially in the poorer parts of town. Though the institutional churches do make a few lives happier and more hopeful, the great mass of the people must still live in the most sordid surroundings; they must work long hours at low wages, and the slightest accident precipitates them below the poverty line. Life is a daily struggle for bare maintenance, not only for the men but for many of the women and children. Under

such circumstances is it any wonder that the play of the clubs and classes at the church, not to speak of the religious services, seem distant and unreal? Why should they bother with them? It is all right for the children, but does it help to meet the tremendous grown-up problems of employment, or the incalculable worries and alarms of unemployment, of paying rent, of buying food and clothing? What has the church to offer in the way of changing such conditions as those presented in the following sober report of the Tenement House Commission of New York?

"The tenement districts of New York are places in which thousands of people are living in the smallest space in which it is possible for human beings to exist—crowded together in dark, ill-ventilated rooms in many of which the sunlight never enters, and in most of which fresh air is unknown. They are centers of disease, poverty, vice and crime, where it is a marvel not that some children grow up to be thieves, drunkards and prostitutes, but that



William O. Longsdorf

For twenty years a drunkard; converted at the McAuley Mission. "Mr. Wyburn," he says, "told me of his experience and how God had saved him from a drunkard's life and that there was hope for me too. I have never wanted a drink from that day to this." He is now in business in New York City, contented and prospering

John R. McConica

A college-bred man who became a Bowery "bum," living on crusts from ash barrels. In the winter of 1885 he stumbled half-drunken into the Mission wearing an old linen duster with snow packed into his broken shoes. He was converted and has since been a profound influence for good in Norfolk, Va., where he lives

so many should ever grow up to be decent and self-respecting. All the conditions which surround childhood, youth and womanhood in New York's crowded tenement quarters make for unrighteousness. They also make for disease. There is hardly a tenement house in which there has not been at least one case of pulmonary tuberculosis within the last five years, and in some houses there have been as great a number as twenty-two different cases of this terrible disease.

"The most terrible of all the features of tenement house life in New York, however, is the indiscriminate herding of all kinds of people in close contact; the fact, that, mingled with the drunken, the dissolute, the improvident, the diseased, dwell the great mass of the respectable workingmen of the city with their families."

The plain fact is, the church, even the institutional church, is still content with a religion that is a thing apart, that concerns only small, superficial things, that deals with chil-

dren. Can any religion really live that does not apply itself frankly to every side of human life—business, industry, banking, tenement houses, land owning, in short the *whole* of life? Or can the church recover from its present decadent condition until it strikes to the very roots of social conditions?

In one small but significant department of its work Christ Church actually strikes down into a real problem of the tenements: coal. It has a message of helpfulness about coal. Coal is ordinarily sold to poor families by the basket and the profits to the dealers are extortionate: it is one way of bleeding the poor. So Christ Church has a coal club of about one hundred women who pay in ten cents or more a week. The club buys its coal in quantities and each member is assigned her particular share, thus eliminating the extortionate small dealer. The club is wholly self-supporting: a thoroughly democratic institution. A little common good, a little brotherliness has here crept into the coal business of the West



Institutional Activities at Christ Church:
Sewing Classes and Kindergarten

Side. I wonder what would be the result of more such co-operation, let us say in the making of clothing, the buying of groceries, the ownership of tenements?

The rich people of the uptown churches, indeed, have the poor on their consciences as never before. To meet the condition they have built institutional churches—a good idea, so far as it goes. They are willing to pay a large proportion of the expenses of maintenance, or even all of the expenses; they are willing that the institutional churches should be finer than their own churches; they will even go down and help with the clubs, classes and Sunday Schools. In all these superficial things, in the singing and praying, they are willing to co-operate; but that is as far as they have got at present. There the co-operation stops short!

When it comes to extending their religion to a co-operation in business and politics, to banking and land-owning—why, no, *that* cannot be. For “business is business”—and religion must be kept out of it. They have a groping idea that the church, if it is to survive, must command the lives of working men (how much we have heard of “The Church and the Working Man,” “The Church and the Foreigner,” and so on), but they are not themselves willing to let religion command their own lives. They worship with the working man and then turn around and charge him an exorbitant rental for the home he lives in, they take fat profits on the necessaries of life, they work women and little children long hours at low wages—and out of the proceeds they live luxuriously, while the workingman scrapes along miserably in his tenements. No, it is not *real*—this religion. It is “Brother” only on Sunday: and the masses of grown men and women in poor neighborhoods know it. They prefer the honest openness of the saloon, the frank cheapness of the nickel theater, where

they can pay for what they get, to the doubtful largess of the church.

And at the same time that the church among the tenements perishes for want of a message upon the vital problems of life, so it perishes uptown from a different sort



of superficiality. It no more reaches the real life of the rich than it reaches the real life of the poor. For example, on Easter Sunday I visited four of the richest churches in the Fifth Avenue district. I never saw before such a gorgeous crowd, such evidences of wealth, so many automobiles, so much expensive dressing—such elaborate displays of flowers, such costly music.

It was, indeed, a great and splendid show—a show both outside and inside the church—a time when, for once, it was fashionable to go to church.

“Easter,” said the *New York Times* on that Sunday morning, “promises to be celebrated with unusual impressiveness throughout this city to-day. . . . Never, according to the florists and milliners have there been more extensive preparations. . . . Forty per cent. more flowers have been sold this year than were sold last season.

“The women will wear foulards and cashmeres in mauve, mahogany and brown, the gowns will be cut in the *Moyen age* style, the line of the gown not being at the waist line, but eight inches below—about half-way between the waist and the knees. Peach basket hats will be discarded for the new *Paris style*.”

And for the men, too, it was a great celebration.

“Waistcoats,” continues the *Times*, “will be of *khaki* tan, or even of a plain sky blue. Ascot ties will be worn with high hats. The ties will be a shade darker than the

waistcoats, and flowered."

"I went into the church to find my Lord. They said, He is here: He lives here. But I could not see Him For the creed-tablets and bonnet-flowers."

So the church wanes and sickens in New York. A few earnest churches and missions



Carpentry and basketry classes and the cadet corps at Christ Church



drag men here and there from the gutter, but the gutter itself, the gutter of unbrotherliness, of the oppression of the weak and the luxury of the strong, still engulfs its thousands and carries them down to ruin. Much of the reconstructive power and vision is outside the churches, not inside: it is found in settlements, charity and civic organizations and among socialists.

I asked a man who has gained wisdom

where people are poor, why men are not attracted to the church.

"Because," he said, "we never ask them to do anything heroic, or anything really well worth doing. We demand no sacrifices from them. What can a man to-day *do* in the church? About the only thing he can do is to pass the collection plate and count the pennies afterwards—that is, he can do the trifling business of the church. Even when he gives money he rarely makes a genuine sacrifice."

It is only when the poor devils downtown in the McAuley Mission "surrender," and admit religion to the whole of their lives, that they are reconstructed: and the rich devils uptown can achieve reconstruction in no other way. Nor can the church be saved by giving a little money for missions, nor by going down to the working man on Sunday: it must be all or nothing.



When I Went to Boarding School

By OLIVE HIGGINS PROUTY

Author of "When Elise Came"

With Illustrations by J. C. Chase

I GOT home from dancing-school about ten o'clock that night. Juliet Adams always brings me along with her in their closed carriage, and drops me at our house. I remember I was particularly full of good feeling that Saturday for I kissed Juliet good-night,—a thing I seldom do,—and ran up the steps just overflowing with happiness as I called back to her, "Good-night, see you at church."

I was never more cheerful in my life for I little guessed that a tragedy awaited me just inside the house. The moment I pushed back the portiere between the hall and the sitting-room and laid eyes on my family all sitting about doing nothing, I knew something was wrong. Father was not in his big chair at his roll-top desk, the twins, Oliver and Malcolm, were not drawn up by the center table studying by the student lamp, my older brother Alec was not out making his Saturday night call, and strangest of all, Ruthie, the youngest of us, was not in bed.

"What's the matter?" I asked in the first breath, frightened dreadfully by the strangeness of it all.

"Nothing, Lucy," said my father quickly and gently. "Take your things off and come in."

But I didn't stir, only gripped tighter hold of the portiere and gasped, "Something has happened to Tom!" so sure I didn't even have to ask. Tom is the oldest of us and lives out

West, and we're awfully proud of him. We'd any of us die rather than to have anything happen to Tom!

I suppose I must have gone perfectly white for one of the twins blurted out in their frank, brutal way, "Oh, say! don't get so everlastingly excited. Let go your grip a little. Tom's hale and hearty for all we know. So's every one else. Do cool off."

Ruthie giggled. She always giggles at the twins and I knew then that all my horrible fear had been for nothing. The angry color rushed back into my face.

"Smarties!" I flung back at the twins with all my might.

"Oh, Lucy!" I heard father murmur, and I saw Alec drop his eyes as if he were ashamed of such an outburst from his sixteen-year-old sister.

"I don't care!" I went right on, "why don't some of you speak up and tell me what's the matter? Why is Ruth not in bed? And the twins, why are they——"

"It is all about *you!*" the other twin interrupted in a sort of triumphant way.

"Me?" I gasped.

"What in thunder——"

"Oh, Lucy!" father again murmured.

"Well, what," I continued, "have you all been saying about me?" And I sank down exhausted on the piano-stool.

Father cleared his throat and every one else



I sank down exhausted on the piano-stool

was quiet. I knew something important was coming. "Lucy," father said, "we think the time has come for you to go away from home for a little while." He stopped a moment. "We want you to go to boarding-school." It hit me like a hard baseball and I couldn't have spoken if I were to have died. So father went on in his sure, unflinching way. "I have been considering it for some little while and now as I talk it over with the others,—we always do that, you know,—I am clearer than ever. We have decided that Miss Brown's, on the Hudson, is the most advisable place to send you. I have, therefore, communicated with Miss Brown and a telegram announces to me to-day that a vacancy allows her to accept you, late as it is. Aunt Sarah is willing to come and take your place here, and as the term has already opened I am waiting now, only for your careful and womanly consideration." I think he must have seen the horror in my face, for he added gently, "you needn't decide to-night, Lucy. Think it over, and in the morning your duty will seem clear to you."

I have heard of people whose hair grows gray in a single night. If I had been a little older I think mine would have turned snow-white during that single speech. Boarding-school had never been intimated to me before. I had been away from home only twice in my life and then only for a week. Both times I had about died of homesickness. I would as soon be sentenced to prison or to death. The silence after father finished was awful. One of the twins broke it.

"We didn't know anything about this until to-night. But we think father's dead right," began Malcolm importantly. "You see," he said, "we want our sister to be as nice as any other fellow's sister."

"Don't you little sister *me*," I managed to murmur, dead as I was, for the twins were a year younger than I and I couldn't bear their superior ways.

"Well, anyhow, Lucy," said Oliver, the crueler of the twins, "you haven't got the right hang of fixing yourself up yet. You go around with Tom-boys like Juliet Adams and some others I might mention that fellows haven't any use for. High school is all right for *us*, but no siren, not for *you*. Some girls get the knack all right at home, but look at yourself now! You wouldn't think a girl of sixteen would twist her feet around a piano-stool like that." I twisted them tighter. "Even Toots," (that's Ruthie) he went on, "seems to carry herself more like a young lady." Ruth giggled at Oliver's last remark, and I came back to life.

"I may be plain and awkward and gawky," I

began, "homely as a hedge fence," I went on, glorying in every word, "but let me tell you two children, if I spent my time primping before the glass and mincing up and down on Saturday afternoons before Brown's drug store like Miss Elsie Barnard," I fired, looking straight at Malcolm and bringing the color to his face, for she was his "special." "or Doris Abbot, Mr. Oliver," I added and Oliver blushed, too, and looked down, "you two wouldn't have any stockings mended or any buttons on your coats, or any lessons either, for you know without me to explain every little thing you are awful dunces!"

Father said, "Oh, come, Lucy, let us not quarrel," and Ruth went over and sat on the arm of Oliver's chair,—she always sides with the twins,—and my older brother, Alec, just looked hard at his magazine.

There was a long silence, and then I got up and walked over to Alec. I took the magazine out of his hand. I was calm now and I said, "Alec, what do *you* think about my going away?"

He looked up and smiled his kind, tired smile at me. Then he took my hand, but I drew it away quickly, and turned and sat down on the arm of the Morris chair in which he was sitting with my back straight at him. His kind voice came to me from over my shoulder.

"Well, Lucy," he said quietly, "you see you've been working so hard for us all here so many years that I think, too, you've earned a little vacation. You've been such a splendid mother to us, such a perfect little housekeeper, that now I'd like to see you less hard worked. We don't want to cheat you of your girlhood. We want you to have all the good times and gayeties, and clothes, and things like that, that other girls have."

Ah yes. I saw finally. Even Alec was ashamed of me. He tried to cover up the truth with his gentle words, but I was no goose not to know they all thought me an "awkward gawk" and were sending me away like an old dented spoon to be polished at the jeweler's. When Alec paused he put his arm over in front of me so it lay in my lap. And suddenly the sobs seemed to rise in my throat, pressing after each other as if they were anxious to get out into the air, and I rose quickly, pushed Alec's arm away, and left the room, for they mustn't see—Oh, no—they mustn't see me cry! I meant to go to my bed-room and have it out, but instead I rushed to the kitchen and buried my face for a minute in the roller-towel. Then before I let myself give way I drew the dipper full of cold water and swallowed those sobs back, forcing them with the strength of Samson. I knew my

sudden departure would leave an uncomfortable sensation in the room back there, and I wouldn't have had one of them think I was emotional. So after a minute I went back. They could all see for themselves there wasn't a tear in sight. Standing in the doorway facing them all, this is what I said, my voice hard as metal, "Father, my trunk and myself will be ready at noon on Monday."

When I closed the door to my room that night I did not cry, although my throat ached with wanting to. As I drew my curtain and looked out into the dark night, I thought of Juliet Adams sleeping peacefully like a child, and I realized how little she knew of sorrow. When the big clock in the hall struck twelve, I was kneeling before my bureau stacking my underclothes in neat little piles, ready for the trunk. How little I knew that what I then thought my pretty ninety-eight cent night-gowns, long-sleeved and high-necked, would about die of shame for their plainness before the beautiful lace and French hand-embroidery represented at midnight spreads at school. I'm glad I didn't know then that even my clothes would hate to belong to me. I was piling my gloves into a box when there came a soft knock at the door. Alec came in, in his red and gray bath-towel bath-robe.

"Not in bed yet?" he said gently, and came over and sat down near me on the floor with his back against the wall, his knees drawn up almost to his chin and his arms clasped about them. He sat there for a moment silently and I grimly folded gloves. Then, "Good stuff, Bobbie!" he said finally and, oh, so gently, "good nerve!"

I turned and looked straight at him. "No Alec," I said, "there isn't anything good about it. It's horrid feelings and hate that makes me go." He looked away from me as he always does when he doesn't approve, but he put his hand a moment on my shoulder and I was glad of that touch. I turned on him frantically and said, "Alec, you are the only one in this whole house I love, you and father," I added, for we all reverence father. "You're the only one who is kind and thoughtful. I've tried to do my duty in this house by you and the others, but I guess I haven't succeeded. Now I'm going away, and I don't care what becomes of Ruth and the twins,—only—Alec, don't let Ruth go out to the Country Club. She is pretty and the older men—why, your friends—talk to her and make her vain, and hold her on the arms of their chairs. Don't let her go! And the twins—I haven't told on them yet—but they're smoking. They're dead scared of me for fear I'll tell father, and I

told them I would if I ever caught them at it again."

"Good Bobbie, you'd keep us straight if you could, wouldn't you?"

"No, no, don't say that. I tell you it's only hate I feel, and——"

He put his hand over my mouth. "What shall I do to you?" he laughed, then added in a businesslike sort of way, "Good-night, I just came in to leave you this. Your tuition will be paid for, of course, but I know when you get there there'll be lots of extras, girl's things, you know, that you'll want, so this will help." He dropped a piece of paper in my lap and was gone before I could look up. I unfolded the paper and saw a check dancing before my eyes for one hundred dollars! I gasped, for I knew very well we were as poor as paupers in spite of our big house and stable, empty now as a shell. I knew father's business was about as lifeless as the stable and that Alec alone stood by him, trying to give a little encouragement. Good Alec! I fled after him. He was just groping his way up the stairs to his third-floor room. I caught him, and, very unlike my even temperament, put my arms about him tight.

"Oh, Alec," I said, "it isn't the money, it's *you*." Then I added like a great idiot, "Oh, I *will* try to be worth something when I'm away—and be good—and all you want me to be." And then because I hated to pose as any kind of an angel, I turned, and fled back to my room and locked the door.

I don't know how to explain my impressions of that boarding-school. Of course in my heart of hearts I did have dreams of making beautiful new bosom friends,—every girl has, I guess,—of bringing home hosts of charming girls like Edith Campbell, an awfully popular older girl in our town, and of visiting them. Alec had said when he had driven me down to the depot that last day behind dear old Dixy, "Go slow, Bobbie, and know the best girls." "Of course," I had replied, just pop-full of confidence, for, you see, I hadn't an idea how near right the family were about me. I hadn't dreamed, back there in the old family sideboard, what a dented, tarnished old spoon I really was. But I discovered it soon enough when I found myself planted down suddenly among a whole show-window full of dazzling platinum-set jewels. Why, those girls paid about as much attention to me as to the bedpost or the window curtain,—at least the girls that I aspired to,—and as for being friends with me, I might as well have been a Hindoo or a slum-girl from New York. I caught right on to the difference the first night I arrived. You should have seen the silver brushes and combs and powder-



I could get a glimpse of Gabriella in the glass before me

boxes on their bureaus, and the walls covered with college banners, and, oh, stacks of silver frames filled with regular men's pictures! While I—why, I didn't know a soul but high-school boys,—great awkward creatures like the twins. Those girls were years ahead of me. They were finished young ladies at seventeen, all fitted up by fond doting mothers, I suppose, while poor forlorn Cinderella in *this* story, didn't see a sign of a good fairy floating about.

The first night my room-mate, Gabriella Atherton,—I thought it was a lovely name,—asked me to a "kimono spread."

"One of the girls," she said, "has had a box from home. She's asked everyone to a spread in her room. Will you come?"

I remember I was standing before my chif-

fonier doing my hair for the night, pulling it straight back from my forehead, as I always did, and fixing it in one long tight braid. I could get a glimpse of Gabriella in the glass before me. She was a vision in a flowing pink silk kimono with white birds on it. She had her hair fluffed up on top and tied with a wide pink taffeta ribbon,—she actually slept in it,—and little pink shoes on her feet. I didn't turn around for I didn't want her to see the peeled freak I was,—so I said, pretending to look for something in the top drawer, "I guess I won't to-night, thanks. I'm awfully tired." And I snapped the elastic band around the end of my braid.

After Gabriella went out I turned out the light and crawled into a little, narrow white

bed. I didn't go to sleep—just lay there listening to the muffled laughter and chatter at the end of the hall. It was only nine o'clock and lights were not due to be out until ten. I hated lying there wide awake, and I kept wondering how I could get dressed in the morning without letting my room-mate see all my plain, ugly things. Then I remembered that I had left my common, cheap little wooden brush, the shellac all washed off with weekly scrubbings, on top of my chiffonier. I jumped up quickly and hid it in the top drawer, then suddenly I turned on the light and sat down in my horrid red wool wrapper, and wrote something like this to Alec, blubbing and dabbing tears all through it.

Dear Alec,

I'm here safely. School is great and I'm fine!! The girls are *lovely* and I like it awfully well. I can't write long for I'm due at a "spread," so, so long, until I have more time. Tell the twins I send my love and that when they are a little older and are in College they will find this a place full of corking girls who would not consider them mere babes-in-arms.

Your enthusiastic Bobbie.

Then I went back to bed and bawled like a baby until I heard Gabriella at the door. Some other girl was with her and I heard her say, "Good-night, dear," and Gabriella called back, just like in books and my dreams, "Good-night, sweetheart," then I ducked my head down underneath the clothes and pretended to be asleep until I knew my room-mate was dead to the world, when I opened my eyes and lay awake until almost morning.

But no one needs to think that I was homesick. Wild horses couldn't have dragged me home. I was bound to stick it out or die, and I was determined not to be a little goose and cry my eyes out. That wouldn't help me to make the best girls my friends, and I didn't mean to disappoint Alec if I could help it. I was there for business and I meant to accomplish it. I kept my eyes open and caught on to all the points I could. I noticed my clothes were made absolutely wrong and were entirely inappropriate. My skirts should have been below my shoe-tops, not above. My hair should have been done low with hairpins, not bobbed up and tied with a black ribbon like a horse's tail. My hands should have been soft and white and my nails shiny as a china plate. I took in the fact that the girls used exactly as much slang as I, only a little different. But I got so I could turn off a "darn" as neatly as any of them and pout and say "the devil" pinning down my belt, for I found the way to keep a belt down is to fasten it. I flunked in class, now and then, so they wouldn't think I was a

shark or grind or any kind of a seven days' wonder, and I passed notes, when I could find any one to pass them to, so as not to be considered a goody-goody or teacher's pet. I tried not to be a tagger or hanger-on, or to enter into the girl's conversations about men and the theater and subjects I knew nothing about. But from the start it was absolutely no go. I tried, dear Alec,—heaven knows I tried,—but not once in all those first five weeks was I let into any intimacy or secret affair of the clique I longed to be one of. You know a diet of humble pie, on too long a stretch, doesn't agree with me, and one morning after an average of ten insults a day for over a month, little Japan up and fought. I don't want to go into the details of the immediate cause. It wasn't much. I simply refused to help Beatrice Fox with her Latin, and told her to kindly refrain from asking me again, because I was no meek Moses to be imposed upon. Forgive me, Alec, but after that I became a regular bunch of fire-crackers, spurting and going off into everyone's face at the least touch. To be brief and concise, I didn't make a single friend at boarding school and my beautiful dreams proved to be the merest bubbles. It cut me up, kind of, not to be able, after all, to take home some girls that would make my family proud of me. I had been so cocksure. But don't pity me. I had no intention of crying over spilled milk. In spite of the friends I failed to make, I became grim and determined about the polish. If there was any real metal down underneath the tarnish, I was bound that that family of mine should see it. So that is how it happened that after the first week or two, I began to go to New York with others on Saturday afternoons. The other girls would all go to the theater and the chaperon would let me stay at Chesterton's or McNulty Bros' until after the show, when she'd come and call for me and meet me at the door. I didn't buy a thing. I just looked and looked, and priced and priced, and "tried on" when I had a nice clerk, and then went back and figured and made deductions. For every cent of Alec's one hundred dollars was going into clothes! I bought a manicure set early in the game, had my nails manicured once, and then did the trick myself. I bought a pompadour for fifty cents, and after struggling with the old thing for about two hours one afternoon, decided mine was an Indian beauty (I was Minnehaha once in some tableaux at home), and let my hair remain parted. I bought a rhinestone horseshoe pin for \$3.50 at Chesterton's, and I didn't spend a cent more until just before Christmas, when I blew in the whole hundred.

It was soon after Thanksgiving that I began to get my outfit for the grand impression. One of the younger teachers had good taste and helped me buy a suit for \$35.00, a hat \$10.00, marked down, a silk dress for \$25.00 at Kirby & Co's, a spotted veil, a barette, two pairs of long white gloves, pumps for \$4.00, one pair of silk stockings for \$1.50, and so on. I had \$9.77 left after I had bought my last purchase, a lovely red silk waist for traveling. My suit was dark blue, my boots tan with cuban heels, and my blue hat had two red quills in it. I didn't wear any of my things at school. What was the use after I had so failed! I decided to save them all for going home.

About a week before vacation, my last and greatest outbreak at boarding-school occurred. I was passing through the hall to my room when I heard a lot of girls, several of the little clique I once so longed to belong to, talking and laughing together in their usual mysterious way. I never actually stopped and listened, but the conversation of those girls, who were still strangers to me, always fascinated me, and I do confess I'd overhear all I could without being dishonorable. As I sauntered by the half-closed door, I heard a girl by the name of Sarah talking.

"Well," I heard her say as plain as day, "I think Miss Brown may be taking her in on charity."

I knew they were talking about me and I stopped stock still.

"Why, she hasn't *anything*, and this horrid place is probably a palace to her."

I was hot at that. Palace nothing!

"I think," said a little Jewess by the name of Elsie Cone, "it's too bad for Gabriella. I'd hate to have such a room-mate forced on me!"

I began to boil.

"I don't think Miss Brown ought to take such a girl in at all, and make us who pay a thousand dollars a year be intimate with a person we never can know socially," drawled Sarah. "It's hard on her, too," she finished patronizingly.

"Oh, don't mind about me," I breathed, ready to explode.

"I'm just tired," another girl broke in, "of having all the teachers, and Miss Brown, too, talking and lecturing to us about being nice to *Lucy, Lucy, Lucy* all the time."

At that the color rushed to my cheeks. Shame, pride and choking

rage surged up in me in a flash.

"And the pride and spite she shows lately is so silly and absurd. As if she had anything to back it up!" yawned Sarah.

"I know," went on the little Jewess, "her family isn't much. You can see that. Did you ever notice the row of old-fashioned family pictures on the back of her chiffonier? *That* shows."

At that I caught my breath. My dear good



"I heard every word you said," I began slow and distinctly, "every single word"

family! And without waiting to hear another word, I flung wide the door. There were six or seven girls before me, crowded together in a bunch on two couches in the corner. I felt myself grow suddenly calm as I stood there, and no one uttered a sound. The only disturbance I could feel was my hand trembling on the door knob.

"I heard every word you said," I began slow and distinctly, "every single word." Then my thoughts seemed to collect themselves and filed by in the order of soldiers on parade. "I don't care a straw for what you have said," I went on, "I feel above every one of you. It makes me laugh to think I would be the least disturbed by common and uneducated Westerners," for Sarah lived in Montana. "You needn't any of you trouble about being kind to me; I don't want it, for I am perfectly indifferent to every one of you. I am *not* here on charity, and as for the pictures on my chiffonier, I will ask you to keep your eyes at home." I knew I was being horrid, but I was fired up and I couldn't help going on. "My family may not have fashionable photographs, my clothes may be ugly as mud, but if you *knew* who my oldest brother is, if you *knew* who my father is!—if you *knew*!—but I wouldn't deign to tell you, for you have no conception of anything. It would be like telling monkeys about Abraham Lincoln." They stared at me as you do at rearing, stamping horses in a parade, meekly from the sidewalk, and I continued, "You don't know about anything but clothes and theaters, and let me tell you once for all I don't want anything of any of you." I stopped a moment, and Sarah, who is rather of a leader among the girls, and to whom I once actually aspired to be a friend, opened her mouth to speak. But I cut her off short. "Keep still," I said, "don't you dare address one word to me." Oh, I wanted to do something insulting like sticking out my tongue at them, or slapping them. But instead I just said, "And don't one of you in this room ever assume to speak one word to me as long as you live."

Then I turned and stalked out of the room. I went straight upstairs. I don't know how I could have said anything so horrible as all that and I almost seventeen, but, somehow, it is always easier for me to roll off spiteful things than anything sweet or nice. Poor Alec would have been awfully hurt, and father would have said, "Oh, Lucy!" and the arrogant twins wouldn't have wanted to own me. Only my dear old chum, Juliet Adams, would have said, "Bully for you, Bob!"

When I reached my room on the next floor, I

calmly opened the door and went in. Gabriella was standing by her desk. I never shall forget how she looked, perfectly white, and staring at me horribly. I wondered what ailed her, for she couldn't have heard my outburst on the floor below.

"Gabriella," I said, "what is it?"

"Oh, Lucy," she began, then sank down in a chair by her desk, leaned forward with her head buried in her arms and began to cry dreadfully. I went up to her.

"Gabriella," I said, sorry for her somehow, for though she was one of the elect clique, she had not been talking about me. Anyway she was my room-mate and at least she let me see her cry. "Please, Gabriella, tell me what it is."

"Miss Brown," she choked, "wants—" she stopped, then finished, "you."

Me? I groped blindly. Had my awful tirade been telegraphed to Miss Brown's office? Did she know already? I couldn't follow. Things were happening too rapidly. "Me, Gabriella?" I said, "what for? Please stop crying and tell me more." I could barely catch a few words among her violent sobs.

"My father," she began. I knew Gabriella's father had died some two years ago suddenly while she was at school. "A telegram—" she stumbled on, and I waited, "your father—"

My father!

I went to Gabriella quickly, put my arm about her and leaned my head close down by hers.

"Listen, Gabriella. Be quiet just for one minute and answer me. Did you say, my father?" And then in a fresh torrent of sobs I heard her, "Yes."

I left her crying there and went down through the long corridors to Miss Brown's office. I passed the room where the girls were gathered who had been talking about me without noticing it. I even passed some one in the hall, but I don't know who it was. I kept thinking, "This is your first test. Be ready, and don't break." Miss Brown was at her desk. She started a little when she saw me, then smiled,—how could she smile,—and said, "Oh, Gabriella found you. Close the door, dear, and then come here."

I closed the door, but I didn't go to her. I didn't want her tissue-paper sympathy.

I said with my back against the door, "You can tell me the very worst, Miss Brown. I know something has happened to my father." She didn't hedge any more.

"Yes," she said, going, as I liked to have her, straight to the point. "He is very, very ill."

"Does that mean," I asked, "that he is

—is—” I couldn't say it, “is worse—than very ill?” I finished.

“No,” she replied, “your father is still alive. I have had three telegrams this morning, following close upon one another. It is his heart, and they want you to come home immediately.” Then she added, looking at me firmly, as if she were upholding me by the hand, “It is a long trip, Lucy, you must be prepared for the worst.” I didn't answer, and she turned to her desk, picked up a piece of paper, and passed it to me. “Read it,” she said, “it is for you.” I looked down and these words greeted me like dear comforting friends—“Stand up, Bobbie. Be brave. We need you to be strong—Alec.” It was just as if my dear brother Alec was suddenly there, like a miracle, in the room beside me, and oh, now, at last, I would not disappoint him. I looked up at Miss Brown.

“When is there a train?” I asked calmly, but to myself I was saying over and over again, “Stand up. Be brave. They need you to be strong.”

Miss Brown came over to me, and I must say I've always liked her from that day to this. She didn't say anything silly or soothing to me. That would have all been so useless. She just took my hand in a man's sort of way and held it firmly a minute in hers. “Your brother will be proud of you,” she said. That was all, but do you think then I would have failed! “We will go up-stairs and pack,” she added immediately, and I followed her, bound now to control myself or die.

I don't know how I ever got started. I only know there was a blind half-hour of packing, with Miss Brown helping me, and Gabriella close by me all the time. Gabriella couldn't seem to do enough, and I saw her tucking some of her own most treasured things into my suit case. She got out my new blue suit and brushed it, my hat with the red quills, and on my red waist I saw her fasten one of her own beautiful pearl pins. I knew it was her way of telling me how sorry she was. Every little while she'd burst into fresh crying, and once she said, “Oh, I am so sorry, I've been so mean—but—oh, I hope, oh, I *hope* you'll come back, Lucy.” But I didn't care now. It was too late, and all my thoughts were with my family who needed me. I gathered their dear pictures together in a pile and put them in my suit case, father's picture, too, but I didn't trust myself to look at it. Dear father—but I didn't dare let myself think just at first. I felt in the air that all the girls knew my news about as soon as I did. Of course they didn't come near me. Even if I had been popular, they wouldn't have come. Sorrow somehow builds up a wall, and the one

or two girls I met in the halls avoided my eyes, tried somehow to escape me. Only Gabriella, who had had sorrow herself, and Miss Brown and the Latin teacher, whom I always hated, saw me off. I begged to take the trip alone, and Miss Brown finally allowed it.

I thought of everything during that journey, and the more I thought, the more I trusted myself to think. I don't know what made me so clear-headed and fearless, but I'd run my thoughts right up to any hard truth and they wouldn't balk, they'd go right over. My mother had died when I was a very little girl. So this was the first sorrow I knew, and perhaps,—oh, I faced it clearly and squarely,—perhaps when I was met at the depot they would tell me that I had come too late. I knew now I wouldn't give way. Some great wonderful strength was in me and I wasn't afraid of myself. My home-coming was very different from the one I had planned, and when we drew into the familiar old station, I just said, “Be strong”—and I knew I would.

Dr. Maynard, he's a young doctor and a friend of Alec's, was at the station to meet me. The moment he got hold of my hand he said, “You're in time!”

“I'm glad,” I said, but somehow I couldn't feel any more joy than I could sorrow. I remember in the carriage I asked lots of straightforward, business like questions, and Dr. Maynard answered me in the same way. There was no hope, the end might come at any moment. When he stopped before our door, and helped me out, he said, “Bobbie, you're a brave girl.” But I wasn't. I couldn't have cried. I didn't know how.

I went into the house. I found the twins and Ruth and Aunt Sarah all in the sitting-room. It didn't come to my mind then, but now as I remember it, it was all very different from the triumphant entry I had planned. No one jumped up to greet me, and my new suit, and tan shoes, and hat with the quills were all forgotten, even by myself. The twins came forward and kissed me, not embarrassed as they usually are but scarcely realizing it. They didn't say a word, just kissed me and turned their sad faces away. Ruth lay prostrate on the couch. She didn't stir at sight of me and I went up to her and kissed her on her forehead. At that she buried her face and began to sob. Aunt Sarah looked as if she had been crying for weeks. She sat quietly rocking by the west window, and her big dyed-out blue eyes were swimming in tears, brimming over and running down her wrinkled face. It's something awful to me, to see a grown person cry. It's like an old wreck at sea, and I just couldn't kiss her. Every-



“Stand up, Bobbie. Be brave. We need you to be strong”

body so horrible and silent and dismal was worse, somehow, than death, and just for a moment I stood kind of helpless in the middle of the floor.

Then the door into the library opened and I saw my dear, tired patient Alec, and suddenly his arms were around me tight, and holding me close, close to him, and I heard him murmur, “Good Bobbie,” and oh, if I can hate people awfully, I can love them, too. When he let me go, he said calmly, “You can come up-stairs now,” and I followed him to my father’s room.

Dr. Maynard led me to the side of the bed and I took one of father’s dear familiar hands in mine. Alec sat on the other side, and for a

while we three waited silently until father should wake up. I wasn’t frightened. It all seemed very natural and none of the heart-breaking thoughts that came to me all during the years after he left us, came to me then. It seemed really almost beautiful to be waiting there until father should wake up. When finally he opened his eyes and saw me, he smiled and pressed my hand a very little. Then he spoke.

“Lucy!” he said, and after a long pause, “Do you like school?” he asked, just as naturally as if we were having a nice little talk down-stairs.

“Oh, yes, dear father, I do,” I answered firmly and surely, and he pressed my hand

again. It didn't strike me so very deeply then that my last word to my father was a lie, but afterward I used to cry about it for hours and hours.

After a moment my father turned to Alec. "Stand by the business, my son," he murmured.

And without a bit of hesitation, my brother promised, "I will, father."

I didn't think father would say anything more, for he closed his eyes again, but after a while he opened them and I saw he was actually seeing my hat, and red waist, and the pearl pin Gabriella had given me. He smiled, and I heard him murmur, "Pretty." That was all and oh, since, I have been so glad that my new clothes did so much more than I ever hoped, for that was the last word my father said. I felt his hand grow limp in mine, and just then Dr. Maynard touched me, and led me quietly away. He told me to lie down on the bed in the guest room. I obeyed him and when, a little later, he came to me, I knew and understood.

I didn't feel the awfulness of it then, nor I didn't feel the least inclination to cry. I lay there very quietly for half an hour, then of my own accord I got up and went down-stairs.

I found Aunt Sarah by the window still crying without the grace of covering her tear-stained face. The twins were not there. Ruth jumped up when I came in and clung to me frantically, and I knew they all must know. I spoke to Aunt Sarah.

"Aunt Sarah," I said, "why do you sit there and cry?"

"Heartless girl," she replied, "have you no feeling, no tears? Don't you know that your father has died?" And at those awful words poor little Ruth clung to me still tighter and burst out with, "Oh, send her away, make her go off——" But I, who could not seem to feel sorrow, could not feel rage either, and all I said was—"Oh, Aunt Sarah!"

Later Alec asked me to go to Oliver, and I found him in the study. He was crying only as a boy can, I guess, who isn't very used to it, all uncontrolled, and oh, so broken. He was sitting in the window-seat. I went over to him and put my arms right around him, and all the hate in my heart for that cruel twin rolled right away when I felt his great big body leaning up against me. I loved him just as if he were my own son come home. I sat there a long time until he gradually grew quieter and quieter, and when the storm was over I said, just as if nothing had happened, "Oliver, will you and Malcolm take my check, and go to the depot for my trunk? I forgot all about it."

He looked away and said, "Sure," in a voice that tried to be natural.

Then Malcolm came in. His eyes looked big and frightened but he had himself in control. "Malcolm," I said, "Oliver says you two will go and see about my trunk. It's dark out now, and I'd be awfully obliged."

"Course we'll go," Malcolm replied kind of unsteadily and we none of us said one word about father.

I don't know what was the matter with me, but I honestly didn't seem to realize anything. I was just a soulless machine. I wrote notes, sent telegrams, received people, saw about a black dress for Ruth and Aunt Sarah and myself, sent my new pretty clothes to be dyed, planned good nourishing meals for the family, went on errands, and picked up every room in the house, for they certainly looked awfully. I didn't sleep and I wasn't hungry. I was wound up pretty tight, I guess, for it took me a long while to run down. Dr. Maynard gave me powders and took me out to drive, and would shut me up in the guest room with the curtains all drawn tight. But that gave me the creeps. Juliet came to see me once to tell me how sorry she was, I suppose, but I was neither glad nor sorry to see her. I remember I just said, "Hello, Juliet, how's basketball and high school?" Of course, my oldest brother, Tom, and Elise, his young wife, came. I fixed up the guest room good and clean for them and met them at the depot, but I wasn't glad to see them.

The end came the night after the funeral. It hadn't occurred to me but what I would go back to boarding-school after Christmas. We were all sitting in the sitting-room, all but Aunt Sarah, who was lying down. Tom and Alec were discussing all sorts of plans, and Dr. Maynard was there too, for he was a great friend of the family. I wasn't following very closely, but suddenly I heard Tom say, "Well—I think the sooner Aunt Sarah goes home, the better."

"Why, who then," I asked calmly, "will take her place?"

Alec looked up. "What do you mean, Bobbie?" he asked. "You'll be here, won't you?"

"Why, I shall be at boarding-school," I announced. At that Ruth suddenly flopped over on the couch and began her usual torrent of crying.

"Oh, say," said Malcolm, "don't let her go back, Alec. You know how we hated Aunt Sarah. The whole fall was rotten. You know it was."

"Say," said Oliver, the cruel twin, "don't go, Bobbie, you've got some duties to us,

haven't you? You might think a little of that."

"I wouldn't go, Bobbie," said Tom to me. And Elise, his beautiful wife, patted my hand and said, "Stay home. They need you so. You can visit us for vacations."

And dear Alec just looked at me across the room.

Now, finally, I thought I would break down and cry. They wanted—oh, finally,—they wanted me. My old voice, I didn't know whether to trust or not.

"Well," I said, a little wobbly, "I'll think it over," And as soon as I could I sneaked out, saying I guessed I would get a drink of water. I went into the little back hall off the kitchen, took my golf-cape that was hanging there, threw it over my shoulders, and went out-doors. It didn't seem as if I could get my breath inside the house. It was dark, the stars had begun to come out, and I went out of the back gate walking as hard and fast as I could. I knew I must do something, for wicked as it seems I was about crazy with happiness, and I was afraid that any moment, now at the very last, I would break down completely, lie down on the side of the road and cry and cry. I almost ran as I hurried along, and all the time kept saying, "Hold on, be strong, don't let go," and all the time I knew the storm was gathering and I was losing my grip. I didn't mean to go to Juliet's house, but suddenly I saw it looming up in front of me and it came to me to stop and tell Juliet my beautiful good news. So I hurried to the back door and burst into the kitchen. The Adams cook gave an awful start.

"Good Lord!" she said.

"Hannah," I asked, and my voice was strange and hoarse, "where's Juliet?"

"At dinner," gasped Hannah, staring at me.

"Tell her to come up to her room," I managed to say, and in our usual informal way I dashed up the back stairs to Juliet's room I knew so well. I waited impatiently in the dark, and in a minute I heard Juliet pounding up the stairs. Then I saw her coming toward me, her napkin in her hand. I grabbed her.

"Juliet," I cried, "Juliet, I'm not going back to boarding-school! They want me here! I'm so happy I don't know what to do. It's horrible to be happy, but I am, I am!" And then it all struck me so funny to be happy on such a day that I laughed, I laughed simply dreadfully. All my pent-up feelings burst forth then, and I laughed till I cried. I could hear myself laugh, and that made me laugh more, and then Juliet looked so queer and horror-struck that that added to it. Pretty soon Mrs. Adams was there and they were putting cold water on my face, which struck me as the hugest joke I ever heard of, for they must have thought I was hysterical. I laughed so hard that actually I hadn't enough will or strength left to stop if I tried, I, who am usually so controlled. I got down on the floor finally—and then I don't remember any more. When I woke up it must have been hours later, for I was all undressed lying quietly in Juliet's bed, and there was Mrs. Adams going out of the door, and there—yes—there was Dr. Maynard behind her. There was a low light on the table by the bed and beside it sat my dear stolid Juliet. I thought at first I would burst out laughing again to see her sitting there with her funny little pigtail braided for the night, and I in her bed getting her sheets all hot. Just then she looked up.

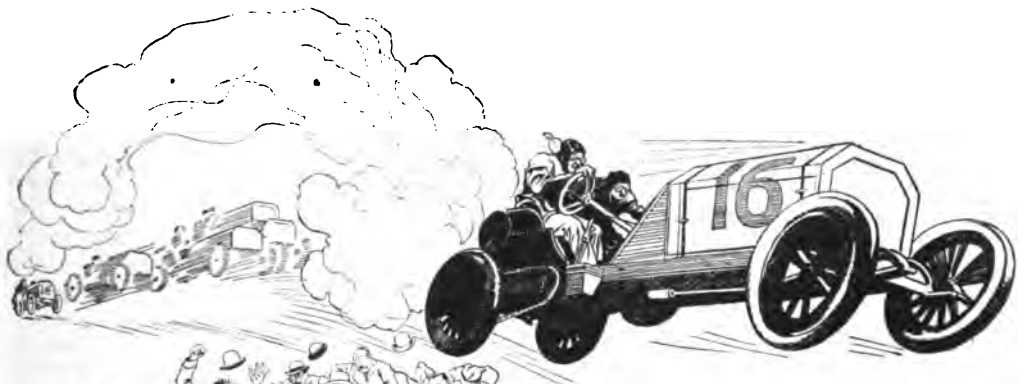
"Want some water, Bob?" she said in her commonplace natural way, and she came over and gave me a little, holding the glass. I didn't remember anything then, only that it was nice to have old Juliet around.

"There was no one so nice as you at school, Juliet," I said.

"I guess that's a merry jest," she replied in her usual way. She took the glass away, and I heard her go out of the room. I lay there very quietly and watched the dim light flickering. There was a little clock somewhere that was ticking quietly. Then—oh then—I came back to life, and suddenly the thought of my dear, dear father came to me. I began to cry softly for the first time, and finally I fell asleep.



"Car Coming!"



Some Mental Snap-shots
of the Week Before the
Vanderbilt Cup Race

By

JULIAN STREET

Author of "My Enemy The Motor"

Tintographs by Albert Levering



INE was the only room that remained untenanted when I reached the little road house at Jericho, a week before the Vanderbilt Cup contest. Race drivers, mechanics, factory mechanics and team managers occupied the remainder of the "hotel"—or, to be accurate, it was the remainder which I occupied. The front piazza was just off the turnpike, the parlor off the piazza, my room off the parlor. The chamber boasted an electric light, a window, a chair, a washstand and a bed. I got up in the night and looked to make sure of the latter. Yes, it was unmistakably a bed. The bowl and pitcher which I had thought were sticking in

my back proved to be tufting on the mattress. Through the ceiling percolated snores, regular and heavy, hinting that beds above were better; the ticking of my alarm clock grew sharper; likewise the ticking of my mattress. I had reached the point of impotent fury, when lo! a flapping noise just outside my window, and the brazen note of a rooster. At this signal, as if by prearrangement, the snoring stopped abruptly; there was stirring through the house; boots were dropped, clumpety! upon the floors; the kitchen range was shaken; the alarm clock pealed a cynic's morning greeting and I leaped from my bed.

I dressed rapidly, and went outside. The men of the camp were trooping through the doors, talking in hoarse, early-morning voices. In the garage, next door, lights twinkled and a hammer clinked. The headlights of sev-

eral automobiles glared from the intersecting road. Cold and uncomfortable, I crossed the way and found a seat on the steps of the general store, which already served as a grandstand for a huddled group of silent fur-clad figures. Gray light was coming in the sky; the shadows of the night began to congeal into fences, trees and houses. The light grew and grew, turning to pink in the East. The headlights of the touring cars began to look self-conscious and absurd. They were shut off. Day, radiant and fresh, was—

Bang! BANG! Crash-Crack-Cr-r-r-ack! A sudden cannonading came from the garage.

Crackle-crackle-crackle! The doors swung open and two gray beasts appeared. They sidled, purring, to the roadway, shivered with the cold, pointed their flat snouts toward Westbury, and with a sudden bellow and belch of flame and smoke, kicked up their wheels and crashed away like a pair of playful prehistoric monsters. In a moment they had melted into the distant landscape. Morning practice had begun.

Of the thousands who go in motors, the tens of thousands who go by rail, the hundreds of thousands who will stay up all night braving cold winds and rain to see a motor race, how many, do you think, would undergo the same amount of wear and tear to witness any other form of entertainment? Automobile racing asks much of its votaries, but it gives them much. It gives them more sustained sensations, more picturesqueness and dramatic value, than any other form of sport. And one thing more; a very important thing, quite separate from the entertainment feature—it develops the breed.

Unlike horse racing, automobile racing needs no betting feature to support it. Unlike certain popular games it is free from roughness and brutality. And while it thrills us through and through, as Roman crowds were thrilled, there is no cruelty in it. On the contrary it performs a splendid service in helping automobile manufacturers to build better cars for you and me.

The long-distance road race is the nearest



Yes, it was unmistakably a bed

to a pure sporting event which can be accomplished in motoring. The track race, with its monotonous, yet dangerous, merry-go-round, places the motor in a position for which it was not intended, and the man who drives it in great peril. Speed contests on beaches are brief and not particularly useful, though they represent the apotheosis of speed. Endurance runs were of value in the early stages of motoring, but they do not offer a severe test, nor a keen sporting interest. The contest cannot be seen as a whole; there is no actual winner, as many cars can maintain perfect scores. Hill climbs are too brief to

develop weaknesses; the big engine in the light chassis goes up the hill the fastest, but gives no proof of general serviceability; besides which, it is a not uncommon trick to "dope" a car for hill climbing. Neither an automobile nor a horse can be "doped" for sustained road work.

The long-distance road race is at once the most thrilling and most rational form of automobile contest. It places cars in competition under the conditions for which they were designed. The long, severe test proves the qualities of car and driver.

Few people realize the strain that is placed upon a racing car. There are many machines which could be driven across the continent and back successfully, yet could not possibly endure the racking that a road race of several hundred miles would give. If weaknesses exist they are sure to be brought out by the furious and sustained pace. One of the weaknesses of early American cars was in the steel of which they were constructed. In 1905 the best alloy automobile steels could not be bought in the United States, but were imported for use in certain racers. Ordinary steels might do for ordinary work, but for racing the highest grade was none too good. In 1906, however, our steel men awoke, and made the alloys so necessary in high-grade automobile construction. Once obtainable they were eagerly taken by the American automobile manufacturers for use, not only in racers, but in all cars. This was an important stride in the direction of making American cars as good as any cars made in the world. Do not forget, then, Mr. Motorist, as

you pack the luncheon hamper in your tonneau, and set out for the Vanderbilt Cup, that that same cup has helped to make your own car what it is—a car (I hope) which will not only take you out, but bring you safely home again; a car with stout axles, gentle springs, a tough yet supple frame, and strong young gears, which find their work so easy that, instead of groaning over it, they sing!

As with the car, so with the tire. Four tubes of vegetable compound supporting a great mass of metal are bound to wear and puncture. Toughness and ease of replacement are, therefore, desirable in touring and necessities in racing. In the early days of motor racing, a tire change meant a most serious delay if not actual defeat. Replacement was accomplished by brute force, as many men working as could be crowded around the machine. The old shoe was hacked off with knives, the new one jammed

less than a minute. Likewise the steel-studded non-skid tire was originally a racing development. All of the devices, produced and proved through racing, have become the heritage of the average motorist, saving his money, his temper and his time.

It was for the purpose of investigating the preparations for this Roman Holiday that I went to Jericho, as I have told you. Preparations? Fiddlesticks! Preparations began a year—two, three, years ago, when cars were being designed, built, tested, altered, experimented with; when drivers were being watched and picked as likely ones. The selection of the course and the building of the grandstand only marked the commencement of the end. The establishment of training camps two or three weeks before the great, ultimate Day was not preparation—it was the actual beginning of the weeding out—the beginning of the real Vanderbilt Cup race! The highways making up the course were given over to the racing cars from daylight until seven A.M. After seven no cars were operated at high speed; the roads resumed their ordinary traffic. Practice hours were precious. This, then, is my apology for sitting on the steps of the general store at Jericho, at such an indecent hour of the morning.

A silence, rich and beautiful, succeeded the departure of the racers. I settled back against a step, closed my heavy eyelids, and wished myself in bed. I was sorry I had



on by all the hands that could be applied to it. Then it was pumped up, laboriously. This operation being obviously imbecile, brains were set to work. One result was the compressed air bottle for inflating tires; another, the detachable rim; a third the demountable rim and ready inflated tire which may be changed by one man in

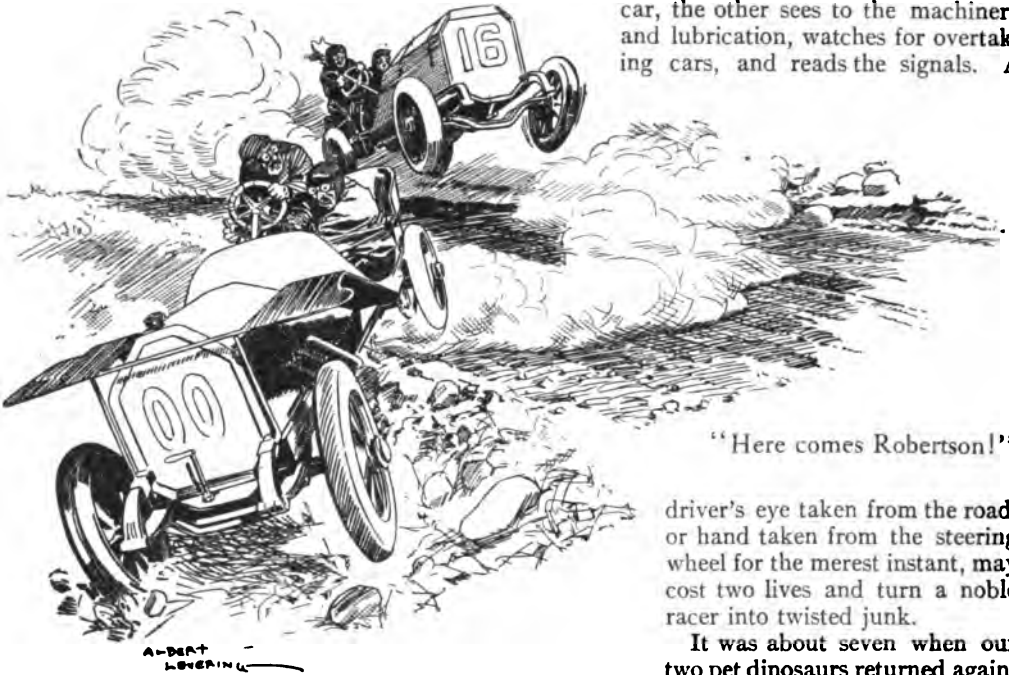
A driver's eye taken from the road for the merest instant may . . . turn a noble racer into twisted junk

come to Jericho at all, I think; for I abominate the early morning hours and was confronted by a week of them. Some one asked me if I'd like a cigarette. I was about to open my eyes and see who spoke, when:

"CAR COMING!"

There was a stiffening of spines upon the steps. Over the hills, behind us, came the sound of motor-musketry. Men who had

respiration. He had hardly spoken when "16" came crashing into view, made the turn on two wheels, "straightened out" splendidly, and was gone. She was followed close by "1." As the cars passed we rose, spontaneously, and cheered. There was no response from the black figures in the little bucket seats. They had no hands to spare for idle waving, no eyes to rove about the landscape. Driver and mechanic have their work cut out for them. One guides and operates the car, the other sees to the machinery and lubrication, watches for overtaking cars, and reads the signals. A



"Here comes Robertson!"

driver's eye taken from the road, or hand taken from the steering wheel for the merest instant, may cost two lives and turn a noble racer into twisted junk.

It was about seven when our two pet dinosaurs returned again, completing a second lap, and

been standing in the road hastened to cover. Watches and timing pads appeared. Nearer, nearer came the crackling. It grew louder, louder; then stopped short, as the driver "shut off" for the turn at Jericho. A moment later a red French car shot into view, rushed by with inside wheels following the gutter, and flashed away toward Westbury. Almost before the time was noted down, came others—a German, snowy white; a bright red Italian; some gray Americans—so thick and fast that we could barely catch the numbers painted on their bonnets.

More crackling from over the hill.

"Here come our boys!" cried the team manager, rising from the steps and looking at his watch. "By Jove, they're going to do it near to twenty, flat, too!" As a mother recognizes the laughter of her own child at play with twenty others, he knew his cars, while they were yet a mile away, by the noise of their

slipped purring into the garage. The sun was above the horizon; wagons, with drivers amusingly alert, appeared; practice was over; above all, breakfast was ready.

The din of the dining-room suggested a late supper rather than an early breakfast. Robertson and Florida had been reciting an adventure of the morning. Everyone was laughing and talking and clattering knives and forks and cups and saucers at once. It made me think of breakfast at a boys' boarding-school—even the "chinaware" suggested it—excepting that these boys were older.

. . . "But we kept right in behind him. He was scared we'd run into him—kept looking back over his shoulder. Didn't like it for a cent. He hit the bridge about sixty and jumped way up in the air. After that he turned out and let us get past."

That is it: they turn out and let Robertson get past. If they don't turn out he gets past

anyway. It is his genius for “getting past” which has made him probably the most successful American race driver of the day. In appearance he is a strapping, handsome youngster, with a deep chest and the limbs of a Hercules. His skin is clear and ruddy; his hair light brown, wavy and close-cropped; his

featured homeliness; noble homeliness that commands not only the respect but the affection of other men. Throughout each morning practice and the race itself his wife and baby watched from the hotel window. The racing driver’s wife must have something in common with the soldier’s wife—and something *more*,



eyes frank, blue and boyish. Energy and good nature hang about him like an aura. His smile is wonderfully engaging and reveals a set of strong white teeth which any girl might covet. He is the sort of being one pictures as springing out of bed, fresh and energetic as a child, on the moment of awakening; plunging without a shiver into icy water, and singing and whistling as he dresses. Ah, me! It must be wonderful to feel like that! Robertson keeps his car as spick and span as his person, and it is interesting to note (in view of the fact that there are ordinary chauffeurs who refuse to wash and polish their machines) that, though there were twenty men on hand to help him, he preferred to do all work upon the car himself. Through the long tedious hours that followed morning practice, he and his partner, Ethridge, labored; cleaning, adjusting, testing, “tuning-up” the racer. When they brought her in, black and dirty, from the fresh-oiled roads, they washed her off with gasoline before removing the grime from their own hands and faces. One might paraphrase Gilbert:

“They polished up the motor so successfully
That now they are the holders of the great V. C.”

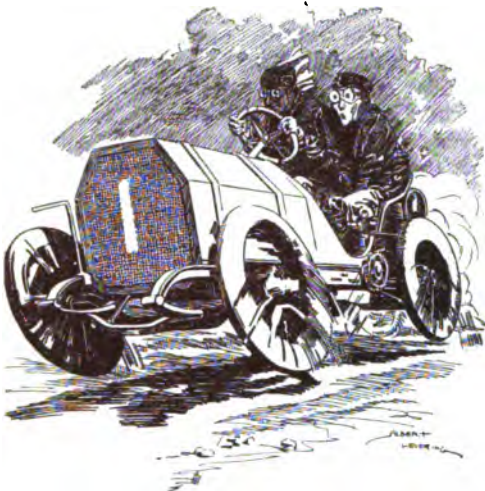
For the Vanderbilt Cup is doubly the V. C. of American motoring.

Robertson and Florida—the pilot of number “1”—were indeed “fast friends,” and like most intimates, were rather opposite in type. Florida is homely. He has that splendid sort of homeliness that Lincoln helped the world to value properly; strong homeliness; big-

for she not only sees her husband go to battle, but sees him as he fights his way along. Fancy the feelings of Mrs. Florida as she waited for “Jim” to come around again. He was due, but he did not come. What was the matter? She could not know that he had only stopped to change a tire. And fancy her hearing that, just at the finish line, he had collided with another car! If that collision was a shock to me, what was it to Mrs. Florida, even though her husband was not hurt? No; if I were a woman I should chose a sedentary grocery clerk to love, honor, obey and expect home every evening. Florida’s accident occurred through no fault of his own. He has a well-deserved reputation as a safe driver as well as a fast one. Robertson, on the contrary, is known as a dare-devil—yet he came through, unscathed, to victory. He is the sort of man who, in mediaeval times, would have been said to bear a charmed life. In one race he wrapped his car around a tree so thoroughly that the frame had to be sawed in two to get it off. Yet Robertson was not hurt.

Driving, he gives one the impression that he is a madman, crowding his car to her maximum capacity. Nevertheless he has a head and uses it. His reputation as a “dangerous” driver is of double benefit to him, for it makes him a popular favorite with spectators, besides making less experienced and more timid drivers fear him. He is one to be looked out for—*turned out for*.

Imagine yourself driving a racer at eighty miles an hour, taking the best of the road and preparing to shut off for a turn a mile or so ahead. Your mechanic looks over his



In fancy, he had died a thousand deaths

shoulder; then he leans close to your ear and bawls: "Here comes Robertson!" Presently you hear the bellow of an engine at your heels.

"Right up' behind us!" howls your mechanic.

Meantime you are nearing the turn. You feel that you are being crowded into it too fast. You hear the pursuing engine roar, as Robertson throws his clutch in signal: "Clear the way!" You can't take the turn so fast; yet you fear to shut off, lest he collide with you. His front wheels are within five feet of your rear ones. You think of things that he has done. Perhaps you hear him yelling something, in a voice that sounds a thousand miles away, what with the wind and the roaring of the engines. You have heard that he threw tools at men who interfered with him. You hope he knows that *you* don't mean to interfere. The turn is close ahead. He must be crazy to rush at it like this. Will he kill himself, or, worse yet, kill you? Not if you can help it. And you *can* help it, by turning out, shutting off and applying brakes. As you do so a gray streak shoots to your left, skids the corner, throwing a wall of dirt into the air, and in another moment is roaring off into the distance. It takes nerve to block Robertson. It takes nerve to ride with him. There was one man whose nerve it took—completely.

A newspaper reporter came out one morning to make a circuit in the racer. He was a young reporter, youthful and innocent, and he wished to get a story that had color. They brought him in a touring car in the dark hours. It was his first ride in a machine. ("We came awfully fast. I didn't like it!")

As he donned the rubber suit, mask and goggles of the mechanic there was a look of doubt about him. He was like a pensive soldier of the Light Brigade buttoning his uniform in the face of Balaklava, and wondering if he hadn't got himself into a rather nasty hole by enlisting in the army.

Before mounting to his place beside Robertson he was instructed, briefly, in a mechanic's duties. He was to pump a certain pump and keep a certain dial hand up to the mystic figure "4." He was to turn a brass handle every few minutes, and press some other brass things with his feet. Once a minute he was to turn and look for overtaking cars. That was all. He got in.

"His not to reason why,
His but to do and die."

With a rush and a roar they were off.

"Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward."

Motors to the right of them,
Motors to the left of them,
Motors in back of them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Stormed at with smoke and smell,
Boldly they rode, and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell—

"Not for five hundred!" exclaimed a seasoned newspaper man, shaking his head as they vanished in the distance.

They were back again in twenty minutes, having covered 23½ miles at an average speed of about 68 miles an hour, and reached 80 in the stretches. Though the reporter had not died in fact, in fancy he had died a thousand deaths. He had died on straightaways and curves, died in ditches, died against stone walls, trees and telegraph poles, died under the machine, beside it, and hurtling through the air above it.

"Why, we hardly missed you," said the old reporter.

The victim gave him a dazed glance and turned away in silence. He had just been snatched from the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and did not find things funny. He was still dazed when he went back to New York in the touring car—dazed and growing pale. They said he went to sleep as soon as he got in, this time. Though his face lacked color, his story didn't. It was a ten days' wonder along that now almost figurative "Park Row" which means newspaperdom. Here is a paragraph:

For an instant the reporter could not get his breath; he braced as hard as he could against the steel foot-rest, and gripped the handle behind the driver's seat. The still air became a hurricane, snapping in his ears with a sound like that of a long pennant in a gale, pressing him back into his seat, and threatening to burst his goggles inward.

Suddenly he remembered the pump-handle clutched in his left hand. The indicator did not point to four! The significance of this he did not know; he only realized that he had been negligent, that the car was vibrating terribly, that the indicator trembled violently, as though warning him of something, and that the speed was hideous. For all that he knew it meant death unless that indicator was brought back to four! . . .

Ah, what a curse lies in imagination! And what a blessing, too! That boy's peace of mind would have been greater had he known that to stop pumping only meant to stop the car; yet his story would not have been so vivid by one half.

As the reporter drove off in the touring car, Robertson gave one of his characteristically luminous smiles.

“He was a game guy, all right!” he said, approvingly.

Later, when Robertson invited me to make a circuit with him, I declined, with many thanks. I said I had a headache. What I really had was a family.

Justification for timidity is not wanting, as an investigation of Accident Insurance, under the head of “extra hazards,” will convince you. In almost every race someone is injured. Accidents are regarded, even among the drivers, as foregone conclusions. They hope for the best, and that is all. It is track racing, however, which claims by far the largest percentage of victims.

I recall only one accident that occurred in practice while I was at Jericho. The driver who sustained it told me afterward that Fate decided matters of that kind. He was a man named Emil Stricker, and he made the turn at Jericho too fast, one morning. Leaving the road, his car bounded over a two-foot ditch, cut down a pair of good-sized trees, traveled several hundred feet and brought up against a heavy wire fence. Stricker and his companion shot out of the machine and lay senseless in a field, some yards away. Even before the racer left the road, our team manager was running toward the place he thought that they would strike. He knew from the speed with which they had passed that they could never get around the turn. We called an ambulance and took them to the hospital. The mechanic had a fractured skull, but Stricker and the car were little damaged. Both

were repaired in time to take part in the race.

On the night that the racing men met at Garden City, for final instructions, I talked with Stricker. He was a square, solid man, quiet and seemingly imperturbable. Like the other foreign drivers he looked both heavier and older than the average.

“My mechanic kept kicking that I was losing time on turns,” said Stricker. “Well, I opened her up a little on that Jericho turn. I got going too fast, that's all. . . . They told me over at the hospital to-day that that boy would live. He's a good boy; I'll have him riding with me again before long.”

Fortunately for “that boy,” he recovered slowly. He was not well in time to ride again with Stricker, who survived the Vanderbilt only to be killed a few weeks later in practice for a track race.

I should like to see a composite picture of thirty odd American drivers and mechanics who took part in that race. In action one gets no idea of them. The composite left in my mind shows me a well-muscled, wiry figure somewhat above the average height, and aged perhaps twenty-five. The features are large and well balanced, showing poise and determination. It is the picture of a brainy, brawny boyish fellow, likely to be a picked man in almost any active or dangerous sort of work. Even the oldest racing drivers are still young men. Perhaps the most characteristic thing about them is a tendency to heaviness. Like railroad engineers, racing drivers take on weight with years. Fast as they may drive they can't outdistance *embonpoint*. However, weight seems to make less difference with the men than with the cars. With them it has been an all important matter. The very deed of gift covering the Vanderbilt Cup specifies that it is to be raced for by automobiles weighing not more than 1,000 kilos (2,204 pounds). This is 1,000 to 2,000 pounds less than the weight of the average good-sized touring car. Engine dimensions have been unrestricted in all Vanderbilt Cup races, with the result that automobile designers have been free to carry out their individual theories as to engine proportions, and the interrelation of weight and power. The 1908 Vanderbilt Cup race was the last important international event run, anywhere, under the limited weight ruling. A tendency has sprung up in Europe to place restriction upon engine dimensions, and to alter these restrictions from year to year. While several good races have been held under the new conditions, several failures



After that the rules were changed

and much confusion have resulted from it. Designers are apt to disagree as to what should constitute the proper limit of dimension, and many manufacturers object to the heavy expense of building brand new racing cars each year, for what they consider an insufficient reason. The *Grand Prix* race of the *Automobile Club de France* was abandoned, last year, for lack of sufficient entries under the new rules, and it has been said by some persons that France actually promulgated the rules originally, for the purpose of discouraging motor racing—a sport in which she used to lead, but has lately been outdistanced by Germany, Italy and the United States. Those who support this theory will remind you that the very word “sport” was imported into France to fill a void in the vocabulary, and will declare that the French idea of sport is as much twisted as the French pronunciation of it.

The weighing-in of cars for the Vanderbilt race assumed, for the reasons given above, a certain solemn dignity. Was it not, we wondered, the last performance of this “ancient” rite?

Most of the cars came well within the limits; interest centered on the several which did not. These were pushed off the scales and “stripped” still further than before. Tools, floor-boards, extra tires, speedometers, seat cushions and other adjuncts were removed. Then the machines were pushed back and weighed again. All passed the test, this time, save only one. From this car the very life blood was made to flow. Gasoline,

oil and water were taken from the tanks. Still overweight, the car was bathed in gasoline that every particle of dirt and grease might be removed. Then two worried racing men got down upon their backs and looked, prayerfully, for parts which might be spared. They seemed to have designs upon the wheels, when, late in the afternoon, I left the place.

The removal of floor-boards, seat-cushions and the like, at the time weighing was not always permitted. In the early days of motor racing, cars were required to go upon the scales equipped as for the race. The ingenuity of a French driver caused this edict to be modified.

Finding his car slightly overweight he wished to remove the cushions.

“Certainly,” said the judges. “It is permitted to remove them, but they must not be replaced. One must ride on the hard boards.”

Without reply, the driver took the cushions out, and the car was weighed in. When the driver and mechanic appeared at the starting line the cushions were sewn to the seats of their trousers. After that the rules were changed.

The dawn of the day before the race found an unwonted crowd at Jericho. Daylight had hardly come when motors began to circulate around the course. Great truck-loads of canvas cots passed by, destined to turn the parlors, dining-rooms and kitchens of Long Island farmhouses into something like field hospitals. But no cots were endowed.

By afternoon a solid stream of cars was

passing; limousines, touring cars, runabouts, "Seeing New York" coaches, electrics, motorcycles, panting "one-lungers"—every sort of vehicle that is self propelled. Night turned the parade into a flight of great black beetles, with round fiery eyes. When our heads swam with watching them we got into a car and became part of the procession, drifting around the course.

No one who has been to a Vanderbilt Cup race will deny the charm and wonder that builds, builds, builds, through the preceding night. There is something hypnotic in it, something strange and eerie that overcomes one, like a fantastic dream. What is it? Everything! The sandwiches and shiny bottles you have packed; the jockeying for places at the ferry; the rush out on Long Island, with a thousand other cars. It is the mystery of the night; of country roads—roads which were desolate last night, and will be so tomorrow, but which now are all alive with lights and whirring, moaning, honking noises. It is unreal, uncanny. It stirs even the most torpid imagination, and throws the orderly and temperate mind headlong into a De Quincey drug dream. Had he but seen this night, poor stage-struck Nero hunting for sensations would never have committed the crude atrocities of burning Rome and playing on the fiddle!

When the dawn broke, wet and gray, there was a solid jam of motors in the road at Jericho. The course was absolutely blocked. There were wild telephonings for troops to clear the tangle so that our racers might be gotten out of the garage and taken to the starting line. A damp, haggard, happy mob was everywhere.

Soldiers came at last, and with them some degree of order. A space was cleared before the garage, and a narrow lane was made between two lines of autos. At last the doors swung back, disclosing, dramatically, the two flat-snouted racing cars. Led by a runabout, in which a hatless gentleman was howling wildly for more room, they made a snarling, barking progress down the line of cars. It was with indescribable relief that we saw them turn at last into a comparatively unobstructed crossroad which led over to the grandstand.

You remember the story of Robertson and "16"; their splendid race, the anxious moments in the last lap, and the driving finish which gave them victory and broke the previous American road record?

When it was over, Robertson came back to camp in a touring car. A great full-throated crowd awaited him when the triumphal chariot stopped before the garage. Someone thrust a broom in the victor's hands; others lifted him to his feet. He stood there, grinning at the crowds, his eyes half shut with the wind and dirt of the quarter of a thousand miles that he had made that morning, his hair tousled, his face and hands gray with grime.

"Speech!" someone called. All took up the cry.

The grin never left his face.

"Speech! Speech!"

He moved his lips a little. Silence fell.

Then the team manager jumped up beside him.

"I've got to thank you all for him," he said. "He can't speak just now, because—well, he ran out of chewing gum, and had to use his tongue instead."



Buying a Man's Arm

By the Corporation Lawyer Who Made the Purchase

MISTER, dese t'ings go hart on the wimmin," said the man facing me, and I thought I saw tears glistening in his eyes. I know his voice was husky and deep with feeling. I am not a tender-hearted man, but I wish I might tell you how and why the tone and manner of this man profoundly affected me.

He was a Dane and had been in this country but a year. John Dane will do for his name. He was about forty, of medium height and slightly built, with a haunting expression in his eyes that *Hamlet* might have had.

In his own country he had been a master butcher earning the equivalent of three dollars per day. With his wife and one child he had come to America in the hope of bettering his condition, and had taken the first work offered in the city to which he came. This work was manual labor at a machine used in a tannery for removing the hair from hides. The hides are treated in vats and then removed, heavy and dripping, and thrown over the machine, which is in the form of an inclined plane running down and away from the operator. Back and forth over this plane, which is flexible, runs a knifed roller, revolving rapidly, which cleans the hair from the hide. This whirling cylinder is controlled by a lever near at hand, which stops, starts and changes its direction. To prevent lapping, which might result in cutting the hide, it is frequently necessary to use this lever as the hide is being scraped.

The Accident

Dane had worked at this machine for several months without accident. One day he saw a lap in a hide as the cylinder came upward, and to save the full value for his employer he reached for the lever and so set it that the cylinder should have stopped and started downward away from him. As he did so, and relying on its proper action, he reached

over to straighten the hide with his left hand. The machine did not obey the lever, the cylinder, armed with its swiftly revolving knives, came upward, and in a twinkling had chewed and destroyed his arm to the elbow. The surgeons saved part of the stump of arm which remained. There are the plain facts, and I know it is such a common tale that you marvel why anyone should repeat it. But try to imagine yourself in his place and read how society dealt with him.

The man was taken to the hospital, thence to his home, and was treated by the employer's physician. His wages were continued, and within six weeks, though scarcely able, he returned for work and was set to piling bark in the yard. I asked him if he got along all right, and he said, "Yes, bud it makes my shoulder ache sometimes." For an instant I was that man and I felt the pain.

The Offer

Matters went on as usual for a few months, then, at the request of the liability company which insured the employer, the superintendent of the factory asked Dane, in a matter-of-course way, to sign a paper releasing the employer from all liability for the loss of the arm. He refused, asked for time; friends had advised him not to do so, he said. The liability company then asked for a full investigation by their local attorney. The investigation and report were made, by which it seemed that Dane would be unable to show anything wrong with the machine, and that the employer would have two defenses which would certainly result, under the law as it then stood, in the trial judge directing a verdict for the defendant, viz., contributory negligence and assumption of risk. Then at the threshold of the case the machine would be presumed to be perfect and the employer free from all negligence. A jury of his equals would have nothing to say about the matter.

The evidence was also investigated, the

friends and fellow workmen were interviewed and statements made by them reduced to writing. Then, it being the policy of these concerns to buy claimants off if it can be done cheaply enough, their attorney was authorized to pay him \$350, *less the amount already expended for his doctor, hospital bills, and wages while not working.* These items amounting to \$172.50, it left the magnificent sum of \$177.50 to be paid to this man as the net price of his arm. The period of pain and suffering was covered by the offer, you will note, so that *he* was paying for *that*, not alone with blood and tears but with dollars.

The Price Marked Down

I am the lawyer in the case, and I confess it with shame. Even then I was almost moved to pity, but my corporation was chartered by the law and knew no such emotions and countenanced none in its servants. I made him the offer, but he refused it, saying that he had seen a lawyer who advised a suit, offering to accept as his fee one half of all that was recovered (generous soul!). After several interviews, at each of which he was sought to be impressed with the uselessness of bringing a suit, he offered to accept \$500 as full payment. His offer, of course, was laughed at most scornfully and promptly refused as utterly absurd. I told him of the great resources of the company, the attorneys paid to fight such claims, the law's delays and expense. He did not know of the liability company's interest and supposed the settlement would come from his employer. He became silent and reflective, and his eyes held a fugitive gleam. It was then that he said, as he raised his face, "Mister, dese t'ings go hart on the wimmin," forgetful of self but mindful of others' wants. I knew that in those eyes he saw the wife and child at home, anxious and hopeful, to whom the issue of this meeting meant so much, and perhaps he saw the old home in Denmark and the wrinkled face of the simple-hearted mother who understood and loved. He was dull and ignorant, illy clad, spoke English poorly and smelled of the tannery, but somehow a feeling for the man rushed into my heart, and for a moment I thought I understood and loved.

I had read his thoughts aright, for his next words were: "Id vill dake about two hundert dollars to gid us bag to Denmark." The hunger of his heart was all too clearly revealed, and I thought again of the parents who saw him leave them with two good arms, proud of the strength which their simple minds believed

would surely win him high place in the land of the free and equal.

But the offer was rejected, and a week later I wrote to him to come to me for the final offer. Meantime the liability company had used the last arguments, had reduced the offer, and had instructed the employer to threaten Dane with discharge unless he accepted a settlement promptly. He came to me again, and, hardening my heart, as becomes a faithful corporate servant, I told him bluntly that the offer was now \$300, which meant, deducting what had already been paid out for him, that he would receive \$127.50. I thought he paled slightly as I spoke to him, and as he sat with face half-averted the old far-away look came back into his eyes and I knew that it meant despair and defeat. Fighting back emotion I said in my hardest tones (though I already knew), "You have a family, haven't you, John?" He said simply, "Vife an' vun child," and then he added, as if ashamed, "Annuder little baby coming soon." He said it as if ashamed. Yes, but it was hard for him to be cheerful—one arm gone, wages reduced (for two arms can earn more than one), middle-aged and ignorant, physique weakened from the accident and new work—winter deepening—discharge threatened—dependent wife and child. Ah, surely we had him under the iron heel, and who could chide him for not appearing to welcome the new life expected in his household?

The Settlement—and the Pity of It

He finally accepted the sum offered, signed a full release, and his personality and troubles passed from my life, but I cannot blot out the impressions made upon me by this case. It was altogether commonplace. Hundreds more touching come within the everyday experience of adjusters and lawyers had they the hearts to feel sympathy and the courage to confess it. But I wanted some one to know this simple, typical instance of misfortune which came to one man and one man's family. It is also typical of the methods used in this great land to compensate workers whose limbs are sacrificed on the wheel of modern commerce in the race for great output at the minimum cost.

Others have called attention to the alarming number of accidents to our workers, and they are certainly not decreasing in their frequency or horror. Can any man, whether he goes to church and prays to God and talks about the Golden Rule, or is rough and rude

and has within him only the most elemental principles of justice, approve of the method of dealing with John Dane? The story is true and the procedure all too common. A Christian people must improve this terrible condition or be unworthy of the name and of their heritage of freedom. Whether the remedy is in new and fair liability laws, compulsory machine inspection, state or national insurance, pension or aid insurance or relief, or other means, is beyond the scope of this article. Some adequate and equitable remedy must be found for the horrible consequences flowing from the accidental injuries to the workers in this accident age.

Those who do not believe this should have seen John Dane's helpless look and heard the

sigh in his voice as he rose to leave me and get back to the work that made his shoulder ache, for his last words were, "No, we can't go back to Denmark now if we had the fare money. I found out since I was here that cripples can't come unless dey are rich." Meaning, I presume, that bonds must be given or deposits made to protect the country against the danger of their becoming public charges.

Yes, truly he had abundant cause for being depressed. In this land of freedom and hope to which he had come with buoyant heart he had been driven to sell one of the arms with which he had supported wife and child for \$127.50. In the name of God, have we forgotten that greatest of commandments, "Love one another"?



The Adopted Child

By LUCINE FINCH

She came to me and looked into my face
 And found there what she sought.
 I was asleep, I think. But felt her look.
 Out of the World she chose but me to be her child
 Because she wanted me—no other.
 She passed them by with pitying gaze, the other sleeping ones.
 But over me she bent so long that he—the man beside her—
 Pulled at her sleeve, all lovingly, and called her back
 From the dim world where, face to face,
 In silences supreme, our spirits met.
 "This one," she said. So low he bent to hear.
 "This one to be our child. Beloved, this!"
 And then she hid her face from him and me.
 My own poor mother had lain down and died
 For very joy of me, her son, and grief for one
 Who violently left life after my life began.
 Her lover was he and my father. I can claim that—
 I was the child of love—no lesser thing!
 And now again the child of love since she has chosen me
 Whom life denied a child
 Across the space between our souls
 She came to me, wise-eyed and empty-armed,
 And made my life her life and her life mine.
 Because she wanted me—no other!

Margarita's Soul

The Romantic Recollections of a Man of Fifty



By

INGRAHAM LOVELL

With Illustrations by
J. Scott Williams

And is it I that must sit and spin?
And is it I that my hair must bind?
I hear but the great seas rolling in,
I see but the great gulls sail the wind.

Who sang the grey monk out o' the cell?
Who but my mother that rode the sea!
She stole a son o' the church to hell,
And out of hell shall the church steal me?
—*Sir Hugh and the Mermaid.*

Synopsis: In an out-of-the-way spot on the coast not far from New York, Margarita, a very beautiful girl, has been brought up in ignorance of her father's name and of all knowledge of her mother. Here she has lived in complete seclusion with her mysterious father, and a devoted but likewise mysterious relative, Hester Prynne, and a half-witted, loutish fellow called Caliban. On the death of both her father and Hester Prynne, she goes to New York seeking adventure, and her first encounter is with Roger Bradley, who at once falls in love with her, and they are directly married. Winfred Jerrolds (known as Jerry) is Roger's best friend and he has also fallen in love with Margarita. Roger and his wife have just returned to Margarita's old home after spending a year in Europe and it is here that their child is born. Jerry, who is recounting these reminiscences, has also been abroad where he has been trying to overcome his passion for his friend's wife. He returns now from England where he has been dangerously ill.

Part VI. In which you are shown the river's very sources, far underground.

I—A GARDEN GLIMPSE OF EDEN



T was mid-August, however, before I reached that part of America that was destined to mean so much to me. A visit to Mrs. Uprove, my mother's old friend, extended itself beyond my plans largely because of the pleasant acquaintance I formed there with her son, then Captain, now Major Uprove, one of the most charming men I have ever encountered. Next to Roger he has become my best friend, incidentally disproving a theory of mine that warm friendships between men are not likely to be formed after thirty. Even as I write this

chapter I am looking forward to his visit, and the slim Hawaiian girls are looking forward, too, I promise you, with wonderful, special garlands, and smiles that many a handsome young sailor may jingle his pockets in vain to win!

It was warm, almost as warm as this languid, creamy beach, the day I clambered, none too agile, over the thwarts of Caliban's boat and made my way up the sandy path to the cottage.

"I'm afraid the fever took it out of you, Jerry," Roger said, looking hard at me, and





I nodded briefly and he gripped my hands a little harder.

"I'm glad you're here," he said.

Through the dear old room we stepped and out the further door, and here a surprise met me. The straggling grass stretch was now a rolling, green hedged lawn, quartered by home-like brick paths. Two long ells had been added to the house running at right angles straight out from it at either end, making a charming court of the door yard and doubling the size of the building; the fruit trees had been pruned and tended; an old grape arbor raised and trained into a quaint sort of *pergola*, a strange sight, then, in America; a beautiful old sun dial drowed in a tangle of nasturtiums. A delicate, dreamy humming led my eyes to a group of bee hives (always dear to me because of the *Miel du Chamounix* and our happy, sweet-toothed boyhood!) and near a border of poppies, marigold and hardy mignonette a great hound lay, vigilant beside a large, shallow basket, shaded by a gnarled, wistaria clump. The basket was filled with something white, and as we stood in the door, a woman, dressed in trailing white with knots of rich blue here and there, came through a green gate in the side hedge and moved with a rich, swooping step toward the basket. Behind her through the open gate I saw a further lawn white with drying linen, and a quick, pleasant glimpse of a brown, broad woman in an old-world cap, parking fruit under an apple tree, a yellow cat basking at her feet.

The white clad figure leaned over the basket, her deep-brimmed garden hat completely shading her face, lifted from it a struggling, tiny doll-creature, with a reddish-gold aureole above its rosy face, dandled it a moment in her arms, then sank like a settling gull into the hollow of a low seat-shaped boulder near the wistaria, fumbled a moment at the bosom of her lacy gown, and while I held my breath, before I could turn my eyes, gave it her breast. It pressed its wandering, blind hands into that miraculous, ivory globe (that pattern of the living world), and through the dense, warm stillness of that garden spot, where the bees' hum was the very music of silence, there sounded, so gradually that I could not tell when the first notes stirred the soundlessness, a curious cooing and gurgling, a sort of fluty chuckle, a rippling, greedy symphony. It was not one voice, for below the cheeping treble of the sucking mite ran a low-

ing undertone, a murmurous, organ like music, a sort of maternal fugue, that imitated and dictated at once that formless, elemental melody. Even as we stood riveted to the threshold, the sounds echoed in the air above us, seemed to descend mystically from the very heavens themselves, and as my heart swelled in me, a flock of pigeons swept down from some barnyard eyrie and dropped musically, in a cloud of gray and amethyst, beneath the pear tree. They crooned together there, the woman, the child and the birds, and truly it was not altogether human, that harmony, but like the notes of the pure and healthy animals (or the angels, maybe?) that guard this living world from the fate of the frozen and exhausted moon.

"I—I can't get used to it," said Roger abruptly, "it—it seems too much, somehow," and we turned back into the room.

"It's not a bit too much for you, Roger!" I answered heartily (thank God, how heartily!) and we drew deep breaths and welcomed Miss Jencks, in irreproachable white duck—I had almost written white ducks—and talked about my momentous health.

Miss Jencks had abandoned her seaman's comforters for a cooler form of handiwork, suspiciously tiny in shape, but she pursued it relentlessly while we discussed the changes in the cottage; the gardens, the corn and asparagus planned for another season; the ducks quartered near the fresh-water brook; the tiny dairy built for her over the spring; the brick wall for Roger's pet wall fruit; the piano dragged by oxen from the village; the sail boat, manned now and then by our enthusiastic telegrapher; the wondrous size and health of the tiny Mary.

She was called, as one who knew Roger might have expected, for his mother, after the old tradition, too, that gave every eldest daughter of the Bradleys that lovely name. No bitter obstinacy, no unyielding pride of Madam Bradley's could alter in his calm mind the course of his duty, and I never heard a harsh word from him concerning the matter. Margarita cared absolutely nothing about it and never, he told me, expressed the faintest curiosity as to his family or their relations with her.

Soon she was with us, dear and beautiful, with only a tiny lavender shadow under those cloudy eyes—misty just now and a little empty, with that placid emptiness of the nursing mother—to mark the change that my not-



They crooned together there, the woman, the child and the birds

to-be-deceived scrutiny soon discovered. We left the sleepy Mary slowly patrolling the brick walks in a pompous perambulator propelled by a motherly English nurse under Miss Jencks's watchful eye, and strolled, in our customary hand-in-hand, to the boat house, a low, artfully concealed structure, all but hidden under a jagged cliff, and faced wherever necessary with rough cobbled sea stones sunk in wet cement and hardened there. The right wing of the cottage stood out unavoidably at one point against the sky-line, and Roger, who had developed a surprising gift of architecture and a sort of rough landscape gardening, was planning an extension of the artificial sea-wall to cover this.

He worked at this himself, drenched with sweat, tugging at the stones, while Caliban and a mason from the village set them and threw sand over the wet plaster (the method which we decided must have been adopted by the builder of the cottage), and I, too weak yet to help in this giant's play, criticized the effect from a rowboat outside the lagoon, telegraphing messages by means of a handkerchief code. Often Margarita would come with me, embroidering placidly in the bow of the boat, under her wide hat. She detested sewing, and refused utterly to learn any form of it, to Miss Jencks's sorrow, but had invented a charming fashion of embroidery for herself and worked fitfully at tiny white butterflies in the corner of my cambric handkerchiefs—the one and only form this art of hers ever took. It became a sort of emblem and insignia of her, and Whistler, who began coming to them, I think, the year after that, or the next, made much of this fanciful bond between them. It was she who worked the black butterfly upon the lapel of his evening coat which created such a sensation in Paris one season.

Once while shooting in the Rockies with Upgrove, six or eight years ago, I pulled out an old buckskin tobacco pouch, turned it hopefully inside out in the search for a stray thimbleful, and discovered in a corner of the lining a faded yellow silk butterfly, all unknown to me till then! She must have worked it surreptitiously, like a mischievous, affec-



tionate child; and as I held it in my hands, and stared at the graceful absurd thing, the lonely camp faded before me, the sizzling bacon, the rough shelter, the whistling guide, slipped back into some inconsequential past, and I lay again on the sun-warmed rocks, watching a yellow-headed toddler prying damp pebbles from the beach, to pile them later in her tolerant lap. Oh, Margarita! Oh, the happy days!

II—HESTER PRYNNE'S SECRET

I remember so well the morning of the great discovery. It was one of those damp, rainy, gray days when happy people can afford to realize contentment indoors, and we were a very comfortable group indeed: Margarita sorting music, Roger drawing plans for a new chimney, Miss Jencks shaking a coral rattle for the delectation of the tiny Mary, who lay in her shallow basket under the lee of the great spinning-wheel, and I hugging the fire and watching them. I considered Roger's reforms in the matter of chimneys too thoroughgoing for the slender frame of the house and told him so.

"You'll batter the thing to pieces," I said; "see here!" and lifting my stick, which I had been poking at the baby after the irrelevant fashion of old bachelor friends, I hit out aimlessly at the side of the fireplace and struck one of the bricks a smart blow on one end. It turned slightly and slipped out of its place, and as I shouted triumphantly and pulled it away, I displaced its neighbor, too, and poked scornfully at a third. This, however, was firm as a rock, as well as all the others near it, and with a little excited suspicion of something to come I put my hand into the small, square chamber and grasped a dusty, oblong box, of tin, from the feel of it.

"Roger!" I gasped, "look here!"

"Well, well," he answered vaguely, "don't pull the place down on us, Jerry, that's all!"

"But Mr. Jerrolds appears to have discovered a secret hiding-place," Miss Jencks explained succinctly, and then they both stared at me while I drew out from a good arm's reach a tin dispatch box, thick with dust, a foot long and half as wide. I wiped the dust from its surface, and on the cover we read (for Roger and Miss Jencks were at my elbow now, I assure you!), written neatly with some sharp instrument on the black japanned sur-



face, the name *Lockwood Lee Prynne*. With shaking fingers I lifted the lid, which opened readily, then recollecting myself, passed the box to Roger. He glanced curiously at Margarita, but she was absorbed in her music and as lost to us as a contented child. He held the box on his knees, pushed back the lid completely and lifted the top paper of all from the pile. It was badly burned at the edges, as were the packets of letters, the columns clipped from yellowed newspapers, the legal-looking paper with its faded seal and the rough drawings on stained water-color paper that lay beneath it. It required no highly developed imagination to infer that the contents of the box had been laid on the fire, to be snatched away later.

Miss Jencks and I were frankly on tiptoe with excitement, but old Roger's hand was steady as a rock as he unfolded the stiff yellow parchment and spread before us the marriage certificate of Lockwood Lee Prynne and Maria Teresa—alas, the shape of a fatally hot coal had burned through the rest of the name! We skipped eagerly to the next place of handwriting, the officiating clergyman and the parish—for the form was English—but disappointment waited for us there, too, for the same coal had gone through two thicknesses of the folded paper, and only the date, Jan. 26, 186—, broke the expanse of print. The initials of one witness "H. L." and the Christian name "Bertha," of another, had escaped the coal on the third fold, and that was all.

Roger drew a long breath.

"So it's Prynne, after all," he said quietly, and unfolded the next paper.

This was a few lines of writing in a careful, not-too-well-formed hand, on a leaf torn from an old account book, to judge from the rulings.

"Sept. 24, 186—." The child was born at four this morning," it said abruptly. "It may not live and she can't possibly. The Italian woman baptized it out of a silver bowl. It is a dreadful thing, for now if it does live it will be Romish, I suppose, but he said to let her have her way, so it had to be. He is nearly crazy. He will kill himself, I think. He knows she must die. It is named after her mother and an outlandish lot of other names for different people. As soon as she is dead the Italian woman is going back to Italy. I shall never leave him."

The leaf was folded here and several lines badly burned. At the bottom of the leaf I could just make out one more line.

"I cannot be sorry she is dying if I burn in hell for it. Hester Prynne."

Roger and I stared at each other, the same thought in our minds. I had imagined many things about the mysterious Hester, but never that she bore that name, as a matter of simple fact. The connection with Caliban had been too much for my overtrained imagination, and heaven knows what baseless theories I had woven around what was at best (or worst) a mere coincidence. For me the scarlet letter had flamed upon what I now know to have been a blameless breast, and in my excited fancy a stormy nature had suffered picturesque remorse where, as a matter of fact, only a deep and patient devotion had endured its unrecorded martyrdom of love unguessed and unreturned. So much for Literature!

Next came two folded half-columns from a newspaper, one containing only that dreadful list of the dead that our mothers read, white-cheeked and dry-eyed, in the war time. Opposite the names of Col. J. Breckenridge Lee and Lieut. J. Breckenridge Lee, Jr., were hasty, blotted crosses. The other half-column, cut from another and better printed sheet, recorded with a terrible, terse clearness the shocking deaths of the aged Col. J. B. Lee and his son Lieut. J. B. Lee, Jr., of the Confederate Army, at the hand of his son-in-law, Capt. Lockwood Prynne, who was defending an encampment of the Northern forces from a skirmishing party led by the rebel officers. Captain Prynne recognized what he had done as the young Lieutenant caught his father in his arms and turned to stagger back, and rushing forward had endeavored to drag them to safety, receiving a shot himself that shattered his arm, wounding him severely. His recovery was doubtful.

Under our sympathetic eyes the old tragedy lived again, the crisp, cruel lines seemed printed in blood. It needed only the letter that lay beneath to make everything clear.

"Dear Bob," the letter began in the unmistakable neat hand we had read on the top of the box, "I cannot leave you without this word. I cannot explain—my brain is on fire, I think—but try to judge with lenience. Blood poisoning set in and my father died in hospital last week. On his dying bed I swore to him that I would never raise my hand against his country. I can't repeat all he said, but he's right, Bob, the South is wrong! Secession is wrong. I brought the body home, but Mother could not come to the funeral.



She is not at all violent, but she will never be the same again—she didn't know me, Bob. I can't describe how pitiful she is. Uncle James was her twin brother, you know, and they were everything to each other. When we heard of Fort Sumter she was nearly wild, and I promised her with my hand on her Bible never to fight the South. I meant it then—my friends, my home and you all. But I would have got her to release me if I could. But she couldn't release me now, and I would die before I broke that promise, the way she is now. I can't stay here. I couldn't look anybody in the face. I wish I could be shot. I may be, yet. I am going to Italy to see about those silk worms for the plantation that father was interested in. The war can't last much longer and it will be something to do. Mother is well looked after and I can't stay in this country—it's not decent. Can you write to me, Bob? I don't ask much—just write a line. What could I do? Write, for God's sake.

LOCKWOOD LEE PRYNNE."

Below this signature, in a different hand, was scrawled:

"I return this letter. I have nothing to say.
"R. S. L."

Alas, alas, the pity of it! The gray moss and the blue forget-me-nots grow together now over many a nameless grave, and Northern youth and Southern maid pull daisy petals beside the sunken cannon ball; but the ancient scar ploughed deep, and old records like this have heat enough in them yet to sear the nerves of us who trembled, maybe, in the womb, when those black lists of the wounded trembled in our mothers' hands.

What a hideous thing it is! Can any bugle's screaming cover those anguished cries, or any scarlet stripes soak up the spreading blood? Bullets are merciful, my brothers, beside the cruel holes they pierce in hearts they never touched.

Roger laid the papers and letter reverently to one side, and I, who had been reading over his shoulder, brushed impatiently at my eyes. (I was not entirely a well man yet, remember!) Below the newspaper lay a signed deed, formally conveying a parcel of twenty acres of land, carefully measured and described, to Lockwood Lee Prynne, his heirs and assigns, and all the rest of the legal jargon. This was hardly burned at all.

Of the two slim packets of letters one was badly charred: parts of it fell away in Roger's hands, as he carefully opened it. I cannot

transcribe them literally, or even to any great length, for they are too sad, and no good end would be served by commemorating to what extent that fierce furnace of the Civil War burned away the natural ties of kindred and neighbor and home. Enough that the few remaining members spared out of what must have been a small family cut Margarita's father definitely off from them, in terms no man could have tried with any self-respect to modify. His father, a Northerner, who had identified himself since his Southern marriage with his wife's interests and kinsfolk, had lost touch with his own people, and a few death notices, slipped in among the letters, seemed to point to an almost complete loneliness, which Roger afterward verified. The other packet held two letters only, one in Italian (which language I learned, after a fashion, in order to read it), the other in French. The Italian letter was not only scorched badly, but so blistered—one did not need to ask how—that parts were quite illegible. The writer, a man, evidently, a young man, probably, conveyed in satire so keen, a contempt so bitter, a hatred so remorseless, that it was difficult to believe it a letter from a brother to his sister. Beneath the polished, scornful sentences—vitriol to a tender young heart—surged a tempest of primitive rage that thrust one back into the Renaissance, with its daggers and its smiles. "*Let me tell you, then, once and for all,*" ran one sentence, breaking out fiercely, "*that there is but one country on earth which can shelter you and that villain—his own! There I scorn to put my foot or allow the foot of any member of your family, but let him or his victim leave it—and so long as I live my vengeance shall search you out and wipe out this insult to my house, my country and my church!*" The opening page was missing and the last one was badly burned, so we had absolutely no clue as to the family name.

Roger and I puzzled out enough of it to gather vaguely what the situation must have been, and when we read the second letter it was all clear. This second letter was burned and blistered, too, but its simple, naïve repetitions, its tender terror, its brave, affectionate, persistence left little, even in their fragmentary condition, for us to guess. I will give only a page here and there.

"*I have tried for four months not to write, but what you told me last has proved too strong for me and I must. . . . Oh, my dear one, my more than sister in this world, how could*

you have been permitted this deadly sin? It may be I shall be damned for even this one letter—my only one, for you must not write again. Sister Lisabella suspects me already, and asked me last week why I should talk with the baker's daughter so secretly? So if she brings another letter I shall tell her to destroy it. Write to me no more."

Ah, now we knew! Strange indeed was the blood that ran in Margarita's blue-veined wrist! No light and fleeting passion had brought her into this world.

" When I remember that it was I who brought you the first letter, I weep for hours. God forgive me, and Our Lady, but I thought it was only some idle nonsense of Sister Dolores—she was always so light, Dolores! They have sent her back to Spain—I know you loved her best! Sister Lisabella found a bit of your gown caught on the cypress tree. How dared you risk your life so? I swore I knew nothing, nor did I, about what she asked me. The Archbishop came. . . ."

I think I see the little figure slipping from bough to bough under the stars, the odor of all the vineyards is in my nostrils, the splashing of the Convent fountain sounds in my ears!

" I could not sleep at night after that wicked letter of how you love him—how dare you, a vowed nun, write such sinful words? It must be, as they say, wrong to pray for you! Do not try to excuse yourself because your brother devoted you against your will—you were happy till he climbed the tree and saw you! Only Satan can make it so that one wicked look between the eyes should make a man and woman mad for—I will not remember that sinful letter, I will not! Maria, thou art lost!"

And so, even as she and Roger looked and could not look away and never after lost each other's eyes, even so, her mother looked at her lover and looking, lost (or so she thought) her soul! The wheel turns ever, as Alif taught me.

" What good can such a marriage do? No Catholic could marry you, I am sure. It is no marriage. Your brother wrote you the truth. I do not wonder that you will never read or speak an Italian word again—you have disgraced Italy. But as he says, you are no true Italian—your English mother and her Protestant blood has made this horrible thing possible. Her death was a judgment on you."

Oh, these cruel, gentle women! And on these breasts we long to lay our heads!

" I do not wonder that all his

countrymen are against him, and that he must live alone all his days. Even in that wild land blasphemy has its deserts, then. But I cannot help being glad for you that his kinswoman will be your servant, for you are ill fitted to grow maize with the painted savages, ma plus douce! But how strange that even a distant relative of one so comme il faut should be of a sort to do this!

"Alas, I talk as if I were again of the world! If Raoul had not died, I should have been. . . ."

Here the letter was blotted beyond recognition for a whole, closely written page. It must have been tender here, and one sees the poor Maria fairly kissing it to pieces. I was grateful to the writer.

" That you should be a mother! And soon! I cannot comprehend it. My head swims. Reverend Mother dreamed of you so, suckling it, with a halo around your head, and she woke in terror and told Sister Elisabetta, who let it out. The devil put it into her dream, to tempt her, Sister Elisabetta says, for she was always too fond of you. She fasted three days and one heard her groaning in the night—she was as white as paper. Oh, Maria, to feel it at one's breast, tugging there! I think I am going mad. Never write again, for I shall never read it, nor know if it is born."

Truly God permits strange things. And yet celibacy is as old as civilization, and the Will to Live has denied itself since first It was conscious. It cannot be pished and pshawed away, by you or me or another.

" I will get this to the baker's daughter, and then, when I am sure it is gone, I will confess it all, and whatever penance Reverend Mother puts upon me, I shall be only glad. It may be I shall be cut off from Our Blessed Lord longer than I can bear, and then I shall die, but I think I shall be forgiven finally, for something tells me so, and until I gave you the letter, that day near the fountain, I cannot think of any very great sin, can you, Maria? We were always good, we three. But now I am alone, for they will never let Dolores back. She grew so thin—my heart ached for her.

"Adieu, adieu—I have tried to hate you, as I ought, but your gray eyes look and look at me in the night, and I feel you tapping my fingers as you used to do—oh, if they will let me I will pray for you every day till I die, and Our Lady will remember that you were always good until he looked at you!

"For the last time—

"Your Joséphine."



Under this letter was hidden a crude little sketch of the cloister-end of some building on a sheet of drawing paper, and near it, just outside a high wall, a fair outline of a thick cypress. There was nothing else in the box.

Nor did we ever learn another word or syllable of the life of those two in their lonely cottage. Whether Prynne built it himself or hired laborers for the work we never tried to discover. That he buried himself there with the passion of his lonely life, that these flaming lovers, cast off by God and the world, thought both well lost for what they found in each other, who can doubt? The love she inspired in him I can understand, for I have known her daughter; the love he woke in her, she being what she was, I do not dare to guess. What must that woman's soul have been? What storm of love must have swept her from her cloister-harbor—and on to what rocks, over what eternal depths! Deal gently with her, Church of her betrayal! Forgive her sins, I beg you, for she loved much.

III—FATE LAUGHS AND BAITs HER HOOK

I find to my surprise that these rambling chapters, intended, in the first place, as a sort of study of Margarita's development under the shock of applied civilization, have grown rather into a chronicle of family history, a detail of tiny intimate events and memories that must surely disappoint Dr. M——, at whose urgent instance they were undertaken. Margarita was, indeed, at that time, a fit subject for the thoughtful scientist, and hardly one of her conversations with her friends but would serve as a text for some learned psychological dissertation. But it would have been hard, even for a stony *savant*, to dissect that adorable personality! The points that I had intended to discuss are lost, I find, in her smile; the interest of her relations with the world, as it burst upon her in all its complications and problems, a grown woman, but ignorant as a savage and innocent as a child, is as nothing beside the interest of her relations with us who formed for so long her little special world. However, I cannot offer my scientist nor his distinguished colleague, Professor J——, a mere tangle of personal reminiscences, so I must try to recall, as accurately as may be, the circumstances of Margarita's introduction to orthodox Christianity. At Miss Jencks's earnest petition Roger, who had grown really attached—as had we all—to the

good creature, had finally yielded and allowed her to impart the outline of the New Testament story to her charge. I found her later, a moist handkerchief crumpled in her hand and a tiny worn leather volume on her lap.

"It didn't do, then?" I inquired sympathetically, for her plain, competent face was more disturbed by grief than I had ever seen it.

"Mr. Jerrolds," she demanded seriously, "*do you think she has a soul?* Of course that is wrong," she added hastily, "and I should not say such a thing, but do you know she treats it just like any other story? It means nothing to her. She has no respect for the most sacred things, Mr. Jerrolds!"

"But how could she have, dear Miss Jencks?" I urged gently. "They are not sacred to her, you must remember. She is what you would call a heathen, you know."

Miss Jencks folded her handkerchief thoughtfully.

"Yes, I know," she began, "but think, Mr. Jerrolds, think how gladly, how gratefully the heathen receive the Gospel! I shall never forget how the missionary described it that dined with the Governor-General once. It was in Lent, I remember, and the poor man regretted that it should be, he had eaten fish so steadily in the Islands! It was only necessary for him to tell the simple gospel story, and it won them directly."

I bowed silently—it was at once the least and the most that I could do.

"And more than that, Mr. Jerrolds," the good woman continued, unburdening herself, clearly, of the results of many days of thought, "look at those wonderful conversions in the slums! Look what this Salvation Army is doing! The Governor-General used to say they were vulgar and that it was all claptrap, but that never seemed to me quite fair. We must have left something undone, we and the Dissenters, Mr. Jerrolds, if this General B——h can reach people we have lost. Isn't that so?"

To this I agreed heartily, and after a moment she went on.

"Why, the roughest, vilest men weep like children when they understand Our Lord's sacrifice, Mr. Jerrolds, and what it did for them, and surely if they, thieves and drunkards and—and worse, can be so touched, Mrs. Bradley. . . ."

"Perhaps," I suggested as gently as I could, "it is just because Mrs. Bradley is neither a thief nor a drunkard nor worse, dear Miss Jencks, that she does not feel the neces-



“She spins her hemp and weaves osiers into baskets and changes them for goats’ hams”

sity for weeping. The emotionalism of the convert is a curious thing, and the sense of sin together with vague memories of that Story, connected with childhood and childhood’s innocence, may produce a state of mind responsible for a great deal that we could hardly expect from Mrs. Bradley.”

“But we are all sinners, Mr. Jerrolds!” Again I bowed.

“Surely you believe this, Mr. Jerrolds?”

“I should not care for the task of convincing Mrs. Bradley of it,” I replied dexterously.

“That was the trouble,” she admitted mournfully. “I told her about Adam and Eve, but she said that whatever they had done was no affair of hers, and it could not be wrong to eat apples, anyway, she told me, they were so good for the voice.”

I choked a little here.

“She is very literal,” I said hastily, “and the apple has symbolized discord in more than one mythology.”

“I showed her that beautiful picture of the Crucifixion,” Miss Jencks added in a low, troubled voice, “and do you know, Mr. Jer-



roids, she refused to look at it or hear about it as soon as she understood! She said it was an ugly story and the picture made her hands cold. She said it could do no good to kill anyone because *she* had done wrong. 'Religion is too bloody, Miss Jencks,' she said. 'I do not think I like it. If I were you I should try to forget it.' Isn't it terrible, Mr. Jerrolds?"

Poor Barbara Jencks! You were an Englishwoman and it was twenty years ago!

"Leave thou thy sister when she prays," says the poet, and with all due respect for his presumable nobility of intention, it is certainly the easiest course to pursue! I left Miss Jencks.

She followed me a little later, however, and told me that she was not entirely without hopes, for Margarita had been greatly taken with the Revelation of St. John the Divine, and had committed to memory whole chapters of it, with incredible rapidity, saying that it would make beautiful music. That very evening she sang it to us, or rather, chanted it, striking chords of inexpressible dignity and beauty on the piano—the pure Gregorian—by way of accompaniment. It was impossible that she could have heard such chords, for she had never attended a church service in her life and such intervals formed no part of her vocal instruction.

Afterward, I read Ecclesiastes to her, and she did the same thing with it, saying that it was the most beautiful thing she had ever heard—she did not care for Shakespeare, by the way, then or later. Tip Elder came to us for a week and the tears stood in the honest fellow's eyes as Margarita, her head thrown back, her own eyes fixed and somber, her rich, heart-shaking voice vibrating like a tolling bell, sent out to us in her lovely, clear-cut enunciation the preacher's warning.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not. . . .

Oh, the poetry of it, the ageless beauty!

Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken. . . .

Her voice was grave, like a boy's, and yet how rich with subtle promises! It was mellow, like a woman's, but not mellow from bruising—the only way, Mme. M—i told me once. Those poor women!

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

I can see her now . . . there are those,

I know, who have guessed my poor secret, and who wonder that I do not "console myself," in the silly phrase of the day. How could I? The twitter of the Hawaiian girls is like that of the beach-birds in my ears, after that golden-ivory voice!

It was in October, I think, that she began to grow restless. Roger was full of plans for the coming winter, and had even gone so far as to all but complete the formalities of renting a house in New York, when she startled us all by inquiring of me when I intended to start for Italy.

"For I am coming with you," she concluded placidly.

"I'm afraid not, *chérie*," said Roger, "I must get to work, you know. You can take lessons in New York, all you want."

"But I do not care to go to New York," she returned quietly. "I like Paris better. There is no baby, now, and I can sing a great deal. Jerry can take me."

"Mr. Bradley means he must be in New York to continue his professional career, dear Mrs. Bradley," Miss Jencks interposed, "and you must go with him, of course."

"Why?" asked Margarita.

"Because a wife's place is by her husband," said Miss Jencks, after a pause which neither Roger nor I volunteered to fill.

"But why?" Margarita inquired again. "I cannot do Roger's pro—professional career!"

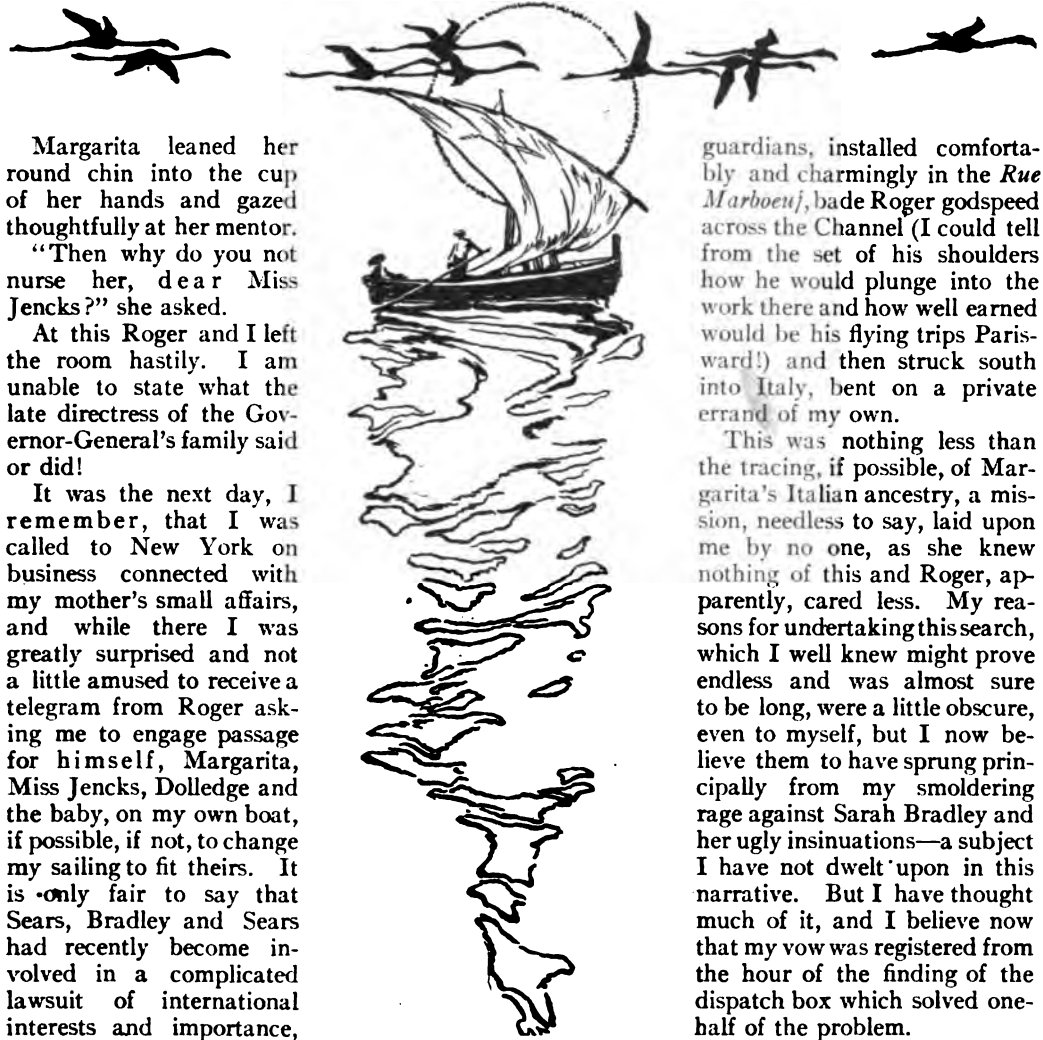
"No, my dear, but you can help him greatly in it," Miss Jencks instructed placidly (she was invaluable, was Barbara, when it was a matter of proper platitude, which flowed from her lips with the ease of water from a tap—and she believed it, too!), "a man needs a woman in his home. Her influence—"

"Yes, I know, you have told me that before. But you could stay with Roger, Miss Jencks, and be that influence," said Margarita sweetly, "and I could go with Jerry." Was she impish, or only ingenuous, I wonder? One could never tell.

"How about the baby?" Roger demanded cheerfully.

"I am not going to nurse it any more," said the mother of little Mary quietly. "Madame said I had better stop it now—it will be better for my voice. So it will not need me. Dolledge knows all about taking care of it."

"But, my dear, are you sure it will be good for Mary not to nurse her? She is not six months old, you know," Miss Jencks suggested mildly.



Margarita leaned her round chin into the cup of her hands and gazed thoughtfully at her mentor.

"Then why do you not nurse her, dear Miss Jencks?" she asked.

At this Roger and I left the room hastily. I am unable to state what the late directress of the Governor-General's family said or did!

It was the next day, I remember, that I was called to New York on business connected with my mother's small affairs, and while there I was greatly surprised and not a little amused to receive a telegram from Roger asking me to engage passage for himself, Margarita, Miss Jencks, Dollodge and the baby, on my own boat, if possible, if not, to change my sailing to fit theirs. It is only fair to say that Sears, Bradley and Sears had recently become involved in a complicated lawsuit of international interests and importance, and Roger took some pains to inform me of the very handsome retaining fee which his knowledge of the workings of English law combined with his proficiency in French quite justified him in accepting in consideration of his giving the greater part of his time to this case—a case almost certain to drag through the winter and require his presence in London and his constant correspondence with Paris.

I received this information as gravely as he offered it, but, to use his own phrase, I reserved my decision as to whether the lack of that same international case would have kept the Bradley ménage in New York.

IV—I FIND THE SHELL THAT HID OUR PEARL

I stayed in Paris long enough to see Margarita and wee Mary, with their respective

guardians, installed comfortably and charmingly in the *Rue Marboeuj*, bade Roger godspeed across the Channel (I could tell from the set of his shoulders how he would plunge into the work there and how well earned would be his flying trips Parisward!) and then struck south into Italy, bent on a private errand of my own.

This was nothing less than the tracing, if possible, of Margarita's Italian ancestry, a mission, needless to say, laid upon me by no one, as she knew nothing of this and Roger, apparently, cared less. My reasons for undertaking this search, which I well knew might prove endless and was almost sure to be long, were a little obscure, even to myself, but I now believe them to have sprung principally from my smoldering rage against Sarah Bradley and her ugly insinuations—a subject I have not dwelt upon in this narrative. But I have thought much of it, and I believe now that my vow was registered from the hour of the finding of the dispatch box which solved one-half of the problem.

Sue Paynter was of great assistance to me here, and by judicious questionings of Mother Bradley at the Conyent and artfully artless suggestions and allusions when with the other good nuns, to whom she was honestly attached and whom she often visited, she actually procured for me a few vague clews, breathless rumors of those tragedies that rear, now and then, their jagged, warning heads above the smooth pools of cloister life. News travels fast and far among those quiet retreats; some system of mysterious telegraphy links Rome and Quebec and New York, and it was not without the name of a tiny town or two tucked away in my mind and at least three noble families jotted down on the inside cover of my bank book that I started on my wild goose chase.

It was from none of these, however, that I got my first clew, but from the boatman who



took me out at sunset for the idle, lovely hour that I love best in Italy and which her name always brings before me. Rafaello was—a big, burned creature, beautiful as Antinous and as simple and faithful as a dog. He took a huge delight in teaching me all the quaint terms of his fisher dialect, and many a deep argument have we held, I gazing into the burning sulphur of the clouds, he with mobile features flashing and classic brown fingers never still, while he expounded to me his strange, half pagan, half Christian fatalism. He was of the South, “well toward the Boot Heel, signore,” but Love, the master mariner, had driven him out of his course and brought him within fifty miles of Rome to court a fickle beauty of the hills, whose brother had come down for the wood-cutting and was friendly to his suit.

“These marsh people are a poor sort,” said Rafaello contemptuously. “Not that I would take a wife from them, God forbid! Here they have great tracts, with buffalo and wild pig—yes, I have seen them myself, rooting through the wild oak—but have they the brains to invite the foreign *signori* to hunt there and earn fortunes by it? No. Have they even strength to cut their own timber? Again, no. They lie and shiver with malaria. Not that they are not a little better now,” he admitted, shifting the sail so that we looked toward the headlands of Sardinia, a cloud of lateens drifting like gnats between, “now they are ploughing on the plains, the boats are out, the bullocks are busy, and the wind is putting a little strength into the poor creatures. I swear the best man among them is an old woman I took across in my *jeluca* to pleasure my girl’s brother—she tended him once when he chopped through his foot near her hut just on the edge of the hills. Seventy years, or nearly, and tough and wiry yet, and can help neatly with a boat. And money laid by, too, but is she idle? Never. She spins her hemp and weaves osiers into baskets and changes them for goats’ hams. That with *potenta* keeps her all winter—and well, too. She is very close. The money, no one knows where it came from.”

Thus Rafaello babbled on, steering cleverly and suddenly into one of the vast, unhealthy lagoons that shelter so many of the winter visitors of Italy—visitors unrecorded in the hotels, unnoted by the guides, but of greater interest than many tourists.

I, listening idly to him, caught my breath

at the flight of flaming, rosy, flamingoes that lighted inland, just beyond us, miracles of flower-like beauty.

“From Egypt, *excellenz*’: They are not due till November, but the winter will be cold and they started early. In March they will start back. Why? How should I know? Who sends the wild duck, for that matter? I have seen a half-mile of them at one flight bound for this place. It may be the good God warns them and they go.”

“It may be, Rafaello.”

“But then, *Excellenz*’, does he send the brown water hens, too, and if so, why not tell them of the young nobleman whom I brought here to shoot only last week? Is it likely God did not know I would bring him? Of course not.”

“Perhaps they know, but must go, nevertheless,” I ventured, and we were silent and thoughtful. Did they? Did they fly, helpless, to their death, bound by some fatal certainty? Was Alif right, and is it written for us all?

“That young Roman was very generous,” Rafaello resumed after a while. “A few more like him, and she will think twice before she refuses again. How I bear it, I can’t tell. Pettish she is, certainly, but oh, *signore*, lovely, lovely, like ‘*un angiolin*’! It was from a nobleman—a foreigner, anyway, I suppose it is all one—that old ‘Cina got her money, Lippo thinks. He hunted, too, Lippo says, and ‘Cina’s brother waited on him—he came from these parts. He took her brother north with him afterward, and well he did, too, for not many good Catholics would help him in what he did, and that brother was wicked enough, I suppose. She has little enough religion herself, the old woman—they say her money is for making peace with the church. For when it comes to the last rattle in the throat, *Excellenz*’, the boldest is glad of a little help,” said Rafaello knowingly.

Night was on us now, and I, well knowing that the air was poisonous for me, could not bring myself to order the boat home. There, while Perseus burned above us and off toward Rome Orion hung steady as a lamp in a shrine, I lost myself in strange, deep thinking, and the marshes were the desert for me and Alif and Rafaello were the same, and I—who was I? What was I?

“The *Signore* sleeps?” the man inquired timidly. “I think it is not good to sleep here. Shall we go back?”



"I'm not sleeping, Raffaello, but I suppose we'd better turn. I heard all you said. And what had this wicked foreigner done?"

"He stole a nun out of a holy convent, *Excellentz*," said Raffaello in a low voice.

I felt my heart jump.

"Near here?" I asked, as carelessly as I could.

"Oh, no, far away—I do not know. Nobody knows. It was only 'Cina and his sister came from here. Mother of God, does the *Signore* think any woman born hereabouts would have blood enough for that? Look you, *Signore*, she climbed down a tree and went with him in the night! A professed nun! Oh, no doubt she is burning now, that one! For no woman need take the veil, that is plain, but once taken, one is as good as married to God himself, and then to take a man after! Oh, no. She is certainly burning," concluded Raffaello with simple conviction.

"But I thought you said she was alive and made baskets," I said, persistently stupid.

"No, no, the *signore* misunderstands. That is 'Cina, who went with her when they sailed away, being sent for by her brother. The wicked one died, of course, and 'Cina came back with all the money. She nearly died, herself, on the great ship. She ate nothing—not a bite nor a scrap—for four days, she was so sick."

"He was an Englishman, I suppose?"

"No. From the *Signore's* country. Not, of course, that they are all like that," Raffaello added politely, "but the truth must be told, he was."

Now it was that my studies in Italian temperament came to my assistance quite as strongly as my knowledge of the rough fisher *patois*. The Italian must not be questioned nor know that anything of interest or importance hangs on his answer. Even as the Oriental he must be handled guilefully, and it was with a guileful yawn that I dismissed the subject.

"It takes an Italian to believe that wild story, Raffaello," I said. "I'm afraid your old 'Cina was teasing Lippo. It all sounds fishy to me. Are we nearly in? I feel cold."

"Indeed no, *Signore*, it is the truth. (We shall be in in eight minutes by the *Signore's* watch.) 'Cina will never again speak to an Englishman or—or one from the *Signore's* country. It is a vow. She would die first. Lippo got a chance for her to stand at her spinning for a crazy Englishman to paint in a

picture—good money for it, too!—and she spat in his face. Perhaps the *Signore* will believe that?"

Again I yawned.

"Those stories mean nothing," I said, quivering with impatience. "They are but as old legends without names—and dates and places. Old women like 'Cina never can give those names and dates and places. They do not know if it was ten or twenty or fifty years ago, nor if the man were Austrian or English, or the woman Italian or French or Spanish. Pin them down, and they begin to make excuses. But I don't know why we discuss it—it is not very interesting, even if it is true. Nevertheless, and because you seem offended, Raffaello, and I merely want to show you that I am right, I will cheerfully give a good English sovereign to you or Lippo or the old woman herself, if she can so much as tell you the name of this famous nun and the name of her seducer. You will find she cannot, and then, since I am willing to wager something, you must take me for a fishing-trip free, a whole day, in the *jeluca*. Is it a bargain?"

His teeth gleamed as he swore it was a bargain and I watched him bustle off from the quay with an excitement I had not felt since my recovery. What would he discover—for that he would discover something I did not doubt. What was Margarita's mother? Some fisher girl, whose father had won an English lady's maid with his flashing smile? Some little shopkeeper's daughter? Child, perhaps, of some sprig of nobility, caught by a pair of cool, gray English eyes? I did not know, but I felt certain that the old 'Cina did.

I cannot linger too long over this part of my story, drawn out already far beyond my idle scheme, and enough is said when I tell you that the name brought me by the childishly triumphant Raffaello opened my eyes and pursed my lips into an amazed whistle.

Our little Margarita! Here was something to startle even steady old Roger. Only a few names in Italy are worthy to stand beside the splendid if impoverished House forced by pride to place its unwedded (because undowered) daughter in the convent that needs no *dot*. Obscure in financial realms alone, it required little search to put my finger on the epitaph of that brother of the cruel letter (a Cardinal before his death), on the father's pictured cruel face—he scorned to eat with the mushroom Romanoffs!—on the carved door posts where Emperors had entered in the great



Italian days, even on the gorgeous sculptured mantel-piece sold by Margarita's grandfather, an impetuous younger brother at the time of his mad marriage with an English beauty, whirled from the stage, whose brightest ornament contemporary record believed she was destined to become, had he not literally carried her, panting, from the scene of her first triumph.

Some idea of the relentless iron hands that tamed that brilliant, baffled creature—and hers was the only strain in Margarita that genius need be called on to vindicate!—I won from the old caretaker, a family retainer, who showed me, on a proper day, over the gloomy, faded glories of the musty palace. She was always heretic at heart, the old gossip mumbled, with furtive glances from my gold piece to the pictured lords above her, as if afraid they would revenge themselves for this tittle-tattle, heretic and light. A servant or a duke, a flower seller or His Eminence, all was one to her crazy English notions. And the truth—how the mad creature told it! Blurted it out to everyone, so that they had to keep her shut up, finally. And would have her dogs about her—eating like Christians! And no money, when all was said. *Her children?* Four sons, all dead now, and their souls with Christ—one, of the Sacred College. Never a generation without the red hat, thank God. No daughters. *Not so much as one?* Why should there be? Some were spared daughters, when there was no money, and a blessing, too.

What figure had been cut from that group of four youths, cut so that a small hand that grasped a cup-and-ball showed plainly against one brother's sleeve? She did not know—how should she? Perhaps a cousin. It was painted by a famous Englishman and kept because it might bring money some day. *Then why cut it?* How should she know? There were no daughters and the hour was up. Would the *signore* follow her?

And Sarah was alarmed for the Bradley blood! Sarah feared for the pollution of that sacred fluid derived from English yeomen (at best) filtered through the middle class expatriates of a nation itself hopelessly middle class beside

the pure strain of a race of kings that was old and majestically forgotten ere Romulus was dreamed of! Back, back through those mysterious Etruscans, back to the very gods themselves, an absolutely unbroken line, stretched the forefathers of Margarita. Long before Bethlehem meant more than any other obscure village, long before its Mystic Babe began there his Stations of the Cross and brought to an end at Calvary the sacrifice that sent his agents overseas to civilize the savage Britons and make those middle class yeomen possible, Margarita's ancestors had forgotten more gods than these agents displaced and had long ceased their own bloody and nameless sacrifices to an elder Jupiter than ever Paul knew. Etruscan galleys swarmed the sea, Etruscan bronze and gold was weaving into lovely lines, Etruscan bowls were lifted to luxurious and lovely lips at sumptuous feasts, in a gorgeous ritual, before the natives of a certain foggy island had advanced to blue-woad decoration! Her people's tombs lie calm and contemptuous under the loose, friable soil of that tragic land that has suffered Roman, Persian and Goth alike (wilt thou ever rise up again, O Mater Dolorosa? Is the circle nearly complete? Would that I might see thee in the rising!) they lie, too, under the angular and reclining forms of many a British spinster tourist, panoplied in Baedeker and stout-soled boots, large of tooth and long of limb, eating her sandwiches over the cool and placid vaults where the stone seats and biers, the black and red pottery, the inimitable golden jewelry, the casque and shields of gold, the ivory and enamel, the amber and the amulets, lie waiting the inevitable Teutonic antiquary. The very ashes of the great Lucomo prince and chieftain lying below this worthy if somewhat unsexed female would fade in horror away into the air, if one of his gods, Vertumnus, perhaps, or one of the blessed Dioscuri, should offer him such

a companion or hint to him that the creature was of the same species as the round breasted lovelinesses that sport upon the frescoes of histomb, among the lotus flowers.

Poor Sarah—I can forgive her when I consider the pathos of her.



Saving Face

By LINCOLN COLCORD

Author of "The Game of Life and Death," etc.

With Illustrations by F. E. Schoonover

NICHOLS and I were coming down Peddar's Wharf one afternoon bound for my vessel, when we saw a singular occurrence. A Chinese sampan-man had just finished beating his wife, and thrown her out on the dock. She was sitting flat on a pile of lumber and chanting in a monotonous voice, while fifty or a hundred men gathered around as if watching some interesting ceremony.

"This is China," said Nichols at my elbow. "Behold and learn the wisdom of an old philosophy. This is the secret of the land."

"What's she saying?" I asked. "I don't understand."

"I won't bother to translate," he said. "In general, her remarks are descriptive of her honored lord and master. Just then she touched on his respected ancestors. To tell the truth, it wouldn't sound pretty in English; her figures are what you might call excessively colloquial. The woman has imagination. Look——"

She scraped in the dirt of the wharf until she had gathered a little pile, spat upon it, and shaped it into the image of a man. This she addressed in swift and guttural sentences. The ring of men drew closer. Suddenly she knelt and subjected the image to an amazing indignity. I looked around, fairly thunder-struck, and noticed that not an expression crossed the countenance of a single bystander, not an exclamation escaped from any of their lips.

Nichols laughed. "Looks to me as if the old man had got rather the worst of it," he said, linking his arm in mine.

"I'm all adrift," I confessed. "What's she trying to do?"

"She's saving face," he answered. "She's squaring the account with her conscience; she's balancing the books of honor. It's a very subtle thing, but four hundred million people live by it. The beauty of it is, she'll go back to her husband and the incident will be closed. Absolutely closed, you understand. She won't

brood, or harbor any ill-will, or even remember. He beat her, and took himself away. Immediately she saved face. These men were witnesses; but they weren't necessary—it can be accomplished alone. It's simply a tremendous victory over human nature; do you get the point of view? To us who are always fighting and never settling anything, it may lack the glamor of false honor, but think of the philosophy of the idea, think how much trouble and unrest and regret it saves! It's a power deep enough to save a race from the devastating grip of time."

"Whenever I see anything like that incident on Peddar's Wharf," Nichols began again after we were comfortably seated in my sampan, "I think of Lee Fu Chang and an American by the name of John Bartlett. They met in my cabin on the bark *Omega*, and if ever the East and the West crossed swords it was that evening.

"John Bartlett was a traveling salesman from the Middle West, representing a firm which manufactured new-fangled farm machinery. Why they sent him to China is a mystery to me. He would have been more likely to sell a bill of goods in Greenland than in Hong Kong. No doubt his firm knew this; but being a group of hustling Americans, I suppose they wanted to open up a new field. I can imagine the conference at the office before Bartlett was sent out East. 'China's got to be waked up, that's all there is about it! We must push this thing. If they don't want our goods, they've got to be taught to need them. Once in solid in that field, our fortune's made! Who shall we send? Bartlett—Bartlett's the very man! He's a hustler! And think what we'll be doing for the cause of progress!' This was the kind of talk that flew across desks, streamed through swinging doors, made men slam their fists emphatically on the nearest article of furniture; the same old story—business, business, dollars and cents, and progress tagging on like the tail of

a kite to balance up the airy venture. So Bartlett stuffed his grip with 'literature,' and took the steamer for Hong Kong.

"He certainly was a hustler, and there was no doubt that he waked 'em up, though not in exactly the way they had foreseen. He'd been in Hong Kong a month when I arrived, putting up at the Hong Kong Hotel, entertaining and distributing conversation in that lush and breezy manner peculiar to American traveling men. During the month he hadn't sold as much as a trowel, but he'd succeeded in making such a spectacle of himself that he was known from one end of Queen's Road to the other.

"I don't want you to think that he was in any way an exceptional case. He was just an ordinary American traveling salesman. Along Broadway he'd have been lost in the crowd, or known perhaps to those who had dealings with him as a smart, keen man of business. He could show what we are fond of calling 'the goods.' We get used to the type at home; in fact, we're all striving so hard to reach it ourselves—men, boys, girls even—that it's impossible for us to see the world as it actually is.

"I met him one afternoon in Reeves', just after Harry had been telling me all about him. 'Well, see for yourself, Captain,' Harry concluded. 'Here he comes in the flesh.' I looked up, and knew at once that I was going to be horribly ashamed of him.

"He came in talking, the approved Occidental procedure, I'm informed, and so I got my first glimpse of him. 'This is a countryman of yours, Captain Nichols,' Harry said, and introduced us. 'Glad to know a countryman,' Bartlett announced. 'Glad to see a countryman even. They're precious scarce out here.' 'Yes,' I said. 'They don't thrive.' He laughed. Honestly, that laugh hurt me. 'Well, Mister Nichols,' he rambled on (didn't even know enough to call me Captain), 'it's a good country to hail from, just the same. I'm an American, and I'm proud of it!' 'Nobody seems anxious to dispute you,' I put in. He puffed up suddenly. 'I'd like to see 'em try it!' he shouted. 'I'd put up an awful fight before I'd give *that* up! Say, it's good to talk to some one who catches on. I like to just sit here and look at you, and say to myself, "There's a man that was born on soil the Almighty made!"' He planted himself squarely in front of me. 'I want to chew the rag with you,' he said. 'I want to get some of this off my mind. Come over to the hotel and have dinner with me, and we'll drink to God's own country!'

"That was John Bartlett; I came near saying 'that was America!' He was the incarnate, precocious spirit of the land, the product of its philosophy, the result of its success. He approached me with outstretched hands, with words of patriotism in his mouth, speaking of unmentionable things in a loud and shameless voice, and mentally I winced and suffered for my own dearly bought immunity. He had come to sell time-saving machinery—to a people who reckon time as the least of the influences of life.

"'God's own country,' I said. 'You should never have left it; or you should go back now, at once—now! Or perhaps you'd never realize in a thousand years. I guess you're safe, after all.'

"He looked at me queerly. 'Are you really an American?' he asked.

"'Yes—once,' I said. 'That was a long while ago, and I've seen China since. I've always regretted that I wasn't born somewhere in the interior of China. Then I wouldn't remember—and so would be more happy.'

"His face was a picture of disgust. 'You're like all the rest of 'em!' he exploded. 'Only worse, if anything. I can't understand you! What *has* got into people out here? They're side-tracked, doped, embalmed—'

"'Perhaps you haven't studied them sympathetically,' I said. 'You don't realize that there are men who can efface themselves, if the occasion demands. The average American sees very little of China, in passing through.'

"He suddenly pointed at me with his forefinger. 'You wait!' he cried. 'I'll talk you over yet! Something's *got* to be done. Wait—'

"'My dear sir,' I reminded him, 'I don't use farm machinery on the ship.'

"'But you have influence,' he said. 'They told me—'

"'And you aren't in America,' I retorted. 'So there you are. Influence isn't a commercial quantity on the coast of China.'"

"Influence!" Nichols exclaimed. "I'd look well, wouldn't I, trying to persuade Lee Fu Chang to handle patent plows! You see, the boy was all wrong from the start. He might not have been such an objectionable fellow, either, in his natural state; but as the Hong Kong representative of Harrow, Reaper & Co. he was a blot on the landscape. Of course I saw a lot of him; he was on my heels continually, for persistence is one of the ten commandments of American business. He was constantly in evidence at the offices that

I frequented. I visited the Peak in his company, I tiffed with him at the Hong Kong Hotel—I suppose I drank to God's own country. And in return for my bare civility, he told me his troubles, his hopes, his family history, even his love affairs. He took me in hand with the ostensible purpose of 'making a new American of me.' I dodged him whenever I could; but odd times he would turn up and dominate the scene, ill-mannered, blatant, of slovenly speech, and altogether the most painful countryman that ever laid a claim on me. He spoiled my stay in Hong Kong, and I was thankful when it came time for me to sail.

"It's always my custom to give a little dinner party on the *Omega* an evening or two before I leave port. I enjoy it myself, and have found it a pleasant way of formally making my adieu. That time I invited half a dozen white men from shore, a few Captains, and my friend Lee Fu Chang. Lee Fu Chang is at present retired; he's a Chinese merchant of breeding and culture, who had educated himself in England in order to deal intelligently with Europeans. He's a shrewd observer, a deep thinker, a very interesting conversationalist, and has saved my life in one of the most extraordinary adventures that I ever experienced.

"I came off from shore at noon the day of the dinner, intending to write some letters during the afternoon; and as luck would have it, no sooner had I finished tiffin than John Bartlett appeared over the side. Reeves' launch had dropped him at the gangway, and early as it was, I began to feel a premonition of my doom. He occupied one of my deck-chairs with the utmost freedom, took two or three of my cigars, and started in. I was exasperated, because I really had some important business to get through with. He stayed and stayed. I never heard a man talk more or say less. Having seen me at least a dozen times, you'd have thought by his manner that he'd known me for years. At last, in desperation, I excused myself and remained below over an hour.

"Would you believe it, that didn't jar him in the least. 'How comfortable you are aboard ship,' he said as I came up. 'Yes,' I answered, 'I never get lonesome, even when there's nobody around.' 'I shouldn't think you would,' he said. It was getting late then, and I wondered what in the devil I was going to do. One has a certain delicacy about sending a grown man home, and I hung on from minute to minute, hoping against hope that he'd clear out in time. But he made no move,

and finally I saw a launch coming off which I knew was bringing some of my guests. The die was cast; out of common decency I had to ask him to stay.

"'I've invited some friends off to dinner this evening, Mr. Bartlett,' I said. 'Can't you stay on board and join us?'

"He beamed with pleasure. 'Sure I'm not intruding?' he asked, in that particularly offensive tone that shows you a man's intending to accept anyway.

"'Naturally you are,' I snapped at him. 'But I can make a place for you some way.'

"He laughed. 'Ha! Ha! Pretty good! Well, that's my business—intruding.' By the look he gave me, though, I congratulated myself on having rung the bull's-eye once before I sailed.

"In a short while the launch was alongside, and I could see the sampans getting under way astern of the other vessels. When the crowd had gathered, the general topic of conversation was the weather. A typhoon had been signaled outside coming up the coast, and the drum had been hoisted in Kowloon all day. The sky looked threatening and dirty, with that dull lead color that so often means trouble at that time of the year. An unbroken curtain of clouds hung low on the Peak, as if a huge close-fitting cap had been put on the world. Not a breath of wind stirred, and in the stillness and twilight the sounds about the harbor took on a sharp and menacing note, that kept one all the time listening and watching. I remember that Lee Fu Chang came over to me just before we went down to dinner, and asked me in an undertone what I thought about it. 'I don't believe we'll get anything till after midnight,' I answered. He shook his head. 'Perhaps not,' he said. 'Are your moorings good?' I nodded, and we got up to go below.

"That dinner was one of the nightmares of my life. Things went wrong from the start, but I had no time to bother about the inevitable little slips that a steward makes. I was kept busy enough trying to dissolve this foreign element that had been injected into our company. I found myself listening like a man entranced to the familiar story of his life, while the cold sweat stood out on my forehead. He told them all about it—described his business, dilated on the charms of the native land which I shared with him, patronized the rest of the world, particularly England (most of my guests were Englishmen, remember), and completely monopolized the attention of the board. Incidentally, he attacked my excellent wine without mercy. I was actually sick

with apprehension; for sad experience has taught me that he was the sort who would get himself outrageously drunk. I talked like a wild man to tide over the pauses, and cursed inwardly in a very unpatriotic frame of mind, I can assure you.

"And late in the evening, when we were on the last courses of the dinner, the crash came. For some time I'd noticed that Bartlett's eye was fixed on Lee Fu Chang. The Chinaman made an impressive picture in his rich dress, and more than that, there was something about him that would have arrested the attention of anyone who'd never seen him before. But probably none of these things interested my countryman so much as the fact that the man sitting opposite him was a Mongolian with a pig-tail. His stare was plainly one of childish curiosity mixed with drunken resentment. Finally Lee Fu Chang looked up, and their eyes met across the table.

"I thought all you people used chop-sticks to eat your food with," said Bartlett, leaning forward.

"Yes?" answered Lee Fu, and his bland expression was beautiful to see. "I learned to use the knife and fork while at Oxford. Where did you learn to use the knife and fork, Mr. Bartlett?"

"Bartlett colored—his table-manners weren't of the best. 'I was brought up to use a knife and fork!' he said loudly.

"Yes?" remarked Lee Fu again. "You must have been brought up—very quickly."

"The American looked at him for some seconds, letting the words sink into his befuddled brain. Suddenly he seemed to take a fresh grip of his tongue, and burst out angrily, 'Thank God,' he shouted, 'I was brought up quick enough to be awake. I don't live two or three thousand years in the past, and let my finger-nails curl. And when I do eat with a knife and fork, I eat civilized grub, and not dogs and rats and cockroaches!'

"A dead silence fell in the forward cabin. Lee Fu Chang made no reply, but sat expressionless, tapping the table with his long nails. 'Mr. Bartlett!' I said sharply. Lee Fu held up a hand in my direction. 'Nothing has passed,' he said with fine courtesy. I attempted to speak, but Bartlett broke in ahead.

"Maybe there ain't," he said in a nasty voice, 'but I thought I heard a few words.'

"They were your own!" I reminded him.

"For answer, the idiot made an effort to rise. He couldn't quite negotiate it in the narrow seat, and was obliged to sit down in haste. I had visions of what was coming, but short of pitching a dinner-plate forcibly at his

head, I couldn't think of anything to do. If we tried to put him out, I knew that we'd only break some of the table-ware and make a scene. I turned to Lee Fu Chang, and found him gazing at Bartlett in a way I'd never seen him look before. Then the eagle screamed.

"I'm tired and sick of this!" said the man from God's own country. "I never had a man make fun of me yet, and I won't stand it from a Chinaman! Ching-ching, yellow-faced animals—why, what right have they got to *speak* to a white man, anyway? What are they? The scum of the earth! I've studied 'em. I've watched 'em. I've figured 'em out. Here I've come to this country with a *great big thing*, and they haven't got brains enough to take it in! They're the meanest, the most miserable—by gad, the only way to wake 'em up is at the muzzle of a gun! We'll do it yet—you see!" He relapsed into silence, and glared fiercely up and down the length of the table.

"Lee Fu Chang stretched out a thin, claw-like hand toward the American, and made ready as if to speak. I could well imagine what it was he would have said. Behind that inscrutable visage the insult had sunk deep. It even affected me with a certain nausea, such as one feels to be ashamed of something for which one's in a way responsible. I watched them breathlessly—the West and the East, insolence and reserve, ignorance and wisdom, youth and age. Suddenly Lee Fu Chang dropped his hand on the table. 'Ah,' he said. 'We forget!' A nameless gratitude toward him possessed me. He was my guest, and he'd honored his obligation. It was a display of dignity such as I have seldom witnessed, and I knew all the while that he'd forgiven nothing and that nothing had escaped him. This was China, bidding its time.

"Then, in the pause that fell like a blanket around the table, a rather dramatic thing happened. My steward came to me and whispered in my ear. The word 'typhoon' was audible; everyone looked up; you know how whispered messages charge the air on ship-board. 'Excuse me a moment,' I said. 'My mate's getting nervous.' Under the spell of a new excitement, I doubt if a word was spoken in the cabin while I was away. When I reappeared, every eye was riveted on me. 'What's up?' they demanded with one voice.

"Gentlemen," I said, 'if I'm not mistaken, we're going to catch a typhoon in the next half hour. Come on deck and see for yourselves.'

"We piled up in a body, and stopped instinctively to listen as soon as we reached the



“I never had a man make fun of me yet, and I won't stand it from a Chinaman!”

open air. A faint, distant sound came through the impending stillness, as if high under the arch of the heavens a voice was shouting words we couldn't hear. It terrified us for a moment, and no one spoke. The night was as black as a cave and the lights about the harbor and on the slope of the hill twinkled intermittently, as though dark masses of shadow were passing between us and the shore. The roaring noise increased rapidly, and one could almost feel the approach of a mighty force, though there wasn't a sign of a breeze in the land-locked bay. Suddenly the air stirred and trembled. All this happened in as short a space as it takes to tell.

“I felt a silken sleeve brush against my hand, and knew that Lee Fu Chang was at my elbow. ‘What men does your country send out to us—fools?’ he said close to my ear. Before I could formulate a reply, some one spoke in the darkness. ‘It's coming over the Peak,’ the voice said. ‘I'm going to try to reach the ship before it strikes.’ It was one of the Captains from the fleet. I turned in relief. ‘I think you can make it,’ I answered. They all wanted to leave at that, but I wouldn't trust the party from shore in my sampan. ‘I can put you up,’ I said. ‘It may be a bit uncomfortable, but I've ridden out more than one typhoon in these roads, and there's no danger. I couldn't think of allowing you to go.’ The other Captains

agreed with me, and after we'd said good night to them at the rail (a few large drops of rain had already splashed on the deck), we all went below to save our clothes. In the forward cabin, the steward was hurriedly clearing the dishes from the table, in evident fear of some cataclysm.

“My first concern was to dispose of my land-lubber guests before the wind began to blow. It was late, and I advised them to turn in at once and get what sleep they could. I had three spare staterooms and a comfortable lounge, besides my own bunk, which I told them I shouldn't use. Bartlett appropriated this at once; ‘leave me to look out for Number One,’ as he expressed it. After they'd all retired, I changed into heavy-weather clothes and went on deck. Lee Fu Chang slipped on a long oilskin coat and accompanied me.

“When the edge of the storm reached us, it struck with a violent squall, and all night long the wind increased steadily. It was an anxious time, for the bay was crowded with shipping and you never could tell what the next minute would bring. Lee Fu and I didn't leave the deck, but finally the night wore away without accident.

“About daylight, however, the wind began to blow with a force that even I was unaccustomed to. I've ridden out a good many typhoons, at sea and at anchor, but I never ex-

perienced such a gale as that one loosed on us for an hour or two. In the gray light of dawn it was appalling. Rain fell like a spouting cataract, and the shore was completely obliterated by solid water lashing through the air. Off on the port beam, as soon as it got light, we made out a vessel that never had been there before; and in five minutes' time she had appreciably shifted her position astern. We were then tailing to the westward, and the wind seemed to veer from east to east-northeast. The center of the typhoon must have been just to the southward of Hong Kong. Even with the short reach that it got to leeward of Kowloon Point, the sea was chopping and lashing about the vessel. To tell the truth, though, it was hard to say which was salt water and which was rain; the whole scene seemed driving past the ship before that terrific wind.

"I had the mate under the fore-castle watching the windlass, and the second-mate on the fore-castle-head to keep his eye on the chains. As well as I could figure out, we hadn't dragged from our original position; but as every puff added a little to the sweep of the wind, I began to feel that even my light bark was in danger. I had one good anchor, and was ranging to fifty fathoms on that; the other I didn't place any great dependence on.

"I guess we'd have held without a doubt, though most of the ships and steamers in the harbor dragged, and one or two serious collisions took place. But about six o'clock we sighted one of those big Chinese junks bearing down directly on us. A wild yell came from forward; I ran along the main-deck, and reached the fore-castle-head just as she was settling against our taut chains. She loomed up like a mountain—must have broken adrift over Wanchi-way. Lee Fu Chang was at my heels, and I heard him shouting directions in Chinese. It was useless to try to do anything, though; the men in the junk were crazed with fear.

"The next instant the outer chain snapped like the string of a fiddle, and I felt the ship sag over onto the starboard anchor. The junk swung off, caught a flurry of wind, and jammed square across our bows. Chinamen began to come swarming in over the bowsprit like chattering monkeys. The single chain tautened till it sang under the added weight, snapped and groaned in the hawser-hole, and suddenly parted with a loud crash beneath the bow as a heavy squall struck the ship in the eyes. By George, we were adrift in Hong Kong harbor in the midst of a howling typhoon!

"Lee Fu Chang had started aft when the

first chain parted. I found him swinging the wheel over. 'All right!' he shouted in my ear, 'Clear the fleet! Then—' I lost his words in the wind. Directly astern of us lay a big American ship, the *Manuel Llaguna*, and astern of her again was an English four-masted bark. There wasn't any time to lose. The *Omega* had already begun to gather stern way. I knew that Lee Fu Chang could handle a ship like a wizard, and left it all to him. These are the times that strip life to its elements, and I suddenly realized the latent power of my friend. As I watched and waited, I felt him nurse the ship to starboard, still keeping her head into the wind, and inch by inch work her into a position to clear the other vessels on our backward drive. It was the only thing to do, and yet it was wonderful, superb!

"At this interesting climax I heard some one crying at my elbow. I turned, saw the startled faces of my guests whom I'd forgotten all about in the stress of the moment, and backed away as that confounded American threw himself at me. 'What is it?' he yelled. 'Are we lost?' I felt like striking him. He gazed in terror at me, at the Chinaman steering, and back at me again. 'See here,' he shouted, tugging at my sleeve. 'Can't you do anything? Are you crazy? Look here—'

"I didn't answer. We were passing the *Manuel Llaguna*, so close that you could have thrown a biscuit from one ship to the other. Amazed faces peered over the rail opposite us, and were swallowed up in the rain as we spun by. Bartlett kept plucking at my coat sleeve. 'Do something!' he whined. 'Shut up, you fool!' I yelled at him. 'Don't you see we're doing all that can be done.' 'Let a Chinaman steer!' I heard him say.

"We cleared the English ship by the narrowest margin; our lower topsail yardarm scraped the tip of her fore and main yards; and then in the space of a long breath we were by her and clear of the fleet. Lee Fu beckoned to me. 'A piece of a jib!' he cried, and I ran forward. I had half a crew shipped, I forgot to tell you, and most of the sails were bent ready for sea. We succeeded in starting the fore-topmast staysail; any rag was enough to knock her head off in that wind. When I got aft again Bartlett met me at the corner of the house. 'For God's sake, put a white man at the wheel,' he said. 'If you open your head again,' I shouted, 'I'll throw you to hell overboard!' Lee Fu Chang was putting the rudder hard-a-port. I went close to him, and said, 'We'll fetch up on Kellett Bank.' 'Look!' he answered. I followed his finger,



“ Lee Fu Chang was at my heels, and I heard him shouting directions in Chinese ”

and saw that the wind was shifting into the northeast. 'Green Island!' he shouted over his shoulder. 'What, in this wind?' I cried. 'It must be done!' he said.

"She gathered way quickly, and the wind helped her by veering more and more each minute. It was impossible to make out the land to leeward on Hong-Kong-side; but as the moments passed and we flew across the harbor, the outline of the shore became visible little by little through the rain. All at once I made out the loom of Green Island, and realized that Lee Fu Chang had instinctively laid his course for the narrow channel between the island and the point. We lined the port rail, watching for a shift and straining our eyes to pick up the familiar landmarks. Bartlett stood close beside me, and at last he could stand it no longer. 'We're going right toward the land!' he cried. 'That Chinaman is trying to wreck the ship!' I wheeled on him in disgust, and just then a ridiculous idea came to me.

"'It's all your fault,' I shouted at him. 'He'll probably kill the whole lot of us now, just because you insulted him last night—'

"'Shoot him! Stop him!' Bartlett yelled. 'I'll—'

"'No use,' I said. 'He's armed and desperate. Go to him and beg him for your life. It's the only hope left.'

"He looked at me wildly, and then glanced at the rapidly approaching shore. I have no doubt that death seemed very near to him; in fact, even to a sailor we seemed to be within speaking distance of the end. It was no moment for suspicion—and like all his breed, too, he was a mortal coward at heart. Without another word from me, he flung himself on the deck in front of Lee Fu Chang.

"'Save us!' he screamed. 'Don't kill us! I didn't mean a word I said!'

"Lee Fu Chang reached down and loosened

Bartlett's clutch on the lower spokes of the wheel.

"'Young man,' he said, 'get up! Is it thus that you would come with guns to subjugate my land?'

"I turned away to hide a smile, and realized with a secret satisfaction that I'd helped to settle the score of the previous evening. Lee Fu Chang had saved his face in the presence of the very men who'd seen him insulted—and when you come to think of it, hadn't I saved my own too? It isn't such an alien performance when you bring it home to us; but where we fail is in never letting it settle the score. I still cherish a strong dislike for the memory of John Bartlett, but I'll venture to say that Lee Fu Chang has forgotten there ever was such a man.

"What happened to us afterward? It sounds like a fairy tale. Luck was certainly riding on the wind for us that day! We scudded through Green Island Passage like a lost soul in purgatory. God knows, it's narrow enough in pleasant weather; I shall never forget the sight of it in that typhoon! The land seemed fairly brushing us

on either side; spray from the point of the island blew in our faces, and a man on the shore so close that one could almost have touched him, threw up his arms in terror as if we were an apparition of the storm. I hardly dared to believe that we were clear until Lee Fu Chang gave up the wheel and crossed over to me. 'So far, good!' he said.

"'Yes,' I cried. 'But what now? We aren't much better off!'

"'Would the gods have carried us thus far with evil intent?' he answered. 'Have no worry. I know the channels, and soon the typhoon will be done.'

"Well, whether it was the gods or man that worked the miracle, we finally made our escape into the China Sea. Lee Fu seemed possessed of a sixth sense of location, and



'All right! Clear the fleet!'



'Don't kill us! I didn't mean a word I said!'

though we didn't sight a shadow of the outside islands, we cleared everything as if the vessel was charmed. The wind kept backing into the north, and we held it dead aft and flew along under bare poles. As soon as we thought she was clear, we hove her to on the port tack and gradually lost the gale as the center of the typhoon headed up the coast.

"It took us three days, short-handed as we

were, to work back to Hong Kong. A tow-boat met us well outside, carrying a searching party of Captains who had volunteered to come out after us. They were a surprised lot to meet us standing in under full sail; rumor had been afloat, and I guess they expected to find anything but a sound ship and a mighty thankful crew. We were treated to something in the nature of a celebration as we

towed into the harbor; every steam launch and sampan in Hong Kong was flocking alongside and kicking up much-bobbery. For all told, it was a party of considerable importance that I'd inadvertently kidnapped on the old *Omega*.

"While we were standing around on the quarter deck and exchanging felicitations, as it were, Bartlett felt called upon to offer a public apology to Lee Fu Chang. He went up to the Chinaman and stuck out his hand like a true and open-hearted son of the land of the brave and the home of the free.

"Put her there!" he demanded. "You're all right. I take off my hat to you every time! You're as near a white man as a Chinaman could be. Why don't you come to America? You're wasted out here!"

"Lee Fu Chang regarded him a while with-

out speaking, and then gravely shook him by the hand. 'My friend,' he said, 'a while ago your valuable life was in danger. It has been reserved for another time.' He pulled his long sleeves over the tips of his fingers, and seemed to be revolving something in his mind. 'You will presently return to your big and young nation,' he went on in his peculiar droning voice. 'Tell them, in speaking of this, that strange gods which you do not honor intervened in your behalf. Tell them, if they ask, that the country which you have visited is an old and unknown land. And tell them nothing more. By silence, you will best repay the gods for the gift of life.'

"Then he turned, and went down the gangway into the sampan that was waiting to carry him ashore."

A Matter of Nerve

By ELIZABETH GOODNOW

With an Illustration by Gerrit A. Beneker

WILLIAM MURPHY was a pretty good housesmith. He was absolutely fearless, did not drink more than most of them, anyway never got full except Saturday night, so could be depended upon and his bosses liked him. Of course on pay night he had to stand up against the bar at Maloney's with the rest of them. But when a man has twenty-seven fifty in his pocket it burns, and part of it must be spent in good cheer.

But part of it was also spent in taking Nellie Carney to the theater, that is if he could get away from Maloney's in time, or in taking her on little jaunts Sunday. Sometimes they went with all her family, which were numerous as to quantity and rather pugnacious as to quality, which latter was the delight of Bill Murphy's heart, except when it turned on him. Sure Nellie's mother had the hardest tongue in all New York, and once in a while she used it on Bill in such a way that made him swear he would never see the family again. But he always came back, for there was no girl so sweet and gentle and loving as pretty Nellie Carney. The father was a policeman and they rather thought themselves a cut above Bill, but then he made good wages and Nellie would be sure

of a home, which is not to be sneezed at these days with nine in the family to take care of.

Nellie saw the home too, but she also saw that Bill was a pretty good looking man. He was tall and strong, had black curly hair and the true Irish eyes, blue, jolly, always ready to laugh. Perhaps his face was a little bit too tanned, but then it went well with his big broad shoulders; and somehow when they were out together no one ever thought of stepping on Bill's toes or trying to flirt with his girl.

Bill wanted to get married right away, and Nellie was not averse to the idea. But Mrs. Carney would not hear of it until Bill had saved six hundred dollars. She knew what it was to marry without a cent, and she was bound Nellie should not travel the path she had. They must have enough to buy their furniture, no instalment men coming around every month to make life a torture, and to have them grow to hate the look of the things unpaid for. When a man comes every first of the month to collect a dollar for the sideboard, soon the sideboard becomes a nightmare. She knew what it was to go to Siegel's and see a sale of waists, fine waists with a lot of lace on them, and only ninety-eight cents, and to be just ready to buy

one to wear Sundays, and then to have to remember that the instalment man was due Monday. No, none of that for Nellie, so the marriage was an indefinite thing in the future, as it seemed now the way things were going Bill would never have the six hundred.

There were so many places for the money to go. First was his room rent, \$2.50 a week. It was a pretty good room, too, and Nellie had made him a tidy for his chair and a throw to put over her picture that he had had enlarged. It hung over the chest of drawers, and he could see it the first thing in the morning when he woke up. Then once she sprouted two geraniums for him. He wasn't very partial to flowers, but because she gave them to him, he took them home and kept them under tumbler like she told him to, until they got too big, and now they had red flowers on them. Yes, his room was worth the money, although he wasn't in it much except to sleep. He got his meals wherever he happened to be. His breakfast cost about twenty cents, and he always got a free lunch at noon. About ten cents for beer, and he could get a good lunch at a place where he and Casey went if their work was near it. But there are always saloons where he could get corn beef and cabbage, or meat and bread and beans with his beer. Nights he was hungry and then was the time he ate. It really took a lot of fuel to keep that big body going. Saturday nights he tried not to spend more than four dollars at Maloney's, but sometimes, of course, it was more. Anyway, try as he would he could not put in the savings bank more than five dollars a week. And to save six hundred dollars at five a week, and sometimes not that, seemed an endless job. Before he and Nellie could be married they would be old and lose their teeth.

He was working now on a big office building down town. It would be a long job and he was contented. He was a "rough neck,"—that is, when the big beams were brought up by the derrick, he and John Wall saw that they were properly placed and ready for the rivet men. It was hard work, work that took all one's strength to see that they were placed just right, that the rivet holes were one over the other, and they swayed and struggled and toiled with those big beams up there in the air, never thinking for a moment of the danger, just trying to make the piece of iron which seemed human in its resistance, to settle down in the niche intended for it. They did not ignore the danger, it never entered their head. Bill felt as sure footed running along an eight-inch girder as he did on the sidewalk.

But one day, just as they were finishing for

the night, he slipped. It wasn't a long fall as he was caught by some scaffolding, but he was in a bad condition and was taken to the hospital. He was sore and ashamed to think that he had slipped. Just slipped, not knocked off by a beam, but just slipped, that was the humiliating part of it. Why, he had worked for years and had never had an accident; and now when he needed the money—to be laid up like this!

The hospital days were interminable to him. He didn't read much; he was encased in plaster so he could hardly move, and take it all in all, he was a very much aggrieved person. There was one nice thing about it. Nellie came nearly every day. She brought him all kinds of things from home, and told him all the gossip. His room had been rented to a man working in the tunnel, but he could have it back when he got up, as he had been a steady man and his landlady liked him.

After she went away he used to lie and plan the home they would have. Sometimes he thought he would like to live in the country, not too far away, but in one of those little houses they used to see when they went on Sunday trips to Essex Park. Then they could have some chickens and a pig, but common sense told him it was impracticable for a working man, and that he would have to live in town in a flat. He hated them, with the smells of other people's cooking and the noise of other people's children. He wasn't esthetic, but once in a while, especially in the Springtime, he would stand on a girder and look over the tops of the houses to the country and kind of wonder if it was different out there. These things were very indefinite to him, as he was no dreamer, simply a practical housesmith whose chief thought was his stomach, and just living. But of course when one is three months in the hospital one has time to think of things.

The Union won't do anything for a single man who is hurt and he saw his two hundred that he had taken such a time to save, going little by little, and it made him turn and swear. The sister who took care of him used to pat his head and say "Sh, sh," but how did she know that every dollar taken out, meant that he and Nellie would have to wait just so much the longer.

At the end of three months, he was out. The tan was off his face, and the black was out of his hands that used to be like the iron he worked with. He went back to his room, brought back the picture and the tidies, and began to feel like his old self again. He had only forty dollars left in the bank, but what was the difference, he was going down the next

day to get his job back again. He knew they would take him back as he was a good man, so he went around to Maloney's to have a few drinks and hear what was doing. He had more than he intended to. The next morning his head hurt and he had to souse it in cold water before starting for work.

The boss put him on with his old partner, and delighted again to feel the wrench in his hands, he swung himself on a beam, although it was against orders, and started up. What in the world was the matter with him? He was dizzy. He clung to the derrick chains with both hands. It made him sick to see the ground going away from him. What had come over him? He knew. It was the drinks yesterday. He shouldn't have taken so many, just out of the hospital where he hadn't had a drink for so long. It must be that, as he had never felt this way before. He would be all right when he got up and felt a good solid girder under his foot. But he wasn't. When the beam swung into place and he stepped off, he had to sit down suddenly. He could not stand up to save his soul. He sat there dangling his feet in space, trying to make up his mind to stand. He couldn't do it. John hollered to him twice: "Come here with your wrench, Bill," but he didn't hear him. He tried again to get up and walk the girder; he stood up but had to creep along. All he wanted to do was to get down again. He was ashamed and scared. He couldn't understand it at all. Why didn't that swing come back so he could go down? His head went round and he couldn't bear to look at the ground so far below him. All the machinery of the derricks seemed like great arms reaching up for him. He must get down. He went down the ladder and sick and miserable went to the foreman.

"You'll have to get someone in my place to-day, Casey. Guess I'm sick." Casey looked at him, said he did look pale, and sent Pat O'Brien up to work with John. Bill loafed around a while watching the men, then went down to Maloney's and took a drink. Along toward evening he went over to Nellie's. She was surprised to see him, but after supper he took her to a moving picture show and partly forgot the morning's trouble.

The next morning he went back and was there before John Wall showed up. He swung himself onto a beam and went up. But he again felt that peculiar feeling. He couldn't look down, and when he started to rise up, he couldn't do it. He was afraid, he had to confess it to himself. He had heard of this before, of men who had fallen and after that lost their

nerve. But he laughed at them. It would never happen to him, big, strong, Bill Murphy. He would never lose *his* nerve. And here it was upon him. This horrible thing called fear that he had never known before. He straightened himself and said he *would* walk, he *would* stand as he had before, but when he straightened up, the sickening sensation, that peculiar maddening fear of falling gripped him and he had to sit down again. Finally he had to go down, and this time the boss was not so kindly. There is little sympathy with the weak, and none for the man who loses his nerve. So he was told that he had better wait awhile before he tried it again. He stayed at home a week, and it seemed the longest week in his life. He was used to work, he liked it. It was work he wanted. He wanted to feel his muscles grappling with those big beams. He wanted again to have that brute courage and that confidence in himself. He loafed around Maloney's a good deal and drank more than was good for him. But he liked to hear the men talk at night. They didn't understand why he wasn't working, kind of thought he was getting lazy. Of course they couldn't understand, they hadn't fallen yet. He knew that he would be all right again, that it was only because he had been so long doing nothing.

After a week he went back and again got his job. He was sure of himself this time. He sat on a beam as she started, kicked against a column that came too close for comfort, and felt absolutely at his ease, chatting with his partner about the day's work. But as he began to go higher, the old sick feeling came back. He dared not look down at the ground. He clenched the chains until his hands hurt. He was sick, physically sick. He didn't hear John's talk, he shut his eyes so he would not see. His whole body was tense and strained trying to hold on, trying to keep the fear of falling from overcoming him. When he came to the top he could hardly get off, and as before he could not stand upright. He sat astride a beam, grasping it in both hands, holding on for dear life, feeling that every moment he must throw himself down there among the cranes and blocks of stone. He was too dizzy and sick even to explain to John, and he climbed down again. The boss told him in good Irish-American that he was a quitter, that he needn't come around again, that they needed *men* in putting up skyscrapers.

He went home dazed. He couldn't understand it. He sat down and tried to think it out, to reason with himself. There was nothing else to it, he had lost his nerve. He sat there until late in the night, smoking many pipes of black

tobacco. Well, he couldn't be a housesmith any longer, he could see that. He would try something new. Perhaps he could be a pusher or a helper, but that was rather a come down. Yet he would have to do something on the ground; he never wanted to feel that awful feeling come over him again.

The next day he went around and saw the boss, but there was no place. He went around every day looking for work, but there was nothing for him. There were twenty men waiting for each job. He had never noticed before how many men were out of work. The places seemed to be full of them, waiting to take anything. Every morning after looking up the bosses to see if there was anything for him, he would go to where some building was being erected, and watch the men. He couldn't keep away from the work. He would watch them running along the girders, jumping from beam to beam, climbing about on the iron like flies. Then he would go home heart sick.

He was having other troubles now, too. The Carneys were not so nice to him as they used to be. Nellie's father didn't welcome him in the old way, and there were no invitations from Mrs. Carney to take a bite to eat with them. He went there the same, but the mother frowned when he asked Nellie to take a walk with him, or to see the moving pictures. One night when they came home, the old people were sitting up waiting for them. They had evidently been talking him over and had arrived at some decision. The father said to him: "Bill, have you got a job?" He had to admit that he had not. "When will you have one?" He hoped soon. "But that ain't enough. You was a good workman and I don't see what's come over you. You're gettin' to be just a bum. How much of your money you got left?" Bill said: "It ain't none of your business how much money I got left. I can always earn more."

"Yes, it is our business. There ain't no use you're comin' here to see Nellie. She can't wait forever for you. I don't see no chance that you'll ever have that six hundred and her mother's right about it. You must have it before you can marry her. Nellie ain't strong like her mother; she can't do as we did. Now when you've got a job and can show that you ain't just gettin' to be a loafer, you can come around, but not before. D'ye understand?"

Yes, he understood, but turned to Nellie. She cried, but what could she do against both father and mother? She came up to him and took him by the coat, looking in her old loving way.

"Go back to your job, Bill, and show 'em you ain't no loafer. I believe in you. Go

back to your job and they'll let you come again. I'll wait for ye."

He went away knowing he couldn't go back to his job. He couldn't stand up there in the air again with only an eight-inch girder between him and that space beneath. So he got to brooding over his wrongs and his troubles which grew worse every day. He had had to stand off his landlady about the rent, but the meals he couldn't stand off. He ate part of the time at Maloney's where in prosperous days he had been a good patron. But bar-keepers are not encouraging to men who eat a quarter's worth of food on a five-cent beer. His friends, the men with whom he had worked, chaffed him at first, then grew a bit contemptuous. It hurt: He was no sponge. He had always paid his way, and he wouldn't take drinks when he couldn't treat in return. But now he had to think of his dimes and it was hard work for him. He had always made good money and spent it freely, and it was hard to learn to economize, especially in food, because he was hungry. He was out in the air all day looking for work, or watching the men at work. He was like a big helpless child in this trouble. He only knew one thing to do and now he couldn't do that. He used to sit on a block of stone near the derricks and watch the men until closing time, then he would wander around the streets, or sometimes hang around the corner trying to see Nellie. He would go home dead tired, more tired than if he had worked his eight hours, pushing the big steel frames into their places. This was a new kind of tired, that the night's sleep didn't seem to relieve.

The rent was again asked for. The woman was kindly but insistent. She was poor and needed the money. If he couldn't pay— He understood her silence. Yes, he knew if he couldn't pay, he would have to give up the little room, then where would he go. To some of those cheap lodging-houses on the Bowery? Perhaps it would be even worse than that. He had seen men sleeping on the sidewalks or in hallways. No, he wouldn't come to that, he simply wouldn't. But if he could just get one good fill-up. He was hungry. Maloney's bartender had threatened to throw him out today, had called him a bum—and he was hungry. He really didn't believe he had had a square meal since he had pawned his Sunday suit of clothes, and he looked around shamefacedly at the thought. That had been the last thing to him, to have to pawn his clothes one by one. It seemed then nothing could be quite as tough as that, but if he had to give up his room—

He walked along with his head down, his feet seeming to take him without his knowledge to his old place of work. He couldn't keep away. There he would forget the trouble weighing so heavily on his mind, as he would watch the men. He sat down on a block of stone, and searched around in his pocket for the little bit of tobacco that he allowed himself. John had a new "rough neck" with him, he didn't seem to know his business very well; and look at the way Flannigan caught that rivet. Sure, he was a stiff. He must 'ave been out last night with the boys. First thing he knew, he'd miss it, then some one down below would have a red hot rivet instead of a head on his shoulders. Casey had a new derrick man this morning. Who was he—? Yes, he had been with the gang last year, but he was fired for carelessness. It was funny that Casey put him on this job. He sat there idly watching the men, criticising, admiring, seeing himself in imagination running along those stringers.

What in—! What in the world was the matter up there! Didn't they see that that beam was slipping? What were they doing—? John Wall and his partner were right in under it and—

"Hey John!" he shouted.

He ran to the derrick men and said:

"Your blocks 'ave slipped! Don't you see it? Say, for God's sake, look at that chain!"

The men stopped the machinery, and the big girder swung in the chains, slipping a little, threatening, just showing them what it would do in a moment: It swung there above the heads of John Wall and the "rough neck" a huge menacing mass, but they only gave it a slight glance as they were working hard over their own girder which seemed to be possessed of an evil spirit this morning and would not slip into place. Casey came up and swore and stamped but his face grew white as he watched the huge steel beam slowly slipping—for he knew what a 20-foot girder could do when it once slipped from its chains.

Bill watched it a moment:

"Send me up, Casey. I see what's wrong. Send me up."

He grabbed a wrench, went over to another derrick, grasped the chains and was hurriedly taken to the top, his eyes intently watching the slipping girder. He jumped from the chains, ran the length of the intervening girders, leaped from beam to beam, until he came to where

the slipping girder swung slowly in its chain. He bent forward toward the swinging column, tense, strained, waiting for a chance to jump. It came, and he jumped far out in the air and caught the chain, balanced himself on the girder, then slowly and carefully bent over and with the wrench pounded the wooden blocks home. He waited until the links ate down into the soft pine, then signaled for them to go ahead. When it came to its place he swung himself off, talked to the men a minute, then went to the ladders and came down.

It had only taken a few moments, but in those few moments Bill Murphy was a man again. Casey said nothing in praise, but as Bill turned to go he said:

"Better come around to work to-morrow, Bill."

That was all. Bill stopped and looked at him. Come around to work again? Just a few words but for a moment Bill choked. Yes, he would. If he could go up there for John Wall, if he could forget his fear to save a couple of men's lives, couldn't he do it for himself—and Nellie?

Bill went back to work. He took the old familiar tools in his hands and felt his muscles swell as he hauled and pulled at the big beams. It was good to work again. It was good to be able to be up there in the air with the wind blowing and know you could again do a man's work. His old confidence in himself came back. He liked it, this work that took strength and brute courage. He could again be Big Bill Murphy that every one in his line respected. He could again swagger down the street with his girl on his arm, and look every man in the face knowing he was just as much of a man as they were. He would go to Nellie, they would begin anew the saving for the home. He would go to her to-night and the old days would be forgotten in the new ones that were coming to them. He would save every penny and put by at least half his salary every week.

He stood on a girder on the twelfth floor looking out over the city, glorying in his returned manhood. He felt the wind blowing in his face, and it awakened a new emotion in him, it brought a something that he could not explain, so he took off his hat and looking up into the sky said:

"Well, perhaps God's good to the Irish after all."



“ Well, perhaps God’s good to the Irish after all ”

Votes for Women

By W. I. THOMAS

Author of "Eugenics, the Science of Breeding Men," etc.

Illustrated with Portraits

THERE is a well known bit of folk-song, running,

Mother dear, may I go swim?
Yes, my darling daughter,
Go hang your clothes on a hickory limb,
But don't go near the water.

I do not know whether this was written by a primitive suffragette, but certainly the girl in the song and the modern woman have now reached precisely the same point in their development. They feel prepared for activity and eager to enter it, and they are encouraged to make every preparation for it, but when it comes to making the plunge there are reservations which run into several maxims of common sense and even of the common law.

For a number of years our common school system has been giving girls the same training as boys. Girls form about 56 per cent. of the pupils enrolled in all our secondary schools, and more girls than boys graduate from our high schools. All but three of our state Universities now admit women on equal terms with men. In our Colleges and Universities the men still greatly outnumber the women, because more of them are looking ahead to that larger life which is still inhospitable to women, but at least two of our Universities have found it necessary to set a limit to the admission of women. Northwestern University limits the number

of women students to the capacity of its dormitories, and Stanford University has arbitrarily limited the number to five hundred. There was formerly a prediction that the women in colleges would be rendered masculine by the men, but fear is now expressed that the men will be feminized by the women. The average class standing of women is also slightly better than that of men, perhaps because they are more conscientious and go in less for sport, and I believe that few teachers would now say that women with reasonable preparation show less facility than men in obtaining the doctorate.

Now if intelligence and civic fitness were proportionate to amount of schooling it would be a good plan to turn the government over to the women, for there have been more girls than

boys in our schools for years, and the hordes of ignorant immigrants are for the most part men. But civic fitness is not, of course, directly proportionate to schooling, because life is more than the schools. Still there are situations in which "despair itself is mild," and when intelligent and thoughtful women who have gone through all the formal steps in the preparation for life are treated like the girl in the folk-song, when they view our horribly bad social conditions, our dishonest and incompetent political arrangements, and the exploitation of the working woman, without the power of direct participation, it is not



Miss Jane Addams, Head of Hull House, Chicago. Miss Addams speaks frequently in favor of suffrage and has been active in the recent efforts to obtain it in Illinois. She feels keenly that it is needed to guard the rights of women and children, particularly in industry



Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch, President of the Equal Suffrage League of Self-Supporting Women; daughter of Elizabeth Cady Stanton. Mrs. Blatch, who lived in England in her early life, was first introduced to the suffrage movement in this country by her mother, at the National Suffrage Association of 1890. She is a thoroughly educated woman and an excellent speaker—one of the most convincing women in the active work. Mrs. Blatch particularly advocates municipal suffrage



Rev. Anna Howard Shaw, President of the National American Woman's Suffrage Association, is a Methodist minister, and an able speaker

surprising that they feel outraged. Some of them, indeed, feel their degradation so keenly that they can with difficulty speak of it, and it is fortunate that they do not imitate the course which is said to be adopted by the orang-utan in Borneo. These apes, the natives say, are really men who went to live in the forest, and abstain from speaking in order to avoid paying taxes and meeting other human responsibilities.

The Stock Objections

As to the stock objections to the suffrage of women, I do not wish here to give them any extensive attention. They are mainly of a sentimental and trivial nature, and they have all been disposed of by the women themselves, and by the experience of the countries where women vote. Actually a better set of arguments could be put up to-day for the reënslavement of the blacks than for the continued disfranchisement of women. The black was positively advanced in his mental and social conditions under slavery, as the child is advanced by the oversight of its parents, and he fell back after his emancipation. We

were perfectly right in our view that he would never reach his full manhood while a slave, though many of us also realize that we committed an error in conferring on him the full rights of manhood before he had passed his adolescence. But with the woman the case is different. She is advanced so far that no sort of further restraint is favorable to her development.

It is alleged by men that there is a large class of women who do not want to vote, and this is true, but it signifies nothing against the principle. Many animals show a tendency to remain quiet so long as they are well kept, and will not even leave the cage when the door is opened. Certainly the negroes of Virginia did not greatly desire freedom before the idea was developed by agitation from the outside, and many of them resented this outside interference. "In general, in the whole western Sahara district, slaves are as much astonished to be told that their relation to their owners is wrong and that they ought to break it as boys amongst us would be to be told that their relation to their fathers was wrong and ought to be broken." And it is reported from eastern Borneo that a white man could hire no natives for wages. "They thought it degrading to work for wages, but if he would buy them they would work for him." This is also the psychology of the woman who does not want to vote.



Miss Mary G. Hay, President of the Equal Suffrage League of New York City. Miss Hay was born in Indiana, and for years was prominent as a national organizer. Recently, she has devoted herself more especially to the work in New York City

On the other hand the women who want to vote claim that they are not less interested than men in having good schools, children defended against a stupid pedagogy, a decent living wage to all before the luxuries are dipped into too freely by some, good sanitation, and pure food for children. They have shown that our schools, our charitable, reform and penal institutions, our cities and our general government are run on "political principles," and they say that politics is the only field in which "if an accountant is wanted, a dancer gets the place." They claim that the moral side of life is particularly congenial to women as it has proven particularly uncongenial to the men who have made politics a business, that the "ancient kindness which sat beside the cradle of the race" has been put out of business by business, and that its restoration is even now being advocated more by women than by men.

The men have said that women are not intelligent enough to vote, but the women have replied that more of honesty than of intelligence is needed in politics at present, and that women certainly do not represent the most ignorant portion of the population. They claim that voting is a relatively simple matter anyway, that political freedom "is nothing but

the control of those who do make politics their business by those who do not," and that they have enough intelligence "to decide whether they are properly governed, and whom they will be governed by." They point out also that already, without the ballot, they are instructing men how to vote and teaching them how to run a city, that women have to journey to the legislature at every session to instruct members and committees at legislative hearings, and that it is absurd that women who are capable of instructing men how to vote should not be allowed to vote themselves.

To the suggestion that they would vote like their husbands and that so there would be no change in the political situation, women admit that they would sometimes vote like their husbands, because their husbands sometimes vote right, but ex-Chief Justice Fisher of Wyoming says: "When the Republicans nominate a bad man and the Democrats a good one, the Republican women do not hesitate a moment to "scratch" the bad and substitute the good. It is just so with the Democrats: Hence we almost always have a mixture of officeholders. I have seen the effects of female suffrage, and, instead of being a means of encouragement to fraud and corruption, it tends greatly to purify elections and to promote better government." Now "scratching" is the most difficult feature of the art of voting, and if women have mastered this they are doing very well. Furthermore the English suffragettes have completely outgeneraled the professional politicians. They discovered that no cause can get recognition in politics unless it is brought to the attention, and that John Bull in particular will not begin to pay attention "until you stand on your head to talk to him." They regretted to do this, but in doing it they secured the attention and interest of all England. They then followed a relentless policy of opposing the election of any candidate of the party in power. The Liberal men had been playing with the Liberal women, promising support and then laughing the matter off. But they are now reduced to an appeal to the maternal instinct of the women. They say it is unloving of them to oppose their own kind. Politics is a poor game, but this is politics.

How Woman's Suffrage Has Worked

Again there are a few men who say that woman's suffrage has not worked well where it has been tried. But this argument is scarcely honest. Judge Lindsey of Colorado, where woman's suffrage has been in operation twelve

years, says: "No one would dare propose its repeal, and if left to the men of the state any proposition to revoke the right bestowed on women would be overwhelmingly defeated." Sir Joseph Ward, Premier of New Zealand, said: "The women of New Zealand secured the franchise by a majority of only two votes. Now it is doubtful if in the whole House there would be two members to oppose it." There was a time when some men thought that universal man suffrage would result in an earthly paradise, and that without delay, but "freedom" itself has failed in this, and this is the only sense in which woman's suffrage has failed where it has been tried. Freedom is not a panacea, it is only a system under which a society can work to better advantage, and the universal testimony of responsible persons is that the participation of women in civic affairs has made for the moral welfare of the whole community. It is certain also that where women have the ballot every election address is recast and this means that where men alone vote all of the interests of society are not considered, that a part of the members of society are ignored.

But will not the mixing of women in public life breed discord at home and lead to race suicide? To this the women have replied that they will be in a better position to look after the training of their own children if they have the vote, and also to make possible the "right to childhood" for children of less fortunate mothers. They say also that they consider an intelligent appreciation of all the social activities and a participation in them the best cure for race-suicide, and they add, with profound wisdom, that they do not regard "the desire that woman should take her share in the duties and labors of the national life as of in any sense a movement of the sexes against each other, but rather as a great integrative movement of the sexes toward each other." And the experience of the countries in which women are voting justifies this latter view.

Finally the men object to votes for women because they say women are not patriotic, and can not fight for their country. And to this the women have replied that patriotism is engendered by activity, that there is too much fighting as it is, that motherhood is a service equivalent to patriotism, that soldiers and sailors do not vote anyway, and that if blood counts for anything, more blood is spilt in child-bearing than in war.

On the whole women are beginning to realize that the world as it is to-day, and the disparity in ability between men and women are matters of man's arrangement, and they



Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, from 1900 to 1904 President of the National American Woman's Suffrage Association. Mrs. Catt succeeded Susan B. Anthony and was the latter's choice as successor. She has just been re-elected President of the International Woman's Suffrage Alliance.

feel as did the lion in LaFontaine's fable, who seeing a painting in which a man was holding a lion prostrate, remarked, "If my people could paint they would show you a very different picture."

The Crux of the Opposition

And since women have themselves annihilated all the reasonable objections to the equal participation of the two sexes in civic life, an argument for woman's suffrage at this point would be like a "killing of the dead." Still the hard fact remains that the opposition persists, and it will be of some interest to examine the cause of this, though the explanation is indeed difficult. In no society has life ever been completely controlled by the reason, but mainly by the instincts and the habits and customs growing out of these. Speaking in a general way, it may be said that all conduct both of men and animals tends to be right rather than wrong. They do not know why they behave in such and such ways, but their ancestors behaved in those ways and survival is the guarantee that the behavior was good. We must admit that within the scope of their life the animals behave with almost unerring propriety. Their behavior is simple and un-



Mrs. Clarence Mackay, President of the Equal Franchise Society. Mrs. Mackay's energy and intelligence have given a fresh impulse to the Woman's suffrage movement in the East, attracting to the work many women hitherto uninterested

varying, but they make fewer mistakes than ourselves. The difficulty in their condition is that having little power of changing their behavior they have little chance of improvement. Now in human societies, and already among gregarious animals, one of the main conditions of survival was common sentiment and behavior. So long as defense of life and preying on outsiders were main concerns of society, unanimity and conformity had the same value which still attaches to military discipline in warfare and to team work in our sports. Morality therefore became identified with uniformity. It was actually better to work upon some system, however bad, than to work on none at all, and early society had no place for the dissenter. Changes did take place, for man had the power of communicating his experiences through speech and the same power of imitation which we show in the adoption of fashions, but these changes took place with almost imperceptible slowness, or, if they did not, those who proposed them were considered sinners and punished with death or obloquy.

And it has never made any difference how bad the existing order of things might be. Those who attempted to reform it were always viewed with suspicion. Consequently our practices usually run some decades or centuries behind our theories, and history is even full of cases where the theory was thoroughly dead from the standpoint of reason before it began to do its work in society. A determined attitude of resistance to change may therefore be classed almost with the instincts, for it is not a response to the reason alone, but is very powerfully bound up with the emotions which have their seat in the spinal cord.

The World Loath to Accept New Ideas

It is true that this adhesion to custom is more absolute and astonishing in the lower races and in the more uneducated classes, but it would be difficult to point out a single case in history where a new doctrine has not been met with bitter resistance. We justly regard learning and freedom of thought and investigation as precious, and we popularly think of Luther and the Reformation as standing at the beginning of the movement toward these, but Luther himself had no faith in "the light of reason" and he hated the "new learning" of Erasmus and Hutten as heartily as any papal dogmatist. To the end of his life he held that "reason was the devil's bride, rationalism a beautiful prostitute . . . who must be trampled under foot with all her wisdom, who

must be put to death, who must have dirt thrown in her face to make her repulsive looking." These are his own words. Luther's revolt was merely against the mercenary practices of the Church and what he considered to be her perversions of the older doctrines. He did, indeed, believe in schools, to prepare the priests to read and interpret the Bible and the Fathers, but he hated the scientific spirit of the Universities. Among all the great moral teachers, Confucius was perhaps the most worldly-wise, for he consistently denied that his teachings were new, attributing them to "the ancients" even when he had no other ground than expediency to do so.

We are ourselves just at the close of a great movement in thought which has called out as much bitterness as almost any in history—the teaching of an evolutionary view of the world. This view, conspicuously associated with the publication of Darwin's *Origin of Species* in 1859, has now revolutionized every department of science and almost every department of life from our literature down to our milk and our plumbing, and it is even slowly working down to the level of our legal procedure, but it has caused many a good churchman to reinvoke the inquisition.

We are even forced to realize that the law of habituation continues to do its perfect work in a strangely resentful or apathetic manner even when there is no moral issue at stake. Until about 1825 the word "balcony" was regularly pronounced with the accent on the second syllable. Swift used the word as it is now pronounced one time, "which," said Samuel Rogers, "makes me sick." And the reader will search in vain for a justification of the acute displeasure he feels in mispronounced names. Up to the year 1816 the best device for the application of electricity to telegraphy had involved a separate wire for each letter of the alphabet, but in that year Francis Ronalds constructed a successful line making use of a single wire. Realizing the importance of his invention he attempted to get the British government to take it up, but was informed that "telegraphs of any kind are now wholly unnecessary, and no other than the one in use will be adopted."

Mental Perversions of the Past

But it is when the ordinary custom is reinforced by authority from above, purporting to teach by inspiration from God, that doctrines and practices take on their most absolute and distressing form. There was a time in the history of the church when baptism seemed to

ecclesiastics so essential to salvation that anyone who failed to receive this rite, no matter why, was condemned to eternal punishment in hell fire. St. Fulgentius condemned to "everlasting punishment in eternal fire" even children who died in their mother's womb, and I have seen an old sermon in which the divine declared that there were "infants crawling on the floor of hell, not a span long." It would seem that the human mind would be revolted by such a picture, but it was not. St. Thomas Aquinas even urged that a perfect sight of the tortures of the damned is granted to the saints in heaven that they may "enjoy their beatitude and the grace of God more richly," and so late as our Puritan fathers we were told that "the sight of hell torments will exalt the happiness of the saints forever." In the seventeenth century Scotch clergymen taught their congregations not only that it was sinful to walk about for pleasure on Sunday, but that it was sinful to save a vessel in shipwreck on that day, and a proof of sound religion to allow the ship and crew to perish.

But I do not wish to push this painful line of thought further. These views afford an extreme instance of the force of "use and wont." When a curse is once laid on a question it is lifted with difficulty and it requires time. Reason may "cry aloud in the streets," but the practice dies hard. It is a safe general proposition that any conduct widely at variance with established custom will at first be regarded as immoral, immodest or at least unbecoming. Even our fashions of dress which in their rapid rotation seem to be a striking exception, are not so. They are dictated by a powerful though obscure authority, they vary within narrow limits in any country, they are followed by masses of people simultaneously, and not to conform to them has its penalties. I have been much reproached for writing a paper on the "Adventitious Character of Woman," but if the women who have expressed their dislike of this paper are inclined to take the matter up they can write a more offensive one and one quite as just, on the "Habitual Character of Man."

In early society one of the results of the laying of the heavy hand of the "tyrant custom" on the minds of men was a system of arbitrary taboos. Certain foods could not be touched, certain objects could not be looked upon, certain names could not be called. And the penalty for violation of the taboo was death. In historical times the church was the most favorable location for the development of taboos. The Sabbath, to which I have just alluded, was a day on which all activities except worship and "works of necessity and

mercy" were taboo. The established church was itself a taboo object. To breathe a word against it was blasphemy. In England in the reign of Henry VIII. a boy was burned because he had spoken "much after the fashion of a parrot some idle words affecting the sacrament of the altar, which he had chanced to hear, but of which he could not have understood the meaning," and all the heretic-hunting of the inquisitional period was in consequence of violation of church taboo. Fortunately science has lifted this taboo, but sex and marriage have also for a long time been taboo questions, and from them the taboo is not completely lifted.

The whole fact of sex is indeed outlawed, except from a very limited and periphrastic standpoint. The superficial aspects of it may be treated comically and are so treated freely, but when you go deeper you strike the taboo layer. And yet sex is the greatest fact in the economy of nature, with the sole exception of food. Not many years ago a British scientist published the best and the only considerable work in the English language on certain abnormal sexual conditions. It was a good work, seriously and, I think, even solemnly undertaken. And it was work of inestimable importance to society and to parents. It might prevent the total ruin of anybody's boy or girl. It was not a work which should be freely circulated, and it was not designed for free circulation. But it contained materials with which every physician should be acquainted, and the knowledge of which is rapidly modifying criminal legal procedure—materials indeed, which the Juvenile Court Committee of Chicago, composed in part of women, has found it necessary to employ a psychiatrist to interpret. And yet the publishers were fined and the sale of the book was prohibited. I have myself heard an American scientist whose daily life consisted in the attempt to produce artificially a drop of living protoplasm, commenting on the effort of another scientist to get an appropriation of money from the national government for the study of sexual abnormality and hygiene, call the latter "insane." I do not say that the proposer of this scheme was a wise or discreet man. I do not know. But if he was insane, he was so only in that large sense in which we may call any man insane whose consciousness does not at all points overlap that of the public. "It is a mad world, my masters," a world where the insanity of one period of history becomes the sound common sense and rational policy of another generation. Christ was executed because his mind did not completely co-

incide, and Socrates was given the hemlock for inquiring "too deeply."

I have alluded thus to the morbid aspect of sex, not because I consider this its most important side, for it is not, but—as an indication of one of the deepest reasons for the inhospitable attitude of society to the question of woman's suffrage. It would perhaps have been sufficient to allude to the fact that most parents can with difficulty or not at all bring themselves to the point of speaking even once in their lives to their children on some of the most important laws of physical life. When a whole situation is thus under taboo any movement within that situation is to some extent an outlawed movement.

It is custom, therefore, not reason, that women have had to face first of all in their fight for the ballot. But another powerful and more reasonable cause for the opposition to woman in this connection lies in the fact that she was as a class reduced at one time to a position of ornamental inactivity, where her chief charm consisted in complete and ductile submission to the will of man, and that she herself accepted this condition as an ideal one. I will not here rehearse the movement by which this condition was brought about. But I wish to notice the actual opinion in which woman was held, and in which she held herself, about 100 or 150 years ago. This will give us a ground for judging what the woman's movement has had to contend with, and whether it has made any real progress.

Old Time Advice to Women

In this connection there is a considerable mass of literature, dating from the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries, addressed by women, ministers and even bachelors to the "female sex," advising them how to deport themselves in order to be and seem proper ladies. And anyone turning over these pages will find both instruction and astonishment. I have before me one of these books, *A Guide to Matrimonial Happiness, in a Series of Letters Written by a Lady of Distinction to her Relation Shortly after her Marriage*, (London, 1821), and I quote some of the advice of this "distinguished lady" to her young relative:

The most perfect and implicit faith in the superiority of a husband's judgment, and the most absolute obedience to his desires, is not only the conduct that will insure the greatest success, but will give the most entire satisfaction. It will take from you a thousand cares, which would have answered no purpose;

it will relieve you from a weight of thought that would be very painful, and in no way profitable. . . . It has its origin in reason, in justice, in nature, and in the law of God.

But the writer does not stop with generalities. In a chapter which might be headed, "On a Method and Technique for the Abandonment of Personality," she says:

I have told you how you may, and how people who are married do, get a likeness of countenance; and in that I have done it. You will understand me, that by often looking at your husband's face, by smiling on the occasions on which he does, by frowning on those things which make him frown, and by viewing all things in the light in which you perceive he does, you will acquire that likeness of countenance which it is an honor to possess, because it is a testimony of love. . . . When your temper and your thoughts are formed upon those of your husband, according to the plan which I have laid down, you will perceive that you have no will, no pleasure, but what is also his. This is the character the wife of prudence would be apt to assume; she would make herself the mirror, to show, unaltered, and without aggravation, diminution, or distortion, the thoughts, the sentiments, and the resolutions of her husband. She would have no particular design, no opinion, no thought, no passion, no approbation, no dislike, but what should be conformable to his own judgment. . . . I would have her judgment seem the reflecting mirror to his determination; and her form the shadow of his body, conforming itself to his several positions, and following it in all its movements.

On the topic of conversation she says:

I would not have you silent; nay, when trifles are the subject, talk as much as any of them; but distinguish when the discourse turns upon things of importance.

Along with the teaching that women should have gentle spirits, went, of course, the teaching that they should have gentle bodies. "Women," says a female writer early in the last century, "are something like children—the more they show the need of support the more engaging they are. In everything that women attempt they should show their consciousness of dependence." Dr. Gregory, in a book published before 1800, entitled "A Legacy to my Daughters," advises girls that if nature has given them a robust physique they should take care to dissemble it.

Hostile to Women in the Past

The Christian church also has constantly insisted on the submission of woman to the will of man, and we came almost to accept the "honor and obey" of the ceremony of marriage as a part of natural law, but we are confounded when James Fordyce in his sermons addressed to women, advances the view that "holiness"

is a sort of "beautifier" which will render their charms more lively to men. "Never," he says, "perhaps does a fine woman *strike more deeply* than when composed into pious recollection. . . . she assumes without knowing it superior dignity and new graces; so that the beauties of holiness seem to radiate about her."

Of course the law has no remedy to offer, for the law is nothing if not behind-hand. It merely provided the formal measures by which women could be repressed and exploited. In England before 1870 "a man who had abandoned his wife and left her unaided to support his family might at any time return to appropriate her earnings and to sell everything she had acquired, and he might again and again desert her and again and again repeat the process of spoliation." In 1790 an English writer explained that people unfit for the county franchise were those who "lie under natural incapacities and therefore cannot exercise a sound discretion, or [who are] so much under the influence of others that they cannot have a will of their own in the choice of candidates. Of the former description are women, infants, idiots, lunatics; of the latter, persons receiving alms and revenue officers."

Even medicine had its fling at women. In a medical treatise of this period we read: "In this book, I propose, with God's help, to consider diseases peculiar to women, and since women are, for the most part, poisonous creatures, I shall then proceed to treat of the bites of venomous beasts." And art could not have worked so industriously and cleverly to keep the woman question in the region of the senses if it had been subsidized to do it. Much of Tennyson's poetry would seem to be the sentiments of the "distinguished lady" I have quoted, turned into verse.

The perfect work of all this teaching was the traditional old maid. The woman who was married had at least the will of another instead of her own. But the woman who reached and passed maturity without marriage and the will of a man to depend on had no natural or recognized place in society. Aristotle has said that the individual who is not a member of society is either a god or a brute. But this is not correct, for the gods and brutes are members of societies. Such a person is really a monster, and such a person was the old maid. And since the populace is naturally inclined to be cruel to monstrosities she was the object of all the hilarity provoked by the hunchback, the insane, and idiotic, and other abnormalities of those ruder times.

To most of us the sentiments and practices

I have just outlined seem incredible or pathetic, and I believe that even *Punch* could use them for comic purposes. But I would undertake to find for you to-day women who seriously cherish similar sentiments. As Michelet said of the church ascetics, "they are of those who have learned to conserve life in a system of death." Is it not a blessing that "acquired characters" are not inherited, and that the daughters of these unfortunate women have a chance to lead their lives with as much health and freedom and mind as if they had never had mothers!

The Early Education of Women

Woman had thus at one time sunk very low in the scale of rationality, and when she raised her voice for suffrage it was indeed a voice from the depths. But for all this, and in fact because of it, her progress in the past century has been so rapid that I know of nothing with which to compare it except the progress of science itself. To substantiate this impression it is only necessary to recall the earlier part of this paper where I alluded to the remarkable position woman occupies in the educational world at present, and compare this with her treatment in the schools of early New England.

Our Puritan ancestors were very sincere and very energetic in their determination to have everything right in their new society, and their efforts to establish schools and to secure suitable teachers under discouraging conditions form a remarkable chapter. But they did not admit girls. They thought, of course, as many still think, that the home was the only proper place and sphere for women, and they thought also that the mind of woman was neither worth cultivating nor capable of learning. Still the question of the schooling of girls must have been raised, for in 1684 we find a ruling on the admission of girls to the Hopkins School of New Haven, reading, ". . . and all the girls be excluded as improper and inconsistent with such a grammar school as ye law enjoins and as in the Designs of this settlement." But, certain small girls whose manners seem to have been neglected and who had the natural curiosity of their sex, sat on the school-house steps and heard the boys recite, or learned to read and construe sentences from their brothers at home, and were occasionally admitted to school.

It took the Puritan mind about a century to awaken to any interest in the education of girls. Gloucester manifested some feeling on the subject when it resolved in 1790, "That

two hours, or a proportional part of that time be devoted to the instruction of females—as they are a tender and interesting branch of the community, but have been much neglected in the public schools of this town." Other towns had taken similar action. Nathan Hale, writing from New London, Connecticut, says in 1774: "I have kept during the summer, a morning school *between the hours of 5 and 7*, of about twenty young ladies," and Medford voted in 1766 that, "the committee have power to agree with the school master to instruct girls two hours in a day *after the boys are dismissed*." Up to the beginning of the 19th century boys and girls were rarely in school together. A memorandum of Benjamin Mudge reads: "In all my school days which ended in 1801 I never saw but three females in public schools in my life, and they were only in the afternoon to learn to write." And the American woman of the 18th century who could write was the exception, as is shown by the fact that not more than one fourth of the women who had occasion to sign legal documents could do so except by "making their mark."

Woman at the Zero Point

When we consider then that woman started at the zero point in this country a hundred years ago, with custom and her own sentiments squarely against her and that her admission to the colleges designed for men was contested more stubbornly than her original admission to the primary school had been, we must admit that her rise in the educational world is a brilliant feat. It certainly has forever disposed of the argument that she is unable.

But while the education of woman since the 18th century has done more than anything else to restore to her her personality and to render absurd the position of those who deny her right to become a member of the state, it would be a mistake to suppose that the schools have ever had any policy of promoting woman's rights. Even Oberlin College which took so advanced a stand on both the woman question and the negro question, never conceded to women the political rights which it advocated so warmly for the negro. One of its presidents even took pains to disclaim that Oberlin had any responsibility for the behavior of certain women who had left its halls and were advocating woman's rights and to "avow a radical dissent from their views" while expressing an admiration for their "earnest but mistaken philanthropy."

I have thus singled out Oberlin for special mention because it has the distinction of being the first fully coeducational institution of collegiate rank in the world. From its foundation in 1833 it has admitted men and women on equal terms, and in its first circular it announced as one of its "prominent objects" "elevation of female character by bringing within the reach of the misjudged and neglected sex all the instructive privileges which have hitherto unreasonably distinguished the leading sex from theirs." This formal repudiation of woman's political aspirations is therefore curiously interesting. It seems on the whole that the negro and the "child widow of India" have been quite the best stimulants to our reform sentiments. They have the picturesqueness of remoteness and they do not interfere with our local and personal and settled habits of life.

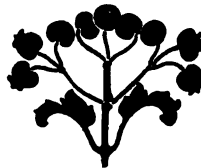
No, while every force in Christendom, organized and unorganized, has operated to deprive woman of her personality, I cannot discover that any set of forces outside herself has consciously assisted her in her struggle to become a citizen. She has fought it out mainly alone, assisted by John Stuart Mill and the lapse of time. In 1791 Olympe de Georges, the first of the *féministes*, said in a pamphlet: "Woman has the right to mount the scaffold. She ought equally to have access to the ballot-box." She was guillotined in 1793. Mary Wollstonecraft's powerful *Vindication of the Rights of Woman* was even more untimely and shocking than Darwin's theory of the descent of man. In 1840 women from the United States, accredited as delegates to the Anti-Slavery Convention in London, were refused recognition. For many years "Susan B. Anthony" was a mild form of "swear-word"

among the boys of New England, and in 1853 Miss Anthony stood for half an hour in a Teachers' Convention in Rochester, New York, two-thirds of the members being women, while the men debated the question whether she should be heard. It was decided by a small majority that a woman had the right to address an educational meeting on an educational subject. And it was not until 1893 that Miss Anthony could announce that "the general government had discovered woman."

Woman Suffrage Virtually Accepted

I think the case for woman's suffrage may be regarded as virtually decided. We respond to reason slowly, but we are finally amenable to it. The movement has developed many brilliant leaders who have taught women to organize and agitate, and the question is now in the condition where ways and means are beginning to be discussed rather than the general principle. But there still remains one weak point in the case. I think that the rank and file of women are still afraid of life in general. Traces of the strong infusion of the 18th century doctrine of subjection remain in the systems of most of them, and they still view education as an "accomplishment." At one time we cherished the belief that education and the ballot were ends in themselves, or we came near doing so, but we now recognize that they are only tools. The real affair is life, particularly as it has arranged itself, and is destined to arrange itself, in various sets of occupational activities. If woman should obtain the ballot without at the same time pushing out into this world she would still not be in a normal position in society, nor a proper person.

[Professor Thomas will contribute "*Women and their Occupations*" to an early number of this magazine.]





Letters from G. G.

With Illustrations
by R. M. Crosby

(G. G., New London, to E. R., at Home, Summer)

HAS it been unkind, dear, letting all these months go by without sending you a single word? I have no excuse to offer. I couldn't write, that was all. I had no answer for your unanswerable letters, and silence seemed the only reception I could give them. I had nothing to say. I am not sure *now* that I know *what* to say, but suddenly I feel that I can write you, where before I couldn't.

If you remember at all the little tale that I once told you concerning a certain Sceptic, you will realize that I am not likely to be disproportionately impressed by avowals of undying, exclusive devotion and faith—and all the rest of it.

This seems to carry with it a tone of severity which I am far from feeling or wishing to assume. I think, however, that your attitude puts me rather on the defensive.

Do you remember the night before you left Paris years ago? Do you remember how often in the course of the evening you said and repeated and repeated again: "You don't know how I shall miss you!" "You have no idea how I am going to miss you!" and finally, almost exasperated, "But you don't in the least seem to realize how dreadfully I'm going to miss you!" You nearly made a grievance of

it that in those few days I should have succeeded in leaving a scratch upon your glassy surface! You came near taking me to task.

And now you speak, (I say now, it was months ago, of course,) of the Prince in the Arabian Nights who sickened for love of the Princess's portrait, and you say that you have fallen in love with my portrait of Myself, by which you seem to make me responsible. My Portrait of Myself. Have I written you a portrait of myself? I can't help wishing, E. R., that I could see it. What a funny *museau chiffonné* I must have given myself! Incoherent, contradictory, illogical, you surely aren't going to put the blame on *me* if you have fallen in love with anything so ornery and no account, and po' white as G. G.?

I really think it is *I* who should feel injured. We were playing such a nice little game! And it wasn't in the game, you know, that we should become people—it was all to be pen, ink, and paper! I warned you time and time again that I would never "materialize."

And now, E. R., seriously—there is just one thing in your letter that you are *not* permitted to say . . . *That I won't have!* and that is your final dizzy climax, your trump card, your thunderous statement:

"You have made all other women in the world forever impossible for me!"

My dear, dear child! How excruciatingly



funny that is going to look to you some day, and if I'm any sort of a Prophet that day is close at hand!

No, dear Boy, there is a special name for people, who being impossible themselves, make other things and people impossible, and I do assure you, that's not the kind of a dog I am!

And now—please, please dear, let's forget all about it. Write me—write me soon—and tell me all about yourself.

You see where I am—I am visiting dear friends—having a *glorious* time. There is the loveliest yacht, a racer, a magnificent creature that wins cups and things, and a new red devil car, and lots of horses and traps, and myriad books, and the loveliest house, with a Hall in it that is the most satisfactory room I've ever seen in America, and *such* a garden! I'm sitting in an arbor now, smothered in crimson rambler, so vivid it looks incandescent like live coals, as if it would burn my hand if I touched it—and outside I can see great patches of cool Japanese iris—and the sea beyond.

Best of all are the people, my beloved and

wonderful hostess, and my fascinating and wonderful host.

I went to see the Harvard-Yale boat race the other day, saw it from the deck of the most glorious yacht, a regular ocean liner—a yacht fit to go round the world in. I didn't know how greatly I cared about the outcome. I supposed myself quite indifferent, until suddenly it came to me that it really wouldn't be *fair* were Yale to win. It had won so often! And I had never seen one of those races, and now that I was there to see—why, of *course* Harvard must win! And when the boats hove in sight with Harvard in the lead, I yelled myself voiceless and felt tears rush down my face, emotion, joy, gratitude—gratitude as great as if the victory had been planned solely for my small private gratification.

It made me no less sorry for the crew of Yale boys sculling up the "backway" afterwards, with one lying unconscious in the bottom of the boat, while the Harvard boys pulled up the front way over the course to the tooting of whistles and sirens, and cheering of the crowds and braying of bands.

But somehow—it seemed so right and fit, that Harvard should have its taste of victory.

The evil day of my getting back into harness has been put off—and off—I have spent months with these dear people, and when the time comes for work, and struggle again—I shall be a giant refreshed from all these days of luxurious care-free idleness.

Nerves are slow things to mend. I thought I was well long ago, but I soon found how little reserve strength I had—all the reservoirs and pools were exhausted, drained dry, and it needed this long, long lapse of loafing to give them time to slowly, slowly filter full again, and now I feel as if nothing would ever tire me in this world. I have hours, days, weeks at a time of walking about two feet above the ground, treading on a current of sparkling air, when I feel so full of vigor and power that I am convinced that were I to lay the flat of my hand against the Times Building and *push*—it must topple over. When I feel there is no

miracle so amazing it could not easily be performed; when I am permeated, saturated with the feeling: All 's well!

I could not write you so, dear Friend, were I not *sure* that all's well with you—write and tell me just how well. I wish you were here to *tell* me! I am going to a ball tonight. If you were here we would dance and dance and dance together—to the tune of our vast content.

I wonder what you *are* doing this very day. What are you seeing, feeling, saying? It is so long since I heard from you! It is startling sometimes to remember that tho' I never see you—and tho' I may not have thought of you, even, for a "considerable spell"—yet you are going on just the same—like Niagara and Athens, and the Nile and the North Pole—a continuous performance and I not in the audience! Don't you sometimes resent it, too? Realizing that people are living their lives, having their laughs and their bits of triumphs and their heartaches, and you with no part in them—not *in* it!

And so I wonder on this lazy, hot, drowsy afternoon, just what is uppermost in your mind, of whom you are thinking oftenest, what is interesting you most nowad~~ays~~ays? Your last few letters notwithstanding, I permit myself the liberty of doubting that it is *I*!

G. G.

Telegram

(G. G. to E. R.)

I knew it—knew it—knew it. Felt it in the marrow of my bones. Oh I'm so glad—so happy and, my best Friend, I have so much to tell you myself; seems like I'd burst.

(G. G., Lenox, to E. R. California, Summer)

What a dear, funny world it is, and what a dear, funny Boy! When I read your letter I leaned back and laughed and laughed and laughed and then I grinned for the rest of the day. I'm still grinning! I'm grinning the grin that won't come off. There are so many reasons for it that if one or two or ten were to fail, there would still be enough left to keep me grinning until my skull turns to mould.

Oh Guinea, dear, dear, Guinea, I'm so glad for you! and I'm so happy on my own hook that:

"And who has been happiest? Oh I think it is I—I think no one was ever happier than I."

I don't know where to begin, at your end of it, or my own. So, I'll attend to your story first.

The opening of your letter was the most delicious piece of writing I ever read! You wanted to write, and you wanted to write. You had before shamelessly covered reams of paper with stuff that was of no moment whatever,—and now here you had some real news to tell me and you couldn't bring yourself to tell it, because—you didn't know how to make it fit on to your last letter, the letter that ended in such a blaze of glory!

Oh, dearest Boy, why should you have *wanted* it to fit! Why should anything *ever* fit—except my wedding clothes! Have you yet to learn that *nothing* follows because of anything else; and that the man who steals pennies out of a blind man's dog's cup may in the next hour give his life to save that dog's?

Besides—to my idea—it *did* fit! Given that a man at Christmas time ends a very spirited and highly colored letter with a *cri de coeur* like: "You have made all other women forever impossible for me," of course the inevitable next step is that in May he gains the consent of the "prettiest girl in California" to be his!

However, I forbid you to call anything that I've ever written you cynical. Don't you *dare* say cynical to me! If there was *railleurie* in my last letter to you, Dearie Boy, the *railleurie* was so gentle as to be positively tender. And do you say *cynical* to me?

Go to! Go to!

And now to the point. I'm simply *de-lighted*! Nothing could be nicer than your falling in love (seriously in love, this time, you know) with that Girlorother I've been telling you about

for so long, and getting married. Nothing could be nicer except my doing the same—but—hold on—that comes later. It's so hard to wait to tell you, Guinea!

Well—haven't I been telling you this fifty years that I longed to see you carried away by an enthusiasm—a passion, that should sweep you off your feet, and make you stand on your



head, and turn handsprings, or do something spontaneous and HOT!

Well—there now—it has come to pass. Bless the Girl that did the trick! I wish I could see her! and yet why? *Je la vois d'ici*. She is *jolie à croquer*, and fresh and young, and sweet and altogether entrancing, and, now don't be cross, she thinks you the wisest, cleverest, most knowing man in all the Universe! Tell me—do you write verses to her wonderful eyebrows?

And you are going to work—too! Oh, I am glad! Actually—all my best wishes for your welfare coming true—Love and work! and such splendid work—to go and live in the great ruined city, and help build it up again—and make it better and more beautiful than before. That's a Man's work! I heave a great sigh of satisfaction whenever I have time to think of it.

There is just one wee sma' point of pain in it all for me—Is your being a married gentleman going to make it that I shall know you no more? Shall I hear no more from you? Shall you never again be inspired to write me

just what you truthfully think about things? Will the Lovely Fair look askance upon your fat letters and mine? She would be so more than welcome to see either if she cared to—and then—tho' this she would never guess, or believe if she were told—you are probably really just a grain a nicer person for your five years' course in Polite Correspondence than you would have been without.

I don't want to lose my Friend. Were I to misquote the Book, I might say that there are men for all things: Men with whom to talk, to walk, to read, to laugh; men to eat with, to drink with, to dance with, to flirt with; men to hate, and men to love; and A MAN—yes—Guinea—there is A MAN to marry; so also there is a man to write to, and that's you!

And am I going to lose you?

And now I've been so long talking about you, that I haven't the time to do justice to writing about what's been doing around these parts. But—it will keep; and I enjoy keeping you guessing for a day or two longer, tho' I scarce can wait to tell you!

Good-night.

G. G.



The Pilgrim's Scrip

Letters, Comments and Confessions from Readers of the Magazine

“Something that Needs to be Decently Said”

This heading was used in announcing an article, “The Indecent Stage” by Samuel Hopkins Adams, which was printed in the May number of this magazine. We were fully aware of the seriousness of the subject, that the publication might be misunderstood; yet it seemed to us that it was a topic that urgently needed immediate and vigorous attack in the interest of public morals. Our attitude was briefly expressed in the introductory note to the article:

“There are times when it is desirable to be frank on forbidden topics. Just now the American stage is suffering from a contagious plague of evil plays and exhibitions. That this epidemic be stopped, it is necessary for good people to know about it and to be stirred to effective measures of quarantine and suppression. It is with this purpose that we publish the following article.”

We have been gratified at the universal approval the article has received from the press.

The *Outlook*, speaking editorially of “Cleaning the Theater,” said:

“The *Outlook* restates its attitude because it wishes to record its protest as strongly and frankly as possible against the prostitution of the drama in many of the theaters in New York. Mr. Samuel Hopkins Adams does not overstate the case in the May issue of *THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE*.”

The Boston *Transcript* said: “Nobody can read Mr. Adams's article without advancing a peg or two morally.”

The New York *Evening Post* said:

“To write with perfect freedom about the dramatic indecencies of our contemporary stage is Samuel Hopkins Adams's difficult task; and he has discharged it without a suspicion of sensationalism.”

The Chicago *Evening Post* said: “When one thinks of the steady procession of sickeningly indecent plays that is sidling across our stage, with leer and knowing gesture, one welcomes the plain speaking of Samuel Hopkins Adams in the May *AMERICAN MAGAZINE*. His article, printed minus illustrations and severely phrased, makes known the indecency that is favored by our most prominent managers. Every respectable citizen will rejoice that the editor of *THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE* has opened his columns to Mr. Adams's expression of righteous indignation.”

Rev. Lyman P. Powell, Northampton, Mass., writing in *The Northampton Gazette*, says:

“A month ago the editors of *THE AMERICAN*

MAGAZINE promised that the May number should make unusual claims upon the attention of the reader, and I lay this issue down with the conviction that the promise had been kept. From first to last the May number is dramatically interesting. Always a magazine with a purpose, the May number gives more good reading for a dime than any magazine of any month.

“... All right-minded people who have yielded to the temptation to go and see ‘Salome’ in New York or elsewhere this winter past will hang their heads in shame as they read Samuel Hopkins Adams's indictment of ‘The Indecent Stage,’ as he deliberately calls it.”

Many Readers Approve

Of numerous letters received, the following are typical expressions:

J. Frank Chase, Boston, Mass., Secretary the New England Watch and Ward Society, writes:

“We wish to thank you most heartily for the fine stand your magazine has taken against salacious plays in the article by Samuel Hopkins Adams. Clipping this and using it to head a petition, we secured the names of about a score of prominent citizens asking His Honor to prohibit ‘The Queen of the Moulin Rouge’ under municipal license. This he did. On the petition were such names as Bishop Wm. Lawrence, Vicar General Fra George J. Patterson, Robert Treat Paine, Rev. Alexander Mann, Edwin D. Mead, Samuel B. Capen, Prof. S. Homer Woodbridge, Jerome Jones, Alpheus Hardy, etc. Mayor Logan of Worcester has also agreed to prevent its being given in Worcester.

“All this was the result of your leadership for decency in the May *AMERICAN MAGAZINE*. We thank you for the help it gave.”

Another man from Boston, Mass., writes:

“I want to thank you for the telling article by Samuel Hopkins Adams on ‘The Indecent Stage,’ for I agree with you fully that circumstances demanded just such frank talk as you have given here; and I believe that by this article you are doing a real service for decency.”

A reader from Cleveland, O., writes:

“I have just finished reading the May number of *THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE*. I have not only read it for my own pleasure, but have analyzed it from a publisher's point of view, and it is edited with a very high degree of intelligence. ‘The Indecent Stage’ by Samuel Hopkins Adams is a remarkable piece of work by reason of the fact that there are certain psychological phases of the subject which are handled in an elementary way, so that any one can understand them.”

From San Francisco comes this pertinent comment:

"In your issue of May Mr. Adams's article 'supplied a long felt want,' but while he thoroughly excoriates pretty much all of those engaged in the nefarious traffic, he omitted one of the greatest offenders, viz: the press. How much of the success of the plays Mr. Adams denounces is due to the advertisements of these plays I will leave Mr. Adams to tell us in some future article."

George L. Knapp, of *The Rocky Mountain News*, Denver, Col., writes:

"You've scored again, a home run and then some. Your May number is perilously near being the best magazine I ever saw. The articles by Baker, DuBrul, Adams, Fullerton, and the little summary by 'I. M. T.' are particularly good—there are times when I reckon Samuel Hopkins Adams the best special writer in the country. Two of your stories are uncommonly good, 'The Butler,' and 'Poor Old Dogs;' and the verse by Bynner is way above the usual magazine standards. And as always, The Interpreter's House is worth many times the price of the magazine."

A Vigorous Rejection

One notable exception in the chorus of hearty commendation is this letter from Chicago:

"It seems to me that the article in your May issue on 'The Indecent Stage' is the worst affront to a decent home that I ever saw in print.

"In comparison with that, the indecent stage matters little. We can keep our daughters away from it. But how shall we protect them from such shameful things in a magazine that comes to the home?"

"My daughter attends a private school for girls. The other night at dinner she asked me if THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE was considered a decent publication. I mentioned some of the famous names connected with it, and asked her the reason for such a question. She mentioned this article which had been discussed among the girls at school, and which they regarded as scandalous and indecent beyond anything that girls were allowed to see on the stage.

"It is amazing to me that the laws of our country don't protect our homes against such infernal invasions. I did not suppose that such a thing could be sent through the mails.

"I need not say that I want the magazine stopped. I do not see how any man who has a daughter can tolerate a monthly visitor such as your magazine has proved to be."

The Reading of Youth

We take the liberty of printing here extracts from a letter sent by one of our editors in reply to the above communication:

"I have four daughters, from ten to seventeen years of age, and I have never put any restrictions upon their reading. As they grow they extend their reading according to their natural tastes, being always surrounded with the best books of

information, history and literature in English and in French. In these books the facts of the world are recognized and presented.

"I cannot believe that because I am a journalist I am less mindful of my daughters. I would not wittingly publish anything that could effect them in a wrong way. I want them to grow up knowing what the world is, with a clear eye, distinguishing right from wrong, and sensitive enough to be impressed with these distinctions. I have the same affection for my daughters that you have for your daughter, the same desire to guard, the same wish to have them come through the period of youth strong and sensible and pure; but I know that they are open to knowledge of evil as well as good, and that as it comes to them, they must see it right and straight; and only in that way can they mature with strength. The world is open to them, and the records of the world as they appear in literature, and therein man is set down as he is. I want them to get their records of knowledge through good minds that have the right attitude of condemnation or approval as the facts warrant.

"The child mind is absolutely self-preserving. The race would not have continued to exist if youth were not self-preserving, and had a righteous and proper attitude toward things as they are and did not pursue its way with a certain acquired strength coming from that knowledge and attitude of mind.

"It is not the facts that hurt anyone. It is impossible to keep from human beings, whether old or young, the real facts of the world. It is the attitude, mental and moral, toward these facts that is the essential thing, the only thing that keeps human beings upright and sound; and in whatever we print, publish or advocate, so far as we can we try to preserve the spirit of right attitude toward the facts. And that's all there is to it, and that's all there is to literature. You would have to cut out the Bible and Shakespeare, and everything that was ever written, Dante and the rest of them, except for the bias or cast of mind morally and aesthetically speaking that they give the facts that appear in their writings. That bias is a strengthening bias. It helps you in the real world.

"It is the duty of the journalist to report and comment upon the world about, and when there is an evil tendency, as in the stage to-day, I believe it to be not only a justified privilege, but an obligation to call attention to it with such righteous indignation as fits the case. Only in that way is the world helped and the people in it to see things straight.

"As far as the magazine is concerned, you must know in your heart, from your acquaintance with it, that our aims and purposes are very simple, very direct, and that these are over and beyond and above the commercial idea of simply publishing a magazine; that we never have, and never will publish anything with a sensational purpose—that is, to make an effect and attract attention by using facts or certain kinds of facts solely for that purpose; that the comment and interpretation in the case of our kind of journalism always accompanies the material. We have a sense of duty to the public. We hold a franchise from the public, and we would not abuse that franchise."

A Changed Republican Party The Latest Bargains for Foreigners

A Presbyterian clergyman, who is pastor of a church in the Pittsburgh region, sends us the following interesting and suggestive comment:

"I have just finished reading Miss Tarbell's article on 'A Tariff-Made City', and feel impelled to write you. I was born and brought up in the city of Pittsburgh, but do not feel, as the Pittsburgh papers are saying, that the article is an attack on the city and that it is unfair. It is not an attack on the city, but on the men who have profited and are profiting by our iniquitous tariff system. I hope that such articles may be continued until the people of this country shall understand what is being done to them by their representatives at Washington. My father was a Republican and I was once a believer in a high tariff. It was the religion of Pittsburghers. But the Republican party as it is now is not the party which my father believed in and supported, the party of Lincoln and Seward and Chase and Sumner. It is the party of such men as Aldrich and Cannon and our own Oliver and Penrose. Oh, how the decent people of Pennsylvania are groaning under the iniquity of the dominant political party in this state! Quay 'being dead yet speaketh.'

"The closing paragraph of Miss Tarbell's article is what we preachers constantly preach, and I am glad that we have such an eloquent preacher as Miss Tarbell to help us. What she preaches is true, not because it is in the Bible. Rather it is in the Bible because it is true. I do hope that THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE may continue to champion the cause of the right and the common people. While I am writing I want to congratulate you on the kind of magazine you are giving us. I wish that it might be read in every home in our land."

Woman at Last Taken Seriously

My profound gratitude to Professor Thomas for his articles on "Woman" leads me to write a letter of appreciation to the AMERICAN. Unlike the Catholic clergyman, I do not find them humorous, for they appeal to me as touching the deepest and darkest tragedy of the world—the suppression and slavery of half the human race. Men have never seemed to consider that the need for expansion and development of body, and mind, and soul, is as much a woman's need as man's. No government controlled by men has ever given to women the opportunity to satisfy these needs. The cries of millions of women, restless and dissatisfied, who have longed to be something more than dolls and doormats, have been made the subject of levity and jest.

It is indeed refreshing to know of one Adam who refuses to lay the blame of Eve's shortcomings upon God; and so I welcome Professor Thomas's scientific explanation of woman's inefficiency. The truth may be unpleasant to us, but let us face it unflinchingly and insist upon greater opportunity for development for the sake of generations unborn.

A SUFFRAGIST.

It is certainly up to the High Protectionists to explain more satisfactorily than they have done so far, the advantage there is to Americans in the practice of selling practically everything we make to foreigners at a bargain. The secretary of the New York Reform Club, Mr. James G. Parsons, has just made a collection of these generosityes. They are taken from discount sheets dated January, 1909. Mr. Parsons shows that on practically all kinds of tools the foreigner has an advantage over the American buyer. Files are sold for domestic use all the way from 20 to 102 per cent. higher than for export; saws average about 40 per cent. higher; screws fully 100 per cent. A shotgun which is sold at \$4.25 for the American market, if to be exported, goes for \$2.80. A twenty-year gold-filled watch quoted to the American dealer at \$10.23 is sold to a foreign dealer for \$7.98. Again and again illustrations of this discrimination cropped out in the recent tariff hearings. For instance, a certain dealer showed that he paid for corkscrews to be sold in this country, 8½ cents per gross; for export he paid 5½ cents. The manager of the Glucose Trust testified that his concern was selling corn starch in England at \$2.25 per hundred pounds which they sold at \$2.65 here. And so it went.

Perhaps the most significant testimony on this point referred to our prices to Porto Ricans. We charge these wards of ours more for all sorts of goods, sewing machines, boilers, sugar mills, coffee hullers, etc., than we do the inhabitants of Jamaica, or any of the neighboring islands. No doubt the protectionists think this a conclusive proof of the blessing of American occupancy. But how about the Porto Ricans?

A TARIFF REFORMER.

The Consumers' League Label

We know of no other way of aiding the movement for a higher standard in the hours, wages and conditions of factory and shop workers at once so simple and so effective as that devised by the National Consumers' League—stamping goods made under proper conditions with its own label. What this label stands for the legend on it shows.



If the consuming public would take the trouble to see that this device was printed on its purchases incalculable good would result. It is because we believe so thoroughly in the effectiveness of this device that we regret that in speaking of The Consumers' League in the May instalment of "The Old Order Changeth," Mr. White inadvertently referred to it as devoting itself to securing recognition for the "union" label. What he meant to say, of course, was "recognition of its own label."

The following article came in just as we were going to press. The only way we could get it into the magazine was by cutting out THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE and using the pages regularly occupied by that department for this article—THE EDITORS.

Taft—So Far

With Observations Upon the Changes in Atmospheric Conditions in Washington Due to the Presence of New Luminaries

By "K"

Author of "The Powers of a Strenuous President"

LARGE bodies," observes a friend of mine, "move slowly."

And sometimes, looking at a distance at large bodies, whether presidents or planets, we are quite unable to decide whether they really move or whether we are deceived by the tremulousness of our own atmosphere.

At the present moment the country seems to be looking through an atmosphere tremulous with uncertainty. We have not decided whether our particular heavenly body presents the characteristics of a steady-going, large round red planet with fixed seasons and an easily calculable orbit, or whether it will prove a distant, unapproachable and immovable fixed star, or only a meteor with gas in its tail.

Two words express the opinion of the country regarding Taft and his administration—so far. This is a time of Suspended Judgment.

"Wait," says the country, "let us see what happens."

The most important consideration in studying politics, not less than astronomy, is the subject of atmosphere. What sort of atmosphere surrounds a heavenly body? Give the astronomer that information and he will tell you what sort of life it produces.

The Atmosphere of the Roosevelt Administration

A certain former coruscating heavenly body now in eclipse, though still luminant even in the field of its greatest obscurity, had a peculiar atmosphere of its own. A tingling and vivid atmosphere, with ozone in it. In that atmosphere a man could jump higher, run faster, hit harder, than in almost any other atmosphere

I ever knew. All sorts of strange new growths, finding themselves warmed by a willing sun and watered with favoring rains, took root and grew—grew umbrageously. And if, indeed, an occasional typhoon (with lightning and thunder) swept the face of the land, the things up-rooted were for the most part things that could be easily spared. It was an atmosphere that penetrated dark corners and warmed the sour low spots of the earth: but it was also such an expansive and tropical atmosphere that when the luminary which produced it went into eclipse it left a jungle of new growth in which we were like to have lost our way or even died of joy.

Well, that atmosphere has passed away. A new luminary shines in the heavens, new breezes blow, new waters run. And the time has come, perhaps, when we may begin to form some definite conception of the nature of the new atmosphere at Washington.

Politics recognizes two outlooks upon life. The first may be called the moral outlook: the second the legal outlook. The moral outlook is instinctive, impulsive, expansive, positive. In a letter written on September 9, 1908, to one Conrad Kohrs, President Roosevelt said:

"The bulk of our people, the plain people who found in Abraham Lincoln their especial champion and spokesman, regard the question, 'Is this morally right?' as even more important than the question, 'Is this profitable?' when applied to any given course of conduct."

The legal outlook, on the other hand, is cautious, and negative: it demands reasons for its instincts; it worships traditions: it must have its feet firmly set on one rung of the ladder before it attempts another. Confronted by certain confused moral impulses it desires

to define them accurately, get them down in sections and paragraphs, relate them to what is past, hitch them on to the whole body of civilization.

Mr. Taft on the Chief Function of His Administration

"The chief function of the next administration," said Mr. Taft in his Cincinnati address on July 28, 1908, "in my judgment is distinct from and a progressive development of that which has been performed by President Roosevelt. The chief function of the next administration is to complete and perfect the machinery by which these standards may be maintained, by which the lawbreakers may be promptly restrained and punished, but which shall operate with sufficient accuracy and dispatch to interfere with legitimate business as little as possible."

The atmosphere of the Roosevelt administration, then, was one of moral impulse: that of Taft is one of legal definition. And both are necessary. Roosevelt left a jungle of new growths which must be pruned and cultivated by Taft. Within the next few months cases against the tobacco trust, the Standard Oil Company and the powder trust will be decided in the United States Supreme Court. New laws must be written into the books defining the new national attitude toward great industrial enterprises, toward railroads, toward express companies, toward water-power companies and many other private business interests. To meet this situation Taft, himself a lawyer, trained to the judicial outlook upon life, has surrounded himself with lawyers, also with the judicial outlook upon life.

So far, so good: the legal mind is now supreme in Washington; the air is of an exceeding dryness, so that it crackles with "Whereases," and exudes "Be it enacted." For four years history will be bound exclusively in sheep-skin and read like the Annotated Statutes.

On the Legal Mind in Public Office

But the legal mind is by no means an entity: there are distinct varieties of the legal mind. It will be admitted, I believe, that lawyers disagree. And the lawyer in public office is no different from the lawyer in private practice. Many lawyers adorned Roosevelt's administration as well as Taft's; but it is significant that few of the leading lawyers of Roosevelt's time have continued in the Taft administration. The chief changes that Taft has made are in his legal support. Bonaparte, Hoyt and

Woodruff have gone; Kellogg is going; and in their places are new lawyers. The Taft lawyer is of a different type from the Roosevelt lawyer.

Broadly speaking, there are two sorts of lawyers: criminal lawyers and civil lawyers. A criminal lawyer is always representing people; he is either defending a man, or prosecuting on behalf of the people. A civil lawyer, on the other hand, represents property; he is defending the rights of property. The two types of mind are quite different. The criminal lawyer is bold, dramatic, emotional, feeling people acutely, appealing to juries rather than judges. The civil lawyer, on the other hand, is conservative, reasonable, quiet, feeling people only as they affect property, and appealing to judges rather than juries.

Roosevelt, the Criminal Lawyer Type

Roosevelt's legal equipment was of the type of the criminal lawyer. It had a square chin and a loud voice, it was emotional, it loved prosecutions, it appealed to the jury of the whole people. Taft's equipment is of the type of the civil lawyer, the highest exponent of which, of course, is the corporation attorney. The legal emphasis at Washington is again upon property rather than upon people, on judges rather than juries. Joseph H. Choate expressed this change accurately when he introduced Attorney-General Wickersham at the lawyers' dinner in New York on April 30. After speaking with sarcasm of the legal activities of the Roosevelt administration, he said: "Corporation lawyers were universally condemned only about twelve months ago. It is time they had their inning."

Every lawyer, whether criminal or civil, tries to interpret the law to the advantage of his client. If his client is the people, then he seeks to make every point possible in favor of the people. Let me illustrate:

In the western states the federal government owned immense tracts of lands under which there were deposits of coal. These lands were being seized upon, not by settlers or small owners, as the law provides, but by railroad and other great corporations. Roosevelt withdrew from entry 68,000,000 acres of these lands. No specific authority was anywhere given in the law under which the President could withdraw public coal lands from entry. But, on the other hand, there was no express prohibition of such action. Acting, then, under the general power given him under the constitution to recommend legislation to Congress, he withdrew the lands, and sent a special

message asking that Congress legislate to protect the public interests. But congress would not act—or did not act. Indeed, the representatives of the great railroad corporations, which had already seized thousands of acres of the lands and wanted more, were on hand to prevent legislation. And they succeeded.

Saving the Coal Lands for the People

Looking for some other means of safeguarding the people's interest, the lawyers of the Roosevelt administration discovered a provision in the existing law which said that coal lands within fifteen miles of a railroad were to be sold at *not less* than \$20 an acre. The United States land office, like most official departments, had always given every advantage to the private business man as against the government interest, and had sold the land at the *minimum* price of \$20. But the law said *not less* than \$20. Here was the opportunity for the lawyer of the people. The lands were still withheld from entry; the geological survey was instructed to examine the lands and make prices on them in some measure according to their real value. This was done and the land is now valued all the way up to \$375 an acre—instead of \$20—and all land not having coal deposits is being turned back into the public domain for regular entry. Moreover, thousands of acres seized by the railroads have been restored to the government, and in one case damages as high as \$1,275 an acre have been paid to the government for the coal already mined. Under the old system this coal land, worth \$1,275 an acre, would have been sold for \$20.

Whenever a question comes up for decision, the ordinary government official looks in his law book and if he cannot find an express authorization in definite words he will not stir.

“I can't find it in the law,” he says, “therefore, it cannot be.”

Roosevelt burst asunder such swathings of timid legalism. He took just the opposite position, that new situations which threaten the people's interests required immediate action on the part of the executive, and he proceeded to exercise his power *in any case where the statutes did not expressly prohibit his action.*

Legal Attitude of the Taft Administration

Now, then, we come to the new Taft administration—the attitude of which may also be illustrated by an instance which is peculiarly apt because it so nearly resembles the coal-land case already presented.

One of the greatest undeveloped resources of the country is water-powers. On western lands belonging to the government are to be found incalculable possibilities of water power development: worth untold millions of dollars. Great private corporations have been snapping up the lands which control the power-producing rivers. The department of the interior under Mr. Garfield made an investigation of conditions, and shortly before the Roosevelt administration went out of office several immense tracts of lands were withdrawn, exactly as the coal-lands were withdrawn, to protect the public interest against private greed. Roosevelt sent a special message to Congress on January 15, 1909, recommending legislation which should forever protect the people in the control of these water rights. He said in that message—well representing the legal point of view of his administration:

“I consider myself bound, as far as the exercise of my executive power will allow, to do for the people, in prevention of monopoly of their resources, what I believe they would do for themselves if they were in a position to act.

“The fact that the proposed policy is new is in itself no sufficient argument against its adoption. As we are met with new conditions of industry seriously affecting the public welfare, we should not hesitate to adopt measures for the protection of the public merely because those measures are new. When the public welfare is involved, Congress should resolve any reasonable doubt as to its legislative power in favor of the people and against the seekers for a special privilege.”

Story of the Water-power Withdrawals

As in the coal case, Congress failed to act, and the curtain went down two months later on the Roosevelt administration. Mr. Garfield was succeeded as Secretary of the Interior by Mr. Ballinger. Mr. Ballinger had already served in Washington as Commissioner of the Land Office under Mr. Garfield. They had disagreed on this very policy of the withdrawal of the public lands: and Mr. Ballinger had resigned and gone back to Seattle.

Almost the first thing that Mr. Ballinger did when he became a member of Mr. Taft's cabinet was to take up the land question, and to return to public entry over 1,000,000 acres of land withdrawn by his predecessor to protect public water-power rights. In defense of this action he took exactly the opposite position from Mr. Garfield. He said:

"There is not a scintilla of law providing for the withdrawal from entry of these lands."

When the newspapers finally found out what was going on—Mr. Ballinger gave no public notice of his action as Mr. Garfield had done in similar cases—such an outcry was raised that Mr. Taft directed that no more lands be returned to entry. But 1,000,000 acres, containing many valuable water powers, had already been thrown open and no doubt some of the properties have now been seized although Mr. Taft has instructed the geological survey to report on them.

Other instances of a similar nature in other departments could be mentioned, but enough has been said, perhaps, to illustrate the difference in attitude of the two sorts of legal mind. What Mr. Taft himself will do has scarcely thus far been disclosed—and it is for this reason that the country is in a state of Suspended Judgment. The people are waiting to find out just how dry the legal atmosphere at Washington is destined to be.

Taft, the Type of the civil Lawyer

This much is certain: Mr. Taft is very much the type of the civil lawyer. One of the characteristics of the legal mind, especially of the legal mind which concerns itself chiefly with property, is an intense dislike of disorder. It hates a littered desk: it wants things settled, decided, and finally written down. Business does not thrive on uncertainty; and the Roosevelt administration was decidedly a time of upheaval and readjustment. This instinct of the legal mind comports, moreover, with the inclinations of Mr. Taft's large, easy, peace-loving nature. One of the first things he does is to attempt to bring political peace in the South, to smooth out the wrinkles of the race question, a task in which he is performing a profound public service. Similarly, he wants the business in Congress to go off smoothly and in an orderly manner; he will give no comfort to insurgents, he will not oppose Speaker Cannon, he will work on terms of harmony with Senator Aldrich. I am not here criticising Mr. Taft; I am merely illustrating the normal traits of his character.

A civil lawyer placates as far as he can and then fights doggedly. He does not like to fight, but, forced to it, he fights hard. Such also is Taft's reputation. Though he was against Speaker Cannon during the campaign, we hear him at the dinner given in Washington on May 8, 1909, referring to Speaker Cannon who was present as "my dear friend, good old Uncle Joe." At present he is placating the leaders in Congress: what he will do later no one knows.

Taft's Dislike of Publicity

Another characteristic of the civil lawyer is his dislike for publicity. He wants everything carried forward quietly: according to the rules of the court; he dislikes emotional appeals to the jury. Since Roosevelt left Washington very little news has come out of the White House. One of the first things decided upon in the Cabinet was a policy of reticence in regard to the public business. And the heads of departments passed the word along to their subordinates. Roosevelt was always appealing to the people, taking the people into his confidence; Taft will rarely do that.

Traditional Legal Mind in Control at Washington

I have now said enough, perhaps, to show that a very different sort of legal mind is in control at Washington than that which coruscated during the seven years previous to the fourth of March. It is the traditional legal mind, dealing with property and emphasizing the rights of property; it is the placating, order-loving mind which finds it far easier under pressure to say "Yes" than "No." It shrinks from publicity, and if it glances forward, it also takes long looks backward. It longs to have, and will have, all things reasonably set down in books and finally decided.

Such is the new atmosphere in Washington. It is different from the Rooseveltian atmosphere and must be judged for itself. Perhaps we need just such summer zephyrs after a stormy spring; and perhaps we shall get more of them than we really need.

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JUL 23 1909

The August American MAGAZINE

Stories by
W. J. Locke
Jack London
Stewart White
Edward Wolcord
O'Higgins
& Others

FICTION
Number
10cts



Victrola



Victrola XVI

Circassian walnut, \$250

Quartered oak, - \$200

Mahogany, - - - \$200

Music made loud or soft by opening or closing the small doors.

Contains albums for 150 records and drawer for accessories.

The most wonderful musical instrument the world has ever known.

"Wonderful indeed!" you'll say after hearing the *Victrola*, for this new instrument is the greatest step forward made in any musical instrument for many a day—since the advent of the Victor.

The *Victrola* is the first and only instrument of its kind. It is not simply a cabinet containing another instrument, but is a complete instrument in itself—specially designed and constructed, and embodying new and exclusive patented features.

A handsome cabinet to outward appearances, graceful in design and beautiful in its simplicity. But what a world of melody it gives forth! And what a wonderfully pure and mellow tone! Never before were the great masterpieces of music—all the splendid Victor music—played so sweetly and perfectly.

"Where does the music come from?" you ask. Beneath the lid of the *Victrola* is a turntable on which the Victor Record is placed. From there the tone-waves are carried through the tapering arm down to the sounding board surface which amplifies and reflects them. And the melody floats out from behind the small doors which can be regulated to make the music loud or soft at will.

This then is the *Victrola*—the most wonderful of all musical instruments. But you can't know how wonderful it really is until you hear it, for the *Victrola* has a tone-quality such as is possessed by no other instrument.

Hear the *Victrola* today at the nearest Victor dealer's—he will gladly play it for you. Look for the Victor Dog on the inside of the lid.

Write to us for complete catalogues of the *Victrola*, the *Victor*—large range of styles, \$10, \$25, \$32.50, \$40, \$50, \$60, \$100—and of over 3000 *Victor Records*.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors.

To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records.



A complete list of new Victor Records for August will be found in the August number of Munsey's, Scribner's, McClure's, Century, Everybody's and September Cosmopolitan.

Table of Contents of this Number on Third Advertising Page

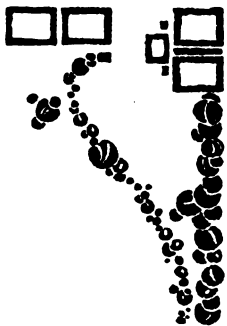
“Wimmen”

A Tramp Ballad

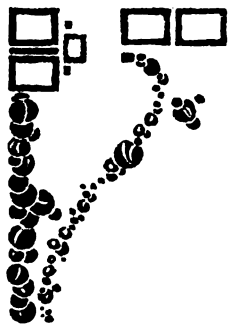
By HARRY H. KEMP

What? You work!—an' on a farm, lad, from the daylight till the dark
And you hope by application you will some day make your mark!
Well, I guess I ken believe ya, for, a long, long time ago,
When I meddled with ambition an' the world's allurin' show,
I remember that I slaved away, like you, both soon an' late,
But I'll never work again es long es I ken slam a gate,
An' why a man like us should work I fail to understand—
Fer what's the use o' workin' w'en there's wim:men in the land.

Yes! What's the use o' workin' w'en there's wimmen in the land
That gives a tramp his daily bread, an' with a willin' hand:
The men are very obstinate, an' doubt each word you say,
If ya tell them you are hungry, they'll put ya makin' hay,
Or remark ya look quite husky, wonder if you're any good
At splittin' up some kindlin', or sawin' knotty wood,—
But the wimmen, (Good Lord bless 'em)—all ya haf ta do with them
Is ta tell 'em of your mother with a chokin' sort o' "hem,"
Er praise their little toddlin' babes, er pitch a weegin' tale,
An' a sprinklin' of religion I have never known ta fail.
Oh, wimmen are the mainstay of our persecuted band—
An' w'ot's the use o' workin' w'en there's wimmen in the land!



"Always remember that a true sportsman in every way is about the scarcest thing they make—and the finest. So naturally the common run of people don't live up to it. If *you*—not the thinking you, nor even the conscience you, but the way—down—deep—in—your—heart *you* that you can't fool nor trick nor lie to— if that *you* is satisfied, it's all right."



The HOLE in the GAP a murder story • by Stewart Edward White

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With Illustrations by Worth Brehm

THE Maple County Sportsman's Association (composed of Bobby Orde, Bobby's father, and Mr. Kincaid) held its weekly shoots with regularity. Thus Bobby edged slowly but surely toward marksmanship. Little by little, too, as he followed Mr. Kincaid, he learned the habits of game—where it was to be found according to time of day and season of year.

Generally they wandered through the country at will. Shooting was not then as common as it is now, nor the farms as close together. Sometimes, however, they came across signs warning against trespass or hunting. Then, if the cover seemed especially desirable, Mr. Kincaid used sometimes to try to obtain permission from the owner of the land. Once or twice, having overlooked the sign, they were ordered off. The farmers were good-natured, even though firm.

But some four miles to the eastward lay a deep, long swamp, following the windings between hills, where Mr. Kincaid and Bobby had an experience which led to the dramatic incidents recorded in this story. It was late in the afternoon, so Bobby had become tired. Duke made game on the outskirts of a dense thicket, hesitated, then led the way cautiously into the tangle.

"It's pretty thick," Mr. Kincaid advised Bobby. "You'd better sit on the stump there until I come out."

Bobby did so. A moment or so after Mr. Kincaid had disappeared the little boy became aware of a man approaching across the stump-

dotted field. He was a short, thickset man, with a broad face almost entirely covered with a beard, a thick nose, and little, inflamed, snapping eyes. He was clad in faded and dingy overalls, and carried a pitchfork.

"Who's that shooting in here?" he shouted at Bobby, as soon as he was within hearing. "What do you mean by hunting here? You must have passed right by the sign."

"Don't you want shooting here? No; we didn't see the sign," replied Bobby.

By this time the man had approached, and Bobby could see his bloodshot little eyes flickering with anger.

"You lying little snipe," he roared, "you must have seen the sign! You couldn't help it. I've a mind to tan your hide good."

"What's this?" asked Mr. Kincaid's quiet voice.

The man whirled about.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" he snarled. "Well, what do you mean by trespassing on my farm?"

"I didn't know it was your farm in the first place, and I didn't know shooting was prohibited in the second place."

"That's too thin. You came right by that sign at the corner. Now just make tracks off this farm about as fast as you can go."

"Certainly," agreed Mr. Kincaid, quite unruffled. "I never shoot on a man's land when he doesn't want me to."

He turned, and at once the man became abusive, just as a dog gains courage as his enemy passes. Bobby listened, his eyes wide with dismay and shock. Never had he heard



"I mean what I say," said Mr. Kincaid, with deadly emphasis. "About face. If you open your mouth again I shall certainly kill you."

quite that sort of language. Finally Mr. Kincaid happened to glance down at his small companion. He slipped the shells from his gun and leaned it against a stump.

"About face," he said sharply to the man. "You can't talk that way before this boy. We are going off your place as straight and as fast as we can. You shoulder your pitchfork and go back to your house."

The man started again on a string of objurgation.

"I mean what I say," said Mr. Kincaid, with deadly emphasis. "About face. If you open your mouth again I shall certainly kill you."

The old man's bent shoulders had straightened, his mild blue eyes flashed fire. So he must have looked to his soldiers before the storming of Molina del Rey. His hands were quite empty of a weapon, and his age was hardly a

match for the other's brute strength. Nevertheless the farmer at once turned back, after a parting but milder objurgation.

Mr. Kincaid picked up his gun, tucked it under his arm, and trudged forward. Bobby was trembling violently with excitement and anger.

"Why—why——" he gasped, as yet unable to cast his thoughts into speech.

Mr. Kincaid glanced down. A faint and amused smile flickered under his mustache.

"You aren't going to do that sort of a crank the honor of keeping stirred up, are you?" he asked. "That's Pritchard—the worst crank in Michigan. He's quarreled with everyone. I never did know where his farm was, or I should have taken pains to keep off."

They climbed into the cart, and drove away toward town.

"I believe I'll make a hunter of you, Bobby," pursued Mr. Kincaid after they were going. "It's a good thing to be.

Of course there's the fun of it—the 'pats,' the quail, the jacksnipe, the 'cock. But then there's the other part, too."

They had come out on the sandhills over the town. Mr. Kincaid drew up *Bucephalus* and contemplated it as it lay below them, its roofs half hidden in the mauve and lilac of bared branches, its columns of smoke rising straight up in the frosty air.

"Of course I don't know, Bobby, whether you'll ever be a hunter or not. It all depends on where you live and how—the chance to get out, I mean. But, sonny, you can always be a sportsman, whatever you do. A sportsman does things because he likes them, Bobby; for no other reason—not for money, nor to become famous, nor even to win—although all these things may come to him, and it is quite right that he take them and enjoy them. Only he

does not do the things for them, but for the pleasure of doing. And a right man does not get pleasure in doing a thing if in any way he takes an unfair advantage. That's being a sportsman. And, after all, that's all I can teach you if we hunt together ten years. Do you think you can remember that?"

"Yes, sir," replied Bobby soberly.

"There's only one other thing," went on Mr. Kincaid, "that is really important, and it isn't necessary if you remember the other things I've told you. It's pretty easy sometimes to do a thing because you see everybody else doing it. Always remember that a true sportsman in every way is about the scarcest thing they make—and the finest. So naturally the common run of people don't live up to it. If *you*—not the thinking you, nor even the conscience you, but the way-down-deep-in-your-heart *you* that you can't fool nor trick nor lie to—if that *you* is satisfied, it's all right." He turned and grinned humorously at his small companion. "I've nothing but a little income and an old horse and two dogs and a few friends, Bobby. I've lived thirty years in that little place there, and a great many excellent people call me a good-for-nothing old loafer. But I've learned the things I'm telling you now, and I'm just conceited and stuck-up enough to think I've made a howling success of it."

"I don't think that," said Bobby, laying his cheek against the man's threadbare sleeve.

"Of course you don't, Bobby," said Mr. Kincaid cheerfully, "and I'll tell you why. It's because you and I speak the same language, although you're a little boy and I'm a big man."

A few days later the Ordes left for Redding, to spend some time with Mr. Orde's parents. On this visit a successful friendship developed between Bobby Orde and Johnny English—so successful that next autumn Johnny English was invited to visit the Ordes at Monrovia. He accepted very promptly, and, as the distance was short, brought with him his cart and his pony, which he had named Bobby Junior. The country around Monrovia was very interesting to them. Riverland, marshland, swampland, shore and meadow all offered themselves in the most diversified forms. The sandy roads wound over the hills, down the ravines, along the corduroys and float bridges. Life was varied. The boys, armed with their Flobert rifle, wandered far afield.

They did not get very much, it is true, but they popped away steadily, and did a grand amount of sneaking and looking. And they managed first and last to see a great deal. In

the snipe marshes they knew when the first flight dropped in—and murdered a killdeer as he stood. Out in the sloughs they marked the earliest redheads from the north—and accomplished two mudhens, a ruddy duck, and a dozen blackbirds. In the uplands they knew almost to a feather how many partridges each thicket had bred; to a covey where the quail were—and sometimes, by strategy on their own side and foolishness on the part of the quarry, they caught one sitting and brought it down.

At first some doubt was expressed as to the wisdom of that Flobert rifle. To turn two small boys loose with a deadly weapon seemed to Mrs. Orde a rather strong temptation of Providence. Mr. Kincaid spoke for them. In the end it was decided, though with many misgivings and more admonitions.

"Keep the muzzle pointed up; never get excited; never shoot at anything unless you *know* what it is," was Mr. Kincaid's summing up.

These three precepts were so constantly impressed that to the boys their practice ended by becoming second nature.

"It's not only dangerous to do otherwise," said Mr. Kincaid, "but it's a sure sign of a greenhorn. A man ought to be deadly ashamed to confess himself such an all-around dub."

Toward the end of the fall, and nearing Thanksgiving, the boys drove Bobby Junior out the old east road. After a time they turned off into a byway, deep with sand. It ended. They hitched the placid Bobby Junior to the top rail of a "snake fence," climbed it, and headed toward a scrub-oak and popple thicket, thrown like a blanket over the long slope of a hill. They walked cautiously, for by experience they had learned that at the very edge, and in the lea of an old burned log, it was possible that a fine big cock partridge might be sunning himself. Both boys trod on eggs, scrutinizing every inch of the ground before them.

"It's too late for 'em," whispered Bobby in discouragement. "There's not enough sun. They've gone in to feed."

But Johnnie seized his arm.

"There," he breathed. "See him! He's sitting in that little scrub oak—just to the left of the stub."

Bobby peered along his friend's arm. After a moment he made out a mottled spot of brown.

"I see him," said he, cocking his rifle. "It's his breast. I wish I could get at his head."

"He'll be gone in a minute!" warned Johnny.

It was Bobby's turn to shoot. He raised his

weapon, aimed carefully, and pressed the trigger.

Immediately the thicket broke into a tremendous commotion. A scurrying of leaves, a brief exclamation of pain, a brown cap whirling through the air—and both boys turned and ran, ran as hard as they could up the hill until sheer lack of breath brought them to the ground. They stared at each other with frightened eyes from faces chalky white.

"We've killed somebody!" gasped Johnny.

They clung to each other, trembling with the horror of it, utterly unable to gather their faculties. This was just what so often both had been cautioned against—the shooting without seeing clearly the object of aim. To the shock of a catastrophe they had to add the sinking remorse over warnings disobeyed.

"What are we going to do?" chattered Johnny at last.

"We got to go down and see——"

"I daren't," confessed Johnny miserably.

"Do you suppose he's dead?"

"They'll probably put us in jail."

"Come on," said Bobby at last.

They arose, very giddy and uncertain on their feet. For the first time they forced themselves to look at the corpse lying below them.

"Oh!" breathed Johnny. "Look!"

Below them on the farther edge of the copse, and over a quarter of a mile away, they saw Mr. Kincaid. He was bareheaded. Curly was with him. The man was trying to send the water spaniel into the copse. Curly pretended that he wanted to play, and did not in the least understand what it was all about. He capered joyously around Mr. Kincaid's outstretched arm; he pressed his chest to the earth and uttered short barks; he chased madly around in circles—but he did not enter the copse, which was plainly his master's desire. Finally Mr. Kincaid gave it up, and departed over the brow of the next hill.

And while this little byplay was going on two small boys above him felt the warmth of life flowing back into their frozen souls. The blood returned to their lips, their thumping hearts calmed, all the blessed joy and sunshine and freedom of the world flooded in a return tide of blessed relief.

"Gee!" said Johnny, "I'm never going hunting again. Never any more! Never!"

"You bet I'm going to be careful after this," said Bobby. "My! but I'm glad."

"I wonder why he didn't pick up his cap?" wondered Johnny.

"Perhaps he had it in his hand."

The boys drove home ringing the changes on a thousand new resolutions of caution.

"It's a good lesson to us," said Bobby by way of reminiscent philosophy often heard before.

They put Bobby Junior into the barn, cleaned the Flobert, changed their hunting clothes, and answered with alacrity the summons to the dining-room. After they were well started with the meal, Mr. Orde came in and sat down. He nodded abstractedly, and had little to say. The boys were too far down in remorse to care to bring up any of the subjects near their hearts. Finally Mrs. Orde remarked this general depression.

"I must say you're a cheerful lot of men folks," said she. "What is it? Business?" She smiled at the boys in raillery at the idea. But she could not cheer them up. As soon as the meal was over, Mr. Orde dismissed the boys.

"Run along now," said he briefly; "I want to talk."

They climbed the stairs to Bobby's room, and sat down glumly on the floor. Reaction was strong, and they had both fallen into aimless doldrums of spirit. Suddenly Bobby sat up straight at attention.

The Orde house was provided with old-fashioned hot-air registers. When the registers happened all to be open, they constituted most excellent speaking tubes. Thus, without intention of deliberate eavesdropping, Bobby and his friend became aware of the following conversation:

"What's the matter, Jack? Anything wrong at the office or on the river?"

Mr. Orde sighed deeply.

"Oh, no. Everything's snug as a bug in a rug, sweetheart," said he, "but I'm bothered a lot. A dreadful thing happened to-day. You know that popple thicket out at Pritchard's place?"

Both boys froze into horrified attention.

"Yes."

"Well, just before dusk Pritchard was found dead near the east end of it."

"Why, how did that happen?" cried Mrs. Orde.

The boys stole a look at each other.

"He had been murdered."

"Murdered!" cried Mrs. Orde sharply.

"Oh!" moaned Bobby in a smothered voice. "Yes; he was found with a knife wound in his throat."

"How terrible," said Mrs. Orde.

"But that isn't what worries me: Pritchard is no irreparable loss."

"Jack!" cried Mrs. Orde.

"He isn't," insisted Orde stoutly. "But Kincaid was seen by several competent witnesses

coming out from that thicket, and, as far as anybody has been able to find out, he is the only human being who was out there to-day. They have him under arrest."

"I never heard of anything so ridiculous!" cried Mrs. Orde indignantly.

"There has been bad blood between them," said Orde, "and everybody knows it. That's the trouble. Pritchard, as usual, has off and on done an awful lot of talking."

"You don't for a moment believe——"

"Certainly not. Arthur Kincaid never would harm a fly in anger. And I rely absolutely on his word."

"You've seen him?"

"Of course. He acknowledges he was out at Pritchard's, but denies all knowledge of the affair. That's the trouble. He offers no explanation of the facts, and the facts are—queer."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, this: the men who saw Kincaid coming out of the thicket say he was bare-headed. When Pritchard's body was found, Kincaid's cap was discovered about fifty feet distant."

"What does he say to that?"

"His story is so ridiculous that I wouldn't blame anybody who did not know Kincaid for not believing it. He says he was playing with his dog, Curly, when Curly grabbed the cap and made off with it. The dog came back without the cap, and Kincaid could not find it. That's all he says, except that he was not in the thicket at all, and certainly not within a quarter mile of the scene of the murder."

"That might be so."

"Of course it's so, if Arthur Kincaid says it is," insisted Orde. "But what do you think of

this? The cap had a 22-caliber bullet-hole through the crown; and Pritchard was armed with a 22-caliber rifle."

"What does Mr. Kincaid say to it?"

"That's just the trouble!" cried Orde in despairing tones. "If he'd plead self-defense any jury in Michigan would acquit him without leaving the box. But when we asked him how that bullet-hole got in that cap, he says simply that he doesn't know; it wasn't there when he lost the cap. Could anything be more absurd?"

Bobby reached out and softly closed the register.

Then he turned to grip Johnny fiercely by the arm. His eyes blazed.

"Mr. Kincaid is my friend," he hissed. "Understand that? He's my best friend. If you ever say anything about this afternoon——"

"Let go!" cried Johnny, struggling. "You hurt. You needn't get mad about it. He's my friend, too. I ain't going to say anything." Bobby released his arm. "He must have done it, though," concluded Johnny.

"Of course he did it. I'd have done it. Pritchard was an old beast. You ought to have been along with me when he ordered us off his land."

"Mr. Kincaid says he was never up at that end."

"There's his cap, with the hole I shot in it," Bobby pointed out. "It was right where Pritchard was when I shot at it."

Johnny nodded.

"If we let that get out, they'll have us in as witnesses."

"We mustn't," said Johnny.

Following this policy the boys for the next month carried about an air of secrecy and an irresponsibility of action very aggravating to



They were much given to long consultations behind the woodshed

everybody. They forgot errands, they did absent-minded destructive things, they were much given to long consultations behind the woodshed. When they were permitted to visit Mr. Kincaid at the jail, they tried mysteriously to convey assurance of absolute discretion, but succeeded only in appearing stupid, frivolous and unsympathetic. Nevertheless their concern was very real. Bobby in especial brooded over the affair to the exclusion of all other interests. Over and over he visualized the scene, until he could shut his eyes and reproduce its every detail—the hillside with its scat-

tered, half-burned old logs, the popple thicket shining white, the scrub oaks with red, rustling leaves, the patch of brown that looked exactly like a partridge; and then the whirl of the cap in the air as the bullet struck, and the horrible sinking feeling before he turned to flee. A dozen small things he had not noticed consciously at the time now stood out clear. He remembered that the supposed partridge had stood out above the sky line; that the ground broke gently up just beyond the black log. "Mr. Kincaid must have been standing on a stump," he thought. He recalled now his own exact position, and figured the course of the bullet. "It must have gone in just at the tip-top," he figured. "That's the only way it could have done without hurting his head. Otherwise it would have scalped him." Over and over he turned the facts until gradually he evolved an exact picture of what had occurred—here was the victim, here the murderer. In-



The boys could hear plainly what was going on, and could see into the room on an upward slant

quiry disclosed where Pritchard's body had been found. It was uphill from the spot Bobby had shot the cap—and about ten feet away. "He must just have done it," he said with a shudder.

"Why?" demanded Johnny, to whom he confided these reasonings. "Maybe it was before."

"No," argued Bobby; "because when I shot the cap off, if Pritchard had been alive, we'd have heard from him."

"Maybe Mr. Kincaid killed him to keep him from chasing us," suggested Johnny.

Bobby considered this romantic suggestion, but shook his head.

"No," said he, "there wasn't time for Mr. Kincaid to kill him and then walk down to the other end of the thicket. He must have run when I shot."

"Do you think they'll convict Mr. Kincaid?"

"Papa says he doesn't think so," said Bobby.

"He says nobody can prove Mr. Kincaid was at the place."

"We could."

"We're going to shut up!" said Bobby sharply.

General opinion did not, however, share Orde's optimism. The circumstantial evidence was very strong. Interest in the trial was such that people came from far out in the country to attend it. Every day of the preliminaries the court-room was filled with silent spectators. The boys, eluding the vigilance of the women and utterly disregarding specific commands, found themselves unable to get beyond the outer corridor. Here they hung around for some time, in the vain hope of hearing something. The heavy breathing and jostling of the crowd about them was their only reward. Finally they gave it up and wandered out into the grounds.

It was by now nearly December of a remarkably open year. Although Indian summer had long since gone, and although the low, black clouds and heavy gales of late autumn had given repeated warnings, winter had somehow failed to arrive. There was as yet no snow; and the sun, turned silver in place of the harvest gold, sometimes, as now, dispensed considerable warmth. In consequence of the mildness without and the crowd within, the windows of the court-room had been lowered at the top. The boys could almost catch the words of whomever was speaking.

"Come on, let's shin up that tree," suggested Johnny.

Immediately they acted on the inspiration. The highest limbs capable of bearing weight were still some three feet below the window-sills. Still, the boys could hear plainly what was going on, and could see into the room on an upward slant.

The legal processes had been fulfilled, and the first witness was giving his testimony.

"I was working in my field, throwing out manure, when I saw the prisoner come out of the popple thicket on Pritchard's place."

"How far were you from the thicket?"

"My field is right across the county road."

"At what point did the prisoner emerge from the thicket as respects the spot where the body was found?"

"He came out right opposite, a good quarter mile, I should say."

"Anything unusual in the prisoner's appearance or actions?"

"He didn't have no hat. I noticed that."

After a few more questions the witness was excused. In an instant he appeared in the boys' line of vision and sat down.

Another witness was sworn, and deposed that he had been driving along the county road, and had also seen Mr. Kincaid emerge from the thicket without a hat. This witness likewise, on being excused, crossed the room and took his seat near the window.

This point established, the prosecution called upon the man who had found the body. He stated that he was in the employ of the deceased; had gone out afoot to look up a strayed cow; had come across the body late in the afternoon. Pritchard had been killed by a knife thrust in the throat. He lay on his back. He had carried a 22-caliber rifle, with which he was accustomed to shoot hawks and crows. The rifle had been discharged. In looking about for evidence, witness had found a cap lying by a stump, ten feet or so down hill. He identified the cap. He also took a seat where Bobby and Johnny could see him—a short, thickset man, with a swarthy complexion and very oily long black hair.

A witness was called who identified positively the cap as belonging to Mr. Kincaid.

At this point the prosecution rested. A moment later Bobby heard again the measured, calm tones of his friend, called in his own defense.

"I know nothing about it," said Mr. Kincaid, after the usual preliminaries. "I was nowhere near the scene of the murder. What the first witness had to say as to personal antagonism between Pritchard and myself was quite true: he had ordered me off his land, and very offensively. We had some words at that time."

"When was that?" asked the attorney.

"Some months back. Therefore I took especial pains to keep off his land, and was at the lower edge of the thicket, a good quarter mile from the place his body was found."

"You did not enter the thicket?"

"Only a few feet, after the dog took my cap."

"How about the cap?"

"My retriever, Curly, was playing with me. I was teasing him by waving the cap before him. He managed to get hold of it and ran with it into the thicket. In a moment or so he came back without it. I could not find it, nor could I induce him to retrieve it."

"When was this?"

"About two o'clock."

"Two witnesses have sworn they saw you come out of the thicket shortly before sundown."

"That was on my way home. I tried again to get Curly to hunt up the cap."

"How do you account for the cap's being found at the upper edge of the thicket?"

"I cannot account for it."

"Could the dog have carried it that far in the time before he returned?"

"I do not think so—I am certain not."

"How do you account for the holes?"

"They might have been the marks of Curly's teeth," said Mr. Kincaid doubtfully.

"Look at them."

A pause ensued.

"They certainly do not look like teeth-marks," acknowledged Mr. Kincaid.

At this moment the heavy bell in the engine-house tower boomed out the first strokes of noon. The boys nearly lost their holds from the surprise of it. By the time they had recovered, court had been declared adjourned, and the crowds were pouring forth from the opened double doors.

By remarkable promptitude and the exercise of the marvelous properties ascribed impartially to the worm, the eel, and the snake, Bobby and Johnny succeeded in gaining a place in the court-room for the afternoon session. It was not a very good place. Breast-high in front of them was a rail. Behind them pressed a suffocating crowd. On the other side of the rail were many benches on which was seated another crowd. This second multitude concealed utterly whatever occupied the floor of the court-room. Only when one or another of the actors in the proceedings arose to his feet could the boys make out a head and shoulders. They could see the massive walnut desk, and the judge, however, and the lower flat tables at which sat the recording officials. And on the blank white wall ticked solemnly a big round clock. The second-hand moved forward by a series of swift jerks, but watch as he would Bobby could see no perceptible motion of the other two hands. In the monotony of some of the proceedings this bland clock fascinated him.

Likewise the living wall before him caught and held his half-suffocated interest—the slope of shoulders, the material of coats, the shape of heads, the cut of hair. One by one he passed them in review. Two seats ahead sat a thickset man, with very long, oily black hair. He turned his head. Bobby recognized the man who had found Pritchard's body. He nudged Johnny, calling attention to the fact.

The prosecuting attorney was on his feet, making a speech. It was interesting enough at first, but after a time Bobby's attention wandered. The prosecuting attorney was a young man, ambitious, and ego was certainly a large proportion of his cosmos. Bobby listened to him while he spoke of the obvious motive for the deed; but when he began again, and in detail, to go over the evidence already adduced, Bobby ceased to listen. Only the monotonous

cadences of the voice went on and on. The clock tick-tocked. People breathed. It reminded him of church.

A little stir brought him back from final drowsiness. A man in the row ahead of him wanted to get out. The disturber carried an overcoat over his left arm, and it amused Bobby vastly to see the stiff collar of that overcoat rumple the back hair of those who sat in the second row. As he watched, it caught the long, oily locks of the witness for the prosecution. With a fierce exclamation the man turned, scowling at the other's whispered excuse. When he had again faced to the front, he had rearranged his disturbed locks.

After this slight interruption, Bobby again relapsed into day-dreaming. He fell once more to visualizing the scene of that day. Gradually the court-room faded away. He saw the hillside, the burnt logs on the bare ground, the popples, silvery in the sun, the sky blue above the hill. The patch of brown by the rustling scrub oak glimmered before his eyes. He saw again the exact angle it lay above him. For the hundredth time he looked over the sights of the rifle, fair against that spot of brown. "I must have overshot a foot," he sighed, "or it would have taken him square."

And then as he stared over the sights, his finger on the trigger, the imaginary scene faded, the familiar court-room came out of the mists to take its place. Slowly the brown spot at which he aimed dissolved, a man's head took its place; the oily-haired witness for the prosecution happened now to occupy exactly the position relative to Bobby's attitude as had Mr. Kincaid's cap the day of the murder. And through the slightly disarranged long hair, and exactly in line with the imaginary rifle sights, Bobby could just make out a dull red furrow running along the scalp. At this instant, as though uneasy at a scrutiny instinctively felt, the man reached back to smooth his locks. The scar at once disappeared.

For perhaps ten seconds Bobby sat absolutely motionless, while a new thought was born. Then, oblivious of surroundings or of the exasperated objections of those near him, he clambered over the rail and wriggled his way to the open aisle. Several tried to seize him, but he managed, in some manner, to elude them all. Once in the open he darted forward toward the astonished officials. His freckled face was very red, his stubby hair tousled, his gray eyes earnest. The sheriff rose from his seat as though to stop him.

"I want to see that cap!" cried Bobby to the blur in general. He caught sight of it, ran to seize it, looked at it closely, and threw it down

with a little cry of triumph. The bullet-holes were not both at the top; one perforation was high up, but the other, on the left-hand side, was situated low near the edge. Bobby knew that the man who had worn that cap must have been hit.

The judge's gavel was in the air, the sheriff on his feet, a hundred mouths open to expostulate against this interruption of a grave occasion.

"Mr. Kincaid did not do it!" cried Bobby aloud.

The clamor broke out. The sheriff seized Bobby by the arm.

"Here," he growled at him, "you little brat! What do you mean raising a row like this?"

Bobby struggled. He had a great deal to say. All was confusion. Half the room seemed to be on its feet. Bobby saw his father making way toward him through the crowd. Only the clock and the white-haired judge beneath it seemed to have retained their customary poise. The clock tick-tocked deliberately, and its second-hand went forward in swift jerks; the judge sat quite motionless, his chin on his fists, his eyes looking steadily from under their bushy white brows.

"Just a moment," said the judge finally. "Sheriff, bring that boy here."

Bobby found himself facing the great walnut desk. Behind him the room had fallen silent, save for an irregular breathing sound.

"Who are you?" asked the judge.

"Bobby Orde."

"Why do you say the prisoner—Mr. Kincaid—did not commit the deed?"

Bobby started in a confused way to tell about the cap. The judge raised his hand.

"Were you present at this crime?" he asked shrewdly.

"Yes, sir," replied Bobby.

The judge lowered his voice so that only Bobby could hear.

"Do you know who murdered Mr. Pritchard?"

"Yes, sir," replied Bobby in the same tone, "I do."

"Who was it?"

"I don't know his name. He's sitting——"

"I thought so," interrupted the judge. "Mr. Sheriff," he called sharply. That official approached. "Close all doors," said the judge to him quietly, "and see that no one leaves this room. Mr. Attorney, your witness here is ready to be sworn."

Bobby went through the preliminaries without a clear understanding of them—or, indeed, a definite later recollection. He was dead in earnest. The crowd did not exist for him.

Not the faintest trace of embarrassment confused his utterance, but he got very little forward under the prosecuting attorney's questioning—the matter was too definite in his own mind to permit of his following another's method of getting at it. Finally the judge interposed.

"It's not strictly in my province," said he, "but we are all anxious for the truth. I hope the prosecuting attorney may see the advisability of allowing the boy to tell his own story in his own way. Afterward he will, of course, have full opportunity for cross-questions."

This being agreed to, Bobby went ahead.

"Mr. Kincaid lost his cap, just as he said, and Curly carried it into the woods and dropped it. Another man came along and picked it up and put it on. Then he walked through the thicket and came up with Mr. Pritchard. He knew where Mr. Pritchard was, because Mr. Pritchard had just shot his little rifle at a hawk or something. He stabbed Mr. Pritchard, and then walked downhill and climbed up on a stump to look around. He was facing downhill. He saw Mr. Kincaid and Curly 'way below. Just then his cap was knocked off by another bullet."

"What other bullet?" interposed the prosecution sharply.

"That was just an accident," said Bobby confusedly; "it happened to hit. It wasn't shot at him at all."

"You mean a spent ball from somewhere else? Who shot it? Where did it come from?"

"I'll 'splain that in a minute."

"Then he ran as fast as he could——"

That was as far as Bobby got for the moment. A slight confusion at one of the doors interrupted him. Almost immediately it died, but before Bobby could resume, the sheriff elbowed his way forward.

"Laughton—you know, that second witness, the fellow who worked for Pritchard—tried to get out. I have him in charge."

"Hold him," said the judge. The sheriff elbowed his way back down the aisle.

"How do you know all this?" began the prosecuting attorney.

"If Mr. Kincaid wore the cap, why isn't his head hurt?" demanded Bobby.

"If the shot was fired by Pritchard when lying on the ground," explained the attorney, "it would not have scraped."

"But it wasn't," persisted Bobby. "It was fired from downhill, and about thirty feet away. That would hit the man, wouldn't it?" he appealed.

"Certainly."

"Well, is Mr. Kincaid hurt?"

"This, your honor," said the attorney with some impatience, "is beside the mark——"

He was interrupted by a cry from Bobby.

"He's gone!" he wailed, pointing his hand toward the seat where Laughton had been sitting.

"Was that the man?" asked the judge.

"Yes," said Bobby, "and he's gotten away."

"Mr. Sheriff," said the judge, "examine the man for a scar or wound on the head."

The sheriff disappeared. The clock tick-tocked away five minutes, then ten. Finally the door swung open.

"Your honor," said the sheriff clearly across the court-room, "the man has confessed."

Bobby and his friend Johnny English sat on the floor of Bobby's chamber reviewing the exciting events of the afternoon. In the tumult following the sheriff's announcement, Bobby was temporarily forgotten. He had slipped back into the crowd, and from that point had followed closely all that had ensued. Laughton's confession merely filled in the details of Bobby's surmises. It seems that Pritchard had had a violent quarrel with his man, ending by knocking him down and stalking off across the fields. Mad with rage, Laughton had picked himself up and followed, without even pausing long enough to get a hat. He had lost track of his victim in the popple thicket, but had come across Kincaid's cap, which he had appropriated. A shot from Pritchard's little rifle apprised him of his enemy's whereabouts. The murder committed, he had mounted a stump to spy upon the country. He had seen Kincaid and his dog, and was just about to withdraw, when the cap was knocked from his head by a bullet which at the same time broke the skin on his scalp. Thinking himself discovered, he had run. Later, reconnoitering carefully, he had seen two apparently unexcited small boys with a rifle climbing into a pony cart half a mile away, and had come to the conclusion that the bullet had been spent, and a chance shot. The idea of incriminating Mr. Kincaid had not come to him until later.

Mr. Kincaid had at once been released. Under cover of the congratulations, the boys made their escape.

"I don't see how you ever figured it out!" cried Johnny for the dozenth time.

"I knew it must have hit his head, unless it just grazed his cap," said Bobby, "and when I saw that scar——"

"Gee! it was great," gloated Johnny, "just like a book! It'll be in all the papers to-morrow. You saved Mr. Kincaid's life, didn't you?"

"I suppose I did," said Bobby complacently.

At this moment the open hot-air register began to speak, carrying up the voices from the rooms below. As the subject under discussion was the closest to the boys' hearts for the moment, they drew near to listen.

"It's Mr. Kincaid himself!" breathed Bobby.

"I've been trying to catch you all the way up the street," Mr. Kincaid was saying, "but you walk like a steam-engine."

"I felt good," explained Mr. Orde. "I knew you were innocent, of course, but it looked dark."

"Yes, it looked dark," admitted Mr. Kincaid. "Where's that youngster of yours? He saved the day."

"I was just going to look for him. There're a few points I'd like to clear up. If he saw all that, why didn't he say something before?"

"Don't know. But he certainly spoke to the point when he did get going. Look here, Orde, I'm proud of that kid. I want you to let me do something; he's old enough now to have a sure enough gun, and I want you to let me give it to him. Stafford has a little shotgun—sixteen-gauge—ever see one?"

"Nothing smaller than a twelve," confessed Orde.

"Well, I told him to keep it for me. I'd like to give it to Bobby. He's learned fast, and he's paid attention to what he learned. I don't believe in guns for small boys, but Bobby is careful; he doesn't make any breaks."

Johnny reached over to clasp Bobby excitedly.

"Now we can get partridges!" he squealed under his breath.

But Bobby was unexpectedly cold to this enthusiasm. He reached over to close the register. At once the voices were shut off. Then for some time he sat cross-legged, staring straight in front of him. To Johnny's remarks he replied irritably until that youngster flounced himself into a corner with a book, ostentatiously indifferent.

Bobby was seeing things. As was his habit, he was visualizing a scene that had passed, recalling each little detail of what had at the time apparently passed lightly over his consciousness. It was this faculty that later gave him his chief equipment in the field of letters.

He saw again plainly the yellow sand-hills under his feet, and the village lying below, its roofs half hidden in the lilac and mauve of bared branches, its columns of smoke rising straight up in the frosty air. He saw the sturdy, round-shouldered form in the old shooting-coat, the lined, brown, lean face, the white mustache and eyebrows, the kindly

twinkling eyes squinted against the western light. He heard again Mr. Kincaid's deep, slow voice:

"Sonny, you can always be a sportsman. A sportsman does things because he likes them, Bobby, for no other reason—not for money, nor to become famous, nor even to win—and a right man does not get pleasure in doing a thing if in any way he takes an unfair advantage—if *you*—not the thinking you, nor even the conscientious you, but the 'way-down-deep-in-your-heart *you* that you can't fool nor trick nor lie to—if that *you* is satisfied, it's all right."

Bobby sighed deeply and went down-stairs. He opened the door and entered very quietly, so that neither occupant of the room saw him before he spoke.

"I heard what you said—through the register," he explained, "but I can't take the shotgun."

Both men turned and looked at him curiously, the first natural exclamations stilled on their lips by the sight of his straight, earnest little figure facing them.

"Why not, Bobby?" asked Mr. Orde at last.

"I was the one who fired that shot that hit Mr. Laughton's head. I did it a-purpose."

"What for?"

"I saw something brown in the brush, and I was sure it was a partridge, so I shot at it. I really didn't know it was a partridge. It just looked brown. You told me not to do that, lots of times, but I got all excited and forgot. So you see I'm not careful, like you said. I ought not to have any shotgun."

"Oh, Bobby!" said Mr. Kincaid, "and that's one of the most important things of all."

"I know, sir," said Bobby; "that's why I thought I'd tell you."

The two men examined the youngster for some time in silence. A very tender look lurked back in their eyes.

"What did you do then?" asked Mr. Orde at last.

"I saw the cap fly up in the air, and ran."

"Yes?"

"And then after a little I saw Mr. Kincaid come out down below, and I thought it was all right until I got home."

"Why did you jump up in court this afternoon?"

"I knew where I was standing, and I saw a

scar on Laughton's head, and then I knew if the holes in the cap were low down, he must have been the man."

"Why didn't you tell all this before?"

"I'd never seen the cap; and I thought Mr. Kincaid had done it. I wasn't going to give him away."

Both men burst into laughter.

"And you thought I'd kill a man!" reproached Mr. Kincaid at last.

"I'd have done it—to old Pritchard," maintained Bobby stoutly.

After a time Mr. Kincaid returned to the first subject.

"There is no doubt, Bobby," said he, "that a man careless enough to shoot at anything without knowing what it is—especially in a settled country—is not fit to have a gun of any kind. There are plenty of people killed every year through just such carelessness. On that ground you are quite right in saying that you do not deserve the new shotgun."

"Yes, sir," said Bobby.

"But you will never do anything like that again. You have learned your lesson. And you told the truth. That is a great thing. It is easy to cover up a mistake, but very hard to show it when you don't have to. I was a little disappointed that you forgot about shooting at things; but I am more than proud that you remembered to be a sportsman. With your father's permission, I'm going to get you that shotgun, just the same. We'll go down together in the morning to get it."

At the end of ten minutes more Bobby returned to his room. He looked about it as one looks on a half-remembered spot visited long ago. The place seemed smaller; the toys trivial. A deep gulf had been passed since he had left the room a half hour before. To his eyes had opened a new vision. Little-Boyhood had fallen away from him as a garment. A touch had loosed. All experience and observation had led the way; but it was only in expectation of the supreme test of self-sacrifice. Character changes radically only under that test. Bobby had borne it well, and now stood at the threshold of his Youth.

He picked up the Flobert rifle and looked it over.

"It'll always be handy to fool with," said he to Johnny.



Anjer

a tale of
the EAST
by **Lancelotti Colcord**



ONE year during the southwest monsoon, I went a trip through the Malay Archipelago with Nichols in the little bark *Omega*. We stopped at Banjarmassin, at

Macassar, at Pangool on the southern coast of Java; and on the run to Batavia, found ourselves becalmed in the Straits of Sunda one pleasant afternoon. Toward sunset a few puffs of wind carried us into the harbor of

Anjer, and so we spent the night in that anchorage which was once so well-known as a port of call among deep-water sailing vessels. After supper the steward brought our chairs on deck, and while we sat beneath a magnificent and quiet moon, Nichols told me a story of human hearts, filled with romance and the insistent call of love. The evening breeze drew off-shore across the water; and as I listened to the tale, I looked around in wonder at the unbroken calm that seemed to rest upon the land.

"Do you see that mass of trees in the deep

shadow?" Nichols said, pointing toward the shore. "There's a house behind them,—the old consulate bungalow. Years ago when the China trade was flourishing, ships used to stop here for mail and orders; and for some reason our government always kept a consul at Anjer, though he wasn't much but a postmaster. I've called here often in the old days; it was the first port after a long passage, and Anjer always meant a lot to me. I used to go ashore in calm weather and visit the consulate; it's situated beautifully among palm trees, with an open view of the water and a winding path leading to it from the landing. But certainly I never anticipated, as I sat chatting with our consul over some month-old news, how much I'd see there one day, and how vividly I'd hold it in my memory."

Nichols waited so long in silence that I began to wonder if he was going on.

"What was the story, anyway?" I asked.

"I was thinking," said Nichols. "I want you to understand what sort of a man Bert Mackay was. It's difficult to show a picture of anyone; and Bert—well, you'll have to take my word for a lot of it. He was one of those erratic fellows that people like but don't approve of. He'd do anything, on the spur of the moment, and suffer for it afterward, for he was sincere. Many didn't admit his sincerity, and credited him with evil intentions, because he made a lot of mistakes,—was always making them. But I knew his heart, and didn't misjudge him.

"Take him altogether, he was the most primitive man I ever met. He was as wild as nature; he didn't analyze life at all, he let it come and go; and like nature, too, he grew instinctively to his correct stature. A man of the open,—swift-minded, sympathetic, magnetic,—he was really a tremendous force; and that sincerity of his which plunged him into moods of remorse and despair, led him out of every experience with a clean heart and a serious conviction.

"You can imagine, with all this, that his way with women was rash, sudden, appalling and awfully fascinating. He wasn't clever, but winning; he couldn't talk well, but had a manner which spoke for him louder than words. In fact, he possessed the flash of power that can't be cultivated or affected, the appeal of eyes, the shock of latent love, a glorious and terrible inheritance. Yes, he was very much alive,—a splendid being! He broke many hearts,—that was bound to be; and I used to tell him that his own would be broken past mending some day. He'd laugh and say perhaps it would be the only thing to save him

"I ran across him a long while ago in New York, during those few years when I was off the sea. One of those sudden friendships sprang up between us,—an affection that men now and then feel for each other, and as strong a sentiment as there is in the world. He was doing some sort of engineering work about the city, and we took rooms together. Living as we did, our interests grew very close; we seemed to think alike about a good many things, and feel alike, though we were radically different at heart. I supposed that there wasn't a trouble or a joy of his that I didn't share.

"I remember the night he left very well. He'd spent hour after hour on a couch I had in my room, strumming a guitar and singing to himself in a sort of incoherent voice, a habit of his when he was feeling blue. He hummed over all the old tunes that evening, until it nearly drove me wild; an awfully melancholy sound, with the notes of the guitar picking through. Later he went out, and the next morning I found a note addressed to me on his table. It didn't enlighten me much; I've forgotten most of it. I think it began something like this: 'I'm going to try to do a big thing; I've done too many little ones. Perhaps you'll hear from me again, perhaps you won't.' Then after a few instructions about some affairs of his, he asked me to forgive him. That was like him, as if I was doing the suffering! 'I want you to forget that you ever knew me,' he said. 'Something pretty hard has come into my life, and I've got to go, that's all. I've got to work this out alone.' At the end of the letter, he asked God to bless me. It struck me as incongruous at first; but, after all, I don't know anyone who had a better right to mention God. At least, he'd always been true to himself, and everyone can't claim that virtue.

"So that was the end of our brief comradeship, and you can imagine how it affected me. Friends are scarce enough, heaven knows, without losing one in such vague circumstances. But I never heard from him; and after a while he faded into the background, as even the sharpest details of this great picture will do if we keep moving. Sometimes I thought of him, and wondered what he'd lost or found. But I never doubted that he'd come into his own at last, the old adventure. Something had called him down the wind, some note, some fragrance, some hidden face of beauty,—and he'd gone out alone, as he had written, to find the answer and the consummation—love or death—that hearts like his pursue.

Nichols reached for a cigar. While he was lighting it, I watched his face. He was a man

who claimed attention by his very silence,—a tribute to a singular personality.

"Quite a number of years after all this," he went on slowly, "I reached the Straits of Sunda bound out to Hong-Kong. The southwest monsoon was well under way, but something prompted me to call at Anjer; I hoped to find some letters from home. We've all felt the same way after a long passage; Anjer marks the end of the voyage. First land—first land. There's nothing like it in the world. Think of the messages of love and faith beyond the sea, that have come off to ships from that deserted and forgotten bungalow! Sometimes there were messages of death, too, but we couldn't pass by without knowing. So I anchored with my heart full of excitement and uncertainty, as if something was about to be revealed.

"The first boat that came off from shore brought me disappointing news. R— had been transferred to Batavia, the consulate had been discontinued, and my letters, if there were any, were being held at Batavia or Singapore. Old Sa-lee was in the boat, and on questioning him I learned that shortly after R— left, the bungalow had been occupied by a stranger. The fact didn't interest me much, and I cursed myself for stopping. The wind was gone for the evening, however, and nothing for it but to lay over till the next day.

"The air was heavy that evening, one of those nights of threatening showers that never come. Over there above the land, the moon was high and full, and clouded by a faint mist like descending veils of dew. The ship seemed resting after the long passage; forward the men were singing accompanied by an old accordion, and off across the water I could hear the voices of natives crying wild and startling melodies. A faint breeze, fanned down from the hills, brought with it the sensuous odor of blooming flowers. Yes, I was touched by many messages. I had been faithful to my trust once more, and brought the vessel in. And, like my friend of long ago, I dared to speak the name of God below my breath in thankfulness.

"It must have been quite late,—the moon had passed overhead, I remember, and the singing had died out forward and ashore,—when I noticed lights in the old consulate bungalow. As I paced up and down I began to wonder who the stranger was that Sa-lee had spoken of; what fanatic had chosen that house of solitude to live in, and how he managed to pass the time. I kept my eye on the light, which seemed to travel about and vanish now and then behind a closing door. It excited me; you can't imagine what a state I was in, thinking about the thing. I pictured all sorts of people in

that bungalow: one of the world's failures, buried in the wreck of an overwhelming past; an exile, who'd seen me in the offing and was making ready for a visit, longing for a sight of a face and a word of home; a criminal, who was afraid of me, and was even then concealing evidence, sweeping tables, locking drawers. At last I couldn't stand it any longer. 'Mr. Hunter!' I shouted to my mate. 'Send some men aft and throw the dingey overboard. I'm going ashore.'

"Under the hills the land loomed high. You know how strange it seems, after a voyage at sea, to step from a ship's deck into an open boat, to look across the water from a lower level, to see a shore approach and hear the rote of waves on a beach close at hand. When her nose touched the landing, I made a jump of it. I wanted to catch him napping, whoever he was; I wanted to surprise him and watch his face. The air under the trees was full of the land smell, and sounds made themselves heard distinctly in the great silence. I picked my way up the path, and in a minute or two arrived in plain sight of the bungalow.

"The little house stood surrounded by trees and underbrush. It had a neglected appearance, and even in the night I could see how the jungle had closed in on it since R—'s time. The light inside was gone; but there was moon enough for me to make out that the veranda was deserted on the front. I began to wonder if the tenant had turned in; and then that strange instinct that leads a man to the rear of a house when he's eavesdropping got hold of me, and I took to the woods. I struck up the hill a little way, skirted a row of palms that bordered an open space, and fetched out directly behind the bungalow in a patch of shadow.

"A man was picking a guitar on the back veranda, and singing to himself. I listened, but couldn't hear distinctly. The effect of that voice in the stillness was beyond description. We're all prone to be touched in an emotional way by sounds, smells, caresses, draughts of memory, glimpses of falling stars,—and now and then in this sailor-business we get a shock of beauty so acute that it makes life almost worth living. I felt it then,—a perfect emotion. I stood at the heart of an old and visionary land; and I'd been dreaming until I'd nearly lost the world—or won the dream, I can't say which. And then I heard this note of music, the final stroke, like the voice of Adam sounding the first love song in Eden. Only this man was singing alone.

"Suddenly the voice rose, and I caught the tune, and the words.

*“What would you do, love, if home returning
With high hopes burning, with wealth for
you . . .”*

“All at once I remembered the voice—and knew who it was. He used to sing it on that couch in my room; perhaps it was one of the songs he bothered me with the last night that I saw him. It seemed impossible—and the next instant something closed in my throat because the significance of the words dawned on me. ‘With high hopes burning’—and all the years between, which I knew hadn’t profited him anything if he was here! I choked, and uttered a low exclamation. He got up, and I heard the guitar strike the floor with a hollow clash. ‘Who is there?’ he asked softly, as if he’d been expecting a call from that direction.

“I started across the patch of open ground, and came into the moonlight. When I got nearer, I saw him standing by the veranda rail, leaning out, showing his face,—a lot older, but still, for all that, just the same.

“‘Who is it?’ he asked again, sharply this time, for he’d discovered that I was a man.

“I felt as if I must excuse myself. ‘Bert,’ I said, ‘I haven’t been on your trail. I just happened to call here.’

“He leaned out farther, and suddenly recognized me. ‘Nichols!’ he said, as if to himself. The weight of years seemed to strike him with a swift blow; he sank down and buried his face on the railing. When I took his hand, he gripped me like a vise. We didn’t speak for a long time.

“After I’d sent my boat back to the ship with orders to come ashore for me in the morning, we sat talking till late in the night. Ten years, I believe it had been that long since I last saw him. The amazing thing was that I had found him even then. ‘Of all places in the world,’ I asked him, ‘how did you strike this God-forsaken spot?’

“‘I came up about six months ago, from Australia,’ he said. ‘A captain down there told me about it, and I—well, it’s quiet, and yet a fellow sees a ship now and then,—watches ships and things. It’s quiet here—’ He had been walking, and stopped in front of my chair. ‘It’s heaven!’ he cried. ‘Nothing to raise a row, nothing to fight for, nothing to live for, much—you don’t understand! Nothing to bother,—that is— You don’t know how quiet and peaceful it seems.’

“I didn’t answer, but his words confirmed the notion that I’d always had ever since he went away. A man isn’t tired of life at his age unless he’s lost the heart of life itself. I felt a certain delicacy about approaching his story;

it’s often that way between two men, and they’ll waste hours in working up to the only thing they want to talk about. So I mentioned some old escapade of ours, and gradually we drifted back into the past. No doubt he had brooded many an unhappy night over memories like these; I’m sure he recalled them better than I did. He kept citing queer details, little remarks and by-words, stock jests that we used to laugh at, and snatches of forgotten songs. He was unquenchable! It amused me to listen to him, pleased me, too; and when I heard his infectious laugh, I realized that whatever he’d been through his spirit hadn’t died. The elemental fire was still there. I took my eyes away from him, and looked around at the jungle and the hills and the moon overhead; and all at once it struck me how much he resembled the land he’d stumbled on. I saw it in a flash of understanding, a land full of the instinct and gift of love; weary, too, and wise with age and the lessons it had learned.

“‘Why don’t you stay here?’ I asked, taken by the fancy. ‘You talk about going home,—why do you think of it? You belong in the Orient. Why don’t you love here—marry—’

“‘No, no!’ he cried. ‘You don’t know what you’re saying.’ He stopped short, and looked at me as if he was searching my mind. ‘Love will never come to me,’ he said.

“‘Nonsense!’ I answered. ‘What possible reason could you have to believe that—’

“‘Good heavens!’ he cried. ‘Haven’t I paid enough to know?’ He wandered to the veranda rail and leaned against a post there, looking away. ‘A long while ago,’ he went on, ‘I took every ray and hope and dream of love out of my heart, and took them in my hands—so—and crushed them, and killed them, and threw them down, as if I’d taken my heart itself and squeezed the last drop of blood out of it like a sponge. I tell you, the thing’s dead.’

“‘Why? Tell me,—if it’s all over.’

“He took a long walk that time, around the corner; when he came back, he sat down heavily like a man tired out with carrying a load. ‘It’s hard to begin,’ he said. ‘Do you remember a little girl I used to talk about; you met her once in New York in the old days? Her name was Helen Rand.’

“‘A slender girl with dark hair and brown eyes?’ I asked.

“‘Yes,’ he said, and threw himself back in the long chair. ‘Well, she went away. She’s got the same eyes now, wide, childish.’

“‘Now!’ I shouted. ‘You don’t mean—she isn’t—’

“‘No, no,’ he said. ‘I haven’t seen her for

six months. She's down in Australia—was then—Melbourne.'

"'What have you been up to now—' I started in, but he cut me off.

"'Nothing,' he said. 'She's not mine,—never has been.' He sat up suddenly and leaned toward me. 'I've been near her night and day for almost ten years of my life, as near as I could get!' he said. 'I've been near, ready to help,—anything! God, I had to be in the same city!' He hesitated, and then went on. 'I found out too late that I loved her,' he said humbly. 'I found out just one day too late. I'm paying for one day. All I've done, all I ever can do, all the love I've wasted, all the love I'm going to throw away, won't begin to pay the price. Don't you see?'

"'And you've kept it going all this time,' I said.

"He laughed. 'I knew you wouldn't understand,' he answered. 'You've grown old, you've forgotten. I couldn't! Just because love in your world means faith, quietness, placid days, months, years, do you think love never follows a different course? Bad as she is, I can't help loving her. I'm—I'm responsible for her soul—'

"I wish I could tell it as he did that evening in his convincing voice, laughing sometimes while he spoke of years that must have seared his heart with pain, throwing it all aside with a gesture at once brave and pathetic, showing by the white light of his extraordinary narrative a background somber and terrible and hard, a life of ineffectual war, without happiness, without peace, without reward, and through it all a love so strong that it must have tortured his very dreams. She had fled from New York at once, it seems,—flying from life, from him, from the memory of the one day of which he spoke. He spent half a year in finding her, and when at last they met she didn't want him, didn't need him, wouldn't have him. He couldn't save her then; the time had gone by. This was in San Francisco, and she lived there a year, successful, well-appearing, and growing more beautiful every day. 'You can't imagine how beautiful she was,' he told me. 'People talked about her; she became known. Such a little girl, with such sad eyes—'

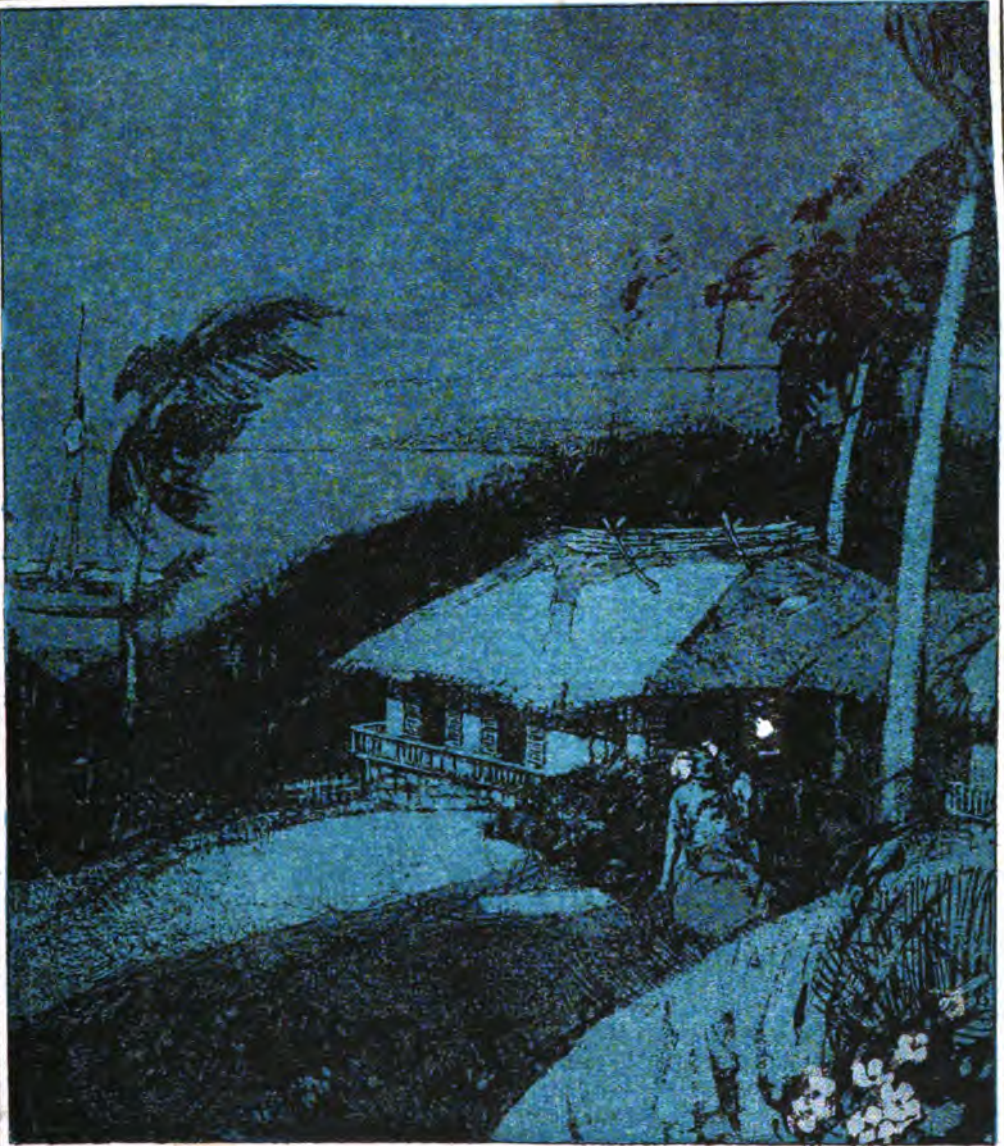
"She was clever, kept a good grip on herself, and soon married a man with considerable money and passed into another world. Bert found some sort of work,—newspaper, I think; but he couldn't put his heart into anything, and so didn't get along. He told me that he went hungry and shabby,—couldn't earn enough money to support himself. Once in a great while he would see her, but of course she

wouldn't notice him. One time—she had left her husband then—he got a word with her. She asked him what he was doing there. 'I just want to be around in case you need me,' he answered. 'It's gone a long way beyond that, Bert,' she said. 'I'll never need you again.' He tried to take her hand. 'I can't let you go, Helen!' he cried. 'Let me go? You sent me!' she told him.

"'Imagine it!' he said to me. 'What was the use? I thought of the old times,—they seemed old already; and when I looked into her eyes I couldn't realize that she'd learned so much. There didn't seem to be any change, and yet she was another woman!'

"Some time later, she went on a cruise through the South Seas in a yacht. After she left Frisco Bert got a little money ahead; and when he heard the following year where she was, he shipped on a steamer bound for Honolulu, and took another grip of life in that glorious island of the Pacific where you'd think that everything but happiness would die in the open sun. So it went, year after year, from Honolulu to Shanghai, from Shanghai to Hong-Kong, and on down the China Sea to Singapore; a year on the West Coast, Calleo, Iquiqui, Valparaiso, she never resting, and he following in his time. I've often wondered what her life must have been through this; for we know now that she always loved him—that a flame was burning in her heart too. Pride, pride—it leads us to deny so much! She must have grown to be a strong, clear-headed woman; nothing but strength could have carried her so far. But we'll never know the bitterness and anguish of her decision. I haven't a doubt that the thought of him constantly at her heels, the sight of him now and then in her wake making hard weather of it, held her to the course she'd chosen. No woman respects a man who can't solve his own destiny. And he, poor fellow, had failed so miserably to solve anything. Isn't it often the way,—a man who can sway women by the very audacity of his assurance is impotent before the one that he really loves!

"'You see how stifling the situation was, don't you?' he asked me, as if all at once he'd grown afraid that I was doubting him. 'I couldn't seem to pick up an interest in life for my own sake. I'd got into the habit of drifting, that's the trouble. Sometimes I'd think that I'd paid the price—enough. But then I'd see what might have been, feel her eyes, know how I wanted her—needed her yet; realize how I didn't own my life or my heart after all, just carried them around! Then the old hope would come back, and I'd start out on a new tack. But it kept me under the crowd; it was



She flung herself on his breast, uttering low native cries

too much.' He stopped short, suddenly overcome by the dimensions of his suffering. 'It's been too much,' he said.

"How they finally came to Australia I don't remember. They must have been there some time; he spoke of Sydney, of Newcastle, of Brisbane and of Melbourne, where he saw her for the last time. 'I met her face to face one day,' he said. 'She looked as if she was going down-hill. I suppose I must have said what was in my mind; I wasn't in a mood to dodge facts. She was angry at my comment,—I

don't blame her. I don't blame anybody for anything now. I asked her if I might see her, and she replied that it wasn't difficult to gain access to her house. All the while she was looking at my clothes with a sort of amused scorn. I didn't present much of an appearance. Then she said something that was unnecessary. She told me that I didn't look as if I had the price. I woke up—and realized suddenly, fully, decisively like a blow—how impossible it was to keep on. Impossible! I'd been talking with a friend that morning about

Anjer. He sailed the next day, and brought me up here. I've got a few dollars, enough to live on. And I'm getting back my grip. You've come along,—I think I'll be all right—'

"Well, I suppose he had been through deep water; what amazed me was the marvelous resilience of the man. 'Yes, God is good,' I said. 'This is the place for you; you've been led here by a wise Providence. You can get it all back—'

"Exactly," he said. 'The land has taught me that. I've got back more than I hoped.' He stopped, and I felt that he was telling me something vitally important from his point of view. 'I've got back my self-respect,' he said. 'I'll be ready to go home soon. I think I'm of some account yet. The past's a sort of joke,—a horrible, fantastic joke; but I shall quit loving her now. I shall try to do that; I've learned—'

"I wondered what was going on in his mind. For the first time in the evening he puzzled me; I had an impression that I had missed a few words, or perhaps failed to place them correctly. Thinking it over after I'd gone to bed that night, I asked myself if it wasn't more than anything the habit of youth that turned him home,—the call of a familiar environment, memories of streets and faces and echoing words. Where was his heart, anyway? There, in the West; or here, where out of the ordinary course his love had landed him at last? And would he ever be content? I wondered, and doubted very much if he himself knew what was best, he'd failed so long, lived so ingloriously.

"While I lay in bed trying to piece these things together, I heard someone moving in the house. Steps shuffled along the corridor, and paced softly up and down the veranda. He had been kept awake too, it seemed, and had gone out to walk it off. I was debating in my mind whether to get up and speak to him or let him have it out alone, when he left the veranda and I lost his footstep in the grass. I wondered where he'd gone,—if I'd have to look him up and bring him back from one of his moody excursions, and was still undecided when I heard low voices outside. I couldn't make out what was being said. Suddenly I thought that someone must have come from the ship for me, and jumped up to look out.

"He stood in front of the window at some little distance in the full moonlight; and across the open space a woman came toward him with a gliding, crouching step, starting from the shadow where I had waited in the early evening. As she approached him he held out his hands; she quickened her pace, and suddenly flung herself on his breast, uttering low native

cries. 'You are safe; you will not go?' she said breathlessly. 'Safe?' he asked, bending over her. 'Have you been watching?' She looked up into his face with a glance which expressed infinite concern. 'The man stood beside me as I was coming,' she said. 'I would have killed him, but I saw that you were warned.' 'Thank God!' he exclaimed. She drew her arms about his neck. 'I could not go! I must see you!' she cried. 'Hush!' he said. 'Speak lower, you will wake my friend.'

"Her language was picturesque. She conveyed her meaning by extravagant periods, the symbolic speech through which the Oriental mind appeals to its inborn idealism. 'Your friend? Who is your friend?' she asked. 'In all the time that you have dwelt here, no ships have waited, you have had no friends come. Who is your friend that comes in a great ship? Tell me!' 'Dear,' he said, 'he's my brother, and I haven't seen him since I was a boy.'

"She shrank away from him. 'Ah!' she said. 'Then he will take you—you will go?'

"Not yet," he told her. 'Not for some time.'

"But you will go?" she persisted. 'Some day you will not be here, and the sun will cease to rise in the sky, and the moon and the stars will fall silently, and all light will die, and you will not be here!'

"I've told you many times, it must be so," he said. 'You knew it long ago.'

"Again she clasped him about the neck: 'No! No!' she cried. 'I cannot lose you! You are mine! Stay here. It is a fair land—and am I not fair?' She touched her breast. 'You will not look at me!' she said.

"I dare not!"

"Then look!" she whispered.

"I saw him take her in his arms. So he had found this—beyond what he had hoped. I got a light on his peculiar problem. He told me that he'd regained his self-respect; he meant that he could still win love! He said that he might forget; but what he meant was that perhaps he would learn to love again. And when he spoke of going home, he thought only of trying himself again, proving himself. We don't talk about these things; we make a pretense of caring for business and material affairs; but just the same it's love we're here for, and it's love we spend our lives in seeking and serving. Without it, a man is not a man. And there I saw him, face to face with it, touching the Eastern heart that I'd discovered was so like his own. Yes, I can see him yet, holding her in his arms and looking above her head into the unfathomed mystery, looking beyond her into the years, trying to heed a farther call.

“It can't be!’ he said. ‘It's impossible!’ Everything seemed impossible to him. ‘And so—to save greater pain, I'll go at once.’

“She clung to him. ‘I do not understand,’ she said. ‘Dear,’ he answered, ‘I've seen too much sadness, and too much misery, to fail again. I haven't told you all of my life,—the worst of it. You wouldn't care to hear.’

“She paused before she answered. ‘For what is past, I have no memory,’ she said. ‘I too have much to forget; and thus—behold, it is gone! To-day lives, to-morrow we carry with us like a child not born, but yesterday is dead! What do you seek? Love? I will give you all!’ She struck her breast again. ‘My love will never fail!’ she cried.

“‘I prize your love,’ he said.

“‘What do you seek?’ she cried again. ‘Faith? Happiness? Peace? They are all here! My people will claim you, for I am noble in the hills. What do you ask? Ask, and I will give!’ she cried.

“He held her at arm's-length, and looked at her. I heard him sigh.

“‘It is because you do not love!’ she said quite low. ‘Before Allah, am I not fair? Why have I not your love? Look—we are alone. See how I hold you, feel my heart here, behold my eyes—ah!’ Her face was close to his. ‘If love was in your heart, you could not stand thus.’

“‘Stop!’ he cried. ‘You can't see—’

“‘I cannot see, my eyes are dim with love!’

“He thrust her away suddenly, as men will do in fear. ‘All my life,’ he said in a dead voice, ‘I've followed a woman who wouldn't love me. Years—years—to the ends of the world, I've followed her, until I'm weary, and heartsick, and must forget. I've forsaken friends, and left my home, and gained nothing. Now I'm going back. Dear heart,’ he said, ‘if I were young and full of hope, I wouldn't stand here idly. But I've learned, beyond all question, the price of life, and I'm no longer young. You see, I have nothing left to offer. An old heart—broken—a brain without fire!’

“‘I will make well the heart, and fire the brain!’ she cried.

“He swayed toward her, met her in a brief and wonderful embrace,—then broke away. She gave a little cry. ‘You will not? I cannot ask again!’ she said.

“‘Dear, it's not to hurt you that I refuse,’ he answered. ‘You have not seen—’

“She pointed toward the house. ‘He has come!’ she said fiercely. ‘He is your friend, and now you think of home! I should have killed him when I stood at his side!’ She stepped back, and I saw for the first time how

magnificently tall she was. ‘So—you have chosen?’ she went on. ‘This which I have offered, you throw down! What will you find? Is love so strong in your land, are nights like this, is happiness as deep? In convent-school I read otherwise.’ He put out his hand, but she drew away like some wild creature. ‘No! It is done!’ she said.

“A moment passed. Then she left him standing knee-deep in the grass, and went rapidly toward the shadow. He stood still watching her, but she didn't look back. When she reached the border of the jungle, she turned; I couldn't see her clearly, but she made some violent motion with her arm, and the moonlight struck on a bracelet she wore.

“The following day he spent with me aboard the ship. I had a lot of magazines and papers, and he took an almost childish delight in reading the news and looking at the pictures. I decided to keep the ship over another night in Anjer. In the afternoon we noticed a bark to the westward, coming up the Straits, and from time to time we watched her through the glass as she drew nearer. That evening we went ashore again and sat on the veranda, planning the future and building a few of those castles which I've decided are after all the best reward of life. It was another calm, tropical evening with a little land-breeze off the hills. I could see the vessel lying quietly at anchor; and as I watched her, a sort of loneliness tugged at my heart. To-morrow I'd be gone. Bert had promised to go home with me when I came down the Sea, but that was months away.

“We talked about a lot of things, but at last came to speak of life and what we'd learned. I hoped that he'd mention the woman who had saved him at the price of her own heart, but he evidently had no such intention. Thinking of what I'd seen and heard the previous night, I kept my eyes on the shadow at the rear of the bungalow; and as if in answer to my thoughts, she appeared there, moving into the moonlight like a thing of magic, and upon us before we could rise, before our voices had died out. She went directly to Bert, and put her hand on his arm as it lay along the rail. ‘I came to see your friend,’ she said.

“I didn't know what to do; it was no business of mine. So I got up awkwardly, saying, ‘I guess I'll go around the house.’ ‘No, don't,’ Bert interrupted. ‘I want you to meet—’ Who? I wondered what he'd call her. But she saved him by coming to me and taking my hands. ‘Like you, I am his friend,’ she said.

“Standing before her, holding her hands, I saw how beautiful she was. She had that golden Malay skin, dusky, full, smooth as dark



"'Is she so beautiful?' she cried, as if pleading with fate"

marble; across her brow was an ornament of ivory and carved black-wood; her breast was bare in a long slit, and shadowed like the face of a pool. The moonlight shone directly on her, the jungle stood at her back, secret and filled with gloom, and through her hands I touched the blood of the East, rushing like water on the hills after a heavy tropic rain.

"I took my own hands away. 'All are his friends,' I said. She smiled. 'Has it been thus?' she asked. I nodded. 'But none loved him with the heart?' she cried, half-questioning. 'Many,' I said, 'but none gained the answer.' 'None?' she asked searchingly. 'His heart is given to one who wears it on a chain for play,' I said. She seemed to tremble at the thought, and suddenly asked me where she was. I told her that I didn't know. 'Not—home?' she said. 'Not there—home—' She stretched out a hand vaguely. 'No,' I replied. 'It is not for that he goes?' she cried, greatly relieved. 'No,' I said again. 'Why have you changed him?' she demanded. All this time, Bert had been standing in hesitation. The woman's voice carried a wild reproach; he must have felt outrageously. I turned to go, and when I had taken a few steps she spoke. 'He is mine!' she said; and then, remembering who owned the best of him, 'Is she so beautiful?' she cried, as if pleading with fate. I didn't wait to listen.

"On the front veranda there wasn't any moon. I paced up and down a while to catch my breath, and then my imagination got to working. I felt actually sick at the struggle they were going through. A sight of her had shown me how powerful she was. I pitied her, too; but I didn't want her to get him! It terrified me to think how she might sway him. His heart was starved, and she was so heedless with her love, as all women are.

"In a few minutes I noticed a ship close inshore, inside of mine,—the vessel we'd seen running up in the afternoon, I told myself. She held my attention only for a moment; my heart was in what was going on around the house, where I couldn't see. I remembered Bert as he used to be, careless, ready, virile; I closed my eyes and thought of the woman, the most glorious native woman of the East I've ever seen—close, whispering of happiness—

"How I got into the room beside the window, I can't remember. It may have been unworthy of me; but I had to see, hear, know. They sat in a long steamer-chair, and she leaned against his side speaking rapidly. 'All day have I been wandering in the hills,' she said. 'All day have I been thinking of your choice. I have asked the great trees, why? and the

flowers, why? and the earth, why? I have held my hands above, toward the white clouds, asking why, why? And now I have come again to you, and ask, why? Love!' she cried softly, 'you know not what you say! You are life to me, and the breath of the body. I cannot live alone! You have taken my heart from my breast, and would carry it to strange lands where it would die. You must not; see how I hold you fast!'

"He didn't take her hands away. 'When the ship comes back, I am going,' he said. 'Then I will follow!' she cried, interrupting him. 'I will go with you—home!' He smiled at her. 'You wouldn't find it what you think,' he said. 'It's not like this.' 'Blind one,' she answered, 'would you not be with me? Would you not be the same? It is but you I wish! Stay with me, then, here in the land which is mine, which shall be yours! Stay with me, where nights are sweet, as to-night is sweet.'

"It wouldn't last,' he answered.

"When it had ended, we could die,' she whispered. 'It would be better to die so, having lived for a time! Stay with me till love grows cold!'

"He pushed her off, and got up slowly like one dazed. For a long while he stood without moving beside the chair. 'Stay!' she whispered. 'I cannot answer,—let me think,' he said. She slipped to the floor at his feet, clasping him about the knees.

"Look down!' she said. 'To-night we live! To-morrow? There may come no to-morrow! But to-night is here.' And while she spoke, clear and sharp across the water came the rattle of a falling anchor-chain.

"He seemed to stiffen where he stood. In the moonlight, his face was white and cold like the face of a statue. 'No!' he said in a loud voice. He wasn't answering her, he was speaking for the ear of greater things,—conscience and memory and the figure of his faithless, abandoned ideal. I saw that he'd decided. She lay at his feet crying, a monotone of despair. He bent over and lifted her up, and held her in his arms while the air seemed hushed for a moment, silent before the tragedy of love. He held her quite a while, she looking steadily in his face all the time with a wild terror in her eyes. Then he kissed her on the forehead. 'Dear,' he said, 'I'm sorry that you too should have to suffer so.'

"I left the window; I should have gone sooner. It must have been half an hour before he came around to find me. 'That's over,' he said. 'What ship is it?' 'How in the devil can I tell in the dark?' I snapped. Now that I'd got him back, I felt unreasonably angry with

him for disturbing my dream. 'It's a small bark, that's all I know,' I said. 'They seem to be getting a boat out. There she is now—see, between those trees?' 'I wonder who it can be, who'd want to come ashore here,' he said. We listened, and heard the oars chunking in the rowlocks, and two or three quick commands. They were near the beach. A faint, confused murmur of voices came up from the landing, and then, cutting through the stillness like a knife, a sharp cry. My heart leaped into my mouth. It sounded like a woman's voice. 'Did you hear that?' Bert asked me; we leaned over the railing, straining our eyes, but couldn't make anything out. Silence had fallen suddenly. Then one voice started up, angry, jarring: 'Give way, boys!' and we heard the oars again.

"The strangeness of the whole thing startled us. We looked into each other's eyes, almost afraid. While we were speaking hurriedly, starting to go down to the landing, we saw someone coming up the path; it seemed to be the figure of a woman. She came very slowly stopping now and then, staggering as she walked. When she got nearer, we made out that she was hatless, empty-handed. Shadows were across the path, so that we couldn't see clearly. She walked like a person in a dream, looking on the ground at her feet and stretching out her hands as if feeling the way. At the end of the path, she stopped and raised her head. I heard Bert breathing hard at my side. She was quite close by this time; her face was awful! All hope seemed gone from it, like the face of a dead woman I once saw; her eyes stared blankly, and she clutched with one hand at the bosom of her dress.

"'Is anyone here?' she asked brokenly.

"'Helen!' I heard Bert cry at my elbow. The next instant he was over the railing and had her in his arms. 'Helen!' he said again with his face close to hers.

"'Bert Mackay?' she said eagerly, very sadly, too. 'Oh, Bert, let me stay here!'

"I thought she was sobbing, but the sound came from the shadow of the trees. Someone there was uttering smothered, choking cries."

Nichols lighted a fresh cigar. It was growing late, and the moon had sailed far over toward Sumatra side. He smoked a while before he took up the story again.

"That's the way she found him, almost too late!" he began suddenly. "And yet, he had won before she came. I'm glad of that. Their meeting was pathetic; and a second time that evening I found myself an outsider. Sitting alone, I thought of the native woman, and tried to find her, but she had gone away. Bert

never saw her again. I'm not so sure that she never saw him, though. It may have been imagination, but as we went off in the boat the next morning, I looked back and thought I caught a flash of white garments among the shadows of the trees. Something undoubtedly moved against the front of the jungle and disappeared. I didn't say anything about it at the time.

"I heard the last chapter of that romantic story going up the China Sea, for I took them with me to Hong-Kong and sent them home across the Pacific. After Bert had left Melbourne, she missed him; and just as he had waked up, so she discovered, grasped—in the flash of a second, as it were—what it meant to her, and what she'd been doing, and bowed before that law which through any wrong keeps the heart pure and the soul ready to fulfil itself. She tried to locate him. Some said he was in Singapore, some in Hong-Kong; but one man told her that he'd seen him sail on a vessel bound for Manila. 'It didn't matter where I was,' she said, 'so I took passage on the next ship I could find going up the China Sea,—the bark *William Hales*, Captain Olsted. I knew that I could get word of Bert somewhere along the coast.'

"Well, as soon as they got outside, Olsted grew familiar. She was the only woman on the ship and he had heard of her ashore. 'He was a beast!' she said fiercely. 'I told him the truth,—but he wouldn't believe me!' Bert took her hand, and she turned her face to him, full of unutterable love. Yes, no one can say she didn't love him,—she who had been all things to all men.

"So that was the situation on the *William Hales*,—an old one, old as the hills. All that day coming up the Straits, while we were watching them with the glass, she had been in terror. She didn't know what he would do when they reached port, and seeing the land close aboard, began to expect all sorts of nameless things. It fell calm off Anjer, and Olsted drifted in and anchored near my ship. About this time, it seems, he had been making further approaches to her. 'I fought him with a knife,' she told us 'and succeeded in cutting him about the hands. It threw him into a beastly rage. He swore by every oath then that he wouldn't keep a woman like me on the ship an hour longer.'

"It seemed that he acted on his word,—got a boat out and bundled her into it as she was. She thought of trying to communicate with the other ship, but decided that on the whole she'd be better off on land. She supposed that there were white people ashore, and asked Olsted the

way to the village. When he told her what an abandoned place it was, she lost heart. It was then that she cried out. 'Go up to the consulate bungalow,' Olsted told her. 'I see lights; some natives probably live there.' Thus fate led her on, and brought her home.

"Well, it's over now, over for them both. Bert's doing well on the West Coast, and they have a ranch in southern California where they spend the dry season in another land of flowers. They have two children, and are very happy. I've heard from him often since; he's anxious for me to visit them sometime."

Nichols got up and went to the rail, looking toward the land. "I've seen the woman since, too," he said after a while. "A year later my course led me again out East, and I arrived at Anjer on one of these nights of stillness and moonlight. After the anchor was down I ordered a boat overboard, and went ashore in the early evening to revisit the bungalow. Would you believe it, my heart was in my throat as I went up the path; the air seemed full of whispers, and all the shadows seemed to start and move. I stopped half-way to the house, listening intently, and a wandering breeze off the hills stirred the palms with a quick rustle as of rapidly departing feet. I found an old rattan chair still standing on the veranda, drew it to the railing, and sat there a long while looking across the oval of grass flooded with moonlight, remembering the tragic earnestness which once invested that overgrown, deserted spot.

"It all seems very real to me, and suddenly in the midst of my retrospect I thought of the woman he had left behind. She had lurked in the shadow, and seen all; she'd vanished into the jungle with a cry that barely reached me. And then we'd left her alone in the land, and she had watched us go. I turned to the opening where I'd seen her appear that last evening; and just at the edge of the shadow I seemed to see her actually standing, drawn back as if from something she didn't dare behold. It startled me; and when the figure moved, I admit that my heart stood still. She walked like a tiger, with a crouching step of absolute grace, cautious but not afraid. When she stepped into the full moonlight, I began to realize that it was truly the same woman, and that I wasn't alone.

"She came swiftly and leaned on the rail in front of me. I didn't get up, and we looked at each other. No wonder that she had moved him! Her eyes called as if they'd spoken words of love; the beauty of her face was beyond

speech, almost beyond thought. She was very close to me. I pulled myself up at last—I was afraid that I would touch her; and then she spoke. 'You—' she said in a low voice,—a voice that belonged to the land. She turned away, looking high at the moon, and I saw her fingers clutching at the rail.

"For what do you wait?" I asked at last.

"She whirled on me with a gesture of abandon, throwing down her arms. 'Anything!' she cried. 'A word, a message. Can you tell me nothing? Has he come?'

"He is far away," I answered.

"She put her hand on mine. 'You are his friend,' she said. 'Has he sent no word by you?'

"He does not know that I am here," I told her.

"Ah, I have waited, night upon night!" she cried. 'Whenever ships come in, I have waited—in darkness, in rain—always! Will he not come? Tell me!'

"He will never come," I said.

"Her voice rang out suddenly, fierce with hate. 'He was a child! The woman took him! Tell me why, why—'

"The woman was his wife," I had to say.

"She drew her hands away sharply, and stepped back. 'It is enough!' she said. For a while she stood motionless, tense,—I couldn't see her face. Then she turned to me for the last time. 'He is happy?' she asked.

"I nodded. I couldn't speak.

"He loves her?" she asked again.

"I found my voice. 'More than all the world!' I cried, fairly beside myself.

"She flung out her arms with a quick cry, as if she'd suddenly received a vital wound. I was about to give her some advice, God forgive me—tell her to forget him, as he once had told me to forget. She moved into the open swiftly, and the words died on my lips. The next instant she cried out some native syllables in a wild voice, and, while I watched, stabbed herself and fell lifeless in the rank grass.

"And that's the way I left her, very beautiful, crouching low as if to spring, the tall grass closing over her, the gift passed on, the mystery dissolved in mystery. She rests there in my memory, at the foot of the Java hills, the moon high overhead, and a faint land-breeze stirring the palms that rustle like departing feet. The passionate, wayward ardor of the East, it asks little and gives much, and so dies, as I had heard her say, having lived for a time! Who shall say what is best, I wonder, beyond the prompting of the heart of love?"



The FANTASTIC FEMININE

by

Mrs Wilson Woodrow

Illustrated with photographs of
Gowns, Corsets, Hats and Hair
actually worn in America to-day



The Tube Dress

She retreats behind the revelation and remains as great a mystery as when she employs every device of incognito. Has a bed-slat form? Has a telegraph-pole shape?

THE psychology of dress from the feminine standpoint has never been written. When it is, woman will have emerged forever from her seven veils of mystery and the Sphinx will have lost vogue as the unrivaled propounder of unanswered riddles.

Dress means so many things to a woman that a man can never really understand. It is at once her profoundest interest, her amusement, her profession, her recreation, religion and dissipation. Her passion for it is vital and fundamental and lies deeper than the instinct of adornment or any mere abstract love of grace and beauty. She knows intuitively that she "by the mere act of being fair sets countless laws of life in motion."

But this master passion does not by any means preclude an interest in many other things. Woman has decided, for instance, that she wants the ballot. She has set her heart on it, cries for it, means to have it. The earth is filled with the noise of her clamoring. Thus, at the present time, she permits the looker on to enjoy one of the most amusing and remarkable manifestations of the eternal feminine that the world has ever seen. She has announced her intention of having a voice in all matters of government and taking her part in the responsibilities they entail, and she has equipped herself for the fray in fashions so grotesque and eccentric that the monkeys in densest Asia would, upon viewing them, retire

into their jungle fastnesses and hold their sides in inextinguishable laughter.

It would be interesting to know why woman has chosen just this psychological moment for bursting into a hysteria of clothes, and why she should prefer to stand before the "world's low footlights" proclaiming her complete fitness for larger responsibilities with all the appearance of a daughter of Bedlam.

A few years ago, she rather adopted styles of a stern and practical masculinity, short skirt, coat, shirt with stiff collar, her brother's necktie, a severely tailored hat and stout boots; but the pendulum has swung to the other extreme of the arc. At the moment when she is more unfettered in thought than ever before, she chooses to be most fettered in appearance.

She maintains that she is in reality a sturdy oak and that she has proven her right to be so regarded, but her daringly original reading of the part is to dress it as the clinging, floppy vine. To be picturesque is the duty of the moment. We must stumble forward over gowns as much *en train* in front as in the back, and so tight that all freedom of movement is sadly impeded. To be enormously capable and yet to look as if one were fitted for nothing but to "sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam and dine upon strawberries, sugar and cream,"—that is the feminine ideal—for the moment.

It is not so difficult for the youthful to conform, especially if they are agile acrobats, but it does seem a good deal to impose on the comfortable, middle-aged, motherly person—to ask her to be picturesque in the particular fashion of to-day, the lissom willow-wand with all her draperies under her feet and something that she knows resembles the family market basket on her head. Poor Mother!

To what can this eruption of eccentricity in styles and its unquestioning acceptance be due? Is it an outward and visible sign of the inherent submissiveness of woman, yielding meekly to the arrogant dictators of fashion grown crazed with power? Or may it more reasonably be attributed to that complete lack of a sense of humor of which we have ever been accused?

I have splintered many a lance in defense of woman's sense of humor, ever maintaining that it was as keen or keener than a man's, only less obvious because more subtle. It was rather a blow then, upon discussing the subject of sheath and medieval gowns, and the relative merits of cart-wheel and peach-basket hats with a group of women, to have them all assert that they did not see anything inherently funny

in either gowns or hats, nothing to cause spontaneous laughter at any rate. They looked shocked and seemed to think it a rather irreverent handling of sacred subjects. But when I was talking to a member of the staff of this magazine about the illustrations, he said: "I think we shall present some of the styles exactly as they are. What's the use of caricaturing a caricature?"

Still, that is not necessarily an argument against woman's deficient sense of humor. It may mean that clothes are too vital and intimate an interest in her life for her to be able to view them humorously.

A great queen was willing to go down to posterity wearing a hoop-skirt. Nevertheless, there was an early Victorian simplicity and modesty about that rat-trap garb that has nothing in common with the glaring poster effects of to-day. Then, woman, as a violet by a mossy stone, shrank demurely within her wire enclosure and buried her drooping head and coy blushes in the deep shade of the sheltering poke bonnet. Then, the waiting Lovelace beheld the lady of his dreams advance as a balloon floating along the earth, its slender stem crowned by a large coal-scuttle. All Clarissas were alike in appearance, and it took keen eyes to tell who was who. Thus the mystery of the inscrutable feminine was more intact and inviolate than ever.

But now woman scorns concealment. Mystery! She apparently abjures it. Fearlessly she emerges from a swirl of draperies which seem to shroud the curves of grace. And there is not a line concealed, not a petticoat retained; and yet, oh curious paradox, she retreats behind the revelation and remains as great a mystery as when she employs every device of incognito. Has a bed-slat form? Has a telegraph-pole shape?

Why longer marvel at the magic miracles of the Eastern faker when we have the incontrovertible testimony before our eyes that the portly lady of yesterday is the sinuous whale-bone of to-day? What has she done with it—that too, too solid flesh which expressed itself in rather sagging lines and somewhat exaggerated and aggressive curves?

Years ago, there appeared an amusing picture in a certain journal. It represented two small boys standing before a circus poster of an enormous elephant whirling about on the tip of his tail upon the base of a tiny, upturned wine glass. One of the boys, a little "doubting Thomas," asks breathlessly of the other, "Do you believe that?" His companion replies with simple, solid conviction, "I don't believe there ain't nothink that an ephelunt can't do."



We must stumble forward over gowns
as much *en train* in front as in the back

Woman in her relation to fashion inspires the same unflinching faith. Personally, long observation has absolutely convinced me that "there ain't nothink that that ephelunt can't do." She can be tall or short, stout or slim, as the fashion of the hour requires. Dark or fair is simple. Doctors potter about and shake their heads and predict the most dreadful things if this or that organ is unduly compressed; but I have seen—who has not?—a fair young girl laced until she resembles an hour-glass stow away a luncheon that would appall the plow-man. It really doesn't seem to be the sisters of fashion who suffer, but the

women who are deprived of the stimulus of keeping up with that gaudy procession.

We are informed by those who have had much experience in hospitals that women show greater fortitude than men in bearing pain. But the place to learn that lesson is at the corsetières. The events in the realm of fashion during the past year are worthy an epic. Consider that thrilling dramatic moment when the cold, authoritative statement rang out: "Hips must go!" If the word had been "Ears must go!" it would have been received as loyally, the order obeyed as unquestioningly by that best disciplined body the world has ever seen—the votaries of fashion.

"Hips must go!" Without a murmur, without even a suggestion of mutiny, the vast army of stout women moved in one mighty, acquiescent body on the corsetières. As by magic, in answer to the demand, the supply of these experienced artists in torture increased. Without a dissenting voice the army resigned itself to the inevitable. It was magnificent, but it was not war. No, it was martyrdom.

That is the secret of our slender grace. Compression! Yes, but all this fat that is moulded out of sight has to go somewhere, and where does it go? One has a hideous vision of ingrowing fat. An unnecessary fear. Compression, it has been discovered, will in time eliminate the superfluous flesh; but this adipose-reducing corset which transforms the stout lady into the sylph, must be worn night and day to gain results as quickly as possible, and it is built upon the lines of the greatest possible resistance. The shirt of Nessus would be a most comfortable and luxurious jacket in comparison with it. It is certainly not a waistband. It is a harness. The backboards of our grandmothers were supposed to be uncomfortable. What would the dames of that era have thought

if they had had to wear a skintight—oh, no that word has lost significance—a coat of armor much tighter than skin, and reaching from under the arms nearly to the knees on the sides, and held firmly in place by the most elaborate system of gartering, half a dozen elastics that give not at all. The steel bands extending downward over the stomach are very broad and some corsetières prefer to lace up the corset along the sides of these bars, instead of in the back, claiming that they thus get more of the desired compression.

Is it uncomfortable? Does it hurt?

No one ever heard a woman complain. She

may bite her lips and clinch her hands, and the hot tears may start, but find her harness tight? Oh dear, no. She may be a little stout. Reluctantly she admits this, but she never wears a tight corset. She can thrust her arm right down between it and her flesh.

The logical sequence of no hips was of course no petticoats. This was staggering. The luxurious rustle of silk, the delicate, soft swish of lace has ever been like music in a woman's ears, but again "theirs not to question why." Perhaps a tear or so was folded away in the dainty garments, and a sprig of rosemary for remembrance, but the petticoats went and the tight silk knickerbockers were adopted in their place, or rather, the sheath-bockers, an unalluring, combination garment of perfectly plain knickers and sheath corset cover. Not a ruffle of lace was permitted, not even an edge to tone down the severity.

Now one was ready for the sheath gown, the admirably advertised sheath gown, whose first appearance was heralded by cable to a waiting world; and the brave pioneers who first donned it were followed by hooting crowds, and found it necessary to appeal to police protection.

Then came the question of hair. All this whale-bone sinuosity, this tape-line slenderness had to be balanced, and the huge hat demanded hair, more hair. Kipling's famous lines, "a rag and a bone and a hank of hair," give a most accurate picture of the *dame du monde*. The bone had donned the rag and now only awaited the hair. The importation of human hair increased a thousand fold. Motors and carriages stood for hours before the hair-dressing establishments. Battalions of women advanced on foot. They now match hair as



Not a line concealed, not a petticoat retained

carefully as they once matched worsteds or ribbons.

By the way, this is a serious moment for the writer of fiction. He can no longer draw his heroine's heavy masses of hair smoothly back from her broad low brow, twist it in a great loose knot at the nape of the neck and thrust a single red rose in its shining coils. Nay, it is incumbent upon him to be a far more expert hair-dresser than that. The heroine sits before her dressing table, her own hair, after being waved on hot irons, is combed smoothly down from the crown of her head over her face, straight down the back and sides of her head.

Then the rolls, vulgarly called rats, of purchased hair are placed all about her head, or at the back and sides as the mode of the moment decrees. Her own hair is then drawn up over them, and the foundation is laid, ready for the superstructure. The real architectural feats are yet to be essayed.

The maid pauses and gazes interrogatively at the image of her mistress in the glass, "What hair will madame wear this evening?"

Madame considers; there is every variety of the shining, waving scalps made up in countless ways upon the table before her. Her eye runs them over.

"I think the coronet braids to-night, Marie, or no, I believe I prefer puffs, yes puffs, not more than a dozen of them, and two or three of those little twists and a few curls."

• These fastened on securely by the skillful fingers of Marie, the now indispensable barette must be adjusted, the jeweled pins, combs and ornaments, the aigrettes, feathers, flowers, bunches of grapes, foliage, etc., properly placed and madame is ready for dinner, a play, the opera.

Several years ago there was so loud an outcry against the picture hat that it has become the universal

custom for a woman to remove her hat, if she happens to be wearing one, as soon as she enters the theater. That would naturally seem to solve the question of seeing over or around the lady in front of you at the play; but there are more ways than one of beating the devil around the stump, and the play-goer has come sadly to realize that the picture hat offered no greater obstruction to his vision than the picture hair; and whereas one might, in the good old days, courteously request a

woman to remove her hat, one may not, with propriety, ask a lady to remove her hair.

And speaking of hats, we have had every possible variety with us during the past year. For a time we seemed to have specialized on brims, to wit, the cart-wheel, and we speedily had to learn that deprecating, undulating little sidewise dip which would enable us to get in and out of doors without becoming stuck.

As the size of the hat increased, so did the price, but that was a mere detail. A great milliner assured me that her business had been but slightly affected by the financial depression of the past year or so. "No," she said, "they may have to mortgage everything of value they possess, motors, pictures, jewels, etc., but they know these hats are expensive, requiring feathers that cost fifty or a hundred dollars apiece, and they rarely question the price."

Then suddenly, all in the twinkling of an eye, we faced about and concentrated on crowns; hence the peach-basket, its crown rising a domed and massive structure, its brim lying comfortably against one's shoulder blades, and the woman beneath almost extinguished, her head tilted back that she might see at all and

only the tip of her chin in evidence. And with these bizarre shapes is a correspondingly bizarre trimming, fruits, flowers and feathers jumbled together and only the impossible combinations of colors being considered really smart. One dealer informed me almost with tears in his eyes that there had been quite a heavy demand for vegetables, which so far, unfortunately, his house had not been able to supply.

But the great, arrogant, unquestioned god-



A \$40.00 Corset

This adipose-reducing corset which transforms the stout lady into the sylph, must be worn night and day to gain results as quickly as possible, and it is built upon the lines of the greatest possible resistance. The shirt of Nessus would be a most comfortable and luxurious jacket in comparison with it. It is certainly not a waistband. It is a harness



Picture Hair

The play-goer has come sadly to realize that the picture hat offered no greater obstruction to his vision than the picture hair; and whereas one might, in the good old days, courteously request a woman to remove her hat, one may not, with propriety, ask a lady to remove her hair

ness of fashion received a check. It is usually so. No matter how big the flea, there are always other fleas to tease it. Behind the supreme power is usually a supremer. In this case it was the manufacturers. They said in effect: "These Greek styles are ruinous to business. A year or two ago, it took twenty yards or more to make a gown, now it can be done on five or six." The designers listened. Consequently, the banished plaits and gathers began to make a coy but insistent appearance, sleeves took on a less rigid contour, lines began to flow.

The old order changeth. In former days one had the consciousness of the best black velvet gown trimmed with really good lace which one could always fall back on, year after year, for worth while occasions. Of course there were gradations in style, slow, anticipated, thoroughly canvassed, but these affected the black velvet about as much as L'Art Nouveau affects the Pyramids.

"They say that sleeves will be smaller in the fall," announced your mother's dress-maker. "Will you have your black velvet altered a little?"

"Oh no, I think not," she would reply serenely. "It was made in Paris only ten years ago and trimmed with my Chantilly lace. It will last a good many years yet."

What stability! What calm! The black velvet was a passport enabling one to appear anywhere. Its value was no more to be questioned than old lace or family jewels.

Now—a scant one season for the most elaborate and expensive gowns; now, in the language of the race track, a complete reversal of form may be looked for at any moment.

Consider the mental agility it takes to keep up with one's waist line. One goes to bed at night in the sweet assurance that it will be under the arms for the next two or three months at any rate, and awakes to learn from the headlines in the morning papers that the waistline is positively at the knees. There is absolutely no use in prognosticating anything about it any longer. That the waistline occurred at the waist was an axiom accepted as unquestioningly as that the earth revolves on its axis, but in these days of higher criticism it is likely to be anywhere. It bloweth where it listeth.

It is just about here in this article that the man who is reading it (and I hope no man will read it. It was not written for them. It may put ideas into their heads, and they are tiresome enough already) will shake his head solemnly and say to his wife with a superior, pitying smile, tapping the magazine with his forefinger the while, "My dear, if a lot of silly women want to make caricatures of themselves, will you tell me why you sensible ones participate in the orgie? Are there not enough conservative women in the world to make a stand against all this bedlamic absurdity?"

If his wife is a wise woman, she will smile and say, "Yes, dear, I quite agree with you," knowing the futility of arguing with a man on the subject of woman's dress; but if she is one of those ardent, impetuous creatures who can't keep out of a debate, she will inform him that no woman likes to be a frump and look ten years behind the times and as if she had floated down from some planet of dowdies. She will then probably revert to the time when she tried to conform to his ideas of feminine dress and they accepted an invitation to dinner,



A Fruit and Vegetable Hat

The Peach Basket Hat

The Cart Wheel Brim

With these bizarre shapes is a correspondingly bizarre trimming, fruits, flowers and feathers jumbled together and only the impossible combinations of colors being considered really smart. One dealer informed me almost with tears in his eyes that there had been quite a heavy demand for vegetables, which so far, unfortunately, his house had not been able to supply

and he, seeing her modest frumpishness, tried to act all evening as if she didn't belong to him. And how that catty Mrs. Smith-Jones put up her lorgnon, and after surveying her for ten minutes with a steady, amused stare, turned to him and said: "How sweet and demure your wife looks, Mr. Robinson, with that dear, quaint way of wearing her hair, and that darling, funny, old-fashioned frock." And how on the drive homeward he had smoked in sulky silence for a season, and finally said in tones of puzzled irritability, "Emma, why on earth do you not get a new gown and try and look more like other people? Now, that little Mrs. Smith-Jones, a charming woman, was very simply and inexpensively gowned, I am sure, and yet, she had that look of the world, of—" Oh, well, things were very unpleasant for a while. It is no use going into it further. You know exactly what they both said.

But all the same, to come back to the "tumult and the shouting," I do not think it is quite fair. I have no wish to shirk civic responsibilities. I'd just as lieve be on the jury, or be a congresswoman, or a senatress, or a judge, anything but a prisoner at the bar to be judged and sentenced by members of my own sex. Nor would I mind galloping up San Juan hill, waving the tricolor and shouting "Banzai!" if it were necessary. Women do more difficult stunts than those any time and think nothing of it, take it all in the day's work. But I do not think we ought to be asked to conduct the affairs of state and keep up with the fashions at the same time. It is more than any woman can do, especially if she is earning her bread by the sweat of her brow, or the ink of her pen.

Ah well, we cannot have everything. Woman's achievements in many lines, considering the hampering conditions under which she has labored, have been little less than mar-

velous. She has really performed some remarkable feats of horticulture in Naboth's vineyard, but in her own little garden patch of dress, she has not proven herself a Burbank. She has had an exclusive occupation and

plenty of time, centuries wherein to evolve artistic and beautiful costumes and none did hinder her, but it would be a brave man or woman who would dare accuse her of success.



The Gardens of Shushan

"And the king loved Esther . . . and made her queen instead of Vashti."

By MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

Be pitiful! Her lips have touched this cool
Clear stream that sets the long green leaves astir.
The very doves that dream beside the pool
Sang their soft notes to her.

For her these doors that claim the amorous south,
Bound in red bronze and stayed with cedar wood.
And here the bees sought honey from her mouth,
So like a flower she stood.

For her the globed pomegranates grew, and all
Sweet savoury fruits rose perfect from their flower.
Here has her soul known silence and the fall
Of each enchanted hour.

Under her feet all beauty was laid low,
In her deep eyes all beauty was made clear,
When the king called her through the amber glow,
"O Vashti, I am here!"

Still the sweet wells return to me her face,
Still her lost name on every wind is blown.
The shadows and the silence of this place
Are hers alone.





His MOTHER

With Illustrations
by Thomas Fogarty

by Harvey J
O'Higgins

I

MRS. REGAN was at the front window of her tenement-house flat, watching. She was not beautiful. Her eyes were sunken and beady under the worried wrinkles of her forehead; her high-boned cheeks would remind you of the corners of a battered leather trunk; her withered old mouth was drawn as tightly shut as if she were holding pins between her lips. And yet, in those eyes, about that mouth, there was an expression of anxious and loving expectation that was more

beautiful than beauty, because it was so human, because it had that endearing ugliness of worn life. She was watching for Larry—her son Larry!—and she kept saying to herself: "He's late. I wonder what's keepin' him."

He was twenty-odd, a typesetter by trade, "a sober, law-fearin' good lad"—as she would boast—who neither smoked nor drank nor used bad language ("except now an' then, mebbe, when he fergets I'm in hearin'")—and who brought his money home to her on pay-days "as reg'lar, come Friday, as Friday



She was watching for Larry—her son Larry!—and she kept saying to herself: "He's late. I wonder what's keepin' him"

comes." She had worked her hands "to the bone" to give him his "schoolin'," in the days when he, after school hours, used to go on the streets to shine shoes or sell newspapers or do whatever else came to hand to earn an honest penny. She was working for him still, but no longer going out scrubbing and taking in washing and stitching ulsters at night on a sewing-machine at twenty cents an ulster. (It was the machine that had made her voice so loud; she had been used to talking while she worked.) Now she sat at home "like a lady," and only sewed and mended and cooked and scrubbed and swept and dusted and washed and ironed for *him*—and only sat up late at night till he had gone to bed, so that she might tuck him in; for she believed that if she did not watch him so, he would be sure to kick the covers off his legs in the night, like a big baby, and catch his "death o' cold."

"He's late," she said, for the twentieth time. "I wonder what's keepin' him."

She would see him as soon as he turned the street corner far below her, and she would hurry back to the kitchen where the dinner was all ready to be whisked out of the oven to the table. As soon as he opened the door of the flat, she would call "Is that yerself?" and he would reply with a cheerful grunt of assent. ("He never talks till he's fed—poor boy.") There would be no kisses, no embraces of affection, no show of love between them. Her pot pie, her biscuits, and her English breakfast tea "with a pinch o' Paykoe in it" were her caresses; she would ply him with them, beaming on him fondly, every "helping" affectionate and every bite grateful; and his final sigh of repletion would be as eloquent to her as the suspiration of a full heart.

She would have to tell him all the gossip of the neighborhood—where she knew everybody's troubles, because everybody came to her to borrow a little assistance in bearing them. ("Yuh can have annything I've got to spare," she would tell them. "Many's the time when I had nothin', I wisht I c'u'd borry it meself.") And he would read the newspapers and listen to her talk—both at the one time—and if there was anyone happier than Mrs. Regan then, it was some one who had no right to be. She was sure of that.

"He's late," she said. "I wonder—there now!"

It was he.

She did not wait to wave him a greeting. She ran to the kitchen and caught up her towel, all her anxieties forgotten on the instant. And it was with no resentful impa-

tience that she cried "Is that yerself?" when she heard the door open.

"Sure," he answered. "How've you been?"

She looked back quickly over her shoulder as she measured her drawing of tea. (She said afterward: "As soon as he opened his mouth, I knowed there was somethin' wrong.") She heard him coming down the little hall to her; and he should have gone to wash. "Dinner's ready," she assured him.

He said: "So'm I."

He had a parcel in his hand. He tossed it upon the kitchen table. "What's that?" she asked.

He answered: "Open it and see."

She was not only mystified; she was naturally somewhat alarmed. And his casual explanations, as she untied the string, did not reassure her. (He had seen "it" on the street. A push-cart peddler had had it. He had thought she might like it.)

It was a white crocheted "umbrella" shawl.

She spread it out, half-flattered, uneasy, touched by his thought for her but uncertain how to take it. "There now," she reproached him, "why 'd yuh waste yer money?"

He laughed shamefacedly and went back toward his bedroom.

He knew that she would fold the shawl away in a bureau drawer, and show it to her visitors as a "present from Larry," and perhaps on some special occasion wear it with all the pride in the world. He did not know that after he left her, she returned to her tea-making so absent-mindedly puzzled to know what was "up" that she forgot to put in the extra spoonful "fer the pot."

Her suspicions were not allayed by his talkativeness at the table, for she knew him well enough to understand that whenever he had anything on his conscience he was always instinctively ingratiating and good-humored. She said little; she listened without betraying herself; she watched him furtively with her sharp old eyes. But she saw nothing in his talk until he had finished telling her about the opening of the new subway from Brooklyn Bridge to Harlem. Then—having pushed away his plate and tilted back his chair comfortably—he said: "We could get a fine big flat uptown for what we pay here. It wouldn't take me any longer to get home, either, now. We don't *have* to live down here. We could move for next to nothing—five or ten dollars."

He had evidently been leading up to that proposal, diplomatically; and with equal diplomacy she evaded it. She did not reply that this was her home; that all her friends were about her here; that the church in which



Miss McCarty was very reposedly looking aside out of the window. Larry tried to make talk.

she had been married, in which *he* had been christened, in which she had heard mass for the last thirty years, was just around the corner—to say nothing of her grocer and her butcher! She suggested merely: “Yuh’d miss the boys.”

This referred to the younger members of the Dan Healy Democratic Association in which he was a stalwart. “Oh, well,” he said, easily, “I’ve been thinking of giving all that up any way. There’s nothing in it for me. I’ve got my work. I don’t need to live off politics. I’ve sort of cut it out lately.”

For some weeks past he had been going out every night; and he had let her suppose that

he was spending his evenings in the rooms of the association, helping to prepare for the coming campaign. She rose to clear the table, so that, under cover of the activity, she might have time to think.

“I met the Senator on the street to-day,” he said, “and told him.”

“Told him what?”

“That I was quitting politics.”

She put down her dishes. “Fer the love o’ Heaven, *why?*”

“Well,” he said, “I been thinking it over. It’s all right—but it ain’t straight. They’re a nice lot of fellahs, but they’re in wrong.” He was a big, dark-faced Irish boy, deep-eyed, with a gaze that was calmly direct. “I

want to keep clear of it. That's why I want to get uptown out of this."

"They've been good frien's to us, Larry. Many's the dollar Senator Dan——"

"I know all about that. I've tried to make it up to him. I've done things for him I wouldn't've done for anybody else—around the polls. I won't do it any more."

"Are yuh sore 'cause yuh didn't get Flanagan's place?"

"Sore? No, I'm darned glad I didn't get it."

"What's come over yuh, then?"

"Well," he said vaguely, "I've been meeting people—another sort of people. I've been seeing things diff'rent."

She realized, then, that she was facing a crisis in his life greater than any she had had to deal with since the day when he had wished to leave school so that she might not have to work so hard for him. The boy was wanting to take his life into his own hands again, to turn against his politics, his class and all his old associations. So much she understood with a mother's jealous instinct, instantly, though she did not accuse him of understanding it himself. He had been influenced by some one. She set herself to find out who it was.

She asked: "Are yuh goin' out to-night?"

He accepted the question with relief. "I thought I would—a little while. I'll be back early." He sat with his elbows on the table. "I promised I'd see some one."

She turned her back craftily before she asked: "Can't yuh bring him here?"

"Well, not very well," he said. "It's a girl."

He tried to give it in a matter-of-fact tone, but he did not succeed. She tried to receive it in a matter-of-fact manner, and she was more successful. She kept her back to him and continued with her work, only glancing at the shawl with her lips tightened. A girl!

It was her opinion that every girl in the town was a designing hypocrite who was bent upon flattering Larry into marrying her so that she might not have to work for a living. Not one of the whole useless set would know how to cook for him. Not one would wash or mend for him. Not one would be able to do anything but spend his money in clothes for herself and ruin his digestion with stuff bought at delicatessen counters, and with her folly and extravagance worry him to death.

It is a mortifying thing to raise a boy to the lovable helplessness of manhood only to have him taken advantage of by one of your own



Larry jerked him clear of the table and propelled him swiftly toward the screen door



"I want to thank you. Don't you remember me?"

sex. She said angrily: "Are y' ashamed to show her?"

After a moment of silence, he replied: "All right, then. I'll bring her." And rising abruptly from the table, he stalked into the front room and sat down at the window.

She did not need any further proof that the girl had caught him, for he was not the sort of boy to bring any young woman to see her unless he had been already committed, in his own mind, to matrimony. The prospect of his death itself would hardly have been less welcome to her; and yet the hardening of her

face and a little trembling of her hands as she took up the dishes were the only signs she showed of her emotion. (He was going to marry! She would have to share Larry with a strange woman—if he did not desert her altogether!)

She continued her work, all the joy of it gone from her, miserable, but bearing her misery dumbly. She did not even ask him who the girl was. (What did it matter *who* it was?) She tidied up her kitchen determinedly. "She'll not find the place dirty when she *comes*," she promised herself—re-

servicing an opinion of what it would be like before the girl had been long in charge of it. And when Larry had dressed and gone out, she attacked the little front room with the same thought—arranging the folds in her lace curtains to conceal patching, and covering the delinquencies of her "crimson plush" with a cushion here and a tidy there, and dusting the paper fans and the framed photograph in its red-velvet mat, and assuring herself that the block of wood was safely supporting the back leg of the easy chair that had lost a caster. "They'll be gettin' new," she prophesied. She herself had clung to the old, even when Larry had wished to be rid of them. ("There's nothin' so comfort'ble to set in as an ol' chair," she would say, "unless 'tis an ol' boot.") She was old herself. Well, he would soon learn whether the new was better! She shook her head prophetically. He would soon learn whether the new was better.

II

That mood passed, and a more characteristic one succeeded it.

She knew the girl would be some "gum-chewin' young gad-about with no more than brains enough to dress herself like a fool." A shop-girl, no doubt—a shop-girl that carried all her wages on her back and walked with a wiggle! There were no girls, no more, like the girls of *her* day. Never a one. Now, they went to work in offices instead of staying home and learning the things a girl ought to know. They made poor wives and worse mothers; they were half of them sickly and all of them silly; they knew no more about their proper business in life than a peacock knows about hatching duck's eggs.

She muttered and grumbled it over and

over while she dressed—angry at herself now, because she had dared Larry to bring the girl. What could she say to the fool creature? Let him marry her and go off with her out of this. *She* could take care of herself—and that's all she *would* do. She didn't want to see the girl. Why should she? Drat the young snip. Who wanted to listen to her cackle? It was noise enough to wear your ears out. If Larry liked it, let him take it and live with it. There

was no accounting for tastes. Larry!—of all boys in the world! Well, live and learn, live and learn.

She plumped herself down in her rocking chair by the window and waited indignantly for them to come. She looked very sour, very stiff and forbidding. Hard work had kept her thin and angular. She snorted and muttered to herself.

And she was still in this frame of mind when the arrival of Larry and his "girl" brought her to her feet. "Now then," she said, "now then."

There entered a meekly dressed young woman, about thirty years old, tall, in black, with a plain pale face and a subdued manner. "Miss McCarty," Larry introduced her, very proud and somewhat apprehensive. ("God help us," Mrs. Regan said afterward, "I thought 'twas a joke he was playin'." She was nothin' at all to look at. An' old enough

to marry two of *him!*") He did not notice how his mother received Miss McCarty; he was only anxious about how Miss McCarty would be impressed. And the mother received her as a rival who, at first sight, disproved all the formidable reports concerning her; and Miss McCarty showed no more impression than is indicated by the deepening of reserve.

She had a broad, flat forehead; and her eyes were set under it, far apart and colorless, with



a quiet despondency of expression. Her mouth had the same flatness—a wide mouth, thin-lipped and full of the character of a woman who has a mind of her own. When she sat down she folded in her lap a pair of immaculate hands, large, firm, very white and evidently very capable. Her physical largeness was obviously of the same quality of graceful strength.

"Well now!" Mrs. Regan said at last. "Will yuh tell me somethin'? Wherever did yuh meet?" Her excitement gave her voice the shrillness that made her sound shrewish to those who did not know her.

"Downtown," Larry answered, with his eyes still fixed on the girl.

"Do yuh work?" the mother asked her.

"Oh yes," she said, "I've always worked." And she spoke in the voice that had glamored Larry.

It was not the voice of a dialect; it was not even markedly the plaintive intonation of the Celt. It was a rich full breathing of deepened vowels and blurred consonants that put a sort of pastoral gentleness and charm on every word—as soft as an Irish mist on the green undulations of an Irish landscape.

"What do yuh do?" Mrs. Regan demanded.

Larry answered for her: "She's a manicurist."

"A— What's that?" she cried, annoyed because the girl had an appearance of ignoring her.

Larry laughed nervously. Miss McCarty, it was evident to him, did not understand the brusque kindness of his mother's inquiries. "Never mind what it is," he said. "What difference does it make?"

Mrs. Regan contained herself by folding her arms upon her pride. "True enough," she said. "What diff'rence? 'Tis none o' my bus'ness. None at all." And with that she assumed an attitude of silent self-suppression that was comical—as well as tragic.

"It only took us twenty minutes to get down to Fourteenth Street from a Hundred and Third," Larry told her.

"Did it," she said shortly.

"Lots of flats to rent up there."

She said nothing.

"Better air, too."

With one hand supporting an elbow, she fingered her lips as if she were fingering a padlock on them. Miss McCarty was very supposedly looking aside out of the window. Larry tried to make talk.

The end of it came when the girl, having carried on five minutes' futile conversation with him—about flats, comparative rents and

the possible construction of more subways—rose placidly to say good night; and Mrs. Regan awoke, too late, to the inhospitality of her behavior.

"Yuh're never goin' so soon!" she cried. "Wait a bit. Have a cup o' tea now." The girl refused firmly, but Mrs. Regan hurried out to the kitchen to put on the kettle and open the cake box. She heard Larry call out something which she did not understand. And when she returned with her pewter cake-basket and her tray of cups, the room was empty.

They had gone.

She went back to the kitchen, thumped the cake into the box, banged the basket down on the table, and snatched the kettle from the stove. "There!" she said. "Now!" And seating herself in the chair by the fire-escape window she began to weep.

She had done it. She had quarreled with them. The girl would take Larry away from her. It was the end of everything!

III

Larry had first seen Miss McCarty in a downtown barber shop—and if he had not hung up his hat before he had seen her, he would have backed out of the place. As it was, he had taken his seat in the chair nearest her with an uncomfortable feeling that she had intruded upon his toilet. She was manicuring at a little table near the door.

"Hair cut," he said, in a husky undertone, and felt like a fool when the barber swathed him in striped calico and tucked it in around his neck. It was no position for a man to be seen in by any young woman. In the best of circumstances hair-cutting was to Larry an operation of personal beautification that was to be rushed through with a scornful lack of attention; he would scarcely look at himself in the glass until he could do it alone and unashamed (and curse the barber who had made the parting an inch too high on his head). And now, when his hair had been ruffled up unbecomingly, he kept darting irritated glances at her out of the corner of his eye, to see that she was not staring at him.

She was polishing the finger nails of a man who had his back to Larry, so that Larry could not see his face. It was enough for him to see hers. (Not that she was beautiful—or even of an interesting ugliness. He thought her merely plain looking, with a nose too large.) What he saw in her face was the evidence that her customer was annoying her; and as Larry watched her, he added his irri-

tated embarrassment about his own toilet to an accession of uncultured contempt for the man who could loll back, ogling, in a barber shop, while a woman polished his nails.

The barber slewed Larry's head around—first this way and then that way—with the masterful hand of his trade; and Larry caught but fleeting glimpses of the girl's reddened ears and frigid haughtiness. The man was leaning forward on one elbow, a roll of flesh bulging above his collar. Larry's slanted eye fixed on that fat roll malevolently for a moment before the barber swung him around again. And when he was sheared and sleeked down with bay rum and out of the chair finally, he reached for his hat—with his eyes on the remembered neck—just as the girl, dropping her chamois pad, looked up appealingly at the barber as if for aid against insult.

Larry stepped forward, jabbed his fingers in between the neck and the collar, and raised the man with one hand while he withdrew the chair with the other. (The tightened collar prevented any but a guttural, choked outcry.) Larry jerked him clear of the table and propelled him swiftly toward the screen door, shoved him through that, ran him across the sidewalk, and there, bumping him behind with a bent knee, sent him sprawling into the gutter. Then, without any undignified haste, but with sufficient celerity, he shouldered his way through the midday crowd on Broadway, turned a corner, and hurried back to his work.

He had almost forgotten the incident before he saw her again. He had not gone near the barber shop meanwhile. He had not given her a thought—except a vaguely resentful one. And when he met her face to face in City Hall Park, he was not sure where he had seen her before. She said, quite frankly and unembarrassed: "I want to thank you. Don't you remember me?"

"Sure I do," he replied, and he did not say it flippantly. She had spoken in that wonderful voice of hers, and it had made him respectful at once.

He turned back with her, and she accepted his escort as a matter of course. They said nothing of any importance; they parted at the steps of the "L" in Park Place, with a nod and a smile; and Larry was half way back to his own station of the Third Avenue Elevated at Brooklyn Bridge before it occurred to him that he would like to see her again and had not provided the opportunity of doing so.

The omission made it necessary for him to stand opposite the barber shop, next noon, and wait for her to come out for luncheon.

There is, in such affairs, an unwritten code that prohibits the asking of personal questions. The young man must accept the young woman "sight unseen"—as the boys say when they "swap" with their hands behind them—until the first trial of acquaintance has been proven. Then, if the interest becomes serious, mutual confidences are naturally exchanged, the right to receive them having been established. It was for this reason that even after Larry and she had gone to the theaters together, sat in the parks, and patronized the museums of art and of natural history—which a thoughtful public has erected for the use of New York lovers who need sheltered benches on wet Sunday afternoons—he knew as little about her past, her parentage and the private circumstances of her life as she knew about his. She remained placid, uncoquettish and still reserved with the reserve of a woman whose voice was not made for chatter. (That voice haunted him. He heard it even in the midst of the crashed metallic tinklings of the linotypes.)

Then, one evening, when he called upon her by appointment to take her to the theater, she did not meet him at the door of the flat-house; and he ascended to the top floor apartment to find her with a headache and unwilling to go out. She was sharing the flat with two friends—one a head waitress in a dairy restaurant, the other a black-haired little Socialist who was trying to organize a union among the shop-girls of a department store where she worked. And it was here that Larry began to "see things diff'rent" (as he told his mother) in the matter of politics. Here, too, he got another impression of Miss McCarty, from the deference which her two room mates showed her and the air of right with which she accepted it—to say nothing of the graceful dignity of the way in which she reclined upon a shabby corner couch and listened to the argument between Larry and the Socialist.

She gave him an impression not only of superior experience and superior age but even of superior culture; and when he left her that night he had an uneasy suspicion that she was, perhaps, "above" him.

He was ambitious. He was also proud—as proud as his mother. And when he came to ask the girl to call on Mrs. Regan with him, he gave the invitation as if it were a defiance. She accepted it—after a moment's reflection—with some of that feminine, Old-World dignity that refuses to recognize a lover until he makes his formal declaration.

It was this dignity that carried her through

the interview with Mrs. Regan outwardly unmoved; and it was this dignity that sat so stiff upon her as she journeyed back to One Hundred and Third Street with Larry, in the roaring subway, after she had refused Mrs. Regan's cup of tea. There was nothing to say; the noise about them, in any case, prevented them from saying anything; and Larry waited until they were on the street before he even asked when he might see her again.

She replied calmly: "I don't know."

"Will you come to—to the theater to-morrow night?"

"No, thank you," she said.

"Why?"

Her manner replied that she did not feel he had any claim upon her that would justify the question. She looked straight ahead of her in silence.

Larry put his hands in his coat pockets, with the air of a boy who has been insulted and who puts away his fists temporarily until he can make sure that the insult was intended. He asked: "Don't you want me to come to see you?"

"I think not," she said in her smoothest voice. "No."

Larry took her to her door without another word. He stopped on the pavement. "Good night," he challenged.

She looked back over her shoulder as she took the first step. "Good-by," she replied cheerfully; and it was a cheerfulness that only made finality sound more final.

Larry nodded briefly and turned away. And to match the finality in her cheerfulness, there was, in his nod of dismissal, an anger that was as implacable as an Irish hate.

IV

Mrs. Regan, when he returned to the flat, had apparently gone to bed, but after he was in bed himself she came to his room in her blue flannel wrapper with a light, to make her peace with him; and he pretended that he was asleep, lying very stiffly on his back with his eyes shut, in an attitude that would not have deceived the blind. There was nothing for her to do but to go back to her misery and lie awake with it, staring at a darkness that was as black as her future to her. (She had quarreled with Larry. Oh dear—oh dear!)

When he came to his breakfast, next morning, he had his eyes open—to be sure—but otherwise his mental attitude seemed to be unchanged. He ate his breakfast—which she laid before him as humbly as if it were an altar sacrifice—and he spoke to her in a voice

that was only too well controlled. But he did not meet her anxious penitent glances, and when he went away to his work he left her to as unhappy a day as any that her husband had ever given her. (She had quarreled with Larry! He would be leaving her. It was all over.)

She prepared for him, broken-heartedly, a lavish dinner of stuffed heart and mashed potatoes; and he came home earlier than usual to eat it with what she mistook for signs of a better feeling toward herself. That night, to her surprise, he did not go out; he read his newspaper and reread it and read it again, until it was evident to her that he was reading the same pages twice without knowing it. She watched him—but without gathering any idea of what was going on in his mind.

And she watched him all next day (which was Sunday) without understanding his lack-luster mood, his absent-mindedness and his gentleness toward herself. He did not go out; he sat gloomily indoors; and when he proposed a street-car ride in the cool of the evening, she went with him, in a remorseful state of wonder.

At last, when she could bear it no longer, she asked: "What's become o' the girl that yuh don't take *her*?"

"Her," he said bitterly. "We're not good enough for *her*."

"An' why not?" she cried.

"I don't know," he answered, in a tone hard and even. "And I don't care."

"There now!" Mrs. Regan addressed herself aloud. "What d' yuh think o' that?" She stared at him, turning in her seat, with such an expression of bewilderment that he asked sourly: "What's the matter?"

"Nothin'," she said, collecting herself. "Nothin' at all."

But throughout the silence in which they finished their car ride, she kept saying to herself in her thoughts: "What d' yuh think o' that? An' me thinkin' he was mad at *me* an' goin' to leave me fer the girl. . . . What d' yuh think o' that? The likes o' her! The likes o' her to be puttin' *him* down! Him—that was worth a dozen of her. It's enough to make the saints in heaven laugh at their prayers. . . . Glory be to Peter! What d' yuh think o' that?" Amazement and indignation alternated with amazement and relief. She was not going to lose Larry—but the likes of *her*! Not good enough for *her*. Did anyone ever hear anything to equal that? The fool of a girl! What were they coming to nowadays—the girls—any way? She could have chuckled with contempt for them, if it

had not been that Larry would have heard. Larry was evidently in no frame of mind to hear laughter.

He continued in a mood—or rather in and out of a number of moods—which she did not find herself able to follow. In accordance with the best traditions of the poets, he lost his appetite—like all young people crossed in love—but only because he had developed in its place a worried indigestion that made him irritable instead of languishing and lackadaisical. He had decided that Miss McCarty had thrown him over because, after seeing his mother and his home, she had found them—and him—“beneath” her; and one night he would bring his mother home the gifts of a resentful pride in her, and the next night he would be querulous and sharp, and handle the furniture as if he could scarcely restrain himself from throwing it out the window. He would come to his breakfast with a melancholy lover’s distaste for food; and after his eggs and coffee, he would be ready to boil over with ill-temper at a word. He was sick and despondent, bilious and bad natured, fiercely proud and for the most part quite impossible.

His mother did everything to tempt his appetite with rich dishes that only made him the more dyspeptic. She tried to please him by proposing that they move to a flat uptown and buy a “bran’ new” set of furniture that she had seen; and this proposal found him in one of his proud moods and made him furious. She almost wept over his gifts—beginning to have a glimmering suspicion of why he bought them—and he was so indignant that he swore he would never bring her another. “Well, love o’ heaven!” she cried, at last. “There’s no livin’ with y’ at all! What is it? What’s wrong with yuh? If yuh want the girl, why don’t yuh go get her? God give her joy o’ yuh! Yuh’re worse ’n a bear with a sore ear!”

“What’re you talking about?” He glared at her. “Who said I wanted her? I’m done with *her*—and she knows it! I wouldn’t look at her if she—” He choked wrathfully.

“Well, then,” she complained, “what is it? What’s the matter? I can do nothin’ with yuh.”

“Who asked you to? Leave me alone. I’m all right. Only you’re always making out that I’m—she—as if I was gone nutty about her. I don’t care a darn about her. I’m as good as she is. If she thinks we’re not, that’s *her* lookout. She can’t bother *me* for a minute!”

“Ach,” Mrs. Regan said, “I dunno what yuh’re talkin’ about. I’ve said nothin’ about

yuh bein’ nutty—though, Lord knows, y’ act like it.”

He swallowed the insult—turned suddenly dispirited—and they let the quarrel lapse into a worried gloom until some fresh misunderstanding should arouse it again.

It summed up for her, before long, into the conclusion that the boy was ill, that he was unhappy, that he was eating out his heart—and ruining his digestion—because of a fool of a girl with whom he had quarreled. “They neither o’ them ’ve got sense enough to know what they want! Some one ought to take an’ bump their heads together fer them. Drat them both! They’ll drive me out o’ me wits. . . . If I had her here, now, I’d give her a talkin’ to she’d not forget to her dyin’ day!”

But she did not have her there; and she had not the faintest suspicion of where to find her—until, one day, when she had been to call on a neighbor who had recently moved to One Hundred and Third Street, she told Larry of the visit and he said: “Hundred and Third Street! Whereabouts?” She replied: “Near the subway. First block east.” He said: “I don’t want you to be fooling around there. It’ll look as if we were trying to follow her.” And she remembered that Larry and the girl had come down from One Hundred and Third Street in “twenty minutes.”

“Folly her!” she said to herself. “Why should I folly her! It’s yerself that’ll do anny follyin’ that’s to be done, me lad. I’d look nice goin’ up there fer yuh, tryin’ to patch up quarrels I know nothin’ at all about. I’d look nice.”

Anyone who understood Mrs. Regan would know that this fiercely contemptuous repudiation of any intention of “follyin’” Miss McCarty was the first sign of her purpose to do just that. The boy had begun to look bad about the eyes. When his face was in repose it took a worried wrinkle between the eyebrows. He had moments when he was so meek that he was as pathetic to her as if he were teething. She could not endure it. “If I knowed what was wrong between them,” she told herself, “’twu’d not be so bad. I’d like to see that girl. Drat her! I’d put it to her straight.”

The next time she called in One Hundred and Third Street she examined the bells of all the apartment houses in the block, and when she came to “McCarty” she muttered: “There y’ are, are yuh? If I thought yuh were up there now—but I s’pose yuh’re at work. The devil take yuh. Do yuh go out nights, I wonder. I s’pose yuh think I’ll tell Larry I’m goin’ to church to-morrah night, an’ sneak up

here to see yuh? Huh! I see meself! I'd look nice!" And turning her back resolutely, she walked off with her chin up.

Naturally, she said nothing to Larry of that visit, and he had no suspicion of her duplicity when she went out on the following Saturday evening to confession—it being the eve of the first Sunday of the month—and took the subway north. ("I'll tell no lies," she assured herself, "but I'd better see her first—an' confess after.") And when Miss McCarty, alone in the flat, received her with a well-controlled but evident surprise, she took the upper hand in a manner of self-justification, and demanded: "Now then! What is it all about? Tell me that, will yuh? What's wrong between yuh? Why have yuh thrown down the poor boy?"

Miss McCarty had, of course, "thrown him down" because she was too proud to intrude upon any family that did not welcome her, and Mrs. Regan, by her manner at that first meeting, had most obviously intended her to understand that she was not welcome.

"Won't you sit down?" she asked calmly.

Mrs. Regan sat down while she was replying that she could not do so, that Larry thought she was at church, that she must hurry away, that he was ill, that he was worrying. "And why?" she cried shrilly. "Why is it? What's wrong? I can make nothin' of it!"

Miss McCarty began to explain the situation as delicately as she could.

"Well!" Mrs. Regan broke in. "Well now! Did y' expect a woman to grin an' say 'Thank yuh kindly, miss,' when yuh come to take her son from her? Did yuh? Fer if yuh did, yuh got less sense than yuh look. Faith, if *you* had no one in the wide worrld but Larry, yuh'd not welcome the girl that came fer him, neither." There were tears in her eyes.

"But, Mrs. Regan," the girl put in quickly, "there was nothing—he had never said to me that he wanted—"

"Ach!" Mrs. Regan made a gesture of contempt for such nonsense. "What does it matter what he said er didn't? There he is—like he'd just buried his gran'mother—turned against his meals—an' that bad tempered there's no livin' with him. Are we all of us to be made miserable be such like nonsense? Take shame to yerself, girl!"

"Well"—the girl smiled—"what do you want me to do?"

"Marry him! Marry him, an' let's have

some peace in the world. I don't know who y' are, an' I don't care. There's no livin' with him without yuh. Take him an' be done with it. Can yuh cook?"

"Yes," she said, amused. "I think I can cook."

"Where are yuh from, annyway?"

"I'm from Dublin. I went to London as a lady's maid. I came here as a traveling companion—and didn't like it. I took up manicuring because I could do that—and couldn't do anything else."

"Have yuh no relatives? Are y' all alone here?"

"Yes. All alone—except for the girl friends I've made."

"There now," Mrs. Regan relented. "He'll make y' a good husband. He's the best boy in the world." And she launched out in a mother's eulogy of him. "Yuh're a fine big healthy-lookin' girl," she ended. "Yuh'll be happy together. I must get back now." She rose to go. "Don't tell him I've been here." She paused, frowning. "How'll I—how'll we—"

Miss McCarty kissed her. "I'll write to him. Don't worry about that. Let me take you to the subway."

"I will not," Mrs. Regan replied. "I'm not so old I can't walk alone. Good-by to you."

And when Larry, on the following Monday, had received his letter and had gone out (rather sickly, but in his best clothes), to reply to it in person, Mrs. Regan sat down by her window with an exclamation that was between a sigh of satisfaction and a grunt of disgust. "There y' are," she told herself. "That's what it is to be a mother. 'Tain't only that yuh can't keep yer boy, but if yuh try it, y' end by goin' down on yer bare knees to the girl to marry him. A nice thing to have to be doin'! A nice thing!" She grumbled indignantly. "Well," she said, "that's what it is to be a woman an' have to be lookin' after the men all yer life—an' managin' them—an' feedin' them—an' seein' they're kep' full an' happy. Faith, I wish 't I'd been born a man meself. 'T must be an easy life." She shook her head over it. "I s'pose I'll be a gran'mother too, now, soon enough. There's no end to it. Nothin' but trouble. . . . A gran'mother. Well now!" And with that she began to smile as tenderly as if she had the baby in her arms already. "A gran'mother. What d' yuh think o' that!"



The man with the Percheron frame and the Poland China manners

A PLEA for The CONSERVATION of another great NATIONAL RESOURCE

by George Fitch

Author of "Seeing Roosevelt," "Taft," etc.

With Cartoons by John T. McCutcheon

YEAR by year the conservation of our natural resources becomes a greater issue. We worry over wasted windstorms and shudder with the fall of every tree. Every hen must live up to the form charts on egg output or be retired to the potpie, and enthusiasts look forward to the day when every river will pay its ground rent in water power and float a fleet of snub-nosed grain boats in addition. There is even a determined effort on foot to bring about government own-

ership of senators in order that these highly ornamental features of our government may be harnessed, like the waterfalls, and set to work grinding out prosperity.



Corrected bad manners with sanguinary emphasis

Yet with all this utilitarian frenzy there is one great natural resource, built up at vast expense, which goes to hideous waste and frets the country instead of serving it. I refer to the pugilist whom we have as yet utterly failed to conserve.

There are a thousand aspiring young pugilists in this coun-

try, each one hoping to become a champion and none of them of any use whatever to his country. We have not even tried to utilize them. A man who can make more money with a single half hook to the jaw than this ungrateful nation pays to its vice-president in a year is not interested in being utilized—and you can't get a pugilist to do anything he is not interested in. It is dangerous even to suggest it. But there are several thousand men who are becoming extinct as pugilists. They have met men who have introduced them to astronomy and nasal hemorrhage and that species of anaesthetization known as the solar plexus jolt. These men are no good as pugilists any more. They are on the down grade. They are in the prime of life, some of them only twenty-one years of age, but their magnificent muscles upon which years of work have been spent are doomed to be worn out hoisting high balls or handling bung starters behind a bar. And is a government which has found a use for the horned toad and the old tomato can, the cactus plant and the mudhen, to find no way of utilizing these magnificent though knobby specimens of mankind just because their brains happen to be in their fists instead of in their heads? Perish the thought.

As a matter of fact there is no more useful



The theater treasurer

species of the fauna of America than the extinct pugilist. All he requires is development. This has been left to chance and it has not worked out. The pugilist generally develops into a reservoir and goes into competition with

the cooperage trade; whereas with a little attention by the government he could be made into a boon to humanity in the shape of an official corrector of the nation's manners.

In days of old pious knights went forth with spears, battle axes and war clubs and cor-



"Conductor, you stepped on my foot"

rected bad manners with sanguinary emphasis. But chivalry, crushed to earth beneath its intolerable weight of hardware, died out while the evils which chivalry alone could correct still flourish. Even to-day a gallant gentleman occasionally attempts to teach a lesson in good manners in a particularly flagrant case. But he is not encouraged. He sustains black eyes and bruised feelings and the state fines him for fighting. Thus the faint reviving sparks of chivalry flicker out while the man with a Percheron frame and Poland China manners walks upon the mental and physical toes of his fellow men and grows each year more bumptious and intolerable.

The pugilist alone can cope with this situation, and herein lies the opportunity of the government to conserve him and make him a blessing instead of an intermittent riot. Let a bureau of good manners be established. Whether it shall be under the department of war or of justice or of agriculture may be determined upon later. Let the bureau be presided over by a man of infinite tact, backed up with a big war chest. Let this man surround himself with a thousand men who have just gotten over being pugilists but who have not, as yet, carried their alcoholic researches to the pink alligator stage. Let the chief drill these men carefully in their conversational duties—they will need no sugges-

tions in their physical tasks. Let each pug be appointed a Deputy Corrector of Good Manners, be given credentials and a district and be set to work making the nation polite.

Let us follow for a few brief encounters the imaginary trail of one of these rebuilt prize fighters. He arises early and takes a crowded car down-town in any city. He is snarled at by the conductor on climbing the steps and is punched on the back as he enters the car and told to "move forward lively there." When the nickel extractor crushes his way through the car using the floor to step on only when the supply of feet runs out, he steps on the toes of the Deputy Corrector of Bad Manners.

"Conductor, you stepped on my foot," that official protests, mildly.

"Aw, g'wan," answers the conductor, showing two pounds of under jaw, "don't you git gay in this car."

"But conductor," the Deputy persists, "you stepped on my foot. There was no need of it. You should be more care——"

"Sa-ay you," the conductor will breathe in the usual gory tones, "shut up or off you go. I don't allow any——"

"Conductor," insists the Deputy firmly, "you will have to apologize. Your manners

But the Deputy doesn't take it. He counters and puts his left under the conductor's ear, very carefully in order not to annoy the passengers. When the conductor wakes up he



The insolent waiter



The predatory hackman

are disgusting. You are not fit to move among humans——"

"You will start something, will you?" roars the conductor. "Well, take that, you——"

finds the meek passenger being cheered by the passengers. He feels shaken and sick. He is told too, that he is a disgrace to the company which hires him, the people who ride with him and the earth which he encumbers. He is made to apologize. Then he is advised to go away somewhere and herd hogs until his manners become pleasant to humans. All of which sentiments are ground deeply into his soul by the frantic approval of the bystanders.

The police arrive but it is no case for them. The Deputy Corrector exhibits his papers. The conductor ties up his aching jaw and goes back to work a grieved and thoughtful man with a constant fear of small men with square shoulders. The Deputy enters in his report book the following note:

"May 11th, 6:30 A. M. Flatbush car. Conductor No. 387, a bully and profane. Counter and left to jaw. Time, 2 seconds. Gave him talk No. 3 in Schedule 16. Witnesses: Simon Karanowitzki, Patrick O. Donohoe, Moses Arons. Expenses, 5 cents carfare."

Thus the deputy corrector would pass his busy and exhilarating day. He would lecture loud eaters in public places. He would point out with well learned sarcasm the swinishness of spitting on the sidewalk. He would discourage theater treasurers, rude railroad officials and insolent waiters, not necessarily with his fists, but with his calm and menacing presence and his brutally frank remarks. He would impress upon the predatory hackman the folly of trying to collect excess fares by brute force. He would teach loud-mouthed

rowdies at night that he who lifts his fists unjustly will go down in time behind a harder bunch of fingers with more horse power behind them. As for the unspeakable parody on mankind who annoys unprotected females, what great and solemn truths he would hammer into his soul with all the world looking on. He would not even wait in their cases to be attacked—for the season is always open on mashers.

"But this would be legalizing rowdiness!" critics will exclaim. Not at all. It will be legalizing a defense against rowdyism. The Deputy Correcor would not begin the fight. He would protest first. Sometimes he would "butt in." His conversation, laid out for him by his department, would be caustic and contemptuous—the kind of remarks we would all like to make in such cases but do not dare. Only when the furious victim of these conversations resorted to his fists would the Deputy fight. Then he would defend himself as the pale and shrinking tiger defends himself against the roaring lamb.

It is difficult to over-estimate the far-reaching results which such a department would have in time. Think what a moral effect a score of these armored cruisers roaming about New York strictly incog. would have upon the uncivilized portion of the population! Think how unpopular rowdyism would become if each rowdy were haunted by the fact that the man whom he is insulting may be an ex-champion in the featherweight class, who is merely waiting for a good excuse to thump him scientifically and then, sitting on him, to explain to his former admirers that he is only a big blubbering baby who can be walloped at will—all of this with

the approval and backing of the United States government. Think of the acute enjoyment meek mankind would get in listening to a 180 instructor in politeness giving a primary lesson to a cowed and shaking baggageman, or a box-office czar or a flat janitor! The mere satisfaction of viewing the deputies in action would more than justify the expense.

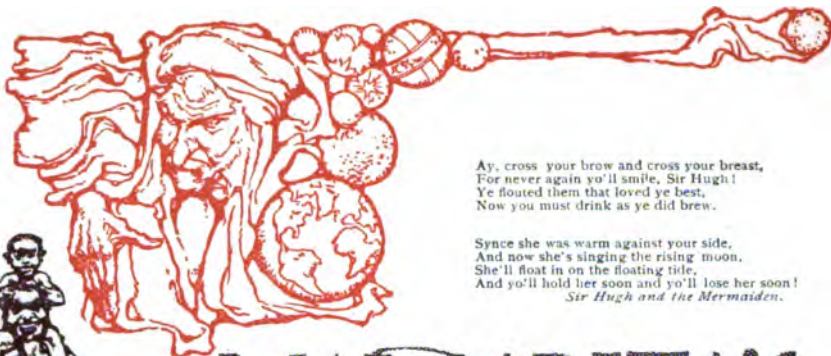
It is true that occasionally some converted prize fighter might wander from the path of virtue and beat up an unoffending pedestrian. But this would be an accident. Railroad trains leave the track sometimes and mess up total strangers off the right of way, but no one condemns railroads for that reason. There is no reason why the Deputy Marshals should not behave. They would be well paid; the work would be congenial in the extreme; they would be enormously popular. They could be pensioned when the steam in their right-and-left arguments got below the knockout pressure. When they died a grateful nation would erect to them monuments inscribed after the following manner:

REQUIESCAT

Erected by a loving nation to Peter McGuire,
Welter-weight instructor in Good Manners.
He made New York a Polite Town but
Died of Overwork.

And to think that the men who might be earning monuments such as this are rusting away in inactivity or are practising their calling upon innocent bystanders! Is this not a subject worthy the most earnest attention of the next Congress which discusses the Conservation of our National Resources?





Ay, cross your brow and cross your breast,
For never again yo'll smile, Sir Hugh!
Ye flouted them that loved ye best,
Now you must drink as ye did brew.

Synce she was warm against your side,
And now she's singing the rising moon,
She'll float in on the floating tide,
And yo'll hold her soon and yo'll lose her soon!
Sir Hugh and the Mermaid.



MARGARITA'S SOUL

the romantic
recollections
of a man of

50
by

Ingraham Lovell

Synopsis.—In an out-of-the-way spot on the coast not far from New York, Margarita, a very beautiful girl, has been brought up in ignorance of her father's name and of all knowledge of her mother. Here she has lived in complete seclusion with her mysterious father, and a devoted but likewise mysterious relative, Hester Prynne, and a half-witted, loutish fellow called Caliban. On the death of her father and Hester, Margarita goes to New York seeking adventure, and her first encounter is with Roger Bradley, who at once falls in love with her and they are directly married. Winfred Jerrolds (known as Jerry) is Roger's best friend; he is also in love with Margarita and it is he who is recounting these reminiscences. Roger and Margarita have now been married some time and are living at the island cottage, Margarita's old home. Sue Paynter and the Rev. Tyler Elder from whom Jerry receives letters are mutual friends. Harriet Buxton is a trained nurse who has interested Jerry in establishing a hospital among the poor white people in the mountains of Tennessee. Miss Jenks is a sort of companion and governess to the unsophisticated and naive Margarita.

Part VII.—In Which the River Bursts its Dams and Breaks Ancient Bridges

I—Fate Spreads Her Net

From Sue Paynter



PARIS, March 4th, 188—
JERRY DEAR:

Frederick died here a week ago. His heart, you know, was never very good, and the strain of his last concerts was too much for him. They were very successful, and just before I came over, the poor fellow had sent

me—in one of his periodical fits of reform, *Dieu merci!*—some beautiful jewels, chains, aigrettes and a gorgeous diamond collar, begging me to sell them, but on no account to wear them, as if I would! I sold them pretty well—it's all for the babies, you know. Poor Frederick—I'm not sure his reforms were not the hardest to bear!

I brought the children over, and I think we shall stay here indefinitely. For I am very

seriously busy, and how, do you think? I wrote a long, gossippy letter to Alice Carter, who loves *chiffons*, poor soul, though Madam Bradley doesn't give her many, telling her what was being worn and where, and how, and gave her a little account of a fashionable *fête* that a friend of mine had described to me, and the dear creature actually took the trouble of copying it, omitting personalities, of course, and showing it to a friend of Walter's, an amazing young man who is starting some woman's magazine with a phenomenal circulation, already. He offered her a really good price for it and said if I would do the same kind of letter every month, he would pay one hundred dollars for each one—five hundred *francs*! Of course I accepted, and now I spend two days a week in the shops, getting ideas and making sketches.

I feel so busy and so self respecting—independence agrees with me. You see, with my few hundreds from father, and these letters, and the little income Roger got for me, with the principal put away for the children, I shall do very well indeed and owe "nothing to nobody." And when Susie gets old enough, I'm going to have her taught something—trade or profession, *n'importe!*—that will make her as independent as I am to-day. I think it is criminal not to. Then she needn't marry, unless she wants to.

You have heard, I suppose, that Margarita is actually in training for the opera? It was very exciting—Mme. M—i is really at the bottom of it, I think, though everybody agrees with her to this extent—the child really has extraordinary talent, and with her face and figure will be sure of success, one would think. Of course her voice is not phenomenal—I doubt if it is big enough for the New York opera house. How Frederick used to rail at that building! They wanted him to play there once, you know, at some big benefit. He always said no respectable human voice could be judged there—it seems the acoustics are wrong. But it is an exceptionally fine voice, nevertheless, and so pure and unspoiled. She had nothing to unlearn, literally, and her acting, Madame says, is superb. She can memorize anything, and in such a short time!

But for a Bradley! Madame is furious that she is married. There are plenty to have babies and live in America, she says, without her little Marguerite! *M. le mari* does not appreciate what a jewel he wishes to shut up, she says—but I am not so sure of that! Whether he is really going to let her or is only humoring her, I don't know. It is rather an embarrassing situation, *au fond*, because you

know what she is—calm, lovely, enchanting—what you will, but absolutely immovable! Reasoning has no effect upon her, and then, to tell the truth, she has reasons of her own. Her desire for this is very strong, and her affection for Roger is not strong enough, apparently, to make her sacrifice herself. Do you think she has any soul, really? I mean, what we understand by that—something that takes more than two years of ordinary life to grow. Passionate, yes. Intelligent, yes. But a real soul? *Je m'en doute.*

"Of course I love Roger, Sue," she said to me, "but why should I not do what I want to, just because I love him? I can love him and sing, too."

Then Miss Jencks advances to the fray, with pleasant platitudes about giving up what we like for those we love.

"But Roger loves me, too," says *la Margarita*—"why does he not give up what *he* likes, because he loves me?"

Tableau! *Que faire, alors?*

It is really rather complicated, I think, Jerry, though you will probably not agree with me, when I explain what I mean. I have done a great deal of thinking in the years since my marriage—I have been forced to. Things which would never, I can see, be likely to come into the horizon of the happily (and prosperously) married, have come to me, and I have been obliged, in my poor way, to philosophize over them.

Have you ever read Ibsen's play, the "Doll's House?" I don't think it has been acted in America, and probably won't be, unless, perhaps, in Boston. But get it and read it. It is to show that a woman is a personality, aside from her family relations, and must live her life, finally, herself. At least, so I understand it. It is to be acted in London soon, and I am going to try to see it—the theatre seems to mean so much more, this side the water! One really takes it seriously, somehow, along with the other arts. But then, there is no duty on art here!

Will you tell me, Jerry, why, if Margarita really is an artist and has a great gift, she should not use it? It may not be what would best please her husband (and you know, Jerry, I would cut off my hand for Roger! But I must say what I think) but if she sees a career open to her of fame, money and satisfaction, why should the fact of her marriage prevent it? As far as fame goes, she could be better known than Roger; as far as money goes, she could almost certainly earn more than he can; as far as what *Nora*, in the play I spoke of, calls "her duties towards herself," she could surely

develop more fully. That is, if it is necessary for a woman to develop herself fully in any but the physical sense—and isn't it?

It is all very perplexing and I do so wish it had happened to any one but Roger! He is much hurt, I know, though he conceals it well, of course, in his quiet, steadfast sort of way. What a man he is! He would never be willing I am sure, to go back to his profession in New York and leave Margarita alone in Europe, exposed to all the temptations and scandal and dangers that seem almost inevitable in the life she is preparing for. They might as well be completely and legally separated, in that case. He has money enough without practising law, of course, but he would never be idle, he loves his work, and as for hanging about as her business manager—I wish you could have seen his face when Madame suggested it! I explained to her it was not precisely the sort of thing his family were accustomed to do. She can't understand it, of course—she has the French idea of a lawyer. When I told her that Mr. Bradley was really *vrai propriétaire* and well-to-do aside from his practice, she had more respect for him.

"Then he will not need to occupy himself," she said triumphantly, "and all the better. Let him rent an estate and live *en gentilhomme!*"

She has promised to go back to America for the summer for two months—she can learn her *roles* there, she says, and Roger wants to go. *Eh, bien!* We shall have to wait.

The child is beautiful—so strong and well, and so ridiculously the image of Roger.

From My Attorneys

SEARS, BRADLEY AND SEARS,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law.

2— COURT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.
March 10th, 188—

Cable Address, Vellashta.

WINFRED JERROLD, Esq.,

Cf, Coutts Bros.,

Cairo, Egypt.

DEAR SIR:

Pursuant to our letters to you of six weeks ago we had our Mr. James go to the North Carolina plantation to investigate and report on the property. He was almost at once approached with offers to buy the property on terms which surprised him. He communicated with us and we took the responsibility of sending one of our best mining experts to look over the ground. We found that Pittsburgh men had been making heavy purchases of land a few miles west across the range; they had also

had a party of engineers all over your lands under the guise of a fishing party.

The expert, Mr. Minton, reported that he found heavy outcroppings of coal on both sides of the valley, of excellent steaming quality. West of you but a few miles these Pittsburgh people have acquired large bodies of iron ore.

We have been negotiating for three weeks with these Pittsburgh people and they have finally made us an offer which we enclose. Briefly it amounts to \$300,000 in five per cent. mortgage bonds, \$250,000 in stock (this of problematic value) and a royalty of ten cents per ton on all coal mined on your lands, with an agreement to mine at least 50,000 tons annually until your coal measures are practically exhausted.

In view of your unwillingness to come here and yourself engineer a rival development company, not to speak of the difficulty of enlisting adequate capital in the face of the purchases already made by our Pittsburgh friends, we think you cannot do better than accept this offer. Whether we can get as good a one later is doubtful. We have promised an answer by cable from you within three days of your receipt of this letter.

Congratulating you on these most fortunate discoveries, we remain,

Yours very respectfully,
SEARS, BRADLEY AND SEARS.

From Tip Elder

UNIVERSITY CLUB, NEW YORK,
March 20th, 188—

DEAR JERRY:

I needn't say how hearty my congratulations are on your good luck, need I? And what a fine use you are making of it, too! Of course I'll help all I can. I must hurry to catch this mail-boat, so I will just cut short and merely say that Latham and Waite, of Union Square, seem to have put in the best bid for the work and I have told them to send you the detailed budget and contracts as soon as they can get them ready. They have connections with a big brick-yard in Tennessee and say that they can put you up a very good little hospital, three wards, operating room, six private rooms, diet kitchen, dispensary, nurses' dormitory and suite for superintendent, including one elevator, for close under \$65,000, on very good terms of payment. Also four bathrooms. Miss Buxton has selected the site, as I suppose she has written you.

What a fine little woman that nurse is! She can't speak of you without her eyes filling

with tears. I teased her a little by saying that if she had not begged you for the use of that deserted farm house on your land for a convalescent home you would never have learned about the coal and probably sold the land for a song, so the credit was really hers—you ought to have seen the sparks in her eyes!

"You have really made him a rich man," I told her.

"I wish I could," she said very soberly, "but it's not money Mr. Jerrolds needs."

What do you suppose she meant?

The hundred you sent me (you knew I didn't need any "fee") has gone into fitting up my club gymnasium. I miss Mrs. Paynter's suggestions—she is a good business-woman. What a release, that blackguard's death! Strong words for a minister, perhaps you think, but I tell you, my blood boils when I think what she endured. I gave up my grandfather's hell, long ago, but some men make you long to believe in purgatory!

I heard in a round-about way from Roger's brother-in-law Carter (Yale '8-, isn't he?) that Mrs. Bradley was going on the stage. I was afraid of it last summer.

Miss Bradley is a good woman, but not much like Roger, is she? Queer, how people get into the same family.

Hoping the rheumatism is all right now, and that you'll make use of me, in any way you can, I am

Yours faithfully,

TYLER FESSENDEN ELDER.

From Roger's Sister

NEWTON, MASS., April 2nd, 188—

DEAR JERRY:

I can't resist, in spite of your warning, letting you know how deeply we appreciate your generous offer for the children. You know, of course, that we never felt the slightest claim. It would not have been so much, anyway, if it had been divided, and father always felt that people had a right to leave their money as they chose, if they had any rights in it at all, he said. I believe he thought it ought to go to the State, or something. He and Mr. C—1 S—z used to talk about it evenings, I remember.

But to provide so generously for them in your will—it was truly kind, and Walter feels it very much. I hope it will be long before they get it, Jerry. Of course Roger will have a son some day and then you will be giving it to Roger Bradley, as you say, and it won't have been out of the family really—you were just like one of us for so many years. And dearer to Uncle Win than any of us, I am sure.

With deepest gratitude again from Walter and myself and hopes that you are quite well now,

Yours always,
ALICE BRADLEY CARTER.

2—Our Second Summer in Eden

That winter had been my introduction to Egypt. I have never since let more than three winters, at most, go by without revisiting the strange, haunted place; next to Nippon the fairy country it is dearest to me of all the warm corners of the earth—and I have dragged my twinging, tortured muscles to them all. Only last winter—for many months have passed since I copied those last letters into my manuscript, and I paid dear for a last attempt at a February in New York—I strolled through Cairo streets, drew gratefully into my nostrils the extraordinary mixture of odors that differentiates Cairo from every place in the world (how the great cities are stamped indelibly each with her own nameless atmosphere, by the way! And yet not quite nameless, for London's is based on street mud and flower-trays, Rome is garlic and incense, Paris is watered asphalt, New York is untended horses and tobacco-smoke, and Tokyo is rice straw) and as I strolled, a strange thing happened to me.

I was passing by a street seller of scarabs, a treacherous looking wretch, whose rolling eyes glanced covetously at the scarab—better than any of his—that I wore at my scarf-knot, and pressed against him to avoid a great black with a tray of brass bowls and platters on his head. Just ahead of me a lemonade merchant uttered his wailing, minor cry, and as the crowd jostled in the narrow, dirty lane, my eye was caught by a coffee colored woman, a big Juno, with flashing teeth and a neck like a bronze tower. Across her shoulders sat a naked baby who held his balance by his two chubby hands buried in her thick black hair, one leg dropping over each splendid breast. She caught my eye, and laughed outright as the child kicked out with one fat foot and struck the brasses on the tray so that it tipped and swayed dangerously.

I stood there, lost in a maze of Cairo streets, and the babel of the shrieking, blue-clad donkey boys was the scream of gulls to my ears and the sun on the swaying brass platters was the reflection of a polished sun dial. The turquoises on the scarab-seller's tray were turquoises about Margarita's waist, the lemonade was borne by Caliban, and the child that rode astride those strong shoulders had hair like corn-silk burned in the sun and eyes as blue as any turquoise! For so had she held her

baby, walking with that free, noble stride, and so she had laughed and met my eyes, and so the child had clutched her hair, in the summer just passed.

So vivid was the impression that I stood, as I say, in a maze, and the scarab seller and he of the brass tray cursed me heartily as they struggled for balance in the pushing, screaming, reeking crowd. How meaningless that phrase, "real life!" Years and years of actual happenings in my life have been less real than those seconds in the Cairo streets, when down the alley-ways of sound and sight, across the intricate net-work of that spongy, grey tissue in my skull, this tiny, deathless, unimportant memory led my soul away from the present and left me, an unconscious, stupid, mechanical toy, to block the Cairo traffic, while I—the real I—lived far away. Truly the poets and the children are our only realists, and Time and Space have fooled the rest of us unmercifully!

I find that trivial recollections of this sort interest me far more in the recording than my sensations as a wealthy man. These last were, indeed, strikingly few. Beyond the pleasure of buying old Jeanne a Cashmere shawl, the hidden ambition of her life, and giving orders for Harriet's hospital (for I seemed to have brought the natives of North Carolina down on my shoulders, somehow—and that without the faintest interest in them!) my amazing good fortune made less impression upon me, as a matter of fact, than Uncle Winthrop's first legacy. What was there for me to do with it? Roger refused to touch a penny; my mother, beyond a little increase in her charity fund and a pony phaeton, was merely bewildered when asked to make any suggestions, and would have handed purses to every tramp in New England if she had been given the means; my father's people were well-to-do, and the conferring of benefactions has always been difficult for me, anyway. The only way for me would be to drop gold pieces on needy thresholds by night and run away—a startling occupation for a rheumatic bachelor, surely!

So I bought the one or two pictures I had always wanted that were within my means (most of them weren't within anybody's!) I put a piano in my new rooms, laid a little wine for my appreciative friends, bespoke the unshared services of Hodgson, who was unfortunately necessary to me now that every sudden damp day crippled my right shoulder (he came to me wearing one of my old suits, by the way) and put a new steam-launch into Roger's concealed boat-house. I presented Margarita with another and a longer rope of

pearls, it is true, but without one-tenth of the choking excitement with which I had clasped the first upon her neck.

The lady herself, however, balanced this equation; she was greatly delighted, and if she had not, perhaps, perfectly appreciated the first offering, more than atoned by her rapturous recognition of the second.

"And how they must have cost!" she cried. "Jerry, you are too generous—but I do love them!"

To think of Margarita's estimating the value of a gift!

We had famous talks that August, while Roger sweated at his new task—making an island for us, no less!—and *petite Marie* gathered shells and buried them in tiny, wave-washed graves.

She took to reading that summer, and I read *Pendennis* and *David Copperfield* aloud and she embroidered great gray butterflies all over her grey gown for "Faust," and the big brindled hound slept at our feet near the bee hives.

"Which do you like best?" I asked her curiously.

"Oh, the one about Mr. Pendennis is the prettiest," she answered promptly, "I should have liked the man that made that book the best. But Mr. Dickens knows about more things. He makes more different kinds of people."

"Thackeray has been called cynical," I suggested.

"What is that, Jerry?"

I explained, and she shook her head.

"O no, that is not cynical. That is the way things are, Jerry. Only everybody does not say so."

"Do you think," I asked, "that people really talk the way Mr. Micawber talks? I never heard anybody. And certainly nobody ever talked like his wife."

"No," she said thoughtfully, "I never did, either. But there must be a good many people *like* them, Jerry, I am sure. And if they knew as many long words as Mr. Dickens, that is the way they *would* talk, I think."

I have never heard a better criticism of the literary giant of the nineteenth century.

She never made the slightest secret of her affection for me nor of our thorough comprehension of each other and our similarity of tastes. Quiet always, or almost always, with Roger, with me she chattered like a bird, and I could give her opinion on many matters of which he knew nothing.

"Jerry and I like Botticelli and caviar sandwiches and street songs and Egypt, and Roger

does not," she told Clarence King once—I can hear him roar now.

"I can talk better to you than to Roger," she confided to me one day on the rocks; "if it was the custom to have two husbands, Jerry, I should like you for the other—but it is not," she added mournfully.

I agreed to this with regret and she went on thoughtfully.

"You see, Roger would not like it, even if it was the custom, so I could not, anyway."

"That is very amiable of you," I said.

"It is strange how I always think of what he would like," she added, with perfect sincerity, I am sure. "One day when he would not let me have any more bread—it was so bad for my voice, you know—I got very angry and spoke crossly to him, but still he would not, and I told him that since he did not want me to sing he had better let me spoil my voice, if I wanted to—and you would think he would, would you not, Jerry?"

"No," I answered soberly, "no, Margarita, I wouldn't. He knew you really wanted your voice more than the bread, so he gave you what you wanted."

"Yes. But that day I was so angry, I planned how much more free I should be if he were to die—was it not terrible, Jerry?—and then I got so interested I could not stop, and I made a dying sickness for him like my father's, and Miss Buxton came, and then I got a black frock like Hester when my father died, and then we—you and I—made a grave for him with my father's grave on the little point, and then (this was all in my mind, you see, Jerry) I was so sad I cried and cried—as I do in *Marguerite*, all over my cheeks, and then, what do you think?"

"Heavens, child, what can I think? I don't know," I said unsteadily, revolving God knows what of possibilities in my presumptuous and selfish heart.

"Why," she said simply, "I felt so badly that I went to Roger (in my mind) to tell him about it and show him the beautiful grave we had made and my black frock (I had a little pointed bonnet with white under the front, like the widows in Paris) and suddenly I remembered that I could not show him—he would be dead! You see that would have been very bad, for I had been planning all the time that he would be there to—to—well, *that he would be there!* You see what I mean, don't you, Jerry? Roger has to be there."

"Yes, I see," I said, very low, filled with sickening shame, "he has to be there, my dear."

"And so I stopped all that dying sickness

directly," she continued comfortably, "because it was too silly, if I could not tell him about it afterwards, you see.

"And yet he was very cross to me about the bread," she burst out childishly. "Why do I think he has to be there, Jerry? He cannot talk to me nearly so nicely as you can—he does not understand. Why must he be there?"

I choked and laughed at once.

"Because you love him, you silly Margarita!" I declared.

"That must be it," she agreed, with a serious, long look at me out of those deep-sea colored eyes.

Ah, me!

How we worked at that canal! Caliban and two swarthy Italians and Roger and I—for I marked out the course of it in an artfully natural curve and put in the stakes. There were eighty-odd feet across the part of the peninsula we selected, and it bade fair to wear us all out and last forever, till I seized the occasion of a business trip that took Roger away for four days and hired a great gang of laborers who finished it all up, so that he walked into his island home across a foot-bridge, to his great and boyish delight. What a big boy he was, after all! Not that I did not share his pleasure in the island: it gave me a delicious feeling of security and distance from the rest of the world. With the help of the gang I had been able to widen our channel considerably and it took a very respectable bridge indeed to span the gap. We had made plans for a regular drawbridge, but later we abandoned them, and chopped even the old one down. The water has washed and washed and worn away since, on the island side, and now one must be bent upon a swim indeed who cares to venture among the jagged ledges and mill races that my blasting made.

We piped our spring too—a beauty—up through the dairy cellar to the kitchen, and Caliban was saved many a weary trip. Some years afterward I took my chance during another absence of the lord of the island, and a hurried and astonished set of plumbers installed a luxurious bathroom in either ell of the cottage—a surprise for his birthday. Profiting by a winter in Bermuda I copied their roof reservoirs, allowing one to each ell, sanded without, whitewashed within, an architectural measure which made the skyline even more rocky and wild, in appearance, from the water. Before we left that autumn we planted fifty evergreens, pines, hemlocks and spruces, in a broad belt just opposite the island, masking it completely from the shore, and hardly a year passed after that without thickening and

lengthening that concealing wall. Oh, we guarded our jewel, I can tell you!

It was that summer, I think, that Whistler came to us and drew that series of sepia sketches that frames the big fireplace. They are on the plaster itself—a sort of exquisite fresco—and Venice sails, Holland wind-mills and London docks cluster round the faded bricks with an indescribably fascinating effect. At my urgent request I was allowed to protect them with thin tiles of glass rivetted through the corners into the plaster: how the collectors' mouths water at the sight of them!

Stevenson came a few years later: all the quaint comforts and intimate beauties hidden away behind the boulders plainly caught his elfish, childlike fancy—it was he who made the little grotto beyond the asparagus bed, lined the pool in it with unusual shells and colored pebbles, fitted odd bits of looking glass here and there, and wrote a poem on a smooth stone at the door for little Mary, to whom he dedicated it.

"The purple pool of mussel shells,
All full of salty ocean smells,
The coral branches in the wall—
And you the mermaid queen of all..."

She used to recite it all very charmingly. Roger never wanted it printed in the *Child's Garden of Verses*, where it properly belongs—one of the best of them, in my opinion.

He and Margarita talked together by the hour and I have seen his dog-like brown eyes fixed on her an hour at a time. I asked him once if he intended to "put her in a story"—the quaint query of the layman, so strangely irritating to the book-man—and he shook his loose-locked head slowly.

"They say I can't do women, you know," he said, "and nobody would believe her if I put her in, she's too artistically effective."

And here am I doing it! Fools rush in . . .

It may seem odd that Roger and I should not have discussed the opera business, but we didn't. That it hurt him I knew, for I knew Roger. Anglo Saxon to the backbone, the position which his wife as a successful operatic star must put him in could be nothing but highly distasteful to him. It is one thing to snatch your wife from the stage, as Margarita's noble grandfather had done, and enjoy her in your home; it is quite another to see her snatched from your home to that stage, after you have married her. But I have never known a juster man, and though he talked little of the "rights" of women, and then in a brief, blunt fashion that would have exasperated the fast

emerging sex most terribly, he nevertheless respected the rights of every human creature most scrupulously. Though he had the private appreciation of the unmistakable good points of the harem-seclusion shared by every healthy male, he would never have shut Margarita into a New York house or a honeymoon-island against her will, and I think he was too proud to reason with her on the only lines open to him. I think, too, that his quiet refusal to take any strong measures may have been based, partly, on the full appreciation of the risk he ran in marrying such a bundle of possibilities as Margarita. One of the greatest passions that ever (I firmly believe) mated two people had whirled him out of the conventional current of his life, and because it had, in its course, brought him into the rapids, he was enough of a man to set his teeth and take it quietly, knowing that when he left the calm green bordered stream for the adventure of flood tide, he did it with his eyes open—a grown man. Or so, at least, I take it that he reasoned: he acted as if he had.

Again, it would have been difficult for me to discuss the matter for another reason than Roger's perfectly characteristic reserve. Much as I regretted that this issue should have arisen in Roger's household, like Sue Paynter, I had a secret sympathy with Margarita. Roger was never fond of the stage, and I was. He preferred chamber-music and symphony to opera, and was never deeply sensible to the solo voice, though a good critic of it. The glamour of the stage—that lime-light that has eternally dazzled the sons of Adam—had little effect upon him: he was the last man in the world to marry an actress. Now, I was not. Judic, the naughty creature, had once her charm for me. I have stood in a crowd to see the Jersey Lily, and the Queen of English comediennes could have had me for a turn of her thick lashes—before I knew Margarita. My paternal grandmother was part French, and I have always observed that a mixture of blood predisposes its inheritors to dramatic triumphs—or enjoyments, if no more.

So he dug at his canal and Margarita practised her Jewel Song (it was a shade high for her: she was not a pure soprano, but had one of those flexible mezzos that tempt their trainers to all sorts of *tours-de-force*) and Dolledge tended Mary and Miss Jencks developed Caliban.

In truth I had at that time a strange sensation: I found that I had insensibly drifted into a state of mind in which we five, Roger, Miss Jencks, Dolledge, Caliban and I seemed to be at home, contented, occupied, attached by

every interest, domestic and romantic, to the spot that was dearest on earth to us, while Margarita, a brilliant bird of passage, but lingered with us for the moment, before she took up her journey through the world—for that she was destined for the world, who could doubt? We were, to use the homely old figure, like a circle of motherly hens, staring fatalistically, sadly or disgustedly, according to our several barnyard temperaments, at our daring, iridescent duckling as she breasted the (to her) familiar flood.

For it was familiar: there are people for whom—taken though they may have been from the most secluded corner of the earth, unprepared, undisciplined, unwarned, the great world, the glitter of its footlights, the shock of its tournaments, the cruelty of its victories, the coldness of its neglect, have absolutely no terrors. They face it superbly, as one should face a mob, and the great world, like any proper mob, licks their feet and fawns on them. Admiration is their due; devotion is no more than the sky above them or the earth under them; they keep the divine, expectant *hautecœur* of childhood and rule us, like the children, through our pity and our wonder. And Margarita was one of these.

3—The Island Tomb

But to go back to Miss Jencks and Caliban. It was Harriet Buxton who had suggested that the boy was not so deaf as we had thought, only stupid, and that his dumbness might yield to the methods then being so successfully used with that afflicted child who has since triumphed so brilliantly over more than human obstacles. Although, as Harriet pointed out, I have always felt that too much credit was given in that case to the pupil and too little to the teacher.

Not that Miss Jencks had quite such a task ahead of her. Caliban had been trained into habits of relentless cleanliness, and an almost mechanical regularity of routine work. It was his clumsy hands that had arranged the flaming nasturtiums in the silver bowl under the Henner etching, his rude pantomime that purchased the bi-weekly bone for the mysteriously named Rosy, his weather wisdom that was sought when it was a question of an extended sailing party.

Best of all, his disposition had altered to a very considerable extent, and this improvement on his old surliness was of the greatest assistance to us on the occasion I must now narrate.

It was I—strangely fated to discover so many of the links in this wonderfully twined chain

of Margarita's life—who stumbled by the merest chance on the last one really needed to complete the story. Zealous for the perfection of our island, I selected a deep gully, filled with heavy boughs and loose unsightly rocks, as the next point for improvement, and bespoke the services of Caliban for the purpose. Greatly to my surprise, for he was attached to me, and always showed pleasure at rowing me over for my visits, he refused point blank to help me and even tried, in a series of clumsy ruses, to start me at work elsewhere. Vexed, but quite unsuspecting, I set to work by myself at pulling off the upper boughs, trusting to shame him into helping me with the stones, which seemed to have been tossed there in a sort of midden. When he found that I was persistent in my plan, he sat down at the edge of the gully, buried his face in his clumsy hands and wept silently, shuddering at every bough I lifted. Greatly interested now, I called Roger, and we worked together, assisted by the good natured Italian retained now as gardener and assistant boatman (his name was Raffaello, and he was a not-too-unhappy bachelor, for, as he said, a girl who would run off with a man's rival a week before the wedding would have made but a doubtful wife for the most patient of husbands!)

As we neared the bottom of the gully Caliban grew more and more excited: now he would peer in fearfully, now run off a few yards, but he could never get very far away, for great as was his terror and sorrow, curiosity was stronger and he must be near, it seemed, at all costs.

Suddenly, as the last rotting bough was lifted from one end of the gully, my eye was caught by a series of stones wonderfully matched in size, eight or ten of them arranged in a sort of rough cross, and when with a quick thrill of apprehension I pushed aside the withered pine tree that covered the rest of the stones, the foot of the cross elongated, and the symbol of Calvary was seen to extend over a slightly raised oblong mound of earth. There was no mistaking that shape nor those dimensions; whoever has heard the rattle of that last remorseless handful and struggled with that almost nauseating rebellion at the sight of the raw clods, so unsightly in the smooth, peaceful green, knows that mound for what it is, and we knew this. Silently we cleared away the rest and then the grave I had discerned fell into its true and illuminating relation to two other and evidently older crosses—at the feet of both and at right angles to them. In her death as in her life that gaunt, austere Hester was faithful, and like the stone hound at the

ancient knight's bier she guarded her master's last sleep.

We took off our caps reverently; we needed no monument, no epitaph to name for us those exiled, unblessed graves. Prynne had made the first cross, we knew, twenty-seven years ago; Hester had made the second a few days before Roger visited the island. And the third? Ah, faithful Caliban, what hours of terrible tuition made thy task clear to thee? I shudder at the picture of that indefatigable New England woman illustrating in terrible pantomime the duties that would devolve upon her loutish servant at her death. But the lesson had been learned, the third coffin taken from the boat house, the body laid within it at the graveside, carried swiftly from the house wrapped in a sheet, the lid nailed down, the earth filled in.

Gaspingly he verified my quiet questions and surmises—I have enough New England blood to know what ghastly forethought we are capable of!—and slowly he calmed himself, seeing that we were neither frightened nor angry . . .

One end of the island repeats on a tiny scale the formation of the original peninsula. Three quaint red cedars stand pointed and forever green, more like the cypresses of Italy than anything in America; around its rocky beach the waves beat incessantly, but its grass is fresh and green, for there is a little spring there. Under the cypresses lie three flat graves, two side by side, one across their feet, and over each lies a flat carved table of marble—rich carvings that once stretched under three heavy mullioned windows over the back doors of an old Italian palace. There are only initials on these tables, initials and the numerals of years, but they are not utterly unblest. Good Parson Elder read the most beautiful burial service in the world over them, broken by the tears of a trusty servant; the children and the children's children of the crumbling bodies under two of those tables stood over them hand in hand; and Nature, who bears no grudge nor ever ex-communicates the fruitful, brings to the sunlight every year the yellow daffodils and white narcissus, the wild rose and beach bayberry, the marigold and asters that love has planted there.

It may be that further clues, more detailed accounts of that secret island life were hidden in those coffins: we never tried if it was so. Unknown and lonely they lived, unknown and lonely they had wished to lie in death, and so we left them, safe even from ourselves, who loved them for the wonderful child they had given us. And I like to think that God is no

less forgiving than the Nature through which he tries to lead us to him.

4—A Handful of Memories

They left in October that year; Margarita to get ready for her début, Roger, quiet and inscrutable, to work, as he said, at his treatise on Napoleon. He had grown deeply interested in this and spent most of his leisure at it, and it had gone far beyond his first idea of an essay.

Just before I left for Paris, where Captain Upprove was to join me, I remembered some drawings I had planned to make in order to get the dimensions of the rambling, old-fashioned garden behind the house, where I intended to put a certain ancient shallow stone basin I had in mind, and then beg Roger to pipe the spring into it for a sort of fountain-pool. There was such a basin on a decaying estate some miles out of our old school-town: Roger and I knew it well, for we had often been invited there by a friend of my mother's to drink tea and eat rusk and fresh butter and *confiture* (of field strawberries—delicious!) and—of all things—broiled bacon, because Roger was devotedly fond of it and never got it at school. How many June half-holidays have we hung over that old carved basin, teasing the gold fish, stopping up the tiny fountain till it spouted all over us, sailing beetles across it on linden leaves, or lolling full fed and lazy, smoking contraband cigarettes of caporal! I knew well how pleased he would be when he saw that battered dolphin that threw the water and the funny little stone frogs at each corner, and I had a shrewd idea that old Mrs. Y— would not object to parting with it, moss and lichen and all, if one made it worth her while!

A cold, rainy week—the delayed equinox—caught and held me on the island, huddled over the fire, and it was then that I conceived the famous idea of the furnace. I had planned many a pleasant autumn there, for it was now the best of America to me, and if such weeks as this were possible (and probable) there would be little comfort for me away from the chimney corner—which has never been my favorite post, by the way. Caliban and the cook, a kindly Normandy woman, did their best for me and for the ravenous gang of workmen that labored (in the slight intervals between their meals!) at the monstrous, many-mouthed iron tube in the cellar; while I chafed and scolded at the delays, unwilling to leave the men, weary of my dear island now its chief jewel was gone, irritated by the tramping feet



Ah, faithful Caliban, what hours of terrible tuition made thy task clear to thee?

and tuneless whistling where I had heard so much the patter of *petite Marie's* slippers and the rich melody of her mother's voice.

It was then that I fell upon Lockwood Prynne's library and learned more of his mind, I believe, than anyone else could ever know. I wish I had known the man himself. The little I have been able to find out about him in the South (the war practically wiped out the

family) only confirmed my first idea of him. I actually succeeded in tracking an old album of daguerreotypes to a shiftless darkey cabin and identifying a picture of him as a boy from a half-blind negro mammy, with one of his father in full uniform and a singularly beautiful head that I am sure from the likeness of the brow and the set of the eyes must have been his mother, though here the old slave could

not or would not help me. I rescued, too, for Margarita, a rich carved mahogany chair from a cow stall ("ole Marse Lockwood's pay chair") and a graceful, brass-handled serving table, "what his grandpa done leave fo' li'l Marse Lockwood fer ter rec'leck' him by." I picked up a silver cup, at a roadside auction (and bid high for it against a Fifth Avenue dealer), engraved with his mother's coat-of-arms, and shamelessly inveigled Margarita into taking it, later, and giving me in return the silver bowl that stood for so long under the Henner etching. It stands there still, but not in the old place. Not Caliban, but Hodgson fills that bowl to-day and every day that I am in America with the most beautiful flowers Uncle Winthrop's money can buy; though Lockwood Prynne no longer lies in the army cot that faces it, one of his best friends does—a friend who loves him no less, that he never saw his face.

Well, we got that furnace in and fifty tons of coal, too, towed over in an old scow and binned down in the cellar, and when I saw the bills for this last, I received the impression (which I have never been able wholly to abandon) that I must have been underpaid for those coal-lands!

Many a time have we discussed it since, with a curious, frightened wonder: why should that furnace have seemed so all-important to me? At best we expected to spend but few days at the island when it could have been necessary; Margarita had grown up among Atlantic winters and had more times than she could count broken the ice in her bedroom ewer; such a luxurious whim would never have occurred to Roger, who, like most men of his type, expected every one to be as hardy as himself—how many generations of his ancestors had stoically toasted their shins while their backs were freezing! It must be, as Margarita teasingly insists, that my pathetic care for my rheumatic old bones was at the bottom of it all, and that I was rapidly assimilating one of the cardinal doctrines of the swollen purse, that no sum could be ill spent when spent for my comfort.

Well, well, let it go at that—to use the bluff, pertinent phrase of the present day. Though Barbara Jencks would have died before she had let it go at anything like that, I assure you, and has spent many an eager moment of shy, persistent effort to make me comprehend the inscrutable and sleepless interest of Providence, an interest which had intended, from the time of the Exodus, if I seize her idea correctly, that a hot-air plant should complete the summer home of Roger Bradley—a man who had less

interest in Providence than anyone I know! Poor Barbara! As I hung about the house that mellow autumn, I fell, more than once, into musing laughter, as here and there some piece of furniture, some picture or dish or oddment brought back to me her uncounted, endless assaults on Margarita's simple, healthy and (to the orthodox English woman) baseless scheme of existence. Not that it should have been dignified by so philosophical a term as "scheme:" Margarita was given to the practice of life, not its theory. I never tired of watching the extraordinary effect of her downright mental processes upon the mass of perfunctory, inherited ideas whose edges, once sharp-milled and fresh from some startling mint, we have dulled and misshapen with generations of unthinking accustomed barter.

For instance, a treasure of a Spode fruit dish that I had picked up at a dewy Devonshire farm, all clotted cream and apple-cheeked children, caught my eye as it lay on the piano, and I found myself chuckling as I recalled the unfortunate eddy of doctrine into which the innocent bit of china had whirled us. Margarita had asked what the quaint Scriptural figures upon it illustrated, and Miss Jencks, ever ready, had explained to her the parable of the laborers in the vineyard and the marvel of the late comer's good fortune.

"And that is a very beautiful thought, my dear," she concluded, "is it not?"

Margarita stared at her in frank surprise.

"Beautiful?" she echoed, "you call it beautiful that so many poor men should work hard so long, and then have to see the lazy ones who came in late, be paid as much as they, for one-tenth as much work? I do not know what you mean by beautiful: it was certainly very unfair."

"My dear, my dear!" poor Barbara fluttered, "it had the approval of our Lord, remember."

"He was probably not one of the ones who had worked all day, then," Margarita replied blandly.

"It was not an actual occurrence," said Miss Jencks, a little coldly, as Roger's irrepressible chuckle echoed from the porch outside, "it was merely a parable—a lesson."

"Oh!" (The exquisite, falling melody of that simple monosyllable expressed so perfectly, through such a trained larynx, all the sudden lack of interest!) "It never happened, then? So of course it does not matter. But why do you call it a lesson, Miss Jencks?"

"Because it teaches Christian charity," said Barbara firmly.

Margarita turned away and dismissed the subject.

"If I ever hired myself to anybody, I would rather he had been taught fairness than Christian charity," she observed, and left Miss Jencks clutching the fruit plate pathetically, her eyes fixed hopelessly on me. For it was always my delicate task to soothe the poor lady after these theological encounters: Roger's uncompromising treatment of the situations had a way of uncomfortably resembling his wife's!

"You know, dear Miss Jencks," I began, as seriously as I could, "she is not really cynical—she is no more irreverent than a child would be. Surely some of your pupils, sometimes . . ."

"Never, Mr. Jerrolds, never!" the bulwark of the Governor-general's family protested tearfully, "never, I assure you!"

"Well, well," I said, "it's all the same—they might have. You see, she pays these things the great compliment of taking them seriously—and literally. And they won't work, Miss Jencks, some of them, if one tried them, you know. Just consider the labor unions, for one thing: suppose Roger were to pay off his workmen on that principle—they'd fling his money in his face."

"Then what would you say to the Prodigal Son?" she shot at me defiantly.

"I say it's very beautiful and that I'm old enough to hope it may be true," I told her, "but for heaven's sake, Miss Jencks, don't try Mrs. Bradley with it—not just now, at any rate!"

Then there was her guitar, a small one, of lemon-colored pear wood, curiously inlaid: Whistler got it for her in one of those old pawnshops near the London wharves, and we used to wonder what happy sailor, burnt and eager for the town, had brought it for what waiting girl all the long miles, and how it had crept at last, ashamed and stained, into that dingy three-balled tomb of so many hopes and keepsakes. He sketched her in charcoal, dressed (he would have it) in black, with a Spanish comb in her hair and the guitar on a broad ribbon of strange deep Chinese blue; behind her, on an aerially slender perch, stands a gaudy Mexican parrot. It does not look like her to us who know her well (though, curiously enough, all strangers consider it an extremely fine likeness) but as a *tour de force* it is remarkable, and amongst the plain, Saxon furnishings of the island living room it stands out with an extraordinary vividness—an unmistakable bit of Southern Europe, the perfectly conscious sophistication of old cities and sunny, secret streets, worn uneven and discolored before Raleigh started across seas. Roger never

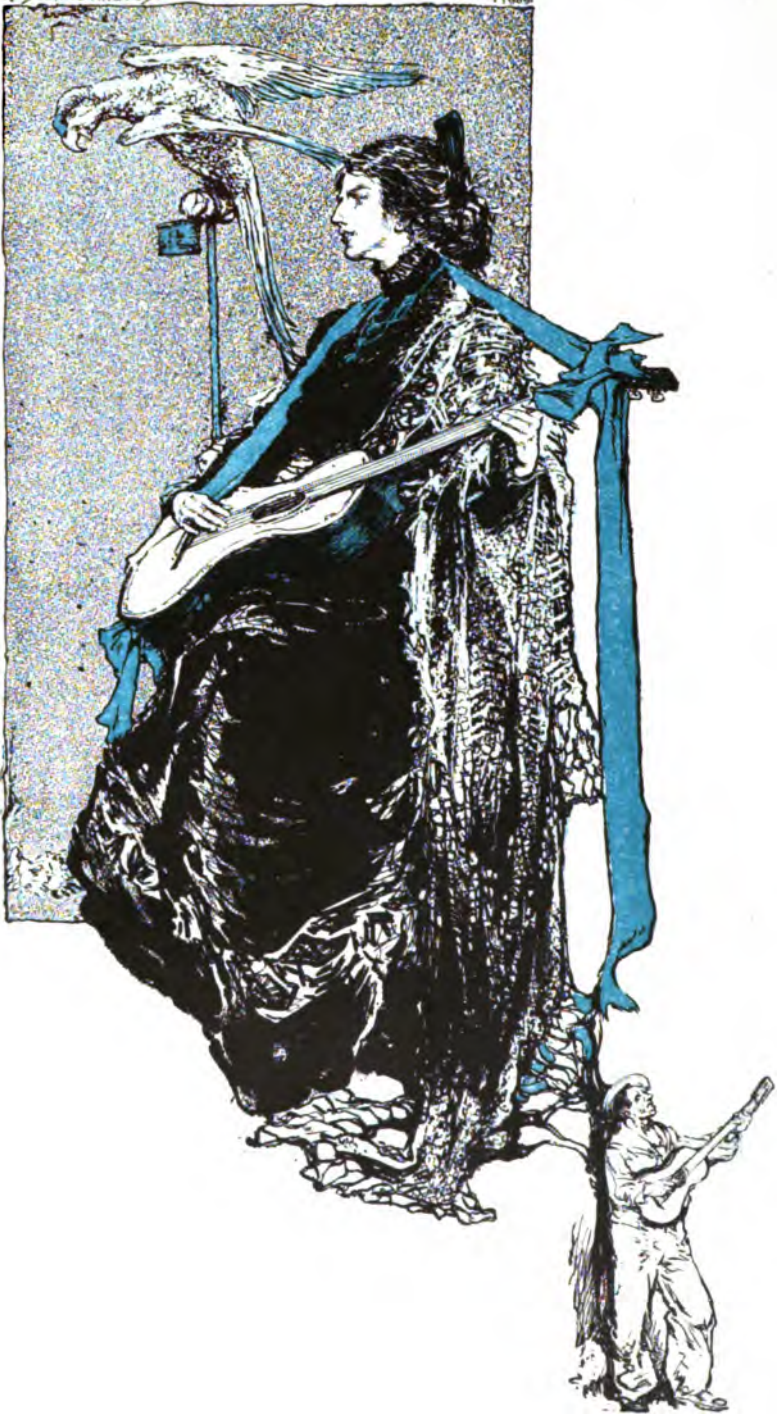
liked it, I believe, and I have always suspected the impish James of deliberately putting us face to face with Margarita's foreign strain and the tiny, deep gulf that cut her off, in some parts of her nature, so hopelessly from us. And he made us see it, too, that Puck of all painters, even as he had intended, and we were forced to thank him for it, for it was too beautiful to have gone undone, and he knew it. And Jimmy's dead, worse luck, and one of his most devoted collectors told me last week that he really thought the psychological moment for selling out had arrived, for he'd never go any higher! And we're all grass, that to-day is and to-morrow goes into the oven, and there's no doubt of it, my brothers.

But how she used to sing *O sole mio*, with that sweet, piercing Italian cry, a real *cri du coeur* (except for the trifling fact that there was no more heart in it, really, than there is in most Italian singing! I suppose that while the art of song remains among the children of men, the particular child who is able to throw his voice most easily into what Mme. M——i used to call "ze frront of ze face" and detach it from the throat, where the true feelings lie gripped, will continue to thrill the other children with his or her "heart in the voice!") And how she would drag the rhythm, deliciously, intentionally, and shade the downward notes, and hang a breath too long on the phrase-ends, as only Italians dare! And how the distilled essence of Italy dripped out of those luscious, tender, mocking folk songs, till the vineyards steeped before us, and the white city squares baked in the noon sun, and the ardent sailor sang to his brown girl over the quaint, bobbing, weighted nets!

The men who dug the ice-house and piled the coast wall and blasted out trenches for draining would stop and lean on their picks, when her resonant, golden humming, like a drowsy contralto bee, floated out from the veranda vines to them: I have seen their faces clear and their dull eyes focus suddenly on some distant, darling memory, while they dropped back for a precious minute into the past that you think is all bread and cheese and beer, because, forsooth, they never sat beside you in white gloves when Margarita sang!

Go to—there was Spring and a girl for every man of them, once, and both were the same as yours.

I had to go into her room at that time, to make sure that the floor should not be unduly marred and that, according to the best of my poor judgment (Roger should have planned it all, as a matter of fact) the registers might be inserted in the best places; and as I moved



He sketched her in charcoal, dressed (he would have it) in black

among the dainty luxuries that replaced the almost sordid bareness of that room, when I had first seen it, I realized, with surprise but with clear certainty, that the change was only apparent, not deep or inherent. They were all there, to be sure, the pretty paraphernalia that modern woman (and ancient, too, for the matter of that!) has found necessary to preserve and augment her mystery and charm; ivory and silver and crystal and fluted frills and scented silk. Oh, yes, they were all there, but there was no atmosphere of Margarita amongst them all: she had escaped out of them and given them the slip as effectually as in the old, bare days of the brush and comb and the print gown on a peg in the unscented closet. She was simply not there; that was all, and the most infatuated lover in all the Decameron would have felt that here was not the place for self-indulgent raptures. Margarita used her sleeping room as a snail uses his shell or a bird its nest: it was impersonal, deserted, out of commission, now—the room, merely, of a beautiful woman, who might have been any woman, with a woman's need of comfort, warmth, clear air, and cleanliness pushed to an arrogance of physical purity.

My mother's bedroom was her own as definitely as her blue veined, pointed hands; Sue Paynter's, into which I went once to lift out her little son in one of his illnesses, was like no one's else in the world, individual, intense; even old Madam Bradley's in its clear whites and polished dark wood, translated to my boyish, awed soul, a sense of her impenetrable character.

But not so Margarita's. It was furnished and decorated in gray-blue tints, because I had suggested this. It had odd touches of grayish rose, because Whistler had insisted on it. It was fitted with old mahogany, because

Roger liked this and collected it here and there. But of all the personality that her lover-father had known how to build into his home of exile, there was absolutely none.

Was it because there were no workbaskets, spilling lace and bits of ribbon, no photographs, no keepsakes, hideous, perhaps, but dear for what they represent, no worn girlhood's books, no shamefaced toys, lingering from the nursery, no litter of any other member of her family? Perhaps. Mme. Modjeska, then, and even for all time one of the greatest actresses on our stage, called it an unwomanly room, but I am not quite sure that this is precisely what she meant.

No, the most vivid impression the room could make upon me was one that brings a reminiscent chuckle even now. As my eye fell on the antique dressing table, I seemed to see, suddenly and laughably, Margarita, sweeping down the stairs, enveloped in a billowy *peignoir*, her hair loose, her eyes flashing furiously, in her extended finger and thumb, held as one would hold a noxious adder, a thin navy blue neck tie.

"Is that yours?" she demanded tragically of her husband.

"Why, yes, I believe it is," said Roger, with the grave politeness that years of intimacy could never take from him.

"I found it *on my dressing-table!*" she thundered, and her voice echoed like an angry vault, "*on—my—dressing-table!*"

She dropped it like a toad at his feet, swept us all with the lightning of her eyes, coldly, distastefully, and swam up the stairs like an avenging goddess, deaf to Roger's matter-of-fact apology, blind to Miss Jencks' deprecating blushes. As for me, so under the spell of that voice have I always been, that I swear I thought her hardly used—the darling vixen!

To be continued



"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH"

The SCHOOLS - The MAIN SPRING of DEMOCRACY, by

William Allen White
Author of "A
Certain Rich Man"
etc. etc. . . .

THERE is grave danger that the advocate of fundamental democracy will make a fetish of it. Seeing what the secret ballot will do, what the direct primary will do, what the purging of the party system will do, what direct legislation will do, and what all the state commissions and city charters and parliamentary organizations propagating the altruistic second self of the Nation will do, the man who observes these signs and wonders of this latter day is liable to forget what the sound strong righteous sense of the citizenship that made all these signs and wonders will do. The protagonist in the drama of democracy often is blinded by the limelight of his own cause. He finds it hard to realize that free institutions do not make free men, but that free men make free institutions. The truth lies some place between Hamilton and Jefferson, the strict Republican and the uncompromising Democrat. And probably Hamilton would have stated the truth when he wrote that "the general genius of a government is all that can be substantially relied upon for permanent effects," if he had written instead, "the general genius" of a people, for government, "is all that can be relied upon substantially for permanent effects."

The Strongest Instinct of Our Nation

And in this American Nation if the student of the times would go to the bottom of our institutions he would find that though we have

changed and are changing the form and constitution of our state and National institutions, electing presidents by a direct vote, and senators by a direct vote, thus bringing our federal courts nearer to the populace, though we are turning our state affairs over to commissions of experts and our city affairs over to direct representatives with great power and often under the recall, we are conducting our schools after the ancient ways. In the United States we spend nearly a half billion dollars every year for schools—mostly in direct taxes. And we raise those direct taxes by a direct vote of the people. It is primitive folk-rule; yet the sum we raise thus is the largest single item in the tax budget, direct or indirect, that we raise under our government. Moreover, it is the only fund in our system of government that is so carefully watched that dishonesty and extravagance do not waste it materially. The strongest instinct of this Nation—one might almost call it an obsession—is the instinct for education. So as a people we have kept our schools separate from our other governments. Anarchy might wipe out our federal government, and in the disorder our state institutions might suspend; even our cities and counties might be paralyzed in the general disorder. But in all the political upheaval the machinery of our public schools need not be affected. The \$475,000,000 school tax would be collected, the half million school teachers would go to work every morning, and the eighteen million students would

keep on preparing themselves to resist whatever tyranny and oppression and injustice the political cataclysm about them might produce. The framers of the constitution with all their fine system of checks and balances overlooked the mainspring of the whole mechanism of democracy, and left it unhampered. It is practically the only political institution which is not in some way subject to more or less complex control and interference by the state or the Nation. And slowly as the people have grown in intellectual strength they have removed the checks and balances put upon the people in all wisdom by the fathers, and it is absurd to say that when the schools have made men worthier than they were and than they are, safely to handle larger affairs, men will not find a simple way to reach the larger affairs. Constitutions are not amended by wars—monarchies and kings are curbed by wars. Constitutions are amended by the moral and intellectual growth of the people.

We Must All Move Up to the Eighth Grade

Therefore it will be well for one who desires to see the wheels of the American government go 'round, to look at the power that makes them go. "The American people," says President Butler, of Columbia University, "are almost Socratic in their acceptance of the principle that knowledge will lead to right and useful action, and if the formula be not pressed too far, the American conviction as to education, is quite defensible." At least it will not be pressing the formula too far to maintain that if education produces the power that makes the demagogue, it also makes the people who soon grow weary of him; and therefrom we may argue that whatever substantial growth there has been in our institutions—and one must admit that they have grown, even if presidents and most of our senators are now chosen by a direct vote of the people—this growth has come because the people have broadened their moral vision by reason of their widening information. Schools have disseminated knowledge; knowledge has directed the normally uneasy Puritan conscience; the people have grown powerful in so far as they have grown just. And the net income from our annual investment of half a billion dollars in education may be reckoned in terms of justice. So let us go to the account, and look at the books. To begin let us consider the gross liabilities: those twenty-four millions of students, who according to the latest school census should be in school, using an educational plant valued at one and a

half billions of dollars. The 1907 report of the commissioner of education (p. 524) indicates that only eighteen million of them are enrolled in school, sixteen millions of them (p. 544) being enrolled in the common schools, with an average daily attendance of nearly twelve millions. So that with our great plant, worth over a billion, and with our four hundred and seventy-five million dollar annual outgo, we are reaching only about half those for whom the taxes were levied. This does not mean that half of our people are illiterate. But it does mean that for some reason half of them are not getting an equipment for citizenship that they should get, and that the taxpayers expect them to get. Nor is this all: though education is practically free in America, and as the opportunity to earn one's way through college is wide, it is astonishing to note from the report just referred to (p. 525) that only 3,000 persons receive post-graduate degrees from our colleges and free universities, and that only 25,000 of the twenty-four million available students complete the four years' college course.

And now let Gradgrind gorge himself with facts. Assuming that the average life of the college graduate and his post-graduate associate is thirty years out of college, we may assume that the generation now opening will be manned with a million men and women who have at least finished their college work, and assuming that the same number of juniors, sophomores and freshmen leave school—about 25,000 in each class—that are graduated, we may add three million more to the total, making four million college men and women who will participate in our National life during the first thirty years of this century. Add to these four million college-bred men and women the one hundred and sixty thousand high school graduates who, the report above mentioned says (p. 525), are entering life every year, and the generation may reasonably be computed to hold five million persons who have taken full advantage of the common schools supported by direct taxes upon all of the people. Add to this total those who drop out from the four lower classes of the high school—a list as large from each class as the annual graduating class—and one has fifteen million others who have come into a somewhat wider field of knowledge than that afforded by the common schools. Let us add to them for thirty years the three-quarters of a million pupils who, according to the report (p. 525), complete the work in the seventh or eighth grades of the elementary schools. There will be 22,500,000

of them. Now adding all these sums—allowing for the increase in population to increase the number of youths as the years go on—and we have about fifty million Americans who have remained in school into the midst of their teens—something like two-fifths of our probable population in the next thirty years. This is not enough. Democracy may live, but it cannot thrive upon that basis. If we are to solve the problem of the century—the restriction of ignorance and greed in our business organization—we must solve it in the school house rather than in the legislature or in the court room. So long as there is a body of the people ignorant, that ignorance will breed a greed that will be duped by demagogy, and always the greed equipped by cunning will outwit greed equipped by ignorance. The problems that this Nation has solved have been for the most part simple problems. They were problems in the production of wealth. It is true that the abolition of slavery concerned the distribution of wealth. It was simple subtraction, but to deal justly with capital in its public uses, to say what is the individual's share in the public partnership and what is the share of the common wealth—that is long division—a problem of distribution. And most of our national problems now pending are problems of distribution, wherefore if we are to do these complex problems of distribution, as a Nation at least we must get into the eighth grade. Perhaps the average now is nearer the sixth than the eighth.

The Years a Boy May Waste

As conditions now exist there comes into the life of the average boy or girl four or five waste years—the years between thirteen and eighteen. These waste years hold in them the real dangers of our democracy. For out of school the boy at least is worthless. Says Charles H. Morse, executive officer of the Massachusetts Commission on Industrial Education: "If the boy goes out to attempt to learn a trade at fourteen years of age the manufacturer says: 'I do not want you in my factory,' and the manufacturer will not employ the boy except as an errand boy. You ask me how I know this. Agents of the Massachusetts Commission on Industrial Education canvassed the state recently, interviewing some 1,000 men who employed thousands upon thousands of men, and there were only a few who did not say: 'We do not want the fourteen-year-old boy; he is in our way. He gets on our nerves.'"

And yet ten millions of fourteen-year-old boys and their sisters—who are really worth

something—are out of school in America to-day. Partly they are out for economic reasons; the family needs their support; but the state needs a clear mind in the ballot booth seven years later, worse than the family needs support, and might well afford to pay the family the errand boy's meager wages. But apart from economic forces which keep the boy out of school during the waste years of his life, there are social reasons why he is not in school. And those social reasons are his studies and his teachers, and at the bottom of all, the selfishness of the taxpayers.

For when a child is not "doing well" in school, the parents find it easy to put him to work outside. And thus of the fifteen millions of children who leave school before they reach the high school, probably five millions leave not because they have to leave to support the family but because the parents feel that the boys at least are better off working out of school than idling and wrangling with their teachers in school. Generally speaking, the fault is with the school rather than with the boy. Certainly the fact that five millions of boys in their early teens do leave school unnecessarily is a fact worth considering in making up a curriculum. And if the fads and isms are driving the boy from school, the Nation is the loser. Therefore the instinct of the boy for physical education as well as for mental training should be heeded. The boy longs for manly things. He craves the company of men and their roughness. He desires to do something—to see something growing under his hand. It is instinctive, and the most hopeful thing in our democracy is not the growth of the secret ballot, the cleansed party, the direct nomination and direct legislation, but the vague and definitely growing recognition that the boy's instinct for practical education in his school is to be trusted. The almost universal introduction of manual training in some form into the lower grades of American schools—giving the boy opportunity to work with his hands—is one of the most important symptoms of social health in our political organization.

The extent of the growth of manual training in the country is surprising. Within ten years—coincident with the other big democratic movements—manual training has spread to the schools of almost every American state. Typically manual training begins in the sixth grade, when the pupils are coming into their teens. It continues through the eighth grade, and there in the larger of our American cities manual training is diverted into a separate building from the regular high

school building. This is known as the manual training school. There boys are taught to use their hands in woodwork, stonework, brickwork, ironwork, clay work of various kinds, and girls are taught domestic science. But these schools must not be confused with the grade trades schools that are being established in the cities of the land and in the manufacturing districts. The manual training schools do not teach the boys trades; they merely teach them to use their hands, so that when they go into trades they will learn easily. The trade schools make them apprentices, and these trade schools are found now in every great American city and in every state either under the name of technical institutes, agricultural schools or trade schools. This chain of public schools teaching rough hard work is keeping American boys in school, and is doing more to educate them for citizenship than any other force in the country. As the higher mechanical schools fit into the school system are they most valuable as citizen makers.

The Spread of Manual Training

It is remarkable how universally this manual training in the grades has come into our education system. In addition to manual training in the grades, separate manual training high schools are being established all over the country. Virginia has manual high schools in eight towns, Maine in nine towns, Delaware one in Wilmington. New Jersey has manual departments in twenty-five high schools. North Dakota has ten manual training high schools, and three cities in North Carolina have adopted manual training throughout the course; in Indiana forty towns and cities have manual work in the grades with ten manual training high schools. Massachusetts teaches manual work in sixty towns and has twenty-three manual high schools. Manual work is taught in ten California cities and in four manual high schools. In the state of Washington four cities teach manual training in the grades and seven have manual high schools; in Wyoming there are four manual high schools and three graded schools giving the manual work, and in Maryland it is introduced into thirty-five high schools and three graded schools. South Dakota has three manual training high schools, and Minnesota gives manual training work in ninety-eight schools—many of which are separate manual training high schools. Vermont teaches manual training in the grades in seven towns and Tennessee in five towns.

In Ohio the state superintendent of schools says that manual training is taught in all the towns and cities and that there are many manual high schools. Arkansas has three manual high schools; Florida, five; Kentucky, one; Nebraska, three; New York, five; Missouri, three; Michigan, ten; Kansas, ten and Georgia, twenty-two, and it is taught more or less in the grades of all these states, as well as in Wisconsin and South Carolina. For a new movement in education—one which increases interest in school for pupils at the age when their absence from school makes for economic and social waste—this tendency is too strong in America to be overlooked by any student of our government. Because the introduction of manual training work in schools means two important things to the boys—work that they like and teachers that they like. Boys need men when the boys are in their teens, and the prevalence of women teachers in the sixth, seventh and eighth grades and in the high school has driven more boys from school, and made bad citizens to make bad government, than we realize. Of course these manual teachers cost money; they make schools more expensive, but according to the Report of the United States Commissioner of Education the increased cost of maintenance in the seventh and eighth grades has been met by an increase in attendance. It seems to be largely a question of how good a citizenship we are willing to pay for.

Boys Who Dislike Women Teachers

And that brings us up to the problem of the boy and his teacher. The boy goes to the pool room and the saloon primarily because there he finds men. At school he is surfeited with femininity. Given men teachers for the boy after he gets into his teens, and the boy will not be so ready to leave school as he is. But teaching is a profession that men use as a stepping-stone to something better. It is not a man's profession, and wages of teachers are so low that men cannot afford to make teaching a career. And if the statistics of the census bureau are correct no extravagance of our people is so disastrous to us as the economy we are practicing in our schools in the seventh and eighth grades. For there the boys fall out by the millions. And the fact that their sisters who can earn as much at that age as their brothers, remain on an average a few years longer, indicates that the boys leave school because they are boys, and because the schools are designed for the girls. In some hazy, indefinite way we seem to be realizing

this as a people; for in ten states—Massachusetts, Utah, Indiana, Virginia, New Jersey, Illinois, Connecticut, Maryland, Ohio, California and Michigan—we have passed laws of more or less value providing for pensioning school teachers. Given a pension, and a man can afford to make teaching a profession, and the man teacher will appear in the seventh and eighth grades, and the boy will be saved to good citizenship. If the laws permitting school districts to set aside pension funds spread over the states as the laws authorizing manual training schools have spread since 1900, by 1920 the million pupils who reach the high school every year will be greatly increased if there is any ground for prophecy in statistics. For teachers' pensions are now being agitated, according to letters from state school superintendents in Washington, South Dakota, Vermont, Florida, Kentucky, Wisconsin and New York—where a better law is demanded. And the feeling of the people that more liberal school expenditures will bring a broadened interest in the state and in more rigid popular control of the state by the people, is met by instinctive opposition from the politicians. In New York, a machine politician discussing the proposed teachers' pension law in the state senate declared within a year in a public interview that he would introduce an amendment to the constitution prohibiting the state or any of its subdivisions from creating a pension service for any public employees except policemen and firemen. Here we have a square battle between democracy and the aristocracy of politics for the retention of special privileges or the extension of democracy.

Education as an Efficiency Producer

But this crime of the waste years between twelve and eighteen when American children leave school is more than a social crime against the ballot box—it is economic. In the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science* for January, 1909 (p. 54), we find an investigator writing: "The efficiency of the German workman, due to continuation schools, has increased to such an extent that German investigators feel warranted in considering American competition negligible." These same German investigators declare that the efficiency of the American workman has decreased in the last ten years. Our own American consul-general to Berlin considering the reports of these German investigators, writes in a formal report to this government: "Reduced to its simplest terms

these investigators generally conclude that reliance on a general and more or less superficial education together with natural adaptability to fit young men for every walk of life and the lack of specialized study in physical science, modern language and the industrial arts, will, if persisted in, neutralize much of the advantage which our country now enjoys."

The answer of the New York reactionary senator would probably be to increase the tariff. But the answer of democracy would be to pension the school teacher, and, by getting higher grade teachers, keep our boys in school learning to use their hands and their minds that they may be good citizens, and row their weight in the economic boat of the world's industry. If there is anything in education as the mainspring of civic virtue, the problem of democracy is to stop the waste of the first years of adolescence in America, that the conscience of the people in maturity may find its way into the ballot box. For while it is true that learning and wisdom in individual cases do not always go together, still the fact seems to be fairly well established that in this particular blend of the various strains of Aryan blood now inhabiting the American continent, education of the mass does direct the conscience of the people toward wisdom, and does turn their hearts to that common sense of conduct known as righteousness.

Take, for instance, Massachusetts. The Report of the National Commissioner of Education for 1907 warrants some most interesting conclusions about education and political progress. The Report indicates by Table 7 that the daily attendance in Massachusetts is larger than in any other state, and (Table 8) that the average number of days' attendance a year is larger than in any other state, and hence that (Table 20) the 33.2 cents per hundred dollars of true valuation of all real and personal property expended for school purposes annually brings the greatest efficiency in educational result. The Report indicates that Massachusetts sends more of her children more days in the year to higher grade schools than any other American state. It is therefore fair to ask what does the state get out of it? How does the school serve a progressive sane democracy? A monograph of the American Academy of Social and Political Science is devoted to Massachusetts labor legislation, and finds it on the whole the wisest labor legislation in the United States. In railroad legislation Massachusetts has adopted as a matter of course provisions for state ownership of railroads as a penalty for oppression, and while her commission has no rate-making

power, it has information upon which to base rate suggestions, and that information collected under the law is so complete and so categorical in its nature that a rate suggestion from a Massachusetts commission backed by the power of state ownership, has all the teeth necessary to keep rate encroachments at a respectful distance. The Commonwealth has led all the other states in providing a good substitute for old age pensions for its citizens. It regulated its public utilities with rigorous justice, and its banking laws are models for other states. Moreover, without primaries and without legal aids to secure representative government, other than the most radically non-partisan ballot law in the United States, Massachusetts has maintained in the United States Senate representative men who by sheer intellectual force have dominated that body with the Massachusetts idea and have made—whether for good or ill—the Massachusetts idea a power in this nation far beyond the warrant of either the wealth, the population or the geographical area of the Commonwealth. And finally, with all her progress—and one who examines the laws and the enforcement of laws of the several states, and examines them carefully, must admit that upon the whole Massachusetts is our most progressive commonwealth—with all her progress the federal courts have only been invoked once during the last two years to set aside the enforcement of any Massachusetts law.

Schools and the Courts

And that brings us into the midst of the whole matter of this American democracy. Massachusetts seems to show us that the basis of real progress is in the school house, and the experience of other states with a less efficient school system proves beyond a doubt that the limits of progress are found in the restrictions put upon progress by the courts—for the most part restrictions of the federal courts.

But it is obvious that they mark the bounds beyond which democracy at any given time may not trespass. The bounds marked by the courts are changing. They are not the same yesterday, to-day and forever. And even though the constitution is not formally amended, its interpretation changes as the people grow intellectually, and the fundamental law of yesterday is not the fundamental law of to-day, nor is the fundamental law of the land to-day to be the fundamental law tomorrow. The constitution is amended by interpretation more than by formal amendment, and the amendments by interpretation are

made by the courts as a result of a most inexorable law of human nature. Men take the color of their times. And courts are men. So when the times change, and finally when in changing the sentiment of the people becomes fixed, courts bend the constitution to the people.

Therefore the first obligation upon those who would change the trend of our American democracy from the worship of property rights to a consideration of those rights in relation to the rights of men should not be to change laws and reform the courts, but to go to the bottom and make men and women who can think and feel and act justly and unselfishly. The mainspring of democracy is in the schools. The high schools, the colleges and the universities train between one-third and two-fifths of our people. But the masses are from the grades at or under the sixth grade. Fortunately this sixth grade mass of our population changes with the generations, and the educated man or woman is found in almost every family. There are no lines of intellectual cleavage. And the leadership of the best trained minds and hearts is rarely if ever lost to either side in any political contest, though always it is more or less hampered; and often the compromises which wisdom must make with honest ignorance play into the hands of those whom both are opposing. The demagogue and his followers are after all the chief agents of reaction. Yet the demagogue in the fool's school of experience is merely teaching the masses at a terrible cost what they should have learned during the waste years between the time when they left school in their early teens and the time when they began to live in their own right economically, socially and politically. Moreover, if by any turn of the treacherous kaleidoscope of politics some issue should put the interests of a majority of the uninformed, unschooled, untrained well-meaning three-fifths of our population upon one side of a question of vital importance and their better trained fellows upon the other side, the price of the master of the fool's school might be the disruption of the Republic. It is inconceivable how such a thing could occur. For through books and newspapers and the scores of other educational agencies of the land, the common education of the people is advancing, even after they leave the school house. Indeed, in farming and storekeeping and in many of the outdoor trades which require alert minds to pass quick, sure judgments upon a score of matters daily there is no arrested mental development, but the mind grows through adolescence until maturity, and the newspaper and the public library finish

the work of the schools for millions of people. But there remain other millions, bound to machines, working automatically, for long hours and of necessity at small wages (because the grade of intelligence required for the work is low), and these millions taken from school at the end of infancy, should they ever unite in politics, would visit upon this nation a terrible vengeance for its criminal neglect of their cause. They are skeletons in our national closet. Our inhumanity to them is our national sin, for which we must suffer if we do not change our ways.

A Bartender for Every Two School Teachers

"It is practically impossible to find a community in the United States," says Nathan C. Schaeffer, state superintendent of Pennsylvania, writing in the discussion of taxation as related to Public Education, published by the National Educational Association, "that does not spend more money for whiskey and tobacco than for education." The Report of the United States Commissioner of Education, 1907, indicates (p. 525) that there are only twice as many school teachers as there are bartenders in the country. So while the aggregate amount spent for schools is large, the comparative amount is small. A few states, notably Ohio, make provision for the reimbursement of parents for the time of children in school. And eventually all the states must come to that plan. For the pittance that the child can earn is so little compared with the need of the state for that child's judgment formed by a trained mind in making public sentiment when he is grown, that it is folly to haggle over the expense account. If democracy is to go forward, it must begin to move in the schools of the country. Now as a people we can move quickly when we desire to move quickly. Within ten years there has been a complete change in the American mind about the treatment of defective children. We have stopped putting children in jail; the juvenile court has come into the judicial system of practically every American state. We do not count its cost, because we see its justice. The enlightened selfishness of the American people makes them regard investments in playgrounds, children's camps, recreation places on docks and piers, boys' farms and similar institutions for children, as profitable investments. And the enlightened selfishness of the people—their public altruism—must be awakened to the fact that the waste years of early adolescence of our American children constitute the greatest menace to the

perpetuity of our institutions. The waste of those years is due to public selfishness. If the child leaves school for social reasons, because he does not feel that the school interests him, it is demonstrable that better schools—higher priced teachers, teaching the rough, practical things which early adolescence instinctively longs for—will hold him. But that requires men teachers, and to hold men of the right sort teaching must be made a career, and for that pensions for teachers seem to be necessary unless salaries are greatly increased. (Parenthetically it might be said that there is no reason why men as adults should not pay the taxes required to pension the teacher who worked too cheaply to teach them as children.) If, on the other hand, the child is compelled to leave school because his parents cannot afford to keep him in school—for economic reasons, in short—then the public, having need of the child's adult judgment in the state, should reimburse the parents for their loss of the child's miserable wages, and so keep the child in school.

"The Truth Shall Make You Free"

Laws will not make us a free people; presidents and governors will not make us free; courts will not make us free. "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." And if the "general genius of a government"—which Hamilton says is "all that can be substantially relied upon for permanent effects"—does not give the people the truth the people must remain in bondage. The upper grades of our common schools and our high schools and our colleges and universities are turning out millions of men and women who are giving their lives to society unselfishly as teachers and preachers and farmers and doctors and lawyers and mechanics and merchants, whose chief thought is not for money—men and women who form the bulk of the well-housed, well-clad, well-fed prosperous body of the people neither rich nor poor. But often there rises in a town, a state or a nation some ignorant, selfish, crafty, brutal human vulture, fat with prey taken within the law, and greedy for more. He debauches legislatures; he blinds the courts, and controls executives. The public sentiment of educated people does not check him, as it does the greedy man from the college. He is crass, vicious and unrestrained. Yet he is our own child. He and the criminal of the slums are brothers; and society has made both the ignorant slums of the rich man and the ignorant slums of the poor man. For society has denied them,

both the slums of the rich and the slums of the poor, the truth that would make them free. And we must all suffer for our sin to them. For all our new machinery of democracy, our secret ballot, our purified party system, our primary nominations, our direct legislation, will avail us little against the man of these two slums. Together, one in industry, and the other in crime, sometimes allied, and never far apart, these men, like jungle beasts, live upon the flesh and blood of the children. Into their lairs either as plunder of wages or prey of crime go the waste years of adolescence in this country. Yet they—these social outlaws—are but the incarnation of our National greed. They speak for democracy, too; they are a part of democracy; they are products of democracy. This is their government as well as the government of the middle classes. They and all the evils in their train—crime, poverty, injustice, suffering—are signs of our bondage to ignorance and greed. It is a bondage self-imposed. For at our own hands unchecked by courts or by federal laws, or by state statutes lies the school system of the people. "And the truth shall make you free."



The Dream

By MARGARET STEELE ANDERSON

You may sing of the race as you will—I sing the goal,
The beautiful goal, that draws the bleeding feet,
And lights the brow, and lifts the fainting soul,
And turns the bitter hardship into sweet!
(But oh, I pray the goal may be the place
I thought it was the while I ran the race!)

You may sing of the fight as you will—I sing the prize,
That noble prize for which the fighter stands,
Reason and hope for all his agonies
Of struggling limbs and ever-straining hands!
(But oh, I pray the prize be no less bright
Than I conceived it, panting in the fight!)

You may sing of the work as you will—I sing its aim,
Far-throned beauty and far-beck'ning light,
That call the worker onward more than fame,
Sun to his day and star upon his night!
(But oh, I pray the aim be what I sought
And visioned ceaselessly the while I wrought!)

Howe'er it be, O Watcher of the race,
Lord of the vict'ry, Giver of the prize,
I thank Thee for the hope before my face,
I thank Thee for the dream before mine eyes!
And this I dare: to think Thou hast not wrought
Or dream or ardent dreamer all for naught!

The SHERIFF of KONA by Jack LONDON

Author of "The Call of the Wild," etc.

With Illustrations by M. Leone Bracker

YOU cannot escape liking the climate," Cudworth said, in reply to my panegyric on the Kona coast. "I was a young fellow, just out of college, when I came here eighteen years ago. I never went back, except, of course, to visit. And I warn you, if you have some spot dear to you on earth, not to linger here too long, else you will find this dearer."

We had finished dinner, which had been served on the big *lanai*, the one with a northerly exposure, though *exposure* is indeed a misnomer in so delectable a climate.

The candles had been put out, and a slim, white-clad Japanese slipped like a ghost through the silvery moonlight, presented us with cigars, and faded away into the darkness of the bungalow. I looked through a screen of banana and lehua trees, and down across the guava scrub to the quiet sea a thousand feet beneath. For a week, ever since I had landed from the tiny coasting-steamer, I had been stopping with Cudworth, and during that time no wind had ruffled that unvexed sea. True, there had been breezes, but they were the gentlest zephyrs that ever blew through summer isles. They were not winds; they were sighs—long, balmy sighs of a world at rest.

"A lotus land," I said.

"Where each day is like every day, and every day is a paradise of days," he answered. "Nothing ever happens. It is not too hot. It is not too cold. It is always just right. Have you noticed how the land and the sea breathe turn and turn about?"

Indeed I had noticed that delicious, rhythmic, intermingled breathing. Each morning I had watched the sea-breeze begin at the shore and slowly extend seaward as it blew the mildest, softest whiff of ozone to the land. It played over the sea, just faintly darkening its surface, with here and there and everywhere long lanes of calm, shifting, changing, drifting, according to the capricious kisses of the breeze.

And each evening I had watched the sea-breeze die away to heavenly calm, and heard the land-breeze softly make its way through the coffee trees and monkey-pods.

"It is a land of perpetual calm," I said. "Does it ever blow here?—ever really blow? You know what I mean."

Cudworth shook his head and pointed eastward.

"How can it blow, with a barrier like that to stop it?"

Far above towered the huge bulks of Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa, seeming to blot out half the starry sky. Two miles and a half above our heads they reared their own heads, white with snow that the tropic sun had failed to melt.

"Thirty miles away, right now, I'll wager, it is blowing forty miles an hour."

I smiled incredulously.

Cudworth stepped to the *lanai* telephone. He called up, in succession, Waimea, Kohala, and Hamakua. Snatches of his conversation told me that the wind was blowing: "Rip-snorthing and back-jumping, eh? . . . How long? . . . Only a week? . . . Hello, Abe, is that you? . . . Yes, yes. . . . You *will* plant coffee on the Hamakua coast. . . . Hang your wind-breaks! You should see *my* trees."

"Blowing a gale," he said to me, turning from hanging up the receiver. "I always have to joke Abe on his coffee. He has five hundred acres, and he's done marvels in wind-breaking, but how he keeps the roots in the ground is beyond me. Blow? It always blows on the Hamakua side. Kohala reports a schooner under double reefs beating up the channel between Hawaii and Maui, and making heavy weather of it."

"It is hard to realize," I said lamely. "Doesn't a little whiff of it ever eddy around somehow, and get down here?"

"Not a whiff. Our land-breeze is absolutely of no kin, for it begins this side of Mauna Kea

and Mauna Loa. You see, the land radiates its heat quicker than the sea, and so, at night, the land breathes over the sea. In the day the land becomes warmer than the sea, and the sea breathes over the land. . . . Listen! Here comes the land-breath now, the mountain-wind."

I could hear it coming, rustling softly through the coffee trees, stirring the monkey-pods, and sighing through the sugar-cane. On the *lanai* the hush still reigned. Then it came, the first feel of the mountain-wind, faintly balmy, fragrant and spicy, and cool, deliciously cool, a silken coolness, a wine-like coolness—cool as only the mountain-wind of Kona can be cool.

"Do you wonder that I lost my heart to Kona eighteen years ago?" he demanded. "I could never leave it now. I think I should die. It would be terrible. There was another man who loved it, even as I. I think he loved it more, for he was born here on the Kona coast. He was a great man, my best friend, my more than brother. But he left it, and he did not die."

"Love?" I queried. "A woman?"

Cudworth shook his head.

"Nor will he ever come back, though his heart will be here until he dies."

He paused and gazed down upon the beach-lights of Kailua. I smoked silently and waited.

"He was already in love . . . with his wife. Also, he had three children, and he loved them. They are in Honolulu now. The boy is going to college."

"Some rash act?" I questioned, after a time, impatiently.

He shook his head. "Neither guilty of anything criminal, nor charged with anything criminal. He was the sheriff of Kona."

"You choose to be paradoxical," I said.

"I suppose it does sound that way," he admitted, "and that is the perfect hell of it."

He looked at me searchingly for a moment, and then abruptly took up the tale.

"He was a leper. No, he was not born with it—no one is born with it; it came upon him. This man—what does it matter? Lyte Gregory was his name. Every *kamaina* knows the story. He was straight American stock, but he was built like the chieftains of old Hawaii. He stood six feet three. His stripped weight was two hundred and twenty pounds, not an ounce of which was not clean muscle or bone. He was the strongest man I have ever seen. He was an athlete and a giant. He was a god. He was my friend. And his heart and his soul were as big and as fine as his body.

"I wonder what you would do if you saw your friend, your brother, on the slippery lip of a

precipice, slipping, slipping, and you were able to do nothing. That was just it. I could do nothing. I saw it coming, and I could do nothing. My God, man! what could I do? There it was, malignant and uncontestable, the mark of the thing on his brow. No one else saw it. It was because I loved him so, I do believe, that I alone saw it. I could not credit the testimony of my senses. It was too incredibly horrible. Yet there it was, on his brow, on his ears. I had seen it, the slight puff of the ear-lobes—oh, so imperceptibly slight. I watched it for months. Then, next, hoping against hope, the darkening of the skin above both eyebrows—oh, so faint, just like the dimmest touch of sunburn. I should have thought it sunburn but that there was a shine to it, such an invisible shine, like a little high-light seen for a moment and gone the next. I tried to believe it was sunburn, only I could not. I knew better. No one noticed it but me. No one ever noticed it except Stephen Kaluna, and I did not know that till afterward. But I saw it coming, the whole damnable, unnameable awfulness of it; but I refused to think about the future. I was afraid. I could not. And of nights I cried over it.

"He was my friend. We fished sharks on Niihau together. We hunted wild cattle on Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa. We broke horses and branded steers on the Carter Ranch. We hunted goats through Haleakala. He taught me diving and surfing until I was nearly as clever as he, and he was cleverer than the average Kanaka. I have seen him dive in fifteen fathoms, and he could stay down two minutes. He was an amphibian and a mountaineer. He could climb wherever a goat dared climb. He was afraid of nothing. He was on the wrecked *Luga*, and he swam thirty miles in thirty-six hours in a heavy sea. He could fight his way out through breaking combers that would batter you and me to a jelly. He was a great, glorious man-god. We went through the Revolution together. We were both romantic loyalists. He was shot twice and sentenced to death. But he was too great a man for the republicans to kill. He laughed at them. Later, they gave him honor and made him sheriff of Kona. He was a simple man, a boy that never grew up. His was no intricate brain pattern. He had no twists nor quirks in his mental processes. He went straight to the point, and his points were always simple.

"And he was sanguine. Never have I known so confident a man, nor a man so satisfied and happy. He did not ask anything from life. There was nothing left to be desired. For him life had no arrears. He had been paid

in full, cash down, and in advance. What more could he possibly desire than that magnificent body, that iron constitution, that immunity from all ordinary ills, and that lowly wholesomeness of soul? Physically he was perfect. He had never been sick in his life. He did not know what a headache was. When I was so afflicted he used to look at me in wonder, and make me laugh with his clumsy attempts at sympathy. He did not understand such a thing as a headache. He could not understand. Sanguine? No wonder. How could he be otherwise with that tremendous vitality and incredible health?

"Just to show you what faith he had in his glorious star, and, also, what sanction he had for that faith. He was a youngster at the time—I had just met him—when he went into a poker game at Wailuku. There was a big German in it, Schultz his name was, and he played a brutal, domineering game. He had had a run of luck as well, and he was quite insufferable, when Lyte Gregory dropped in and took a hand. The very first hand it was Schultz's blind. Lyte came in, as well as the others, and Schultz raised them out—all except Lyte. He did not like the German's tone, and he raised him back. Schultz raised in turn, and in turn Lyte raised Schultz. So they went, back and forth. The stakes were big. And do you know what Lyte held? A pair of kings and three little clubs. It wasn't poker. Lyte wasn't playing poker. He was playing his optimism. He didn't know what Schultz held, but he raised and raised until he made Schultz squeal, and Schultz held three aces all the time. Think of it! A man with a pair of kings compelling three aces to see before the draw!

"Well, Schultz called for two cards. Another German was dealing, Schultz's friend at that. Lyte knew then that he was up against three of a kind. Now what did he do? What would you have done? Drawn three cards and held up the kings, of course. Not Lyte. He was playing optimism. He threw the kings away, held up the three little clubs, and drew two cards. He never looked at them. He looked across at Schultz to bet, and Schultz did bet, big. Since he himself held three aces he knew he had Lyte, because he played Lyte for threes, and, necessarily, they would have to be smaller threes. Poor Schultz! He was perfectly correct under the premises. His mistake was that he thought Lyte was playing poker. They bet back and forth for five minutes, until Schultz's certainty began to ooze out. And all the time Lyte had never looked at his two cards, and Schultz knew it. I could see Schultz think, and revive, and splurge with his

bets again. But the strain was too much for him.

"Hold on, Gregory,' he said at last. 'I've got you beaten from the start. I don't want any of your money. I've got——'

"Never mind what you've got,' Lyte interrupted. 'You don't know what I've got. I guess I'll take a look.'

"He looked, and raised the German a hundred dollars. Then they went at it again, back and forth and back and forth, until Schultz weakened and called, and laid down his three aces. Lyte faced his five cards. They were all black. He had drawn two more clubs. Do you know, he just about broke Schultz's nerve as a poker player. He never played in the same form again. He lacked confidence after that, and was a bit wobbly.

"But how could you do it?' I asked Lyte afterward. 'You knew he had you beaten when he drew two cards. Besides, you never looked at your own draw.'

"I didn't have to look,' was Lyte's answer. 'I knew they were two clubs all the time. They just had to be two clubs. Do you think I was going to let that big Dutchman beat me? It was impossible that he should beat me. It is not my way to be beaten. I just have to win. Why, I'd have been the most surprised man in this world if they hadn't been all clubs.'

"That was Lyte's way, and maybe it will help you to appreciate his colossal optimism. As he put it, he just had to succeed, to fare well, to prosper. And in that same incident, as in ten thousand others, he found his sanction. The thing was that he did succeed, did prosper. That was why he was afraid of nothing. Nothing could ever happen to him. He knew it, because nothing had ever happened to him. That time the *Luga* was lost and he swam thirty miles, he was in the water two whole nights and a day. And during all that terrible stretch of time he never lost hope once, never once doubted the outcome. He just knew he was going to make the land. He told me so himself, and I know it was the truth.

"Well, that is the kind of a man Lyte Gregory was. He was of a different race from ordinary, ailing mortals. He was a lordly being, untouched by common ills and misfortunes. Whatever he wanted he got. He won his wife—one of the Caruthers, a little beauty—from a dozen rivals. And she settled down and made him the finest wife in the world. He wanted a boy. He got it. He wanted a girl and another boy. He got them. And they were just right, without spot or blemish, and with chests like little barrels, and with all the inheritance of his own health and strength."

“And then it happened. The mark of the beast was laid upon him. I watched it for a year. It broke my heart. But he did not know it, nor did anybody else guess it except that cursed *hapa-haole*, Stephen Kaluna. He knew it, but I did not know that he did. And—yes—Doc Strowbridge knew it. He was the federal physician, and he had developed the leper eye. You see, part of his business was to examine suspects and order them to the receiving station at Honolulu. And Stephen Kaluna had developed the leper eye. The disease ran strong in his family, and four or five of his relatives were already on Molokai.

“The trouble arose over Stephen Kaluna’s sister. When she became suspect, and

before Doc Strowbridge could get hold of her, her brother spirited her away to some hiding place. Lyte was sheriff of Kona, and it was his business to find her.

“We were all over at Hilo that night, in Ned Austin’s. Stephen Kaluna was there when we came in, by himself, in his cups, and quarrelsome. Lyte was laughing over some joke—that huge, happy laugh of a giant boy. Kaluna spat contemptuously on the floor. Lyte noticed, so did everybody; but he ignored the fellow. Kaluna was looking for trouble. He took it as a personal grudge that Lyte was trying to apprehend his sister. In half a dozen ways he advertised his displeasure at Lyte’s presence, but Lyte ignored him. I imagine Lyte was a bit sorry for him, for the hardest duty of



his office was the apprehension of lepers. It is not a nice thing to go into a man’s house and tear away a father, mother, or child, who has done no wrong, and to send such a one to perpetual banishment on Molokai. Of course, it is necessary as a protection to society, and Lyte, I do believe, would have been the first to apprehend his own father did he become suspect.

“Finally, Kaluna blurted out: ‘Look here, Gregory, you think you’re going to find Kalaniweo, but you’re not.’

“Kalaniweo was his sister. Lyte glanced at him when his name was called, but he made no answer. Kaluna was furious. He was working himself up all the time.

“‘I’ll tell you one thing,’ he shouted. ‘You’ll be on Molokai yourself before ever you get

Kalaniweo there. I'll tell you what you are. You've no right to be in the company of honest men. You've made a terrible fuss talking about you're duty, haven't you? You've sent many lepers to Molokai, and knowing all the time you belonged there yourself.'

"I'd seen Lyte angry more than once, but never quite so angry as at that moment. Leprosy with us, you know, is not a thing to jest about. He made one leap across the floor, dragging Kaluna out of his chair with a clutch on his neck. He shook him back and forth savagely, till you could hear the half-caste's teeth rattling.

"What do you mean?" Lyte was demanding. 'Spit it out, man, or I'll choke it out of you!'

"You know, in the West there is a certain phrase that a man must smile while uttering. So with us of the islands, only our phrase is related to leprosy. No matter what Kaluna was, he was no coward. As soon as Lyte eased the grip on his throat he answered:

"I'll tell you what I mean. You are a leper yourself.'

"Lyte suddenly flung the half-caste sidewise into a chair, letting him down easily enough. Then Lyte broke out into honest, hearty laughter. But he laughed alone, and when he discovered it he looked around at our faces. I had reached his side and was trying to get him to come away, but he took no notice of me. He was gazing, fascinated, at Kaluna, who was brushing at his own throat in a flurried, nervous way, as if to brush off the contamination of the fingers that had clutched him. The action was unreasoned, genuine.

"Lyte looked around at us, slowly passing from face to face.

"My God, fellows! My God!" he said.

"He did not speak it. It was more a hoarse

whisper of fright and horror. It was fear that fluttered in his throat, and I don't think that ever in his life before he had known fear.

"Then his colossal optimism asserted itself, and he laughed again:

"A good joke— whoever put it up,' he said. 'The drinks are on me. I had a scare for a moment. But, fellows, don't do it again, to anybody. It's too serious. I tell you I died a thousand deaths in that moment. I thought of my wife and the kids, and . . .'

"His voice broke, and the half-caste, still throat-brushing, drew his eyes. He was puzzled and worried.

"John,' he said, turning toward me.

"His jovial, rotund voice rang in my ears. But I could not answer. I was swallowing hard at that moment, and besides I knew my face didn't look just right.

"John,' he called again, taking a step nearer.

"He called timidly, and of all nightmares of horrors the most frightful was to hear timidity in Lyte Gregory's voice.

"John, John, what does it mean?' he went on, still more timidly. 'It's a joke, isn't it? John, here's my hand. If I were a leper would I offer you my hand? Am I a leper, John?'

"He held out his hand, and what in high heaven or hell did I care? He was my friend. I took his hand, though it cut me to the heart to see the way his face brightened.

"It was only a joke, Lyte,' I said. 'We fixed it up on you. But you're right. It's too serious. We won't do it again.'

"He did not laugh this time. He smiled, as a man awakened from a bad dream and still oppressed by the substance of the dream.

"All right then,' he said. 'Don't do it again, and I'll stand for the drinks. But I may



"Lyte peered and peered, and I saw his hands trembling"

as well confess that you fellows had me going south for a moment. Look at the way I've been sweating.'

"He sighed and wiped the sweat from his forehead as he started to step toward the bar.

"It is no joke,' Kaluna said abruptly.

"I looked murder at him, and I felt murder, too. But I dared not speak or strike. That would have precipitated the catastrophe which I somehow had a mad hope of still averting.

"It is no joke,' Kaluna repeated. 'You are a leper, Lyte Gregory, and you've no right putting your hands on honest men's flesh—on the clean flesh of honest men.'

"Then Gregory flared up.

"The joke has gone far enough! Quit it! Quit it, I say, Kaluna, or I'll give you a beating!"

"You undergo a bacteriological examination,' Kaluna answered, 'and then you can beat me—to death, if you want to. Why, man, look at yourself there in the glass. You can see it. Anybody can see it. You're developing the lion face. See where the skin is darkened there over your eyes.'

"Lyte peered and peered, and I saw his hands trembling.

"I can see nothing,' he said finally, then turned on the *hapa-haole*. 'You have a black heart, Kaluna. And I am not ashamed to say that you have given me a scare that no man has a right to give another. I take you at your word. I am going to settle this thing right now. I am going straight to Doc Strowbridge. And when I come back, watch out.'

"He never looked at us, but started for the door.

"You wait here, John,' he said, waving me back from accompanying him.

"We stood around like a group of ghosts.

"It is the truth,' Kaluna said. 'You could see it for yourselves.'

"But we couldn't stand for it. Three months later we chartered the schooner *Halcyon*. She was an opium smuggler, and she sailed like a witch. Her master was a squarehead who would do anything for money, and we made a charter to China worth his while. He sailed from San Francisco, and a few days later we took out Landhouse's sloop for a cruise. She was only a five-ton yacht, but we slammed her fifty miles to windward into the northeast trade. Seasick? I never suffered so in my life. Out of sight of land we picked up the *Halcyon*, and Burnley and I went aboard. "We ran down to Molokai, arriving about eleven at night. The schooner hove to and we landed through the surf in a whale-boat at Kalawao—the place, you know, where Father Damien died. That squarehead was game.

"Doc Strowbridge told me about it afterward. He was working late over a report when Lyte came into his office. Lyte had already recovered his optimism, and came swinging in, a trifle angry with Kaluna to be sure, but very certain of himself. 'What could I do?' Doc asked me. 'I knew he had it. I had seen it coming on for months. I couldn't answer him. I couldn't say yes. I don't mind telling you I broke down and cried. He pleaded for the bacteriological test. "Snip out a piece, Doc," he said, over and over. "Snip out a piece of skin and make the test."'

"The way Doc Strowbridge cried must have convinced Lyte. The *Claudine* was leaving next morning for Honolulu. We caught him when he was going aboard. You see, he was headed for Honolulu to give himself up to the Board of Health. We could do nothing with him. He had sent too many to Molokai to hang back himself. We argued for Japan. But he wouldn't hear of it. 'I've got to take my medicine, fellows,' was all he would say, and he said it over and over. He was obsessed with the idea.

"He wound up all his affairs from the Receiving Station at Honolulu, and went down to Molokai. He didn't get on well there. The resident physician wrote us that he was a shadow of his old self. You see he was grieving about his wife and the kids. He knew we were taking care of them, but it hurt him just the same. After six months or so I went down to Molokai. I sat on one side a plate-glass window, and he on the other. We looked at each other through the glass, and talked through what might be called a speaking-tube. But it was hopeless. He had made up his mind to remain. Four mortal hours I argued. I was exhausted at the end. My steamer was whistling for me, too.

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With a couple of revolvers strapped on him he came right along. The three of us crossed the peninsula to Kalaupapa, something like two miles. Just imagine hunting in the dead of night for a man in a settlement of over a thousand lepers. You see, if the alarm was given, it was all off with us. It was strange ground, and pitch-dark. The lepers' dogs came out and bayed at us, and we stumbled around till we got lost.

"The squarehead solved it. He led the way into the first detached house. We shut the door after us and struck a light. There were six lepers. We routed them up, and I talked in native. What I wanted was a *kokua*. A *kokua* is, literally, a helper, a native who is clean that lives in the settlement, and is paid by the Board of Health to nurse the lepers, dress their sores, and such things. We stayed in the house to keep track of the inmates, while the squarehead led one of them off to find a *kokua*. He got him, and he brought him along at the point of his revolver. But the *kokua* was all right. While the squarehead guarded the house, Burnley and I were guided by the *kokua* to Lyte's house. He was all alone.

"'I thought you fellows would come,' Lyte said. 'Don't touch me, John. How's Ned, and Charley, and all the crowd? Never mind, tell me afterward. I am ready to go now. I've had nine months of it. Where's the boat?'

"We started back for the other house to pick up the squarehead. But the alarm had got out. Lights were showing in the houses, and doors were slamming. We had agreed that there was to be no shooting unless absolutely necessary, and when we were halted we went at it with our fists and the butts of our revolvers. I found myself tangled up with a big man. I couldn't keep him off of me, though twice I smashed him fairly in the face with my fist. He grappled with me, and we went down, rolling and scrambling and struggling for grips. He was getting away with me, when some one came running up with a lantern. Then I saw his face. How shall I describe the horror of it! It was not a face—only wasted or wasting features—a living ravage, noseless, lipless, with one ear swollen and distorted, hanging down to the shoulder. I was frantic. In a clunch he hugged me close to him until that ear flapped in my face. Then I guess I went insane. It was too terrible. I began striking him with my revolver. How it happened I don't know, but just as I was getting clear he fastened upon

me with his teeth. The whole side of my hand was in that lipless mouth. Then I struck him with the revolver-butt squarely between the eyes, and his teeth relaxed."

Cudworth held his hand to me in the moonlight, and I could see the scars. It looked as if it had been mangled by a dog.

"Weren't you afraid?" I asked.

"I was. Seven years I waited. You know, it takes that long for the disease to incubate. Here in Kona I waited, and it did not come. But there was never a day of those seven years, and never a night, that I did not look out on . . . on all this. . . ." His voice broke as he swept his eyes from the moon-bathed sea beneath to the snowy summits above. "I could not bear to think of losing it, of never again beholding Kona. Seven years! I stayed clean. But that is why I am single. I was engaged. I could not dare to marry while I was in doubt. She did not understand. She went away to the States, and married. I have never seen her since.

"Just at the moment I got free of the leper policeman there was a rush and clatter of hoofs like a cavalry charge. It was the squarehead. He had been afraid of a rumpus and he had improved his time by making those blessed lepers he was guarding saddle up four horses. We were ready for him. Lyte had accounted for three *kokuas*, and between us we untangled Burnley from a couple more. The whole settlement was in an uproar by that time, and as we dashed away somebody opened up on us with a Winchester. It must have been Jack McVeigh, the superintendent of Molokai.

"That was a ride! Leper horses, leper saddles, leper bridles, pitch-black darkness, whistling bullets, and a road none of the best. And the squarehead's horse was a mule, and he didn't know how to ride, either. But we made the whale-boat, and as we shoved off through the surf we could hear the horses coming down the hill from Kalaupapa.

"You're going to Shanghai. You look Lyte Gregory up. He is employed in a German firm there. Take him out to dinner. Open up wine. Give him everything of the best, but don't let him pay for anything. Send the bill to me. His wife and the kids are in Honolulu, and he needs the money for them. I know. He sends most of his salary, and lives like an anchorite. And tell him about Kona. There's where his heart is. Tell him all you can about Kona."



"Just as I was getting clear he fastened upon me with his teeth"

A MOONLIGHT EFFECT

by
Wm J Locke

Author of "Simple Septimus"

With Illustrations by Cyrus Cuneo



The moon silvered the strip of bay that

I WISH Philip were here to-night," sighed the girl.

"I'm sure you do, Winnie," said Mrs. Vanrennen.

"It's so utterly beautiful," said the girl, closing her eyes and drawing in a deep breath of the scented air. "He would enjoy it so much, poor fellow."

Mrs. Vanrennen glanced at her companion and smiled the wise, indulgent smile that only five-and-fifty can bestow on the sweet disingenuousness of youth.

"It would improve his health to get away from the fog and damp of London, wouldn't it?" she said, with a tender touch of mockery, knowing full well that the said Philip was as strong as a young dromedary.

"It would," sighed the girl. "I wish he were in Algiers."

"My dear," said Mrs. Vanrennen touching the girl's cheek, "if I had a Philip I too would want to have him by my side on such a night as this, instead of a stupid old woman."

Winnie drew the kind fingers from her cheek, and kissed them.

"You understand, don't you, dear Mrs. Vanrennen?"

"Yes," she said, with a little catch in her throat. "I do." And she too took in a deep breath of the warm scented air.

It was a spring night in Mustapha, one of the hills that dominate the town of Algiers, and Algerian springs are the midsummers of paler climes. The moon, hanging in splendor just above the long line of the hotel, flooded the broad terrace and worked a magic of soft light and shadow in the enchanted garden beyond; it silvered the strip of bay that met the

horizon, just visible above the trees, and touched with mystery the fairy headland of Cape Matifou. From the garden the perfumes of the south mounted into the hot still night; magnolia and heliotrope and roses mingled with the spicy smells of the eucalyptus trees that stood, like majestic beggars, wrapped in their rags of bark. The bougainvillea stretched a great dark stain on the dim white of the hotel, and below it the ground-floor lights showed the bizarre outline of Moorish arches. Vague faint sounds ascended from the far-off Arab town, and now and then was heard the distant whistle of a steamer in the harbor. Three men sitting some yards away talked in low, lazy voices. Otherwise the terrace was silent and deserted; the end of the season had come, and few guests remained in the hotel. It was a languorous, sensuous night. The velvet canopy of the stars seemed to droop amorously over the warm earth.

"My dear," said Mrs. Vanrennen, "marry Philip as soon as you can. Don't wait for better prospects. Don't give up the substance for the shadow, which is a very pale thing and cold comfort."

Said the girl: "You speak so sadly, Mrs. Vanrennen."

"I've had the shadow, dear."

"But you were married."

"Yes, I was married," said Mrs. Vanrennen. She had a remarkable voice, soft and low and musical, a most sensitive instrument wherewith to express shades of feeling. The three little words had a cadence like a lament on the wood-wind. The girl slipped her hand into her companion's, and for a time there was silence. Presently Mrs. Vanrennen shiv-



met the horizon and touched with mystery the fairy headland of Cape Matifou

ered, ever so slightly. The girl sprang to her feet.

"I'll go in and fetch you a wrap."

Mrs. Vanrennen murmured a word of thanks, but when the girl had already sped a few yards, she called to her, raising her voice:

"Winnie! The silk one on the dressing-table."

One of the men on the terrace started, looked keenly through the moonlight at the speaker, and rose. He was a tall, spare man, with a white mustache; his dinner-jacket hung as on a bony frame, but he held himself erect, and wore his Homburg hat jauntily cocked on one side. He walked past Mrs. Vanrennen to the end of the terrace, moved two or three paces so as to catch her face full in the moonlight, then with the air of a man who has made up his mind, marched up to her.

"What a beautiful night."

Mrs. Vanrennen acquiesced politely. "Yes; an enchanting night."

The man sat down in Winnie's chair.

"I'm sure of it! I've been wondering all the evening—but when you called out loud just now I was certain. There never was any one with a voice like yours. You're Molly Summers."

"And you? Good heavens!" She gazed into his face full-eyed, as if he had been a ghost. "Godfrey Deerhurst!"

"Yes," said he.

"I was thinking of you only five minutes ago." Her lips trembled, as she laughed. "Perhaps that was why I recognized you—otherwise—turn your face and let me see."

"I'm afraid thirty years' soldiering has battered it out of all recognition."

Yet he twirled his mustache with a certain

complacency and drew himself up as if he hoped she would repudiate the suggestion. She felt this instinctively.

"I know you're sixty, but you don't look it. I am fifty-five, and do look it."

He protested gallantly. "Your voice is as young and fresh as when—good God! how it all comes back—whew! Thirty years ago and I've not seen you since—yes, your voice is unchanged, and your eyes are as bright—and your hands are as delicate. You used to have a tiny scar on the middle joint of the ring finger of your left hand."

She laughed happily and held out her hand in the moonlight. "I have it still—but you can't see it here. Fancy your remembering."

"Do you think there's anything about Molly Summers that I've forgotten? Gad! I shall never forget the day I came upon you in the cherry orchard—all pale sunlight and white blossom—you in your white dress and your face the most delicate blossom of all. And as I drew near you shook the trees, and the blossoms fell about you like snow. Do you remember?"

"Of course I do," she said in a whisper. Does a woman ever forget the delicious terror when for the first time a man's strong arm grips her and his lips crush hers? "But it has never occurred to me," she added simply, "that you gave a passing thought to the cherry blossoms."

She herself had seen nothing in the sun-filled universe but the radiant young Phoebus Apollo himself who had come gloriously triumphant to meet her. This, however, she did not confess, even after the lapse of thirty years.

Winifred tripped up the terrace with the gauze scarf. Mrs. Vanrennen took it with a



She gazed into his face full-eyed, as if he had been a ghost

word of thanks, but lay it on her lap instead of putting it round her shoulders. The old soldier rose courteously. Mrs. Vanrennen stumbled over the introduction.

"Winnie, this is an old friend of mine—Colonel—?" she paused uncertain.

"General."

"General Deerhurst."

He raised his hat. "I am afraid I have stolen your chair."

"Oh, please sit down," said the girl. "I must go in now."

"And shut yourself up from this beautiful night?"

"I can see it all from my window. In fact better, for I have a lovely view over the bay. And I must do some writing. Are you staying in the hotel?" she asked politely.

He explained that he had arrived late, after the dinner hour, from Biskra, whence he had been accompanied by his two friends. They were starting for England at some unearthly hour of the morning by the North German Lloyd steamer.

"You're not going to-morrow?" cried Mrs. Vanrennen quickly.

Then her cheeks flamed and she knew that she was blushing like a girl and was glad of the kind moonlight.

"Oh, no," he said. "Only the other fellows. I'm here for a few days. Then I'll get home by Marseilles. I have a return ticket that way."

"So have we," said Mrs. Vanrennen.

One of the General's two friends rose and looked at his watch and the other rose also. The General excused himself and joined them. Mrs. Vanrennen turned to her young friend and asked if her hair was tidy.

"Isn't it strange—to meet here for the first time for thirty years?"

"For thirty years?" echoed the girl, to whom such a retrospect was the dark backward and abyss of time. "But how did you manage to recognize each other?"

The older woman looked up very pathetically at the young face.

"We haven't changed so very much, you know, dear," she faltered.

The men's voices were heard proclaiming the necessity of retiring early in view of the absurd hour of departure, at which they railed like elderly Britons who consider respect for their physical comfort to be one of the chief ordinances of the Almighty. The General gleefully boasted of the good night's rest in front of him, and crowed over his companions. Then there were leave-takings.

The two men went into the hotel and General Deerhurst rejoined the ladies. Winnie presently bade him good night and, stooping, kissed Mrs. Vanrennen.

"Give my love to Philip," said the latter, "and tell him how sorry we are for him."

The girl laughed and sped away sylph-like in the moonlight. The General followed her with his eyes till she had disappeared and then sank into the chair by Mrs. Vanrennen's side.

"Amazingly pretty girl. Charming figure. At first I thought it was your daughter."

"I have no children," she said with a sigh. "Winnie Graves is just a young friend who is accompanying a lonely woman on her travels."

"Are you—lonely?" he asked with a significant pause.

"My husband died ten years ago," she replied.

"I've never married," said he shortly.

There was a spell of silence. The announcement came to the woman both as a reproach biting her heart with sudden remorse, and as a purely feminine, unregenerate joy. A man pays a woman a far higher compliment by remaining a bachelor for her sake than by merely marrying her. There is something heroic about the one, whereas the heroism of the other soon wears thin.

"Tell me what you have been doing all your life?" she said at last.

He waved a deprecating hand.

"What's there to tell? I've been in India most of the time. Looking back, it doesn't seem long. I've seen no end of people die and their children get married and produce babies. I've also developed gout and a taste for Roman antiquities."

"You never thought of marrying?" she asked timidly.

"At first I plunged into my profession. Then I suppose my profession plunged into me. I got into fixed bachelor ways—and now—well— May I smoke?"

He received her permission, selected a cigar from his case and fumbled in his pockets. Then he murmured a petulant, "Confound it!"

"What's the matter?" she asked, with a smile, falling into intimacy with happy unconsciousness.

"That scoundrel of a man of mine," said he, gravely angered, "has forgotten to put in my cigar-cutter."

He found a penknife, however, and having performed the necessary operation, lit his cigar and smoked tranquilly. The fragrance mingled with the hundred sweet odors of the night.

They talked for a while of common things

—the stages of his career—his work on the northwest frontier—her unexciting travels during and since her married life—the interest of this town of Algiers, where East and West are so subtly interfused yet so sharply divided—the beauty of Mustapha Supérieur, its thousand roses and its acanthus leaves. He told her also that he had an appointment at ten the next morning with the Governor of Algiers, an old friend, who was motoring him over to the Tombeau de la Chrétienne, the supposed burial place of Cleopatra, and to Tipasa, whose Roman remains he had never seen. The excursion would last the whole day. Mrs. Vanrennen felt an odd little pang of disappointment.

"We shall meet in the evening, I hope," she murmured.

"Of course. I shall look forward to it all day long. I'm sorry now," said he, "that I've pledged myself to go at all. But who could have foretold our meeting?"

"It's very, very strange," she said, dreamily.

The General puffed at his cigar for a few moments; then he said, bending over to her:

"Molly, you know you treated me damned badly."

"I suppose I did," she said, with a sigh. "But I treated myself worse—much worse. Men can't understand these things."

The picture rose before her of the poor little rectory bedroom—of the corner of the scantily equipped dressing-table where she sat one awful night in her bed gown, and wrote her last letter to him; her hair was falling about her fingers as she wrote, and smudged the tears and ink that wet the paper, and she was too numb with misery to care. A tear of self-pity now fell, at the memory.

"Why didn't you wait for me, Molly?"

"I told you in my letter. It's a poor tragic old story. You can read it from beginning to end in 'Auld Robin Gray.' It's literally true—every incident—all of it."

"Then you did think of the poor devil in India?"

"Yes," she said softly. "I did think of you."

"Much?"

"Very much."

She leaned back in her chair and looked up at the mild stars, smiling to herself. How was he to know the agony of longing, the torture of revolt—all the horrors and despairs of a woman? Thank God it was over and done with, buried in the long ago. Her bosom rose and fell with a sigh of relief.

"Yes. I thought of you very much," she repeated.

"I often wondered whether you were having a bad time. I suppose you did."

"Don't let us talk of it now," she said. "Let us look on it as an evil dream. It is so simple to have you here with me—although you did drop on me from the moon. With a little imagination one might forget that the thirty years have gone by."

"'Pon my soul!" said he, "one might—and if one looks at you, it requires hardly any imagination at all. At first it was strange, devilish strange to see you—but now—you don't seem to have altered at all. By George, what glorious brown hair you had!"

It was with tremulous pride that she told him it was still brown and long, that there was scarcely a white hair in it.

"I wish I could say the same of mine," he laughed. "But I've kept it all. Look."

He took off his hat with a curious young eagerness and showed a shapely grizzled head. She bent forward and peered at it in the moonlight.

"Oh—Godfrey!" she cried.

"What?"

"You part it in just the same way as you used to. And there are the same little curls over the temples."

"You remember that, Molly?"

It was her turn to ask him whether he thought she could ever forget.

The moon shone full on them and the stars hung lower in the breathless scented air, as if to envelop them. The man of sixty edged his chair near hers and the woman of fifty-five put her hand in his. They were quite alone on the terrace. The lights on the ground floor of the hotel had been put out. Just a dim gleam appeared far off from the vestibule, and on the second floor immediately above it, a window, Winifred's, was illuminated. Otherwise the whole dim white stretch lay in darkness and silence. Not a sound from garden or from road beyond or from town below broke the stillness.

The pair, alone in the moonlight, talked in whispers like lovers, held by the witchery of the southern night. A deep languorous happiness swelled at the woman's heart. Now and again the white mustache brushed her finger-tips and a thrill ran through her body. The years fell away from her, and she became twenty-five again.

"Till now," said the General, "I've never realized how lonely I've been."

"Poor Godfrey," she said with a comforting squeeze of his fingers.

"But we've found each other again, Molly. It's wonderful, isn't it?"

"God is good. I never dreamed I should have this great happiness."

"I have dreamed of it often," the General declared. And then, in a lyrical outburst of self-delusion he vowed that never a day had passed but that he had thought of her and longed for her, that he had never given a passing fancy to another woman, that in the staring, blinding heats of the remorseless plains he had cooled his brain and soothed his heart with the picture of her among the cherry blossoms. And she, in her gentle woman's way, and in her soft musical voice into which lost dove notes crept insensibly, sang antistrophe in the moonlight pastoral. So they said many old, foolish, tender things, and they drew closer and closer together until her cheek rested on his shoulder as it had done in the days when their hearts were young.

A slight sound caused her to start, and they saw the hall porter appear at the end of the terrace, pause for a second as he looked at them, and then disappear into the vestibule. They laughed in the happy confusion of guilty boy and girl discovered.

"We must go in, I suppose," she said regretfully.

The General took out his watch. "God bless my soul, it's past midnight. How the time has flown."

She took his arm and they walked slowly down the terrace. The faintest of all possible breezes sprang up and a breath of all the odors of the pale garden came full into their faces. He bent his head and kissed her on the lips.

"Till to-morrow evening," he said at the lift door.

"Till to-morrow evening. Good night."

The General returned to the terrace and walked up and down while he smoked a cigarette. Then he retired to his room on the first floor. As he straightened his body after bending down to insert the key in the lock, he clapped his hand to his back.

"That confounded lumbago!" he muttered. "Serves me right for sitting out in the moonshine."

Mrs. Vanrennen mechanically turned the electric switch as she entered her bedroom, but the sudden glare disconcerting her, she undressed by the moonlight and went to bed. Soon finding sleep impossible, she rose, put on a woolen wrapper and sat down in the arm-chair by the open window. Below her lay the terrace and the garden checkered with shadow and pale light in which gleamed dusky the oranges and the palms and the feathery pep-



The years fell away from her, and she became twenty-five again

per trees and the great geraniums and the gray roses and the mild grotesque cacti; and beyond these loomed the black mass of trees descending the slope, and over them she could see the strip of plain, and then the great sweep of the silver bay, with Cape Matifou on the east hugging it like a long tender arm. Beyond the Cape, just discernible against the sky, was the infinitely faint silver tracery of the snow-capped Atlas Mountains. The whole earth lay Endymion to the moon; and the perfumes of the night rose through the warm air. Happy tears welled into the woman's eyes. Love reigned eternally. God was good.

Only a few hours before she had been content to satisfy her elderly woman's sentimental cravings in a girl's sweet romance. Winifred and Philip worshiped her as the dearest creature on earth because she smoothed paths that were rough, and played fairy godmother in defiance of an unsympathetic world. In their innocent young hearts they thought it all pure altruism; and she herself, delicate-minded and generous, had never realized till

now how personal had been her interest. She laughed to herself—for life had become one beautiful mellow laugh—and thought how poor and cold she must have been to seek warmth from the glow cast by the love of a boy and girl. Only a few hours ago she had been this chilly soul, and now, by such a miracle as had never happened beneath the moon since water was turned to wine, she was living in the deep rich splendor of her own romance.

She sat for a long, long time motionless by the window, in complete surrender of mind and body to the spell. The kiss still quivered on her lips; the tender words lingered in her ears. If death came, she could die happy, having tasted the sweetest that life could give. Her dream was inchoate; all that reached her intelligence was a pervading sense of happiness. The marble clock on the mantelpiece striking two aroused her. She started and shiveringly realized that the night had grown cold. She rose, intending to go to bed, but as she passed in front of the great gilt

mirror, she caught a sight of herself, a pale ghost in the dim light. It was a shock, startling her from dreamland into the gray real world. She peered into the glass, but could not see. Then she sat, undecided, on the edge of the bed. Should she be brave and turn on the light and look at herself, or should she put chilling fancies from her and go to sleep in the dear warmth of her happiness? She felt five-and-twenty. Godfrey had said she had not changed. In his eyes she was five-and-twenty still. He had kissed her as if she had been five-and-twenty. What did it matter?

But she rose, nevertheless, with determination, turned the switch and confronted the mirror. In it she saw a woman of fifty-five.

She closed the window and drew the curtains, so as to shut out the moonlight, and came back to the glass. She stared calmly at herself for a long time. Then she went to bed and lay awake in the darkness, thinking, thinking. The glamor of the night had gone. The day would bring disillusion. For



She peered into the glass



Her last letter to him

one perfect moonlit hour she had found her lost youth and had been desirable in a man's eyes. To-morrow he would see her as the old woman that she was. For one perfect moonlit hour they had been lovers who had kissed with young hearts and young lips. To-morrow they would meet as old folks in the piteousness of their gray hairs and shriveled bodies and faded cheeks, and the magic would be gone, and not all the strivings of their souls could ever bring back a touch of it. For one perfect moonlit hour the warm scented air of Paradise had enfolded them. To-morrow—Then all the woman's instinct rose imperiously. There must be no to-morrow.

The dawn crept into the room, and with it sounds of tramping men were heard in far-off corridors. A while later there was the scunch of gravel beneath her window and the sound of wheels. She recognized the hotel omnibus, taking General Deerhurst's friends to the North German Lloyd steamer.

"If only he were going with them, how it would simplify matters," she thought. Then she reflected that after last night's happenings, even if he planned to accompany them, he would not have gone.

There must be no to-morrow, no disillusion, no fading of the splendor of her sacred hour into the light of common day. So much was certain. But how should the inevitable morrow be frustrated? Suddenly she remembered General Deerhurst's appointment with the Governor of Algiers at ten o'clock and the day's excursion to Tipasa. Fate was kind.

When dawn had broadened into daylight, she went into the adjoining room where Winifred Graves lay asleep, the window flung wide open. She paused before waking the girl and gazed at her, with a queer little clutch at the heart. This, in verity, was youth, fairer in the pitiless morning glare than in the softening glamor of the moonlight. Happy youth which need fear no Philip on the morrow!

Presently the girl woke, conscious of the strange presence.

"Oh, Mrs. Vanrennen!"

"Forgive me for waking you, dear, but I've not slept all night. I wanted to know whether you would mind our starting for England to-day?"

"To-day! Why what has happened?"

"Nothing," said Mrs. Vanrennen. "I have a sudden craving for home. I am too old to

knock about in hotels. You won't think it horrid of me to cut short your holiday like this, will you? I'll try to make it up to you, dear, if I can," she added penitently. "I'll ask Philip to come and spend a few days with us at Bournemouth."

The girl sprang up in bed and threw her arms round Mrs. Vanrennen's neck and kissed her.

"Oh, you dear!" she cried. "I'll begin to pack at once."

Mrs. Vanrennen went back to her own room, greatly relieved at the settlement of her plans. General Deerhurst would be gone for the day by ten o'clock. Meanwhile Winifred and herself could take the midday boat to Marseilles. When he returned in the evening he would find her letter explaining all.

This letter she sat down now to write, in her bed gown and with her hair about her shoulders, just as she had written to him thirty years ago. But this time there were no tears for the hair to smudge. It was the letter of a woman who had entered for an unexpected hour the gates of Eden, it was the letter of a sweet-souled lady. She was sure that he

would understand. If he did not—for after all the masculine intelligence is uncertain in its comprehension of subtle things—if he did not, it was for him to follow, an ardent and irresistible lover, on her track. Her conscience allowed her this loophole.

She spent the morning in her room, busily packing, and only went down-stairs when it was time to start. So far she had avoided meeting him.

"Will you give this letter to General Deerhurst?" she said to the hall porter.

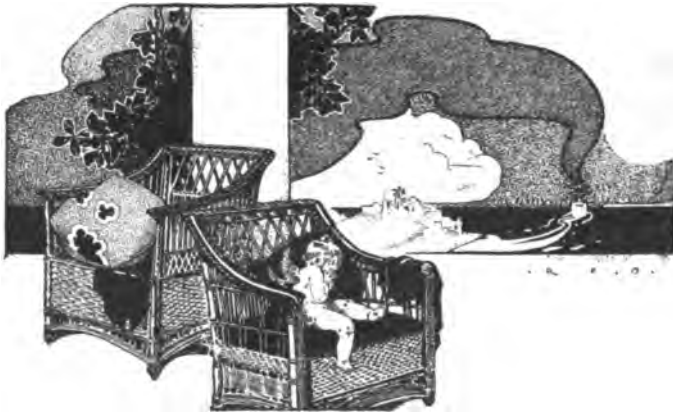
"General Deerhurst has gone, madame."

"I know. But he will be back this evening."

"Pardon, madame," said the hall porter.

"He started this morning with the other two gentlemen by the North German Lloyd steamer. And *justement* he left a letter for you."

He searched in his pigeonholes and handed her the letter. She took it mechanically and walked in a dream to one of the little quiet bays in the lounge. She stared at it for a while as it lay unopened in her lap. Then she tore it, unread, into tiny pieces and threw them into the waste-paper basket.



On the BENCH



where - through
a wonderful sys-
tem of signals -
baseball games
are won and lost

by Hugh S Fullerton

Author of "The Fine Points of the Game," "Deciding Moments of Great Games," etc.

LAST fall, when Chicago and Detroit met to play for the championship of the world, Frank Chance, leader of the Champions, planned and won one of the most beautiful strategic struggles ever fought and the campaign that he arranged and that his men carried out was worthy of a Napoleon. The game was the second one of the series and was played in Chicago on Sunday before a huge crowd. Both teams realized that the game meant almost everything; to Detroit a chance for the title, to Chicago almost a certainty of retaining their honors, and before the game meetings of both teams were held. Chance planned a campaign, depending entirely upon what pitcher Detroit might choose and his orders, issued the moment "Wild Bill" Donovan, one of the great pitchers of the country was selected, were conveyed to his men in one word: "Wait." They waited—waited—waited, while the huge crowd went wild as inning after inning reeled away and neither side was able to score a run. Donovan in that game had perhaps as much speed as any human being ever possessed. His fast ball jumped and darted and his curve, pitched with tremendous power and speed, broke almost at right angles. Inning after inning, as Chance sent his men to face that human gatling gun which was firing the national cannon ball at and around them, he monotonously commanded—"Wait," and they went up and waited. One strike, one ball, two strikes, foul, two balls, foul, foul; sometimes three strikes, sometimes a weak fly that netted

nothing. To the crowd it seemed as if Donovan never could be beaten as the Champions appeared helpless before his wonderful speed. Still Chance commanded: "Wait—wait him out." Every batter went to the plate intent on making Donovan pitch as many balls to them as possible. They fouled, they waited, sometimes they let him strike them out, but never hit until compelled to do so, and when the eighth inning came neither had scored. Hofman led off that inning and still his orders were "wait," and he waited until he could wait no longer, then hit and rolled a safe hit down the line. In that moment Chance, the commanding general, ordered the charge. Tinker was the next batter, and the order for that charge was conveyed in a word "Switch." That was all, but Tinker rushing eagerly forward to the batter's position knew that the leash that had held the Champions all day had been cut and that he could hit when he pleased, even the first ball. Crash! Tinker smote the sphere a terrific blow and like a swallow the ball darted out to right field, high, higher, until soaring over the heads of the crowd it struck high over the right field seats and the crowd went wild. Then, like soldiers attacking a breacher wall the Champions attacked, and before the inning was over they had made six runs and their waiting game had won.

Chance had calculated from the first that Donovan was pitching with too great speed, and that no human being could hold such a pace through nine innings and during all the

time that the crowd thought Detroit would win, the leader of the champions was sitting watching every move, waiting for the first sign that Donovan was tiring or beginning to lose his speed. At the start of the seventh inning he thought he detected signs of weariness, but the Smiling Tiger still was strong. After Hofman scratched that hit at the start of the eighth, Chance saw Donovan lower his pitching arm as if weary, and he issued his order—and after Tinker drove that home run he ordered, "Take a crack at the first one." Like a general, he had found the breach and ordered the charge, and his men, held in leash so long, leaped to the plate and began the bombardment that brought victory.

Words That Have Hidden Meaning

It is seldom that spectators at any game get a glimpse of the brain work behind the movements of the players and even to hardened "fans" the game looks haphazard. They criticize because they do not understand. They see only the individual, what he does, where the ball is hit, or caught, or thrown, and the intent and purpose of it all is lost, without thinking how much thought may have been wasted on the play that the individual attempted to carry out, or how well planned the game may have been. They imagine, most of them, that the players are individuals who walk to the plate, hit or miss the ball, make a safe hit or go out, and they do not know that behind the way the man hits, behind the movements of the base runner, behind the position the men take, are hidden a code of signals, and a series of orders to be obeyed without question, for the general good. They scarcely imagine that games are planned before they are started, or that as soon as a pitcher is named the manager and his advisers map out a scheme of action and plan an attack upon the weakest point of the opposing team. They do not realize that as soon as Marquard, of New York, or Pfister of Chicago, is named to pitch, the opposing manager orders a bunting game, or that as soon as a catcher known to have a weak arm, or to throw badly, or a pitcher who does not watch base runners carefully is elected to perform battery duty for the day the opposing manager signals "steal," "steal," "steal," to every fast man who reaches a base.

Listen to a coacher, "Doc" Marshall, of Brooklyn, for instance, on the line at first base, running up and down, pawing the dirt, acting like a madman, and perhaps one not deeply versed in the game imagines he is trying to "rattle" the opposing pitcher, or spur his own

men to greater efforts. A hundred of the words or phrases he uses may mean nothing, but somewhere among them the base runner hears, "Careful, Harry," which tells him Marshall has seen a signal for a fast ball, flashed the batter a signal to hit and is warning the runner to start as soon as the ball is pitched. Or he may catch, "Now we're at 'em," and leap forward to save himself from being forced when the batter bunts a sacrifice.

Two Baseball Generals and One of Their Battles

Sometimes, however, the best laid and most carefully planned campaigns go sadly amiss and one of the instances of this was the miscarriage of a plan Chance of Chicago laid last spring to beat St. Louis. Sallee, "The String Bean," a tall rangy pitcher who is about nineteen hands high and left handed, was pitching a strange game. Regardless of who was batting he pitched the same way to each man, a curve over the plate, another curve either on the inside or outside corner, two fast side arm balls, high and outside, and then a curve low and over the plate. His pitching, although monotonous, was effective, and for an odd reason.

Chance had a theory that Sallee lacked control, in spite of the fact that he was showing almost perfect control, so he counseled a waiting game and told his men to "take two", which means they were not to strike at either of the first two balls pitched. As a consequence Sallee had the batter "in the hole" all the time, that is, had the advantage, and when they finally were compelled to hit, they were forced to hit his curve so they did not do much hitting.

By the middle of the game Chance realized Sallee was not going to be wild,—and right there the game ceased to be baseball and became a guessing match. Chance, seeing Bresnahan's plan of pitching, expected him to change it, so he stuck to his original plan. Bresnahan knowing Chance expected him to change, decided not to change, and waited for Chance to switch his plan of campaign. The game was almost over before the Champions, made desperate, began hitting the first ball, and then Bresnahan changed on every batter, outguessing them all the time.

It was just like men matching heads and tails, each manager sticking to his own plan, Bresnahan turning heads every time and Chance tails, each expecting the other to change.

The Wisest Man in Baseball

The man who, perhaps, is past master of directing ball clubs from the bench is John

McCloskey, now manager of the Milwaukee American Association Club and ex-manager of a score of other teams. As many of his campaigns are poorly executed he has often failed, but if he ever gets a team together that will carry out his orders, that team never will lose a game.

One of McCloskey's most brilliant plans was conceived when he was managing the Cardinals. He had an idea his team could beat Reulbach of the Chicago club by bunting, and he sent the first seventeen men to bat with orders to bunt or to push the ball down the infield, no batter being allowed to hit the ball hard until after two strikes had been called. The first six innings passed without a run being scored by St. Louis and then two bunts went safe in succession, another advanced the runners and the next man pushed the ball toward first base. It was thrown wild to the plate, two runs scored and St. Louis kept bunting until five runs scored and the game was won. All during the early stages of the game the players were frantic, begging to be permitted to hit hard, but McCloskey stuck to his plan of campaign and won.

On the attack, when his own team is at bat, the manager has the opportunity to speak to each man as he leaves the bench, to tell him what he is expected to do and if he changes that plan after the man is in batting position, he signals either the batter or the coacher his change of plan so that every man on the team may know what is to be attempted. With experienced men few signals are necessary and after a team has played under one manager several years the players know, almost without glancing at the bench, what the orders will be under certain given circumstances. Often, too, when a manager and batter suspect that the opposing team has learned their signals, the batter will look toward the bench when he knows what is expected of him, and get a false order intended to "cross" or deceive the trickster who is stealing signals. It is when the batter succeeds in "crossing" the opposing team, leading them to suspect he is going to do one thing when he does another, that disastrous consequences are likely to result.

In a game between Pittsburgh and Philadelphia years ago, when Tommy Leach was a youngster, he thought he detected a signal for Larry La Joie to bunt, and he came creeping forward expecting to get a good start on the ball if it came toward third. La Joie slashed a line drive down the third base line, the ball struck Leach on the shins, and his head hit the ground first, his feet being knocked from under him.

The Wonders of Signal Stealing

The lengths to which clubs will go to secure the signals of the opposing teams is astounding to those not familiar with the game. To catch a signal legitimately, by observation, by quick thinking, is part of the sport.

Marshall of Brooklyn, Kane of Chicago, Doolin of Philadelphia, are past masters of the art of seeing what the opposing batsmen are trying to do before the effort is made. In one game this year Manager Griffith of the Cincinnati Club said he was forced to change signals six times, because Pat Moran of the Chicago team kept detecting the old ones. But efforts have been made in the past to steal signals by the most brazen trickery and unsportsmanlike methods.

Perhaps the worst case of this sort ever revealed was that of an old Philadelphia club of the National League. Here was the greatest aggregation of batters ever assembled on one team, but, not satisfied with their natural hitting ability they wanted to know in advance what kind of ball the pitcher was going to serve so as to increase their hitting. One of the cleverest men at interpreting signals who ever played in a baseball game, formulated the plan. Stationing a confederate in the club house in center field, he had him armed with a powerful pair of field glasses with which to watch the hands of the catchers. At first the confederate signaled batters by raising one arm for a fast ball, the other for a curve, then when the opponents grew suspicious he worked from behind a blind and gave the signal by raising or lowering an awning. If the awning was raised a few inches and held in that position a fast ball was coming, and if it was raised and then dropped the signal was for a curve.

It is remarkable how quickly a catcher suspects that the opposing team has his signals. After two men have batted, he begins looking in all directions to see who is "tipping off" his signs, and starts changing them.

The awning worked well, until it was discovered, and then the catcher and his associates invented something new in baseball. They put electric wires underground connecting the club house with the coachers' box at third base, and buried a small wooden box under the ground, the box containing a "buzzer." A certain noisy, obstreperous player was stationed at third base with one foot on the box containing the "buzzer" and as the signal was sounded the player stationed over the "buzzer" could feel the tapping under his foot, and by calling in a secret word code he warned the batter what the pitcher was going to pitch.

Not a regular player on the Philadelphia team batted under 300 per cent. while the "buzzer" was in operation, and several of their pitchers and catchers were among the leading batters of the National League. Opposing teams knew that, in some way, the Philadelphians were getting the signals, but how they could not discover until one day the Cincinnati club was playing on the Philadelphia grounds. Every man on the Cincinnati team was watching to see where the signals were coming from and they saw that one player stationed near third base no matter how he moved, always kept one foot in the same position. In the middle of the game, one of the Cincinnati team wandering apparently aimlessly toward third base, made a sudden rush, pushed the guilty Philadelphian out of the coaches' box and dug up the device which was winning games for Philadelphia. The discovery created a big sensation in baseball and aroused a vigorous protest against such unsportsmanlike methods. But instead of stopping, the Philadelphia club moved the buzzer to their bench, and continued using it until stopped by league action.

Not satisfied with having that much advantage on the home grounds, the man who planned the thing followed his team around the country, renting windows overlooking the grounds in each city and wigwagging signals to the batters. He was caught at Brooklyn by some of the Brooklyn players, and trounced, and after that the method of spying gradually was abandoned. Pittsburgh, however, tried the same thing a year later, using an ingenious device; a semiphore arrangement fastened to the center field fence which was raised at right angles for a fast ball and straight up for a curve. The arrangement was not in use for a week before the keen eyes of the opponents discovered it and began changing signals so rapidly the spies could not follow them. After seventeen batters had been hit by pitched balls in four days and some of them hurt because they expected one curve when another was being pitched the scheme was abandoned.

The defensive game of all teams is ordered by the manager either from the bench or from his field position and the manager who also is a player has an immense advantage over the bench manager in that he can reach his men more readily and moreover without a signal, sign, or spoken word his players can tell from the position he assumes where he wants them to play and how he expects the play to be made.

Observe the New York ball team. McGraw from the bench flashes a signal to Tenney.

Devlin creeps forward fifteen feet inside of third base, Tenney moves forward almost twenty-five feet, the entire outfield advances while Doyle and Bridwell remain as they were. There is a man on first base, another on third, one batter out and New York has one run more than the opposing team. Any one who knows the game knows the batter is not a fast man and understands the entire plan of action. If the ball is hit to Tenney, to Devlin or to the pitcher, it will be thrown to the plate to prevent the runner from scoring from third base. If it is hit either to Doyle or to Bridwell, the other will cover second base, take the throw and attempt by a quick throw to complete the double play and retire the opposing team. The batter makes a base hit, the runner scores from third, the man who was on first reaches third, and again runners are on first and third bases, with one out, and the opposing team needs a run to win. But the infield instead of playing the same way gets a signal from McGraw and while Tenney and Devlin remain as before, Doyle and Bridwell move forward onto the grass, twenty-five feet nearer the plate than they were before. The fan may not understand, but a fast man is coming to bat; there is but a slight chance of a double play being executed successfully and the Giants driven to the defensive, are signaled by their manager to close up the inner line of defense in the desperate hope that the ball will be hit straight at one of them who may cut off the runner at the plate and save the day. McGraw has issued the order, and whether it wins or loses the game he accepts the blame.

Four Fingers Up—Thumb Turned in

There was a game played in Cincinnati this season which Chicago came near losing after having saved it three times by magnificent generalship. McLean, the heavy hitting Cincinnati catcher, is one of the most dangerous of batters when his team needs runs, and four times during the game he came to bat when a safe hit, it seemed, would win the game for Cincinnati, and each time Chance, on the bench, raised his hand with four fingers up and the thumb turned in, which was his signal to give McLean a base on balls and not allow him to hit and to rely upon retiring the next batter, who was not so dangerous as a batter. Three times Reulbach purposely pitched four balls wide, allowing McLean to take first base and each time the succeeding batter failed to hit, so Cincinnati could not score. The other time Chance shoved up four fingers just as one of

the umpires passed between him and the field, and Reulbach missed the signal and thinking Chance had not signaled at all he broke a curve over the plate for a strike. Again Chance flashed four fingers and again the umpire obscured the view, and Reulbach drove over another strike.

Moran, who was catching, was angry. He thought the proper thing to do was to give McLean a base, and he turned to Chance for orders to pass the batter even then, but having escaped twice Chance had a "hunch" that he had been wrong, and signaled to make the batter hit. Reulbach pitched a high fast ball and McLean hit it safe to center, scoring a run and tying the score, and the Champions were compelled to play eleven innings before they finally won the game.

Many spectators who see players go through season after season and play perhaps 175 games a year imagine that they would get hardened and become indifferent as to whether they win or lose. The opposite is the case. The young players endure defeat better than the old ones and it seems the longer the player is in the game the more he hates to lose.

The bench, during a defeat, is like an army in a rout, everyone raving, swearing, blaming each other, and hurling abuse and invective back and forth. But while the result hangs in the balance the men seem impassive, almost indifferent. Conversations are carried on in low tones, orders are issued quickly and incisively, and everything is deliberate and calm. The storm that follows either victory or defeat comes as quickly as the hit or the error that starts it. The moment that the hit that brings victory, or the error that means defeat comes, all the pent up and repressed excitement of the day breaks loose and then the wildest fan in the bleachers is sane compared with the players—and usually the manager is worst of all.

Fun on the Bench

But the bench is not always calm or angry, for at times it is like a crowd of school boys, up to all sorts of pranks, from nagging the umpire to playing jokes on each other. One of the funniest situations arose in Cincinnati a few years ago when the Reds were being beaten. One of the players was an inveterate joker, and even in defeat he could not withstand the temptation to turn the laugh upon some one. There was a water pipe from the stand that divided directly over the players'

bench, one end being at the side of the bench, the other directly over the water tank where the players drank. The joker had discovered that the pipe could be used as a telephone and while his team was going to pieces he sat where he could lean over and speak into the open end of the pipe. Lobert had made a couple of bad misplays and as he went to the water tank to get a drink after the disastrous inning the joker leaned over and spoke into the pipe saying: "You big, bowlegged, Dutch slob, who ever told you you could play ball?" The words seemed to come directly from over Lobert's head and he dropped the drinking-cup and leaped back, glaring up into the stand to see who was "roasting" him. The party in the box overhead looked supremely innocent and unconscious, but Lobert remained in front of the bench all during the inning, to see if he could discover the offender. The joker remained quiet until the next player went to the tank, and then he hurled more insults through the tube. He kept it up during the entire game, abusing, criticizing and insulting every player who went to get a drink, and by the middle of the contest he had the players fighting mad, and sending spies into the stand to try to find the man who was abusing them.

So the most interesting part of the game; the brain work, the generalship of baseball is hidden under those coops behind first and third base where the masters of baseball use fingers, eyes, head, feet, hands, cap, strange phrases and senseless words, all of which are in the code, to direct their wonderful puppets. The public never gets a chance to find out what is behind all the running and throwing and batting unless some one tells and then it is impossible to tell even the half.

One knows that when he sees Chance raise his hat, a double steal is to be attempted, that if he raises four fingers, the batter is to be given a base on balls. One knows when "Billy" Murray changes places with the man next to him on the bench he is ordering his players to hit and run. One knows that when a Chicago coacher uses the given name of the base runner the given name is part of that code. One knows that when Doc Marhsall yells, "That's getting them," that "getting" is the catch word, and that when Hughie Jennings pulls grass with his right hand, he means one thing, with his left another, and one can hear behind Griffith's "Watch his foot," an order to steal. But no one knows it all.

• LETTERS • from GGV

With Illustrations by R. M. Crosby

(G. G., Bar Harbor, to E. R., at Home, Summer)

Thanks for your telegram, Guinea! It was even sweller than mine. But you are way ahead of the times—that is—you are in a sense. You are congratulating me, when I'm not yet engaged! Oh I know—no modest maiden talks about her trousseau or the man she's going to marry until the Great Question has been asked and answered. And I *don't* talk about it. I don't breathe it to any one but you—and you don't count—you dear old thing!

Now let me tell you all about it!

I wrote you on the very day, the Eventful Day, on the day of the ball, didn't I? It was funny how after so many moons of putting off writing you, I suddenly felt that I could with perfect ease and security say anything to you. It was as if coming events had cast their light before and I could see; I had a sort of sub-conscious sense that you had settled your affairs in so satisfactory a form that I could be quite at ease with you again.

Well then—we went to the ball. It was in the house of friends in New London, a remarkable house! It has a music room sixty by eighty feet large and everything in proportion, including the heartiness of the hosts. We were rather late arriving, we had lingered on and on over dinner, and had sat out in the rose garden, rather hating the thought of dancing, and the idea of going indoors seemed a good one to put off.

As we stepped into the room where they were dancing, my eyes, Guinea, *lit on him* across the room. Yes—on *him*, and I stopped short as if I'd had a galvanic shock, whatever that is; I reached out my hand to steady myself, I suddenly felt light-headed and wobbly in the knees, and I said in a sort of somnambulistic



voice: "Who is that? I think I never saw a man before!"

Well—at that moment the Gods appeared, and all the Half-gods *go-ed*. And from that moment there has existed nothing but *he*.

I wish I could tell you anything that would sound a bit like what it was like, but words are the very deuce when you really want them to *mean* anything. I can think of nothing but the meeting of the Tragic Comedians to match it. Forgive me, but I can call up no more modest analogy. It was the Miracle of Miracles, electric—dazzling—instantaneous.

Oh, Eric! he is so wonderful, so right! And the marvel of finding him! I had always known he must be somewhere, and that sometime I must find him. Yet times I feared I never should; times I used to say to myself: "Why do I feel so sad and so forlorn? Because the one I love is not yet born?" or else I feared he had lived a thousand years ago.

There have been so many, so many, who have passed into my life and out again, and I have sometimes wondered, "Is this he? or if it is not—maybe he'll *do, faire de mieux?*" but I couldn't, couldn't be satisfied, and I knew that I should know on the instant when he really came, and that he must know also. And Eric—so it was—so it is! Isn't it wonderful—wonderful—wonderful!

Don't think me gone stark staring mad. It only seems as if I had a great sunrise going on inside of me all the time.

The strange part is that after that first night and after one marvellous day spent on the water—a day never to be matched—what do you think! I got so scared, I had such a plain case of panic, I could stand no more. It was all so overwhelming and so swift. What did I do? Incontinently *fled!* I made my friends take me off in the motor. We'd been planning a trip of a week or two, anyway.

What a journey it has been! I am in a trance.

I reckon you'll think me crazy, but it's Gospel true that tho' I know—of course—that this fall . . . in New York . . . yet *really* I don't care if I never see him again, for he is *mine*, whether he knows it or not, and I am his, whether he wants me or not, and oh—best of all—*He is!* That is the thing that really matters—*He is!* and I have seen him, and he is all that I could have pictured, and so much more which I never should have had the imagination to imagine, splendid and noble, and kind and true and strong and sincere, and with a charm—oh but a *charm* of speech and manner!

Now you will think: "Of course, she sees through rose colored goggles, but Love was ever blind!"

You are mistaken, me lad! Love is *not* blind. Love is the most sensitively critical thing in the world, and I the most clear sighted critic.

You ought to be able to see just from the long fiction we have kept up together for so

long how it is with me. Pleiad has been the treasure of my life. I addressed him through you, because in a sense, you never existed for me at all! Don't misunderstand, E. R.—you, the man in Paris, existed as the memory of an acquaintance, and as a handwriting utterly impersonal, and because of that I could invest you with all the qualities I required in Pleiad, since—not being there to gainsay or fall short of them, you could not entirely "scatter the vision forever." When at one time and another you *did* fall short—I spared not to scold you roundly—did I—you poor dear!

I have loved—not you R., but him—Pleiad, with all my soul and being. This is no news to you—you knew it. The fiction we began in laughter has led me to my great happiness today. At the crucial moment Pleiad saved me, and for that—all my life I must be in your debt. He made me pause and wait—the Star Lover saved me, and now the Man has come.

Isn't it beautiful that the case fits the other way about too? though how it happens to be

more than I can fathom—for there are so many of *me* the world over, and there's only one of *him*, and it is such a faded, dull, deadly commonplace me!

Do you wonder that I've gone back to my old tricks of not sleeping? Why sleep? How should I wish to sleep—with such wonders to think about? I am so full of joy I almost wish I might die tonight! Now I *know* you think me gone dotty!

(G. G., Bar Harbor)



eternity a misfit—and now that I've found him and he has found me, he might even go so far as to marry some one else if he chose, and it wouldn't matter. What happened within the first five seconds of our meeting was final—complete.

Laugh now—laugh *all you like!* But you

won't laugh—you are too happy yourself to mock at my happiness, you are too divinely mad yourself to jeer at my madness.

Dear Boy—among the other lovely things, is it not nice that our each having found our True Love, our each having given our heart to Another, has brought us only the closer together.

Good-night.

G. G.

(G. G., at Home to E. R., at Home, Summer)

After the motor trip I didn't go back to New London, as you see I came home. I've been here a little over a month, and in that time, Guinea, what had to be had to be.

He couldn't very well fly about the country in hot pursuit of our automobile, that would have bordered upon the absurd, but when he heard that I had come home, he came here. He could only stay week ends, but then he went away and came again, and then he came again, . . . and he will keep on coming, Guinea, until I go back to New York—for it is all settled.

Thanks for your dear, good letter. It did me good to hear you talk in that hearty major key—you who have always had a melancholy devil lurking in the background. You sound so

gorgeously, healthily happy that I *love* your girl for it, and am her friend forever! I feel that I know her well from your portrait of her.

You want to hear all about him? How can I tell you? Anything said about him would make him sound just like the average man, and he *isn't!* He's the only man in the world.

What does he look like? He is dark, of course. Your girl is dark, they had to be since you and I are such towheads. He is all dark, and his eyes are placid as a cow's at times, sometimes they are penetrated with a smile, that seems to come bubbling up from fathomless depths, and at times I can call them nothing short of turbulent, fiery brown with purple lightnings, and if the eyes are windows of the soul, his tell the whole story. He is big, big as you are, unless he is bigger, and he makes me feel like a canary bird perching on his big fist. He is the sanest person living, and what is sanity but the combination of tremendous passions under superb control? He is distinguished as a European crowned head, or would be, but that they all look so common beside him. He gives one the sense of enormous power combined with boundless gentleness and kindness and warmth of heart and good nature and humor.

What's his business? I'm obliged to confess





he ain't got none! But that doesn't mean that he's an Idle Rich! He's the busiest man in the country except maybe our busy President. He is kept somewhat employed looking after the things he owns, but his interest is in the things that need straightening out. He has a great gift for straightening the crooked—and pulling down the rotten—and raising the fallen. I suppose he might be said to have a hand in politics, and he will have more and more. He's the sort of man who ought to, whose great interest lies not in private concerns and little specialties, but in people and action and great big public considerations.

But I can't tell you about him. You'll have to see him for yourself. One can't describe personality, at least *I* can't, and his long, strong suit is that he's the most lovable thing ever created, and the most human. He's a giant and he's a tiny child, a good child, and sometimes he's a bad child; a king who knows

equally well how to rule and how to serve. He is a large, a generous, person in every sense. Generous and charitable materially, generous and charitable in judgment.

I must tell you something: he is not Pleiad! Emphatically he is not. Pleiad was a poet and a dreamer and an artist, a star, an angel, a saint; Pleiad was a phantom knight. A knight in armor with the moonlight shining on it. Pleiad was *an* ideal—and to him all praise and thanks; he served his purpose until—the Man came—and the man's name is John!

(G. G., at Home, to E. R., at Home, Summer)

Like Diogenes I have my little lantern—and I'm ransacking New York, not to find an Honest Man—I've found him, but what seems much more difficult, to spot out *where* are the Happy People. Where do they hide themselves? Occasionally I see a woman who

looks fairly contented—comfortable and fat; and sometimes a man who has dined looks enormously entertained—but where are the people who are as happy as I am? It can't be that I'm the only one in this town?

Where are those whose clothes with difficulty keep them from exploding from that inward ferment of delight? Where is the Boy whose Girl said "Yes" last night? Where is the Girl whose Dad finally gave his consent this morning? Where is the Man whose Son was successfully born in the small hours? Where are they upon whom rests the Peace of God? Where is the Woman whose Mother is getting well? Where are those who after the pinch of poverty and pain have sudden release? Where are they who have done good work, and given good measure, and made great sacrifices, and been good and faithful servants?

(G. G., Broadway, to E. R., California, Autumn)

I want to see in the face and eyes of my neighbor some reflection of the light within. I can't believe he is as dark as his surface indicates. Is it that he studiously applies himself to erasing from his features any tell-tale trace of the glow? I scan face after face in the streets, in the shops, everywhere, and I cannot find the Happy Ones!

And I so wish they were all as happy as I!

Don't you think you would know if you saw me? Don't you think if you saw me buzzing about buying all my pretty, pretty, pretty things, or if you saw me stitching and hemming on them that you'd say to yourself: "There goes the happiest woman that ever breathed the air of Heaven!" Don't you think if you saw me in Church trying to make myself not too grotesquely unworthy to receive such a shower of blessed things, and singing praises out of a humble but not the least bit contrite heart, don't you think you'd catch a wafture of my consecrated crowning mood?

Don't you think, though, Guinea, that I'm all the time in caroling vein—that that is all there is to it. I have my awed and awful moments, my moments of feeling myself go pale . . . Suppose I were unable to make him happy!

I say to myself sometimes: Maybe this is all nothing but a wonderful dream. Maybe this is what every woman experiences, and afterwards—even after happiness and security that match mine—come tragedies and disillusion and soul-sickening despair!

Well, come what come may, I am safe! At this crisis as in all others, I lie in the hollow of the Great Hand that will not let me fall, or entirely crush me, and will not turn my cup to one of unmixed gall. Whatever comes hereafter, I have stood on the Summit of the Mountain, and I have walked through the Gates of Sunrise.

Were I today to be assured that all that lies hidden in tomorrow would be storm and shipwreck, I would go on, I could not go back, for now I realize that it is not for the sake of continuing my own great joy that I am following in the path that looks all lined with rose petals. I must go on because I must, no matter what the path leads to.

I know that all cannot forever be at this white heat of ecstasy for him and for me—I know . . . I know that gray days, black days, stormy days, must come, and it is more for their sake, than for the golden ones that I want to be with him. I want to be with him in his successes, in his triumphs, in his great hours, but how much more I must be with him in the inevitable hours of despondency and disgust, in the possible hours of failure. I want to be with him as he grows old, to grow old along with him. How could I bear another to be there in my place if he were ill and sad? His mother is the only one I should not be jealous of—and she is no longer here—and I want to be mother and sister and friend, as well as his love and his wife.

Good bye, dear E. R.; you will be married only a few days after this reaches you. You in the season of Falling Leaves, and I at Blossoming Lilac Time. Your church is to be gorgeous with crimson and golden autumn boughs? Mine will be sweet with purple and white perfume.

You are coming to New York on your honeymoon? Isn't it delightful! (We are going to Italy, of course—to Venice.) When you come I shall meet your Mary, I want so to see her and to love her, and you must know and like my man! You can't help it, you know!

Each other we shall dodge and hide from. We'll keep up the game to the end—won't we? though maybe we'll go so far as to have chats over the telephone?

Good-bye—good-bye—good-bye.

God have you in His care. He has!

God keep you. He will!

God love you. He does!

The PILGRIM'S SCRIP

Letters, Comments and Confessions from Readers of the Magazine

Another Frank Letter

A few weeks ago I attended Sunday service at a wealthy Episcopalian church in New York. I was attracted to it by its reputation for beautiful music and picturesque ritual. Also that morning a new rector was to preach his first sermon. The occasion interested me very much. "Here," thought I, "is the opportunity of a lifetime—the chance for a man to establish a personal relation between himself and a church full of devoted followers." And at first it seemed as though he were going to do that. He said simply and directly that he did not wish his new parish to think of him as their "rector," which means "ruler," but as their "pastor," which means "shepherd." But that was the only human note in an address devoted mainly to an interpretation of a saying of one of the apostles. Cold, formal, pedantic, academic, it went smoothly, smugly, interminably on, not once touching a live wire. My thoughts kept going wool-gathering although I tried with all my might to keep them on the speaker. I went home physically tired with the long kneelings and mentally irritated with the cut-and-dried divagations of the sermon. With a sigh of relief, I took up one of the month's magazines and became restfully absorbed in subjects that really interested me.

Now it happened that I had been following with a great deal of interest, Ray Stannard Baker's articles in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE on "The Spiritual Unrest." Of course I realized, with everybody else, that the church had lost its hold on religious feeling—that it could no longer turn or control it. Of course, with everybody else, I wondered why. Suddenly it occurred to me that this Sunday's experience explained much.

The church has let its privilege of leader and instructor pass into other hands. The church not only fails to interest but it succeeds definitely in boring and irritating.

Is the Average Preacher Well Informed?

Like many women, I am interested in the problems of the day. Like or unlike them—I do not pretend to say which—I am not intensely interested in what the apostles thought or said or did. I am not actively interested in Biblical interpretation of any kind. I say this not in the spirit of sacrilege. I am simply stating a fact of which I am not in the least ashamed. But I am very much interested indeed in the industrial problem, the sex problem, the negro problem, the problem of municipal corruption, of immigration, of the franchise, in any economic or sociological investigation. Although

not a member of the socialist party, I am intensely interested in the growth of socialism. But if I wish to learn about these things, I have to go to the newspapers and magazines. I never hear them discussed in the churches—except as perturbing social conditions excite the sudden illogical diatribes of the pulpit.

It would never occur to me to discuss them with the average clergyman—mind, I say the *average* clergyman.

In the first place, we do not speak the same language. The average clergyman uses, for instance, a number of technical expressions, the correctness of the use of which I do not recognize. In the second place, the average clergyman does not have trustworthy data on the subject under discussion. He cannot compare in concrete information with the average business man. He is not nearly so unbiased in his judgment as the average business man. And when you put him beside the average newspaper man, the high-class magazine writer, or the experienced sociologist, he seems a mere babe, prattling foolishness.

Mr. William James said in an article printed over a year ago that the better class magazines, such as THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, *McClure's*, *Collier's* and, in its way, *The World's Work*, offered the college graduate a supplementary college course. One could perhaps go farther and say that these magazines have replaced the minister in the American home.

Again if I want to see some of the problems I have mentioned presented in a more striking form, I have but to attend one of a dozen plays recently produced in New York. Miss Jane Addams has recently made a list, with descriptive titles of her own composition, of the plays that consider social problems. I have only to mention, "The Battle," "The Writing on the Wall," "This Man and This Woman," "Salvation Nell," "The Lion and the Mouse," "The Third Degree," "The Man of the Hour," "The Servant in the House," "The Dawn of To-morrow" and "An Englishman's Home" for the reader to realize what I mean.

In brief, the churches are moribund in their relation to social problems. The magazines, newspapers and theaters are vividly, virilely alive to them.

Weariness and Church Going

I do not think that the churches realize—it seems impossible to make them realize—that most working people are simply too tired to go to church. The situation has nowhere been more clearly presented than in "A Frank Letter" in the May AMERICAN MAGAZINE, and, yet, I have been told

that a clergyman in New York, after reading that letter to his congregation, accused the writer of having no soul. It is poor physical economy to spend indoors three hours of one's only day of rest and recreation. And what is poor physical economy becomes inevitably, I am inclined to think, poor spiritual economy. "Why, this is the only day I have," you hear on every side. "I can't give it up to church-going. I want to get out into the air."

Another side of this church-going question, a very practical one too, does not often present itself to the leisure classes.

"Why don't you ever come to church nowadays, Miss Blank?" said a clergyman to a working-woman of my acquaintance.

"Because I have to do my sewing Sunday mornings," she replied with unhesitating forthrightness. "I can't sew evenings on account of my eyes and besides I'm too tired to sew then. Sunday morning is the only time I have to get ready for the next week."

Her pastor, dumfounded, said nothing. After all, when you come to think of it, what was there to say?

The Writer's Own Experience

Perhaps there is no better way of pointing my moral than to relate my own experience. My mother went to church but rarely. She sent a large family of children to Sunday school, however, because everybody else went and because she thought it better, on the whole, for children to grow up with some religious training. My father, though frankly an atheist, interfered neither one way nor the other. I remember that I remonstrated with the member of an Episcopalian sisterhood who prepared me, at twelve, for confirmation. "I'm not old enough yet to know what I think about these things," I said. But she quieted all my misgivings with what I felt, even then, was defective logic. The only sensations I remember were that I thought the blue veil which they tied about my head most becoming and that I was acutely conscious of the colorful, almost mediaeval picturesqueness of the event.

I was a studious girl. I went to High School, to Normal School, to College. I was all the time reading and studying. After a while, I found that I could not endorse the Apostles' Creed. The service began to tire, the clergy to bore me. Nobody inside the church had any "message" for me; but, outside, many had. Gradually, I gave up church-going. I have gone to church now and then since but the result is always the same—the service occasionally restful, soothing, comforting, the sermon invariably remote from human interest, irritatingly unilluminated and dogmatic.

At first of course, in the pride of my youth, I went to the other extreme. "There's no such thing as religious feeling," I used to say to the girls with whom I hotly debated the question. "It's just a state of mind into which people work themselves. And even if there were such a thing, I don't see what need people have for it."

This was an attitude which was bound to right itself in time—and it did. I began to study the history of religion. I began to read the works of great religionists, Confucius, Mohammed, Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, Thomas à Kempis, St. Augustine, Jeremy Taylor, Cardinal Newman, Ralph Waldo Emerson. Curiously enough my first real study of the Bible came latest of all and in connection with a college course in composition. I marveled at the concreteness of its imagery, its poetry of expression, its melody, but it did not stir me as had Marcus Aurelius and Emerson. In fact, I was often appalled by its grossness and cruelty. But the result of all this reading was the conviction that, within certain obvious limits, one religion is about as good or as bad as another.

The Kind of Man the Church Turns Out

Parallel with this awakening from dogma came disillusionment with the kind of citizen that the church turns out.

I was brought up among people who worked and worked hard for their living. Common sayings among them—they were almost bromidioms—were remarks like the following: "He's a preacher—you want to get his money first." "He passes the contribution-box on Sundays—watch him!" "Those people are high up in the church—we'll never get our money out of them." These were not meant for jokes. Everywhere among these wage-earners was the settled conviction that if people openly professed religion, they were unlikely to practise it, that, more than anybody else, they were likely to haggle, to cheat, to repudiate their debts. From the woman wage-earner who declared it her rule never to do type-writing for clergymen, to the small boarding-house keepers who always expected unpaid bills from religious people, the opinion seemed the same.

Now of course I outgrew this delusion as I outgrew the idea that religious feeling is mere auto-suggestion. The point of view which insists that all church-goers are hypocrites is as warped as the one which insists that all non-church-goers are irreligious. Many church-goers—perhaps the majority of them—live better lives because of their church-going. It has yet to be proved, however, that they live better lives than the non-church-goers who are equally religious. It has yet to be proved, I think, that they live better lives than non-church-goers who, though frankly unreligious, are, nevertheless, moral. One thing, however, I did observe for myself and it has helped me a great deal in making my judgments of people.

I learned that, just as there is an "artistic," a "literary," a "musical," a "histrionic" temperament, there is also a "religious" temperament. I learned that it is quite possible to be "religious" without being moral. I learned that people who have the "religious" temperament without the foundation of a sturdy morality are not so well-equipped for the struggle of life as those who possess morality without religion.

This theory of the "religious" temperament is the only thing which explains how many people, unmoral if not actually immoral, are often devoted church-goers without being hypocrites.

This, briefly stated, is my experience. I believe it to be, with variations in detail, the experience of the whole present generation. Men have grown tired of the churches which offer them nothing but the dry husks of Biblical research and interpretation. They realize that men with red corpuscles in their blood no longer enter the ministry, that men with the king-quality of leadership are going into politics, social reform, journalism.

In addition, men realize that in modern industrial conditions, most men cannot conduct a paying business and live according to the tenets of the Christian religion. They rebel against the hypocrisy of such a course. Now Americans may be cynics but they are not hypocrites. The motto of the majority may be, "If religion interferes with your business, then cut out your religion," but, on the other hand, the instinct of the majority is also to demand of those who profess religion that they shall practise it.

It is, for instance, one of our great American jokes—it has already been celebrated in rag-time ballad—that Mr. John D. Rockefeller teaches Sunday school. The attitude of the average American toward this fellow-citizen of ours might be translated into these words:

"Conduct your business as you wish, Mr. Rockefeller, for, after all, we rather admire sharp practice when it makes good. Put your helpless competitors out of the game, drive them to failure, despair and suicide, buy up the Upper House, create a Third House. But don't on top of that, don't we beg of you have the face to preach the Golden Rule. Really, Mr. Rockefeller, when it comes to this Sunday school proposition, you're nothing but a joke. Beat it!"

But more important than anything I have yet cited to explain the turning away of men from the churches is the tendency of the present generation to construct from its reading, from its thought, from its experience with life—a *religion of its own*. How many times does one hear the statement—that, too, is almost a bromidiom—"I've got a curious religion. I made it up myself. I guess nobody ever thought of things in quite the way I do. But it's the only theory that explains everything to me." Often this "curious" religion, when analyzed, turns out to be an old one, modernized, perhaps with an admixture of Christianity or the New Thought or both. Sometimes it is fatalism, often theosophy, oftenest straight re-incarnation. And, curiously enough, people who still go to church from force of an inherited habit, often practise one of these new religions in addition.

Remarks on the Remedy

At this moment, everybody is asking what is the remedy of this state of affairs.

It is unbelievable that the church will ever regain

its hold on the masses as long as it holds to its present system. If it managed to attract a more virile type of man, if it revised the service, cut out the long, dull, dead sermons, if it gave people more chance to sing and move about, if it managed to infuse its congregations with the social community-feeling, so beautiful in the churches of Catholic Europe—even then, it is more than likely that it would fail. We are told that some churches are trying to recover lost ground by measures much more radical—by installing vaudeville, socialistic discussion, by free medical treatment. The churches may try to tempt us with good vaudeville, but the vaudeville houses will give us better. The churches may try to teach us socialism, but the socialists, themselves, will teach us better. The churches may try, as in the Emmanuel Movement, to cure our bodies by means of our souls, but, just as they must learn from the doctors, so the doctors will learn from them. In the end, the doctors will cure us quicker and better.

Everybody knows that there is plenty of trouble with the churches. But is there any real trouble with the times? Men have deserted the churches, but has religion deserted men? Was there ever a time when the world was as moral as at present? Do we, after all, need a remedy? Is the so-called "spiritual unrest" a *discontent*? Is it not rather a change, a growth, the awakening of the universal conscience?

It seems to me that everybody is trying to cure what is, in itself, curative—a quickening of the sense of individual, spiritual responsibility and, along with it, the sense of responsibility of man for man.

For, in the last few centuries, man has tasted blood for the first time. He has learned to think for himself in every department of life. He will not have his political convictions settled for him. He will not have his religious convictions doled out to him. He has learned that religion is an individual thing—secret and sacred between him and his God. He has learned that religion is born and waxes strong, independent of churches and without benefit of clergy. He has learned that he needs no church in which to set up an altar to his God—that sanctuary lies in his own heart. He has learned that for religion to be a living thing, it must be accompanied by works.

When one thinks of the old-time religion, what a hard, cold, humorless, merciless, selfish thing it was—everybody absorbed in a rush for individual salvation. "God save my soul and the devil take the hindmost" would seem to have been its motto. Everybody was in such a frenzy to get to the heaven of his dreams that nobody realized that this very earth was the hell of his horror. But in the place of that old selfishness has come the desire to make the world an abiding-place fit for the spirit as well as for the body of man. I say it as much in reverence for what is coming as in criticism of what has gone that, in the past, religion has held too much of the fear of God and too little of the love of man.

AN AMERICAN WOMAN.

In the INTERPRETER'S house

"So they drew on towards the house (the house of the Interpreter) and when they came to the door they heard a great talk in the house."—Bunyan's Pilgrims's Progress

IN DEFENSE OF PUGILISM

THERE had been some dispute among us over the way our respectable and dignified magazine had succumbed to the "prevailing craze for athletics." The young men who do all the actual work for this publication, leaving for their elders and betters the extremely thin satisfaction of criticism, looked with gloom on any page not dedicated to rude contests of brawn. They had published the "greatest baseball story" of the year and they were bent on procuring the "greatest" rowing, the "greatest" football and even the "greatest" boxing "story." What are we going to do (we think) in this deluge of Corinthian literature? Is President Eliot to give place to "Muggsy" McGraw as our "brainiest" and Pragmatism to Pugilism as our chief indoor sport?

To everybody's surprise it is the mild Poet who comes to the defense of our Corinthians. Why not?—he cries. Why not sport as well as philosophy, religion, fiction by and for the ladies only, and inquiries into the scandalous but cheerfully defiant wickedness of the tariff? Do no YOUNG MEN read magazines? Our rule might well be the familiar one: Nothing human is foreign to us. And who can picture the life of America in these long summer days without laying emphasis on the sports of America?

I won't attempt a defense of public prize-fighting. It is, from certain points of view, indefensible, like war, early marriages and rapid eating. It is a deplorable manifestation of the instincts that haven't been civilized out of us. Laws and fashions put it down, but it appears again. It is apt to go on as long as the blood of Irish or English ancestors flows in our veins. And even the so-called softer races—the Jews and the Italians—have their champions.

The Northern Jews have historical proof of

their valor and finesse in the ring, but in recent years the Jews from southeastern Europe who are popularly supposed to settle their personal differences by pulling each other's hair and weeping, have produced many clever boxers. But who would expect Italy

Prize Fighters of All Nations

to take a hand in this great Northern game? I have been there twenty times and I never once saw a blow struck with the fist. Yet there are some very competent Italian fighters. It is hardly possible to go to an entertainment at the "club" without seeing a "wop," as he is called by the votaries of the game, matched against a bruiser from the native land of John L. Sullivan. The other day an Italian disguised as Kelly was beaten by a Slav called Papke who had previously been beaten by a Pole named Ketchell. So universal is the taste and aptitude for fighting. Even the Germans have their champions—not great thus far, but exhibiting the fine national traits of stubborn courage and ability to take punishment. And they get plenty of it. All nationalities are represented in pugilism in this country except the English. In fact the English are not very well represented at home, which seems strange considering the ancient authority for the sport among them and the deep interest they show in pugilism. But every now and then there comes a barren space in every art. It is a long time since England produced a Tom Cribb, but it is as long since she produced a Romney.

Without arguing the morals of the case, I would defy a Christian Science reader to see such a contest as I was privileged to see the other night and not feel a thrill in his heart. Both men pictures of physical excellence; both in perfect condition; one lean, tall, graceful as a professional dancer; the other shorter, massive, with huge sloping shoulders

and flaillike arms; science against power; the rapier against the cavalry sabre. In a word the boxer against the fighter. Round after round the fighter, careless of his guard, walked straight into the arrow-like thrusts of his opponent, forced his way to close quarters and delivered his blow. Both were wonderful, but the man of science didn't have the controversial punch. He was no Huxley. He hit his enemy twenty times for once his enemy hit him, but one of the punches of the hardy boy was worth say, twenty-five "straight-arm jabs." Power told in the end.

**The Poet
at the
Ringside**

After half an hour of as fine a contest as I have ever seen, the boxer lay on his back with his toes pointed up in the air like one of the figures on the tombs in Westminster Abbey. Were they hurt? Not half as badly as the ordinary mechanic in the steel mills, whose labor pays for Mr. Carnegie's encouragement of peace, is hurt ten times a year. Not half. They were around town cheerful the next day. They ate their food painfully and exchanged compliments through a vigilant press.

In truth, prize-fighting is seldom dangerous to trained men in good health, and any kind of rough sport is dangerous to the others. It is usually hardly more injurious to the fighters than the encounters between little boys that shock onlooking maiden ladies. When I was a boy, fighting was considered a regular pastime. We fought every day without rancor, according to one or another of the three accepted codes, rough-and-tumble, stand-up or cross-the-bar. But while we appeared to be slaying each other, we were but feebly dabbling, and I never knew any boy to be hurt.

No one who writes for a living need be ashamed to write about boxing. He will find himself in good company. Hazlitt's account of a prize fight is a classic. Byron boxed prettily in his youth for a small man and lame. His letters contain allusions to his encounters with Jackson, a noted pugilist of the day when royalty patronized the sport. Borrow, of course, could not escape writing about fights while he lived among the gypsies, for the Romany people have always excelled in the manly art. Indeed, George didn't find it incompatible with his labors as a distributor of Bibles in Spain and a smasher of the power of Rome, to put up his own fists in combat. And ac-

ording to his story, he gave a good account of himself. In Meredith's "Lord Ormont and His Aminta" there is a very pretty picture of a fight, although the author is constantly distracting the eager reader from the important business in the ring to the emotions of the ladies on top of the coach. It may seem a good deal of a jump from Meredith to Conan Doyle, but Doyle's two prize-fighting stories are excellent of their kind and worth all the rest of his work put together. Trust the expert; it is encouraging to see the author attending the interesting sessions at the National Sporting Club in London and watching the encounters with a skilled and critical eye. In our own country the late John Boyle O'Reilly, patriot and poet, not only patronized the sport but at times put off his singing robes to engage officially as referee of a fight.

Indeed, so little below the surface is the old Adam in all of us, that you might see as "representative" a crowd at a prize fight as at a peace conference. Of course there are hundreds of weak, anæmic creatures whose cries for blood and knock-outs remind me of Kipling's war poetry. Such persons hover around all the grave fighting issues of mankind and confuse the warriors with their noise. But you will also find at the ringside eager but studious men, as keen in noting the progress of these mimic wars as the late John C. Ropes—a man of the gentlest life—was in observing the strategies leading to the final terrific onslaughts of the great Napoleon.

The best of the fighters have a secure place in history. Cribb, Molyneaux the black, Sayers, Mace the Gipsy, a hundred others whose names youth and age recall. Mace is still alive at eighty and poor. But the world is ungrateful to its heroes. John Davidson, the poet, died the other day in extreme want.

There were giants in the olden days, but I think our time has produced the most eminent fighters. Who that has seen Sullivan at his best can forget that representation of irresistible force, or envy him the dignified peace he now enjoys, boxing in exhibitions with his old enemy Kilrain, and occasionally contributing manly and temperate articles on current affairs to the press? It is idle to debate whether Sullivan at his best would have beaten Jeffries at his best. Prize-fighting is like acting in this respect that there are no permanent standards of comparison in either profession. You might as well ask was Garrick greater than the elder Kean, the elder Kean greater than

**John L.
Sullivan**

**The Prize-fight
in
Literature**

Booth, Bracegirdle greater than Siddons, Siddons greater than Bernhardt. His fame is like the fame of Mario's voice. Those who saw him esteemed him the chief of fighters. I have heard it said that only one man of his time gave promise of beating him. This was Mike Cleary. But the temptations that beset an artistic career overcame poor Mike, and less than the shadow of his name remains.

Sullivan's fall began with his fight with Mitchell in France. Before that, if you gave every male human being in America a vote, Sullivan undoubtedly would have been declared our leading citizen. His private affairs were considered so noteworthy that they were described in detail in the newspapers; he had been presented with a diamond belt by the Mayor of Boston in the presence of almost the entire undergraduate body and many members of the faculty of Harvard College; he had boxed privately before the Prince of Wales. It was Quixotic for him to fight in France but highly creditable to his ambition "to lick anyone anywhere." The atmosphere of a country where fighters kick each other, must have been obnoxious to a high-minded man. And the rain and sleet fell, and the London prize ring rules were not in our hero's impetuous style. Sullivan afterward ascribed his failure to put Mitchell out, to a Mr. Pony Moore, Mitchell's father-in-law, who cried while Mitchell was on the grass: "Get up, Charlie; remember your pore wife and five starving children at home."

"Now," said the accurate Sullivan, "Charlie Mitchell had no children and his wife was rich. But such was the effect of domestic love that he got up and spiked my foot." What agonies the *Charlie Mitchell* hero must have suffered, *and James* sprawling over the wet grass *J. Corbett* in the pelting rain, fighting according to an unaccustomed code, wrestling or wrestled to

the ground every minute, unable at any time to swing that crashing right, and, above all, fighting in France where the very haystacks and barns spoke an unknown language! France has become civilized since then. *La boxe* is one of its favorite amusements. Today Sullivan, after sending all the Jeanettes, McVeys and McCoys scurrying home, might parade the Champs Elysées with his celebrated "window" (diamond shirt stud) gleaming at his bosom and be the most admired foreign visitor since the Czar or Buffalo Bill. But it was different in those days. And between chagrin and nostalgia the warrior failed. He was not beaten, but failure to conquer was

defeat. I have it on the faith of two men of letters who were present at the ringside, that *Sullivan's hair actually turned white during the fight.*

But Mitchell was no mean foe. I used to think I would rather see him spar than any other man. He was the perfection of agile grace, and he *could* hit and he *would* hit. His conqueror, Corbett, always seemed, unless his man was wholly at his mercy, to stop his punch in the very act of delivering it. It was as if Prudence tapped him on the shoulder at the very moment of striking. He was getting away while he hit. I am told by a colleague that this is the fault of the negro Johnson. He is a swift boxer, as clumsily nimble as an orang-outang, and he has plenty of power, but lacks the ability or the courage to

*The Post
Meets
Jeffries*

finish his punch when he is ready to deliver it, regardless of consequence. But I could go on for another hour talking about this great art; and I haven't mentioned Fitzsimmons, in some respects, that is, considering his size, the greatest of fighters, a true artist and a most distinguished professor of the principle of scientific government, to hit quickly, hit hard and hit with the least possible expenditure of energy. As for Jeffries, he was, and I hope still is, invulnerable. I count it among the finest rewards that my small reputation as a writer has brought me that I was once considered worthy of an introduction to this famous man. His larger affairs had not permitted him to read my book of verses. In this respect I ranked with Dante. But he showed a great affability. His manner was gracious. It was unnecessary for him to prove his superiority by slamming me in the stomach. It was apparent without proof.

But prize-fighting, after all—said the Responsible Editor—is a grim spectacle rather than a sport—and only for equable philosophers, learned men, students of the primary emotions and poets.

Wise men may learn much from it that the secret of the mastery of all sorts of arts and sciences is the same: pugilism or music, you conquer by one set of principles. Read Bernard Shaw's "Cashel Byron's Profession," and learn from that rare fighter how to work, whether you be poet or athlete; learn from it, too, the utter impossibility of a man who makes a science of a brutal business fitting himself permanently into our scheme of things. We cannot stand for him, even if we would; in the long run he finds he cannot stand for himself.

The *September*
American
MAGAZINE



The FAITH of the UNCHURCHED
By RAY STANNARD BAKER

 The Evolution of
a Train Robber 

GREAT STORIES and PICTURES



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A complete list of new Victor Records for September will be found in the September number of *Munsey's*, *Scribner's*, *McClure's*, *Century*, *Everybody's* and *October Cosmopolitan*.

Table of Contents of this Number on Third Advertising Page

Prayer

By EDMUND VANCE COOKE

- Some people think prayer is a telephone,
A patent transmitter to hire or own,
And at every hint of a small desire,
They call up the busy Central wire
To plug into the Great White Throne.
- Some people think prayer is an elevator,
A sort of an automatic waiter,
Eternally ready, supernally swift,
To pick them up and give them a lift,
Whenever they signal the Operator.
- Some people think prayer is a kind of kite,
A little erratic as yet in flight,
And consequently it isn't claimed
That it always reaches the spot where aimed,
But it carries the message up all right.
- Some people think prayer is a flying-machine.
Impressive in power but inclined to careen,
And if any part of the motor snaps
The whole thing falls in a huge collapse,
With your wrecked hopes somewhere in between.
- But maybe prayer is a road to rise,
A mountain path leading towards the skies
To assist the spirit who truly tries.
But it isn't a shibboleth, creed, nor code;
It isn't a pack-horse to carry your load;
It isn't a method; it's *only* a road.
And perhaps the reward of the spirit who tries
Is not the goal, but the exercise!



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JAMES J. HILL

Hill has worked in the to-morrow of things; Harriman to-day. Hill has won by projecting an idea ahead of him and working up to it; Harriman thinks in present profit and crashes through opposition with the weight of his financial support. Hill's is the success of brain; Harriman's of money and organization.

Hill Against Harriman

The Story of the Ten-Years' Struggle for the
Railroad Supremacy of the West

BY GEORGE H. CUSHING

Illustrated with portraits and maps

ONE day recently, under the clear, bright sky of the State of Washington, surrounded by dignified railroad directors and officials, with a train of private cars in the background, A. J. Earling drove the golden spike which completed the Pacific Coast extension of the "St. Paul" railroad.

A few years ago the opening of a new transcontinental railroad would have thrown the nation into fervors of pride and self-congratulation; the other day the event, though of vast hidden significance, scarcely stirred a ripple of public interest. We are in a day of such great things that one great thing more passes without comment.

And yet the driving of that golden spike had a profound effect upon the world of transportation, and through that world upon the greater world of our common life. The St. Paul extension is not the emblem of peaceful financial venture for profit; it expresses rather the most recent act in the titanic struggle for supremacy between the two most powerful railroad financiers of the country: James J. Hill and Edward H. Harriman. These two men divide the west between them; and one, at least, now dreams of undisputed domination. Upon that struggle rests, in greater or less degree, the destinies of hundreds of cities and of twenty millions or more of American citizens.

Ten years the war between these men has continued; it has been marked with some of the most dramatic incidents in American finance, with great daring, and with unmatched displays of the power of mind and money.

Panic and depression, idleness and hunger

were beginning to give way—in 1897—to national prosperity. Out in the great western country only two railway systems spanned the gap between the Mississippi River and the Pacific coast. One—rich at its terminals but a pauper at its way stations—rose from the Delta, clung to the cactus-strewn border of Mexico, and then turned abruptly north to plunge into the tropical luxury of fruits and flowers of southern California. The other began its westward journey with the headwaters of the Mississippi, plunged through the wheat fields and cattle ranches, keeping the Canadian border in sight, swept up the foothills, over the mountain tops and down into the valley of western promise. These solitary transcontinentals guarded the boundary lines of the nation—the Southern Pacific, and the Hill roads.

Beginning of the Conflict

In the south an old man—grown rich by the ripening of the harvest he had planted—enjoyed complacently the monopoly he had built. Others might wear out their lives trying to garner the beggar's pittance of traffic from the sand piles of the southwest; when they wanted to leave or enter California they must pay tribute to him. He was getting old by then, was Collis P. Huntington; and he was content to sit leisurely and collect his toll.

In the north a man not so old, his blood full of the vigor of the Minnesota air, saw the contented ease of his southern neighbor and planned a sapper's campaign against the foundation of Huntington's wealth. James J.

Hill in his solid practicality might laugh derisively at the suggestion that he write a poem, but the plan he unfolded to his board of directors is the epic of an empire couched in the frozen language of a prospectus. He had mixed English thoroughbred blood with the wild cattle of the plains, he had sown the best wheat of the world into the fertile soil, and he had inspired an industrious people to build up a new country. The one quickening influence needed was the bustling energy and smoking action of a permanent, growing railroad. To prevent those railroads which he already owned from rusting out before the traffic from that new country could well maintain them, he must have his cars loaded in both directions with freight produced in sections where civilization was older and where commerce had long since passed the perambulator stage.

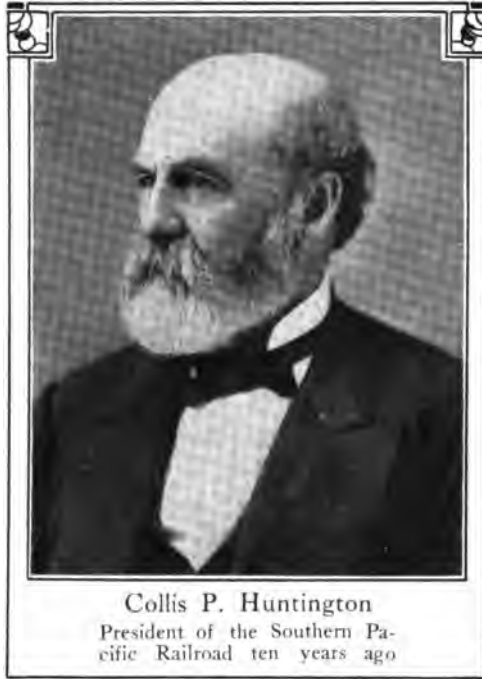
Hill Dreams a Dream

From his office in St. Paul, Mr. Hill explored the world of possibilities and devised the daring plan of picking up the cotton of Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas, moving it along the northern boundary, through the north Pacific coast ports and down the long slant to Japan in the south Pacific—the tropics tied together by way of the Arctic Circle, so to speak. A conference with Stuyvesant Fish, president of the Illinois Central—the only transcontinental north-and-south railway of the nation—and an agreement as to certain through rates, assured Mr. Hill of his supply of cotton. The visit of five little brown men from the Nippon Yusen Kaisha carried those ships regularly to Seattle and assured the opening of Japan to the southern cotton trade—the completion of a traffic channel that was to cause commerce to play shuttlecock around a carpenter's square between Dixie and the land of cherry blossoms. And while that play

was in progress the northwest might have a chance to grow leisurely to maturity—all of that was traffic poetry.

Huntington blinked in his tropical office when he heard the news, scowled over the audacity of the move, and smiled over its folly; then he forgot the incident. That was about the only thing he could do, for Hill had permanently employed the Japanese ships, had contracts with shippers and had named a through rate wholly inconsistent with monopoly of transportation.

Hard upon the heels of that contract came the Spanish-American war, Dewey in Manila, and the talk that commerce follows the flag. Mr. Hill, the empire builder, became also the genius of traffic sagacity and foresight in the popular imagination of the country.



Collis P. Huntington
President of the Southern Pacific Railroad ten years ago

Samuel M. Felton was considered by his fellows as clever in his specialty of resuscitating broken-down railroads—a common thing ten or twelve years ago—and enjoyed the lucrative and promising position as the court's agent for two or three railroads, the Queen & Crescent among them. This was then, as now, a property of no mean importance and a position as its receiver was considered as affording an easy means of amassing a competence. In the late summer or early fall of 1898 he announced his intention of becoming president of the Chicago & Alton Railway, which set his colleagues to gossiping, for of the two posts, from a monetary standpoint, the receivership seemed the more promising. In due course it was explained that Mr. Felton was to become the railroad expert for the banking house of E. H. Harriman & Co.

Harriman Appears on the Horizon

Who was Harriman and of what importance was the banking house of Harriman & Co. to become in railroad world? The impression among the railroad men was the same as



The Original Backers of Harriman

James Stillman

Jacob H. Schiff

James Speyer

though the English people in 1789, had heard that one of their ministers had resigned to become the president of the United Colonies of America. It was further explained that Harriman & Co., already in control of the Alton, proposed to become extensively interested in railroads. That justified the hope, possibly, of Mr. Felton, but it did not clear up the mystery about Harriman.

In their struggle to make the road pay, the new factors in the Alton found their position burdensome. They had bought a railroad which, really, started nowhere and ended in that same indefinite spot. If, as did the Illinois Central, it owned a Gulf outlet it might command an interchange of business by threatening to cut rates and divert export business through New Orleans. If, as was the case of the Northwestern, it had been controlled by a big eastern system, it might have depended upon its blood relation for some support. Being independent almost to the point of being isolated, it picked up business in competition with five or six strong rivals. All the while the Alton's busy neighbor, the Illinois Central, was bustling back and forth hauling freight from Dixie to Mr. Hill at St. Paul, and receiving from him trainload after trainload destined to the middle west and south.

Huntington Steps Out; Harriman Steps In

In fear of impending defeat, no doubt, Harriman looked to the north for a profitable connection, but the north was silent and cold—preoccupied. In desperation, he turned to the south, toward the old man complacent in

his monopoly; here was a possible chance. Huntington was getting old, his little day soon must be lived to its evening, and the Southern Pacific would then fall into the hands of someone. Why not his? Meantime it would not be amiss to be sitting complacently upon the doorstep next door, ready to move in; so Harriman bought the Union Pacific and connected with the Huntington lines at Ogden.

Another year or two wore out the slender thread of life to which Mr. Huntington hung and over the fresh earth of his grave Mr. Harriman marched to the control of the Southern Pacific monopoly.

Harriman, still a mystery, grew upon the popular imagination; he had darted from commonplace obscurity into the broad glare of national finance. From the north Mr. Hill looked uneasily toward the southwest, seeing with experienced eyes that which the others overlooked; why were Stillman, Schiff and Speyer in that transaction? The people were absorbed in the Harriman personality; Hill was impressed by his fiscal agents. The people marveled over the skill of a man who could climb into the control of millions in a few short years; Hill ran his eye down the list of the new board of directors and saw that his new neighbor was the accredited representative of the greatest financial power on earth. While the populace applauded their new hero, the railroad king of the north began to throw up breastworks; he did not know how soon after the southern coronation his own fields would be overrun by the tramping feet of the invader. Thrift had scented danger and was on guard.

Birth of the "Community of Interest" Idea

The year which ushered in this century might be said to mark the swing about from individualism to collectivity in finance, in politics, in labor, and even in morals. That was the time when Morgan, Vanderbilt and Cassatt, harrowed by the guerilla onslaught of small railroads and harassed by politicians in state legislatures and congress, borrowed an idea from others and took refuge behind the community of interests of railroad control. That was the time when the Standard Oil Company, driven from Ohio by Monnett, retreated to New Jersey and formed the parent company. That was the time when Gates, Converse, and the Moore brothers pitched their tents before Carnegie at Pittsburgh and the Steel Corporation came as a peace compromise.

This spirit of unrest reached the silent, shrewd, careful old watcher on the northern prairies. Mr. Hill had been tempted east of Chicago and had first pitched his tent upon the Baltimore & Ohio, falling back subsequently upon Erie, from which outpost he still watched the progress of the new movement. In it were all the essentials of a great campaign, except the organization; the generals had the men, the abundant war chest, and the arms, but they were reporting to one another—there was no commander-in-chief.

How many times has the Northern Securities Company been attacked! Yesterday it was called capitalized rapacity, to-day it is organized arrogance and lawlessness, and now, here—in defiance of popular belief—I say it was a desperate effort to entrench the routed forces of finance, to organize them behind the breastworks, and to prepare them for battle. Mr. Hill's syndicate managed (not owned) two long thin strands of railway from the headwaters of the Mississippi to the Pacific, and then controlled the oriental trade, together with the westward movement of cotton. Part of its supremacy depended upon the continued friendliness of allies that bridged the gap between St. Paul and Chicago. If either of his friendly connections, the St. Paul, or the Burlington (I omit the two impossibles, the Northwestern and the Great Western) should fall into stranger hands, of what avail the oriental trade, of what value the stocking of the western farms, and of what account the Illinois Central cotton contract? He might lift the product of his farms and carry it to St. Paul, but there promise could find no fulfillment, and hope must die. The poem of the union of Dixie and Japan threatened to be-



E. H. Harriman

The master of more railroads
than any other one man

come flat, stale prose upon the tongue which formed it.

Prevention of such a disaster took the form of adding one of those roads—the St. Paul or the Burlington—to the holdings of the Hill syndicate, and after that a central government for the three roads, the Northern Securities Company. It all seemed plausible enough and likely to succeed.

Harriman Seeks Vengeance upon Hill

But in the meantime Harriman was stirring; the rape of the Southern Pacific must be avenged; the sin committed by Hill in taking the cotton traffic while Huntington nodded in his southern siesta must be atoned. Harriman left his new throne in the southwest to the care of Kruttschnitt and Stubbs and marched diagonally across the country to wipe out the Southern Pacific defeat and to obtain satisfaction for the insult administered when, at the head of the comparatively insignificant Alton, he was ignored. Craft and thrift were about to come into collision: craft to learn the value of organization and thrift to broaden its scope by adding cunning to caution.

At the beginning it was only a skirmish, a feint. Harriman, sure of his ground because he knew that his following, the Standard Oil Syndicate, controlled the St. Paul, led Hill into a prolonged debate with his associates as to whether he should take over the Burlington at \$200 or the St. Paul at \$212 per share. What remnant of his boyhood ingenuousness ever convinced Hill that the St. Paul was really for sale, to him, no one can tell. While he was picking field daisy petals and fluctuating between the two properties, Harriman executed a flank movement and appeared in Hill's rear, gaining a position perilously near to control of the Northern Pacific. That was the first gun of the war.

The Northern Pacific Panic

Hill's outposts on the Erie were called in (he hypothecated his stock and never reclaimed it) and all his fighting force was marshaled around the Twin Cities. To lose Northern Pacific meant an enemy encamped under one's tent flaps. It meant turning over to another the half of the fruits of a lifetime of labor. In railroading, this was a financial Gettysburg. The opposing forces forgot other issues and, summoning every brigade, battalion, regiment and company, went down to Wall Street to fight it out. What happened—the unmasking of Harriman's fighting force by the disclosure



J. Pierpont Morgan

The most powerful man in Wall Street and Hill's great ally



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Stuyvesant Fish, "The Princely"

"A big-hearted, hand-shaking chap whom nobody feared much but whom everybody loved"

of the Standard Oil Syndicate at his back, the fusion of all the opposing coteries around Hill, a "corner," and Northern Pacific stock at \$1,000 a share, panic in the money centers, and then a compromise—is all too well known to need more complete detailing.

What, in that tense hour, may have been overlooked were the spectators. If Hill succeeded, Mr. Cassatt and the Pennsylvania, Mr. Vanderbilt and the New York Central, Mr. Morgan and the Southern Railway, Mr. Gould and his inherited transcontinental, and even Mr. Harriman and his "Pacificals" proposed to copy the holding company device. If Hill failed—pandemonium in the railroad world, the waning, if not the fall, of Hill's star, an absolute monopoly of Pacific coast terminals, the unquestioned supremacy of Harriman in the west, with such a leverage over eastern lines that he could beat down their opposition, reduce their earnings (by a process of selection in the routing of traffic), buy them in at his own price and establish a virtual monopoly of transportation. Success or failure for Mr. Hill crowded into those forty-eight

hours of crisis in Wall Street all of the hopes and fears of the great financiers. The destiny of a nation's transportation facilities hung upon a contest between two men.

Harriman's Blunder

When the compromise was reached in New York, Harriman limped back home, the Standard Oil Syndicate let it be known they could not sell the St. Paul to Mr. Hill's combination and the latter took peaceable possession of the alternative, the Burlington. There was Harriman's blunder and he saw it long ago. If, instead of trying to capture Northern Pacific, which was almost impossible to acquire, he had taken the Burlington, which was for sale, he could have done the one thing that Hill feared most; he could have shut him out of Chicago and broken the chain that bound the long transportation system together. That was one blot upon the Harriman escutcheon; a delay of nearly seven years in buying the Illinois Central was another.

(By way of parenthesis: To complete the

record, it might be said that the impulsive Roosevelt, supported by the sagacious Knox, assailed the Hill holding company, proved an intention to evade the law, and slaughtered the device by a Supreme Court decision. The railroads have since resorted to banks as the centers of their plans to assure continued control of the properties.)

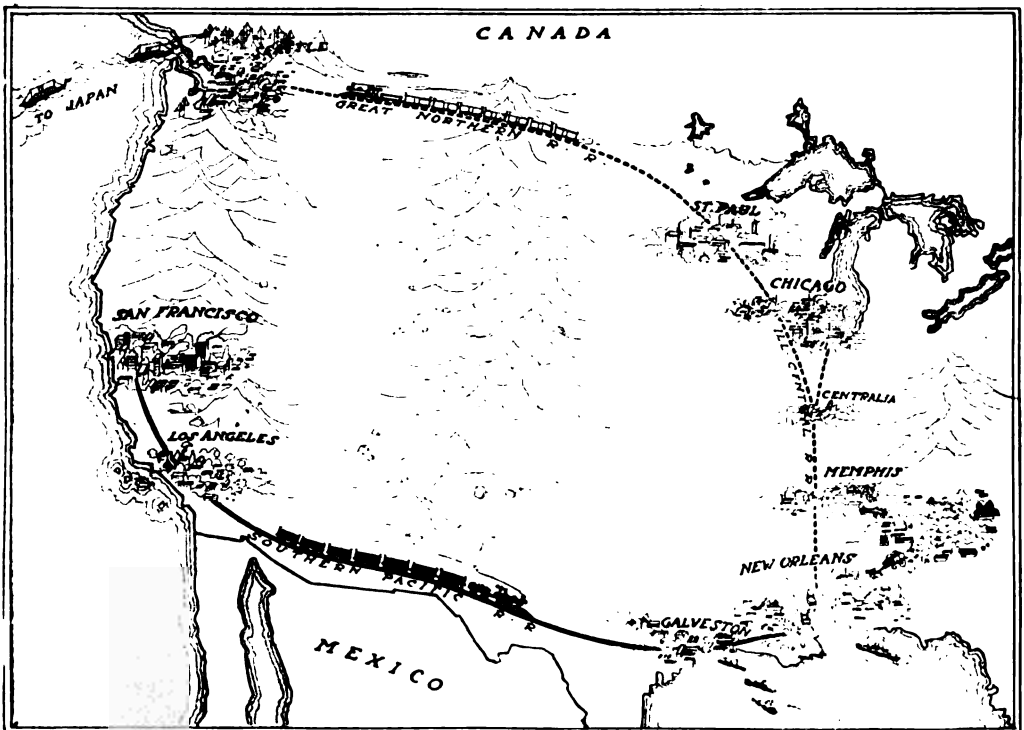
When the battle was over—the Hill-Morgan forces triumphant in the northwest and Harriman retiring, defeated, to the throne of his southwestern monopoly—it was found that the vanquished had suffered more than mere rout. Hill remained master of the two northern roads, had made permanent his Chicago outlet and connection with the Illinois Central, and actually had invaded Harriman's own field.

Hill Extends the Burlington

The Burlington road, spreading out fanlike from Chicago, stretched one long arm due west pursuing the Union Pacific to the foothills of the Rockies. The quick brain of Hill saw the advantage. He could not only tap, at its eastern source, the business of the Southern Pacific, he could, by connecting the western end of the Burlington with the North-

ern Pacific, pull traffic away from the second Harriman line and feed it to the trans-Pacific steamers at Seattle. The advantage did not end there. On the banks of the Missouri River at Omaha the Union Pacific comes to a halt, beckoning to its eastern connections to bring it business from Iowa, Illinois, and the great eastern producing sections. From that point Harriman's main line is in the hands of its friends. East of Omaha the Burlington spreads out over the western Mississippi Valley like a web, gathering up traffic and funneling it through that long western arm of the road to destination in the far west. All of the strategic possibilities of such a channel for commerce sifted quickly through the brain of Hill and crystallized his intention to build the new spur.

When that strip of track was finished Harriman found himself placed even more on the defensive. In his hurried war of conquest he had executed what promised to be a brilliant manoeuvre, but he had overlooked a vital consequence of possible defeat. In trying to appropriate part of Hill's holdings he had neglected to prevent his rival's expansion. That blunder brought not only the realization of galling defeat, it embarrassed him by a distinct loss of advantage.



----- Hill lines. ——— Harriman lines

The situation at the beginning of the fight ten years ago

A little to the west of the point where the Burlington abandons pursuit of the Union Pacific and darts off to the north with its booty, the Oregon Short Line issues from the Union Pacific, at Granger, Wyoming, and—at that time—pursued a hesitant course into the northwest toward Portland. Surprised by the boldness of Hill's last manoeuvre, Harriman forced the Oregon Short Line to Portland, bought a strip of railroad running north from San Francisco to Seattle, and began diverting part of his business from the Golden Gate to pour it into Puget Sound ports. As a defensive measure this seemed effective, but it lacked something; at best it could only divide the traffic with the rival road, which is not satisfying to a man of Harriman's temperament.

But Harriman was otherwise harassed. On the south he was rapidly being surrounded and compelled to fight every minute to retain a reasonable footing in the territory that was once firmly in the grip of the Huntington monopoly. Immediately on the north and east the Burlington was diverting traffic to Seattle; almost touching elbows on the south, the Santa Fe had forced a passage of the Rockies, had found a narrow footing on a ledge of the western slope and was now in San Francisco; and, a little further south, the Rock Island having pushed on to El Paso was threatening to creep along the Mexican border into the fruit fields of southern California. The path of the new wizard of finance was strewn with thorns. Dispatching an emissary to purchase peace with the Santa Fe by purchasing a large block of its stock, and checking the Rock Island's progress by a traffic agreement, Harriman turned his attention north in a second effort at the chastisement of Hill and in a desperate effort to recover lost ground.

Harriman Again Invades the North

This time the bivouac on the northeast side of the Missouri River brought no blare of trumpets, no parading of artillerymen, no dashing line of cavalry, no skirmish of outposts in front and stealthy march on rear, no spectacular display of power, and—no defeat. By this time Harriman had discovered that Hill was too clever to be outwitted by craft, too nimble to be overcome by superior force merely, and entirely too courageous to be daunted by a display of financial power even though that same exhibition had sent a chill to the heart of many another strong railroad man. In fact Harriman did not seem to

appear at all in this movement and many an astute person believes to-day that he had nothing to do with the next move in the strategy of that great western triangle. The admitted facts are that Harriman is the accredited railroad representative of the Standard Oil Syndicate and that the same syndicate owns the controlling interest in the St. Paul railroad. It would not be much of an argument to say that because the face smiled while the hand struck, the head was not responsible for the assault.

With its palm resting on northern Illinois, southern Wisconsin, and eastern Iowa, its brawny thumb extending up into the lake region and its fingers—doubled at the second joint—pointing into all sections, lay the St. Paul road. By some physical effort those giant fingers could be extended until they gripped the soil of Old Mexico, the sand dunes of California, the mineral resources of Idaho and Wyoming, and the vast wealth of the north Pacific coast drawing the commerce of an empire into the palm. Harriman meditated on that picture. The index finger, blunt and aggressive on the Missouri River, pointed directly into the Hill country; its projection would cut in between the Burlington and the Northern Pacific, while further west it would drift in between the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern and drop with unpleasant force into the heart of Seattle. That part of the picture was worth thinking about. When the engineers threw a trestle over the Missouri at Mobridge and the construction gangs began grading a thin right of way across the prairie, Harriman was again in the Hill country with no one to hinder this movement and no possible panic in Wall Street to check his progress. And so it came that the new railroad which is to be known as the offspring of a panic and the child of a feud was built.

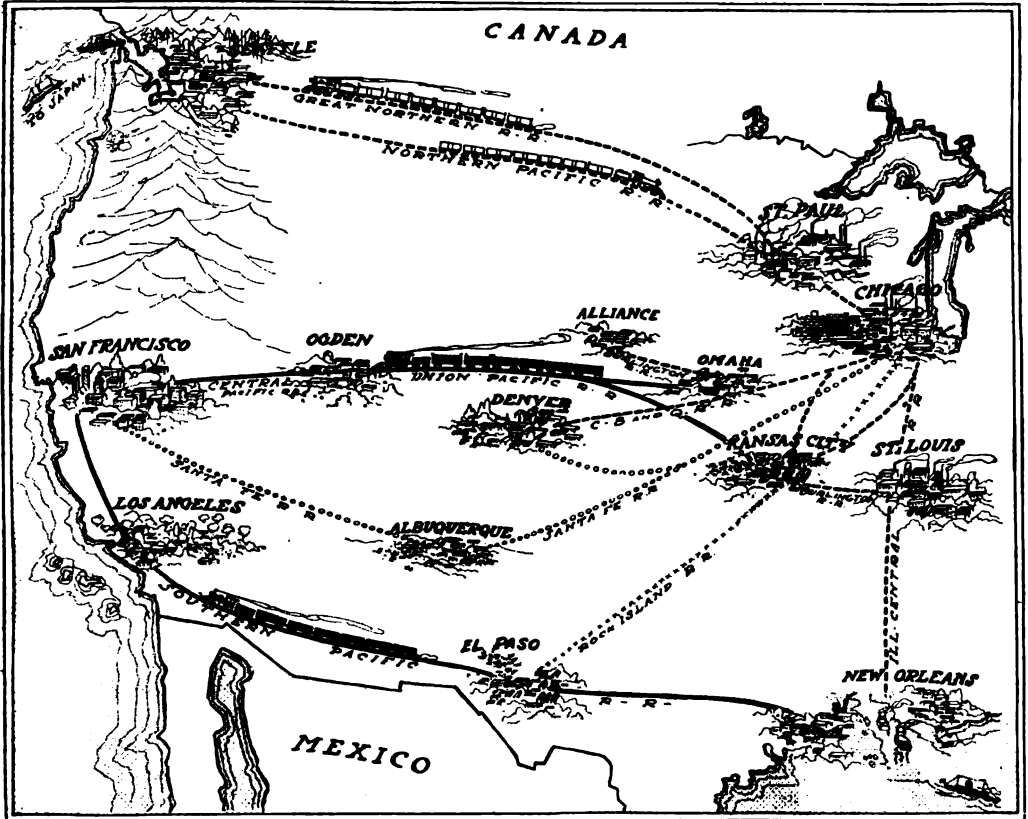
At this point the history of the rise of this St. Paul extension logically closes. I might leave the two giants there but the fighting blood is up both north and south and the *finis* upon the whole quarrel is not yet written.

The Struggle for the Illinois Central

So long as Hill retained control of his northern roads and Harriman of his southern roads—even though they had trespassed one another's territory with the Burlington and St. Paul respectively—neither had gained an iota of advantage toward dominance; each had merely held his own. It was wormwood and gall to Harriman that, despite his powerful allies, regardless of his clever manoeuvrings,

and notwithstanding he had captured public imagination by his marvels of financial legerdemain, Hill still controlled the trans-Pacific business and pulled trainloads of cotton away from Southern Pacific territory to move it over that ridiculously long line to Seattle via St. Paul. Indeed, now that he had a permanent

to extend the feeling of resentful antagonism to include those who are abettors of the offense. It was Stuyvesant Fish, president of the Illinois Central, who had joined Hill in the loot of the Southern Pacific. It was Fish who smiled when Harriman tried to get part of that north-bound traffic for the Alton. It was Fish



----- Hill lines, ——— Harriman lines, o o o o Santa Fe lines, x x x x Rock Island lines

Harriman's predicament after the Northern Securities fight, showing how few feeders Harriman had as compared to Hill

connection between the Twin Cities and Chicago, Hill seemed more firmly entrenched than ever. Harriman, the head of the unknown banking house which controlled Alton, might suffer a twinge of pride when Hill ignored him and clung to the Illinois Central, but Harriman, the representative of the greatest financial house in the world, the acclaimed wizard, and the master of more railroads than any other one man, could look upon the continuance of the Illinois Central-Hill alliance in no other light than as a defeat, a personal rebuke, a slight upon his capabilities.

It is not in Harriman's make-up to love, even though he might admire, the man who had whipped him. It is a part of such characters

who still permitted Hill to keep root firmly fixed in that southern territory. It was Fish, therefore, who must pay the penalty.

Because a man is president and heads a syndicate which controls a railroad does not signify that he is a majority or even an important minority stockholder in that property—not these days. He owes his position to the friendly cooperation of his banking allies. Morgan, Cassatt, and Vanderbilt understood that, which explains why they inaugurated the community of interests of railroad control. Hill knew it too, which tells why he tried to organize the Morgan-Cassatt-Vanderbilt idea into a holding company. Harriman also appreciated the fact because he probably had made

the most extensive use of it. And so, as Harriman scowled at Fish he wondered how long the Illinois Central bankers would stand out against the demands of the Standard Oil bankers. From that instant the Illinois Central's president was marked for slaughter and from that identical point of time the long railroad thread which bound Dixie and Japan together was sure to be severed.

Stuyvesant Fish, the Princely

As we sat in Chicago and watched the assembling of the forces that were to decide the question of Illinois Central control, we knew that the days of the princely Fish, as president of that property, were numbered. He was a clear-headed, broad-minded, hard-working, practical sort of a railroader who appealed to the fancies of the old timers. He was a big-hearted, hand-shaking chap whom nobody feared much but whom everybody loved, and so it was not without a twinge of regret that we saw the inevitable loom ahead of him. In the ranks of the opposition were the well-nigh invincible and certainly inexorable fighters, Stillman, Schiff, Speyer and Harriman, the royal and select guard of the Standard Oil Syndicate. Behind them were the Vanderbilts. That was a distinct shock, the old guard deserting their comrades and joining the interlopers in railroading. But then, that was to be expected, for fear is a good arguer, and the man who has already been cowed in his own dooryard is likely—to save his own neck—to help the new champion conquer the next door neighbor. Thus the Vanderbilts joined the Standard Oil Syndicate in the joust against Fish, and the tourney was soon over.

That victory seems to introduce confusion into the west and to write a tragic finis to Hill's long transportation epic. It would seem that Dixie and Japan might continue to exchange merchandise but they must do so in future via Santa Barbara or San Francisco rather than via Seattle. The Hill chain was broken, the shuttlecock movement around the old carpenter's square of railroads was ended and Hill, apparently, was thrown back upon Red-River-Valley wheat and Oregon lumber as the main support of his far-northern lines. It might even seem that the palm of being the gateway to the Orient must be yielded by Seattle to San Francisco, by Washington to California. In all that, however, we have forgotten Hill; we have overlooked the man who saw profit in crossing western longhorns with English thoroughbreds, and have cast aside the man who imagined Japan in a trade exchange with

Louisiana and made it a fact. The situation might seem hopeless, but of the man against whom the blow was really delivered, it must be said with Kipling:

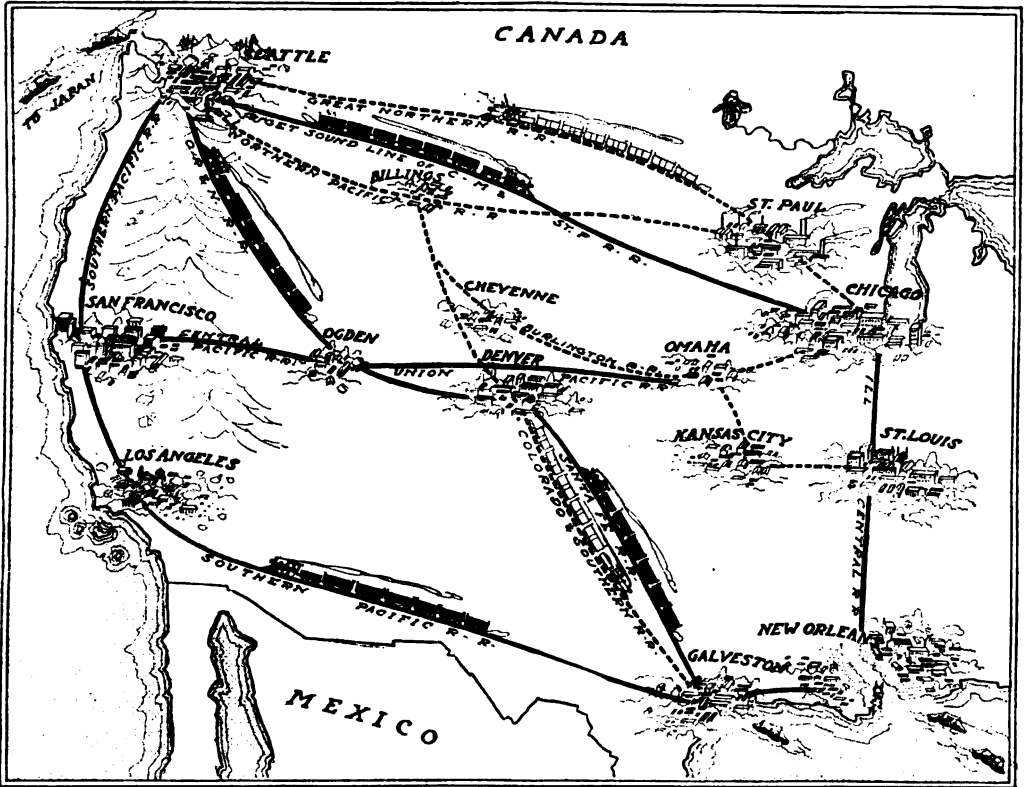
They copied all they could follow, but they could not copy my mind
And I left them sweating and stealing a year and a half behind.

Hill has worked in the to-morrow of things; Harriman to-day. Hill has won by projecting an idea ahead of him and working up to it; Harriman thinks in present profit and crashes through opposition with the weight of his financial support. Hill's is the success of brain; Harriman's of money and organization.

Hill Plans a New Coup

Harriman might charge and break the Hill line with and by the power of the Standard Oil Syndicate, but he could not throw a sprag into the wheel of the ingenious mind of his rival. Thus it happened that when he saw he was defeated it did not take Hill seven years—as it once had Harriman—to see and protect the weak line in his battle front. For instance, if conditions previous had been reversed—if Hill had been in Harriman's boots—there would never have been a Northern Pacific corner, for Hill would have gathered in the Burlington instead of trying to capture Northern Pacific. Had he failed in that, Hill would have gone, next, after the Illinois Central in an effort to break the chain and cut off the fighting force from its base of supplies; he certainly would not have spent seven years in building duplicate lines and territorial trespassing when a more important matter was unsettled. In fact, Harriman's time was taken up, seemingly, in building awe inspiring breastworks in front of the enemy's line, instead of trying to cut off the base of supplies as Hill, probably, would have done.

In his last defeat, had Hill been an ordinary railroad man he probably would have bought and built competing lines to duplicate the Illinois Central from Chicago to the Gulf. Being the nimble-witted Hill and no other, he forgot St. Paul and the old carpenter's square of railroads and went after a more direct route from the cotton fields to Seattle. It is recalled that the Burlington trails the Union Pacific to the foothills and there quits the race to go off, almost at right angles, to join the parent company at Billings. It is recalled that Yoakum of Texas and the Moore brothers built the Colorado & Southern from those same foothills diagonally down to



----- Hill lines ———— Harriman lines

The Wind Up

Harriman has wrested the old Illinois Central from Hill—and the result of the ten years' war is Hill and Harriman have practically parallel lines throughout the West.

Galveston to be in plenty of time for the opening of the Panama Canal. Not long after the change of control of the Illinois Central, it was learned that Hill had bought that Colorado & Southern from the Moore brothers and Yoakum and now it is being linked up with the Billings line of the Burlington to haul Texas cotton along a direct diagonal route from the Gulf region to Seattle.

How the Fight Now Stands

The last move in the last chapter is that Harriman, bested again, has entered a traffic agreement with the Hill roads in the far northwest, and that there is going to be traffic peace with no more invasion of each other's territory. One of these days when he gets around to it—gaining a little freedom from the multiplicity of other duties—Harriman will see the possibility of the second diagonal route from Texas

to the northwest and he will again be on the Hill trail. Then he will use the Santa Fe spur to Albuquerque, the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company through Pueblo and Ogden to Pocatello, and then via the Oregon Short Line to Portland, Tacoma and Seattle. That will make the second line, but Harriman is not around to it yet.

That peculiarly cosmopolitan crowd surrounding the president of the railroad when he drove the golden spike in the St. Paul's Puget Sound Route, looks east to-day upon an entirely different railroad prospect than was dreamed possible ten or twelve years ago this date. The reason for that, as for the completion of the new transcontinental, is the same—the Hill-Harriman feud in the west which has gained for neither much of anything but additional responsibility, but has meant the creation of a new commercial hope for the western people.

Phoebe and the Heart of Toil

By INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE

Author of "The Lost Children," etc.

With Illustrations by R. F. Schabelitz

PHOEBE was growing up. Mrs. Martin traced the process in a series of baffling reserves and of more baffling confidences. Phoebe was beginning to have pronounced views on the interior decoration of the house. Also she developed dissatisfaction with her mother's style of dressing and she wrote every evening in a diary which promised to be as long as the Congressional Record.

"Mother," she said abruptly one morning, "I do wish there was something I could do to be of more use in the world. Sometimes I think I'm not making the most of my opportunities. And nowadays everybody ought to do something special with their lives, don't you think so?"

Mrs. Martin's brow wrinkled. She always took her children seriously at first. Sometimes she laughed at them afterwards. Mr. Martin always laughed anyway. It depended on his mood whether he paid any further attention.

"Why don't you take a Sunday-school class?" Mrs. Martin asked after a considering pause.

"Oh *mother!*" Phoebe's tone throbbed through every gradation of injured pride. "I don't mean anything like *that*. I mean taking up nursing or singing at prison concerts, or lugging flowers to sick children's hospitals or visiting poor people in the slums. I'd like to do something *seriously worth while*."

"I can't think of anything," Mrs. Martin said tranquilly, but in her firmest tone of conviction, "that would worry your father more than to have you working in the slums—unless it was visiting prisons."

"Oh don't worry about what *father* says—I'll take care of *him*," Phoebe declared airily. "Of course he makes a fuss at first, no matter what I do, but I always bring him round."

When Phoebe made statements like this, Mrs. Martin was vaguely troubled. She herself exercised a wise, wifely diplomacy, exoterically gentle, esoterically inflexible; but it never occurred to her that Mr. Martin was not the head of his own house. And as for saying even

to herself that she would "bring him round"—sometimes she wondered if when Phoebe married, she would have the proper respect for her husband.

"Yes," Phoebe went on meditatively, "I've been thinking of this for a long time. I wonder—" She stopped as if with a dazzling inspiration. "I know what I'll do. I'll go over and see Mrs. Warburton. You know she does so much charity work."

With Phoebe to think was to act. Her impetuous exit from the house was only equaled in bustle and determination by her cyclonic return.

"Oh I'm so glad I went over," she said breathlessly. "Mrs. Warburton says she's going to have a tea next week that she says will help me a lot. There's a Mr. Witherspoon going to speak on Applied Socialism. Mr. Witherspoon is a young man and just think, mother, he gives up his whole life to the poor. He lives in a little room in the slums and does things to help people. He doesn't exactly give them money, you understand—he helps them to help themselves. He's especially successful in his work with women. Mrs. Warburton says she doesn't know another young man who's assisted so many high-minded girls to find themselves. She said that was what the trouble with me was—I hadn't found myself. She showed me his picture—she's got a lot of them—mostly profiles. He's awfully interesting-looking. Then she wrote off a long list of books that he'd given her to read. She hasn't had any time to read them herself yet, but I'm going to look them all through for her and pick out what would be most likely to interest her."

All that afternoon, Phoebe pored over a pile of undusted-looking books from the Public Library.

"Phoebe's got an idea she'd like to do some charity work," Mrs. Martin said cautiously to her husband that night. Mrs. Martin was always feeling a tentative way ahead for her iconoclastic children—always blazing a new

trail through the pathless forests of paternal conservatism. "I don't know exactly what it is she wants. I guess she doesn't know herself. She's going to a tea at Mrs. Warburton's next week. A socialist man's going to speak. Phoebe says she wants to be of some use in the world."

"Set her to cleaning up the attic," Mr. Martin growled, his eye riveted to his paper.

"No, it isn't anything like that she wants," Mrs. Martin said placidly. "She says she's had unusual opportunities and she feels she isn't being fair if she doesn't share them with those that haven't had them. You can't imagine how grown-up she seemed to me Edward, talking like that. I do hope that she isn't going to be a strong-minded woman. If she turned out to be one of those suffragettes, it would be a dreadful disappointment to me."

"She'll be strong-handed if she keeps on," Mr. Martin said. "When I came down tonight, she and Ernest were boxing in the Playroom."

"Boxing!" Mrs. Martin repeated in a horrified tone. "Boxing! Edward Martin what do you mean?"

"I mean *boxing*," Mr. Martin said with emphasis. "She had Tug's gloves on and Ernest had his own gloves on and they were going at each other like a pair of tiger cubs. Phoebe's remarkably active. You see she's taller than Ernest and quick as a cat. Ernest's stronger of course but they're pretty well matched."

"Boxing!" Mrs. Martin said for the third time. "Well, I do think I have the strangest children any woman ever had."

"Listen to that racket!" Mr. Martin said, smiling broadly. "Tug Warburton must be up there now."

On the day of the tea, Phoebe appeared before her mother—a vision of shining girlhood, a little touched with wistfulness. But what she surveyed in the hall-mirror, was a carefully managed effect in brown—severe brown suit, feathered brown hat, soft brown furs.

"How do I look, mother?" she asked complacently.

"Very well." Mrs. Martin spoke without apparent enthusiasm but inwardly she was proud. "She's a stylish-looking girl," she said to herself. "She's what people call *chic*. I never was stylish. I guess I'd rather she'd have that air than a Grecian nose."

But Phoebe did not need a Grecian nose. Her own was small, spirited, piquant. Perhaps its outline was only pretty but the brows above it were beautiful and the lips below a deep red and delicately curved. And her chin gave a

flower-petal finish to the soft oval of her face. Gray eyes that alternately dreamed and sparkled, an amber-olive skin which glowed with soft flushes of color when she spoke or laughed, hair that rippled and shone, a tall, lithe, strong-looking girl-figure—that was Phoebe.

It is possible that Mr. Witherspoon noticed some of this. Certainly at the close of his "causerie," he talked with Phoebe at least fifteen minutes longer than with anybody else.

"Say, Phoebe, ain't that long-haired stiff they've got over to Warburton's the limit?" Ernest asked that night at dinner. "Tug says he's the worst bug they've had yet—long hair, flossy clothes—Tug says he's even caught him shining his finger-nails."

"I suppose you mean Mr. Witherspoon," Phoebe said with that elaborate stateliness which always preceded a squabble with Ernest. "Mr. Witherspoon has the most lovely hair I ever saw. Mrs. Warburton says he has to wear it long because his head is so small that he looks queer with short hair. Besides it falls forward and makes a kind of background for his profile just like the pictures of Daudet. The effect is very artistic in a photograph. And as for his hands—well, Ern Martin, how you've got the nerve to even *say* the word *hands*—"

Ernest, rapidly concealing his hands in his napkin, dropped almost with a thump from the conversation.

"Mr. Witherspoon is one of the most delightful men I ever met." Phoebe turned an eclipsing shoulder on her brother, concentrating thereby the full light of her countenance on her mother. She was still stately.

Mrs. Martin had an uncomfortable feeling that her girl had suddenly become thirty.

"He believes just the things I do," Phoebe went on. "He says that nobody in the world ought to *work* all the time or *play* all the time. He says it is just as much privilege to work as to play. He says as things are *now* the proportion must be left to the individual conscience, although the universal conscience is being developed *slowly*. He says everybody owes some service to his race and generation."

The family had a chance that night to see Mr. Witherspoon at closer range. After dinner Mrs. Warburton telephoned that she was going to bring her guest for a call. From the standpoint of the many, it was not a successful social event. Early in the evening, Ernest and Tug, first exchanging signals as obvious as elaborate, disappeared upstairs. After the generalities of greeting, Mr. Martin relapsed into a yes-and-no civility. At Phoebe's first

move towards the tea-table, he slipped out of the conversation and into the back library.

Mr. Witherspoon did not seem to mind this masculine defection. He sat in the becoming glow of the yellow piano-lamp, manipulating his chocolate-cup with a charming grace. At one side sat handsome, fussy Mrs. Warburton, beaming with the pride of ownership and panting mentally in the wake of his phrases. At the other side sat Mrs. Martin, her hand shading her brow, her sweet, faded face, soft with sympathy. In front, wide-eyed, her lips parted as if she drank from the Pierian Spring, sat Phoebe. Mr. Witherspoon shone.

The next day was Saturday. Phoebe appeared at breakfast in her simplest gown and with linen collars and cuffs, severely plain. She had wet her hair, parted it in the middle and brought it down in ugly smoothness over her ears. To her mother's great relief, it dried before breakfast was over. Soon all kinds of little claw-like curls had pulled loose from the pins and hung in a golden-brown fringe over her forehead and in her neck. This minimized the effect of the collars and cuffs surprisingly.

At nine, Mrs. Martin heard her at the telephone.

"No, Tug," she said with the gentle firmness of those who are consecrated to high ideals. "I don't feel like canoeing today. I have a great deal of important reading that I must do. No, I don't know when I can go. I expect to be very busy—yes, even during the vacation. No, I can't tell you about it. It's a secret—I haven't even spoken to my father and mother yet. But I doubt if I have any leisure from now on."

Mrs. Martin continued to wonder, but she did not question. Phoebe spent the entire bright day indoors, reading John Stuart Mill on "The Subjection of Women."

As they were arising from dinner that evening, Phoebe addressed her father with sombre dignity. "I would like to speak with you alone."

"What about?" Mr. Martin asked with the tact of fathers.

"It's a secret, father," Phoebe said with a proud, pale patience.

"I bet she's going to brace him for that new tennis-racket," Ernest grumbled. "And she'll get it too," he added grimly.

Only Mrs. Martin knew that the hour had struck.

Phoebe was closeted with her father for twenty minutes. She emerged with an air of gentle meekness, much belied by a triumphant sparkle in her eye. She went immediately to her room.

Mr. Martin came out of the star-conference, a red, a wrathful, a palpably beaten man.

"What do you suppose she's up to now, mother?" he groaned. The pronoun "she" on Mr. Martin's lips never meant anybody but Phoebe.

"Of course it's something about this socialist business," Mrs. Martin said. She was as undisturbed as Mr. Martin was crestfallen.

"She wants to come in and work in the office during her spring vacation," Mr. Martin jerked out.

Mrs. Martin's embroidery-needle stopped in mid-air. "Work in the—her spring vacation—well, of all—if that isn't—" She stopped short and impaled her husband on a look of withering inquiry. "Of course you refused her?" she demanded.

"No, not exactly," he faltered. "But I didn't say she could, either."

"That means she'll do it. Edward Martin, you are wax in that child's hands." Mrs. Martin spoke with an air of detachment as though neither of the two people were related to her.

Mr. Martin sprang to his own defense. "Well, she said she would cry her eyes out if I didn't let her, and she cried some as it was. And if I didn't want her in my office, couldn't I get her in some other office? Would I give her a recommendation? And when I thought how she might have to work and how they might treat her—well, the long and the short of it was—I—I—well, I didn't say no. But will you tell me—" All the heat went out of Mr. Martin's voice. He was being patient with the whole world, as one for whom all cause and effect had become an inextricable tangle—"will you tell me why she wants to do it?"

"Oh a lot of things," Mrs. Martin answered vaguely, feeling a timid way through a problem in psychology too subtle for her. "She wants to be of some use in the world—and all those dusty books she's been reading—and that socialist man, Mr. Witherspoon."

"That puppy!" Mr. Martin muttered.

"Oh Edward," Mrs. Martin remonstrated. "I think you're very unjust there. He seems to have a much higher aim in life than most young men. I'd like you to hear him talk of the suffering in the slums—women whose husbands beat them and little babies left alone all day in garrets."

"I'd like to see him go to work for a week."

"What people are in the office now?" Mrs. Martin asked.

Mr. Martin looked at her in silence. So might a man appear who sees his strongest ally deserting him at his moment of greatest need.



He sat in the becoming glow of the yellow piano-lamp, manipulating his chocolate-cup with a charming grace

"You don't think she'll really put it through," he said hopelessly.

Mrs. Martin made a little "tchk!" "That shows how much you know Phoebe."

"Oh I guess I know her as well as anybody," Mr. Martin answered. "There's Brackett, of

course, and the two stenographers, Miss McCarthy and Miss Nelson. Ford, Morris and McIntyre come in to make reports. And there's the new office-boy—Mullaney—who's about the toughest-talking specimen I ever saw. I haven't discharged him yet because I

haven't got the nerve. But the last two or three days, he certainly has been the limit—smart as a whip too."

"But he wouldn't say anything—unpleasant—to his employer's daughter, would he?" Mrs. Martin asked in instant alarm.

"That's it. Phoebe doesn't want to be known as my daughter. She wants to go anonymously. She wants to go as—what was that name—Jane Jones. She says she doesn't want to be deferred to—or favored—she says she just wants a chance to feel the beat of the great heart of toil."

"That's one of Mr. Witherspoon's phrases," Mrs. Martin said casually.

"Mutt!" Mr. Martin ejaculated.

Mrs. Martin sighed. "I was counting on getting Phoebe's spring dress-making done this vacation. As it is, I've engaged Miss Symonds for a week. She'll have to come just the same. I don't dare put her off again—with all the demand there is for her. We'll have to try on evenings."

But Mr. Martin was not listening. "Who does she take it from?" he asked in a stony voice.

"You!" Mrs. Martin retorted. "I guess you'll have to let her try it now, Ed. With Phoebe, things must run their course. Once she's made up her mind, nothing short of death itself will stop her—and she doesn't get *that* from the Brookses either. Make it hard for her, and she'll stay till the last gun's fired. Make it easy for her to start in, and there's some hope she'll quit. But don't be too easy when she goes to work."

Mr. Martin took hope. "I'll crowd all I can on her. If she stays it won't be because she likes it."

There followed a period of domestic upheaval in the Martin family.

For a week before her vacation, Phoebe spent all her leisure toiling on two dresses which represented her idea—gathered from the women's magazines—of the uniform appropriate to the woman in industry.

Then vacation began and Phoebe went to work.

Every morning, she caught the eight o'clock local to Boston, provisioned always with one lunch-basket, one badly printed socialistic pamphlet, one dusty socialistic book. She always returned at half-past six with the lunch-basket conspicuously empty, the pamphlet noticeably dog-eared and the book-mark, without which she apparently floated anchorless and uncharted on a sea of phrases, advanced one chapter in the dusty book. Sometimes she met Mr. Witherspoon going or coming, and it

was obvious that her resolution gained fresh impetus from the contact.

Mrs. Martin was preoccupied and irritated. She missed her daughter, and the dress-making was progressing but slowly. Phoebe read a dusty book even while Miss Symonds squatted on the floor to hang her skirts.

Mr. Martin simmered in that state of general depression which manifests itself with men whenever things go wrong, "in the office."

Tug Warburton had disappeared.

Ernest, alone, adapted himself philosophically to the situation. He was not an atom interested in his sister's experiment. That was why, perhaps, Phoebe's characteristic perversity took the form of confiding her experiences exclusively to him. She spent her evenings with him in the big room at the top of the house, formerly called the Playroom, now invariably termed the Gym.

Time had been when both Phoebe's and Ernest's toys cluttered it in an equal disorder. But since Phoebe grew to the acquisition of girlish Lares, mysterious and carefully prized, she had retreated with them to the secret fastness of a big chamber on the floor below.

Ernest had reached that stage when his sole object in life was to cultivate every muscle in his body. To himself, Ernest confessed a motto—"the healthy mind in the healthy body." The sporting page in the paper had become the most enthralling of printed documents to him, and his mother was always coming across stray numbers of magazines devoted to the cause of physical culture.

All kinds of muscle-distending apparatus littered the Gym. Chest-weights ornamented one expanse of wall and a punching-bag another. Dumb-bells of varying weights tripped the unsuspecting visitor. Indian clubs, fencing foils, boxing-gloves decorated the mantel. Ernest could be found at almost any hour of his leisure in the midst of all this, exercising. Sometimes, nowadays, it crossed Phoebe's mind that Ernest might turn out good-looking after all.

"I like it ever so much, Ern," she said abruptly the second night, "though I have to work awfully hard. Everybody is so kind to me in the office—especially the men. Not that the girls aren't—Miss Nelson is simply dandy—only they seem a little curious about me. That nice old Mr. Brackett is a perfect dear. And every one of them will stop their work any time to show me about things. But there's an office-boy there named Joe Mullaney and if he isn't *tough*. Why tough's no name for him. He's taken the greatest dislike to me. He just loathes and abominates me—I don't know why.

Now Ern Martin, if you ever breathe a word of this to father or mother——”

Ernest was busy smashing vigorous arcs in the atmosphere with a pair of five-pound dumb-bells. He did not speak for a moment and Phoebe saw from his fixed expression that he was counting.

“Aw cut it out!” he gasped, changing to the Indian clubs. “What would I be saying anything about it for?”

Downstairs Mr. Martin was saying, “Oh yes, she got along pretty well today. She put only one typewriter out of commission and I guess she didn’t ask Brackett to sharpen her pencil more than twenty-five times.”

“That boy Joe Mullaney is the meanest, hatefullest, horriddest thing I ever saw, Ern,” was Phoebe’s next confidence. “You see it occurred to me today to ask some questions of the proletariat and put the answers down in a note-book. Mr. Witherspoon says that a human document is always the most valuable kind of contribution to sociology and besides

he says—well, anyway, I asked Miss Nelson and Miss McCarthy and Mr. Brackett everything that occurred to me about the business world and they were just as nice as they could be. Then I started on Joe. But he wouldn’t give me a straight answer to anything. And after I got through, he looked at me in the most insulting way and said, ‘Say, when did you escape from the College Settlement? Isn’t that disgusting?’”

But Ernest’s answer was lost in the noise of a whirlwind encounter with the punching-bag.

“She’s taking to asking questions,” Mr. Martin reported that night. “Brackett said that she asked him no less than two hundred. And she puts the answers down in a little book. I should think they’d all hate her. Queer though everybody seems to enjoy having her there. Well of course Phoebe has——” For a



Phoebe read a dusty book even while Miss Symonds squatted on the floor to hang her skirts

moment his mood of constant disapproval seemed to struggle with his natural pride as father. “Of course Phoebe has a way with her. Brackett stays a half hour every night and corrects all her mistakes.”

“What do you think that boy Joe did today, Ern?” Phoebe asked a few evenings later. “You see it occurred to me that I’d make my investigations more scientific by writing out a series of questions all alike for everybody on the force to answer. Then I could cognate—cognate——” Phoebe’s eye had the uncertain look of one who is not sure she had succeeded in a daring mental verbal flight, “—no, —collate—anyway, I mean compare them. I spent my whole lunch-hour typewriting lists and everybody was just lovely about answering them—except Joe. One question was, ‘What was your object in embarking in a mercantile career?’ And he wrote, ‘To buy silk stockings



Regularly every night the sound of a bout came to them

for our little pet-elephant, Gussie.' Now wouldn't that make your blood boil?"

"Sure," Ernest agreed unenthusiastically, "Say, Phoebe, want to put on the gloves with me?"

Mr. and Mrs. Martin, sitting in domestic dejection, smiled in spite of themselves as cheerful sounds of punches and scrambles, of yells of triumph and shrieks of derision came floating down to them.

"If she'll only keep that up," Mr. Martin said once, "we may be able to keep her out of a sanatorium."

Mrs. Martin, depending much on her husband for courage in these Phoebeless days, took heart of grace from the fact that Phoebe certainly did keep it up. Regularly every night the sound of a bout came to them. But Phoebe showed no signs of giving up her work. A week went by, eight days, nine days, ten.

On the eleventh day, something broke.

Phoebe left as usual at a quarter to eight. At half-past nine, she came marching into the house, head erect, cheeks flaming. Mrs. Martin looked up, too startled to speak.

"I've resigned my job, mother," Phoebe said crisply. "Where's Ern?"

Mrs. Martin crushed back her, "What under the canopy—" and answered, "Upstairs."

Phoebe ran up to the Gym, two steps at a time. Mrs. Martin heard her eager voice in an endless recital. It deepened sometimes—Mrs. Martin knew then that she was indignant. It broke into little sparkles of laughter. And by that token, Mrs. Martin knew that the situation was not too serious.

Upstairs, Phoebe was going full-tilt. "Don't you ever tell anybody what I'm going to tell you now, Ern Martin, as long as you live. If you ever breathe a word to Tug Warburton— It's about that boy, Joe Mullaney. Just after I got into the office today, I was left all alone

with him. Father had gone out. Mr. Brackett was upstairs. Miss Nelson was sick and didn't come in anyway and Miss McCarthy had a visitor in the outer office. I said to him, 'Joe, I want you to post this letter, please.' He didn't say anything but he came over as if to take the letter. But when he got up close to me, he said, 'I don't take no orders from you, nor nobody like you—see!' Now it wasn't so much what he said as the perfectly insulting way he said it. After a week of what I'd stood from him, too. Even then I don't see how I ever came to do it. But he bent straight toward me with his chin out and—and—and I was so hopping mad that before I knew what I was doing—what do you think I did?"

Ernest grunted.

"I hit him. How I could do such a thing will always—but of course it's because I've been boxing so much nights with you. You see I've sort of got into the habit. I never was so ashamed—but it knocked him down."

"Gee!" said Ernest. He came over and sat down by his sister, his eyes lighted with interest. "Did you really knock him down?"

"Yes," Phoebe faltered, "you see coming like that when he wasn't prepared——"

"Good girl!" Ernest applauded. "What did he do?"

"He jumped up and came toward me like a—like a—a I don't know what. I was awfully frightened. But I didn't run. I stood and waited for him. And just before he got up to me, he stopped and glared at me as if he'd like to kill me. Then he turned and walked out



R. F. SCHARF, ILL.

"I don't take no orders from you, nor nobody like you—see!"

of the office without looking at me. Well, I felt awful. In the first place my hand hurt—it's a very different thing with the gloves off, Ern Martin. And in the second place, I was afraid I'd hurt him. And then I was ashamed. Think of a girl hitting a person she doesn't know——"

"Was it right on the jaw?" Ernest interrupted with a growing excitement.

"Right on the point."

"What kind of a punch was it?" Ernest asked in the severe tone of the pedagogue.

"I don't know whether it was an upper cut or a left hook," Phoebe said impatiently.

"Did he come back?"

"Well, listen to me—I'm telling it as fast as I can. In a few moments I heard the door open. I was so mad that I wouldn't look up. I heard him coming over toward my desk but I wouldn't have taken any notice of him for a farm down East. Oh, but I was nervous. I could feel him coming all up and down my spine. Well, he walked round in front of my desk. I could see that he was carrying something in the hand back of him. I thought it was a knife or a revolver and, oh mercy, wasn't I scared! But I didn't budge or look up. Suddenly he reached over and dropped what he had on my desk. What do you think it was?"

"What?"

"An orange. And he said, 'Gee, I din't know you had a punch like that up your sleeve. Pretty good for a girl!' And he looked at me—well, Ern, he looked at me as if he'd never seen a girl like me in his life. And then we sat down and had a talk and I asked him why he hated me so. And he said it was because I looked so much like society girls who go down into the slums during Lent to make people do things they don't want to do. He said he'd seen all kinds of—'uplifters,' he called them, and nobody knows what he'd suffered from the wrong kind making him plant window boxes and go to the Art Museum on free days. And he said that he wanted to get my job for his sister and it made him perfectly sick when he heard somebody else had it. He said that he determined to make it just as hard for me as he could."

"The son of a gun!" said Ernest, entirely without elegance but with considerable force, "I'll lay for him tomorrow and punch the head off him."

"Now you keep quiet, Ern. I like that boy. He's all right. He works days and goes to a gym nights. I wouldn't have you hurt him for the world. Besides he is the champion bantam-weight of the Michael P. Larrigan Association."

"I bet I could lick him," Ernest boasted.

"You do and I'll tell father. I told him what my real name was and how interested I was to hear the beat of the great heart of toil. And I told him that I'd see that his sister got some position in the place. And then I thought it all over and I made up my mind that the best thing for me to do was to quit. So I went in to father, got him to give Joe's sister a chance, resigned my job and came home. And now all I'm wondering is if they'll ever be able to teach that girl how to do my work."

"Mother," Phoebe said that day at lunch, "I don't think that a girl who has a good home and doesn't have to support herself should take the bread out of the mouth of a poor girl who does—do you?"

"No," was all Mrs. Martin said. But the question explained much to her.

Mrs. Martin went out early in the afternoon. On her return, she peeped into her daughter's room. Phoebe, wearing a long, rose-figured, blue-banded kimono, sat, one foot buried under her, in the midst of a pile of couch-cushions. From the cover of her book, a female of a winning blonde pulchritude smiled archly at the world at large. Mrs. Martin recognized* one of the month's best sellers.

Later, Mrs. Martin heard Phoebe at the telephone. "Is that you, Tug? I was just thinking how I'd like to go out canoeing this afternoon. Mr. Witherspoon *engaged!* My goodness! An heiress. He has money, too, hasn't he? Oh, he hasn't. Oh, I see—if somebody had made the right will. Well, I'm sure I congratulate him with all my heart. All right—at four. I'll be ready."

Mrs. Martin sighed a long sigh of relief.

The zeit-geist had finished with Phoebe.

"What next I wonder?" Mrs. Martin said to Mr. Martin.

"She certainly had a very refining influence on that tough office-boy, Mullaney," Mr. Martin said to Mrs. Martin.

"Gee, but I'd like to have given that office-boy his!" Ernest said to himself.

"Say, don't get another bug like that for a while, will you?" Tug Warburton said to Phoebe.

THE SPIRITUAL UNREST

The Faith of the Unchurched

By RAY STANNARD BAKER

Author of "Following the Color Line," etc.

Illustrated with Portraits and Photographs

I WAS surprised, not long ago, when I asked one of the foremost church laymen in New York City what, in his opinion, was the trouble with the churches, why the churches were losing ground, to hear this reason advanced:

"Money. We can't get money."

By this, he said, he did not, of course, mean to imply that money in itself would make a church successful or the lack of it would necessarily mean failure.

"But money giving," he explained, "that is, spontaneous money giving, is the surest evidence of vital human interest. A man does not voluntarily give his good dollars to a cause unless that cause really stirs him: and we in the churches must face the fact that people are no longer giving to the churches as they once did."

This remark set me to examining somewhat carefully the long lists of bequests and benevolences of the past few years in this country: and I have been astonished to find how completely the great streams of voluntary and spontaneous giving have been diverted from the churches, and from church work generally.

During the past ten or twelve years the almost inconceivably enormous sum of one billion dollars has been given away by Americans for various philanthropic purposes. Of this stupendous sum comparatively little went to the churches.

How Millionaires Give Their Money

Rockefeller, for example, although an exuberant church-member, has given comparatively little money to church work. He has been interested in outside activities, chiefly educational and medical. Mrs. Russell Sage has been distributing her millions not among the churches which have been gradually deserting the poor, but she establishes a great fund for studying methods of improving the conditions of the poor, or she purchases an

island in the Hudson river and dedicates it to the United States government. Carnegie builds libraries which are open not only to Protestants, but to Catholics, Jews, Mohammedans, Negroes. No lines are drawn. Phipps builds model tenements and D. O. Mills model hotels for improving the living conditions of people of small means. Last year Morris K. Jesup died. He was one of the most loyal of Presbyterians, but of his gifts not one-tenth went to church work, while nine-tenths was given to outside activities like the American Museum of Natural History. And Mr. Jesup's proportion for churches was very large compared with that of most givers. Even many Roman Catholics who have left fortunes have contributed not exclusively to the church as they probably would have done twenty or fifty years ago, but have favored all sorts of public causes. A wealthy Roman Catholic woman recently left considerable sums of money to Jewish institutions!

Not only the dollars of the rich but the pennies of the poor have been diverted in large measure from the church. No one can study even cursorily the Socialist movement, the trade-union movement, the spread of fraternal and mutual benefit societies, without being impressed with the great sums (in the aggregate) which are being given yearly to maintain these movements. Almost the only church activity in which I have found any considerable growth or spontaneity of giving is the Christian Science movement.

Business Methods of the Churches

And at the same time that money is being so readily and so generously bestowed upon all manner of outside activities, the churches are having to devise complicated and organized methods of getting money from people. Churches are to-day advertised like business enterprises; several books have been written on church advertising and promotion which re-

veal the most adroit business methods of attracting people. In New York I saw really impressive systems of card-catalogues and other business devices among the churches for keeping in touch with contributors. A formidable number of publications and speakers are constantly at work stirring up enthusiasm, urging people to contribute money. More and more either the Bishop, the clergyman, or some member of the board of trustees must be an energetic business man. More and more large churches are seeking the safe haven of endowments; they fear the future.

Notwithstanding all these activities, however, many, if not most churches in this country, and several whole denominations, are scarcely able to hold their own. There is a cry of underpaid clergy and ill-supported work. More and more it has been found necessary to take a larger proportion of the money given to the church to pay maintenance expenses—thus cutting down the proportion appropriated for benevolences.

These are no hasty or sweeping generalizations. Examine for a series of years the reports of almost any church or denomination in this country which gives adequate financial statistics (many churches are discreetly silent on the subject) and it will be found that, although the country has been increasing enormously in wealth, the contributions to the churches have either actually fallen away or else have crept forward at snail's pace. It will also be found that most churches are using more in proportion of the money collected on themselves, less on benevolences. Here are statistics of gifts for a twelve year period of four great denominations (from Strong's "Social Progress").

	Benevolences Per capita		Home Expenses Per capita	
	1893	1905	1893	1905
Baptist, regular	\$1.15	\$0.65	\$2.06	\$3.01
Congregational	4.88	3.24	13.16	13.54
Methodist Episcopal85	1.04	5.62	6.21
Presbyterian	5.14	4.71	12.52	12.35

In all the denominations named except the Methodist, the benevolences decreased in the twelve years between 1893 and 1905. Even giving for home expenses decreased in two of the four denominations, and all this in the face of the fact that 1893 was a panic year and that since then the wealth of the country has enormously increased. If it were not for the fact that many of the large city churches, of which Trinity in New York is the best type, have a steady income from endowments, they would have still more difficult problems to meet.

No, people are no longer giving to the

churches as they once did, and it is this, more than anything else, perhaps, which, deep down at the bottom, is causing profound concern among church leaders. When money begins to turn aside, institutions tremble.

These facts are of the profoundest significance. Whatever may be one's opinion of the tendencies shown, or of the new movements which are attracting such generous support, at least the activities outside of the church must be well reckoned with. Do they mean that there is more of the light of faith and the heat of vital activity outside of the church than inside? Are the new enthusiasms worthy? Are they religious or irreligious? In short, what do they all mean?

Two general lines of growth or experiment are clearly distinguishable. The first is toward new expressions of religious belief; the second is toward new forms of social and ethical activity. In other words, men are seeking first, new definitions of their relationships toward God; second, new expressions of their duties toward their fellow men.

A Time of Restless Inquiry

Modernism among the Roman Catholics, the Reform Movement among the Jews, the "higher criticism" in all the churches, have been tearing down old structures of belief and tentatively offering new. Strange experiments are everywhere being tried—experiments such as Christian Science, Emmanuelism, Theosophy, the "Holy Ghosts," the Milleniumites. Various oriental and exotic cults, transplanted upon our hardy soil, find many to water and care for them. It is a time of troubled and restless inquiry. Escaping from the churches, how the religious principle, as Carlyle once said, "either lies unseen in the hearts of good men, looking and longing and silently working toward some new revelation, or else wanders homeless over the world, like a disembodied soul seeking its terrestrial organization."

Not only is the religious principle seeking new definitions of belief, but it also appears working unnamed, almost undefined, in a thousand activities of our common life. It is characteristic of a practical, vital, nervous, age like ours that men should occupy the time while they are waiting for the New Theology in expressing their growing idealism in a bewildering and apparently unconnected series of experiments in the Brotherhood of Men. For we cannot have the New Theology until we begin to practice the New Brotherhood of Men.



DR. JOHN LOVEJOY ELLIOTT

HEADWORKER OF HUDSON GUILD OF NEW YORK

Institutions like Hudson Guild are approaching the idea of the old cathedrals, in that they are becoming the "common houses," the "lay churches," of our modern cities

One group of activities like the Christian Endeavor Society, the Epworth League, the Brotherhood movement and the Y. M. C. A. are still largely religious and adhere more or less closely to the churches; but it is significant that the organizations which are now growing fastest and seem most prosperous, like the Y. M. C. A., have departed furthest from Church influence and place the chief emphasis not on distinctly religious work, but on social and educational activities and physical training. Even the Salvation Army, beginning as an emotional religious revival, has become a great agency for providing employment, lodgings and food for poor people. Its Christmas dinners and its lodging houses are perhaps more noteworthy now than its religious activities.

But the greater group of practical activities to which I have referred has wholly departed from Church influence and is not even outspokenly religious. Among the chief of these unchurched activities I should class the social settlement movement, hospital extension, municipal and political reform, and many of the newer forms of charity and education. All these movements represent the faith, however groping, however unconscious, of the unchurched or of those who though still nominally connected with the churches, find the most satisfactory avenues for the expression of their religious idealism in organizations outside of the churches.

The Story of Hudson Guild

Perhaps I can best convey what I mean by the "faith of the unchurched" by a concrete example of an expression of this faith. I want to tell here of the work of the Hudson Guild of New York City.

Dr. John Lovejoy Elliott, the organizer and leader of the Hudson Guild movement, has been for many years associated with Dr. Felix Adler of the Ethical Culture Society. A man of the broadest and kindest human sympathies he wished to see the principles he taught in the Ethical Culture school worked out in the hard laboratory of everyday life. He chose one of the most difficult fields in the city, the tenement district of the west side of Manhattan Island, and there he has lived for nearly fifteen years.

During the past quarter century the social settlement movement has been the direct reverse of the church movement. While the tendency of the churches, especially the Protestant churches, has been to fly from the tenements, the social settlements have taken

root among the poorest of the poor without regard to religious belief. And while the church has lost ground both in attendance and influence, the social settlements have flourished marvelously. Though the movement is scarcely twenty-five years old, there are to-day in New York City about seventy-five social settlements, with hundreds of residents and workers. Some of them are provided with costly buildings and are doing an extraordinary work. The influence of leaders like Miss Wald of the Nurses' Settlement, Gaylord S. White, Miss Williams, Mrs. Simkhovitch and many others upon the life of the city has been noteworthy. In Chicago Miss Addams has been called the "most useful citizen." It can be said with truth that the only Protestant churches to-day in the poorer parts of the city of New York which are enjoying any success at all are winning it because they have adopted in greater or less degree the settlement idea.

What is the idea of the social settler? It is primarily to give himself in service; to live among the people, to know them and touch them intimately, and to help them without trying to teach any specific religious doctrine.

For a number of years settlement work consisted merely of living among and getting acquainted with the "other half," with a resulting spread of information concerning the "under half" among the "upper half." I need scarcely call attention to the extraordinary spread of knowledge which has come to us during the past dozen years of the life of the tenements, of the ways and needs of the foreign emigrant, of sweat shops and child labor, of corrupt politics in its relationships to the poor. Much of this knowledge was the outcome of the humble desire of devoted men and women not to proselyte their neighbors, but to know them and to serve them.

That was the first stage. Upon it and out of it is slowly forming a wonderful new movement, chaotic and dim as yet in the further reaches of its vision, but every month becoming surer of itself. It may be seen developing in Chicago in the work of Miss Addams, Professor Taylor, Miss McDowell, Jenkin Lloyd Jones and others, and in New York in the activities of many of the settlements. I describe here the work of Hudson Guild because in some ways it seems to have articulated itself more clearly than any other I have seen.

No leadership is genuine unless based upon thorough knowledge and complete sympathy. Tammany Hall has been so long and so vio-

lently attacked for its evil deeds that many people have lost the significance of its long continued survival and its repeated victories. Tammany Hall has succeeded because its leaders knew the people and sympathized with them. It knew how to direct that instinct of men — which is pretty nearly the deepest instinct of all — of association — the “gang spirit” if you will. It did not matter that the Tammany leadership was evil as looked at from above, for it appeared to be human and helpful, as looked at from below.

But in recent years the social settler has come to know the “other half” as well as Tammany Hall—better, indeed, for its knowledge is the outgrowth of unselfish sympathy. Having thus come to understand the people, leadership was sure to follow. And that leadership, inspired with a fine and sturdy idealism, is now making itself felt. It is the beginning of a new and wonderful era in our life.

How Dr. Elliott began His Work

When Dr. Elliott began his work fourteen years ago he did exactly what Tammany does: he organized a club of boys and young men. He has the sort of genius that the Tammany Hall politicians possess—a genius for being friendly and helpful, a genius for inspiring and directing association among men.

Out of that first club grew other clubs, first with rented quarters and no especial work to do outside of the ordinary social and semi-literary activities which occupied so exclusively the attention of the earlier settlement workers. The leader had to feel his way, gain knowledge of people and conditions,

learn how to make his followers act from motives of social helpfulness rather than from motives of immediate selfish aggrandizement. He must make his followers see further than the immediate job, or the immediate favor which Tammany offered. Yet he must begin,

humbly enough, not with what he wants, but with what the people want — daily job and evening amusement, and out of those common things he must build up higher wants and inspire better desires.

Two years ago the work had grown so promising that a fine brick building, five stories high, was constructed in West Twenty-seventh Street in the midst of a swarming population of Irish-Americans, Italians and Jews. While the larger part of the money for the building was supplied by well-to-do people uptown who were interested through Dr.



Hudson Guild

It is difficult to attract grown men either to churches or settlements. Hudson Guild is full of men

Elliott in the work, it is significant that several thousand dollars was contributed directly by the people of the neighborhood who had become interested in the clubs. I know of no other case where the working people of a neighborhood have contributed any considerable sum of money to such a building.

Three things attracted me especially when I first visited Hudson Guild. The first was its masculine cast. It is difficult to attract grown men either to churches or settlements. Hudson Guild is full of men. From that fact I knew there must be something going on that was vitally worth doing. The second thing that impressed me was the resemblance of the Guild to an ordinary uptown club. With its meeting rooms, its baths, its gymnasium, its library, its music, it had the air of free association of a real club. The third thing that

impressed me was the fact that the Guild seemed to be running itself. The first afternoon I went there I found plenty of young men and boys, besides a roomful of girls, but no "leaders" or "workers" except the librarian. Later I discovered the workers, but, compared with many settlements, they are few in numbers.

A Guild that Runs Itself

I soon discovered that not only does the Guild give an appearance of running itself, but that it really *does* run itself. That is the marvel of it. The one essential purpose of education is to set an individual to going from within; to start his machinery so that he will run himself.

The same end must be sought with institutions: an institution is never really successful until it goes of itself, impelled by the life within. No matter how joltingly it operates, no matter how painful the noise it makes, if it really runs, from within, there is something creative, something immortal about it.

Hudson Guild runs itself—joltingly yet, with a push now and then from a helpful hand, but it really runs. Over fifty different clubs and other organizations now find the center of their social life at the Guild. All of them are made up exclusively of working people of the Chelsea district, largely Irish-Americans, with some Italians and Jews. Each of these clubs is an independent, self-governing body, which elects delegates to a general or federal council—a sort of congress which meets once a month. I attended one of the meetings. About sixty delegates were present, half men and boys, and half women and girls. This council conducts the business of the Guild—*really* conducts it, because it has to pay a large part of the running expenses of the work. Each club pays a regular tax or rental into the common treasury, amounting last year to over \$1,800—a good deal of money for such a group of working people. Out of this sum the council pays for lighting, heating, repairs and janitor service of the building. All of the details of management are in the hands of a house committee elected by the council. The chairman of this house committee at present is Wm. T. Farrell, a bricklayer by trade, who has been identified with the clubs of the Guild since he was a boy. He is on hand nearly every evening, and both he and all other members of the council committees, though their duties require a good deal of time and attention, serve wholly with-

out compensation. It is a real thing with them, in which they are vitally interested.

The Council also has charge of assignments of rooms to the various clubs, it dictates what entertainments shall be given and at what times, decides disputes between clubs and directs in large measure the sort of educational work to be undertaken.

A single club belonging to the Council, the Athletic Association, has 800 members. This organization not only pays its rentals but has largely outfitted the gymnasium, paid the operating expenses, and financed the baseball and track teams from its own treasury.

When people have to pay for things they look after them: therefore the Guild efficiently safeguards itself—like any club. If property is injured the members know that they will have to pay for it. Dr. Elliott tells how the house committee has reprimanded him more than once for leaving his electric lights burning.

Dr. Elliott, of course, is the leader and headworker and yet he submits himself to the rules of the Guild. Under the constitution he may even be impeached. Here is the section:

Sec. 2.—The Council may at any time by a two-thirds vote impeach the Headworker and it shall be the duty of the president of the Council to announce to the Council the next regular meeting of the Board of Trustees, when delegates shall be appointed to lay the matter at issue between the Council and the Headworker before the Board of Trustees.

"The best thing that we can do for self-government," says Dr. Elliott, "is not to interfere with it too much."

A great variety of activities is constantly under way at the Guild, Dr. Elliott's idea being that moral education comes through activity, that the way to displace evil activities is by encouraging better activities.

The clubs of the Guild are therefore constantly organizing and conducting dances, giving plays, festivals and smokers, organizing track and field sports, supporting strong baseball and basket ball teams. More than this, the Guild aims to help fit its members for better work: it has classes for those who wish to enter the civil service, and carpentry and cooking classes. A print-shop not only trains boys in the printing art and does all the printing for the Guild, including the publication of a monthly newspaper, but enough outside pay work has been secured to meet nearly all of its running expenses. One of the enterprises of the Guild is a bank which receives deposits and pays interest to the members. One of

the young clubmen, a bookkeeper by occupation, is the chosen banker.

Of course not all of the work by any means is voluntary. The Guild, like social settlements generally, has a number of paid workers, paid by a group of people uptown who have long been interested in the work. One of Dr. Elliott's assistants is John Splain, who was a boy of the neighborhood, trained in the first club organized by Dr. Elliott. He learned the printer's trade, but finally gave up a good position to come with Dr. Elliott. His mother desired him to be a priest; now she contents herself with saying that "he is doing the work of a priest without taking orders." Born in the neighborhood, married there, and living there, his knowledge of the people make him a valuable helper. Other workers include Mrs. Hohoff, district visitor; Miss Wolff, chairman of the district committee, and Miss West-

cott, who is connected with the women's and girls' clubs; Mr. Gleason, who has charge of the gymnasium, four kindergarten teachers, a librarian, a visiting nurse and a master printer.

Dr. Elliott gives close personal attention to the clubs. He and John Splain meet with the clubs, discuss various subjects with them or tell stories which illustrate ethical truths. Story-telling is, indeed, one of the chief methods of instruction which they employ.

Most of the activities so far described are more or less common to many settlements, though none that I know of has reached the degree of self-government, self-direction and

self-support here attained. But the Guild has made a step far in advance of this—a very remarkable new step. Not only is the Guild interested in developing and amusing its own members, but it is animated with a spirit of what may be called neighborhood conscious-

ness. As a center for social activities it is beginning to feel a responsibility for all the life around it.

Inspiring a City Neighborhood

Quite the most interesting thing to me about the Council meeting which I attended was not merely the fact that it was self-governing, but that it was *using its self-governed organization for the benefit of the whole neighborhood*. That is a great step in advance. Let me give some examples of what the Council did on the night I attended its meeting.

A small park has been established by the city upon the block across the street from the Guild.

All the tenements have been torn down and plans have been made for improving the land. The young men of the Guild thought that a running track and other facilities for athletics should be provided in the park, but the park department had demurred. The Council therefore appointed a committee to wait on the proper officials to see if such facilities could not be provided.

Another committee was appointed to work with the citizens' movement against the granting of a franchise to the New York Central Railroad Company to continue its tracks in Eleventh Avenue. At this meeting there was also some talk of the condition of the tenements



JOHN SPLAIN

DR. ELLIOTT'S ASSISTANT AT HUDSON GUILD

A boy of the neighborhood, trained in the first club organized by Dr. Elliott, who has become a leader in the work

Members were urged to make complaints, so that the attention of the board of health or the tenement house department could be called to conditions. One of the members objected that if complaints were made and landlords were forced to improve their buildings that they would raise the rents.

"And," he said, "we are paying all the rent now that we can afford to pay."

In short, they struck down in this discussion, upon fundamental living problems of the neighborhood and of tenement house people.

In another way the Guild is developing a neighborhood consciousness. Patterning after Tammany Hall a

district committee has been formed with a captain in every block. Sometimes this captain is a small storekeeper, sometimes a woman well known in her tenement. These captains keep watch of things generally, report unsanitary tenements, or find cases of tuberculosis or contagion. All this is reported to the Guild and a district visitor is sent out to investigate. Thus the whole neighborhood is coming into touch with the Guild, and an interest in improving the neighborhood is being developed. The work is new yet and feeble, but it lives and grows. In many instances people ill with tuberculosis have been sent away to the sanitarium and all their expenses met by the clubs of the Guild—not as charity but as a sort of neighborhood duty.

Let me give one example. In November, 1907, a member reported that a girl named Alice Smith (not her true name) in one of the tenements was ill with tuberculosis. Two of the oldest clubs of the Guild got together and raised \$50 and sent the girl to the sanitarium at Liberty, N. Y. Afterward they kept in touch with her, assessed themselves regularly, paid all her expenses, and now at the end of two years she is discharged, cured, and is

making her own living. In the week I last visited the Guild two other patients were sent away, the expenses of one being largely met by one of the afternoon boys' clubs.



Girls' Cooking Class at Hudson Guild

Last year the work of the district committee cost \$750 and nearly all of this sum was supplied, not from any outside source, but by the clubs themselves. A basket-ball contest held by the clubs yielded \$110 for the purpose; the Mothers' Club raised \$120, and a collection at one of the men's smokers for a special case brought in \$45.

All this work is most significant. It is a fine thing to help a girl with tuberculosis to freedom from her

disease, it is fine to improve a miserable tenement-house, but it is finer, far finer, to develop the active social and neighborhood spirit which does the work. So much social work at the present time is just work, with no social feeling or social spirit behind it. The war on tuberculosis is not the *end* of social work, but should be rather a *means* for awakening the spirit of democracy among men.

Here will be found the difference between the institutional work of many churches and that of Hudson Guild. In the case of the churches, rich men supply the money, workers are hired and everything is directed from above and from without. This is the reason for the distressing failure of so much of the work of the churches. They are not really willing to trust the people with religion: they have no faith in people. They do not realize that an institution does not exist to dominate people but to serve people. That is the reason why I have made such a point of the fact that Hudson Guild *runs itself* from power generated within itself. It is a tremendous thing when a group of working men and women begin to take pride in their own surroundings, and are willing to contribute their

own money and their own time to improving them. And once started the spirit grows wonderfully. It is like an ever-expanding whirlpool to which the right impetus has been given.

“Nothing So Catching as a Good Act”

“Nothing,” says Dr. Elliott, “is so catching as a good act.”

A great city distracts people, crushes individuals. One of the secrets of the power of old Greece lay in the close association of a limited number of people.

Hudson Guild strives to awaken a neighborhood interest, a neighborhood self-consciousness. The monthly journal of the Guild is called *Chelsea*, Chelsea being the old name of the neighborhood, and it is filled, not with city news, but with news of the people of the neighborhood, the parks of the neighborhood, the ball games of the neighborhood, the dances of the neighborhood—everything to interest the people in the common life and activities of Chelsea.

Hudson Guild is thus genuinely getting hold of and organizing the people. It is a sort of town-hall for the neighborhood. In a former article I quoted Paul Sabatier on the character of the middle age cathedrals. Says M. Sabatier:

“The cathedrals were the lay churches of the thirteenth century. Built by the people for the people, they were originally the true common house of our old cities. Museums, graneries, chambers of commerce, halls of justice, depositories of archives and even labor exchanges, they were all these at once.”

In some degree institutions like Hudson Guild in New York and Hull House in Chicago are approaching the idea of the old cathedrals; in that they are the “common houses” the “lay churches” of our modern cities. They are animated by a catholicity of spirit, a passion for service, and a faith in people which cannot but give one a new confidence in the future of his country.

Hudson Guild is only one example or expression of what I have called the “faith of the unchurched.” Let us look into some

other manifestations of it. For example, what is the attitude of the unchurched organizations as compared with the church organizations, toward some of the great problems of the day?

One of the deepest, most complex, most dangerous of the problems of our times is that of poverty. What shall be done for the millions who live along the poverty line or below, who fill the tenements, who recruit the ranks of the unemployed? For a thousand years—always in fact—

the church has been facing the problem of poverty. Almsgiving has been one of the bulwarks of church work, and so it continues to be to this day. The church has ever been a mediator between rich and poor; asking of the rich to keep the poor from suffering. And always the church has acquiesced in poverty. It has quoted Scripture: “the poor ye have always with you” and it has acted upon that statement by doling out help, here a little, there a little. It has palliated and soothed; the poor have been kept content with the promise that patience in bearing poverty and toil and injustice while other people enjoy unearned wealth and luxury, will win the devout soul the bliss of a distant heaven—after death.

It will be objected that many churches no longer make these promises of a distant heaven, or utter threats of a hell; but it is a significant fact that those churches which promise and threaten least, the Unitarian and Congregational, for example, are thriving least, while those which still promise and threaten most: the Roman Catholics and the Methodists, for example, are best holding their own.

And no one, for an instant, would deny that it has been a great and useful and necessary work to comfort the afflicted and help the poor; nor that the church has been diligent at it. But while the church has continued at the negative work of palliation and promise, many people outside of the churches have had a new vision; they have seen a new light; whole groups of men and women are to-day on fire with the new faith that poverty can be *abolished*, that



Majority Rules
One of the Self-Governing Clubs at Hudson Guild

in a land which produces more than enough to keep every man, woman and child in comfort, it is absurd that millions should suffer from want at one end of the social ladder while thousands should decay with luxury and superfluity at the other end.

Why People are Interested in Socialism

Why are many people interested in Socialism? Because the Socialists have seen this vision; and they have a faith in it that prompts men to work and to sacrifice. I am not arguing that the Socialists are right either in their program or their methods; I am calling attention to the brightness of their vision and the power of the faith which it animates. I have attended meetings of Socialists in New York at which I saw men and women of half a dozen nationalities, three races, and I don't know how many shades of religious belief—but they were all here united in a common faith. While religion still divides men into warring camps, the world is discovering that men's interests, social and otherwise, are identical.

And this vision is by no means confined to the Socialists. Probably there are no more cautious or scientific students of social conditions in New York City than the men behind the Charity Organization Society. They have a broad outlook and sound experience. They know better than any other agency the length and breadth and depth of the problem of poverty and yet while the churches are moving out of the slums, and the ministers express discouragement over the conditions, the Charity Organization Society strikes a high note of faith, and is buckling down to the task of producing results. In the 1907 year book I find these words:

"Belief in the possibility of eliminating poverty had not been formulated in so many words as a working motive in the early years, but methods and projects were tested by their probable power to rescue, and not merely to soothe those who are in danger of lapsing into perpetual pauperism. . . . In recent years the growing conviction that not only professional pauperism but unwholesome poverty as well . . . may be obliterated, has almost come to be a fundamental article of faith."

Can Poverty be Abolished?

"An article of faith"—that, surely, sounds like a religious creed—but in no religious creed will be found a statement of such an abounding faith as this; that poverty in a world

that has always groaned with poverty, can be eliminated! Such an article of faith is like a trumpet call to all that is heroic and poetic in the souls of men.

Another world problem is that of sickness. What shall be done with people who suffer from disease? Jesus healed people; but the modern churches for the most part, have no faith in the healing of the body. They will comfort and pray over the sick, they will mourn with the afflicted, but if anyone suggested that the disease which caused the sickness be abolished, they might be, or might have been a few years ago, astonished, if not shocked.

Not so, however, with many people outside the churches. They have a greater faith. Medical men have declared that the most destructive of all diseases—tuberculosis—can be abolished, and having so expressed their vision, they have straightway begun to transmute faith into works.

One Sunday morning, the sixth of last December, I went to one of the famous downtown churches in New York. It was about half filled with a fine appearing audience; the sermon was a good sermon, a poetic sermon; the minister was an able man; the music was excellent. It was all very respectable and admirable—and dead. Nothing happened; no one expected or wanted anything to happen. People had come to see their neighbors of the same limited class and to be seen by them, and to enjoy a half hour of intellectual stimulation.

A New Faith for Curing Disease

In the afternoon of that same Sunday I went to see the tuberculosis exhibit in the American Museum of Natural History. It was thronged with people; on that day 43,713 persons visited the exhibit—more people, perhaps, than attended all the Protestant churches on Manhattan Island put together. And as I circulated among those throngs—Protestants, Catholics, Jews, rich and poor—and talked with many people—I seemed to feel a great surge of faith in the possibilities of a newer, finer, sweeter life in New York City? Without creed, or doctrine, or church edifice, I felt that here, indeed, was the true spirit of religion. It may have been blind, but it was big, big; and later its blindness will pass away. It was a symbol of a new way of visiting the fatherless and the widows in their affliction. One of the test questions of any true religion is this: "Who is my brother?" and here among a score of elbowing races and nationalities of rich and poor, I caught the grandest of grand answers.

Consider any one of the movements in New York where there is vision and power and faith, where people are living their beliefs,—the child-labor movement, tenement-house reform, the agitation for playgrounds—and rarely has the church played any great part in the work; the church has not felt the new social impulse in religion. It has not been willing to lose its denominational or orthodox life, that it might save its spiritual life. Sometimes the churches have voted "sympathy" with these movements, and sometimes individuals from the churches have been potent in forwarding good causes outside of the church, but they have had to do the work either independently of the church influence or in opposition to it. Tenement-house reform in New York has found its bitterest enemy in Trinity Church. A half century ago slavery was defended by some of the most powerful religious bodies in America. In 1836 the Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church said:

"I draw my warrant from the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament to hold my slaves in bondage. The principle of holding slaves in bondage is recognized by God. When the tardy process of law is too long in redressing our grievances, we at the South have adopted the summary process of Judge Lynch."

In 1843, after a heated discussion, the General Assembly resolved:

"That the Assembly do not think it for the edification of the church for this body to take any action on the subject (of slavery)."

Are the Churches "Apologists for Every Powerful Wrong"?

And to-day the most powerful defenders of the predatory rich have been men like the Rev. Dr. McArthur and Chancellor Day—both churchmen. The churches to-day are just what they were when Wendell Phillips called them the "great apologists for every powerful wrong."

When the problem of municipal corruption arose for solution, the churches, almost without exception, raised no voice, had no faith. Study the reform movements in the cities of America, and it will be found that the regenerative activities have usually been led by men outside of the churches—men inspired with a faith in a God who wanted honest govern-

ment, and well-paved streets, as well as large churches and singing and prayer. Here and there bold churchmen like Dr. Parkhurst or Dr. Peters have led valiant fights, but they have done it because their faith was greater than that of their churches. Here is what Frank Moss, one of the leaders of the reform movement in New York, said to a group of clergymen:

"I call you to witness, friends! Has the Christian Church, has the Hebrew Church, has any church, in these days of vice, in these days of crime that have cursed the city, and from which we hope we have been delivered, in these days of shame and degradation—has any church raised its voice of protest? Has any adequate rallying cry gone out from the churches? When the time came to fight the organized corruption that had seized the governmental powers and stolen young men and women right from the very doors of the church; when the time came for a fight we had to turn to politicians to organize and lead the fight. The church was practically dumb."

Answer of the Churches to Criticisms

To these criticisms church leaders reply that it is not the business of the churches to go into specific reforms, but to inspire men, to deliver the true message of religion, to save souls.

But what happens if men will not come to be inspired? The churches find it notoriously difficult to get audiences, even with all manner of attractions, brilliant preaching, fine music, costly and beautiful architecture. Not even at revivals—in New York, at least—can the churches find an opportunity to deliver their message to waiting and enthusiastic crowds. Souls will not come to be saved.

In short, the new faith of the unchurched is a faith in people, in the coming of the kingdom of heaven on earth. Mankind will always long to be assured about the future life, about the nature of the Divine Being; the mystical element in men is unquenchable; but while the critics are at war over the formulation of belief, the practical man is seeking to express in tangible works that "love of his brother whom he hath seen" without which, as the Book says, "how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"



Brother Milam

By MRS. L. H. HARRIS

Author of "The God-Lonesome Man in Brasstown Valley"

With Illustrations by Gayle Porter Hoskins

PAPPY CORN and the stranger were returning from prayer-meeting at Old Zion Church. Pappy held his hat in one hand and gesticulated with a lighted pipe in the other. He wore a long, beetle-backed coat, and cast a shadow upon the moonlit road like that of a huge cricket walking on its hind legs.

They were discussing the evening service, and more particularly the pastor, as people always did in Brasstown Valley when they had been to "meetin'."

"To be a preacher, mister," Pappy continued, "a man must be something of a saint and a right smart bit of a Pharisee. He has to be good beca'se the Lord has called him, and he is obleeged to be a Pharisee beca'se he must look and act and speak the way folks think a preacher oughter look, act, and speak. Sometimes when I see Brother Milam come into the meetin'-house with that high, Saint John look

on his face, hear him read the openin' hymn with the swingin' measure of a soul fixin' to take her flight to realms above, and then listen to him pray with the air of a man settin' on the very door-step of heaven, I wonder what effect it would have on the congregation if they knowed Milam wa'n't no saint after all, that he reads the hymn that way on purpose to git 'em in a spiritual mood, and that he even thinks beforehand what he'll say in his prayer. Lord, sir, it would spile his ministry! Folks ain't ready to see God face to face, I don't keer what they say. And they want the preacher to help 'em keep a sort of romantic illusion between them and Him. Milam works as hard as a lawyer on his sermons, but they think his gospel comes to him by inspiration on the spot. And nary a sinner would be converted in a revival if they knowed he jest set down on purpose to study out how to move 'em to repentance. They

want to think he is a sort of flamin' sword up thar in the pulpit, nor they don't know how to git religion unless he skeers 'em pretty nigh to death and leaves 'em ha'r-hung and breeze-shaken, so to speak, over the lake of fire and brimstone. And if the saints knowed that Milam don't feel as good as that snow white hair makes him look, that he is jest as cantankerous at home as any out-breakin' sinner, and that he'd ruther go a-fishin' than make pastoral calls on complainin' church members, I reckon the last one of 'em would backslide and call him a hypocrite. But he ain't. He is jest what nature made him in spite of divine grace, subject like—as other men—to what comes and goes. Only, being a preacher, he dassent show it for fear he'll shake somebody's romantic faith in the ministry.

"And this brings me to tell you more about Milam. We air as good friends as a preacher and a natural man can be. We have a right smart toleration for one another. I don't nag him about his little apron-string doctrines, and if I let out a dern or two when I am talking to him, he never flings it up to me—only looks a little pained, as if I'd accidentally jerked his spirit by the tail feathers. But the trouble with Milam is, he is jest good, without any cunnin'. The Lord knowed what he was talkin' about when he 'lowed for us to be wise as serpents, for it takes more chicanery to be a good man than a bad one. You have to learn the one, and t'other comes natural. The only place whar Milam shows wit is in the pulpit, whar no human complications can reach him. The minute he takes his text, looks like he has the advantage of the whole situation. He kin even reach out from thar and tech a human soul in the right place. Once, I recollect, a frisky gal from somewhar out in the world lit, like a bird of paradise, here in the Valley, jest as the revival meetin' started at Old Zion. She herded right in with the young hill billies in the back of the church, and Eve in the gyarden of Eden couldn't have done more harm than that gal, till one night she forgot and begun to sing 'long with the rest of us. Mister, I wish you could 'a' been thar! The human voice never fluted sweeter music. A mockin'-bird outside in the dark heerd it, and I be blamed if he didn't git religion! I been hearin' birds sing ever since I was born, but I never knowed one to shout till that night. He jest flew down on the window-sill, and every time she'd lay back her head and call,

'Oh! Beulah land, sweet Beulah land——'

he'd drap his wings, turn up his bill, and sing

back to her. Then he'd turn his tail around to the audience and do it ag'in.

"Well, sir, you never see sech a time. As I listened I didn't know whether I was drunk or gittin' sanctified. I be gol dern if I didn't feel my wings as plain as if they'd been my legs! Folks stopped singing jest to hear her. And when she sorter come to herself and took notice that she was the only one carryin' the tune, she stopped and blushed like she was ashamed of herself. Then Milam riz up, his long black coat droopin' about his legs like an old he-angel in mournin', and he stretched out his hand toward her, and he sez:

"Brethren and sisters, I don't know whar our young friend comes from, nor who she is, but she has brung us a message from the Lord. Let us kneel and give thanks.'

"After that the gal come every night and stood up by the organ to sing, and as she sung look like the darkness of this present world cleared away and them that was astray knowed ag'in whar the fold was, and they all come home. Even the young hill billies sneaked up to the mourners' bench and set thar wonderin' whether they was tomcats or redeemed spirits, and whether they had mistook a guardian angel for jest a frisky young Eve. They all j'ined the church, too, and with their eyes still fixed in amazement on the gal.

"But Milam wa'n't satisfied. Thar was a terrible sad look on the gal's face sometimes when she was singin', as if she was breakin' her very heart to heaven in the song. So on the last night of the meetin', when the congregation was leavin', Milam stopped her as she was passin' him on the pulpit stairs, and he sez:

"Honey, kin you read your own titles clear?' The pore young thing turned white and jest withered as she stood thar before him. She didn't answer for a little, then she sez: 'Oh, sir, that ain't for me. I ought to 'a' told you before, but I jest couldn't—I ain't fittin' for what I been doin' here. I sing on the stage—but not hymns.' She added that last in a shamed whisper. Then she busted out cryin'.

"I had been scramblin' around lookin' for my hat in the amen corner, and heerd what she said, and I was skeert mighty nigh to d'ath, for you can't tell what kind of fool streak a righteous man will take under them circumstances, and I didn't know but what Milam would light into her for blasphemin' the house of the Lord with her singin'. But he didn't; jest laid his hand on her head and sez:

"Don't cry, honey, I reckon you were predestined to sing somewhar, only don't sing nothin' bad anymore.'

"I won't! I'll never sing another wicked



“‘Don’t cry, honey, I reckon you were predestined to
sing somewhar, only don’t sing nothin’ bad anymore.’”

song,' she answered, looking up quick at him with sech peace in her face as if he had said, 'Go, and sin no more.'

"Well, sir, that was one time when I felt beneath Milam. As we come on home together, I was afeerd to talk to him. But he wa'n't a man to feel his oats. I don't reckon he'd give himself airs if the Lord had set a halo around his head. And the curious thing to me was what he said wa'n't no better'n usual, jest as commonplace. 'Lowed he was afeerd it would rain before mornin', and he hadn't done settin' out his pertater slips. Lord, sir! that man was a plum fool about his own dramatic effects; couldn't hold his note long enough."

They climbed the hill from Brasstown Creek in silence, for Pappy was "short-winded." But at the top he paused, mopped his brow, twisted his old face into a hard, hickory-nut smile, and resumed the subject.

"As I was telling you, Milam could usually hold his own in the pulpit, though he didn't have a grain of sense outside of it. But even thar, I seen him cornered once, and I reckon it was about the only time in his life he ever tried to be smart. That was when he palmed off a funeral sermon on his congregation for a prayer-meetin' talk.

"It come about this way. Old John Baker was the best man in the Valley. He took his Scriptures in earnest and lived up to 'em accordin' to his little pigeon-toed fashion. He was one of them fellows that's always honin' to set and sing his soul away to everlastin' bliss. Wa'n't satisfied with bein' in the body. I ain't got nothin' ag'in' him, but I jest naturally can't b'ar that kind of a person. To me it seems sorter mean for a mortal man to go teeterin' around doin' good deeds jest to git another jewel for his crown in heaven. A fellow kin be a miser, mister, and still lay up all his treasure in heaven. And I'm ag'in' misers, here and hereafter. But Milam thought a sight of Baker, and when the old man took sick and was expected to die, I knowed he was searchin' around in a decent way for material for the funeral sermon. 'Tain't often a preacher gits the chance to turn clean loose and let the glory and ointment of the spirit fly in a funeral sermon. Apt as not the person dead ain't fitten to be the hero of nothin', much less a sacred discourse, and the preacher is between the upper and nether millstone for fear he'll offend heaven or the survivin' relatives. So I didn't blame Milam for wantin' to make the best of this occasion.

"Finally, word come to me that old John couldn't last through the day. I stepped in to let Milam know, and he went right over to the

Baker farm. As he come back by my house he 'lowed to me that the man was goin' fast, and that he aimed to spend the rest of the day flingin' his thoughts together for the funeral.

"Toward sundown I seen him comin'-back with a roll of writin'-paper in his hand. He set down by me on the bench outside my door, and he sez very solemn:

"Brother Corn, I'm feelin' the responsibility of my position upon this occasion. It'll be my privilege to show the life of Brother Baker in all of its sanctity, and my duty to draw lessons from it which will encourage others to live like him, and I want to read you what I have written, and ask you if you think I have made the best of my opportunity.'

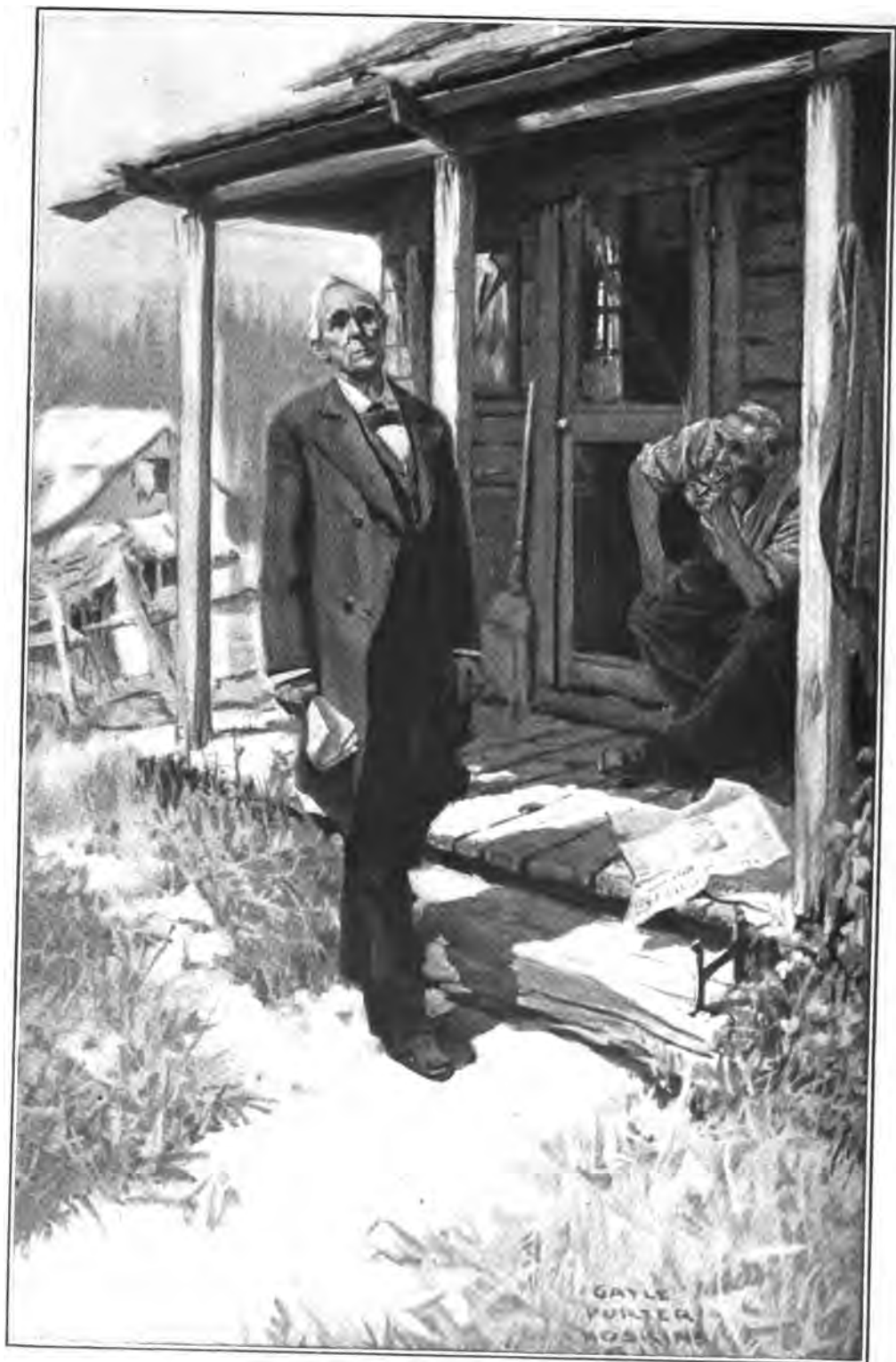
"Twa'n't no use to tell him that thar wa'n't a man in the Valley with an ounce of blood in him which could be induced to be the kind of saint Baker was, so I jest crossed my legs, and give him my attention. Well, sir, I wish you could have heard that elegy! If old Baker had been St. Paul he couldn't have done a better part by him. When he finished I grabbed him by the hand to show my enthusiasm, and I sez:

"It's grand, Milam! If I was you I'd take it over and read it to Baker. It would do him good to know what his pastor thinks of him, and I hear he is a little better this evenin'.

"I give you my word, mister, I didn't mean no harm, but Milam riz, as nigh mad as a good man can git who ain't blessed with a sense of humor. He never said a word, jest turned his back on me and started for the gate. But with the breeze swingin' his long coat-tails back, he reminded me of a wasp when it stings its way across the floor, zizzin' its wings with fury.

"The next day I met him out here in the road, and I couldn't resist the temptation to tell him that Baker had had a good night, and the doctors hoped for the best. On Sunday followin' I heerd one of the Baker gals tell him that her pa was mendin'. 'Twa'n't no use to rub it in, so I dropped the subject. I noticed that Milam attended Baker through his long convalescence with a sort of shamefaced faithfulness, and at last I reckon the whole thing would have passed out of my mind if Milam hadn't clinched it with one of the funniest predicaments I ever see a preacher git in.

"It was prayer-meetin' night at Old Zion, and I know from what happened that he wa'n't expectin' me to be thar, havin' heerd me say I was to be at the Ridge that day—much less was he expectin' Baker, who hadn't been out since his long spell. Nor he didn't see us settin' back in the dark amon corner when he come down the aisle, shakin' hands before services. Then he went up in the pulpit and took one of them gen-



"I give you my word, mister, I didn't mean no harm, but Milam riz, as nigh mad as a good man can git who ain't blessed with a sense of humor."

eral kind of texts that a man can preach any sort of a sermon from, jest so it's the gospel. And he hadn't been talkin' more'n five minutes before I realized that he was preachin' Baker's funeral sermon, with John left out. All his remarks p'inted straight towards the pearly gates. Once he got off on a high strain, which I remembered in the sermon landed him right up ag'in Abraham's bosom with old John's spirit, and the sweat popped out on me, I was so afeerd he'd forgit and say somethin' about 'our dear departed brother.' The congregation looked both skeered and puzzled. They felt the presence of death, but naturally they couldn't locate it. Meanwhile Milam was r'ared back on his dew claws, givin' it to 'em as if the time had come for the Lord to make up his jewels in this Valley. I could see old John dodderin' back thar in the shadows, waggin' his head and teeterin' 'amens.' At last the preacher fetched a surge in his discourse which landed him on the fur side of the grave, and old John was so moved by it that he sorter slapped his hands and hollered, 'Glory! Hallelujah!'

"Well, sir, when Milam heerd that voice and turned his head and seen Baker's thin, old face shinin' at him in accusin' ecstasy, he wouldn't have looked more

guilty if the angels had ketched him stealin' salvation. He stopped, took a drink of water, and brung the service to a close with a bang. Folks gathered around him afterwards, and Missis Mayberry kept shakin' his hand and cryin'. 'Lowed she hadn't been so moved since the time she went to Polly Street's funeral. 'Lowed she didn't know what was the matter with her. By that time old John had tottered up, still lookin' at Milam with that death shine in his old eyes, and he said he didn't know what was the matter with him either; said that sermon made him feel so nigh and creepy close to eternity that he was afeerd to go home by himself, and would Brother Milam mind goin' a piece of the way with him?

"'You better go,' sez I, whisperin' to him behind my hand. "'Tain't often a preacher has the chance to accompany the body back home after the funeral!"

"'Goddle Mighty!' sez he, under his breath, when he seen that he was hemmed in, so to speak, betwixt me and Baker.

"Yes, sir," continued Pappy after a pause, as he leaned over his gate, "I certainly heerd him use them terms, which shows that a good man will fall back on the sacred vocabulary jest as naturally as any swearin' sinner, if you take him enough by surprise."



The Man of Might

By CALE YOUNG RICE

No moment drooped between his thought and action,
 No morrow died between his dream and deed,
 Within his soul there was no fatal faction
 That could betray him in his hour of need.



"Does it hurt, dear?" she said, and was on her knees by the bed in a second

The Unintroduced Neighbor

By FIELDING BALL

With Illustrations by Walter Jack Duncan

Any one watching keenly the stealthy convergence of human lots sees a slow preparation of effects from one life on another which tells like a calculated irony on the indifference or the frozen stare with which we look at our unIntroduced neighbor. Destiny stands by sarcastic with our *dramatis personæ* folded in her hand.—GEORGE ELIOT.

IT was nine o'clock on the morning of a beautiful winter day. Out in front of the house Crittenden Lee stood talking to a neighbor, his handsome young face glowing with color, his blue eyes looking about contentedly at the sparkling trees and bushes; it was good to be out here in the sunshine, breathing the sweet air; he listened with indulgence to Colonel Dent's somewhat scurrilous stories. In the sitting-room Anne, Crittenden's sister, bent over an old magazine. She had forgotten everything but the story that she was reading; for the time being her dark countenance had lost its habitual

look of sullenness and dissatisfaction; it was alight with sympathetic triumph. In her bedroom lay Crittenden's wife—with death in her heart.

Fourteen days before she could get up! Fourteen days! "How can I stand it? How can I stand it?" she whispered; and the tears rolled down her pale cheeks. She wiped them away with the corner of the sheet. She had asked Anne to bring her a handkerchief a while ago; but Anne had paid no attention to the request. The nurse who had been with Mildred when her baby was born had been obliged to leave three days later; no other

nurse could be got in the little village; so Crittenden's sister had been brought from the farm to stay with Mildred until she got strong. She had come unwillingly, not daring to refuse; she hated Mildred, as did all of Crittenden's people. They had not wanted Crittenden to marry; they had needed every cent that he earned to supplement the scanty living got from their poor little farm. Anne was careful not to show her true feelings when Crittenden was in the house; but Crittenden was in the house comparatively little of the time. When he was not there Anne did not lift a finger for Mildred except in response to a definite request. Then she was often rough and impatient, setting down with a bang the hot water which Mildred wanted, jerking the bedclothes into place with angry violence; at other times she came promptly to do what Mildred asked, but with a sneer on her face, a drawing sarcastic comment; still again she gave no sign that she had heard Mildred's call, but sat and rocked and hummed in apparent obliviousness. And so it happened that Mildred only asked for the things that were imperatively necessary, and for them only after a resolute stiffening of herself for the ordeal.

She looked around the room now with desperate eyes. In one corner was a bunch of withered roses; their sickening smell came to her as she lay there. Her dressing-table, which she kept so exquisitely neat, was all in disorder: there was a great brown stain on its ruffled white spread; it was cluttered up with glasses, orange peel, soiled towels. Anne had fastened a comforter at one of the windows yesterday to keep out the cold; it was half down now; it had an indescribably shiftless look as it hung there. Mildred's eyes returned to it again and again. Once or twice her hands went restlessly to her hair. It was beautiful hair; but it was now in a neglected tangle. Finally, with a deep sigh, she turned to look at the fuzzy little head on the pillow by hers; she kissed her baby's tiny hand with a sudden tenderness. For her sake she must be strong. For her sake she must be patient. She turned resolutely away from the disorderly room, and bent her gaze on the tiny triangle of window not frosted over. Through it she could see a bit of the village street—in the distance Judge Bennett's big house, with the shrubbery about it whitened with frost-flow-ers. As she looked, Mrs. Errol, Judge Bennett's half-sister, came out of the front door. Mildred watched her slow progress down the street with vague interest. Anne, glancing idly up from her magazine, caught sight of

Mrs. Errol's flaming veil, and peered out of the window curiously. Colonel Dent stopped in the middle of a story, and stood with his eyes fixed on Mrs. Errol, a smile of mockery on his face; and Crittenden, too, turned a grave, impersonal look upon her as she advanced slowly toward them.

She was a bizarre figure on the sober village street. The hat that she wore was huge in size, and had on it a most astonishing display of feathers—not five or six, but fully a dozen long ostrich plumes, spreading in all directions. About this hat was twisted a voluminous scarlet veil; beneath Mrs. Errol's skirt, held carefully out of the snow, was visible the ruffle of a silk underskirt, of the same blazing red, and feet encased in extravagantly high-heeled, pointed shoes. Her hips and waist, plainly defined by her close-fitting brown dress, had the lines and curves of a corset-maker's advertisement; something about her stiff walk suggested at what effort the resemblance had been acquired. Her dark hair was fastened in a girlish knot low on her neck, and frizzed out on all sides of her face in an enormous pompadour. She had about her an air of overweening pride; she bowed graciously, but with marked condescension, to an old woman plodding along in the opposite direction. The old woman returned the greeting with expressionless face; but there was scorn and mockery in her heart. She knew that Mrs. Errol's silk underskirt, whose ruffle still made such a brave showing, was in rags above the ruffle—that it had to be mended after each time that it was worn; she knew that under that showy gown Mrs. Errol was still wearing her thin summer muslins—because she had no money to buy anything warmer; she knew that the color in Mrs. Errol's cheeks, and the hair on her head, were both false; and that when that massive pompadour had got a little askew one morning, Mattie, the maid, had seen a bit of close-shaven hair, quite gray. She knew that Mrs. Errol was no better than a beggar; that all that kept her in this little town was the fact that she had not yet succeeded in screwing out of her brother the money to take her back to Paris; and that she had terrible fits of rage and gloom over it.

All this Judge Bennett's servants had found out; they hated Mrs. Errol, and her despotic rule; and they had spied, and listened, and compared notes—and had told freely what they had discovered; and their stories had gone from house to house of the little town, till the drug clerk who sold Mrs. Errol her face cream, the butcher who cut off her steak,

the very child to whom she gave a penny on the street, knew every detail of her poverty, all the flimsiness of her pretensions, knew even that she had no right to the name that she went by—that it was one that she had assumed when she decided to study to be an opera-singer, thinking Rosamund Errol more romantic than Abbietta Beers. All this Colonel Dent knew, and watched her with a suggestion of his knowledge on his sly, sneering face. Crittenden knew it; and Anne, gazing out with scornful attentiveness; and Mildred, looking with weary eyes through her peephole into the outer world.

"Still here!" Colonel Dent said, in an undertone, as Mrs. Errol approached. "She overshot the mark with Bennett; she's made him so confoundedly comfortable—has run his house so well—that he'd like now to have her settle down and stay here—which doesn't suit the lady at all! He'd be perfectly willing to give her money for lip-salves and corset-strings—but with her it's five thousand dollars or nothing!"

Mrs. Errol included Colonel Dent and Crittenden in one gracious bow. Colonel Dent raised his hat with mocking extravagance; Crittenden's smooth young face took on a sudden reserve. She stopped and spoke to him, apparently not noticing it.

"How is Mrs. Lee?" she asked, somewhat effusively. "I'm dying to see that baby! Mrs. Lee herself is just like a doll, with her fluffy hair, and lovely big brown eyes—I can imagine how sweet she looks with a doll of a baby in her arms!" She looked at Crittenden expectantly.

"Mrs. Lee is not receiving callers as yet," Crittenden said, very politely, very firmly.

"Oh, no! But I'm a neighbor, you see—she'll make an exception of me, surely!" Her smile was ingratiating.

"I fear that we can make no exceptions." Crittenden's tone was pleasant; but there was absolute finality about his manner.

"Not even if I come with a present in my hands—a nice little pudding that I've made all myself?" She was persistent.

Crittenden met her appealing glance gravely, immovably; and she went on, with a hint of real color coming up under the false.

"Lord! What nerve the woman has! And what a tough hide!" Colonel Dent commented, looking after her curiously. "Mildred has given Mrs. Errol every chance in the world to see how she felt toward her—and now she gets off that gush about Mildred, and talks about Mildred's making an exception of her! Why, Mildred's fought shy of her from the

very start—she held off when all the rest of the women in town were running after Mrs. Errol. They don't like to be reminded of it these days, but they did run after her, every one of them; when she first came, it was 'Mrs. Errol, Mrs. Errol,' everywhere you went. But Mildred never cottoned to her, somehow. . . . The woman has made up her mind to get on the right side of you—that's plain to be seen. She undoubtedly thinks that she can work you for something. I'd like to know just what was in the back of her head."

Anne, gazing from the sitting-room window, was expressing a similar opinion. "I wonder what she thinks she can get out of Crittenden—something, evidently!" she said aloud, looking after Mrs. Errol with a little yawn and stretch. "How she walks!"

She stood there for a minute, then turned and began to clear off the table in a languid, slipshod way. Mildred, hearing the clatter of the dishes, and knowing that Anne must have put down her story, took courage to ask her if she did not think that it was time to give the baby something to eat. Anne said yes, and that she would also bathe and dress it while she was at it; and forthwith lifted it in her arms, with various little clucking noises, and carried it to the warm kitchen. When she brought it back three-quarters of an hour later and laid it on the bed, not ungently, Mildred moved to kiss its pink cheek. Then she exclaimed sharply:

"Anne! You've been giving the baby soothing-syrup again!"

Anne fixed an insolent gaze on her.

"Just a drop," she said carelessly.

"But I told you that I did not want you to give her any more!" Mildred's delicate blonde face looked very set and grim. "Didn't you remember?"

"Yes, I remembered," Anne drawled. "You have such queer notions about things. Soothing-syrup never hurt a baby yet, if you didn't give it too much. Mother brought all of us up on it, Crittenden included; and I can't see that we're not every bit as well off as people who were brought up without it."

"I don't want you to give the baby one drop more," Mildred said, imperiously. "That is final!"

"So long as I'm taking care of your baby, I'll give it what I please," Anne replied, in a voice not at all loud, but full of passion. "That is final, too."

She turned abruptly and left the room, humming the tune that she always hummed when she was very angry.

Mildred drew the baby to her and lay there



She was a bizarre figure on the sober village street

with closed eyes, trying to think of what it would be like when spring came, and she could wheel the baby up to West's orchard, and fill her little hands with the big pale purple violets that grew in one corner of it. By and by she fell into an uneasy sleep.

She was awaked by a roaring sound, a feeling of insufferable dryness and heat. She roused herself dizzily. The fire in the little sheet-iron stove had blazed up, was burning furiously. One side of the stove was red-hot.

"Anne!" she called.

There was no answer.

She piled the bedclothes about the baby to shield it from the fiery air.

"Anne!" she called again. "Anne! Anne! ANNE!"

The stove got redder and redder; the roaring sound, as the flames went surging up the chimney, grew steadily louder. The wood baseboard near the stove began to smoke; the pungent smell of the varnish filled the room. The heat became so intense, that her whole body became suffused with perspiration. Again Mildred called Anne desperately—listened for an answer—called again. Finally she staggered to her feet—seized the poker—opened the stove door—then crawled back into bed, faint and trembling.

It took but a little while for the stove to cool off. The fire died down, went out; when Anne came in, half an hour later, the stove was black and cold, and Mildred was lying shivering, with the covers drawn up to her chin.

"Anne," she said, "the fire came up while

you were gone, and I got wet through with perspiration. Now I'm all chilled. I'm afraid that you'll have to get me a dry nightgown, Anne."

Anne approached with a somewhat concerned face.

"I ran down to the corner to get some butter, and to save my life I couldn't get away from that grocer—I never saw a man so fond of the sound of his own voice! I've got to hurry up and get Crittenden's dinner now, Mildred; but I'll put an iron on, and right after dinner I'll iron you out a nightgown." She brought several extra comforters, and piled them over Mildred. "I guess you'll be all right now!"

Mildred lay with her eyes on the clock, waiting for Crittenden's coming. She did not know what he would do when he came, why she wanted him so; but her sick soul turned to him as her only refuge. Finally she heard the sound of his steps, the click of the gate, his hand on the knob of the front door; and she brushed back the hair from her face, and straightened up with a certain trembling eagerness.

"How good the cornbread smells!" he called out pleasantly as he came in. Then—why, he had passed the door of her room—was going out into the kitchen! A minute later she heard the kitchen door open, and shut again; then, after a considerable space of time she heard a low rumbling sound. Crittenden was filling the wood-box, talking to Anne the while. . . . When he finally came to the door of his wife's room, Mildred

was lying very still, gazing at the wall with wide eyes. He asked her if she was awake—when she answered, stumbled in.

"It's awfully close in here," he said. "But I suppose that it wouldn't be safe to open a window."

Mildred did not answer.

He made his way to the baby's side, and kissed one tiny hand; then he began to talk with a certain forced cheerfulness about a piece of land that he had bought that day, and of how it would undoubtedly rise in value every year, till by the time their girl was old enough to go to college they could sell it and have the money with which to send her. He told of several funny incidents that had happened that morning; he had carefully stored them up in his mind with the hope that they would amuse Mildred; his account of them had the same lack of spontaneous gaiety that had characterized his earlier conversation. He was unused to a sick-room, unused to sick people; he felt out of place, helpless, depressed, in this silent twilight, with Mildred so utterly unlike herself—so drained of all mischief, all animation, all sympathy. When he was away from Mildred he could make buoyant plans, build for the future, breathe and talk in the old free way; but here, looking at her changed face, hearing her changed voice, the same chill gloom always seized him. He rose with evident relief when Anne called him to dinner.

After dinner he came again to the door of Mildred's room, and stood there for a short time, listening. "She's asleep," Anne said; and after a moment's hesitation he went on. Anne walked to the gate with him; Mildred could hear their voices, their laughter. There was no sound of Anne's footsteps returning, of her entry into the house. Mildred did not feel in the least lonely. The loneliness had come when Crittenden had passed her door, and had gone into the kitchen. She had listened to his footsteps as he had walked away from the house with as much indifference as if he had been a stranger. As she lay there her feeling of detachment grew upon her. The rebellions, the longings of the morning, died within her. She was nothing, anything—breathing, and yet lifeless. Then suddenly it seemed to her that a great needle, wielded by an enormous hand, pierced her; she felt the thread follow the needle. She lay unresisting; she was only a part of some huge piece of cloth now. Again the needle came—again—again! Soon she had hardly time to take breath between one stitch and the next. She gathered herself together, and pushed the

baby as far away from her as she could, that it might be safe. One, two, three—shorter and shorter the stitches grew! quicker and quicker the needle came! One, two, three! One, two, three! "Not so fast! Not so fast!" she cried. "*Oh, not so fast!*"

It seemed to her that she had suffered for ages, when suddenly she felt warm hands rubbing her—beating back, fighting back, that terrible needle. It came fast; but the hands were everywhere at once, soft, warm, comforting. Suddenly she understood. "Mamma!" she cried, and opened her eyes. It was strange, but her mother had dark hair like Mrs. Errol's, and a scarlet waist like hers. Mildred noted it wonderingly. Still the warm hands rubbed persistently. Mildred closed her eyes—then started up. "You won't go away, will you?" she cried; and her mother answered, "No, I won't go away—I'll stay right here as long as you want me!" After a while, in some strange way, the doctor was there too; and Mildred leaned her head on the shoulder covered by the red waist, and took docilely the medicine that he gave her.

Mrs. Errol came out of Mildred's room at three o'clock to issue orders to the maid from Judge Bennett's into whose charge she had given the baby, and found herself face to face with Anne. As Mrs. Errol had opened the door, she had looked utterly exhausted: her face was a dirty gray; her forehead was wet with perspiration, her hair dripping; the lines about her mouth were as deep and fixed as though graven on stone. But at sign of Anne a sudden change came over her; animation, color, life, came into her face.

"Is there anything that I can do?" Anne asked. She looked pale and a little frightened.

Mrs. Errol smiled.

"Has your magazine palled on you all of a sudden?" she inquired, with silken civility. Then her tone changed. "Anything you can do? *Not one thing!* You've had eight days to do something—and you've sat and read! Haven't I seen you? Haven't I known what was going on? Oh, I know mighty well what she's been through, these eight days, with nobody but you to do anything for her! You wonder how I know, perhaps. Go over to that mirror in the corner, and take a good long look at yourself, and you'll understand! It's written on your face, as plain as can be, what you are—your ugly temper, and your deceitfulness, and your selfishness—they're all there! Go back to your magazines now—I'd cut off my hand before I'd let you cross the threshold

of her room—do the tiniest thing for her, or for the baby! Go back to your magazines—or think up what you'll say to your brother, if you can, after I've shown him some of the things that I carried out of her room—the breakfast that you brought her, the nasty rags that I got out from under the bed, the nightgown that she was wearing! He's going to see the bottle of alcohol that the doctor brought a week ago to rub her with, without one drop gone out of it!—The box of boracic acid with its label never broken! My Lord, girl, haven't you any feelings—any heart? Don't you believe in God? Didn't you know that you weren't fooling Him even if you were fooling Crittenden? Aren't you afraid of the way that He will punish you for this some day?"

Crittenden came at dark. He had driven out into the country that afternoon on business; it was only by accident that Colonel Dent had met Crittenden, as he himself was on his way to his stock-farm, and had told him that the doctor had been sent for in haste that afternoon, and that he had said on leaving the house that Mrs. Lee was much worse.

As Crittenden entered the kitchen door Mrs. Errol was lifting a kettle of water to the stove. He bowed politely.

"Where is my sister?" he asked, after a quick glance around this room and the one adjoining. "Is she with Mrs. Lee?"

"Your sister has gone home," Mrs. Errol said, with a flickering light of mockery across her face for a moment.

"I wonder if you can tell me what is the matter with Mrs. Lee?" Crittenden's tone was scrupulously civil; but distrust and dislike showed in his eyes. His sister's absence—this woman's triumphant possession—what did it mean?

Mrs. Errol's face hardened. "The doctor will be here in an hour—he can tell you," she said rather brusquely. "There is no reason why you shouldn't go into Mrs. Lee's room—speak to her. She's a little light-headed—not delirious, exactly."

Crittenden's first impression, as he entered his wife's room, was of dazzling whiteness and space; for every curtain and cover was fresh and snowy; and the room had been cleared of all unnecessary furniture. Mildred's delicate little face showed flushed and vivid in a waste of immaculate bed-covers. Her eyes were closed; but she was not asleep. As Crittenden stood looking at her, she turned to the maid at the head of the bed with a plaintive question.

"Where has she gone?"

"She'll be back in a minute—she's just gone to put on some water to heat," the maid said soothingly.

Mildred moved restlessly.

"Tell her to come now," she begged. Her brilliant eyes rested indifferently on Crittenden for a moment; his presence evidently meant nothing to her.

Mrs. Errol hurried into the room in answer to the maid's summons. "Does it hurt, dear?" she said, and was on her knees by the bed in a second, rubbing with capable hands. Once Mildred gave a little moan of anguish; and suddenly Mrs. Errol looked up at Crittenden, her face white, her eyes blazing.

"There was no need for this!" she said, with a certain fierceness. "There was no need for this!" And then she fell to rubbing with new energy.

The maid went back to her work of washing the floor with some disinfectant; she worked silently, carefully, frowning with the earnestness of her effort. Mrs. Errol's hands never stopped in their soothing motion; her eyes had the empty look that eyes take on when one's energies are concentrated on something that uses another sense than that of sight. Minutes passed; and Crittenden stood there useless, unregarded, meaningless, of no importance—without place or part in the struggle that they were making for his wife. His pride kept him from turning and leaving the room; but his face paled with the ordeal of staying.

Finally Mrs. Errol, stopping to give the maid directions about her work, glanced up at Crittenden—then asked him pleasantly if he would bring her the kettle of water that she had left heating on the kitchen stove. When he came back with it, she let him wring out cloths for her, one after another. It hurt his tender hands, all unused to such work; he was glad to be hurt. She found a dozen little services for him to do; he did them gratefully—with an utter awkwardness that was suggestive. Mrs. Errol watched him with thoughtful eyes.

After the doctor had come and gone, and Crittenden had finished eating the supper that Mrs. Errol had got for him, Mrs. Errol said to him a part of what was in her mind.

Her voice was quiet, and rather colorless as she began.

"I've heard a great deal about you, Mr. Lee, since I came to Roscoe—about what a fine young man you are—what fine morals you have, what fine manners, what fine ancestors behind you. Now I want to tell you

something. You know Murphy, I suppose—the expressman—black Murphy, who was always fighting, and getting drunk, and making trouble for himself and other people, until a year ago, when he married a little white-livered girl that worked in the post-office, and straightened up? I saw Murphy the other day in the meat-shop. He was buying steak; and I watched him with a good deal of interest, because he so evidently knew what he wanted, and so evidently meant to get it. I never saw anyone more particular, more finicky; I was surprised; he doesn't look like that sort. After he went out the butcher explained. Murphy's wife had pneumonia two months ago; and she's been very slow about getting back her strength. Finally Murphy made up his mind that the trouble was that his wife wasn't getting the right sort of thing to eat. So he started in and learned how to make the broth and gruel and egg-nog, that the doctor said would be good for her; and he won't trust the old woman there at the house to feed them to her; every two hours he manages by some hook or crook to get home, no matter what he's working at, or where he's working. The other day, the butcher said, they heard him tearing past, his horses at a run, and he cursing like mad; something had delayed him, and he was late. Half an hour afterward the delivery-boy took a chicken to Murphy's house; and Murphy was tiptoeing around the kitchen with a big gingham apron tied under his chin, singing 'In the Sweet Bye-and-Bye' under his breath, as peaceful as a lamb." Mrs. Errol stopped, looking at Crittenden very hard and straight. "Mr. Lee," she said, "I don't know how other people would feel about it, but I consider Murphy, ignorant, dirty-mouthed, tobacco-soaked Murphy, more of a man than you!"

"I had a cousin once," she went on, after a minute's silence, "a young girl—who couldn't bear the sight of blood; if anybody hurt themselves, she would run out of the house like one possessed. One day she was taking care of her baby sister, and the baby fell with a bottle in her hand, and it broke—gashed her arm. The girl—Jessie, her name was—screamed to her mother, and went tearing out of the house, and never stopped until she got to the north meadow, a mile and a half away. Now as it

happened, her mother wasn't in the next room, as Jessie supposed, but was down in the cellar, working. When she came upstairs, twenty minutes later, she found her baby propped up against the cellar door; she had known where her mother was, and had tried to get to her—but couldn't. It was too late to do anything for her then. . . . Mr. Lee, it's a poor sort of love that runs away, with its fingers in its ears, at the sight of blood! A poor sort of love! It's a poor sort of love that turns its dearest over to a stranger—for that is all that your sister is to you, Mr. Lee; either you do not know her, or you have found it comfortable to forget what you know about her. It's a poor sort of love that cannot learn, at such a time, to do a woman's work—a nurse's work—a doctor's work—that cannot feel the pain in another's body! I despise you—and yet I pity you; for surely in the weeks to come you will find it hard to forget how you ate, and slept, and walked out in the sunshine, and talked with your neighbors, while she was hungry—uncared for—neglected—in pain—alone!"

On the day when the doctor said that Mildred had taken a turn for the better, and showed a good chance of getting well, Crittenden met Colonel Dent in front of the post-office. Colonel Dent stopped to murmur a warning in Crittenden's ear.

"You'd better ship her, my boy, very soon—the madam! She'll fasten herself on you like a tick, if you don't have a care—will never leave you till she gets that five thousand dollars out of you somehow."

Crittenden's eyes were not pleasant to meet as he answered.

"Mrs. Errol has had that five thousand dollars for a week now—and her trunks have been packed, ready to go."

"What kept her?" Colonel Dent asked, in a dazed fashion.

"Mildred and the baby."

Colonel Dent found it hard to recover. He made an effort in that direction, however. "Have you picked out a name for the baby yet?" he asked. "I've ordered a little ring for her—I'd like to have her name put inside it."

Crittenden smiled, a very cool little smile.

"It's Abbietta," he said.



Woman and the Occupations

By W. I. THOMAS

Author of "The Adventitious Character of Woman," "Eugenics," "Votes for Women," etc.

THE appalling conditions in our competitive industrial system are at first sight almost sufficient to make us doubt the fundamental goodness of human nature and the "integrity of mind." The mind has indeed made the inorganic world and the animal and plant worlds wonderfully and almost completely tributary to the wants of man, and we cannot have too much admiration for the ingenuity it has shown in these fields, but in respect to the welfare and happiness of the totality of society and in the recognition of even the right to live it has shown itself either incompetent or careless to a degree unknown in savagery.

Now I do not for a moment believe that the present social situation is beyond the powers of the mind, or that there is not enough of the milk of human kindness in us to remedy it, nor do I wish here to go into the enumeration of the ills of society. We know that the very rich are colossally rich and that the very poor are terribly poor—some of them so poor and so debauched by their poverty that they rely on the work of their children for their own support and regret the loss of a child not only as a human loss but as an economic misfortune. And we know that the insurance companies are very careful about writing insurance on the lives of children, lest the death of the child should become a temptation to the parent. That these conditions exist is, I believe, universally admitted. I wish to refer to them only incidentally and mainly with a view to determining the states of mind which are behind our present industrial system, what relation woman has to the situation at present, and whether she should attempt to remain out of it or to get into it.

An Error of the Suffragists

The women who are interested in suffrage for their sex, and who have shown themselves keen in utilizing all the arguments in favor of this movement, have grasped at the idea set

forth by anthropologists that the women of early society occupied a prominent place in the political life of those times. And it is certainly true that the women of savage and barbarous societies and even the women of our own historical times have sometimes had a more honorable and functional if not a more romantic position than the women of to-day. But I notice that the women who are using this argument for the advancement of woman's suffrage are ignoring the fact that the women had even a more important relation to the occupational than to the political life of those times. It is true that the women of the Wyandot tribe of Indians constituted four-fifths of the civil council of that tribe, but they had no voice in the military council, and the recognition which they had was due to the fact that about four-fifths of the tribal industries were in their hands, in addition to the main care of the children. Tacitus states that the ancient Germans "consulted their women in all grave matters," but it is also true that in these times the women performed all the labors which built up society, except only the fighting. Before the Roman law had modified the German life, the woman was in possession of all the household goods, and in fact these could be inherited only by women, never by men. In somewhat later times, as we see from a collection of laws called the *Sachsen-spiegel*, the man's goods were his sword, his harness and his horse. As a further concession he had two dishes, a towel, a table-cloth, and a piece of bedding, which had originally been his war-blanket.

Women Were Better Off When They Worked

The women of these times built the houses, cultivated and owned the land, and did the manufacturing, with such assistance as they could get from the men. They created the goods, and men had as yet devised no means of dislodging them from the position of importance to which their labors had elevated

them. No one would wish to restore a state of society where the women bore the whole industrial burden, but it is noticeable that the effect of these varied occupational activities on early women was excellent, both in respect to their character and their social position. They were functional, strong, and normal, and they had a dignity and respect worthy of their work. And it is also significant that wherever women have some definite occupational interests in the society of to-day, they still retain this real dignity and respect, and they retain them nowhere else. In colonial and frontier life, and likewise in the poor and the not-very-rich classes of society in general, woman is still functional and is more likely to be accepted as an individual. The four states in this country where women vote are, in a sense, frontier states. Australia, New Zealand and Tasmania, where women vote, are colonies. It is said that the Boer women of South Africa will be given the suffrage whenever they ask for it. The most pitiful and the most just cry which I have heard from women comes from peasant Russia. The women of the three villages of Tver recently sent a message to the Duma begging that they should have the same rights as the men. "Till now," they said, "even though we were beaten sometimes, still we decided various matters together. . . . Have pity on us, in the name of God! We had formerly the same rulers as our husbands. Now our husbands are going to write the laws for us." These women are not supported by their husbands and they cannot apprehend why they should be ruled by them.

It appears to be a fact, as I have already pointed out, that women have lost their importance in society and their natural character as they have been withdrawn from the real work of society, and they have been particularly and wholly excluded from politics because politics has been and continues to be a continuation of those fighting activities with which women have never had anything to do. And they will regain and maintain their normal position in society in just the proportion that they regain their relation to the activities of society. The glorification of fighting, with its attendant contempt for labor, is one of the worst turns taken in the development of our society. As early as Tacitus the German warrior considered it "a dull and stupid thing to painfully accumulate by the sweat of his brow what might be won with a little blood." And some centuries later we find the sentiment commonly accepted that work was not "honest" in a "gentleman." War was the

gentlemanly occupation—the "great game" it is constantly called in the old literature—and not only the laborer but the scholar, the "clerk" as they called him, was "a thing of naught." This sentiment was also the direct forerunner of that distemper which we call romanticism toward women. The lines of Guido Guinicelli,

Before the gentle heart in Nature's scheme
Love was not, nor the gentle heart ere Love,

express the general sentiment that refined feeling and passion were a monopoly of the aristocracy, and it was demanded that the women of the aristocracy should be as delicate as this sentiment. The true lady was the prize of the true gentleman, and that must remain her only occupation.

But in the meantime our ideas of value have been revolutionized. We now appreciate intelligence more highly than fighting, and creative activity more than "conspicuous leisure," and we have a growing conception of the dignity of labor. In America, particularly, the conception of the value and even the obligation of labor has grown until the son of the rich man is beginning to be ashamed not to work, just as he was formerly ashamed to work. The old feeling has survived only in the tendency to exempt women from labor where this is economically possible, to keep them at any rate as the sign of an aristocratic grade. We are still ashamed of the mention of work in connection with the women for whom we are responsible.

At the same time the spirit of democracy and individualism is not a thing of applicability to men alone. Without any logical design we have been educating our girls as well as our boys, and women are beginning to wish to resume their personality in precisely the same way that "the masses" yearned for this and achieved it. Indeed the well-born or educated women who have so far freed themselves from habit and tradition as to enter the world as individuals, no longer find any serious opposition, and they are succeeding in the arts and professions at least as well as men would succeed if they had been to the same degree deprived of personality and limited in opportunity.

Woman's Factory Work—Their Destruction

But the question of woman's work is no longer one of sentiment alone. Under our individualistic and competitive industrial system men are no longer able to keep their women

or even their children at home. Both Mr. Booth and Mr. Rountree estimate that out of a population of 40,000,000 in Great Britain, 12,000,000 are either under or on the poverty line. The women and even the children are forced to work, because the present organization of society is no longer able to feed them. And just here transpires one of the saddest chapters in human history. The machine which man invented to relieve him of labor and to produce value more rapidly has led to the factory system of industry, and the women and children are forced to follow the work to the factory. The machine is a wonderful expression of man's ingenuity, of his effort to create an artificial workman, to whom no wages have to be paid, but it falls just short of human intelligence. It has no discriminative judgment, no control of the work as a whole. It can only finish the work handed out to it, but it does this with superhuman energy. The manufacturer has, then, to purchase enough intelligence to supplement the machine, and he secures as low a grade of this as the nature of the machine will permit. The child, the immigrant and the woman are frequently adequate to furnish that oversight and judgment necessary to supplement the activity of the machine, and the more ignorant and necessitous the human being the more the profit to the industry. But now comes the ironical and pitiful part. The machine which was invented to save human energy, and which is so great a boon when the individual controls it, is a terrible thing when it controls the individual. Power-driven, it has almost no limit to its speed, and no limit whatever to its endurance, and it has no nerves. When, therefore, under the pressure of business competition the machine is speeded up and the girl operating it is speeded up to its pace, we have finally a situation in which the machine destroys the worker.

Mrs. Kelley says of the sewing trade: "In the best factories the speed of the sewing-machines has been increased so that they set, in 1905, twice as many stitches in a minute as they did in 1899. Machines which formerly carried one needle now carry from two to ten, sewing parallel seams. . . . Thus a girl using one of these machines is now responsible for twice as many stitches at the least and for twenty times as many at the most as in 1899. Some girls are not capable of the sustained speed involved in this improvement, and are no longer eligible for this occupation. Those who continue in the trade are required to feed twice as many garments to the machine as were required five years ago. The strain upon

their eyes is, however, far more than twice what it was before the improvement. In the case of machines carrying multiple needles this is obvious; but it is true of the single needle machines also. It is the duty of the operator to watch the needle so intently as to discern the irregularity caused by a broken thread or broken needle, and to stop the machinery by pressing an electric button before any threads are cut by the broken needle or any stitches of the seam are omitted because of the broken thread. Now when the machine was 2,200 stitches a minute, as was the case in 1899, the writer, whose eyes are unusually keen, could see the needle when the machine was in motion. At the present speed the writer, whose eyes have remained unimpaired, is wholly unable to see the needle, discerning merely the steady gleam of light where it is in motion. To meet this difficulty . . . it is now the custom to suspend an electric light directly above the machine, so that a ray strikes the needle. The strain upon the eyes of the operators is almost intolerable, and a further winnowing out of the women eligible for this occupation follows." When a girl cannot keep the pace she is thrown out. The manufacturer cannot afford to keep a girl at a costly machine when the machine is not producing at a maximum rate. This would be to have a part of his plant lying idle. The manufacturers say: "If a girl cannot earn six dollars a week at machine work, after she has been doing it from six weeks to three months, she is not adapted to the work, and it is better to put another girl at her machine." And on the other hand, a comment frequently made by the girls is: "She got too slow. She couldn't keep up with her machine any longer." It amounts to this, that the girl can earn a living wage, if she is unusually gifted, *until she is worn out.*

Our Treatment of the Factory Girl is Outrageous

It is, I believe, considered good business policy in some cases to work a horse to death, to wear him out fast, and take another. Certainly it would be a good policy to do so if horses had a very trifling value and could be had in unlimited quantities. At any rate it is good business to wear girls out in this way, for the initial outlay in their case is nothing at all, and they can be had in unlimited numbers. Professor James's theory of "getting your second wind," and "tapping unused reservoirs of energy" is doubtless sound psychology, up to the point where he leaves it,

but there is a limit to it, and evidently working under great strain is advantageous only if the strain is relieved by considerable intervals of rest and recuperation. This is the condition under which the artist works preferably, and is the most favorable one for creative work. But the girl paced by the machine has no considerable interval, and is doomed to break down, or to be pushed to a lower economic level. Her only other chance is marriage. The machine is the most effective device for "speeding up," because it puts more strain on the worker than he can put on himself without it, but in all "piece work" the operator is under heavy strain. There are factories in Chicago where the rate of pay per hundred pieces is one cent. Of course, the work passes through many hands, and each operation is simple, but a hundred operations of any kind for one cent is a great deal. A humane employer in Chicago recently looked into the case of a girl who had quit work in his factory, and found that she had been earning ninety-eight cents a week. And machine or no machine, our treatment of the working girl, particularly the factory girl, is scandalously out of harmony not only with our romanticism but with our plain human sentiments. I will not go into the budget which I have before me of a French working girl whose annual wage is \$80, nor refer to the small earnings of the English factory girls whose wage is lower than that in this country, and usually about half that received by men for the same work.

"In Perth and Bungay, for instance, the women put in a bill at the end of each week, worked out on the men's scale. The cashier then divides the total by two, and pays the women accordingly." In London women are still working nineteen hours for one shilling, and shirts are still being made for seven and a half pence per dozen. These distressing conditions are well known, and they are actually a source of great concern to employers.

The employer under the competitive system is as helpless as the operative. He does not profit by the low wages, but the public, the "innocent bystander," gets the benefit. The employer of the girl who had received only ninety-eight cents a week allowed the operatives on a large contract of long standing to run their wages up to \$16 and \$18 a week (they had become so expert in the course of time), with result that another firm bid in the contract, amounting to many thousands of dollars annually.

Admitting, then, that conditions are very

bad in certain of the occupations and that they are particularly and horribly bad for woman, is it wise for her to push out into this world? Is it not rather a world with which she should have nothing to do except to stay out of it or get away from it as fast as possible? Or admitting that certain women are being forced into work and even that they have complicated the industrial situation, should not the women of leisure and social position, who are economically provided for, refrain from entering or meddling?

Woman's Position the Result of Greed and Helpless Ignorance

Well, this is not fundamentally a part of the woman question at all, except to the extent that women have always been subject to exploitation by men, and that they are particularly helpless at present because our traditions and their training make them of little economic worth when they are thrown on the world. A woman has no safe and recognized place in society except as a dependent. But the whole question is broader than woman. When we come to examine society as a whole, and particularly our great industrial centers—the long hours and inadequate pay for both men and women, the sweating system, "unsanitary housing, poisonous sewage, contaminated water, infant mortality, the spread of contagion, adulterated food, impure milk, smoke-laden air, ill-ventilated factories, dangerous occupations, juvenile crime, unwholesome crowding, prostitution and drunkenness"—we must conclude that no one of these conditions stands alone but all are symptoms of a very bad general social situation—that society has not been looked after in these points wisely, affectionately and honestly. This is due partly to greed, partly to helpless ignorance, and partly to sheer neglect of what was no one's particular business.

One of the standard arguments of those who believe in the low and essentially unimprovable mental condition of the savage is that he has no foresight, that he kills the emu chicken when it weighs only three pounds, that he fails to throw back the small fry when fishing, that with him it is either a feast or a famine, and that in general he thoughtlessly depletes his environment. But when we talk in this way we fail to recognize that a sense of thrift, an ability to spare and save, and to postpone an immediate satisfaction for the sake of improved conditions in the future, is one of the hardest and latest lessons learned by the white race, and one only incompletely

learned as yet. How much game have we spared in order to let it grow up? The wanton destruction of game and wholesale denudation of forests in this country represent heedlessness on a scale unexampled among the savages. And while we have learned the lesson of economy in a particularistic and industrial way we have failed to develop the idea that the individual has a social value which we cannot afford to destroy, and that in using up the life of the working girl and in the tolerance of an evil and destructive environment we are playing havoc with our own property. In certain of our great industrial organizations, indeed, the employer is already beginning to recognize that it is bad business to put the employee under an unendurable strain. The engineers on the eighteen-hour trains of the Pennsylvania road between Chicago and New York work only ten days in a month, and only reasonable hours on those days. The operative in this case is a valuable part of a valuable plant, not easily replaced and too precious to be wantonly destroyed or worked out in the shortest possible time.

The Remedy in "Civic Housekeeping"

By taking a temporary and shortsighted advantage of the numerosity, cheapness and helplessness of women and girls we are in fact doing business on a ruinous principle. I do not believe that anyone in the world has a program that would immediately set these matters right, nor that any committee of persons could offhand formulate such a program. The only way is to work point by point, by legislation, sentiment, experiment, education, by the development of good will, and the substitution of simpler standards of living among the more fortunate classes. And I think that even more women than men, entirely uninvited and often unwelcome, have been working for some years at these questions, and they have displayed a wonderful amount of energy, good will, patience and ability. As a matter of fact that occupation or rather that complex of activities which would conserve those interests of society so sadly neglected by politics has been called by Miss Addams "civic housekeeping." She says: "A city is in many respects a great business corporation, but in other respects it is enlarged housekeeping. If American cities have failed in the first, partly because office-holders have carried with them the predatory instinct learned in competitive business, and cannot help 'working a good thing,' when they have an oppor-

tunity, may we not say that city housekeeping has failed partly because women, the traditional housekeepers, have not been consulted as to its multiform activities? The men of the city have been carelessly indifferent to much of this civic housekeeping, as they have always been indifferent to the details of the household."

It is idle, indeed, to speak of the exclusion of women from the occupations. They are entering them from the top and from the bottom. The ill-conditioned are being forced into them and the well-conditioned—those whom men have been educating while deploring the use of their education—are already entering them in considerable numbers at the top. And they are finding new and characteristic ways of giving to society that reserve of affection and nurture which they have heretofore reserved for the child and the home.

In the year 1900 there were more than 5,000,000 women gainfully employed in the United States (as against 23,753,836 men), the rate of increase between 1890 and 1900 of the number of women so employed was much greater than the corresponding increase for the employment of men (for women 32.8 per cent.; for men 21.9 per cent.), and the number of women gainfully employed increased more rapidly in the decade than the female population. So, whether we wish it or not, the old order is already changing rapidly. It is too late to theorize on this point. It means simply that the old idea that all women should live on the activities of men and should limit their own interests to the bearing and rearing of children has gone to pieces.

Man's Treatment of Woman is Vicious

But what of the home? Shall the married woman and the mother undertake anything seriously outside the home? Yes, I think it is psychologically, if not economically, necessary that she should be no exception. Let us for a moment assume that woman's participation in industry and the professions is of no importance from the economic standpoint, that men and machines are capable of producing enough wealth for the family. And let us recognize that from the human standpoint nature has been very unfair to woman, that her life is not a thing of her own but is imperiously demanded by the coming generation, that "bearing the torch of life" is a more important social function than nature has entrusted to any man, and that there is nothing

good enough for woman within the power of man to confer on her. Yet incarceration within the home is the greatest curse that could overtake the nervous system and the mind of woman.

The question is, in fact, fundamentally one of psychology, and from this standpoint there is no doubt that our girls and women are viciously treated, or, let us say, they are in a vicious psychological situation, for nobody bears them any ill will. A principle firmly established in modern psychology is that there can be no high order of intelligence without a preponderating number of voluntary acts. The lower forms of life have no real choice. They have habitual reactions to a somewhat uniform outside world, but the outside world controls them, in the sense that they are *obliged* to respond to *all* stimulations. The moth does not plan to fly into the flame, but it is drawn in as the iron filing is drawn by the magnet. It has no mental machinery and no will to choose or resist—and this we may call the fatalistic stage of animal life. At the other end of the scale, the human mind legislates on all suggestions coming from without. And it is only on this principle of selecting some stimulations and rejecting others, of sitting still and picking and choosing, that you have freedom of action, and a situation in which the individual controls the outside world instead of being controlled by it.

Now it is possible to view the whole of human history from the standpoint of the proportion of willed over unwilled acts, of the preponderance of liberty over authority. The savage is popularly regarded as enjoying a state of freedom and irresponsibility, but it would be possible to show, as it has often been shown, that he is the most unfree person in the world. His obligation to the customs of his society, his magical ideas of what he must do and what he may not do, and his positive horror of departure from the usual are very nearly absolutely binding. He views all non-conformity from the same standpoint of prejudice and habituation from which we view such a matter as carrying food to the mouth with a knife. All of his acts have been socially predetermined for him. With the growth of great states and great religious systems,—with their absolutism, despotism, aristocracy, omniscience, omnipotence, predestination, foreordination, will of god, will of the king, will of the pope, will of the priest, will of the master,—we have the power of choice assumed by a few members of society and negated and paralyzed in the minds of the masses. The most attractive formulation of this practice in

politics was that the best form of government is a wise and benevolent despotism, and that the history of the world is the fulfilling of the will of God. For these views we have substituted others—that the best government is a government of the people, for the people, by the people, and that the history of the world is a record of the mind and will of man. And we have gone so far as revolutions to establish these newer ideals. To man we grant a free personality and a free choice, but to woman we conceded only the status of infancy and tutelage—affectionate but psychologically as vicious as political or ecclesiastical absolutism.

There is a comfortable side to the theory that the wise and beneficent ruler will see that you suffer nothing in this world, on the sole condition of your obedience, and that holy men will mediate for you an eternal bliss on the sole condition of conformity to the will and doctrine of the church, and this sentiment of attaining the good for others, of conferring it on them instead of letting them work it out for themselves, has lived on in our patronage of the poor, of the working man and of woman, even after our formal repudiation of the principle. But this attitude is a slur on the mind, and its persistence in any form is an admission that society has failed to provide conditions within which the mind can freely realize itself.

The Law That the Mind is Not a Private Matter

I hope it is not demanding too much of the attention of the reader to point out also another psychological principle—that the ideally wise and sound choice is one in which all possible alternatives are considered, that any choice, in fact, involves the rejection of all other possible choices which present themselves, and that consequently the most important principle in mental life and the essential to wisdom is to know the conditions of the world as completely as possible. In this sense there is no such thing as a private mind. The mind must be open to all sorts of intrusions from the outside world. There is no possibility of determining beforehand what information may go into the formation of a judgment, and there is the certainty that if full information is absent the judgment will be imperfect. The content of the mind all comes, in fact, from the outside, and the mind must be open to the outside world in all possible ways—in freedom of motion, in freedom of conversation, and in freedom to explore all

territories—even the outlawed territory of sex. It would be possible also to go back to the beginning and show that the grade of mind of any species or organism corresponds with its restricted or free power of exploration. The vegetable which does not move at all has no mind at all. The animal mind, which is closed to all but the simple and monotonous stimulations connected with food and sex, remains a simple and monotonous type of mind. That period of history when the mind was not free to explore certain questions is called the "dark ages." And the period of democracy, which is from the psychological standpoint the period of free mental exploration, is also the period of invention, not alone of the mechanical invention which is so conspicuous, but of such inventions as free public schools, preventive medicine, eugenics, and the evolutionary view of the world.

Nor is the case of illustrious men who have withdrawn themselves from society and worked in seclusion an exception to the law that the mind is not a private matter. The materials of knowledge are so vast and so various that out of mere economy of attention and time we have been compelled to resort to specialization, in which a man is supposed to know "something of everything and everything of something." The specialist is often very ill-informed about things in general, and our schools attempt to anticipate this defect by supplying him with a body of "cultural" materials before allowing him to specialize. But the narrowest specialist is not only filling in his consciousness through experiment, reflection and classification, but he lives in a world of books which are a short cut to the opinions of millions of men. He can virtually converse with any man, living or dead, who has anything of importance to say to him, by resort to the printed page. And it is even an economy of time to do this through books rather than conversation.

Industry Impeded by Woman's Exclusion

And if I should here indicate the steps in the development of human consciousness, which I will refrain from doing, I think it would appear that mental improvement in both the individual and the race as a whole is closely associated with the development of the occupations. The mind is a product of activity, and the occupations are merely a formulation of activities along definite and habitual lines. The mind of man, indeed, is not radically improved, but the intensive and unremitting application of attention by men

to special subjects gives in the aggregate more, and more varied results, than could be had if the attention of all played loosely over the whole field.

The progress of the world is dependent on the emergence of what we call useful ideas, and these ideas almost invariably emerge in connection with the occupations. We cannot control or predict their appearance, we can only increase the number of chances of their appearance by opening the field of competition to the maximum number of minds. Galton has pointed out that if a genius by any chance appears in a community of say 100,000,000 people, the value of his work, of the ideas which he may originate, is out of all proportion to his numerical relation to the whole of the population. Such an idea as electricity sets thousands to work along lines which they would otherwise never have entered, or gives a particular and socially valuable direction to their efforts. And thus the sum of knowledge is built up through those specialized pursuits which we call occupational. To exclude women from the occupations is therefore not only to exclude them from those forms of activity which most stimulate the mind, but to deprive society of the benefits which would follow both from their work and from those ideas which they would thus be put in the way of developing. And if there is any value in that variety of personality which compels men to different fields of interest, it is evident that women differing from men in personality more than men differ from one another, are sure to contribute unanticipated results. Their admission is to increase the probability of the emergence of genius.

Women Need Occupations

But I do not contend that women should go into the occupations so much because the occupations need them, though that is also true, as because of the need women have of the occupations. No one is altogether either male or female. The life of men and women corresponds more than it differs. There is no mental function absent in either sex. The occupations represent modes in which the mind expresses itself. They are the moral field, the field of will, of experience, of practice, and of concrete purpose. In this sense work is not a duty but a right. Society may not only claim service from the individual, but the individual may claim the right to function.

At present the strain on women even in the well-to-do families is intolerable. Their isola-

tion, the triviality of their interests and their dependence on the will of another make them nervous and intensely personal, and merely to relieve the tension, if for nothing else, they should prepare themselves for an occupation which they can practice before marriage, continue to practice if they do not enter marriage, which they may intermit in those intervals when the child is entirely helpless, and which they can resume when the child is adult and departed. Such a preparation would not only overcome their feeling of dependence but would tend to make their choice in marriage more rational. And I do not think the ideals of eugenics can be realized until woman is as free as man in the choice of a mate.

Nor would I give a very definite meaning to the term occupation. There is no possible doubt that the lines containing the occupations will continue to shift and that the participation of women will continue to create new occupations. If the women of enforced leisure, for instance, would shift their interests from dress and fashionable functions and standards, that would constitute an occupation engaging their attention for some years. It is even certain that motherhood will become one of the occupations. The occupations imply a preparation and a purpose, and we cannot regard reproduction and the traditional home life of women as occupational, because mere reproduction is an organic act, frequently inadvertent, and the traditional home life has involved no adequate preparation for motherhood. We may fairly set down eugenic motherhood among the occupations, but even then a part of the mother's occupation will be to continue her concrete purposes and practices in the world at large, and to make excursions from the home for the sake of the home.

***Child-bearing Paramount But Not
Overwhelming***

And, after all, it is not fair play to say that woman's whole life is demanded by the child, and let it go at that. Already the nurture of the child is carried on to a large extent outside of the home. And if those newer ideals of the home and the sentiment of eugenics to which I have referred are realized, if the child is not only in theory but in practice recognized as the main interest of society, the family and

society will more and more assist the mother in his nurture. We must remember also that when women are naturally reared they have an astonishing amount of energy. The records of savage society and of peasant life still demonstrate this, as did the home before the coming of the machine. It may seem ungracious to say so, but we indulge a good deal in what the rhetoricians call the "pathetic fallacy" in connection with the bearing of children by women. Nature has given them an energy and disposition in proportion to this very serious function, so that under normal conditions it may be classed among the pleasures, almost among the intoxications. A normal woman can bear children and still retain more energy and more tenacity of life than nature usually gives to man. The close association which we find between marriage and the abandonment of concrete purposes is not therefore a sacrifice to motherhood but a habit. The ordinary woman instantly and utterly abandons all occupational preparation or practice at the altar, and this is quite aside from the anticipation of children. And the university women succumb almost as completely. Women indeed have improved in their mental attitude toward life since the early Victorian period to this extent, that they actually make a preparation for life, which they can use in case they do not accept marriage. But they keep only a wavering eye on the occupational outlook as a makeshift in case of their failure to realize on their matrimonial anticipations. Or at any rate when marriage is proposed to them they are unable to abandon the traditional view that marriage means a retirement from the world only less complete than retirement to a convent.

Woman's responsibility to the race may well be regarded as paramount, but it is not overwhelming, and it is neither wise nor kind to regard her life as a total loss in all points but this single one. It would indeed seem that opposition to woman's participation in the totality of life is a romantic subterfuge, resting not so much on a belief in the disability of woman as on the disposition of man to appropriate conspicuous and pleasurable objects for his sole use and ornamentation. "*A little thing, but all mine own,*" was one of the remarks of Achilles to Agamemnon in their quarrel over the two maidens, and it contains the secret of man's world-old disposition to overlook the *intrinsic* worth of woman.

Margarita's Soul

The Romantic Recollections of a Man of Fifty

By INGRAHAM LOVELL

With Illustrations by
J. Scott Williams



Come, my mother that carried me,
Make me to-night an olden spell!
Try if my witch-wife loves the Sea,
Or she'll choose the waves or she'll choose for me,
Then hey, for heaven or ho, for hell!

Circle the Cross on the midnight sand,
Heap the fire and mutter the charm,
Call her out to ye, soul in hand,
Blind and bare to the moon she'll stand,
Then out to the sea or in to my arm!
—*Sir Hugh and the Mermaid.*



Synopsis: Margarita is an extraordinarily beautiful girl who has been brought up in complete seclusion by a mysterious father in an out-of-the-way place on the coast not far from New York. Owing to the manner of her bringing up, being uncultured and uneducated, she is very naive and unsophisticated, and on the death of her father, she goes to New York seeking adventure. Her first encounter is with Roger Bradley, a club man, about forty years old and a member of an aristocratic Boston family. Roger at once falls in love with her and they are married. Winfred Jerrolds (known as Jerry) is Roger Bradley's best friend, and it is he who is recounting these reminiscences. He also is in love with Margarita. For several years Roger devotes himself to his wife's education, travelling in Europe. It is here that Margarita learns that she has a voice and begins to devote all her time to its cultivation for the opera. Barbara Jenks is a companion and governess to Margarita. Sue Paynter and the Rev. Tyler Elder are mutual friends, and Walter Carter is Roger Bradley's brother-in-law. Margarita is about to make her Parisian *début* on the operatic stage.

PART VIII.—IN WHICH THE RIVER RUSHES INTO PERILOUS RAPIDS

I.—We Bring Our Pearl to Market

I DID not hear Margarita sing in opera till the night of her *début* in *Faust*. Roger on the contrary, was allowed to attend the last rehearsals: Margarita very honestly wished for his criticism, which she knew from the very fact of his utter aloofness from her professional interests, would be perfectly unbiased and sincere. It was not without a secret thrill of pleasure through my disappointment that I acquiesced in her decree; I knew that she would be nervous with me, from my very sympathy with her.

I can see the *Opéra* now—the lights, the jewels, the mustaches, the white shirt-bosoms, the lorgnettes, the fat women with programmes, the great, shrouding curtain.

Sue was there, pallid with excitement, and

Tip Elder, who had come over for a much needed holiday, and Walter Carter, who had been on an errand to Germany, and who had (of all unexpected people!) convinced Madam Bradley that her own hard pride should no longer be forced to regulate her children's enmities and come to extend the olive branch to Roger.

I was as nervous as could be and Roger, I think, was not quite so calm as he seemed and gnawed his lower lip steadily.

But Margarita, one would suppose, had not only no nerves but not even any self-consciousness. She told us afterward that before the curtain rose she was nearly paralyzed with terror and was convinced that her voice had gone—it caught in her throat. She could not

remember the words of the *Jewel Song* and her stomach grew icy cold—if Roger had been there, she said, she would have begged him to take her away and hide her on the Island! But he was not there. No one was there but Madame and her maid, and she could not run away alone.



When she sat spinning at her wheel behind the layers of gauze, and *Faust* saw her in his dream, her legs shook so that she could not work the treadle. . . But when she paced slowly onto the scene in her grey gown all worked with tiny, nearly invisible little butterflies—they had made her put aside the big ones—she was as calm and composed as the chorus around her and her voice was as beautiful as I have ever heard it.

"The child was born for the stage, there is no doubt!" Sue whispered to me excitedly, and I nodded hastily, not wishing to lose a note or a movement.

It was her best known part and she was very lovely and magnetic in it, but I do not think it really suited her so well as the Wagner dramas would have, later. It is with *Marguerite* as a great English comedienne expressed it to me some years later, of *Juliet*: one must be forty to play it properly—and then one is too old to play it properly!

But what a gait she had! Her stride just fitted the stage, her carriage of neck and head was such as great artists have worked years to attain—and she was unconscious of it. Her eyes looked sky blue under the blonde wig, and the blonde tints were lovely, if not so fascinatingly surprising as her own.

When she stopped, fixed her great eyes upon *Faust* reproachfully and sang, like a sweet, truthful child,

*Non, monsieur, je ne suis belle!
Ni belle, ni demoiselle*

A little sigh of pleasure ran through the audience: she won them then and there. It seemed incredible that she was acting—it seemed that she must be real and that the others were trying to surround her with the reality she expected, as best they could. She had the sweet purity of tone—the candor, if I may so call it, often associated with delicate, small voices and singers of cool, rather inexpressive temperaments. But *Brunhilde* was the part for her, and *Brunhilde* was not cool and anything but inexpressive.

The only *Marguerite* I have ever seen since that resembled hers was Mme. Calvé's, and the French artist seemed studied and conscious

beside Margarita. You see, she *was* young, she *was* sincere and ingenuous, she *was* slender and beautiful—and she had a fresh and lovely voice, well trained, into the bargain. She would never have made a great coloratura soprano.

Neither her voice nor her temperament inclined to this. She belonged, properly speaking, to the advance guard of the natural method, the school of intelligence and subtle dramatic skill. I cannot imagine Margarita a stout, tightly laced, high-heeled creature, advancing to the footlights, jewelled finger tips on massive chest, emitting a series of *staccato* fireworks interspersed with thrills and scales apropos of nothing in this world or the next.

Such performances constituted Roger's main objection to the opera, and though he was considered Philistine once, it is amusing to see how the tide of even popular opinion is setting his way, now.

So in the great final trio, Margarita did not show at her best, perhaps; the situation seemed strained, unreal, and the final shriek a little high for her. But oh, what a lovely creature she was, alone in her cell! What lines her supple figure gave the loose prison robe, what poignant, simple, cruelly-deserted grief, poured from her big, girlish eyes! And I do not believe anyone will ever again make such exquisite pathos of the poor creature's crazed return to her first meeting with her lover. So clearly did she picture to herself this early scene that we all saw it too, and lived it over again with the poor child.

"Ni belle, ni demoiselle . . ."

It was the whole of love betrayed, abandoned, yet loving and forgiving, that little phrase; and I staunchly insist that the good Papa Gounod deserves credit for it, sentimentalist though he be!

It was after the garden love-scene that she won her recalls, over and over again. Above the great sheaf of hot-house daisies I sent up to the footlights she bowed and bowed and smiled, and the jewels flashed on her white shoulders and the yellow braids shook at her deep, triumphant breaths, as she beamed out over us all the wonderful, all-embracing smile of the born artist, that cannot be taught. Part of that brilliant smile came straight into my misted eyes, back in the loge, and so extraordinary is the power of such a success, so completely does that row of footlights cut off the victor from us who applaud below that I, even I, who had literally taught this girl some of the ordinary reserves of decent society, who had



It was after the garden love-scene that she won her recalls.

found her a savage (socially speaking) only two years ago, now bowed low to her, dazed, humble as the man beside me who never saw her before.



How they pounded and cried, those amusing, sophisticated, babyish Parisians!

"*Brava, la petite!*" I hear the old gentleman now that turned to me in amazement, chattering like a well-preserved, middle-aged monkey; "but it is that that it is an American, they tell me? *Ca y est, alors!* It is extraordinary, then, *impayable! Je n'en reviens pas!*"

"And why, monsieur?" I asked.

"For the reason, simply, that it is well known how they are cold, those women, cold as ice, every one. But this one—monsieur, I have seen many *Marguerites*, I who speak to you, but never before has it arrived to me to envy that fat *Faust!*"

And I (to whom he spoke) believed him thoroughly, I assure you. Though I doubt if the portly tenor was much flattered, for he had accepted the rôle with the idea of carrying off the honors of the evening, and exhibited, in the event, not a little of that acrimony which is so curiously inseparable from any collection of the world's great song-birds. Ever since Music, heavenly maid, was young, she has been so notoriously at variance with her fellow musicians as to force the uninitiated into all sorts of cynical conclusions! Such as the necessity for some kind of handicap for all these harmonies, some make-weight for these unnaturally perfect chords. And it is but due to the various artists to admit that they supply these counter-checks bravely.

Well, I suppose they would be too happy if it were all as harmonious as it sounds, and we should all (the poor songless rest of us) kill ourselves for jealousy! And if the fat *Faust* had really been as supremely blissful as he should have been when Margarita, with that indistinguishably lovely bending twist of her elastic body, drooped out of her canvas, rose-wreathed cottage window and threw her white arms about his neck in the most touching and suggestive abandon I have ever seen on the operatic stage—why, we should have been regretfully obliged to tear him to pieces, Roger and I and Walter Carter (I am afraid) and the well preserved Frenchman!

She was not so philosophical as Goethe nor so saccharine as Gounod, our Margarita, and I don't know that I am more sentimental than another; but when the poor child in all her love and ignorance and simple intoxication with that sweet and terrible brew that Dame Nature never ceases concocting in her secret still-rooms, handed her white self over so trustfully

to the plump and eager *tenore robusto*, a sudden disgust and fury at the imperturbable unfairness of that same inscrutable Dame washed over me like a wave and I could have wept like the silly Frenchman.

Do not be too scornful of that sad and sordid little stage story, ye rising generation—it is not for nothing that the great stupid Public of older days, ignorant alike of Teutonics and Chromatics, but wise in pity and terror as old Aristotle knew, took it to their commonplace hearts! Do not trouble yourselves to explain to me that Gretchen was but an episode in a great cosmic philosophy; I knew it once, when I was young like you. But I am nearly sixty now—worse luck!—and I see why the cosmic philosophy has been quietly buried and the episode remains immortal! And so will you some day.

It was a great success for Madame and she basked in it, she had even a compliment for Roger. In our gay little supper, afterward, we had all a kind word—an almost pathetically kind word—for Roger. Margarita herself had never been so attentive to him, so eager for his ungrudging praise, so openly affectionate with him. He was very kind, very gentle, but in a quiet way he discouraged her demonstrative sweetness and led her to talk of her professional future. In her eyes as she looked at him over her wine glass I seemed to see something I had never seen before, a sort of frightened pity; not the terror of a child cut off by the crowd from its guardian, but rather the fear of one who sees a one-time comrade on the other side of a widening flood, and regrets and fears for him and pities his loss and loneliness, but is driven by Destiny and cannot cross over. I wondered if the others saw it too, but dared not discover.

It was not altogether a happy *petit souper*, you see; I often think of it when I assist at similar gatherings, and wonder to myself if in all the glory and under all the triumph there is not some dark spot unknown to us flattering guests, some tiny gulf that is growing restlessly though we throw in never so many flowers and jewels to fill it. The wheel turns ever, and no pleasure of ours but is built on the shifting sand of some one's pain, even as Alif told me.

We had the *Valentin* of the opera, a dapper little Frenchman, with us (I forget his name: he had been very kind to Margarita and stood between her and the senseless jealousy of the big, handsome tenor more than once) and I heard him as we left the table remark significantly to Mme. M—i, with a glance at Roger:

"Monsieur is not artiste, then?"

"Surely that sees itself?" returned the famous teacher with a shrug.

"*Un mari complaisant, alors?*" said the baritone lightly.

Madame had never liked Roger, and was, moreover, a somewhat prejudiced person, but even her feelings could not prevent the irrepressible chuckle that greeted this.

"Do not think it, my friend—*jamais de la vie!*" she answered quickly, with a frank grimace as she caught my eye and guessed that I had overheard.

No, one could not imagine Roger as the "husband of his wife." It simply couldn't be supposed.

I had very little to say to him that night, myself. I felt clumsy and tactless, somehow, and certain that what I might say would be too much or too little.

It was Tip whose cheery "How wonderfully fine she was, Roger! How proud you must be of her!" saved the day and gave us a chance to shake hands and leave them in the flower-filled coupé.

Well, after that it was all the same thing. Exercise, practise, performance, success; then sleep, and exercise again, *da capo*.

She was a prima donna now, our little Margarita, a successful artist, a public character. "Margarita Josepha" Madame had christened her, for twenty years ago simple American surnames found no favor with the impresario, and "*cette charmante Mme. Josepha,*" "*artiste vraiment ravissante,*" etc., etc., the critics called her.

As *Juliet* she looked her loveliest, as *Marguerite* she acted the best, as *Aida* she sang most wonderfully. Indeed it was this last that captured London and gave rise to the much exaggerated affair of the Certain Royal Personage. She sang *Aida* twelve times in one season (going to London from Paris) and the boys whistled the airs through the streets and the bands played from it whenever she rode in the Park. I myself saw the diamond bracelet Miss Jencks returned to the Duke of S—— (we did not tell Roger, by mutual consent, till much later) and the Queen's pearl-set brooch when she sang at Windsor marked at least one satisfying unanimity among members of the Royal Family.

I took Mary along afterward, to hear Mme. G——i in the part Margarita made famous in London, and when the tears rolled down the child's face as poor *Aida* (that barbaric romanesque) dies in melody, portly, though starving, and unconvincingly pale, I wished she might have seen her mother. There was a death! Nothing in *Aida's* life could possibly



have become her like Margarita's leaving of it, I am sure.

Roger ceased to go after the first performances, and indeed he was very busy, and crossed the ocean more than once in the American interests of his French and English *clientele*. But whoever stopped at home or went, whoever applauded or yawned, whoever approved of the present status of the Bradley family or disapproved, one gaunt figure never left Margarita's side from the moment she left her door till she returned to it (except for the inevitable separations of the actual stage-scene, and I think she regretted the necessity for these!) This figure was Barbara Jencks's, and hers were the cool, uncompromising eyes into which the enraptured devotee gazed when he followed his card into the drawing-room, hers the strong and knuckly hands that put his flowers into water and his more valuable expressions of regard back into their velvet cases, previous to re-addressing them. She drove with Margarita, when Sue Paynter did not, and would have ridden with her, I verily believe, had not Carter and I volunteered to supply that deficiency.

It was she who received that astonished and, I fear, disappointed kiss from the German officer at Brussels, when the students drew Margarita's carriage home from the opera house after her astonishing triumph in the last act of *Siegfried*. It was an absurd part for her—she had never done *Elsa* nor *Elizabeth*, and Mme. M——i was very angry with her. Herr M——l, the great director, spent the summer in Italy and Switzerland and was with our party nearly all of the time. Purely to please himself he taught Margarita the rôle of *Brunhilde* in *Siegfried* and insisted on her singing it that winter in Brussels under him. It was wonderful, and showed me what her real *forte* was to be. She was *Brunhilde*, she did not need to act it. How the Master himself would have reveled in her!

She was very teachable—one of the most certain indications of her great capacities. Her *Marguerite* was almost entirely her own, for she had not learned how to use dramatic instruction; her *Aida* was almost Madame's own, for she had learned then, and besides, did not understand the character; her *Brunhilde* was herself, trained and assisted into the best canons of interpretation by a loyal Wagnerian. It is a short part, of course, but it showed what she could have done with the rest of it. At thirty-five she could have done the whole *Ring*; at forty I believe no one could have equaled her.

Carter got himself snarled hopelessly into a tangle with the government officials in Berlin

(he was no diplomat, though a good fellow, and wild about Margarita, so that poor little Alice had more than one bad quarter-hour, I'm afraid) and it took Roger a great deal of Bradley influence with the American consul—a Bostonian—and a lot of patient correspondence to unravel his unlucky brother-in-law. This gave Roger a good excuse for being in and near Germany; whether he would have stayed without it, I don't know.



II.—Arabian Nights In England

The work on Napoleon was done: he had labored over it in Rome during the summer and Margarita had been very sweet, refusing more than one invitation (at Sue Paynter's earnest request) to stay with him. But it was only too evident that she did not wholly wish to stay and that such a situation could not last long. Herr M——I kept her interested, and Seidl, whom he sent for to hear her practising for *Siegfried*, was most enthusiastic about her and displayed his admiration a little too strongly for our peace of mind. His was a developing, forcing influence, and Margarita showed the effect of it wonderfully; he inspired her to her best efforts, and Mme. M——i was terribly jealous of him.

Roger and he had what must be confessed was a quarrel (though the newspaper accounts of a duel were, of course absurd) over the advisability of her singing privately for a young German princeling whom Seidl was very anxious to honor—he was then introducing the Wagnerian dramas into America and had not been long director of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. It all smoothed over and we agreed to forget it, all of us, but Seidl's pride was hurt and Roger had done what I had not seen him do for fifteen years—lost his temper badly. He was not pleasant in a temper, old Roger, like all men of strong, controlled natures, and Margarita learned a lesson that day that she never forgot, I suppose. I believe if on the strength of that impression he had carried her off bodily—flung her over his saddle-bow, as it were, and ceased to respect her rights for twenty-four hours, we should all have been spared much strain and suffering. But he regretted his violence and told her so, which was fatal, or so it seemed to me. There are occasions when not to take advantage of a woman is to be unfair to her, and Margarita was very much a woman.

Well, well, it's all over now, and we have no need to regret that we did not try a different way. It may be we should have had to pay a greater price—for nothing lacks its price-mark on life's counter, more's the pity, and if we are deceived by long credit-accounts, the more fools we!

I had much to reconstruct that season in regard to Margarita. I had found her once before, in Paris, no longer a child, but a woman; I found her now no woman merely, but a woman of the world. It seems incredible, indeed, and I have puzzled over it many an hour when the demon of sciatica has clawed at my hip and Hodgson's faithful hands have dropped fatigued from his ministrations. How she did it, how an untrained, emotional little savage, with hands as quick to strike as the paws of a cub lioness, with tongue as unbridled as the tongue of a four-year-old, with no more religion than a Parisian *boulevardier*, with not one-tenth the instruction of a London board-school child—how such a creature became in two years an (apparently) finished product of civilization, I am at a loss to comprehend. That she did it is certain. My own eyes have seen Boston Brahmins drinking her tea gratefully; my own ears have heard New York fashionables babbling in her drawing-room. As for London, she dominated one whole season, and not to be able to bow to her, when she rode on her grey gelding of a morning, was to argue oneself unbowed to! Paris can never forget her, for did she not invent an entirely new *Marguerite*? And the Republic of Art is not ungrateful. She would have been a social success in Honolulu or Lapland, the witch!

Whether her ancestor the prince or her ancestress the actress made her development possible, whether her Connecticut grandfather or her Virginia grandmother taught her, how much she owed her bandit father who defied the world and her mother, the nun, who won it—both for love—who shall say?

When I look back on those wonderful months I find that the fanciful sprite whose province it is to tint imperishably the choice pictures that shall brighten the last grey days, has selected for my gallery not those hours when the footlights stretched between us, though one would suppose them beyond all doubt the most brilliant, but quaint, unexpected bits, sudden, unrehearsed scenes that stand out like tiny, jeweled landscapes viewed through a reversed telescope, or white sudden statues at the end of a dark corridor.

There is that delicious afternoon when we went, she and I and Sue Paynter and an infatuated undergrad, to Oxford together, and ate strawberries and hot buttered tea-cake and extraordinary little buns choked with plums, and honey breathing of clover and English meadows, and drank countless cups of strong English tea with blobs of yellow, frothing

cream atop. Heavens, how we ate, and how we talked, and how tolerantly the warm, grey walls, ivy hung and statue niched, smiled through the long, opal English sunset at our frivolous and ephemeral chatter! They have listened to so much, those walls, and we shall perish and wax old as a garment, and still the tea and strawberries shall brew and bloom along the emerald turf, and infatuated youths shall cross their slim, white-flanneled legs and hang upon the voice of their charmer. Not the pyramids themselves give me that sense of the continuity of the generations, the ebb and flow of youth and youth's hot loves and hot regrets and the inexorable twilight that makes placid middle age, as do those grey walls and blooming closes of what I sometimes think is the very heart's core of England. My mother's countrymen may fill London with their national caravansaries and castles with their nation's lovely (if somewhat nasal) daughters, but Oxford shall defy them forever.



could not say for my life. I suppose they must have been some garden party—I distinctly recall the gaiters of a bishop and the colored linings of more than one doctor's hood among them. They are as sudden, as unexplained in my memory, as those crowds in dreams, so definite, so individualized, where haunting, special faces stand out and hands clasp and shoulders touch—and all fades away. Around the vivid emerald lawn they group themselves, and Margarita, a pearl in pearly trailing laces, sits on a stone bench, defaced and mossy, in the center, at the back; the lads adore at her feet, the banjo drops tinkling handfuls of chords at intervals, the birds flutter through the ivy overhead, the watered turf smells strong and sweet in the fan-like rays of the slow sun; bright pencils of yellow light fall like stained glass among the immemorial ivy; the day goes, softly, pensively. . . .

"Toll the bell for lovely Nell . . ."

"Ah!" they sigh and melt, and I see nothing more. But the picture is safe.

The infatuated undergrad was the owner of a banjo, an instrument hitherto unknown to Margarita and in regard to which she was vastly curious, and at her request he and three of his mates blushing sang for her some of the American negro melodies then so popular among them. She was delighted with them and soon began to hum and croon unconsciously, the velvet of her voice mingling most piquantly with their sweet throaty English singing. By little and little her tones swelled louder and more bell-like; theirs softened gradually till the harmony, so simple, yet so inevitable, dwindled to the merest echo and barely breathed the quaint, primitive words.

*"Nellie was a lady—
Last night she died . . ."*

Those deep tones of hers, stolen from envious contraltos, turned in our ears to a mourning purple; a sombre, tender gloom haunted us, and the sorrow of life, that alone binds us together who live, hung like a lifting cloud over all who came within the magic radius of her voice. The people gathered like bees to a honeycomb from all sides; black caps and pale clear draperies drifted into a wondering circle; the clink of cups, the murmur of gentle English voices died softly away and the silence that was always her royal right spread around her.

*"Toll the bell for lovely Nell,
My dark . . . Virginia . . . bride!"*

Who they were, those listening hundreds, I

Then there was the famous house-party down in Surrey, whither the elect of England, for some reason or other, seem to gravitate; whether because the long midsummer Surrey days appear to them the last stage on the way to a peaceful, well-ordered heaven, in case they expect to spend eternity there, or a temporary solace, in case they don't! Sue, to whom all musical Europe opened its doors on poor Frederick's account, had taken Margarita, to whom the said doors were gladly opening on her own, to one of the famous country houses of a county famous for such jewels, and when Roger and I turned up there, who should our host be but one of my old schoolmates at Vevay—younger son of a younger son, then, and unimportant to a degree, but advanced since by one of those series of family holocausts that so change English county history, to be the head of a great house and lord of more acres than seems quite discreet—until one is in a position to slap the lord on the shoulder!

To Sue and me, the soft-shod luxury, the studious, ripe comfort of the great, hedged establishment, were frankly marvelous, accustomed as we were to the many grades and stages of domestic prosperity between this rose-lined ease and little-a-year; but Margarita, to whom the old red jersey of the Island was no more real than the barbaric trappings of Aida, who accepted shells from Caliban or diamonds from Mephistopheles with equal *sang-froid*, displayed an indifference to her

surroundings as regal as it was sincere. Indeed, the two simplest people at that party, (famous for years in country-house annals as the most brilliant gathering of well-mixed rank and talent that ever fought with that arch-enemy of the leisured classes, *Ennui*, and throttled him successfully for seventy-two hours) were the wife of an American attorney-at-law and the eldest son of England's greatest duke—the most eligible *parti* in the United Kingdom, a youth of head-splitting lineage and fabulous possessions.

They sat together on the floor of a chintz-hung breakfast room, spinning peg-tops all over the polished wax, for two rainy hours before dinner (which function was delayed half an hour to please them, to the awed wonder of the lesser guests and the apoplectic amusements of the young peer's father), and were the only occupants of the great house, except three collie pups who sat with them, to see nothing odd in the performance, though Saint-Saëns was come over from Paris to accompany Margarita on the piano and the princess of a royal family was dressed in her palpitating best for the best reason in the world not unconnected with the son of an historic house!

Du Maurier drew a picture of it for *Punch* in his very best manner (it went the length and breadth of England), and then, at Roger's grave request, withdrew it from the all-but-printed page and gracefully presented him with it. It was wonderfully characteristic of both of them and prettily done on both sides, to my old fashioned way of thinking.

Well, it was after that top-spinning that Margarita and the Fortunate Youth jumped up carelessly, kicked away the tops, and raced each other to the noble music room, a magnificent gallery, all oak and Romneys and Lelys, and there the Fortunate Youth sat down at the piano (Saint-Saëns standing amused in the curve of it) and began to play the accompaniment of one of Tosti's great popular waltz-songs. It is no longer in favor, the waltz-song, though I have lived through a sufficient number of musical fashions to be reasonably certain of its return to power, some day, but then it was at its height, and subalterns hummed it to military bands, from Simla to Quebec, and soft eyes drooped under those subalterns' right shoulders and soft hearts melted as the chorus was repeated by request, and the dawn found them still dancing—bless the happy days!

Now Providence had seen fit (displaying thus an astonishing lack of socialistic wisdom and an altogether regrettable tendency to give to those to whom much had already been given)



to bestow upon this Fortunate Youth enough musical ability to have made the fortune of a pair of Blind Toms, so that he could play any, and all instruments, instinctively apparently, and almost equally well. He played also by ear, with the greatest ease, the most complicated harmonies, and could accompany anybody's singing or playing of anything whatever—if he happened to be in the mood for it.

"It is a thousand pities that one could not have found him in the gutter, that boy," as M. Saint-Saëns confided to me, "it would have been of service to him!"

Which remark, being overheard, scandalized many good British souls horribly and caused the Youth to blush with perfectly ingenuous and modest pleasure.

He sat down at the great Steinway and ran his long white fingers loosely over the keys, and said to Margarita, while the butler gazed in agony at his mistress and the other guests, all arrayed for one of the climaxes of one of England's most temperamental importations from the kitchens of France, stood divided between interest and foreboding.

"I say, Mrs. Bradley, can you sing '*Bid me Good-by and Go?*' I'm awfully fond of that."

"I can sing it if it is here," said Margarita placidly, "why not?"

"Oh, it's safe to be here," he answered easily, and sure enough, it was there, in a cabinet close by.

Well, it was banal enough, heaven knows—how else could it have been popular? Lincoln was not a musician, so far as I know, but he knew that one can't fool all the people all the time! And the good Tosti, however light he may ring nowadays, had one little bit of information not always at the disposal of modern song writers—he understood how to write for the human voice. Which has always seemed to me a very valuable acquisition if one happens to be in the songwriting trade.

So when Margarita, with a quick glance at the obvious little melody, put her hands behind her back like a schoolgirl—she was dressed in a tight, plain little jacket and skirt of English tweeds, with stiff white collar and cuffs and thick-soled boots, and what used to be called an "Alpine hat"—and began to sing, to a slow waltz rhythm, one might not have expected much—indeed, the Youth hummed audaciously with her, at first, and the other men, not one of whom was within many degrees of nonentity, beat time carelessly.

"Is there a single joy or pain
That I may never know?"

Stop a bit! What caught at your heart and worried you, Colonel, and stabbed a little under your D. S. O.? Were you quite fair to that lovely, high-spirited creature you married, all those years ago?



"Take back your love, it is in vain . . ."

Ah, Lady Mary, you are a good twelve stone nowadays, but when that poor younger cousin gave you that look in the garden and the roses crawled over the old dial in the moonlight, you were sligher, and crueller!

"Bid me goodbye and go!"

It was a waltz, oh, yes, but it was a very Dance of Death to those of us who had any parting to look back to, that changed our life—and we could never go back again and make it better; never any more. That was what cut so, and Margarita, dark and slim like a plain brown nightingale, who leaves plumage to the rancous peacock because it matters so little what she, the real queen of us all, wears—Margarita spelled it out remorselessly, to the tune of a mess-room waltz, and told us that youth is only once and so sweet and for so little time! And the boy beside her smiled with pleasure and embroidered her rich, clear-cut phrasing and annotated it and threw jewels and flowers of unexpected chords through it and mocked the sad, charming fatalism of it as only spendthrift youth can.

"You do not love me, no!
Bid me good-bye and go . . ."

Cruel Margarita, how could you make the tears splash down the cheeks of the poor little princess, who knew what was expected of her and had no greater sin on her conscience than a tiny lock of her yellow hair always warm, now, in the breast of a ridiculous second cousin on a sheep-ranch in far Dakota, U. S. A.?

"Good-bye, goodbye, 'tis better so . . ."

They stand so still in this picture, those big, non-committal British, each gnawing his lip a little under the drooping mustache; the women's shoulders are ivory against the paneled oak and bowls of Guelder roses in Chinese bowls; that beautiful line from the base of the throat to the top of the *corsage* which America has not to give her daughters, as yet, heaves and droops; the Romneys smile behind their wax candles in sconces. It is only a waltz of the street, but she has bewitched us with it, has our Margarita.

But strongest and clearest of all, keen in light and dense in shadow like a Rembrandt, I see that extraordinary night in Trafalgar Square, that night that surely lives unique in the memory of Nelson and the Lions, though most that shared it may be, and doubtless are—for they were not for various reasons long lived classes of people—dead and dust by now. How and why we found ourselves at Trafalgar Square I could not tell, though I went to the stake for it this minute. But I think it must have been that Margarita wanted to walk through the streets, a form of exercise for which she took fitful fancies at odd times, and that I, as was mostly the case, went with her.

We were all alone, for Roger, who shared our walks usually, when he was not too busy, had just left for Berlin an hour earlier, on one of his patient unravelings of Carter's diplomatic tangles.

It has been a dull, damp day—the kind of day that tried Margarita terribly in England, for she was much under the influence of the weather, and *le beau temps* brought out her plumage like her Mexican parrot in Whistler's portrait. Looking back at it all, too, I seem to feel, though with no definite reason for it, that she was perturbed and excited about something known only to herself, for she was strangely irritable on our walk, contradicted me fiercely, inquired testily who Nelson might be, then chid me for a dry old schoolmaster, when I told her, and such like flighty vagaries, inseparable, I believed, from her sex in general and her temperament in particular. If I have never taken the trouble to defend myself from the accusation of thinking the Pearl perfect in her somewhat spoiled relations with her best friends at this period of her life, it is because I have always considered that such people as are too inelastic in their views of human nature to realize that Margarita merely exhibited *les défauts de ses qualités* (as who of us does not, at one time or another?) are unworthy even my augmentative powers, which are not great, as I perfectly understand.

So she unsheathed her sharp little female claws and patted me mercilessly with them, and contrived to make me seem to myself a tactless, blundering fool to her heart's content, that night, striding easily beside me, meanwhile, like a boy, though she had refused to change her high-heeled bronze slippers for more sensible footgear and carried the unreasonably long train of her black lace dinner gown over her arm. Roger did not care for her in black, and she seldom wore it, but had ordered this a few days ago from the great

Worth, who then ruled those fortunate ladies who could afford to number themselves among his subjects with a sway he has since, I am assured, been forced to divide among other monarchs—the only monarchs left now to a Republic that has never denied that one divine succession through all her revolutions. For that monarchy Paris never will sing *ça ira*; for that principle she knows no cynicism; that wonderful juggernaut, Fashion, shall never rumble across the channel, it seems!

I had derided myself for a sentimentalist and spinner of fine theories when I had thought I detected a little defiance in her first assumption of this midnight black robe, with its startling corals on her arm and neck, and the foreign-looking comb behind her high dressed hair, the whole bringing out markedly that continental strain that amused Whistler (naughty Jimmy!) and displeased Roger. But when she appeared in it that night determined on a dinner where most of the guests were highly distasteful to Roger, who had congratulated himself on a quiet evening at home; when she had dragged him to it at the risk of losing his only train and teased him shamefully all through it by the most ridiculous flirtation with one of the worst *roués* of Europe (Margarita was so fundamentally honest and so thoroughly attached to her husband that such performances could only be doubly painful to him, since they were obviously intended maliciously) when she sent him off before the long dinner's close without any but the most casual *adieux* and without the remotest intention of accompanying him, I was uncomfortably forced to the conclusion that this long trained, inky dress was a veritable devil's livery, that she had put it on deliberately and that there would be no stopping her till the mood was off.

And now I find myself about to write a most unjustifiable thing, in view of the possibility of these idle memories falling somehow, sometime, somewhere, into the hands of that ubiquitous Young Person to whom all print is free as air in these enlightened days. In America it has been the rule to suppress such print as could not brave this freedom; in France, to suppress such Young Persons as could! There is something to be said for both methods, and each has, perhaps, its defects, the one producing more stimulating Young Persons, the other enjoying more virile prose.

Be that as it may, I am quite aware that my duty to the youth of Anglo-Saxondom should lead me to state, sadly but firmly, that such conduct as Margarita displayed on the night in question could have had but one result—that of



filling me, her friend and admirer, with a grieved displeasure and disgust; that her unwomanly carelessness as to the feelings of others and her wanton disregard of the wishes and comfort of those who should have been dearest to her, lowered her in my estimation and greatly detracted from her charm in my eyes. But I am not writing particularly for the Young Person and candor compels me to state that she was quite as interesting to me as ever! I didn't think she had treated Roger very handsomely—true; but Roger had known that he was marrying a delicious vixen when he married Margarita, you see, and if I had begun to lecture her, there were too many others who would have been only too delighted to relieve her of my society. She abused her power sometimes, I admit it—but then, she had the power! And oh, the balm she kept for the wounds she gave!

As I said, I have not the remotest idea of how or why we confronted Nelson and the Lions, I cannot by any effort of memory see us arriving or leaving; but I see myself pausing in my lecture on English history, as a lighted transparency, a straggling crowd and a band bear down upon us suddenly out of nowhere. It is a poor, vicious sort of crowd, the gutter-sweepings of London; pale, stunted lads, haggard, idle slatterns, a handful of women of the street, a trio of tawdry flower girls. Around the band, which turns out to be only a big drum and a clattering tambourine, a group of men, and women in a vaguely familiar uniform, the women in ugly coal scuttle bonnets.

"What is that, Jerry?" says Margarita. "That is the Salvation Army—let's get along," I answer.

But she will not, for she is curious, and I resign myself to the inevitable and wait. Their crude appeals are symbols born of a deep knowledge of the human heart they fight to win—gleaming light and rhythmic drum; the first groping of savagery, the last pinnacle of the most highly organized religious spectacle the world has yet elaborated. They gather near the fountain, they group about their lighted banner, and a drawling cockney voice afflicts the air. I can see the circle now—they form in the classic amphitheater that knows no century nor country; a humpback pushing a barrow of something before him stops near us; a woman, coughing frightfully, leans on it, muttering to herself, staring at Margarita's scarf-wrapped head.

The cockney's address begins, "O my brothers . . ." but I do not attend: I want to get Margarita out of the growing crowd,

listless, but lifted for a moment from their sordid treadmill of existence by the light and the muffled, rhythmic crash and the high pitched sing-song. They must have followed for a long way, for they are churning from the very dregs of London and alien to Trafalgar Square, and the officer on his beat looks at them suspiciously enough.

"Won't you give us a song, lieutenant?" says the speaker suddenly, "pipe h'up there, friends—many a sinner's saved his soul with a song—



w'y not some o' you? Are you ready, lieutenant?"

I can see her so plainly, the pretty, worn little creature; pale as death and in no condition for street singing, evidently, but plucky and borne along by the very zeal of the Crusaders. The other woman, who cannot sing, shakes the tambourine, a great, burly fellow, some rescued navy, thuds at the drum, and her sweet, thin little voice rises, shrill, but wonderfully appealing, through the night.

They are still as death, tranced in those liquid bell-tones



"I need Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord!"



It is not difficult now to see why the crowd followed; her voice is like a child's lost in the wood, but brave, and sure of ultimate protection; it has a curious effect of the country and the hedge rows. They listen eagerly, they like it.

"Come, Margarita, I think we ought to get away—the crowd is getting thicker. People are staring at us."

"No, no, Jerry, let me alone! Oh, see the poor woman—she is too ill to sing! She has lost her voice—do you know it?"

And so she has: with a clutch at her throat and a pathetic turn of her eyes to the speaker, the little lieutenant shakes her head at him and is dumb. He seats her deftly on a camp stool by the drummer, pats her shoulder, sends a friendly gutter-rat with the face of a sneak-thief for water, and turns to the crowd.

"Come now friends, the lieutenant 'ere 'as lost 'er voice along o' you an' tryin' to save yer—can't yer pipe up, some o' you? If some of you'd sing a bit with us, now, maybe we'd be able to take back *one* soul to Christ with us to-night! Can't one o' yer sing?"

"I will sing!" says some one near me—and it is Margarita!

I clutch her cape fiercely, but it slips off in my hand and she is at the drum, and the lane that opened for her closes for me, and I fight in vain to reach her—Oh, it must be a dream!

"I need Thee every hour. . . ."

Ah-h-h! The crowd sighs with the old familiar joy, the magic of the golden voice slips like a veil over the cruel angles of their broken lives and mists and softens everything.

She has a slip of printed paper in her hand and reads seriously from it; some one holds the transparency near her shoulder for light—her white shoulders, bare in Trafalgar Square!

"I need Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord,
No tender voice like thine
Can peace afford"

They are still as death, tranced in those liquid bell-tones. The great drum shivers as it shivered, of old, a tom-tom, across the African desert; the old, primal thrill creeps through my blood—good heavens, is this fear? Is it superstition? *Is it religion?*

"I need Thee—oh, I need Thee!"

The woman sobs like a damned soul beside me; a man coughs huskily. Will no one stop her? They have wedged me so that I cannot breathe, I feel them gathering from the nearby streets. And there she stands, coral like blood on her bare neck, the scarf fallen from her black hair, the plea of all humanity pouring in a great anguished stream of melody out of her white throat.

"I need Thee oh, I need Thee,
Ev'ry hour I need Thee!"

The tambourine shudders barbarically across the smooth flood of her voice: it is the tingling crash of the Greek Mysteries—and I had thought it vulgar!

I hear hansoms jingling up—what will Roger say? He would kill them all, if he could, I know, and yet no one there would hurt a hair of her head—and does she not belong to the public?

God knows the poor devils need something—is it that, then? Is it a real thing? Do people fight for it like that? For this imperious Voice is agonizing for something and the drum is the beat of its heart.

"Gawd's frightful hard on women," the poor creature beside me moans, and lo, the little dumb lieutenant is by her side miraculously, and like a shifting kaleidoscope the crowd lets them through and she kneels, shaking, by the drum.

Their white faces heap in layers before me; drawn, wolfish, brutal in the flaring lights they peer and gasp and sob, like uncouth inhabitants of another world—wait a bit, Jerry, it is your world, just the same, and perhaps you are responsible for it? Ugh!

"I need Thee"

"Gad, its little Joséfa!"

The clear English voice cuts across the hush and:

"What a lark!" answers a deeper bass.

He is a very important and highly conventional personage, nowadays, that slender pink dandy, with five grown daughters and a Constituency; but if by any odd chance he should read this, I will wager he forgets what he is actually looking at for a moment and sees against the black shadows and rising night fog of Trafalgar Square, a beautiful, black-robed woman in red corals lifted to an empty barrow by two eager club-dandies and held there by a gigantic Guardsman—the best fencer in Europe, once!

Oh, Bertie, the Right Honorable now, the always honorable then, do you know that there were tears on your pink cheeks? And your noble friend, who broke up his establishment in St. John's Wood the next day and founded the Little Order of the Sons of St. Francis, does he know that the lightning stroke that blinded him like Saul of Tarsus and sent him reeling from Piccadilly to the slums, lighted for a moment, as it fell, the way of a dazed, rheumatic bachelor from America, who saw the terror in his eyes and the sweat on his forehead as he held his corner of the barrow and Margarita drove him to his God?



"Ev'ry hour I need Thee . . ."

The fog rolls over us, the lights flare through a sea of mist, the Honorable Bertie produces a hansom, from his pocket apparently, and the wild, dark etching is wiped out like a child's picture on a slate.

Margarita falls asleep on my shoulder, I gain my usual philosophical control, gradually, and realize, now the echoes of that agonized pleading have ceased to disturb my soul, that the woman beside me is not even a Christian, technically speaking, and knew not, literally, what she did!

The magic of the Golden Voice—ah, what magic can cope with it? Of all the pictures hers has painted for me on those miraculous, grey-tissued walls where memory lives, this strange coarse-tinted sketch—a very Hogarth in its unsparing contrasts—stands out the clearest. At night, when I close my eyes and think "London," then does that poor sister of the streets moan to me that "Gawd's frightful hard on women," and fight her way to Margarita—who has been favored beyond most women and knows not God—at least, not the implacable Deity of the London slum! Whenever I hear or read the phrase "Salvation Army" then do I see a young exquisite with a white camellia in his buttonhole, gazing like a hypnotized Indian Seer at a crude transparency blotted with unconvincing texts, then rushing off to found a celibate order—from Margarita, who was no more celibate than Ceres, the bountiful!

Ah, well, the Way is a Mystery, as Alif said, and who am I that I should expect to solve it, when kings and philosophers have failed? At any rate, I have my pictures safe.

III.—Fate Grips Her Landing Net

She sang her French rôles in Germany and

three times in *Siegfried*, and was getting ready for Paris again when a long letter from Alice Carter besought us all to come to Boston as quickly as might be. Old Madam Bradley had been stricken suddenly with paralysis. One side of her body was beyond movement but the other was as yet unimpaired, and by a series of questions they had found out that she wanted to see Roger—and Roger's wife—before she died. Nor was this enough, for the proud, afflicted old creature, when their ingenuity had failed, traced left-handed upon a slate, with infinite effort, my initials: evidently she wanted to make her peace in this world before she left it.

Margarita demurred a little and I, for one, should be the last to blame her. Greater knowledge of the world and especially her acquaintance with Walter Carter, who did not hesitate to blame his mother-in-law, had taught her to appreciate Madam Bradley's neglect, and her feeling for death had none of the sacred respect custom breeds in us—at least outwardly. She had just begun to study *Lohengrin* and a charming week at a French *chateau* with Sue had given her a taste for the society she liked and ornamented so well. She suggested that Roger and I should go alone, leaving her with Sue, and we (Sue and I) trembled for the outcome, for she seemed rather determined, to us.

But we had not counted sufficiently on Roger's sense of what was right and just. What might be considered a slighting of his personal claims he could endure patiently; what was due to his family and position he could not ignore. Quietly he canceled Margarita's early contracts, secured passage and dismissed the servants.

"Be ready to sail on Saturday, *chérie*," he said, "I want my mother to see you very much, and Mary, too."

"Very well," said Margarita, round-eyed and breathing fast, and Barbara Jencks clapped her hands noiselessly. She adored Roger, as did all his servants and dependents, for that matter.

We reached Boston with the first early snows, and though his mother's face was set and her hand steady as she laid it on his head, I think they understood each other and were grateful from their hearts for that hour of reconciliation. For Margarita the stately silver-haired figure with immovable features and fixed, withdrawn gaze held some unexpected and inexplicable charm. She kissed Madam Bradley willingly, set the little Mary on her lap and beguiled the child with every graceful

wile to laugh and crow and exhibit her tiny vocabulary. She sang by the hour, so that the gloomy house—brightened now, for the baby's health—echoed with her lovely notes. Bradleys and Seares and Wolcotts flocked to meet her and spread her fame and charm abroad, and Roger forgot for a while the load he carried and seemed like himself again. Even Sarah capitulated, and that before very long, too. I saw her actually wiping away a tear as she watched Madam Bradley lift with great effort her cold white finger and trace the outline of her grandchild's face: the little Mary was the image of her father and a fine Bradley, with only her mother's quick motions and mobile smile to remind one of that side of her ancestry.

Of course Madam Bradley was not demonstrative, nor even cordial, from any ordinary point of view, but from hers, and in the light of our knowledge of her, there was a tremendous difference. Already she had given little Mary a beautiful diamond cross and the famous Bradley silver tea-service. Sarah had softened wonderfully, too, and seemed to feel that since her aunt did not die, it was incumbent upon her to pay her debt to heaven by burying the hatchet. I don't think I ever quite did Sarah justice, so far as her feeling for Madam Bradley goes—she appeared to be deeply and genuinely attached to her and was



sick with anxiety when the stroke took her. She shared perfectly the grandmother's feeling over the baby, and Margarita's good taste in presenting Roger with such a perfect Bradley was set down to her credit with vigorous justice. For she never forgave poor Alice for the brown little Carters. Alice's children resembled their father, and Sue's (almost grand-children, in that house) were sickly and comparatively unattractive, but Margarita's daughter, perfect in health, beautiful as a baby angel, active, daring, and enchantingly affectionate, satisfied the old lady's pride completely and she sat for hours contentedly watching her sprawl and roll on a soft and ample Indian blanket spread upon the floor.

Either the comfort of renewed relations with her children mended her health or the fatality of the shock was over-estimated, for she did not die, not then nor for many years, but lived, happier, perhaps in her affliction than before it, for the bond between her and Roger and Mother Mary, strengthened when she was preparing for death, never loosened again, and more than once, a black-robed, white-coiffed figure has visited the home of her father's like a slim shadow, and carried with her one of the Church's greatest blessings, surely—the healing of old wounds and the restoring of human loves.



TO BE CONCLUDED

The Evolution of a Train Robber

By EDGAR BEECHER BRONSON

Author of "The Reminiscences of a Ranchman"

With Illustrations by C. M. Russell

LIFE was never dull in Grant County, New Mexico, in the early '80s. There was always something doing—usually something the average law-abiding, peace-loving citizen would have been glad enough to dispense with. To say that life then and there was insecure is to describe altogether too feebly a state of society and an environment wherein Death, in one violent form or another, was ever abroad, seldom long idle, always alert for victims.

When the San Carlos Apaches, under Victoria, Ju or Geronimo, were not out gunning for the whites, the whites were usually out gunning for each other in one way or another, over one trivial difference or another. Everybody carried a gun and was more or less handy with it. Indeed, it was a downright bad plan to carry one unless you were handy. For with gunning, the game most played, if not precisely the most popular, everyone was supposed to be familiar with the rules and to know how to play it; and in a game where every hand is sure to be "called," no one ever suspected another of being out on a sheer "bluff." Thus the coroner invariably declared it a case of suicide where one man drew a gun on another and failed to use it.

This highly explosive state of society was not due to the fact that there were few peaceable men in the country, for there were lots of them, men of character and education, honest, and as law-abiding as their peculiar environment would permit. Moreover, the percentage of professional "bad men"—and this was a profession then—was comparatively small. It was due rather to the fact that everyone, no matter how peaceable his inclinations, was compelled habitually to carry arms for self-defense, for the Apaches were constantly raiding outside the towns and white outlaws inside. And with any class of men who constantly carry arms, it always falls out that a weapon is the arbiter of even those minor personal differences which in the older and more

effete civilization of the East are settled with fists or in a petty court.

The prevailing local contempt for any man who was too timid to "put up a gun fight" when the etiquette of a situation demanded it, was expressed locally in the phrase that one "could take a corncob and a lightning bug and make him run himself to death trying to get away." It is clearly unnecessary to explain why the few men of this sort in the community did not occupy positions of any particular prominence. Their opinions did not seem to carry as much weight as those of other gentlemen who were known to be notably quick to draw and shoot.

I even recall many instances where the pistol entered into the pastimes of the community. One instance will stand telling:

A game of poker (rather a stiff one) had been going on for about a fortnight in the Red Light Saloon. The same group of men, five or six old friends, made up the game every day. All had varying success but one, who lost every day. And, come to think of it, his luck varied too, for some days he lost more than others. While he did not say much about his losings, it was observed that his temper was not improving.

This sort of thing went on for thirteen days. The thirteenth day the loser happened to come in a little late, after the game was started. It also happened that on this particular day one of the players had brought in a friend, a stranger in the town, to join the game. When the loser came in, therefore, he was introduced to the stranger and sat down. A hand was dealt him. He started to play it, stopped, rapped on the table for attention and said:

"Boys, I want to make a personal explanation to this yere stranger. Stranger, this yere game is sure a tight wad for a smoothbore. I'm loser in it, an' a d—d heavy one, for exactly thirteen days, and these boys all understand that the first son of a gun I find I can beat, I'm going to take a six-shooter an' make him

play with me a week. Now, if you have no objections to my rules, you can draw cards."

Luckily for the stranger, perhaps, the thirteenth day was as bad for the loser as its predecessors.

Outside the towns there were only three occupations in Grant County in those years—cattle ranching, mining and fighting Apaches—all of a sort to attract and hold none but types the sturdiest of real manhood, men inured to danger and reckless of it. In the early '80s no faint heart came to Grant County unless he blundered in—and any such were soon burning the shortest trail out. These men were never better described in a line than when, years ago, at a banquet of California Forty-Niners, Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras, speaking of the splendid types the men of Forty-Nine represented, said:

"The cowards never started and all the weak died on the road!"

Within the towns, also, there were only three occupations: first, supplying the cowmen and miners whatever they needed—merchandise wet and dry, law mundane and spiritual—for while neither courts nor churches were working overtime, nevertheless they were available for the few who had any use for them; second, gambling, at monte, poker or faro; and, third, figuring how to slip through the next twenty-four hours without getting a heavier load of lead in one's system than could be conveniently carried, how to stay happily half shot and yet avoid coming home on a shutter, unhappily shot, or, having an active enemy on hand, how best to "get" him.

Thus, while plainly the occupations of Grant County folk were somewhat limited in variety, in the matter of interest and excitement their games were wide open and the roof off.

Nor did all the perils to life in Grant County lurk within the burnished grooves of a gun barrel, according to certain local points of view, for always it is the most unusual that most alarms—as when one of my cowboys "allowed he'd go to town for a week," and was back on the ranch the evening of the second day. Asked why he was back so soon, he replied:

"Well, fellers, one o' them big depot water tanks burnt plumb up this maw'nin', an' reckonin' whar that 'd happen a feller might ketch fire anywhere in them little ole town trails, I jes' nachally pulled my freight for camp!"

But a cowboy is the subject of this story—Kit Joy. His genus, and striking types of the genus, have been so cleverly described, especially by Lewis and by Adams—and some day I hope to meet Andy—that I need say little of the genus here. Still, one of the cowboy's

most notable and admirable traits has not been emphasized so much as it deserves—I mean his downright reverence and respect for womanhood. No real cowboy ever wilfully insulted any woman, or lost a chance to resent any insult offered by another. Indeed, it was an article of the cowboy creed never broken, and all well knew it. So it happened that when one day a cowboy, in a crowded car of a train "held up" by bandits, was appealed to by an Eastern lady in the next seat:

"Heavens! I have four hundred dollars in my purse I cannot afford to lose; please, sir, tell me how I can hide it."

Instantly came the answer:

"Shucks! miss, stick it in yer sock; them fellers has nerve enough to hold up a train an' kill any feller that puts up a fight, but nary one o' them has nerve enough to go into a woman's sock after her bank roll!"

Kit Joy was a cowboy working on the — ranch on the Gila. He was a youngster little over twenty. It was said of him that he had left behind him in Texas more or less history not best written in black ink, but whether this was true or not I do not know. Certain it was that he was a reckless daredevil, always foremost in the little amenities cowboys loved to indulge in when they came to town, such as shooting out the lights in saloons and generally "shelling up the settlement,"—which meant taking a friendly shot at about everything that showed up on the streets. Nevertheless, Kit in the main was thoroughly good-natured and amiable.

Early in his career in Silver City it was observed that perhaps his most distinguishing trait was curiosity. Ultimately his curiosity got him into trouble, as it does most people who indulge it. His first display of curiosity in Silver was a very great surprise, even to those who knew him best. It was also a disappointment.

A tenderfoot, newly arrived, appeared on the streets one day in knickerbockers and stockings. Kit was in town and was observed watching the tenderfoot. To the average cowboy a silk top hat was like a red flag to a bull, so much like it in fact that the hat was usually lucky to escape with less than half a dozen holes through it. But here in these knee breeches and stockings was something much more bizarre and aggravating than a top hat, from a cowboy's point of view. The effect on Kit was, therefore, closely watched by the bystanders.

No one fancied for a moment that Kit would do less than undertake to teach the tenderfoot "the cowboy's hornpipe," not a particularly

graceful but a very quick step, which is danced most artistically when a bystander is shooting at the dancer's toes. Indeed, the ball was expected to open early. To everyone's surprise and disappointment, it did not. Instead, Kit dropped in behind the tenderfoot and began to follow him about town—followed him for at least an hour. Everyone thought he was studying up some more unique penalty for the tenderfoot. But they were wrong, all wrong.

As a matter of fact, Kit was so far consumed with curiosity that he forgot everything else, forgot even to be aggravated. At last, when he could stand it no longer, he walked up to the tenderfoot, detained him gently by the sleeve, and asked in a tone of real sympathy and concern:

"Say, Mistah! 'Fo' Heaven, won't yo' Mah let yo wear long pants?"

Naturally the tenderfoot's indignation was aroused and expressed, but Kit's sympathies for a man condemned to such a juvenile costume were so far stirred that he took no notice of it.

Kit was a typical cowboy, industrious, faithful, uncomplaining, of the good old Southern Texas breed. In the saddle from daylight till dark, riding completely down to the last jump in them two or three horses a day, it never occurred to him even to growl, when a stormy night, with thunder and lightning, prolonged his customary three hours' turn at night guard round the herd to an all night's vigil. He took it as a matter of course. And his rope and running iron were ever ready, and his weather eye alert for a chance to catch and decorate with the —brand any stray cattle that ventured within his range.

This was a peculiar phase of cowboy character. While not himself profiting a penny by these inroads on neighboring herds, he was never quite so happy as when he had added another maverick to the herd bearing his employer's brand, an increase always obtained at the expense of some of the neighbors.

One night on the spring round-up, the day's work finished, supper eaten, the night horses caught and saddled, the herd in hand driven into a close circle and bedded down for the night in a little glade in the hills, Kit was standing first relief. The day's drive had been a heavy one, the herd was well grazed and watered in the late afternoon, the night was fine; and so the 1200 or 1500 cattle in the herd were lying down quietly, giving no trouble to the night herders. Kit, therefore, was jogging slowly round the herd, softly jingling his spurs and humming some rude love song of the sultry sort cowboys never tire of repeating.

The stillness of the night superinduced reflection. With naught to interrupt it, Kit's curiosity ran farther afield than usual.

Recently down at Lordsburg, with the outfit shipping a train-load of beeves, he had seen the Overland Express empty its load of passengers for supper, a crowd of well-dressed men and women, the latter brilliant with the bright colors cowboys love and glittering with gems. To-night he got to thinking about them.

Wherever did they all come from? How ever did they get so much money? Surely they must come from 'Frisco. No lesser place could possibly turn out such magnificence.

Then Kit let his fancy wander off into crude cowboy visions of what 'Frisco might be like, for he had never seen a city.

"What a buster of a town 'Frisco must be," Kit soliloquized. "Must have more'n a hundred saloons an' more slick gals than the —brand has heifers. Lord! What a lot o' fun a feller could have out thar. Only I reckon them gals wouldn't look at him more'n about onct onless he was well fixed for dough. Reckon they don't drink nothin' but wine out thar, nor eat nothin' but oysters. An' wine an' oysters costs money, oodles o' money! That's the deuce of it!

"S'pose it'd take more'n a month's pay to git a feller out thar on the kiars, an' then about three months' pay to git to stay a week. Reckon that's jes a little too rich fer Kit's blood. But, jiminy! Wouldn't I like to have a good, big, fat bank roll an' go thar!"

Here was a crisis suddenly come in Kit's life, although he did not then realize it. It is entirely improbable he had ever before felt the want of money. His monthly pay of \$35 enabled him to sport a pearl-handled six-shooter and silver-mounted bridle bit and spurs, kept him well clothed, and gave him an occasional spree in town. What more could any reasonable cowboy ask.

But to-night the very elements and all nature were against him. Even a light dash of rain to rouse the sleeping herd, or a hungry cow straying out into the darkness, would have been sufficient to divert and probably save him; but nothing happened. The night continued fine. The herd slept on. And Kit was thus left an easy prey, since covetousness had come to aid curiosity in compassing his ruin.

"A bank roll! A big, fat, full-grown, long-horned, four year-old-bank-roll! *That's* what a feller wants, to do 'Frisco right. Nothin' less. But whar's it comin' from, an' when? S'pose I brands a few mavericks an' gits a start on my own? No use, Kit; that's too slow! Time

you got a proper roll you'd be so old the skeeters wouldn't even bite you, to say nothin' of a gal a-kissin' of you. 'Pears like you ain't liable to git thar very quick, Kit, 'less you rustles mighty peart somewhar. Talkin' of *rustlin'*, what the *deuce's* the matter with that anyway?"

A cold glitter came in Kit's light blue eyes. The muscles of his lean, square jaws worked nervously. His right hand dropped caressingly on the handle of his pistol.

"That's the proper caper, Kit. Why didn't you think of it before? Rustle, d——n you, an', ef you're any good, mebbe so you can git to 'Frisco afore frost comes, or anywhere else you likes. Rustle! By Heavens, I've got it; I'll jes' stand up that thar Overland Express! Them fellers what rides on it's got more'n they're got any sort o' use fer. What's the matter with makin' 'em whack up with a feller? 'Course they'll kick, an' ther'll be a whole passle o' marshals an' sheriffs out' after you, but what o' that? Reckon Old Blue 'll carry you out o' range. He's the longest-winded chunk o' horse meat in these parts. Then you'll have to stay out strictly on the scout fer a few weeks, till they gits tired o' huntin' of you, so you can slip out o' this yere neck o' woods 'thout leavin' a trail.

"An' Lord! but won't it be fun! 'Bout as much fun, I reckon, as doin' 'Frisco. Won't them tenderfeet beller when they hears the guns a-crackin' an' the boys a-yellin'. Le's see; wonder who I'd better take along?"

Scruples? Kit had none. Bred and raised a merry freebooter in the unbranded spoils of the cattle range, it was no long step from stealing a maverick to holding up a train.

With a man of perhaps any other class a plan to engage in a new business enterprise, of so much greater magnitude than those he had been accustomed to, would have been made the subject of long and serious consideration. Not so with Kit. Cowboy life compels a man to think quickly, and often to act quicker than he finds it convenient to think. The hand skilled to catch the one possible instant when the wide, circling loop of the lariat may be successfully thrown, and the eye and finger trained to accurate snap shooting, do not belong to a mind likely to be long in reaching a resolution or slow to execute one.

So Kit at once began to cast about for two or three of the right sort of boys to join him. Three were quickly chosen out of his own and a neighboring outfit. They were Mitch Lee and Taggart, two white cowboys of much his own type and temper, and George Cleveland, a negro, known as a desperate fellow, game for anything.

It needed no great argument to secure the co-operation of these men. A mere tip of the lark and the loot to be had was enough.

The boys saw their respective bosses. They "allowed they'd lay off for a few days and go to town." So they were paid off, slung their Winchesters on their saddles, mounted their favorite horses and rode away.

They met in Silver City, coming in singly. There they purchased a few provisions. There they separated and rode singly out of town, to rendezvous at a certain point on the Miembres River.

The point of attack chosen was the little station of Gage (tended by a lone operator), on the Southern Pacific Railway west of Deming, a point then reached by the west bound express at twilight.

The evening of the second day after leaving the Gila, Kit and his three *compadres* rode into Gage.

One or two significant passes with a six-shooter hypnotized the station agent into a docile tool.

A dim red light glimmered away off in the east. As the minutes passed it grew and brightened fast. Then a faint, confused murmur came singing over the rails to the ears of the waiting bandits. The light brightened and grew until it looked like a great, dull red sun, and then the thunder of the train was heard.

Time for action had come!

The agent was made to signal the engineer to stop. With lever reversed and air brakes on, the train was nearly stopped when the engine reached the station. But seeing the agent surrounded by a group of armed men, the engineer shut off the air and sought to throw his throttle open. His purpose discovered, a quick snap shot from Mitch Lee laid him dead in the cab, and, springing into the cab, Mitch soon persuaded the fireman to stop the train.

Instantly a fusillade of pistol shots and a mad chorus of shrill cowboy yells broke out, that terrorized train crew and passengers into docility.

Within fifteen minutes the express car was sacked, the postal car gutted, the passengers laid under unwilling contribution, and Kit and his pals were riding northward into the night, heavily loaded with loot.

Riding at great speed due north, the party soon reached the main traveled road up the Miembres, in whose loose shifting sands they knew their trail could not be picked up. Still forcing the pace, they reached the rough hill country east of Silver early in the night, *cached*



Riding one day across the plain at some distance from the line of flight north from Gage, Whitehill found a fragment of a Kansas newspaper.

their plunder safely, and a little after midnight were carelessly bucking a monte game in a Silver City saloon.

The next afternoon they quietly rode out of town and joined their respective outfits, to wait until the excitement should blow over.

Of course the telegraph soon started the hue and cry. Officers from Silver, Deming and Lordsburg were soon on the ground, led by Harvey Whitehill, the famous old sheriff of Grant County. But of clue there was none. Naturally the station agent had come safely out of his trance, but with that absence of memory of what had happened characteristic of the hypnotized. The trail

disappeared in the sands of the Miembres road.

Shrewd old Harvey Whitehill was at his wit's end.

Many days passed in fruitless search. At last, riding one day across the plain at some distance from the line of flight north from Gage, Whitehill found a fragment of a Kansas newspaper. Instantly he saw it he remembered that a certain merchant of Silver came from the Kansas town where this paper was published.

Hurrying back to Silver, Whitehall saw the merchant, who identified the paper and said that he undoubtedly was its only subscriber

in Silver. Asked if he had given a copy to any one, he finally recalled that some time before, about the period of the robbery, he had wrapped in a piece of this newspaper some provisions he had sold to a negro named Cleveland and a white man he did not know.

Here was the clue and Whitehill was quick to follow it. Meeting a negro on the street, he pretended to want to hire a cook. The negro had a job. Well, did he not know some one else? By the way, where was George Cleveland?

"Oh, boss, he done left de Gila dis week an' gone ober to Socorro," was the answer.

Two days later Whitehill found Cleveland in a Socorro restaurant, got the "drop on him," told him his pals were arrested and had confessed that they were in the robbery, but that he, Cleveland, had killed Engineer Webster. This brought the whole story.

"Foh de Lord, boss, I nebber killed dat engineer. Mitch Lee done it, an' him an' Taggart an' Kit Joy, dey done lied to you outrageous."

Within a few days, caught singly, in ignorance of Cleveland's arrest, and taken completely by surprise, Joy, Taggart and Lee were captured on the Gila and jailed, along with Cleveland, at Silver City, held to await the action of the next grand jury.

But strong walls did not make a prison adequate to hold these men. Before many weeks passed, an escape was planned and executed. Two other prisoners, one a man wanted in Arizona and the other a Mexican horse thief, were allowed to participate in the outbreak.

Taken unawares, their guard was seized and bound with little difficulty. Quickly arming themselves in the jail office, these six desperate men dashed out of the jail and into a neighboring livery stable, seized horses, mounted and rode madly out of town, firing at every one in sight.

In Silver in those days no gentleman's trousers set comfortably without a pistol stuck in the waistband. Therefore, the flying desperadoes received as hot a fire as they sent. By this fire Cleveland's horse was killed before they got out of town, but one of his pals stopped and picked him up.

Instantly the town was in an uproar of excitement. Everyone knew that the capture of these men meant a fight to the death.

As usual in such emergencies, there were more talkers than fighters.

Nevertheless, six men were in pursuit as soon as they could saddle and mount.

The first to start was the driver of an express wagon, a man named Jackson, who cut his horse loose from the traces, mounted bare-

back and flew out of town only a few hundred yards behind the prisoners. Six others, led by Charlie Shannon and La Fer, were not far behind Jackson. The men of this party were greatly surprised to find that a Boston boy of twenty—a tenderfoot lately come to town, who had scarcely ever ridden a horse or fired a rifle, was among their number, well mounted and armed—a man with a line of ancestry worth while, and himself a worthy survival of the best of it.

The chase was hot. Jackson was well in advance, engaging the fugitives with his pistol, while the fugitives were returning the fire and throwing up puffs of dust all about Jackson. Behind spurred Shannon and his party.

At length the pursuit gained. Five miles out of Silver, in the Pinon Hills to the northwest, too close pressed to run farther, the fugitives sprang from their horses and ran into a low post oak thicket covering about two acres, where, crouching, they could not be seen. The six pursuers sent back a man to guide the sheriff's party and hasten reinforcements, and began shelling the thicket and surrounding it.

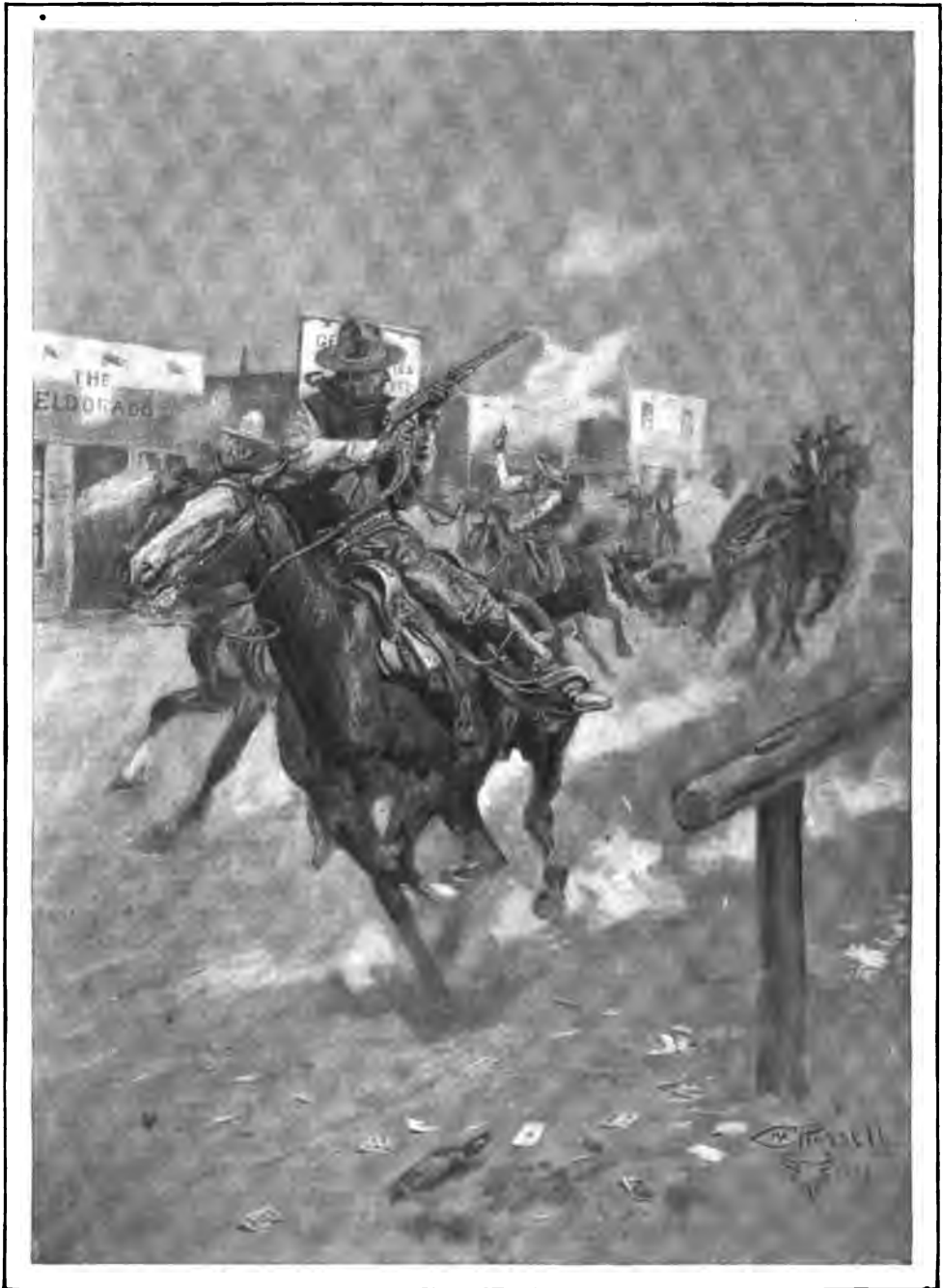
A few minutes later Whitehill rode up with seven more men, and the thicket was effectually surrounded. To the surprise of every one, a hot fire poured into the thicket failed to bring a single answering shot.

Whitehill was no man to waste ammunition on such chance firing, so he ordered a charge. His little command rode into and through the thicket at full speed, only to find their quarry gone, gone all save one. The Mexican lay dead, shot through the head! Kit's party had dashed through the thicket without stopping, on to another, and their trail was shortly found leading up a rugged cañon of the Pinos Altos range.

Whitehill divided his party. Three men followed up the bottom of the cañon on foot, five mounted flankers were thrown out on either side. At last, high up the cañon, Kit's party was found at bay, lying in some thick underbrush. It was a desperate position to attack, but the pursuers did not hesitate. Dismounting, they advanced on foot with rifles cocked, but with all the caution of a hunter trailing a wounded grizzly.

The negro opened the ball at barely twenty yards' range with a shot that drove a hole through the Boston boy's hat. Dropping at first with surprise, for he had not seen the negro till the instant he raised to fire, the Boston boy returned a quick shot that happened to hit the negro just above the center of the forehead and rolled him over dead.

Approaching from another direction, Shan-



Cleveland's horse was killed before they got out of town, but one of his pals stopped and picked him up.

non was first to draw Taggart's fire; Taggart was lying hidden in the brush; Shannon standing out in the open. Shot after shot they exchanged, until presently a ball struck the earth in front of Taggart's face and filled his eyes full of gravel and sand. Blinded for the time,

he called for quarter, and came out of the brush with his hands up, and with him another man. Asked for his pistol, Taggart replied: "Hang you, that's empty, or I'd be shooting yet."

Meantime, Whitehill was engaging Mitch

Lee. In a few minutes, shot through and helpless, Lee surrendered. It was quick, hot work!

All but Kit were now killed or captured. He had been separated from his party, and La Fer was seen trailing him on a neighboring hillside.

At this juncture the sheriff detailed Shannon to return to town and get a wagon to bring in the dead and wounded, while he started to join La Fer in pursuit of Kit.

An hour later, as Shannon was leaving town with a wagon to return to the scene of the fight, a mob of men, led by a shyster lawyer, joined him and swore they proposed to lynch the prisoners. This was too much for Shannon's sense of frontier proprieties. So, rising in his wagon, he made a brief but effective speech.

"Boys, none of our men are hurt, although it is no fault of our prisoners. A dozen of us have gone out and risked our lives to capture these men. You men have not seen fit, for what motives we will not discuss, to help us. Now, I tell you right here that any who want can come, but the first man to raise a hand against a prisoner I'll kill."

Shannon's return escort was small.

But once more back in the hills of the Pinos Altos, Shannon found a storm raised he could not quell, even if his own sympathies had not drifted with it when he learned its cause. His friend La Fer lay dead, filled full of buckshot by Kit before Whitehill's reinforcements had reached him, while Kit had slipped away through the underbrush, over rocks that left no trail.

La Fer's death maddened his friends. There was little discussion. Only one opinion prevailed. Taggart and Lee must die.

Nothing was known of the prisoner wanted in Arizona, so he was spared.

Taggart and Lee were put in the wagon, the former tightly bound, the latter helpless from his wound. Short rope halters barely five feet long were stripped from the horses, knotted round the prisoners' necks, and fastened to the limb of a juniper tree. Taggart climbed to the high wagon seat, took a header

and broke his neck. The wagon was then pulled away and Lee strangled.

With Cleveland, Lee and Taggart dead, Engineer Webster and La Fer were fairly well avenged. But Kit was still out, known as the leader and the man who shot La Fer, and for days the hills were full of men hunting him.

Hiding in the rugged, thickly timbered hills of the Gila, taking needed food at night, at the muzzle of his gun, from some isolated ranch, he was hard to capture.

Had Kit chosen to mount himself and ride out of the country, he might have escaped for good. But this he would not do.

Dominated still by the fatal curiosity and covetousness that first possessed and later mastered him, and then drove him into crime, bound to repossess himself of his hidden treasure and go out to see the world, Kit would not leave the Gila.

Alone, unaided, with no man left his friend, with all men on the alert to capture or to kill him, the unequal contest nevertheless lasted for many weeks.

There was only one man Kit at all trusted, a "nester" (small ranchman), named Racketty Smith.

One day, looking out from a leafy thicket in which he lay hid, Kit saw Racketty going along the road. A lonely outcast, craving the sound of a human voice, believing Racketty at least neutral, Kit hailed him and approached. As he drew near, Racketty covered him with his rifle and ordered him to surrender. Surprised, taken entirely unawares, Kit started to jump for cover, when Racketty fired, shattered his right leg and brought him to earth. To spring upon and disarm Kit was the work of an instant.

Kit was sentenced to imprisonment at Santa Fe. A few years ago, gaining three years by good behavior, Kit was released, after having served fourteen years.

However, Kit may still hanker for "a big, fat, four-year-old, long-horned bank roll," whatever may be his curiosity to "do 'Frisco proper," it is not likely he will make any more history as a train robber, for at heart Kit was always a better good man than "bad" man.





Section of a French film, "The Kiss of Judas." The Christ is portrayed by the eminent actor M. Lambert, while M. Monuet-Sully, seated at the left, facing the audience, enacts the rôle of Judas.

The Canned Drama

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON
Author of "Footlight Fiction"

Illustrated with Photographs

THE actor, whom I shall call Montgomery Stone because that isn't his name, could scarcely speak above a whisper.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"I lost my voice yesterday, having my picture taken," he answered painfully.

Then he grinned at my evident perplexity, and explained, "I was subduing a mob for a moving-picture film. The best moving-picture actors always talk, you know, while the picture is being taken. It works you up into the proper mood for gestures and facial expression, and makes your mouth go naturally."

"But you—moving pictures—I don't get it," said I, trying to be diplomatic.

He laughed, or rather croaked. "Well, the show I was in has closed," he said huskily, "and I've nothing till fall, so I'm filling in posing for the picture people. I get good pay every time I pose. It's better than loafing. You'd be surprised at the number of

good professionals who do pose nowadays. Besides, I always play the leads."

A few days later, when Montgomery Stone had recovered his voice sufficiently to have his picture taken once more, he invited me to attend that interesting function. The "studio" was a large steel and concrete building on the outskirts of New York City, with a glass roof and sides that were half glass, too. On a sunny day pictures could be taken by natural light. The floor was divided into trapped sections like the stage of a modern theater, and there was room for two or three sets at a time. There were dressing-rooms, property rooms, scene-painting lofts, and carpenter shops. One of the stage sets now represented the cabin of a ship. And presently Mr. Stone emerged from a dressing-room clad and whiskered like a fussy little old man, and took his place in this cabin. One section of a film portraying Mr. Barker's adventures in Europe (an idea evidently borrowed from Gibson's cartoons) was

to be taken—the trip over. The ship was going to roll, and Mr. Barker was going to be very miserable. Just how the ship was going to roll, I couldn't see. But the moving-picture makers don't let a little thing like a steel and concrete building bother them.

"Now, Mr. Stone, you are supposed to look sick," said the stage manager. "And try to appear unsteady.

Remember the ship's rolling something fierce. Spread your legs apart more. Hang onto chairs and things. And when Otto [the man at the camera] says 'door,' lunge toward the door; when he says 'bunk,' lunge toward that. When I say 'sand,' jump away from the port hole."

I still failed to see how the effect was going to be gained, in spite of Montgomery Stone's inane staggering about on the perfectly stable floor and his agonized facial expression. After a few rehearsals and much shouting the stage manager cried, "Ready with the sand back there!" A man went behind the scenery with a pail of sand and crouched beneath the port hole. Somebody else took hold of a string that was tied to the leg of a chair. The man at the camera examined the mechanism on which it stood to see that everything was working smoothly. Mr. Stone adjusted his whiskers firmly, assumed anew his expression of extreme nausea, took a firm brace with his feet on the level floor, and the signal came to begin.

Then I saw how the trick was done. The man at the camera, as he turned the crank which winds the film across the shutter, rocked the camera from side to side. Every moment he would give it a violent lurch to the left, yelling "Bunk!" and the actor would stagger toward the bed. Then would follow a lurch to the right, the cry of "Door!" and the actor would reel dizzily across the perfectly level floor to the door. Between times the stage manager would yell "Sand!" and a gush of spray would come through the port hole, while the actor leaped out of the way. At one lurch the man with the string yanked the chair over, and thereafter he twitched it about the floor from time to time.

"One hundred feet," said the man at the



Courtesy of the American Mutoscope and Biograph Co.

This looks like Sherwood forest, but in reality it is a section of film taken in the Bronx Park, New York City.

camera. "One hundred and fifty—one hundred and seventy-five—"

"Now, ready, lurch, bunk, fall in head first!" cried the stage manager. And the camera stopped at the two hundred feet of film, with the actor lying in a huddled heap in his bunk.

And when that section of "The Adventures of Mr. Barker" was projected a few

weeks later on the screens of many of the 7000 moving picture theaters in America, it gave the complete illusion of being taken on board a liner, in a heavy sea. Only once or twice, the careful observer might have noticed, the suffering old gentleman staggered the wrong way to preserve his center of gravity.

Montgomery Stone, as he truly says, has "played the lead" in many films. Some of them, like the sea trip of Mr. Barker, were comedies. Once he played the part of a boy who tied a rope to his foot and then hung the end of the rope out of the window, that his chum might come along and wake him. Of course, the wrong person got hold of the rope, and our hero was yanked bodily out of bed and through the window. This effect was no more difficult to secure than Peter Pan's flights in the play. The actor lay on a little hidden board, suspended by piano wires, and at the proper moment he sailed rapidly out of bed and vanished through the window, apparently yanked by the rope tied to his foot. But Mr. Stone's abilities are not confined to comedy. Indeed, with the considerable elevation of public taste in the past two years and the still greater desire to do better things on the part of the picture manufacturers, the "trick" film, and the merely farcial, or horse play, pictures have taken a secondary place. It is easy enough to stop the camera, substitute a dummy for a live actor, and then show the character in the picture falling down a precipice or being knocked twenty feet by an automobile; or it is easy to put in a section of the film backward, thus showing a man who has jumped from a bridge, turned in mid air, and jumped back again; or it is easy to hang the camera from the ceiling and, by photographing the actor crawling on his stomach over a canvas painted like a wall and spread out on the floor, get the effect,

when the picture is projected on the upright screen, of a man scaling an impassible barrier as if by magic.

Almost anything can be accomplished, indeed, through the control exercised over the camera by the operator, who winds the film across the shutter by hand, and can accelerate it, space or stop it altogether, at will. For instance, an actor dives into a pond, the camera is stopped, he comes up and is fished out, the camera is started again and takes a picture of the blank water for five minutes, then is stopped once more and the actor dives a second time. As he comes up the camera is once more started, and the effect, of course, of the finished picture is of a man who dives and remains under water an incredible time. He may even seem to emerge at a point an incredible distance from the spot where he went under, for while the camera is taking the picture of blank water it can easily be moved along the shore, or in a boat, and when the actor dives the second time it can be in a place a long way from the scene of the first plunge.

But odd as such pictures always are the public has learned more or less to see through the tricks, even a little to tire of them. At best they are the "comic relief" of canned drama. The audiences have come to demand real drama, pictures that tell a coherent, interesting story and tell it well, with genuine settings and competent actors taking the parts. Hence Montgomery Stone is often called on to pose out of doors, and to be on occasion quite intensely dramatic.

Indeed, at the present time, in the suburbs of New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia or Chicago, any pleasant day you are likely to chance on a big automobile loaded with actors and actresses in full paint and strange array, or to find upon a suburban street corner, or down a country lane, extraordinary actions going on in front of a purring camera. Not long ago an automobile elopement was being taken in Brooklyn. The eloping couple in one car were being pursued by the camera in another. Down the road, dressed as policemen, two actors waited to spoil the elopement by making an arrest for speeding. For all that I know, they are still waiting, for two real



Courtesy of the American Mutoscope and Biograph Co.

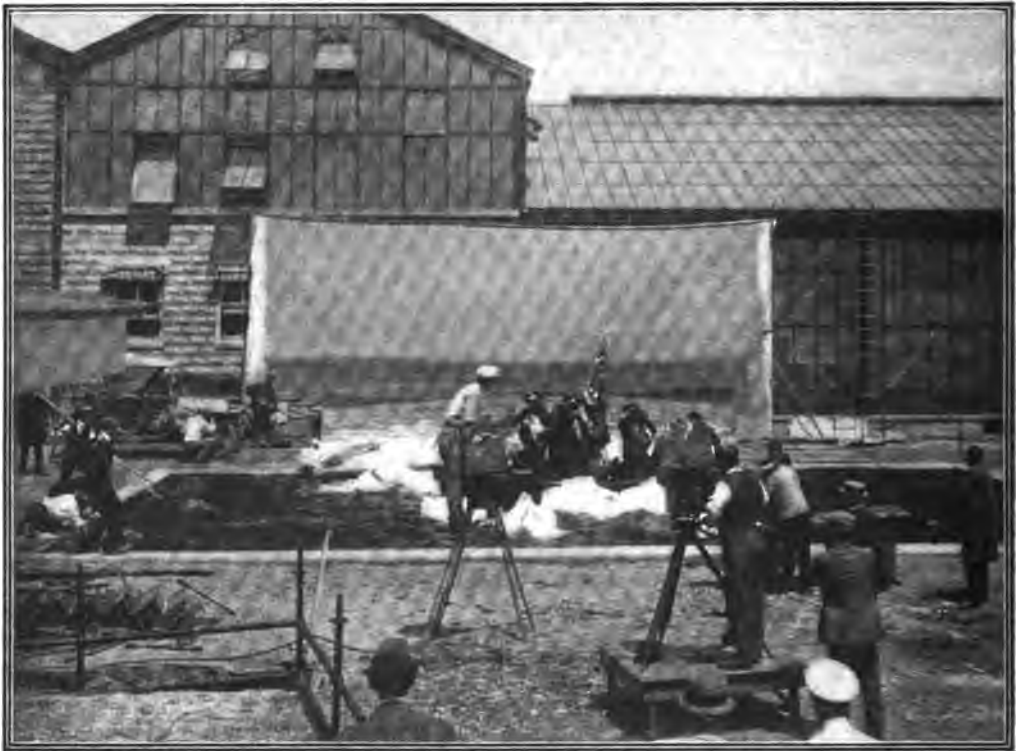
Great expense and untiring perseverance were required in securing this remarkable film of a deer hunt in Newfoundland.

policemen stopped the car before it reached the actors, and carried the genuinely protesting couple off to a real station house. The man with the camera shrewdly said nothing, but followed on, merrily turning his crank. Unfortunately, the real police station was not equipped with the proper lighting apparatus to continue the film, but up to the time when the party reached

the door, that film is one of the most realistic ever taken.

Another case of real police interference in New York didn't turn out so well. The picture was of "A Black Hand Escape," and the leading actor, made up as a very terrible Italian, was supposed to get away. A real policeman intercepted him in full flight, at the point of his revolver, and, such is the state of feeling toward the Black Hand in the New York Police force, it was ten minutes before the patrolman could be made to understand that this was all a play. The film, of course, was ruined. Once, in the Bronx (an outlying section of New York City) a whole party of actors and actresses were arrested for disturbing the peace, and carried to the station house in a body. But as a rule the police do not interfere for this cause, since the picture men themselves do all in their power to avoid attracting a crowd. Aside from the somewhat flippant remarks hurled at the actors by the street spectators, there is always the danger of somebody who doesn't belong there getting into the field of the camera and ruining the picture, or at any rate making it ridiculous.

Montgomery Stone was my host one day on a trip into the country. This was to be a fairy film, for the children, who compose so large a part of moving picture audiences. His part was, as he assured me, the leading one. He played the Sand Man, coming in toward the end of each episode and putting folks to sleep. He was dressed in grotesque tights, his face was painted to look like a funny, wizened little old man, and he wore blue silk shoes which a costumer on the Bowery had assured him were once worn by Fanny Davenport in Gismonda. He is a small man, Miss Davenport was a large woman; maybe they were. Others of our party in the huge automobile were two German policemen (why German I don't know, unless



Courtesy of the Vitagraph Co. of America

Making a film of "Washington crossing the Delaware" over in Brooklyn. While the boat is pursuing its perilous way, the men with the long poles at either end of the tank create the turbulent waves, and the flying spray is simulated by sand thrown by the man on the ladder.

they were supposed to be more comic), a coquettish damsel with a market basket, a farmer, a burglar, a stage manager, and the camera man. First we went to the Bronx Park.

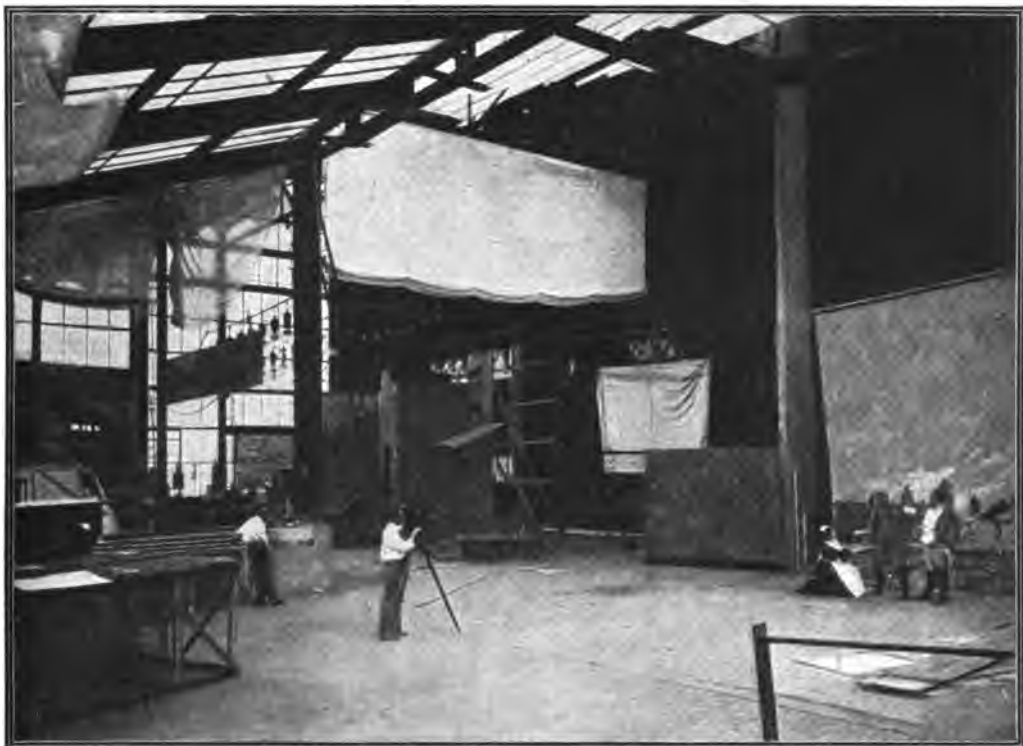
"My, I think I've posed behind every tree in this Park," said the coquettish damsel.

The machine stopped by a rustic bench, the camera was set up, and rehearsals began. But suddenly, out of nowhere, emerged seventeen small boys, several men, a buggy, two baby carriages, a family picnic and a touring car. "Pipe de fake cops," said the small boys. "Aw, go home 'n' put your pants on!" they continued, to the Sand Man. We all climbed sheepishly back into the machine and drove hastily away. Presently we found a more secluded bench, and this time had better luck. One of the policemen made love to the coquettish damsel on the bench, the Sand Man, with much merrily malicious pantomime, hopped out of the Bronx woods and threw sand over them, and they went to sleep, their heads on each other's shoulders. Then along came the sergeant, woke them up, and sent his poor astonished patrolman angrily about his beat. "I'm afraid I went to sleep too quick," said the

coquettish maiden, when the camera had stopped buzzing. "It will spoil the artistic effect, if I did."

Then we bowled out into the open country, miles and miles, till the city was far behind and a little farm appeared by the wayside. Again the car stopped and the stage manager held parley with the farmer, who grinned presently, put something green into his pocket, and went to hitch up his team. We all climbed out, into the barn yard.

While the picture was being rehearsed I was pressed into service to gather local color. This task consisted of scattering grain out of a measure and calling, "Come, chick, chick, chick, chick!" till the hens had been lured into the field of the camera. I was glad to assist in so artistic a manner. This picture went off very well, in spite of the fact that the farmer's horse was only an amateur actor. The Sand Man put the farmer to sleep, the horse ran into the stable, the bags of grain were upset, all according to schedule. The week before, they told me, a professional horse, who had behaved perfectly in rehearsal, lying down calmly and playing dead, got up and ambled



Courtesy of the Edison Manufacturing Co.

On the floor of this huge studio, often as many as four films, each requiring a separate "set," are made at the same time. Connected with this studio are five companies of actors who are continually employed in the manufacture of the films, two generally working at one time in the studio, the others outside.

off stage while the picture was being taken. He waited till a hundred and seventy-five feet of film had been used, too, to make his little joke more expensive.

Meanwhile, the two cops had converted themselves into hoboes, using the barn for a dressing-room, and we all adjourned down a lane near the road. Here my task was to drive a herd of cows into the field of the camera, a more substantial but easier manipulated form of local color. During the rehearsal, the two hoboes, who were supposed to be fighting over a loaf of bread, yelled at one another at the top of their lungs. A man who was driving by in the road with a load of "Genuine New England Pies," pulled up and watched. Several small boys had mysteriously appeared; they always do. But these were rural small boys, and they had better manners, confining their remarks to themselves. It was a curious sight—the peaceful country lane, the cows placidly browsing over the wall, artistically arranged by the proud author, the Sand Man, clad in red tights, hopping from behind a barberry bush, the tattered hoboes, rouged, with false whisk-

ers, the stage manager, running about shouting orders, the buzzing camera mounted on its straddling tripod, and out on the highway the row of country small boys and the dispenser of indigestion, leaning out of his team in open-mouthed astonishment.

When the picture was taken, we fell upon his load, for it was late and we had not lunched; and, with milk supplied that morning by the local color, we all sat down on the grass and enjoyed a merry picnic. Everybody was through for the day except the burglar, a terrible looking person just now, who not long ago was a benignant old gentleman in a famous rural play upon the dramatic stage. We found a place for him to burgle (the verb is his) on our way home. The sunny west wall of a suburban home invited. The mistress of the house did not look upon the scheme with much favor, but the children demanded consent. With great difficulty they were kept out of the range of the camera, which was mounted in the yard, and then the burglar crept up the side path, glancing ever and anon furtively about, as it is well known burglars do, put a ladder against a

window, climbed it, peered in, and finally, raising the sash, disappeared. On the other side we heard him saying, "Thank you, madam, shall I close the window for you?" The Sand Man did not appear in this section of the film. His part was to be taken later, in the studio.

All films are not so simple to make as this one, of course, nor so much of a picnic for the players. One firm of manufacturers in Chicago maintains a zoo as part of its stock company of performers (most firms have at least a half-dozen players, a kind of stock company, who do little else but pose). Not only are moving pictures taken of the animals, animal pictures being perennially popular with the children, but scenes are shown in which the animals figure with human beings. This has its dangers. Even if you know that the tigress is only snatching a piece of raw meat from beneath her keeper, who has only pretended to stumble and fall in an attempt to escape from the cage, the picture is sufficiently thrilling when shown on the screen, and sufficiently dangerous for the human performer. With the higher standards of pictures and the increased competition to meet a more exacting public demand, the manufacturers sometimes send cameras, even companies of players, to Florida or Newfoundland or the Rockies for realistic detail; and large scenes, such as battles, are depicted, also, with the aid perhaps of the state militia, trained horses and gatling guns. A notable foreign film a year ago showed an actual bear hunt in Russia. There is an American Hiawatha picture taken on an Indian reservation, with real Indian actors. The American Mutoscope and Biograph Company are showing a film which is the actual record of a deer hunt in Newfoundland. Pictures of the dredging machines at work on the Panama canal will probably be taken soon, and will surely prove of great interest. Such pictures as these have, of course, a very real educational

value. As a member of the New York moving picture censorship board, who is also a superintendent of public schools, said the other day, "A child can perhaps learn more geography from such films in five minutes than from half a dozen text-books." When you reflect that in New York City alone, on a Sunday, 500,000 people go to moving-picture shows, a

majority of them perhaps children, and that in the poorer quarters of town every teacher testifies that the children now save their pennies for picture shows instead of candy, you cannot dismiss canned drama with a shrug of contempt. It is a big factor in the lives of the masses, to be reckoned with, if possible to be made better, if used for good ends. Eighty per cent. of present day theatrical audiences in this country are canned drama audiences. Ten million people attended professional baseball games in America in 1908. Four million people attended mov-



"Cut off just above the knee." The question is, where is the man's real leg?

ing-picture theaters, it is said, every day, \$50,000,000 are invested in the industry. Chicago has over 300 theaters, New York 300. St. Louis 205, Philadelphia 186, even conservative Boston boasts more than 30. Almost 190 miles of films are unrolled on the screens of America's 7000 canned drama theaters every day in the year. Here is an industry to be controlled, an influence to be reckoned with.

Much maligned New York has been the first to realize the need for reform. Late in 1908 the abuse of moving pictures, not only in the sensational nature of the films but in the wretchedly unsanitary condition of the theaters, caused the Mayor to threaten to close up all the temples of canned drama. In self defence, the proprietors of these theaters banded together and asked the People's Institute to appoint a Board of Censors, who should pass on all pictures exhibited in the city, and also cooperate with the bureau of licenses in cleaning out and making safer the theaters themselves. This has been the means of abolishing from New

York gross and sensational films, that might incite, by suggestion, to crime. But more than that, it has been, or will be, the means of improving the standard of pictures for the entire country, for the manufacturers do not care to make pictures that will be refused in so many theaters as New York contains, and they are, moreover, glad to receive from the censorship committee valuable suggestions that will help the moving pictures to serve the ends of education. The example of New York might well be followed in other cities. Certainly there are many moving picture theaters everywhere which are still grossly unsanitary and unsafe, though the pictures themselves are being daily improved by the manufacturers.

The greatest improvement at present (and there is still plenty of room for more) is along the line of dramatic structure and significant acting. Does it sound silly to talk thus pedantically, in the language of dramatic criticism, about moving pictures? If you will watch a poor American picture unroll blinkingly, and then a good French one, you will feel that it is not silly, after all. You will realize that unconsciously a certain standard of taste, a genuine aesthetic standard, can be set for the children and poor people who frequent canned drama by the millions. You have your standards—or you should have—of acting, gesture, facial expression, dramatic unity, coherence, interest, on the stage. These people can be taught, are being taught, to have their standards on the moving picture screen. Canned dramas succeed or fail, like any others, and for very much the same reasons.

At present we need not discuss the "pictures that talk." Though scenes from grand opera, vaudeville acts, condensed versions of famous plays, are already given jointly by the picture machine and the phonograph, the synchronizing process has not yet been perfected, nor is the phonograph yet sufficiently free from metallic quality, to give these "talking pictures"

a life-likeness as vivid as that imparted by the imagination to the merely pantomimic dramas. Many inventors, including Edison and Lubin, are working on the process, and believe that in the near future there will be regular "talking picture" theaters all over the world. But time must tell that. For the present, the pantomimic dramas come the nearest to a kind of art in the biograph world.

All the dramatic magazines employ regular canned critics now. Here is a sample review of a film:—



Section from "La Tosca" film; Mme. Sorel and M. Le Bargy of the Comédie Française, as Tosca and Scarpia.

Oh, Rats: Another humorous idea weakened by crude handling. A bibulous cook who has her employers terrified, refuses to be discharged until her master brings home a pair of white rats. Her aversion to the rats causes him to bring home a large supply, which he sets free in the kitchen, and she is glad enough to throw up her job. As the story is developed by the players it begins in the middle and thus loses much of its force.

On the whole, this criticism seems probably mild. Doubtless such reviews have their effect on the manufacturers. When historical

scenes are to be reconstructed for the instruction of thousands of children, it is not only desirable that Napoleon or Washington or Edgar Allen Poe should look like the original character, but that all the actors should be correctly costumed and the episodes historically true. But it is also important that ordinary canned dramas be not only free from brutality, coarseness and suggestions to crime, but that they be constructed with imagination, told with interest and coherence, and be well acted. If we must have canned dramas, we must see to it that we have good ones.

And here the French are far ahead of us—not always in the moral tone of their subject matter, but almost universally in dramatic interest and in the quality of the acting. The same superiorities prevail as in the regular theater. The firm of Pathé Frères leads the world. None disputes their supremacy. They have three plants near Paris and one at Nice. They employ an army of 3500 men and women.

Their photographic and reproductive processes are the best. But, above all, they employ the best actors and playwrights. In America the canned dramas are mostly patched up by the stage manager, or somebody employed for the purpose. They are disjointed, episodic, often dolefully commonplace and uninteresting in idea. The best French canned dramas are really dramas, with a beginning, a middle and an end. They have development, climax. Often they have, even for the sophisticated observer, a positive dramatic thrill. They are toilsomely rehearsed, carefully acted. And the so called "films d'art" of the Pathé Frères are written and acted by the leading authors and actors of Paris.

You smile at the thought of Mrs. Fiske or E. H. Sothern acting in a moving picture devised by Clyde Fitch or Augustus Thomas or William Vaughn Moody. But why is the idea more absurd than that of Caruso or Melba singing into a talking machine? Certainly, even in America, you can see Le Bargy of the Comédie Française acting a canned drama written by Henri Levedan, of the Académie, author of "The Duel;" or Mounet-Sully, or even the Divine Sarah herself. Jules Lemaitre and Edmond Rostand have written canned dramas. Even Duse is soon to appear in one. When actors and authors of this stamp turn their attention to moving pictures, the result is something quite different from the horse-play films you, perhaps, have seen. It explains why canned drama at ten cents is bound to continue a formidable rival to tawdry melodrama and vaudeville at fifty cents.

Some of these "films d'art" are "The Return of Ulysses," by Jules Lemaitre, acted by Mme. Bartet and M. M. Lambert, Delanny and Paul Mounet, all members of the Comédie—a picture of great educational interest to children; "The Kiss of Judas," a sacred drama by Henri Levedan, acted by Lambert as Christ and Mounet-Sully as Judas; "The Assassination of the Duke of Guise," by Levedan, an historical episode with Le Bargy in the title part; and Sardou's "La Tosca," prepared for pantomime and acted by Mme. Sorel, with Le Bargy as Baron Scarpia. These are real dramas, with real actors portraying real emotions. Considering who the people are that frequent moving picture shows, their effect cannot fail to be for good; they make for the elevation of taste, for a better understanding of the theateric art.

And it is quite conceivable that if some American playwrights should cease turning

their plays into bad novels, using their superfluous imagination to devise genuine canned dramas, which popular and skilled actors and actresses would then interpret before the camera, the moving picture audiences through the country might in time learn to appreciate the superior quality of these playwrights and players, and to desire a closer view of them; might even in time fill anew our now empty galleries. In the older days the American gallery, like the English pit, held gods—and goddesses. Now, in the larger cities, only Shakespeare or the most popular plays can fill the galleries of a first class theater. Popular melodramas, since moving pictures became the rage, have decreased fifty per cent. in number. But the first class theaters lost their gallery patronage long before moving pictures sprang up. They lost it because the older generation of gallery goers were comparatively educated Americans of moderate means, who were not ashamed to sit upstairs. The newer generation of such Americans must sit down amid the shirt fronts, or nowhere; and the people who would be willing to sit unashamed in the galleries now are not of the intellectual standard to appreciate the better kinds of drama. The vaudeville galleries are always full. If our theater galleries are ever filled again, it will be by recruits educated up from the urban masses.

But before these utopian results can be brought about in the moving picture world of America, the American manufacturers will have to experience a change of heart. At present they appear to be loath to go to the expense involved in securing real authors and high-class actors. And possibly our actors, being notoriously so much better than Duse or Le Bargy, would have to experience a change of heart, also, before consenting to compromise their dignity in the presence of a moving-picture camera. Maude Adams is said, by her press agent, to have refused \$50,000 to play before the picture machine. But, if canned dramas are to retain their present extraordinary hold over the public, they can only do it, after the novelty has worn off, by being genuine dramas, well planned and well played. When they are well planned and well played it is quite possible that they can always fill a useful function, in leading the lower stratas of society up toward an appreciation of true dramatic art, which is, after all, only brought to flower on the stage of a true theater, where actual men and women speak with the voices God gave them.

“Barbarous Mexico”

A New Series of Articles to Begin Next Month

IN the year 1908 a rich planter in Mexico lighted a cigar as a signal to some of his employees to begin beating one of his slaves. The beating was continued, before his eyes, until the cigar was finished. Then the half-dead slave was carried away. . . . Whether this particular injured man died or lived is not recorded. It is a fact, however, that the dead bodies of slaves are frequently fed to alligators in Mexico—simply to save the burial fee of \$1.50.

It is singular how little we know about our neighbor Mexico. We know much more about England, France and Germany—even Spain and Italy. It would be interesting indeed to know what proportion of Americans can name a single inhabitant of Mexico except Porfirio Diaz, president of the republic since 1876, barring 1880-1884. It is our guess that not half the people in the United States can at this moment name one Mexican other than Diaz.

One reason for our national ignorance of Mexico is that the little “news” that is sent out is doctored and therefore monotonous and trifling. The same is true of books. Within the past year two books on Mexico have been published, copies of which it is now impossible to obtain. The first was written by R. de Zayas, who was for fifteen years an official in the Mexican government, and known as the best historian in Mexico. It is a very restrained document, and only mildly criticises Diaz; but even that was not allowed to circulate. It is now impossible to get a copy of it, even in this country. The second book, by C. de Fonaro, is a more violent arraignment, and the author has been sued for criminal libel, and the publication of the book stopped. The fate of these two books is typical of the sort of freedom of the press there is in Mexico.

As a matter of fact human slavery exists in Mexico to-day—not in a few instances, but in hundreds of thousands. Men, women and children are bought and sold. They are over-worked, beaten and abused. J. K. Turner, author of this extraordinary series of articles (to be richly illustrated) which will begin in the next, the October, issue of this periodical, has been all through the country and seen the slaves at work. He has seen them punished. He has seen them roused for work in the henequen fields at 3:45 in the morning, and he has followed them through their work until after sundown. He knows how they live, what they eat, how they suffer, the injuries they sustain, the abuses they bear. In gathering this information, a task which occupied two years and included two

visits to Mexico of many months duration, Mr. Turner exposed himself to the greatest dangers, penetrating into districts where his life would not have been worth anything if his real mission had become known. Fooling slave-holders and government officials, he got into the Yucatan henequen plantations, and even the Valle Nacional. So far as Mr. Turner knows he has never met another American who ever saw the inside of Valle Nacional—that is, who ever got a firsthand view of the plantations where the worst forms of slavery exist. He has really seen Mexico somewhat as George Kennan saw Russia and Siberia twenty years ago, and in some ways that which he saw and reports is even more terrible than that which Mr. Kennan told us about.

Early in the series the author will begin to gratify the reader's curiosity about other points. Mexico is called a republic. Read now what Mr. Turner says:

“Most of us picture Mexico vaguely as a republic in reality much like our own, inhabited by people a little different in temperament! A little poorer and a little less advanced, but still enjoying the protection of republican laws—a free people in the sense that we are free. Mexico is a country without political freedom, without freedom of speech, without a free press, without a free ballot, without a jury system, without political parties, without any of our cherished guarantees of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. It is a land where there has been no contest for the office of president for more than a generation, where the executive rules all things by means of a standing army, where political offices are sold for a fixed price, where the public school system in vast country districts is abolished because a governor needs the money. I found Mexico to be a land where the people are poor because they have no rights, where peonage is the rule for the great mass and where actual chattel slavery obtains for hundreds of thousands.”

All these points in Mr. Turner's statement will be illustrated and proved by many true and graphic stories in the course of the series. Facts—and nothing but facts—will be presented, so that the reader will have Mexico accurately “located” in his mind. That the people of the United States already have a rapidly increasing interest in Mexico is not to be questioned. As a nation we have a special interest in Mexico, through the certainty that, because of American investments there, we shall be likely to become embroiled in any considerable political disturbances which may develop.

A Servant on the Servant Problem

WHY don't more young women enter domestic service? The reason usually given is that it is inferior employment. If the causes of this feeling that the work is inferior could be removed the problem would be nearer solution.

How does the maid regard her work? I desire to present this side of the subject, and I shall do it as impartially as I can.

Envy

The fundamental cause of the unsatisfactory conditions existing lies in the extremely intimate relations between employer and employed. There are no such personal relations in any other class of employment. The shop girl and factory girl do not experience them. The maid in the solitude of her work thinks and broods over her employer's faults until they become magnified. Even kindnesses are slighted as being less than her due. The oft-repeated platitudes regarding the riches money cannot buy do not serve to deprive the majority of us of a strong wish for the things that money *can* buy. There is a wee spirit of envy lurking in most humans. The maid works from morning until night that others may live in ease and pleasure. She sees people hourly doing things she would like to do.

There is much complaint among employers that girls cannot be trusted. They promise to come, and they never appear. They say they are able to do certain work and in reality are entirely incapable. They listen at the keyholes, they peak through the cracks, and they appropriate the small necessities that are at hand. Whatever mars the smoothness of the family machinery is conveniently laid at the door of one or all of the maids. Why blame yourself if there is someone else to receive it?

Many of these charges are just, many are unjust. Not that any real offenses can be termed pardonable. If a girl gets a better place offered her or hears unfavorable reports of her would-be-mistress, it is easier to keep entirely away than to go and explain. Natural curiosity as to intimate associates can be so easily and simply gratified by looking and listening. Maids are not the only people possessed of curiosity! Moreover, a servant has often a real object to attain. If her employer

designs to make any change in the ordinary routine; guests, an excursion, a visit, or similar event, it has a most direct bearing upon her, involving more or less work. If she knows in time she can make her own plans accordingly; for usually nothing is said until the time itself comes.

As for her small appropriations, they are largely fostered by the method of present giving so prevalent. The maid is helped out here and there with bits, so that it becomes easy to think a small thing she needs is part of her right. But remember I have not condoned these offenses, merely explained how easily they are committed.

Untrustworthiness on Both Sides

Untrustworthiness does not lie wholly with the maid. Employers have been known to change their minds. One example: Last summer a girl had arranged by letter to go with a certain woman to her summer home as maid. She gave up her factory position, she got things in readiness—and a few days before she was to leave, the woman wrote saying she had found an experienced waitress and would not need her.

Maids have given instance after instance of employers listening at their doors, and of long-delayed payment of wages and unsatisfactory settling on leaving a place. Maids are employed to do certain work and then all the odd tasks of the house of whatever nature are thrust upon them. The untrustworthiness seems to be mutually felt; often without doubt most unjustly so. But the fact that it is felt possesses great importance. It indicates that the personal relations are not altogether open and friendly but rather tend to unpleasant watchfulness and suspicion on both sides. Such an attitude is extremely bad.

There are many arguments in favor of domestic service. There is one chief one I have learned from those girls who have been my friends—a home appeals to a woman; factories and shops do not. Given their absolute choice of the kind of work they would do many would choose some branch of domestic work. Moreover, the woman going into domestic service makes better pay, her financial gain is greater. Domestic service is also more healthful. The

sanitary conditions are better, the work in itself is not so nervous nor under such crowded conditions; there is not such monotony of work or motion. All these are advantages—other things being equal! But other things are far from being equal.

Scolding

People employing servants do not respect them as equals, although often this lack is most unconscious. Employers say, "I never scold my servants," and in that very remark is a sure sign of lack of respect. By what right could they scold their servants? If the maid does not do her work satisfactorily tell her so, there is no possible objection to that; but why scold? A grown person cannot submit to a scolding without loss of self-respect.

A woman may be most lovely and unselfish in ordinary affairs of life, but if you come to help her personally for pay, the new aspects of that woman's character surprise you. She feels she has bought your regard for her wishes to the exclusion of any of your own. Of course many are most considerate, but it is even in this very consideration for her feelings that the sense of class distinctions is evident.

Except the usual afternoon out and the Sunday or every other Sunday afternoon and evening, the maid is at the call of her employers. She may be graciously permitted other times but it is a gift, a something for which she asks, not something that is hers of right. Every person should have some time of each day which is absolutely his own, even if he is so tired that he can do nothing but go to bed.

One of the most common usages of disrespect, one that is almost universal, is the addressing of domestic helpers by their first names. The given name, like the German *du*, is used to children, intimates, and inferiors. Where but as inferiors can the maids be classed? Prof. Salmon thinks the custom grew out of intimate personal relations. That may be, but why isn't it reciprocal?

Meals and Entertainment

Another proof of inequality is in the serving of meals. It is inappropriate that the maids and the family should eat together. Usually there is work that must be done to make the family meal a pleasant one. The cook is busy preparing the various courses, the waitress must serve, the nurse must care for the children; and if there were none of these rea-

sons family privacy could not be intruded upon; it would be repugnant alike to maids and family. But is there any reason why the maids should not eat their meals under the most favorable conditions possible? When the dining-room is empty why should they not be allowed to use it and be surrounded by its refinements instead of swallowing their meal in a hot kitchen redolent of all manner of cooking smells? They are intrusted with the handling of the china and the silver, why then must they be expected to eat from heavy, checked dishes and with silverware whose silver has long since vanished? Why should they not eat with a full equipment of table furnishings? One maid told me: "It has been so long since I have used a napkin, I should hardly know how any more."

At Mrs. —'s we did have napkins as part of our table service, but at Mr. —'s we did not. Once I spoke of it to the other maids there and they both assured me it was not customary, one had worked in various Detroit families for five or six years, the other had a sister who had worked even longer than that and whom my friend had visited in some of these places.

Another objection to domestic service is the difficulty of entertaining. The maid's life is perhaps the most solitary life of any class of working-women.

The maid longs for companionship, she needs it. Too often her friends are supervised. It takes a woman of very great tact and one truly her maid's friend, so to supervise. Every maid has a right to choose her own friends, and her employer can regulate the matter only by seeing to it that her maid meets people who are companionable as well as approved by herself; and also in seeing that her maid has opportunity to suitably entertain her friends and is not forced to enter a society where her ability to entertain makes little difference.

At neither Mrs. —'s nor Mr. —'s, where I worked in Detroit, did the maids have a sitting-room of their own, but had to entertain in the kitchen, which was nothing but a kitchen. Being a nursemaid my room in each case was that of the baby and I had no place where I could be by myself and sure of privacy, as the nursery was open to any member of the family until nightfall, after which there could be no light as it, of course, disturbed the baby. This is the general custom among nursemaids.

Mrs. — even suggested to me, in very plain language, that eight o'clock would be a desirable bedtime for me as that would give

me a long night's rest and I should be able to do more the next day!

Advantages such as I have mentioned do not merely add to the pleasure of the maid but also to her real efficiency, and thus react to her employer's advantage. For as her interests become broader and more diversified, so her jealousy of her employer diminishes; as she feels free thus to live her own life, she becomes more self-respecting and feels that her work is worthy of her. She asserts her rights less combatively against her employers; she will work more for their interests and for the sake of the work itself. If she who enters domestic service can be made to feel that she does not lose her dignity but can still respect herself, there will be attracted to the work young women of better mental and moral qualities than now exasperate so many a housewife. The various branches of housework are in themselves attractive and require no small amount of skill and knowledge.

Such a result would be far reaching, for it would go to the making of more housewifely wives—an absence much deplored to-day. It would help to rear a stronger, healthier, happier generation, born and raised in well-ordered homes.

What Is Needed

One very apparent remedy for existing troubles in domestic service is the teaching of domestic science in the schools. What trade schools are designed to do for boys, domestic science schools would do for girls. A large number of the girls of the public schools do earn their own living when schooldays are over; many of them are extremely anxious to leave school that they may earn their own money; domestic science would tend to develop in them a taste for this kind of work. Respect for this work would also be produced, as in the case of boys a respect for hand labor results from manual education.

A trend toward specialization is apparent

to-day. Specialization would help to do away with the vagueness of the maid's work and reduce the present detrimental custom of having her subject to call at any time. Domestic science would aid in making this specialization possible. Or for those who could afford but the one maid, domestic science would educate her so that she would be capable to undertake the management and arrangement of her own work. Whatever increases the maid's knowledge does just that much, also, in putting her interests in other things than in the contrast between herself and her employer.

The one other remedy which I regard as fundamental and essential is an organization of those employed in domestic service. An organization not for the immediate righting of "wrongs," but for such an enlarging of our lives that other relations will crowd out those of our employer save as directly bearing on our work. I mean primarily an organization for social purposes, for that is one of the great needs of domestic helpers. It is always well for people between whom there are no pronounced differences to associate together. Shop girls and factory girls get this association in their daily work, but the maid does not, and to her it would be most refreshing after her hours of contact with people of other interests. This association with those of similar interests and ability gives a maid greater respect for herself and her work.

He who doubts the value of such an organization should be able to become intimately acquainted with the domestic helpers who accompany families to their summer homes at some of the clubs, to know what a delightful time the maids have among themselves. How independent their interests are of their employers! They can entertain each other, have picnics and parties, for the big outdoors is theirs and they are free to use what they need as well as another. Could they have similar freedom to meet and entertain their friends in the winter in the city, would it not be as beneficial?



The Unborn

By

JAMES OPPENHEIM

Author of "The Great Fear," "Groping Children"

With Illustrations by Howard Giles



THE little front dining-room on the second floor of the Norfolk Street tenement was in shadows. Supper was almost over. The mother and the two little boys and Ruth sat dusky and warm in the melting gray—the summer twilight. Knives and forks clattered; the boys spoke shrilly; the mother scolded them in a mix of English and Yiddish. Suddenly Ruth arose. She glided to the open window, laughed, and stepped through to the fire-escape. She clutched the rusty railing and looked down.

Beneath her Norfolk Street was a gray foaming torrent of faces and forms—eddies of fat women in shrill counsel—homeward racing pushcarts with their back-bent man-power—ancient men lounging at the doors of little shops—laughing cataracts of children—the evening tide of the spent toilers. Here and there a blue-white arc-light glared in the dying day; and one block downtown the Grand Street crossing glowed ruddy gold with the Western sun.

Ruth leaned, in the soft light, a slim, frail trembling girl of eighteen; her brown rough hair blew lightly over her rounded forehead; her eyes were a dim gray beneath their long lashes; her sensitive lips quivered open.

"David!" she called softly.

A young man, with an ugly strong face, in which the mouth seemed a slanting gash be-

tween high cheek-bones and under wide and heavy-broken nose, arose from the stoop-steps below and looked up. He was small and thin, but his eyes were ablaze and big and black.

"Ruth! Ruth!"

"I'm coming!" she called.

They said nothing further, but looked at each other. And suddenly, to him, she was an exquisite Juliet leaning over her balcony. Her gray eyes seemed large and luminous in spite of the shading lashes; they seemed like search-lights radiating and flashing out the fire of her spirit. Her little white hands, the suggestion of her feet at the edge of the fire-escape, the wisps of her blowing hair, the quivering parting of her lips, sent magic through the twilight. He sighed deeply.

And to her the ugly, strong face seemed the one hero-face in the world. Melting beneath her in that sea of faces, and yet upturned from the crowd and seeking her, it was the daring pioneer face, the man-face—the face to follow, to mother, to own. She, too, sighed deeply; and her heart seemed to whirl fire like a pin-wheel. Her cheeks reddened; she waved her handkerchief to him, and stepped back into the hot, dark room. She could feel her mother moving about, clearing off the table.

"Mother," she sighed.

The awkward, large woman paused, and the

girl found her and locked her arms about her neck. The big, warm, human body was silent, but the girl spoke.

"Mother—you don't mind—you don't care if I don't help with the dishes—*just to-night?*"

"Ach, no, my dear one!" came the guttural Yiddish words, and she quoted her one line of Schiller, "*Auch Ich war in Arcadia geboren*" (I, too, was born in Arcady!) Run to your David!"

The big, old lips were kissed. Ruth laughed in a new, sweet, low tone strange to her mother, flung back the hall-door letting in a momentary splash of light, closed it softly, and tripped down the stairs. David was standing under the dim flame in the vestibule. She glided to him, and their hands met.

At that young touch the blood of both played a music through them, and they laughed low, and stepped down into the swirling man-jam of the pavement, and went wandering together. Now and then her lawn-draped elbow or the top of her arm brushed his sleeve. He saw fire, and they both laughed for exquisite happiness.

It seemed necessary to say something about it too: it was that moment when the flaming sun flakes off a planet in a sheer climax of fire; it was the lyrical time of life; the poet-time.

"You looked—on the balcony—" he whispered in a throbbing sort of secret way—"like—like Juliet—like all the women of the world—"

He coughed rackingly.

"Isn't it strange," she said in a swift flood,—"but I can't describe it. It's—it's this way. Before, I saw lots of people, and they were just people, and the streets were just streets—just—just—" she searched for a word, she cried, "surfaces! And there didn't seem to be men and women in the world—just people!" She laughed because her expression was so awkward and untrained; but the creative urge drove her. "And now—I'm a woman; and you're a man; and a man is the only thing in all the world that a woman must seek. And instead of being a person, Dave, you're—a sort of a world. Oh, I know, I know! I see beneath the *surface*—the surface is only the wall of a house and in the house something is living, warm and breathing and glorious. People are full of miracles and glory and wonder. It's—"

She stopped breathless; and he spoke, intoxicated:

"God, Ruth!"

And indeed before them and around them and above them the world swam in a living presence of which they were part; the drive of millions of ages of the sexes flung them to-

gether; the deep meaning of the on-rushing star-process beat in their hearts; they found the immensity, the power, the glory of themselves and a world of other selves. It was the common million-experienced awakening; the Human Springtime. No wonder Ruth whispered, what every woman has whispered at the supreme moment:

"No one ever loved the way we love!"

They had come out of the stale, squalid, day-by-day world of faces, façades, forms, and stepped into a new world that ever deepened, enlarged—a world charged with glory; with faint and obscure beauties; with a sound of rising and falling melodies; with a swirling streamer of millions of suns passing heavenward. The barrel-organ at the corner, with its gaudy tunes, was as the singing of their hearts. They turned at Grand Street, keeping step to the thumpety-thump, and walked west in the last great glow of day. People before them waded through fire—a dancing, dusty gold swam about heads. It was the Wonder-World. Here they noticed the book-store man in his skull-cap sitting out to get the evening air; there strolled a little mother with a crying baby-burden; here laughed young couples like themselves; there a mother fed her child—everyone was in love.

"All day," whispered Ruth, close to his ear, "I could hardly typewrite—I could hardly see my notes. All I could see was *you*; all I heard was *you*. I'll be fired soon," she laughed, "if I don't stop loving you, Davy."

He coughed again, violently, and suddenly put a handkerchief to his mouth.

"Ruth," he muttered, "the people in the sweatshop think I'm loony. I stop work, and just sit still, and think of what we said last night and remember the last time you kissed me!" He coughed, violently. "And then—and then—I race my machine like mad, and feel dizzy and top-heavy—"

She laughed again, and lightly took his hand.

"When will you marry me, Davy?"

He tried not to cough, and blurted:

"When the ship comes in, Ruth." But it wound up in a racking noise.

She gripped his hand tightly—she felt like wrenching it off.

"David!" she cried, "I've been thinking!"

She laughed, and he looked at her fondly. Then suddenly came to him a sense of manhood—the feel of the man in the crowd who is sheltering a woman in the crowd. How close she pressed to him—away from all these other faces that big and little, dark and light, yet all living and breathing, bobbed about them. Her slender, warm fingers sought his—he was too

happy to think. They seemed almost at the breaking point.

"Yes," she went on, "I've been thinking! Dave, we must put our heads together!" She laughed again, looking archly at him, and he grinned in reply, "But, really! You get seven a week; I get twelve; we can both go on working—it's nineteen dollars. And mother could sew a little and earn some more. And we could live with her, couldn't we? And you could go on with your night-school; I'd go, too. We could manage; let's dare big; risk everything!" she cried. "And even if we lose everything," she laughed, "there's us left, Davy!" She paused; she turned toward him, oblivious of all the world, and fingered his coat-lapels, twisting at a button, as she looked breathlessly up into his eyes. "David!" she cried, "we must get married—you're my husband, and I'm your wife!"

His heart suddenly seemed to become an empty space in his breast; his face darkened. Her words had brought him to himself. They were the dash of cold water in the drunkard's face. As he stood, irresolute, trembling, aghast with his secret—knowing that in a moment this pure face would be struggling, this girl stricken—the street darkened; the golden glow coldly withdrew; the last flush was nearly gone from the far, wire-crossed, chimneyed west; human beings were turning black before them.

The subtle change in the light and in his face sent a chill through her.

"Why—what's the matter?" she breathed. "David! Have we been too happy?"

His eyes showed a moment's agony; his lips struggled. Then he spoke whisperingly:

"Ruth—would waiting be so hard?"

She was frightened.

"Hard?" she cried. "It's impossible, David!"

He turned his face from her. A wave of terror swept through her. She spoke chokingly, running a hand down his shoulder.

"You're white and thin—you're sick! Oh!" Her mind raced back and forth for a clue; she was breathless. "You said you were dizzy. *Dave, you tell me what's the matter!*"

"Ruth," he groaned miserably, "what if I am a little sick—a cough—I——"

And then his frame heaved; he coughed rackingly; he tore himself from her; he reached for his handkerchief. It was too late. He spat—a red drop slapping the dusty pavement.

Ruth gave a low cry, and stood hushed and frozen, her eyes on that red death-warrant. And in that moment the lyric went out of life;

she stood in her old squalid world—its realities of noise and filth and sickness and death. She was overpowered by the sudden horror of life. They had been walking on a thin paper-surface—the paper had torn, and they were falling through into the blackness, the smoke, the flames. And then she dimly heard David speaking.

"It's nothing, dear, nothing!"

Her lips parted; something clutched and tried to strangle her throat; her heart pumped wildly. She looked up on his agonized face—poor helpless boy!—and at once he was her child, she his mother. She must take him to her—clasp him, soothe him, comfort him! There was that left. And then she was aware of the crowded cruel streets about them; they stood in public; the world roared on all sides. She could not even clasp his hand to her heart.

"Oh," she whispered, "let's kill ourselves!"

"Ruth!"

"Life"—this young girl cried tragically—"is a lie! It's horrible! Why should we have to suffer so? What good is in it?"

He coughed; she clutched his hand frantically.

"And you did nothing!" she cried. "You worked and sweated and studied—you made me happy—and all the time, *in agony, in torture!* David! My David! Now you'll die—you'll leave me—just when we were going to dare everything; just when everything was a miracle! But," she added fiercely, "I'll die too! Come, we'll go get married and kill ourselves!"

He stood awkwardly and lost—then he put a hand on her elbow.

"Ruth—we'll go to Dr. Rast. Maybe it's not so bad after all!"

She began to sob dryly, and suffered herself to be led away by the arm. Blindly they walked south—through crowd and noise and across the Playground Park with its shouting merry rush of children.

Then, in the darkness of East Broadway, and under the first far sprinkle of stars, they paused before the white-glowing windows of the Doctor's office. In silence they entered the musty hall and pushed the electric button. In the moment of waiting they heard light laughter within. The sound stung them; it seemed to violate the sanctity of their grief.

"Ruth," whispered David, "he's coming: don't look as if you were crying!"

Suddenly the door was flung back, and in the white Welsbach glow, stood big, dark Dr. Rast in his shirt-sleeves. He blinked into the hall's darkness.

"Come in!" he said cheerily, and as they



"Do you think I'm the Rabbi?"

stepped forward into the light, he gave a hand to each. "Oh, you!" he laughed, "do you think I'm the Rabbi?"

Neither spoke, though the human warmth of his voice coming upon their tragic souls was a touch of sanity; life again was suddenly commonplace and busy and cheerful. They were subtly cheered.

"Nell!" he cried, "here's the latest in couples!"

They stepped after him awkwardly into the little, hot office—its little scene of desk, revolving chair, and instrument case, its anti-septic smell. Nell, her face red with recent merriment, approached Ruth with hand extended.

"Well!" she cried, "it's good to see you, Ruth!"

Ruth ceased to be a tragic Juliet; she smiled a little sadly, and she and David stood in embarrassed silence.

"*Nun ja*," cried Dr. Rast heartily, "what's the matter? As bad as that?" He looked at them both.

Ruth spoke vehemently.

"I want you to see David!"

David grinned sheepishly, and the Doctor put a hand on his shoulder.

"Oh, come, come," cried Dr. Rast, "there's plenty of time for business. I'll see enough of David. David's rather important, I know, but not as useful as my new toy here! Nell, unfold!"

Nell laughed, and took a rubber cover from a compact little dynamo that stood on the desk. From its side ran a corded wire to a nest of batteries on the floor. David and Ruth, strangely lulled by all this household cheer gathered close to the desk.

"This!" cried Dr. Rast gleefully as an eager boy, "will cure anything and everything. I don't need to practice after this. I just attach a wiggle-gig and apply it to the patient. Watch!"

He opened a drawer and drew out a long tube and attachment.

"Isn't he a kid!" laughed Nell, delightedly.

"This," cried the Doctor, making the attachment and turning on the current, "is the detective!"

As the dynamo whizzed, a tiny electric light twinkled out at the top of the steel-tipped tube. David chuckled and Ruth faintly smiled. The Doctor's face was red with mirth and pride.

"And this," the Doctor made a second attachment, "is for such pleasant things as burning a hole through a live nose."

Two tiny wires glowed white hot.

"And this," the laughing Doctor attached a big silver knob, "is for massaging. Here, Ruth—it will make a superwoman of you!"

He calmly bumped and thumped it up and down her spine. She could not help but squirm and lightly laugh.

"And this," he cried—

His wife interposed.

"Don't you let him do any more, Ruth!" she laughed, "or he'll kill you! Morris!" She put a hand on his arm.

"Such a wife!" he groaned. "Little tyrant!"

Nell laughed.

"Ruth, be glad you're not a Doctor's wife. He tries everything out on me first. I had a headache the other day, and he came rushing in, crying, 'I've got just the thing for you,' and out he whips this new toy of his and really—he nearly killed me. He tried every attachment on me, just to see what would happen!"

"Nell!" he groaned, "how can you?"

Suddenly David coughed violently, and Ruth rushed to him in wild alarm, clutching his hand.

"What's the matter?" cried Nell.

The Doctor glanced up at them sharply. He understood in a flash.

"I guess, Nell," he said quietly, "that you and Ruth had better wait outside. I want to see David."

Nell's lips parted; her face paled. She seized Ruth's arm and led her out, closing the door behind her.

David, as he sat in the patient's chair, had a sickly smile. In the silence the Doctor drew close to him, in his own chair, opened the shirt and thumped on the meager flat chest. Neither said a word, but the Doctor's face was softened with pity, and David was grinning.

It seemed a long time before the Doctor buttoned up the shirt and sat back, his face taking the white light and looking pale and tired.

"How long," the Doctor asked quietly, "has this been going on, David?"

"Three months," David whispered.

The Doctor looked at him sharply.

"And you did nothing? Three suicide-months! David, you've been killing yourself! I thought you had more sense than that."

David bowed his head in his hands and there was a thick, terrible sob. He had known, and yet the words seemed to crumple up his flesh.

"It's so, then!" he groaned. "Who'll tell Ruth?"

The Doctor's face was a study in compassion; but he leaned close and spoke harshly.

"Fight, David, fight! Grit your teeth and face the music! It's your own doing—sweatshop, night-school, bad air. Now, pay up—pay your debt!"

"It's Ruth," the young man sobbed. He was utterly crushed.

"Yes!" the voice was harsher than before.

"It's Ruth—it's for Ruth! You'll fight—

you'll be a man about this. Boytime is over! Get up—stand up—come, sweep Ruth off her feet with courage and daring and fight."

The Doctor rose. David staggered to his feet and started blindly for the door. But there was a quick movement, and suddenly the big Doctor gathered the frail shattered body in his arms; the boy's head went down on the linen shirt, and the big man spoke as softly, as tenderly as a woman:

"Boy, I could gather you up and carry you off to some quiet green place—there's nothing left of you but spirit. There! there! Now—the fight, David!"

He left David leaning against the desk, and opened the door into the dim little waiting-room. Ruth, who was sitting next to Nell on the sofa, arose breathlessly.

"Ruth," the Doctor said softly, "come in."

He reached out a hand and she took it blindly.

"Ruth," the Doctor hurried on, "you and I must take care of David. We must send him off to the country; we must let him get well; we'll send him somewhere up in Sullivan County; we'll make up a purse for him—it won't be much—only five a week. And we'll keep him there till he's well again."

She spoke in a wild rush:

"Will he never get well?"

He hesitated, and then whispered:

"Ruth, who knows? It's up to him; it's up to you. It means fight, quiet, a sane life, good food, good air. It means years, too. It's gone far—too far. You and I are—interested in David: we'll send him off to life; and then—we'll be patient, and we'll be brave. Eh, Ruth?"

She looked at her broken man.

"He could never stand it," she breathed.

The Doctor laughed softly, pressing her hand.

"We humans can stand more than you dream, Ruth. It takes a lot to kill us."

She spoke almost inaudibly, her head in her hand—

"And I'll never even see him—"

The Doctor suddenly turned, and took David by the arm and Ruth by the arm:

"Come," he said tenderly, "we're a bit in a whirl to-night. Go out and talk things over—quietly, sanely, like a man and a woman. And come to-morrow. Then we'll make plans. Only," he added strongly, "promise me this: you won't do anything until you've seen me first. Promise me."

They nodded their heads; David picked up his straw hat; the Doctor opened the door; the doomed children walked out.

"Remember!" the Doctor cried after them, in a ringing voice, "the fight—the fight!"

They stepped into the noisy street; unconsciously they walked west. And then suddenly a spirit of angry revolt swept through Ruth. She spoke wildly:

"How much money have you—with you?"

He searched his pocket.

"About thirty cents," he said bitterly.

"Let's go on a wild spree!" she cried fiercely. "Let's blow it all in!"

He laughed harshly.

"Might as well," he said. Thirty cents was a sum to be brooded on by these two children of the poor.

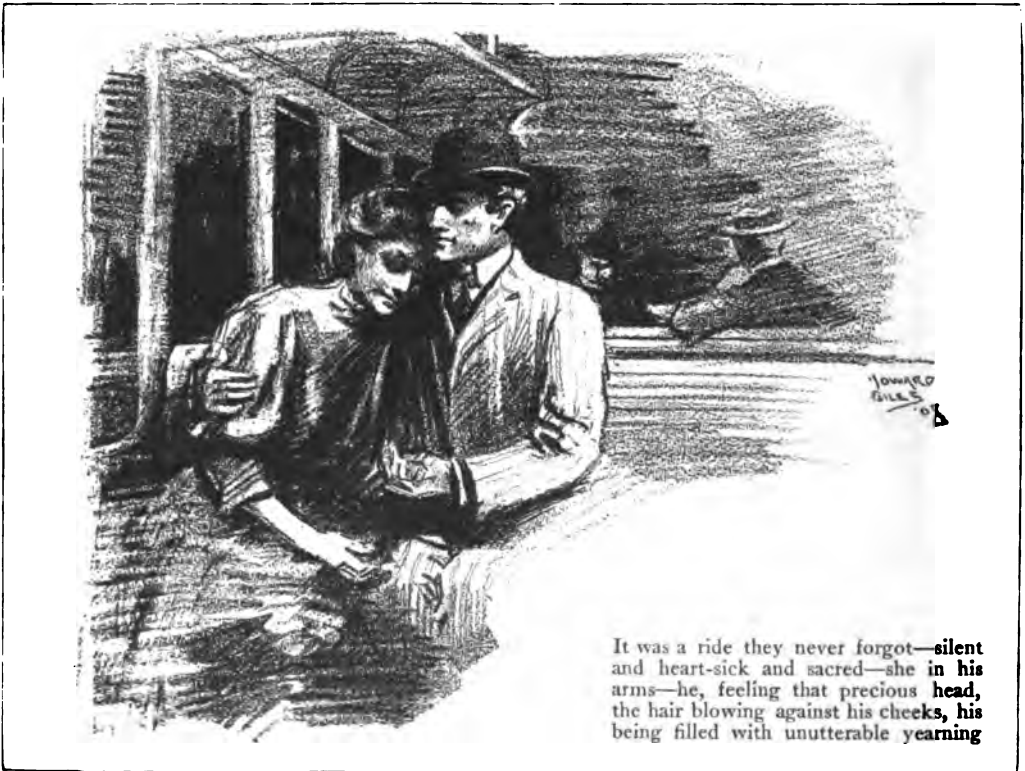
"We'll take a trolley-ride!" she burst out, harshly laughing, "and get a soda!"

They walked in bitter silence to the glittering, golden, spangled Bowery, and boarded a Third Avenue open car. They sat on one of the rear seats, at the inner end, under the great glow of the electrics, and a big summer crowd of men and women and children jammed about them. All were out for a breath of air, for a moment's release, for a glimpse of the Vision. Nested in this warm human mass—this breathing humanity—they had a wild ride through the sparkling streets, a wild ride of rushing breeze, of Earth flying under them. They had

taken on wings and were cutting through space, escaping from themselves and their doom. They said nothing. But this car, as to many others, was to them their Capulet-Garden, their place of night-meeting. They put their arms about each other; Ruth laid her head on David's shoulder; and for a moment a sad glory was theirs again.

They rode on to the end of the line, and then all the way back again. The confusion of lights in the streets, the flashing of faces, the thumping of the wheels, the swaying of the car, lulled them, and wrapped them close in one another. It was a ride they never forgot—silent and heart-sick and sacred—she in his arms—he, feeling that precious head, the hair blowing against his cheeks, his being filled with unutterable yearning.

When they alighted at Grand Street, they felt quieted; but their hearts ached too much for speech. The first gust of their coming loneliness, their bitter struggle, their crippled life, swept over them. They entered the hot brilliance of an ice-cream saloon. The mirror gave back twenty white faces at the bar, and there was the foam and sparkle of the soda, the splash of the fountain, the glitter of myriad electrics, the warm, human smell. They walked to the rear and sat at a little cherry-



It was a ride they never forgot—silent and heart-sick and sacred—she in his arms—he, feeling that precious head, the hair blowing against his cheeks, his being filled with unutterable yearning



"Yes," she cried fiercely, "we must. I love you with my heart and brain and blood and soul!"

colored side-table under the hot blowing of a big revolving fan. Their soda—ice-cream and syrup foaming up over the brim—was set before them. They ate of the delicious treat in silence. This haunt, too, was one of the glories of the poor. Here in a glass of soda, they had a moment with the stars—a moment of freshness and forgetfulness and strength and joy—a moment of laughter and love.

David looked at Ruth's pale face; he saw the luminous gray eyes behind the glasses. She looked back and noted the grim, ugly face—the man-face. A feeling of infinite tenderness swept through her. Then suddenly he raised his fist and spoke with terrible bitterness. All the terror and helplessness of poverty were in his words:

"To-night—I could kill people! Why should we have to suffer so? What have we done? Yes," he said chokingly, "I have worked hard, I have studied hard—I have been ground up, broken—*smashed*," he leaned close and shook his fist, "*because I am poor!* And then I—I—must suffer for it! Who made me poor? And you—Ruth—what have you to be thankful for? For your struggles, your long days of work, for your father's death? By George!" he was at white heat, "why should we give each other up? That's all we have. We belong to each other! Just when there's something good in this world, something pure and good and true—*there's a smash-up*. I won't go: I won't leave you!"

Ruth leaned close, her face strongly set.

"David," she spoke deeply, "I'm going to marry you. I don't care! I'm going off with you. I've cared for my family long enough—I'm going to care for you. I'm going to marry you, David."

He reached under the table and gripped her hand until it ached; his eyes blazed.

"You mean that, Ruth?"

"Yes," she cried fiercely, "we must. I love you with my heart and brain and blood and soul!"

Blood rushed to his cheeks.

"Good! You and I—we'll dare everything! We'll do it to-morrow!"

She leaned nearer, intense and quivering.

"To-night!"

They looked at each other again; they paled; their eyes burned; they were breathless with the wonder and glory of their marriage. The millions of ages were flinging them together, they could not resist any longer. He belonged to her; she to him—he was of her, she of him. They were one organism; God Himself was welding them together.

Breathless they arose and left that place—their glasses half-full, their money on the table—left it, and went east on Grand Street. A big silver moon had risen over the house tops, and up against its eerie glamour trailed skeins of silvered smoke; the unglittering side-streets were swimming in a silver light; the world was again transformed and weird.

But they did not touch each other. Now

that the time had come, they felt uncanny—they stood apart—they seemed each to be going out to some midnight crime. And yet they seemed driven on.

Then, to the girl's mind, groped the practical doubts that always hinder women. She could hardly speak for the breathlessness of their daring.

"Who—who—" she began—"who marries people?"

"The Rabbi!" he cried impetuously.

Something within her shrank.

"No! no!" she whispered, "I couldn't—it must be a stranger."

He racked his brains and could not think. But on they went in the silence. The night was late: they could do as they pleased.

At each step, however, Ruth became more and more agitated. Finally she broke out:

"David, what about our promise to Dr. Rast?"

David spoke sharply:

"It's none of his business!"

"But we promised!" she cried, a sense of relief, of safety, filling her. "We must tell him! Come!"

"It's crazy——"

"Come!"

She touched his arm; it was like an electric shock. It broke the spell. Like two naughty children they turned south through deserted side-streets and walked silently—two throbbing atoms of man and woman—in the magic of the moon—the swimming living atmosphere—the black shadows against houses—the beauty of the moon's glamour on squalid things.

Over the open Playground they walked—under the vast skies, the moon, the dim stars. Then they turned into East Broadway.

A light still burned in the office. They wanted to turn back and run away. They stood a moment, hesitating.

"Come!" said David, "Come on! Let's do something!"

They stepped into the hall and rang the bell. At once the door opened; it was the big Doctor again, in his shirt-sleeves.

"Back?" he exclaimed, "Well—I was waiting for you. Just a moment—we'll walk together."

They waited in silence. He came out in hat and coat, and they stepped into the empty moonlight. Then they began slowly to pace down the block, the Doctor between the boy and the girl.

"Well," the Doctor began softly, "what is it?"

They were stricken dumb. It seemed wrong to speak of their purpose.

The Doctor spoke more softly:

"You want to get married."

"Yes," murmured David.

They walked a few steps in silence; then the Doctor spoke again—kind, yet firm.

"David—Ruth—you *can't*!"

There was a moment's silence again. Then Ruth spoke in a strange, unnatural voice:

"Why not?"

The Doctor hesitated—and answered low:

"You ought to know that!"

Ruth spoke again:

"We must."

"Must? Why?"

There was silence again, and again the unnatural voice:

"We can't help it—we love each other."

The Doctor hesitated again; then he spoke in a colorless whisper:

"That's lust—not love!"

The two at his side—he felt—were almost stumbling along. At last Ruth spoke again—she tried to speak naturally but it came in a wild blurt—

"We love each other—I'm not afraid—not afraid of consumption—what do I care? He needs a nurse—I'll go with him—we'll risk it! Why shouldn't I?"

In the silence that followed Ruth wished she had not come back to Doctor Rast. But the big Doctor was struggling with his words. The truth was hard to tell. At last he murmured—

"It's not you I'm thinking of, Ruth."

"Is it my mother?" she asked defiantly.

"No!"

"Who then?"

The Doctor struggled fiercely. But he was their Doctor; he had the right to tell them. It came mildly, calmly—just a fact.

"I'm thinking," he said, "of the children that might be *your* children!"

Ruth gasped; the three stood still; they did not look at each other. The blinding terrible truth flashed through the minds of the boy and girl. The mystery of marriage—the strange bringing into this world of new souls—the strange creative-power that was theirs—overwhelmed them with a kind of terror. Then they heard the Doctor mildly continuing:

"Consumptives cannot have children; you can't marry; the power that drives you to-night will drive the harder if you do marry. You must not even kiss each other. You must bravely release each other—bravely carry life through fire to a great finish! It's hard—but you must! *You can't toy with God—you know!*"

They suddenly realized; they had almost started to play with the unseen Power—igno-

rant of its eternal fatalness—its strength that rolls planets and creates worlds. Awed and hushed and guilty, they stood looking down on the silvery pavement.

Then suddenly, shocking them both, the Doctor gripped their arms. They started. And he spoke as if he could not speak—as if his heart was in agony—

“David—Ruth—children! Why don't you socialize your love? Turn it away from self—turn it on others—you, David, on the lonesome brother of yours—you, Ruth, on the old mother whose man is not in Sullivan County—but *dead*. Why not?”

In the silence he pressed their hands and walked away. They turned; they saw his big shoulders bobbing down the moonlit street; they saw him disappear in his doorway. Then like two guilty children they swiftly, silently crept north to Grand and over to Norfolk, and to the entrance of the tenement.

Ruth paused to look at his stricken face.

“I'm almost afraid of you—and myself,” she whispered. “Good night!”

He held out his hand; she shook her head.

“David—go home. Sleep well.”

He drew back his hand; turned blindly and staggered away. She stood and watched until he was gone—the big head, the frail body gliding into the moonlight.

Then suddenly she rushed up the narrow steps; the front door was flung open. She could feel the big body of her mother standing in the thick, hot blackness. She reached out arms and was gathered in against that warm, living body.

“Ach!” cried the mother, “I worry so, my dear one.”

“Mother!” Ruth sobbed wildly. “Mother!”

And Ruth remembered, “I, too, was born in Arcady.” And Ruth remembered that her mother's Man was dead. And Ruth remembered that her mother had given birth to her. She was filled with awe and love: she knew the human life. The girl was a woman.



No

By HAROLD S. SYMMES

“No!” he said, and none then knew
The sacrifice it meant,
Nor how a soul to greatness grew
Through this relinquishment.

The Pilgrim's Scrip

Letters, Comments and Confessions from Readers of the Magazine

The remarkable letters received by THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE regarding Ray Stannard Baker's series of articles on "The Spiritual Unrest," only a few of which can here be published, bear new evidence of the deep and vital hold which religion has upon the lives of men. All shades of belief are expressed in these letters; and nearly all, whatever may be the attitude of the writers toward the church as an organization, express a profound belief in the realities of religion. "The churches may be decadent," writes one correspondent, "but there was never more of the true spirit of religion in this country than there is to-day."

A Brooklyn woman writes: "There is plenty of inspiration and vision in these days, but it is not inside of the churches."

Many of the writers from various parts of the country assert that it is not only New York that is godless, but the whole country.

Is the Country at Large Also Godless?

The Rev. Harvey M. Eastman, of Temple, N. H., writes:

It was with great interest that I read Mr. Baker's article on "The Godlessness of New York" in the JUNE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

He raises the question, "What is the matter with the church?" He takes it for granted that the trouble is with the church. It seems very strange to me that one never hears the question asked in this kind of a discussion, "What is the matter with the masses?"

As Mr. Baker says, the condition is general as well as being true of New York. I can think of many churches where there is no division into classes—rich and poor, ignorant and educated. Churches where the Gospel of Jesus, simple, helpful and uplifting, is preached; where the stress is laid upon the necessity for pure living and high ideals, the mingling of work and religion and the part God should have in the daily relationships of life. These churches are as empty as any. The Gospel of the Master is offered to the people and they reject it as people in days of old rejected Him. Why? It may be men feel less need of divine help than in former years. It may be that a growing neglect has resulted in indifference. But this I do know, that in many a country town where there are no great labor problems—no very rich nor very poor—where there are few if any of the reasons present which Mr. Baker gives for lack of attendance in New York—men (and women) do not attend church. In justice, why not raise the question, "What is the matter with the masses?"

Letters from Roman Catholics

Numerous letters have been received from Roman Catholics. The one that follows is from Thomas F. Woodlock, of New York City, formerly editor of the *Wall Street Journal*:

I read with much interest your article in the JUNE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

People do not go to church—to the Protestant churches—because the churches have ceased to teach them religious truth with authority, and because Christendom, so called, outside the Roman Catholic Church, has ceased to believe in the fundamental truths of religion.

The Protestant churches started in business, so to speak, on the basis of "faith, not works," and now have drifted to the absolute opposite of that position, viz., "works, not faith." Dogma is a thing abhorred, creeds are "outworn," all truth is relative, man is not fallen, Christ is not God, the atonement is a fiction, and an unnecessary fiction at that, everything is explained away on natural grounds, there is no hell to fear—why should people go to church?

Protestant Christendom has already lost faith in the Incarnation, a large part of it no longer believes in original sin, and a great many who call themselves Christians do not even believe in a personal God. What is religion if it be not that group of truths which express man's relations with and duty to his Creator? What are these truths but dogmas? How can there be an undogmatic religion?

There is no Christianity properly so called in the world to-day—that is, Christianity as a religion—outside of the Roman Catholic Church. Protestantism in all its forms is an empty shell now, and even the shell is rapidly disintegrating. The generation now growing up will demonstrate that to you and me if we live our allotted space according to the Psalmist. And not even "refined vaudeville" will then suffice to keep the churches open.

But you won't find the Catholic churches closing!

Shall Churches Be Abolished Altogether?

At the same time that our Roman Catholic correspondents demand a greater submission to churchly authority several correspondents think that the church has passed its day of usefulness and should be no longer regarded. Here is a letter from a well-known Protestant minister of one of the lesser cities of New York State:

I suppose that I am one of many whom your article in the JUNE AMERICAN MAGAZINE has already stirred to write.

Your article might be entitled, "What shall the churches do to save themselves," or "to be saved?" as though the church were an end in itself! The title of the article, "The Godlessness of New York" implies that godliness consists in maintaining, by attendance and otherwise, the churches. I was not surprised the other day when I asked the leader of a class in one of the churches here just what the members of his class meant to do in carrying out their pledge "to do what Jesus would do," and he answered: "First, attend all the services of the church and try to get as many other people to do the same as we can." But I was surprised when I found you, so good a student of the social movement, taking it for granted that religion is necessarily a function of the churches alone and that godlessness consists in failure to support the churches.

People are less interested in Holy Water, yes; but they are more interested in pure water for the city's supply. They are less interested in building sacred edifices, but they are more interested in the tenement-house problem. They are less interested in orthodoxy; but they are more interested in truth. Is this not so? And is this not an indication not of less but of larger religious expression?

I do not speak as a hater of churches, but as a lover of people. I was brought up in a minister's family. My father is still serving in a church of which he has been the pastor for more than forty years. A week ago I preached for him, as I greatly enjoy doing. I went through a theological seminary and had a delightful year in the ministry. When I left my charge it was with great regret. After being there six months the manse grew too small for the fellows of the town. I offered to take half the salary I was receiving, the other half to be given to the pastor of the Methodist Church, he to be the pastor of the Union Church, I to have the other building to equip it as a community gathering place, and to keep it open for all sorts of social uses. The presiding elder of the Methodist Conference prevented the Methodist Church from falling in with the plan.

After a year as a college teacher I came here and have since been connected with social and civic work. In my activities here I have become convinced that the churches instead of acting as a means to the spread and development of the spirit of brotherhood, or common social interest, are the greatest, or among the greatest, obstacles to it. The great expression of the religious spirit to-day is not sectarian nor of the churches, but is in the social movement. The most sacred institution is the state, or rather Humanity. Why do you want to pour this new wine of the social spirit into the old bottles of the churches? Why not hold up as the truly Christian activities of today those things, that great class of things, in which there is neither Jew nor Greek, Barbarian nor Scythian—the publicly owned institutions and the public activities? In the parks, the police service, the public-school system, the social centers, the post-office, there is neither Jew nor

Greek, but all are one. In the churches there are Jew and Greek and Roman, and two hundred and forty denominations of Protestants. Is anything to be accomplished by the saving of the churches? Is not everything to be accomplished by the rousing of the deep religious spirit in the common welfare, the administration of the means of common service? Young men are not going into the ministry to-day, except those who are attracted by the offers of aid and easy berths—this of course with exceptions. The majority of the fellows whom I knew in seminary were weaklings. Should not the call to religious devotion to the public service be made, and would this not be a more truly Christian "call"?

The church is dying; let it die. I say it reverently—for Christ's sake, let it die.

A Letter from a Working-Girl

Here is a letter from a Philadelphia working-girl which speaks from the heart:

The articles by Ray Stannard Baker are splendid. He goes to the heart and root of things. I wish every clergyman and every church member would take the paragraph, No Message for the Common People, page 127, and read it every day until its lesson was burned into each soul, until it became a prayer and was made a part of daily life, then indeed would God's Kingdom come, and His will be done on earth as it is in Heaven. Then the "Great Fear" would not gnaw at men's hearts.

The girl who has stood in a shop or worked in a factory for nine hours each day, six days in a week, insufficiently fed and nourished, has no strength of body to exercise in a gymnasium, and no energy of mind to avail herself of the privileges of the best Free Library.

Are We Becoming Eye-Minded?

I have read with great pleasure and interest the article in your June number by Ray Stannard Baker, entitled "The Godlessness of New York." But I wonder if anybody has ever explained these things by alluding to the fact that the American people are becoming more *eye-minded* and less *ear-minded*? Intelligent people who read no longer need to be preached to.

A Criticism of Mr. Baker's Articles

Miss Ruth Hall, of Catskill, N. Y., writes:

The interesting article by Mr. Ray Stannard Baker in the June AMERICAN MAGAZINE makes certain comments which, it seems to one reader, deserve criticism. He tells us Protestantism in New York is apparently dying, and holds out a straw for our inspection in the decadence of church attendance. Could Mr. Baker obtain as fully the confidential laments of Roman Catholic priests as he cites those of Protestant ministers I believe (from a sheaf of straws I myself have gathered) that he would find the same complaint

among those of the Roman faith, although not always instanced by neglect of Sunday services. Indeed this present-day indifference is not Protestant. It is catholic, for it is general. It would be odd if we were not selfish in the church, we are so entirely selfish outside its doors.

The Conservation of Intangible Resources

In his baccalaureate sermon Dr. Howard Edwards, President of the Rhode Island State College, after quoting from Mr. Baker's articles, said :

"Our ancestors handed down to us a stern morality that ostracised lying and chicanery and fraud and dissoluteness. To-day we are learning and practicing an easy tolerance that saps the virtue of the nation and makes us lose the sense of real values.

"Thus may we enumerate some of the intangible resources of our nation that imperatively demand conservation:

- "1. Faith in popular government.
- "2. Faith in ourselves, and in our own initiative and resourcefulness.
- "3. Faith in honesty and integrity and self-restraint as guiding principles in all the activities of life.
- "4. Faith in the Unseen, the eternal varieties, that give meaning to life."

Jenkin Lloyd Jones On "The Spiritual Unrest"

We have been much pleased at the interest in Mr. Baker's series expressed editorially by both the religious and the secular press. Quoting the closing sentences of what it called "this distressing but not discouraging article" *Unity* (Unitarian) of Chicago, edited by the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, says:

"When the magazines begin to inspire and publish such studies, there is hope that the denominational houses, sectarian schools, and *theological* schools (mark the name) will begin to see the situation and there will come a renaissance of faith, an application of religion to life, a test of piety by service, a finding of peace through sacrifice, of holiness in devout service, a worship that is truly enkindling of brotherhood, such as have been realized in the glow-points of history in the past. St. Francis led such a movement in the twelfth century, Savonarola in the fifteenth century, Knox, Calvin, and Luther in the sixteenth, Fox in the seventeenth, Wesley in the eighteenth, to a degree Henry Ward Beecher and Theodore Parker in the ante-bellum days of the nineteenth century. It was such a movement that was set agoing with such mighty import by the Nazarene Peasant.

"Such a movement cannot come without bringing with it the demand for the erection of other 'Pil-

lars of Follies' to be burned, such as Savonarola erected in the streets of Florence six hundred years ago. The gay and gawdy raiment, the proud and costly amusement, however high, the hurried life of dissipation, however fine, the genteel slavery to pipe, cup and lace are incompatible with the holy life, and only in so far as the church can stand for these things will it come back to the people and be to them a source of comfort, of inspiration, and sanctification."

A Presbyterian Comment

The *Interior* (Presbyterian) of Chicago, says:

"It is when Mr. Baker is discussing the withdrawal of Protestant churches from 'run-down' districts of the city that he cuts closest to the quick of the Protestant conscience.

"When a Protestant congregation finds all its old constituency gone to some other part of the city and decides it must move or merge or quit, the proposed abandonment of the old situation is veiled under some euphemism which won't quite confess a failure.

"Men say a 'changing population' has weakened the church and 'robbed it of its field.' Mr. Baker is uncomfortably shrewd in bringing out bluntly what such words really imply.

"*The church admits by the very proposition to move that its message and ministry fit only one peculiar class of people—the people who are moving out. If it had a message for the people who are moving in, it would surely slay with them.*"

A Congregational Comment

Under the title "A Friendly Criticism of the Church" the *Congregationalist* of Boston, says:

"The June magazines present no article of larger interest to the churches than that of Mr. Ray Stannard Baker in *THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE*, on 'The Godlessness of New York.' His article in *THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE* is not the production of one who takes pleasure in pointing out defects and failures, but rather of one desirous of helping the church to see conditions as they are and to meet them more effectively. This article should lead those responsible for the management of churches everywhere to ask whether they care more for the maintenance of an institution than for its usefulness; and whether the average church, to quote Mr. Baker, 'having no power of prophecy, no triumphant message, has scattered its energies in preaching and working against various minor evils.' Certainly Mr. Baker has grasped the formative idea of the church and its propelling force as well when he says: 'Human touch, not money, is required. There must be personal sacrifice. It was not until Francis of Assisi stripped himself naked that "he won for himself a secret sympathy in many souls."'"



In the Interpreter's House

"So they drew on towards the house (the house of the Interpreter) and when they came to the door they heard a great talk in the house"—Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress

THE city of Pittsburgh, judging from her press,—began the Responsible Editor—is highly incensed at that member of this household who at our May meeting called attention to the two extremes of her tariff-made prosperity. I do not understand that she denies the truth of the descriptions of conditions quoted. She could hardly do that. The *Survey* from which they were taken was the result of eighteen months' hard work on the part of a large band of trained investigators. It was published serially by a serious

*Pittsburgh
Angry*

and well-known periodical—*Charities and Commons* (now the *Survey*). Its findings were never denied so far as I can find by the press of Pittsburgh itself. Moreover, the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce thinks so well of the document that it has been distributing sets to prominent citizens and many clubs and educational organizations have been throwing the tables and illustrations on screens for the enlightenment of their members. The authority for the facts we published cannot, therefore, I think, be impeached.

I have been examining the *Survey* myself since the storm broke over our colleague, and I find that there are several other points which might very properly have been added to those included in the arraignment we published. Could there be a more forcible proof of the justice of our characterization of the Pittsburgh employer than the tables published in the *Survey* giving the number of men killed and maimed in a single year in the shops of the city—526 killed between July 1st, 1906, and June 29th, 1907, and 2,000 wounded. These are records from the hospitals alone; of those who were nursed at home there is no record. Couple this mutilation and destruction with the *Survey's* table of the "Valuation Put on Men in Pittsburgh."*

For an eye, the Pittsburgh millionaire pays from \$200 down to nothing.

* See *Charities & Commons*, March, '09, p. 1142.

For an arm the Pittsburgh millionaire pays \$300 downward.

For two fingers the Pittsburgh millionaire pays \$100 downward.

For a leg he pays \$225 downward.

I feel as if our colleague really let the Pittsburgh millionaire off easily.

And if these things quoted are facts—if they are not and cannot be denied, why is Pittsburgh angry with us instead of the *Survey*?

IT looks as if she was angry for one of two reasons,—said the Philosopher—because we called attention to her peculiar civilization or because she feels there is a certain sacrilege in connecting the word tariff with anything unpleasant. I rather think it is the latter. For fifty years the high protectionist in this country has depended for his emotional appeal on

*Why She
is
Angry*

the "pauper labor of Europe." No matter what argument was made against a duty, the "starved workman" of the other side of the Atlantic was thrown on the screen. Here is an example from the recent tariff hearings in Washington. The head of what is called the "file trust" was on the stand. It had been shown that the gentleman was selling files abroad much cheaper than at home, that he had a practically prohibitive duty, one which had reduced imports to about one per cent. of the file consumption in the United States, and it was certain from his testimony that his laborers could not be getting a very large share of the duty. Mr. Clark was after him at once. "Do you not think," he asked, "that if the tariff is laid in the name of labor, labor ought to get the tariff?" Here is the answer he received:

"If you will pardon me for expressing one little thought, I will say that I walked down this morning from the Willard and saw a pair of horses, a beautiful cart all equipped with fruit, vegetables, and one thing and another. I can close my eyes and see that condition over on the continent of Europe, with barefooted women

in rags, with a few Newfoundland dogs, or some other kind of dogs, hitched up with a string harness to the cart, and a few vegetables, that they are pulling around."

There is no reason to doubt that the gentleman saw on Pennsylvania Avenue the prosperous cart he described. There is no doubt he might have found on the continent of Europe his "barefooted woman in rags." But if he had crossed over to the Washington market, he would have found on its outskirts numbers of men and women, some of them white haired, who have brought in that morning from great distances out of Washington on their backs or behind tottering mules, pitiful handfuls of field flowers, wild roots and perhaps a bunch or two of garden products—quite as pathetic a spectacle as the pathetic one with which he was trying to befuddle the Ways and Means Committee. All over Europe he will find as prosperous vegetable carts as those he saw in Washington—all over the United States he can find, if he will look, women in rags.

A correspondent who is indignant at the prominence we have given the findings of the *Survey* suggests that we turn our attention to Birmingham and the back country in England, that we describe women wheeling coal from the mouth of the English pits or making chains at the forge. I have seen some of these sad things in England. I have seen the army of unemployed in London. But I have seen again and again in the outskirts of the cities of the United States women picking up coal and bits of wood along the tracks of railroads and in the yards of factories and seen them carrying their pickings home on their backs. I rarely enter or leave an American city on a railroad that I do not see something of this kind. I watched the bread lines of New York all last winter and I had my heart wrung by an endless stream of would-be workers for whom there was no work. And though I have visited scores of factory and manufacturing towns in Europe *I have never seen one where the impression of the conditions of labor was more horrifying than that one gets in going in and out of Pittsburgh and up and down the streets of the laboring man's quarters in that city.* The report of the *Survey* only confirms the impression one gets in visiting the town that for the ordinary laborer Pittsburgh is an inferno.

It is idle and it is stupid to refuse to recognize manfully that protection manipulated as it has been by scores of industries in this country results in frightful inequalities. It is useless to attempt to deny that in spite of the inspiration to energy which our wonderful

natural resources and our democratic principles have given, we are rapidly developing the same abnormal conditions in property, the same fantastic extremes which harass Europe.

Could there be anything more un-American than incomes of a million dollars a year (we hear of one of \$40,000,000, a tariff-made—railroad-rebate fortune), when the average income of four-fifths of our American families is under \$500? Would it not be vastly better for a community from every standpoint, economic, social, moral, to have 1,000 citizens each with an income of \$1,000 than one with an income of \$1,000,000?

**A Million
Dollars a
Year Income**

Would not 4,000 men with incomes of \$10,000 each do more for the country than one with an income of \$40,000,000 could possibly do? I certainly believe so, and it is childish to refuse to see that the privileges which the present administration of protective tariffs create are responsible for many of these grotesque accumulations.

It is entirely logical that men who will fight as the Pittsburgh millionaires have for years, for excessive protection, should be as blind to their obligation to their workmen as they have been to the good of the consuming public. It is entirely natural that they exploit both.

There seems to be an idea in certain quarters of Pittsburgh that because there has been a generous response to appeals for charity in the city during the past year of distress, it is unjust to call attention to the conditions under which labor exists there. One indignant editor rehearses the relief work of the last winter. "Seven hundred and sixty-five organizations spent \$1,776,114 for charity in Pittsburgh last year. The Associated Charities registered over 9,400 families, aided by the various institutions, and there are thousands of cases that have not been registered either because they were assisted by private families or by organizations not affiliated with the Associated Charities." Therefore the article we published is a libel!

Could there be a more convincing proof of the justice of our complaint? Why in this republic not yet 150 years old at a period when for years harvests have been abundant, when there has been neither war nor plague, when wealth has been piling up as never before, should there be a city of millionaires where in one winter *nine thousand four hundred families* were registered for relief and *thousands* of other families were assisted by private individuals or by organizations which did not report what they were doing? Could

there be stronger proof that either the system under which we are working or the administration of it is wrong? Could any facts be more damning—unless it is the heart-breaking blindness which will contend at this stage of our development that a man's charity to those who are starving compels silence on the methods by which he amassed his wealth?

It is not lack of generosity to distress that is wanting in the Pittsburgh millionaire. It is lack of understanding of fundamental obligations. By every moral and social law men are forbidden to mass wealth by exploiting their fellows, and that is what the Pittsburgh millionaire has done; by every moral and social law the employer of labor is bound not only to pay a living wage but to provide decent, cheerful, human conditions for labor; that is what the Pittsburgh millionaire has never done, and what Pittsburgh has never compelled him to do.

This is not saying that there are no people in the town who do not see the obligation and who are not doing their utmost to open the eyes of the blind and the understandings of the stupid. In the last few years there have been energetic efforts to do this. The Voter's

**Pittsburgh
is
Awakening**

League, under the direction of A. Leo Weil, the modernized Chamber of Commerce under H. D. W. English, the Board of Health under Dr. Edwards, Kingsley House and the Columbian School and settlement,

the recently organized Associated Charities, are movements of Pittsburgh citizens to correct evils which they have recognized and been brave enough to tackle. Out of the *Survey* itself has come an important undertaking: the Pittsburgh Civic Improvement Commission—an organization which sets for itself the making of a New Pittsburgh and a Greater Pittsburgh. The commission has brought on an enthusiastic, experienced and thoroughly trained young man, Allen T. Burns, of the Chicago School of Civics and Philanthropy, as its secretary. It has already formed fourteen committees of seven members each, and Mr. Burns tells me that only one of the ninety-eight prominent citizens appointed to these committees has declined. It is interesting to note that no one is allowed on a committee who is holding a political office. Something of the scope of the work which this commission proposes is indicated by the subjects with which these fourteen committees will deal: Public Hygiene and Sanitation, Lower Courts of Justice, City and District Housing, City Improvement and Town Planning, Municipal Art and Design, District Improvements, Charitable Institu-

tions, Municipal Publication, Legislation, Rapid Transit, Municipal Research and Efficiency, Industrial Accidents and Overstrain, Education, Ward Organization. If any American city has devised a completer plan for dealing with its needs or put it into abler hands, I do not know it. Mayor Magee, who labors under the popular disadvantage of being a machine man, has operated cordially so far with this commission. Indeed, I am told that he was the *only* mayor of an American city who had the wisdom to go to New York last spring to see the inspiring and enlightening City Planning exhibition. Mr. Magee went for a day, and was so interested he stayed two. Moreover, since that time, he *has been spending frequent evenings in the public library of Pittsburgh studying municipal administration and reform*. There is an example for you! May Pittsburgh reap the benefit. For in the *City Planning Exhibition and in the books we may suppose Mayor Magee to be studying* is what she needs—the vision of what a city may be—of what it *must* be if it discharges its simple obligations.

Pittsburgh has had a hard problem, but it is the same problem in essence with which every American city and town must deal if it has not already—the fulfillment of its duty to give to its poorest citizens sanitary housing, open air spaces, clean and pleasant streets, protection from exploitation by vicious politicians and by vicious money grubbers, good schools, hospitals and libraries. If Pittsburgh's problem is for many reasons more complicated than that of any other city, she brings to it more wealth, and I am inclined to think, more sets of brains used to dealing with hard problems than any other city. What she needs now is, as I have said, a Vision. She must see so clearly what she is that she will hate what she is. She must tear from her streets and outskirts the horrible shanties in which she houses her laboring men and replace them with comfortable and sanitary tenements. She must pave and clean the streets of every working quarter. She must provide parks in every one. She must by force of public opinion drive her employers if necessary, to give proper wages and hours, to build hospitals and give indemnities for accidents, to abolish child labor. She must see to it that her schools and school buildings are brought up to the mark. And all this she must do *first*—before she builds more boulevards for the rich, more parks for those who have them already.

I know how many of her tariff-made citizens

will throw cold water on these projects. "It is no use," complained a steel man to me at these suggestions. "Take bath-tubs. They do not use them, if you give them to them. We put in bath-tubs once and found them used for kindling wood." This reply or some variety of it has done service

**One
Bath-tub
for Forty
Families**

as an excuse for years to landlords of the poor—landlords who have regarded their chief and sometimes only function to be collecting the rent. It is threadbare and should be retired. Its origin in Pittsburgh was traced to its source by the *Survey* workers, and it was found that once a steel company did build a house in which there was a bath-tub—one bath-tub for forty families. It is a wonder it was used even for kindling wood.

I told my steel friend to go to Chicago and see what they were doing there. On the edge of Packingtown the council opened two years ago a park of twenty acres, beautifully plotted and provided with the most perfect system of baths and swimming pools for men and women, boys and girls, and even babies that money and taste could buy. What is the result? At the noon hour through all the warm months the men from the stock yards crowd to these baths—at night and in the morning they are there again. Many of them are the same kind of foreigners of whom certain Pittsburghers speak with such contempt. They may never have seen a tub or shower until these bath houses were opened, but they fill them now to their full capacity. Moreover, the taste for bathing has been so awakened by the presence of these public baths that a plumber in the neighborhood affirms that

in three months after they were opened working men in the vicinity, who owned their homes, began to put in bath rooms for themselves, though they never before had done so.

The fact that some men will abuse and neglect opportunities to live cleanly and decent lives has nothing to do with the case. The Pittsburgh employer is under a moral and social obligation to furnish the opportunity—and all experience shows that the great percentage will improve it to the full.

Pittsburgh should do as Boston is doing—create a vision of what she might be—set herself a period in which to realize it and then turn all her forces to making her dream come true. Pittsburgh's enemies are not those who point out what is intolerable and unnecessary in her borders—they are those who fly into a rage because attention is called to her defilement.

Let once the sense of social justice be aroused in her—the determination that there shall exist in Pittsburgh healthy and comfortable conditions for *all* her citizens and the first step will be taken toward curing the tariff injustices

**Right
and
Wrong**

which have helped cause the unequal distribution of her wealth. For when men once begin to recognize frankly the injustice of conditions which they have been brought up to and accepted unthinkingly, their ability to recognize other varieties of wrong rapidly develops. Right and wrong do not live happily together, and I firmly believe that when the day comes that the "Pittsburgh millionaire" recognizes his obligations not to exploit even a despised foreigner, he will see also that he has an obligation not to exploit the "ultimate consumer."





A Conception of God

By EDMUND VANCE COOKE

How glibly, how greasily man says "God,"
Yet the wisest savant is the merest clod
Whose mind cannot compass this handful of sod
From his own little earth. Here it is, newly-grassed;
Every grain of its sand is molecular-massed;
Every blade is an epic, serene, unsurpassed;
Every cell of its life holds a secret so vast
That the mind staggers back at the riddle aghast.
As a grain of this sand to its planet, so, too,
Is our earth to the tangle of suns in our view.
And beyond? And beyond! Man must ever despond
To pronounce any word save another "Beyond!"
Aye, we scan and we search, we dispute and discuss,
But Infinity still is Beyond, with a Plus!
Our star, in the streak of the sky, merely floats
As a speck in the sunbeam, a mote among motes.
Swarming round on this mote is the infinitesimal
Insect too small to express by a decimal,
Myriad-ciphered. Its place in the plan
We can only conjecture; we call it a man.
Yet this germ of humanity crinkles its knees
And with orotund voice and a nominal "Please,"
He cajoles the Omnipotent, salving his views
With some second-hand praise and some gossipy news,
And flattered Infinity then is requested
To alter His Plan thus and so, as suggested!

* * * * *

If the Infinite Microscope sees him the while,
Let us hope that Infinity knows how to smile.



Photography C. B. Waite

PORFIRIO DIAZ

Who for thirty-two years has ruled Mexico with an iron hand

Barbarous Mexico

A series of articles in which important facts about despotism and slavery in that unhappy country are reported for the first time and in which the author narrates thrilling personal experiences.

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION

This series of articles is the result of a year and a half of study and investigation. The author, Mr. John Kenneth Turner, has visited nearly every part of Mexico; he has penetrated into regions, such as the terrible Valle Nacional, where slavery in its worst form is to be found; he has talked with important business men and politicians. He has gathered his material at first hand, often from officials unaware of the nature of his mission. We have some disclosures that would certainly ruin those who made them if the persons were identified. At first we were not inclined to accept the conclusions forced upon us by the mass of facts. We had no knowledge before that slavery existed to such an extent—right at our doors—that men and women were enslaved for life by the thousands, starved, beaten, and sold. We had supposed Mexico to be in some sense a republic, and not as we find it, a government more absolute and autocratic than Russia. It has its Siberias—in the hot lands of the South; its spy system, its condemnations for political offenses, and its terrible prisons. The constitution is a dead document. It is a government of the few for the few, with a big standing army to back them. Those at the top have millions and are growing richer; the middle classes are suppressed, discontented and getting poorer; the lower classes are down near the starvation limit.

Mexico is a great country; rich in natural resources; inhabited by fifteen millions of unhappy people. For the uplifting of the people nothing has been done. Yet they have fostered the democratic idea in spite of persecution, prison, exile or death.

These things cannot be longer concealed, as they have been, by suppression of individuals and journals. Our large commercial interests and the very closeness of the country itself make it necessary for us to know the truth about Mexico. It is said that if the iron hand of Diaz weakens, the state of affairs will be worse than in Cuba in '97. We should not sit in ignorance, for we may have to step on the fuse. The facts force their way to the light—here and there. We have had intimations of knowledge of the true inwardness of Mexico from many sources. A great business man told us that we would find conditions worse than in Russia. A banker of Mexico City disclosed remarkable personal experiences. A foreign journalist gave us sidelights of curious import. A manufacturer suggested a study of graft in Mexico. There is surely a spreading notion that something is wrong in Mexico.

Why have we not known this before? Diaz controls all sources of news, and the means of transmitting it. Papers are suppressed or subsidized at the pleasure of the government. We know some of the subsidies paid even to important Mexican papers printed in English. The real news of Mexico does not get across the border. Books that truly describe the present state of things are suppressed or bought up even when published in the United States.

A great Diaz-Mexico myth has been built up through skilfully applied influence upon journalism. It is the most astounding case of the suppression of truth and the dissemination of untruth and half-truth that recent history affords. But Mr. Turner has by long and often hazardous journeys and investigations got at the truth. As you read the articles one after another, follow the author in his adventures, and see with his eyes how things really are, you will be forced to admit that Mexico the "Republic" is a pretense and a sham. Diaz is an able autocrat who has policed the country well, used his power for the benefit of the few, and neglected the welfare of the great body of the people. In Mexico they say "after him the deluge, if indeed he is not swept away by it."



The Slaves of Yucatan

By JOHN KENNETH TURNER

Illustrated with Photographs and with Drawings by George Varian

WHAT is Mexico? Americans commonly characterize Mexico as "Our Sister Republic." Most of us picture her vaguely as a republic in reality much like our own, inhabited by people a little different in temperament, a little poorer and a little less advanced, but still enjoying the protection of republican laws—a free people in the sense that we are free.

Others of us, who have seen the country through a car window, or speculated a little in Mexican mines or Mexican plantations, paint that country beyond the Rio Grande as a benevolent paternalism in which a great and good man orders all things well for his foolish but adoring people.

I found Mexico to be neither of these two things. The real Mexico I found to be a country with a written constitution and written laws as fair and democratic as our own, but with neither constitution nor laws in operation. Mexico is a country without political freedom, without freedom of speech, without a free press, without a free ballot, without a jury system, without political parties, without any of our cherished guarantees of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. It is a land where there has been no contest for the office of president for more than a generation, where the executive rules all things by means of a standing army, where political offices are sold for a fixed price, where the public school system in vast country

districts is abolished because a governor needs the money. I found Mexico to be a land where the people are poor because they have no rights, where peonage is the rule for the great mass and where actual chattel slavery obtains for hundreds of thousands. Finally, I found that the people do not idolize their president, that the tide of opposition, dammed and held back as it has been by army and secret police, is rising to a height where it must shortly overflow the dam. Mexicans of all classes and affiliations agree that their country is hurrying toward a general revolution in favor of democracy: if not a revolution in the time of Diaz, for Diaz is old and is expected soon to pass, then a revolution after Diaz.

My special interest in political Mexico was first awakened early in 1908, when I came in contact with four Mexican revolutionists who were at that time incarcerated in the county jail at Los Angeles, California. Here were four educated, intelligent Mexicans, college men, all of them, who were being held by the United States authorities on a charge of planning to invade a friendly nation—Mexico—with an armed force from American soil.

Why should intelligent men take up arms against a republic? Why should they come to the United States to prepare for their military maneuvers? I talked with those Mexican prisoners. They answered all my questions. They assured me that at one time they had



CARMEN ROMERO RUBIO DE DIAZ
Wife of the President of Mexico

enlightened men agree are necessary for the unfolding of a nation, because it had dispossessed the common people of their lands, because it had converted free laborers into serfs, peons, and some of them into—slaves.

“Slavery? Do you mean to tell me that there is any real slavery left in the western hemisphere?” I scoffed. “Bah! You are talking like an American socialist. You mean ‘wage slavery,’ or slavery to miserable conditions of livelihood. You don’t mean chattel slavery. Surely you don’t.”

But those four Mexican exiles refused to give ground. “Yes, slavery,” they said, “chattel slavery. Men, women and children bought and sold like mules—just like mules—and like mules they belong to their masters. They are slaves.”

peacefully agitated in their own country for a peaceful and constitutional overthrow of the persons in control of their government.

But for that very thing, they declared, they had been imprisoned and their property had been destroyed. Secret police had dogged their steps, their lives had been threatened, and countless methods had been used to prevent them from carrying on their work. Finally, hunted as outlaws beyond the national boundaries, denied the rights of speech, press and assembly, denied the right peaceably to organize to bring about political changes, they had resorted to the only alternative—arms. Why had they wished to overturn their government? Because it had set aside the constitution, because it had abolished those civic rights that all

bought and sold like mules in America! And in the twentieth century! Well,” I told myself, “if it’s true, I’m going to see it.”

So it was that early in September, 1908, I crossed the Rio Grande bound for a trip through the back yards of Old Mexico.

My friends, and especially my Mexican friends, warned me that in crossing the Rio Grande for the purpose of finding out the truth about political Mexico and coming back and printing it, I was taking my life in my hands. They hinted of Americans, of South Americans, of Europeans, who, stung by the bee of investigation, had turned aside from the beaten paths of foreigners only to disappear, to be swallowed up, to leave no trace. And the impression made by such talk was deepened

very materially by what I saw and heard beyond the line. But such dangers as the journey held in store for me were clearly overshadowed by the dangers for the man whom I selected for a traveling companion, L. Gutierrez De Lara, himself a Mexican, not one of the revolutionists, but a man who, for voicing sympathy for the revolutionists, had incurred the enmity of his government.

"If they know me they hang me," De Lara

Though we left Los Angeles disguised as tramps, the agents of Diaz learned of the departure of De Lara, and though he crossed the line in disguise and continued to mask his identity under old clothes and unbarbered face, before we had been in Mexico ten days secret police surrounded the house in which we were stopping. De Lara escaped by jumping through a back window, scrambling over house-tops and descending into another street, and when



Photograph by Clarke

OLEGARIO MOLINA

Chief of the henequen kings of Yucatan and governor of the State. His holdings in land in Yucatan and Quintana Roo are estimated at over fifteen million acres

told me in his slightly imperfect English, "but I will to go with you all the same."

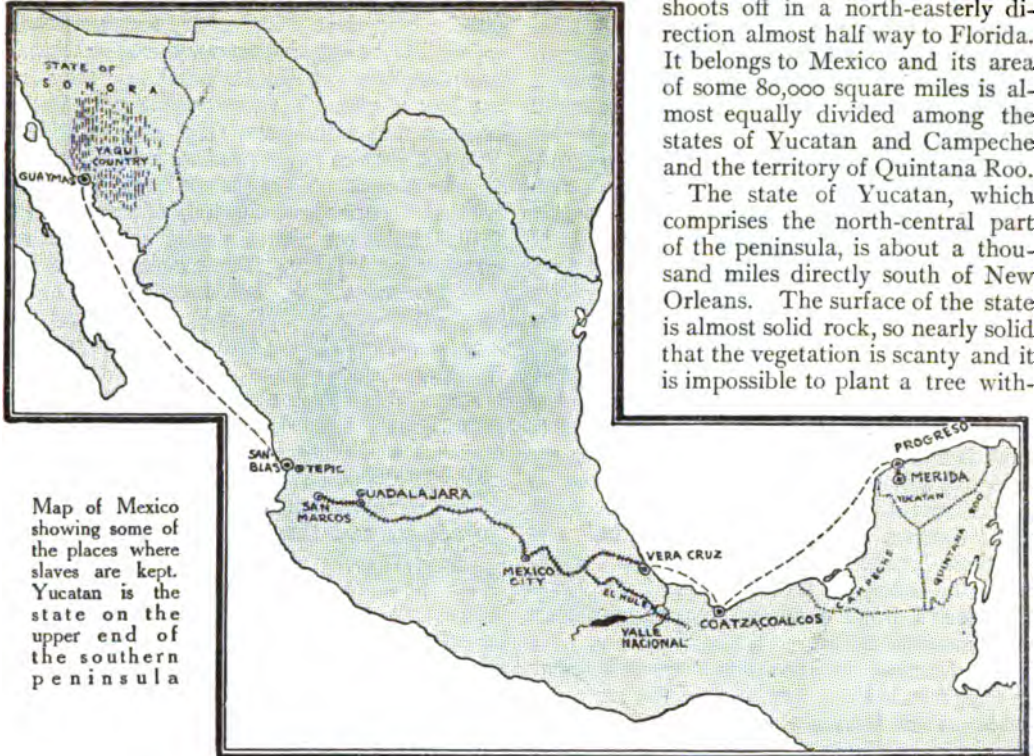
And De Lara went. A highly educated man of famous family, yet he had studied the common people of Mexico as few have studied them. Mexican character and Mexican history were his strong suits, and to me he was at once companion, guide, friend, and an easy bridge across the chasm of reserve which naturally separates the people of one race from those of another.

we left Mexico City for Yucatan soon afterward, both of us got out of town singly and by means of the cab and suburban car. Sure enough they were after De Lara. Weeks later we learned that an important Mexican government official had offered money to both American and Mexican friends of my companion in an effort to learn where he had gone.

"De Lara is a bad man," explained the official to one of them. "He is telling the



"A favorite pastime of—was to sit on his horse and watch the 'cleaning up' (the punishment) of his slaves. He would strike a match to light his cigar. At the first puff of smoke the first stroke of the wet rope would fall on the bare back of the victim. He would smoke on, leisurely, contentedly, as the blows fell, one after another. When the entertainment finally palled on him he would throw away the cigar and the man with the rope would stop, for the end of the cigar was the signal for the end of the beating."



Map of Mexico showing some of the places where slaves are kept. Yucatan is the state on the upper end of the southern peninsula

shoots off in a north-easterly direction almost half way to Florida. It belongs to Mexico and its area of some 80,000 square miles is almost equally divided among the states of Yucatan and Campeche and the territory of Quintana Roo. The state of Yucatan, which comprises the north-central part of the peninsula, is about a thousand miles directly south of New Orleans. The surface of the state is almost solid rock, so nearly solid that the vegetation is scanty and it is impossible to plant a tree with-

people that his government is not good and his government wishes to punish him."

Despite our little experiences with the police, De Lara was courageous enough to pilot me to the houses of his closest friends in different parts of the "republic." None of them were revolutionists, some were tied hand and foot to the Diaz system, but their loyalty to a friend outweighed their loyalty to their government. Old college chums most of them were, professional men usually, and the best informed persons in their particular locality. They did not know what we were there for, and they talked freely as between friends. Hence they were an appreciable addition to our sources of information. For the rest, we visited the majority of the states and cities of Mexico and explored numerous country districts. Such little formalities as a personal introduction we did not consider—except when necessary—and we talked with practically every person with whom we rubbed elbows—with business men, with professional men, with soldiers, with rurales, with office-holders, with workingmen, with peons, with slaves. And besides, we saw the mill at work.

Slavery in America! Yes, I found it. I found it first in Yucatan. The peninsula of Yucatan is an elbow of Central America which

out first blasting a hole to receive the shoot and make a place for the roots. Yet the northern part of this naturally barren land is more densely populated than is our own United States.

The secret of these peculiar conditions is that the soil and climate of northern Yucatan happen to be adapted perfectly to the production of that hardy species of century plant which produces henequen, or sisal hemp. Hence we find the city of Merida, a beautiful modern city claiming a population of 60,000 people, and surrounding it, supporting it, vast henequen plantations on which the rows of gigantic green plants extend for miles and miles. The farms are so large that each has a little city of its own, inhabited by from 500 to 2,500 people, according to the size of the farm. The owners of these great farms are the chief slave-holders of Yucatan; the inhabitants of the little cities are the slaves. The annual export of henequen from Yucatan is said to be about 250,000,000 pounds. The population of Yucatan is 300,000. The slave-holders' club numbers 250 members, but the vast majority of the lands and the slaves are concentrated in the hands of fifty henequen kings. The slaves number probably more than 100,000.

I entered Merida not as one who wished to

learn whether or not slavery still exists in the western hemisphere, but as an American investor with an itch for profits his only spur. A Yucatan plantation superintendent whom I had met in Mexico City had coolly informed me that Americans were not wanted in his country, not even Americans who were prepared to pay high prices for plantations. Foreigners brought trouble, he said. Besides, the henequen kings were reaping yearly profits of one hundred per cent., and why should they sell?

But the panic of 1907 was an ill wind that blew me good, for it wiped out the world's henequen market for a year. The planters were a company of little Rockefellers, but they needed ready cash, and they were willing to take it from any one who came. Hence my imaginary large fortune which I wished to invest was the open sesame to their club, the "Camara de Agricola de Yucatan," and to their farms. I not only discussed every phase of henequen production with the kings themselves, but I observed thousands of their slaves at close range.

Chief among the henequen kings of Yucatan is Olegario Molina, governor of the state and secretary of Fomento (mines, lands, etc.) of Mexico. Molina's holdings of land in Yucatan and Quintana Roo aggregate, it is said, 15,000,000 acres. The fifty kings live in costly palaces in Merida and many of them have homes abroad. They travel a great deal, usually they speak several different languages, and they are the most cultivated people as a class that I met in Mexico. All Merida and all Yucatan, even all the peninsula of Yucatan, are dependent on the fifty henequen kings. Naturally these men are in control of the political machinery of their state and naturally they operate that machinery for their own benefit. The slaves are 8,000 Yaqui Indians imported from Sonora, 3,000 Chinamen, and between 100,000 and 125,000 native Mayas who formerly owned the lands that the henequen kings now own.

The Maya people, indeed, form about ninety-five per cent. of the population of Yucatan. Even the fifty henequen kings are Mayas faintly crossed with the blood of Spain. The Mayas are Indians—and yet they are not Indians. They are not like the Indians of the United States and they are called Indians only because their homes were in the western hemisphere when the Europeans came. The Mayas had a civilization of their own when the Europeans "discovered" them and it was a civilization admittedly as high as that of the most advanced Aztecs or of the Incas of Peru.

The Mayas are a peculiar people. They

look like no other people on the face of the earth. They are not like other Mexicans; they are not like Americans; they are not like Chinamen; they are not like East Indians; they are not like Turks. Yet one might very easily imagine that a fusion of all these five widely different peoples might produce a people much like the Mayas. They are not large in stature, but their features are remarkably finely chiseled and their bodies give a strong impression of elegance and grace. Their skins are olive, their foreheads high, their faces slightly aquiline. The women of all classes in Merida wear long, flowing white gowns, unbound at the waist and embroidered about the hem and perhaps also about the bust in some bright color, green, blue or purple. In the warm evenings a military band plays and hundreds of comely women and girls thus alluringly attired mingle among the fragrant flowers, the art objects and the tropical greenery of the city plaza.

The planters do not call their chattels slaves. They call them "people," or "laborers," especially when speaking to strangers. But when speaking confidentially they have said to me: "Yes, they are slaves."

But I did not accept the word slavery from the people of Yucatan any more than I did from the revolutionists in an American jail. The proof of a fact is to be found, not in the name, but in the conditions thereof. Slavery is the ownership of the body of a man, an ownership so absolute that the body can be transferred to another, an ownership that gives to the owner the right to take the products of that body, to starve it, to chastise it at will, to kill it with impunity. Such is slavery in the extreme sense. Such is slavery as I found it in Yucatan.

The masters of Yucatan do not call their system slavery; they call it enforced service for debt. "We do not consider that we own our laborers; we consider that they are in debt to us. And we do not consider that we buy and sell them; we consider that we transfer the debt, and the man goes with the debt." This is the way Don Enrique Camara Zavala, president of the "Camara de Agricola de Yucatan," explained the attitude of the henequen kings in the matter. "Slavery is against the law; we do not call it slavery," various planters assured me again and again.

But the fact that it is not service for debt is proven by the fact that the slaves are transferred from one master to another, not on any basis of debt, but on the basis of the market price of a man. In figuring on the purchase of a plantation I always had to figure on paying

cash for the slaves, exactly the same as for the land, the machinery and the cattle. Four hundred Mexican dollars apiece was the prevailing price and that is what the planters usually asked me.

"If you buy now you buy at a very good time," I was told again and again. "The panic has put the price down. One year ago the price of each man was \$1,000."

The Yaquis are transferred on exactly the same basis as the Mayas—the market price of a slave—and yet all people of Yucatan know that the planters pay only \$65 apiece to the government for each Yaqui. I was offered Yaquis for \$400 each who had not been in the country a month and consequently had had no opportunity of rolling up a debt that would account for the difference in price. Moreover, one of the planters told me: "We don't allow the Yaquis to get in debt to us."

It would be absurd to suppose that the reason the price was uniform was because all the slaves were equally in debt. I probed this matter a little by inquiring into the details of the selling transaction. "You get the photograph and identification papers with the man," said one, "and that's all." "You get the identification papers and the account of the debt," said another. "We don't keep much account of the debt," said a third, "because it doesn't matter after you've got possession of the man." "The man and the identification papers are enough," said another; "if your man runs away, the papers are all the authorities require for you to get him back again." "Whatever the debt, it takes the market price to get him free again," a fifth told me.

Conflicting as some of these answers are, they all tend to show one thing, that the debt counts for little indeed after the debtor passes into the hands of the planter. Whatever the debt, it takes the market price to get the debtor free again! Even then, I thought, it would not be so bad if the servant had an opportunity of working out the price and buying back his

freedom. Even some of our negro slaves before the Civil War were permitted—by exceptionally lenient masters—to do that.

But I found that such was not the custom.



"Each foreman carries a heavy cane with which he punches and prods and whacks the slaves at will"

"You need have no fear in purchasing this plantation," said one planter to me, "of the laborers being able to buy their freedom and leave you. They can never do that."

The only man in the country whom I heard of as having ever permitted a slave to buy his freedom, was a professional man of Merida, an architect. I talked with this man. "I

bought a laborer for \$1,000," he explained. "He was a good man and helped me a lot about my office. After I got to liking him I credited him with so much wages per week. After eight years I owed him the full \$1,000, so I let him go. But they never do that on the plantations—never."

Thus I learned that the debt feature of the enforced service is a matter of name only. It does not alleviate the hardships of the slave by making it easier for him to free himself, neither does it affect the conditions of his sale or his complete subjection to his master. Yes, there is one particular in which this debt element does play an actual part in the destiny of the unfortunate of Yucatan, but there, instead of operating in his favor, it militates against him. It is by means of debt that the Yucatan slave-driver gets possession of the free laborers of his realm to replenish the over-worked and underfed, the over-beaten, the dying slaves of his plantation.

How are the slaves recruited? Don Joaquin Peon informed me that the Maya slaves die off faster than they are born and Don Enrique Camara Zavala told me that two-thirds of the Yaquis die during the first year of their residence in the country. Hence the problem of recruiting the slaves seemed to me a very serious one. Of course the Yaquis were coming in at the rate of 500 per month, yet I hardly thought that influx would be sufficient to equal the tide



"In the drying yard we found boys and men. All of the latter impressed me by their listless movements and their haggard, feverish faces. This was explained by the foreman in charge. 'When the men are sick we let them work here,' he said,—'on half pay!'"

of life that was going out by death. I was right in that surmise, so I was informed, but I was also informed that the problem of recruits was not so difficult, after all.

"It is very easy," one planter told me. "All that is necessary is that you get some free laborer in debt to you and then you have him. Yes, we are always getting new laborers in that way."

The amount of the debt does not matter, so long as it is a debt, and the little transaction is arranged by men who combine the functions of money lender and slave broker. Some of them have offices in Merida and they get the free laborers, clerks and the poorer class of people generally into debt just as professional loan sharks of America get clerks, mechanics and office men into debt—by playing on their needs and tempting them. Were these American clerks, mechanics and office men residents of Yucatan, instead of being merely hounded by a loan shark they would be sold into slavery for all time, they and their children and their children's children, on to the third and fourth generation, and even farther, on to such a time as some political change puts a stop to the condition of slavery altogether in Mexico.

These money-lending slave-brokers of Me-

rida do not hang out signs and announce to the world that they have slaves to sell. They do their business quietly, as people who are comparatively safe in their occupation, but as people who do not wish to endanger their business by too great publicity—like police protected gambling houses in an American city, for example. These slave sharks were mentioned to me by the henequen kings themselves, cautiously by them, as a rule. Other old residents of Yucatan explained their methods in detail. I was curious to visit one of these brokers and talk with him about purchasing a lot of slaves, but I was advised against it and was told that they would not talk to a foreigner until the latter had established himself in the community and otherwise proved his good faith.

These men buy and sell slaves. And the planters buy and sell slaves. I was offered slaves in lots of one up by the planters. I was told that I could buy a man or a woman, a boy or a girl, or a thousand of any of them, to do with them exactly as I wished, that the police would protect me in my possession of those, my fellow beings. Slaves are not only used on the henequen plantations, but in the city, as personal servants, as laborers, as house-

hold drudges, as prostitutes. How many of these persons there are in the city of Merida I do not know, though I heard many stories of the absolute power exercised over them. Probably the number is between two and three thousand.

So we see that the debt element in Yucatan not only does not palliate the condition of the slave, but rather makes it harder. It increases his extremity, for, while it does not help him to climb out of his pit, it reaches out its tentacles and drags down his brother, too. The portion of the people of Yucatan who are born free, possess no "inalienable right" to their freedom. They are free only by virtue of their being prosperous. Let a family, however virtuous, however worthy, however cultivated, fall into misfortune, let the parents fall into debt and be unable to pay the debt, and the whole family is liable to pass into the hands of a henequen planter. Through debt, the dying slaves of the farms are replaced by the unsuccessful wage-workers of the cities.

Why do the henequen kings call their system enforced service for debt instead of by its right name? Probably for two reasons, because the system is the outgrowth of a milder system of actual service for debt, and because of the prejudice against the word slavery, both among Mexicans and foreigners. Service for debt in a milder form than is found in Yucatan exists all over Mexico and is called peonage. Under this system police authorities everywhere recognize the right of an employer to take the body of a laborer who is in debt to him, and to compel the laborer to work out the debt. Of course, once the employer can compel the laborer to work, he can compel him to work at his own terms, and that means that he can work him on such terms as will never permit the laborer to extricate himself from his debt. Such is peonage as it exists throughout all Mexico. In the last analysis it is slavery, but the employers control the police and the fictional distinction is kept up all the same. Slavery is peonage carried to its greatest possible extreme and the reason we find the extreme in Yucatan is that, while in most other sections of Mexico a fraction of the ruling interests are opposed to peonage and consequently exert a modifying influence upon it, in Yucatan all the ruling interests are in henequen. The cheaper the worker the higher the profits for all. The peon becomes a slave.

The henequen kings of Yucatan seek to excuse their system of slavery by denominating it enforced service for debt. "Slavery is against the law," they say. "It is against

the constitution." When a thing is abolished by your constitution it works more smoothly if called by another name, but the fact is, service for debt is just as unconstitutional in Mexico as is chattel slavery. The plea of the henequen king of keeping within the law is entirely without foundation. A comparison of the following two clauses from the Mexican constitution will show that the two systems are in the same class.

"Article I, Section 1—In the Republic all are born free. Slaves who set foot upon the national territory recover, by that act alone, their liberty, and have a right to the protection of the laws."

"Article V, Section 1 (Amendment)—No one shall be compelled to do personal work without just compensation and without his full consent. The state shall not permit any contract, covenant or agreement to be carried out having for its object the abridgment, loss or irrevocable sacrifice of the liberty of a man, whether by reason of labor, education or religious vows. . . . Nor shall any compact be tolerated in which a man agrees to his own proscription or exile."

So the slave business in Yucatan, whatever name may be applied to it, is still unconstitutional and illegal. On the other hand, if the policy of the government is to be taken as the law of the land in spite of written statutes, the slave business of Mexico is legal. In that sense the henequen kings "obey the law." Whether they are righteous in doing so I will leave to hair-splitters in morality. Whatever the decision may be, right or wrong, I doubt if it will change, for better or for worse, the pitiful misery in which I found the hemp laborers of Yucatan.

The slaves of Yucatan get no money. They are half starved. They are worked almost to death. They are beaten. A large percentage of them are locked up every night in a house resembling a jail. If they are sick they must still work, and if they are so sick that it is impossible for them to work, they are not permitted the services of a physician. The women are compelled to marry, compelled to marry men of their own plantation only, and sometimes are compelled to marry certain men not of their choice. There are no schools for the children. Indeed, the entire lives of these people are ordered at the whim of a master and if the master wishes to kill them, he may do so with impunity. I heard numerous stories of slaves being beaten to death, but I never heard of an instance in which the murderer was punished, or even arrested. The police, the public prosecutors and the judges know exactly

what is expected of them, for the men who appoint them are the planters themselves.

The first mention of corporal punishment for the slaves was made to me by one of the members of the Camara, a large, portly fellow with the bearing of an opera singer and a great white diamond shining at me like a sun from his slab-like shirt-front. He told a story, and as he told it he laughed. I laughed too, but in a little different way. I could not help feeling that the story was made to order to fit strangers.

"Oh, yes, we have to punish them," said the fat king of henequen. "We even are compelled to whip the house servants of the city. It is their nature; they demand it. A friend of mine, a very mild man, had a woman servant who was always wishing to serve somebody else. My friend finally sold the woman and some months later he met her on the street and asked her how she liked her new master. 'Finely,' she answered, 'finely. You see, my master is a very rough man and he beats me nearly every day!'"

The philosophy of beating was made very clear to me by Don Felipe G. Canton, secretary of the Camara.

"It is necessary to whip them—oh yes, very necessary," he told me, with a smile, "for there is no other way to make them do what you wish. What other means is there of enforcing the discipline of the farm? If we did not whip them they would do nothing."

I could make no reply. I could think of no ground upon which to assail Don Felipe's logic. For what, pray, can be done to a chattel slave to make him work but to beat him? With the wage-worker you have the fear of discharge or the reduction of wages to hold over his head and make him toe the mark, but the chattel slave would welcome discharge, and as to reducing his food supply, you don't dare to do that or you kill him outright. At least that is the case in Yucatan.

One of the first sights that we saw on a henequen plantation was the beating of a slave—a formal beating before the assembled toilers of the ranch early in the morning just after the daily roll-call. The slave was taken on the back of a huge Chinaman and given fifteen lashes across the bare back with a heavy wet rope, lashes so lustily delivered that the blood ran down the victim's body. This method of beating is an ancient one in Yucatan and is the customary one on all the plantations for boys and all except the heaviest men. Women are required to kneel to be beaten, as sometimes are men of great weight. Men and women are beaten in the fields as well as at the morning roll-call. Each foreman, or *capataz*,

carries a heavy cane with which he punches and prods and whacks the slaves at will. I do not remember of visiting a single field in which I did not see some of this punching and prodding and whacking going on.

I saw no punishment worse than beating in Yucatan, but I heard of it. I was told of men being strung up by their fingers or the toes to be beaten, of their being thrust into black dungeon-like holes, of water being dropped on the hand until the victim screamed, of the extremity of female punishment being found in some outrage to the sense of modesty in the woman. I saw the black holes and everywhere I saw jail dormitories, armed guards and night guards who patrolled the outskirts of the farm settlements while the slaves slept. I heard also of planters who took a special delight in personally superintending the beating of their chattels. For example, speaking of one of the richest planters in Yucatan, a professional man of Merida said to me:

"A favorite pastime of—was to sit on his horse and watch the 'cleaning up' (the punishment) of his slaves. He would strike a match to light his cigar. At the first puff of smoke the first stroke of the wet rope would fall on the bare back of the victim. He would smoke on, leisurely, contentedly, as the blows fell, one after another. When the entertainment finally palled on him he would throw away his cigar and the man with the rope would stop, for the end of the cigar was the signal for the end of the beating."

The great plantations of Yucatan are reached by private mule-car lines built and operated specially for the business of the henequen kings. The first plantation that we visited was typical. Situated fifteen miles west of Merida, it contains thirty-six square miles of land, one-fourth of it in henequen, part of the rest in pasture and a part unreclaimed. In the center of the plantation is the farm settlement, consisting of a grass-grown *patio*, or yarn, surrounding which are the main farm buildings, the store, the factory, the house of the *administrador*, or general manager, the house of the *mayordomo primero*, or superintendent, the houses of the *mayordomos segundos*, or overseers, and the little chapel. A little behind these are the corrals, the drying yard, the stables, the jail dormitory. Finally surrounding all are the rows of one-room huts set in little patches of ground in which reside the married slaves and their families.

Here we found fifteen hundred slaves and about thirty bosses of various degrees. Thirty of the slaves were Chinamen, about two hundred were Yaquis and the rest were Mayas.

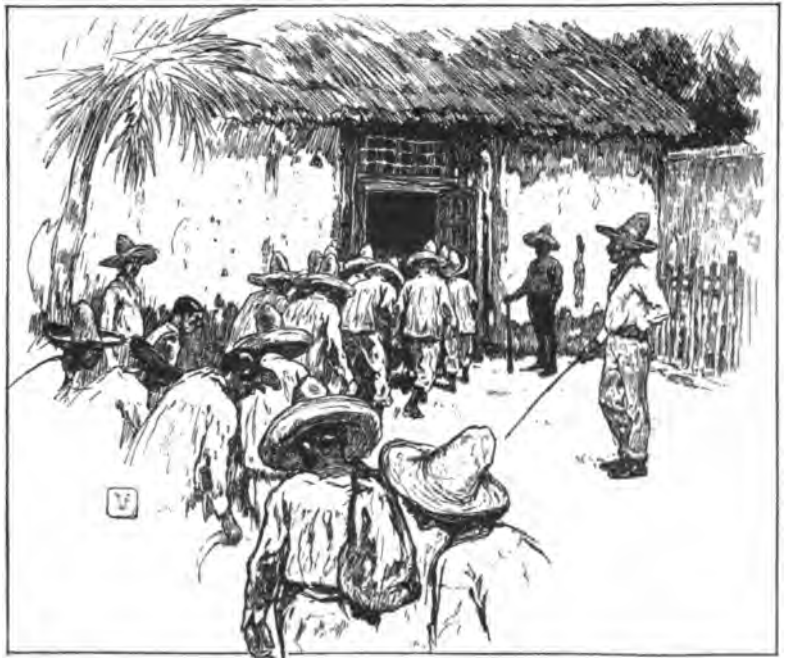
The Maya slaves to my eyes differed from the free Mayas I had seen in the city principally in their clothing and their general unkempt and over-worked appearance. Certainly they were of the same clay. Their clothing was poor and ragged, yet generally clean. The women wore calico, the men the thin, unbleached cotton shirt and trousers of the tropics, the trousers being often rolled to the knees. Their hats were of coarse straw or grass, their feet always bare.

Seven hundred of the slaves are able-bodied men, the rest women and children. Three hundred and eighty of the men are married and live with their families in the one-room huts. These huts are set in little patches of ground one hundred and forty-four feet square, which, rocky and barren as they are, are cultivated to some small purpose by the women and children. In addition to the product of their barren garden patch each family receives daily credit at the plantation store for twenty-five *centavos*, or twelve and one-half cents, worth of merchandise. No money is paid; it is all in credit, and this same system prevails on about half the plantations. The other half merely deal out rations. It amounts to the same thing, but some of the planters stick to the money credit system merely in order to keep up the pretense of paying wages. I priced some of the goods at the store—corn, beans, salt, peppers, clothing and blankets were about all there were—and found that the prices were high. I could not understand how a family could live on twelve and one-half cents worth of it each day, a hard-working family, especially.

The slaves rise from their beds when the big bell in the *patio* rings at 3:45 o'clock in the morning and their work begins as soon thereafter as they can get to it. Their work in the fields ends when it is too dark to see any more and about the yards it sometimes extends until long into the night.

The principal labor of the plantation is harvesting the henequen leaves and cleaning the weeds from between the plants. Each slave is given a certain number of leaves to cut or plants to clean, and it is the policy of the planter to make the stint so hard that the slave is compelled to call out his wife and children to help him. Thus nearly all the women and children of the plantation spend a part of the day in the field. The unmarried women spend all the day in the field and when a boy reaches the age of twelve he is considered to be a man and is given a stint of his own to do. Sunday the slaves do not work for the master. They spend their time in their patches, rest, or visit. Sunday is the day on which the youths and maidens meet and plan to marry. Sometimes they are even permitted to go off the farm and meet the slaves of their neighbor, but never are they permitted to marry the people of other plantations, for this would necessitate the purchase of either the wife or the husband by one or the other of the two owners, and that would be too much trouble. Such are the conditions in general that prevail on all the plantations of Yucatan.

We spent two days and two nights on the plantation called San Antonio Yaxche and became thoroughly acquainted with its system and its people. In the fields we found gangs of men and boys, some gangs



"We entered the enclosure just at dusk, as the toilers, wiping the sweat from their foreheads, came filing in"

hoeing the weeds from between the gigantic plants and some sawing off the big leaves with machetes. The harvest of the leaves goes on unceasingly all the twelve months of the year and during the cycle every plant on the farm is gone over four times. Twelve leaves are usually clipped, the twelve largest, the thirty smallest being left to mature for another three months. The workman chops off the leaf at its root, trims the sharp briars off the two edges, trims the spear-like tip, counts the leaves left on the plant, counts the leaves he is cutting, piles his leaves into bundles and finally carries the bundles to the end of his row, where they are carted away on a movable-track mule-car line.

I found the ground uneven and rocky, a punishment for the feet, the henequen leaves thorny and treacherous and the air thick, hot and choking, though the season was considered a cool one. The ragged, bare-footed harvesters worked steadily, carefully, and with the speed of better paid laborers who work "by the piece." They were working "by the piece," too, the reward being immunity from the lash. Here and there among them I saw tired-looking women and children, sometimes little girls as young as eight or ten. Two thousand leaves a day is the usual stint on San Antonio Yaxche. On other plantations I was told that it was sometimes as high as three thousand.

The henequen leaves, once cut, are carted to a large building in the midst of the farm settlement, where they are hoisted in an elevator and sent tumbling down a long chute and into the stripping machine. Here hungry steel teeth tear the tough, thick leaves to pieces and the result is two products—a green powder, which is refuse, and long strands of greenish, hair-like fibre, which is henequen. The fibre is sent on a tramway to the drying yard, where it turns the color of the sun. Then it is trammed back, pressed into bales and a few days or weeks later the observer will see it at Progreso, the port of Yucatan, twenty-five miles north of Merida, being loaded into a steamship flying the British flag. The United States buys nearly all the henequen of Yucatan. Eight *centavos* per pound was the 1908 price received for sisal hemp in the bale; one slave-dealer told me that the production cost no more than one.

About the machinery we found many small boys working. In the drying yard we found boys and men. All of the latter impressed me by their listless movements and their haggard, feverish faces. This was explained by the foreman in charge. "When the men are sick we let them work here," he said,—"on half pay!"

Such was the men's hospital. The hospital for the women we discovered in a basement of one of the main buildings. It was simply a row of windowless, earthen-floor rooms, half-dungeons, in each of which lay one woman on a bare board without a blanket to soften it.

More than three hundred of the able-bodied slaves spend the nights in a large structure of stone and mortar, surrounded by a solid wall twelve feet high which is topped with the sharp edges of thousands of broken glass bottles. To this inclosure there is but one door, and at it stands a guard armed with a club, a sword and a pistol. These are the quarters of the unmarried men of the plantation, Mayas, Yauquis and Chinamen, and of the "half-timers," slaves whom the plantation uses only about half of the year, married men, some of them, whose families live in little settlements bordering on the farm.

These "half-timers" are found on only about one-third of the plantations, and they are a class which has been created entirely for the convenience of the masters. They become "full-timers" at the option of the masters, and are then permitted to keep their families on the plantations. They are compelled to work longer than half the year if they are wanted, and during the time when they are not working they are not permitted to go away on a hunt for other work. Generally their year's labor is divided into two sections, three months in the Spring and three in the Fall, and during that period they cannot go to visit their families, they are always kept in jail at night, they are fed by the farm, and their credit of twelve and one-half cents per day is kept back and doled out to their families a little at a time to prevent starvation. A little figuring will show that the yearly credit for a half-timer who works six months is twenty-two and one-half dollars, and this is all—absolutely all—that the family of the half-time slave has to live on each year.

Inside the large, one-room building within the stone wall at San Antonio Yaxche we found, swinging so close that they touched one another, more than three hundred rough rope hammocks. This was the sleeping house of the half-timers and unmarried men. We entered the enclosure just at dusk, as the toilers, wiping the sweat from their foreheads, came filing in. Behind the dormitory we found half a dozen women working over some crude, open-air stoves. Like half-starved wolves the ragged workers ringed about the simple kitchen, grimy hands went out to receive their need of supper, and standing there the miserable creatures ate.

I sampled the supper of the slaves. That is,



"Like half-starved wolves the ragged workers ringed about the simple kitchen, grimy hands went out to receive their meed of supper, and standing there the miserable creatures ate"

I sampled a part of it with my tongue, and the rest, which my nostrils warned me not to sample with my tongue, I sampled with my nostrils. The meal consisted of two large corn *tortillas*, the bread of the poor of Mexico, a cup of boiled beans unflavored, and a bowl of fish—putrid, stinking fish, fish that reeked with an odor that disgusted me for days. How could they ever eat it? Ah well, to vary a weary, unending row of meals consisting of only beans and *tortillas* a time must come when the most refined palate will water to the touch of something different, though that something is fish which offends the heavens with its rottenness.

Beans, *tortillas*, fish! I suppose that they can at least keep alive on it, I told myself, provided they do no worse at the other two meals. "By the way"—I turned to the *admin-*

istrador, who was showing us about—"what do they get at the other two meals?"

"The other two meals?" The *administrador* was puzzled. "The other two meals? Why, there aren't any others. This is the only meal they have!"

Beans, *tortillas*, fish, once a day, and a dozen hours under the hottest sun that ever shone!

"But, no," the *administrador* corrected himself. "They do get something else, something very fine, too, something that they can carry to the field with them and eat when they wish. Here is one now."

At this he picked from one of the tables of the women a something about the size of his two fists, and handed it to me, triumphantly. I took the round, soggy mass in my fingers,

pinched, smelled and tasted it. It proved to be corn dough half fermented and patted into a ball. This, then, was the other two meals, the rest of the substance besides beans, *tortillas* and decayed fish which sustained the toilers throughout the long day. I turned to a young Maya who was carefully picking a fish-bone.

"Which would you rather be?" I asked of him, "a half-timer or a full-timer?"

"A full-timer," he replied, promptly, and then in a lower tone: "They work us until we are ready to fall, then they throw us away to get strong again. If they worked the full-timers like they work us they would die."

"We come to work gladly," said another young Maya, "because we're starved to it. But before the end of a week we want to run away. That is why they lock us up at night."

"Why don't you run away when you're free to do it?" I asked.

The *administrador* had stepped away to scold a woman. "It's no use," answered the man, earnestly. "They always get us. Everybody is against us and there is no place to hide."

"They keep our faces on photographs," said another. "They always get us and give us a cleaning-up (beating) besides. When we're here we want to run away, but when they turn us out we know that it's no use."

I was afterwards to learn how admirably the Yucatan country is adapted to preventing the escape of runaways. No fruits or eatable herbs grow wild in that rocky land. There are no springs and no place where a person can dig a well without a rock-drill and dynamite. So every runaway in time finds his way to a plantation or to the city, and at either place he is caught and held for identification. A free laborer who does not carry papers to prove that he is free is always liable to be locked up and put to much trouble to prove that he is not a runaway slave.

The Mexican Liberals compare Yucatan to Russia's Siberia. "Siberia," they say, "is hell frozen over; Yucatan is hell aflame." But I did not see many points in common between the two countries. True, the Yaquis are exiles in a sense, and political exiles at that, but they are also slaves. The political exiles of Russia are not slaves. According to Kennan, they are permitted to take their families with

them, to choose their own abode, to live their own life, and are often given a small monthly stipend on which to live. I could not imagine Siberia as being as bad as Yucatan.

And I do not believe that the conditions of the black slaves of our South were nearly as miserable as the lives of those people I saw in Yucatan. The black slaves were usually well-fed, as a rule they were not over-worked, on many plantations they were rarely beaten, and it was usual to give them a little spending money now and then. Like the slaves of Yucatan they were cattle of the ranch, but they were treated as well as the cattle. In the South before the war it would have been necessary to travel for days before finding a plantation where the negroes died faster than they were born. The lives of our black men were not so hard that they could not laugh, sometimes, and sing. But the slaves of Yucatan do not sing.

I shall never forget my last day in Merida. Merida is the cleanest and most beautiful little city in all Mexico. It might even challenge comparison in its white prettiness with any other in the world. The municipality has expended vast sums on paving, on parks and on public buildings, and over and above this the henequen kings not long since made up a purse of a quarter of a million dollars for improvements extraordinary. My last afternoon and evening in Yucatan I spent in riding and walking about the rich residence section of Merida. Americans might expect to find nothing of art and architecture down on this rocky Central American peninsula, but Merida has its million dollar palaces like New York, and it has many of them set in most beautiful gardens. Wonderful Mexican palaces! Wonderful Mexican gardens! A wonderful fairyland conjured out of slavery—slavery of Mayas, and of Yaquis. Among the Yucatan slaves there are ten Mayas to one Yaqui, but of the two the story of the Yaquis appealed to me the more. The Mayas are dying in their own land and with their own people. The Yaquis are exiles. They are dying in a strange land, they are dying faster, and they are dying alone, away from their families; for every Yaqui family sent to Yucatan is broken up on the way. Husbands and wives are torn apart and babes are taken from their mothers' breasts.

In his next article, which will appear in the November number, Mr. Turner will tell the story of the Yaquis of Sonora.



Mr. Dooley on The Magazines

By F. P. DUNNE

With Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

WELL, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "I wonder how much it costs to have a pome or a story printed in wan iv these pop'lar magazines along with all th' good advertisin'? I suppose it comes high. Th' fellows that runs thim magazines must be growin' rich out iv th' potes an' novelists. But i think they're goin' too far in their greed f'r goold. There must be a limit to their avarice. I don't object, mind ye, to their makin' a fair profit out iv their business iv 'idjacatin' people where to get th' best break-fast food or th' most sparklin' hair dye or what kind iv revolver to shoot thimsilves with. That's all right. But what I object to is whin I pay ten or fifteen cents f'r a magazine expectin' to spind me avenin' improvin' me mind with th' latest thoughts in advertisin' to find more thin a quarter iv th' whole book devoted to lithrachoer.

Searching Through Pomes for Suspenders

"It ain't fair. It's a kind iv a confidence game they play on their readers. I don't

want thim to be philanthropists, mind ye. They've got to make a livin'. But there ought to be some place iv stoppin' half way. Th' first thing ye know there won't be as many pages in advertisin' as there are iv lithrachoer. Then people will stop readin' magazines. A man don't want to dodge around through almost impenethrable pomes an' reform articles to find a pair iv suspenders or a shavin' soap. Another thing, th' magazines ought to be compelled to mark all lithrachoer plainly so that th' reader can't be deceived. They ought to put two stars on th' end iv it or mark it 'Reading Matther' or print a line at th' bottom: 'Persons answerin' this pome are requested to mention *Nobody's*.' As it is now many iv these articles will fool nine men out iv ten. Ye pick up a magazine an' ye see something that looks like an' advertisement. It is almost as well printed an' illustrated. On'y an expert cud tell th' dif'rence at th' first glance. But whin ye get to th' end ye find to ye'er disgust that ye've been wastin' ye'er time readin' a wurruk iv fiction. It's very annoyin'.

"Still there are some magazines that respect th' best thraditions iv th' profession. They keep lithrachoer in its proper bounds. It is not allowed to encroach on th' advertisin' space. Both are in their proper proportion—eight pages iv advertisin' to wan iv lithrachoer. This isn't bad, but I hope th' time will come whin there will be some publisher bold enough to publish a magazine entirely devoted to advertisin'. Still I don't know that I ought to complain. Whin ye come to think iv th' magazines iv thirty or forty years ago, which on'y printed a few advertisements an' thim iv a low ordher, an' look at th' sparklin' back pages iv th' present day, hundherds iv thim brimmin' full an' overflowin' with th' finest product iv this goolden age iv advertisin', I suppose there is much to be thankful f'r.

A Splendid Article on Pants

'I've been lookin' over these here ready-made clothin' anthologies. Hogan left a bunch iv thim on th' table. Hardly wan iv thim but has something that insinuates its hand into ye'er pocket. Gloomy people, pessimists they're called, talk about th' vanished glories iv American advertisin'. Ye'd think th' art died with Barnum an' Frank Siddall. But that's all nonsense. They're thousands now where there was wan a few years ago. Th' wurruk iv th' older school was sincere but it was crude an' heavy. What cud be happier, f'r instance, thin th' little essay in *Somebody's* this month on th' removal iv freckles be Swanson's hammerless revolver? It is charmingly told. Th' author is a mather iv English. His wan line: 'Pot th' spots' will not die. *Bunchey's* f'r September has a charmin' cover devoted to Soakem's portable foot bath. A very beautiful young lady is discovered timidly standin' on th' brink iv wan iv these conveniences, trembling in maidenly simplicity. Th' artist has depicted doubt, hope an' aven a thrace iv terror in th' model's features. He has chosen as a title f'r this delightful pitcher a line f'r'm an old pome, 'Standin' with reluctant feet.' In th' same magazine there's a very readable an' convincin' article on Schoenstein's an' Kippleheim's durable pants. It is called: 'We fit f'r'm th' photygraft.' In spite iv siv'ral pomes an' thrivyal articles on th' cure iv mumps an' th' great movement f'r repairin' th' sthreet iv West Centherville with planks, th' *Monthly Karsene Controvary* has many enjoyable back pages. Th' seeries iv auty-mobil articles keeps up its inthrest, an' there

is an excellent bit iv writin' f'r those that care f'r light humor in th' article on th' use iv varnish on th' hair.

Shakespeare Had No Such "Snap"

"But I won't go on, Hinnissy. It wud take me all day to tell ye iv th' attrhtractive features in these here pages. There ain't anny doubt iv it, whin it comes to advertisin', that city iv New York is th' modhren Athens.

"Look what advertisin' has done f'r lithrachoer, will ye, Hinnissy? I don't mane on'y that it has improved th' tone iv it be givin' lithry men a good wurrukin' model to follow. It has made lithrachoer a respectable profissyon. In th' old days, d'ye mind, whin an author wrote annything he had to hire some-wan to print it f'r him. Thin he dedicated it to a noble jook an' wint around with a copy f'r to make a touch. Th' noble jook wud be away somewheres at a chicken-fight, but th' butler wud heave th' pote down th' front stairs. Thin th' pote wud thtravel around sellin' his pomes wan at a time to annywan that wud take it. Sometimes his frinds wud chip in an' buy a good manny iv thim, but there niver was a rich author in thim days. No sir. Most iv thim, Hogan tells me, had to stay in bed while their shirt was bein' washed. Willum Shakespeare niver made much out iv his plays. He had to hold horses, steal sheep an' aven become an actor in ordher to make loose change enough to keep his wife in th' very tol'rable temper that th' poor lady injyed. Old Doctor Johnson, wan iv th' greatest writers, so I am informed be lithry tipsters like Hogan, that iver wrote, although I have niver read his justly cilly-brated wurruks on account iv me always goin' so late to bed—Doctor Johnson was glad to get a hand-out as he stood behind a screen in his publisher's house—an' th' on'y way he iver cud settle his debts was be writin' thim off in his will. An' so it wint.

The Wasted Space in "Romeo and Juliet"

"But nowadays lithrachoer is wan iv our ladin' industhries. Authors frequents th' capitals iv Europe an' may be seen anny day pluggin' away at th' siventeen in th' gilded hell iv Monty Carlo. If ye are run over be an autymobil in th' sthreet it ain't bether thin two to wan that it ain't ownded be an author. I won't be surprised if ye see th' day whin a modest financeer startin' a bank will ast f'r th' privilege iv dedicatin' it to E. Phillips Oppenheim an' askin' f'r his pathron-



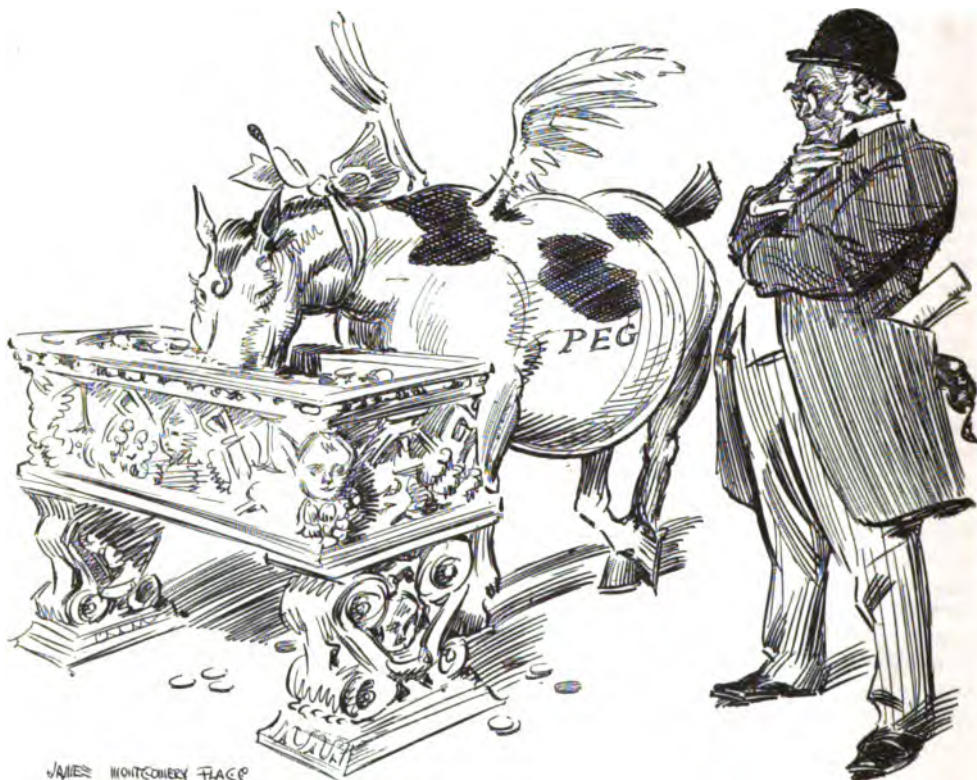
Hogan spouts a pome about a poet settin' undher a three with a book, a jug iv wine an' thou. . . . But to-day th' pote cud own a forest, an' set with a hogshead iv th' best sherry wine, th' *Incyclopeedja Britannia* an' a whole chorus iv thous.

age. If ye want to find out anything about an author ye look him up in Bradsthreet's guide to lithrachoer. Hogan spouts a pome about a poet settin' undher a three with a book, a jug iv wine an' thou. That was all he wanted, he said, manin' that was all that was comin' to him. But to-day th' pote if he leaned that way, cud own a forest, an' set with a hogshead iv th' best sherry wine, th' *Incyclopeedja Britannia* an' a whole chorus iv thous. Ye bet he cud.

"An' what's made all th' diff'rence. Advertisin', says I. Nawthin' else. It wasn't ontill some jainius discovered that be manes iv a pome or a short story somebody cud be beguiled into buyin' a pair iv pants or a tooth powdher fr'm him that lithrachoer took a boom. Shakespeare got nawthin' at all out iv his plays because he didn't have sense enough to print an advertisement f'r hoop-skirts on th' back iv thim. If he had he'd 've died a rich man. Think iv th' thousands iv homes

he might've penetrated with 'Romeo an' Juliet' if he cud've carrid an advertisement iv th' Queen Bess ruching, it saves th' neck,—on th' back iv his play. To-day a good pome is as valuable f'r advertisin' purposes as a billboard on a corner. It don't make anny dif'rence whether th' pome is good or bad, th' eager reader will soon turn to th' advertisement. If th' pome is rale bad he'll turn quicker. I wondher if th' iditors know this.

sings in th' store. Th' man fr'm Ioway goes in to hear her. Whin Sophoonya has finished her warble she says: 'What can I do f'r ye to-day? Won't ye look over our shavin' soaps? We have a fine line iv substitutes f'r food. This here is th' clothin' departmint. These green an' yellow spotted woosteds are much worn this year. Wud it intrhese ye to see our importations in artifical teeth? Have ye an autymobill? If not, why not? Cash! Sixteen fr'm a dollar. Hurry up there, num-



The Modern Pegasus

"It has more to eat," said Mr. Dooley

"It's the Back of a Poem That's Valuable"

"'Twas a grand thing whin th' discovery was made. 'Twas a grand thing f'r lithrachoer an' business. It raised thim both up. Whin an author writes annything nowadays he hops at wanst into th' commercial wuruld. He becomes a finaceer. No wan wud buy Sophoonya Angostura Miffles' charmin' varses in th' hope iv sellin' thim to a farmer at a profit. It isn't th' front iv thim that's valyable. It's th' space on th' back. Sophoonya

ber twenty-two, an' bring th' gintleman his change. Yes, it is lovely weather.'

"An' there ye ar-re. Lithrachoer an' business are hooked up together, an' as Hogan says, a man wandhers into th' grove iv Apollo an' is conducted up to th' bargain counter. Lulled to security be lofty melody he buys a safety razor an' is contint."

"D'ye think lithrachoer is improved since Shakespeare's day?" said Mr. Hennessy.

"It has more to eat," said Mr. Dooley.

From A to Z

outcome: that which was tough on the girl—but best for all

By SUSAN GLASPELL

Author of "The Glory of the Conquered"

With Illustrations by C. E. Chambers

DURING her senior year when people would put the inevitable: "And what are you going to do when you leave college, Miss Willard?" she would respond with any available inanity, all the while secretly hugging to her mind that idea of getting a position in a publishing house. Her conception of her publishing house was finished at just about the same time as her class day gown. She was to have a roll-top desk—probably of mahogany—and a big chair which whirled round like that in the office of the undergraduate dean. She was to have a little office all by herself, opening on a bigger office—the little one marked "Private." There were to be beautiful rugs—the general effect not unlike the library at the University Club—books and pictures and cultivated gentlemen who spoke often of Greek tragedies and the Renaissance. She was a little uncertain as to her duties, but had a general idea about getting down between nine and ten, reading the morning paper, cutting the latest magazine, and then "writing something."

Commencement was now four months past, and one of her professors had indeed secured for her a position in a Chicago "publishing house." This was her first morning, and she was standing at the window looking down into the uncultivation of Dearborn Street, while the man who was to have her in charge was fixing a place for her to sit.

That the publishing house should be on Dearborn Street had been the first blow, for she had long located her publishing house on that beautiful stretch of Michigan Avenue which overlooked the lake. But the real insult to the imagination was that this publishing house, instead of having a building, or at least a floor, all to itself, simply had a place penned off in a bleak, dirty building such as one who had done work in sociological research instinctively associated with a box factory. And the thing which fairly trailed her visions in the dust was that the partition penning them off did not extend to the ceiling, and the adjoining room being occupied by a patent medicine

company, she was face to face with glaring endorsements of Dr. Bunting's Famous Kidney and Bladder Cure. Taken all in all there seemed little chance for Greek tragedies or the Renaissance.

The man who was "running things"—she buried her phraseology with her dreams—wore a skull cap, and his mustache dragged down below his chin. Just at present he was engaged in noisily pulling a most unliterary pine table from a dark corner to a place near the window. That accomplished, an ostentatious hunt ensued, resulting in the triumphant flourish of a feather duster. Several knocks at the table, and the dust of many months—perhaps likewise of many dreams—ascended to a resting place on the endorsement of Dr. Bunting's Kidney and Bladder Cure. He next produced a short, straight-backed chair which she recognized as brother to the one which used to stand behind their kitchen stove. He gave it a shake, thus delicately indicating that she was receiving special favors in this matter of an able-bodied chair, and then announced, with brisk satisfaction: "So! Now we are ready to begin." She murmured a "Thank you," seated herself and her buried hopes in this chair which did not whirl round, and leaned her arms upon a table which did not even dream in mahogany.

In the *other* publishing house, one pushed buttons and uniformed menials appeared—noiselessly, quickly and deferentially. At this minute a boy with sandy hair brushed straight back in manner either statesmanlike or clownlike—things were much too involved to know which—shuffled in with an armful of yellow paper which he flopped down on the pine table. After a minute he returned with a warbled "Take Me Back to New York Town" and a paste-pot. And upon his third appearance he was practising gymnastics with a huge pair of shears, which he finally presented, grinningly.

There was a long pause, broken only by the sonorous voice of Dr. Bunting upbraiding someone for not having billed out that stuff to Apple Grove, and then the sandy-haired boy

appeared bearing a large dictionary, followed by the man in the skull cap behind a dictionary of equal unwieldiness. These were set down on either side of the yellow paper, and he who was filling the position of cultivated gentleman pulled up a chair, briskly.

"Has Professor Lee explained to you the nature of our work?" he wanted to know.

"No," she replied, half grimly, a little humorously, and not far from tearfully, "he didn't—explain."

"Then it is my pleasure to inform you," blinking at her importantly, "that we are engaged here in the making of a dictionary."

"A—*dic*—?" but she swallowed the gasp in the laugh coming up to meet it, and of their union was born a saving cough.

"Quite an overpowering thought, is it not?" he agreed, pleasantly. "Now you see you have before you the two dictionaries you will use most, and over in that case you will find other references. The main thing"—his voice sinking to an impressive whisper—"is *not* to infringe the copyright. The publisher was in yesterday and made a little talk to the force, and he said that any one who handed in a piece of copy inringing the copyright simply employed that means of writing his own resignation. Neat way of putting it, was it not?"

"Yes, *wasn't* it—neat?" she agreed, wildly.

She was conscious of a man's having stepped in behind her and taken a seat at the table next hers. She heard him opening his dictionaries and getting out his paper. Then the man in the skull cap had risen and was saying genially: "Well, here is a piece of old Webster, your first 'take'—no copyright on this, you see, but you must modernize and expand. Don't miss any of the good words in either of these dictionaries. Here you have dictionaries, copy-paper, paste, and Professor Lee assures me you have brains—all the necessary ingredients for successful lexicography. We are to have some rules printed to-morrow, and in the meantime I trust I've made myself clear. The main thing"—he bent down and spoke it awesomely—"is *not* to infringe the copyright." With a cheerful nod he was gone, and she heard him saying to the man at the next table: "Mr. Clifford, I shall have to ask you to be more careful about getting in promptly at eight."

She removed the cover from her paste-pot and dabbled a little on a piece of paper. Then she tried the unwieldy shears on another piece of paper. She then opened one of her dictionaries and read studiously for fifteen minutes. That accomplished, she opened the other dictionary and pursued it for twelve minutes.

Then she took the column of "old Webster," which had been handed her pasted on a piece of yellow paper, and set about attempting to commit it to memory. She looked up to be met with the statement that Mrs. Marjory Van Luce De Vane, after spending years under the so called best surgeons of the country had been cured in six weeks by Dr. Bunting's Famous Kidney and Bladder Cure. She pushed the dictionaries petulantly from her, and leaning her very red cheek upon her hand, her hazel eyes blurred with tears of perplexity and resentment, her mouth drawn in pathetic little lines of uncertainty, looked over at the sprawling warehouse on the opposite side of Dearborn Street. She was just considering the direct manner of writing one's resignation—not knowing *how* to infringe the copyright—when a voice said: "I beg pardon, but I wonder if I can help you any?"

She had never heard a voice like that before. Or *had* she heard it?—and where? She looked at him, a long, startled gaze. Something made her think of the voice the prince used to have in long-ago dreams. She looked into a face that was dark and thin and—different. Two very dark eyes were looking at her kindly, and a mouth which was a baffling combination of things to be loved and things to be deplored was twitching a little, as though it would like to join the eyes in a smile, if it dared.

Because he saw both how funny and how hard it was, she liked him. It would have been quite different had he seen either one without the other.

"You can tell me how *not* to infringe the copyright," she laughed. "I'm not sure that I know what a copyright is."

He laughed—a laugh which belonged with his voice. "I don't think Mr. Littletree is heavily endowed with lucidity. I've been here a week or so, and I've picked up a few things you might like to know."

He pulled his chair closer to her table then and gave her a lesson in the making of copy. Now, Edna Willard was never one half so attractive as when absorbed in a thing which some one was showing her how to do. Her hazel eyes would widen and glisten with the joy of comprehending; her cheeks would flush a deeper pink with the coming of new light, her mouth would part in a childlike way it had forgotten to outgrow, her head would nod gleefully in token that she understood, and she had a way of pulling at her wavy hair and making it just a little more wavy than it had been before. Whether because of all that, or because it was indeed an intricate subject, the man at the next table was a long time in ex-

plaining the making of a dictionary. He spoke in low tones, often looking at the figure of the man in the skull cap, who was sitting with his back to them, looking over copy. Once she cried, excitedly: "Oh—I see!" and he warned, "S—h!" explaining: "Let him think you got it all from him. It will give you a better stand-in,"—and she nodded appreciatively, and felt very well acquainted with this kind man whose voice made her think of something—called to something—she did not know just what.

After that she became so absorbed in lexicography that when the men began putting away their things it was hard to realize that the morning had gone. It was like some new and difficult game, the evasion of the copyright furnishing the stimulus of a hazard.

The man at the next table had been watching her with an amused admiration. Her child-like absorption, the way every emotion from perplexity to satisfaction expressed itself in the poise of her head and the pucker of her face, took him back over years emotionally barren to the time when he too had those easily stirred enthusiasms of youth. For the man at the next table was far from young now. His mouth had never quite parted with boyishness, but there was more white than black in his hair, and the lines about his mouth told that time, as well as forces more aging than time, had laid heavy hand upon him. But when he looked at the girl and told her with a smile that it was time to stop work now, it was a smile and a voice to defy the most tell-tale face in all the world.

During her luncheon, as she watched the strange people coming and going, she did much wondering. She wondered why it was that so many of the men at the dictionary place were very old men; she wondered if it would be a good dictionary—one that would be used in the schools; she wondered if Dr. Bunting had made a great deal of money, and most of all she wondered about the man at the next

table whose voice was like—like a dream which she did not know that she had dreamed.

When she had returned to the straggling old building, had stumbled down the narrow, dark hall and opened the door of the big bleak room, she saw that the man at the next table was the only one who had returned from luncheon.

Something in his profile made her stand there very still. He had not heard her come in, and he was looking straight ahead, eyes half closed, mouth set—no unsundered boyishness there now. Wholly unconsciously she took an impulsive step forward. But she stopped, for she saw, and understood without really understanding, that it was not just the moment's pain, but the revealed pain of years. Just then he began to cough, and while the cough was awful, it too was more than of the moment. And then he turned around and saw her, and smiled, and the smile changed all.

As the afternoon wore on the man stopped working and turning a little in his chair sat there covertly watching the girl. She was just typically girl. It was written that she had spent her days in the happy ways of healthful girlhood. He supposed that a great many young fellows had fallen in love with her—nice, clean young

fellows, the kind she would naturally meet. And then his eyes closed for a minute and he put up his hand and brushed back his hair—there was weariness—weariness weary of itself, in the gesture. He looked about the room and scanned the faces of the men, most of them older than he, many of them men whose histories were well known to him. They were the usual hangers on about newspaper offices; men who, for one reason or other—age, dissipation, antiquated methods—had been pitched over, men for whom such work as this came as a godsend. They were the men of yesterday—men whom the world had rushed past. She was the only one there, this girl who would probably sit here beside him for many months—with whom the future



Noisily pulling a most unlitrary pine table from a dark corner to a place near the window

had anything to do. Youth!—Goodness!—Joy!—Hope!—strange things to bring to a place like this. And as if their alienism disturbed him, he moved restlessly, almost resentfully, bit his lips nervously, moistened them significantly, and began putting away his things.

As the girl was starting home along Dearborn Street a few minutes later, she chanced to look in a window. She saw that it was a saloon, but before she could turn away she saw a man with a white face—white with the peculiar whiteness of a dark face—standing before the bar drinking from a very small glass. She stood still, arrested by a look such as she had never seen before—a glimmer of a panting human soul sobbingly fluttering down into something from which it had spent all of its force in trying to rise. When she recalled herself and passed on, a mist which she could neither account for nor banish was dimming the clear hazel of her eyes.

The next day was a hard one at the dictionary place. She told herself it was because the novelty of it was wearing away, because her fingers ached, because it tired her back to sit in that horrid chair. She did not admit of any connection between her flagging interest and the fact that the place at the next table was vacant.

The following day he was still absent. She thought that it was nervousness occasioned by her queer surroundings that made her start to look around whenever she heard a step behind her.—Where was he? Where had that look carried him? If he were in trouble, was there no one to help him?

The third day she did an unpremeditated thing. The man in the skull cap had been showing her something about the copy. When he was leaving she asked: "Is the gentleman who sits at the next table coming back?"

"Oh, yes," he replied grimly, "he'll be back."

"Because,"—very calmly—"if he wasn't, I thought I would take his shears. These hurt my fingers so."

He made the exchange for her,—and after that things went better.

He did return late the next morning. After he had taken his place he looked over at her and smiled. He looked sick and shaken, as though something had taken hold of him and wrung body and soul.

"You have been ill?" she asked, with timid solicitation.

"Oh, no," he replied, rather shortly.

He was very quiet all that day, but the next day they talked some about the work, laughed together over funny definitions they found.

She was sure that he could tell many interesting things about himself, if he cared to.

As the days went on he did tell some of those things—out of the way places where he had worked, queer people whom he had known. It seemed that words came to him as gifts, came freely, happily, pleased, perhaps, to be borne by so sympathetic a voice. And there was another thing about him. He seemed always to know just what it was she was trying to say; he never missed the unexpressed. That made it very easy to say things to him; there seemed a certain at-homeness between his thought and hers. She accounted for her interest in him by telling herself she had never known any one like that before. Now Harold, the boy whom she knew best out at the university, why one had to say things to Harold to make him understand! And Harold never left one wondering—wondering what he had meant by that smile, wondering what he had been going to say when he started to say something and stopped, wondering what it was about his face that one could not just understand. Harold never could claim as his the hour after he had left her, and was one ever close to any one with whom one did not spend some of the hours of absence? She began to see that hours spent together when absent were the most intimate hours of all.

And as Harold did not make one wonder, so he did not make one worry. Never in all her life had there been a lump in her throat when she thought of Harold. But there was often a lump in her throat when the man at the next table was coughing.

One day, she had been there about two months, she said something to him about it. It was hard; it seemed forcing one's way into a room that had never been opened to one,—there were several doors he always kept closed.

"Mr. Clifford,"—turning to him impetuously as they were putting away their things that night—"will you mind if I say something to you?"

He was covering his paste-pot. He looked up at her very strangely. The closed door seemed to open a little way. "I can't conceive of 'minding' anything you might say to me, Miss Noah,"—he had called her Miss Noah ever since she, by mistake, had one day called him Mr. Webster.

"You see," she hurried on, very timid, now that the door had opened a little,—“you have been so good to me. Because you have been so good to me it seems that I have some right to—to—”

His head was resting upon his hand, and he



He looked up at her very strangely. "I can't conceive of 'minding' anything you might say to me, Miss Noah"

leaned just a little closer as though listening for something he wanted to hear.

"I had a cousin who had a cough like yours,"—resolutely brave, now that she could not go back—"and he went down to New Mexico and stayed for a year, and when he came back—when he came back he was as well as any of us. It seems so foolish not to"—her voice breaking, now that it had so valiantly carried it—"not to—"

He looked at her, and that was all. But she was never wholly the same again after that look. It enveloped her being in a something which left her richer,—different. It was a look to light the dark place between two human souls. It seemed for the moment that words would follow it, but as if feeling their helplessness—perhaps needlessness—they sank back unuttered, and at the last he got up, abruptly, and walked away.

He had said nothing,—and yet the volume of it overwhelmed her.

One night, while waiting for the elevator, she heard two of the men talking about him. When she went out on the street it was with head high, cheeks hot. For nothing is so hard to hear as that which one has half known, and evaded. One never denies so hotly as in denying to one's self what one fears is true, and one never resents so bitterly as in resenting that which one cannot say one has the right to resent.

That night she lay in her bed with wide-open eyes, going over and over the things they had said. "*Cure?*"—one of them had scoffed, after telling of how brilliant he had been before he "went to pieces"—"why all the cures on earth couldn't help him! He can go just so far, and then he can no more stop himself—oh, just about as much as an ant could stop a prairie fire!"

She finally turned over on her pillow and sobbed; and she wondered why,—wondered, yet knew.

But it resulted, oddly enough perhaps, in the flowering of her tenderness for him. Interest mounted to defiance. It ended in blind, passionate desire to "make it up" to him. And again he was so different from Harold; Harold did not impress himself upon one by upsetting all one's preconceived ideas.

She felt now that she understood better,—understood the closed doors. He was—she could think of no better word than sensitive.

And that is why, several mornings later she very courageously—for it did take courage—threw this little note over on his desk—they had formed a funny little habit of writing notes to each other, sometimes about the words, sometimes about other things.

"in-vi-ta-tion, n. that which Miss Noah extends to Mr. Webster for Friday evening, December second, at the house where she lives—hasn't she already told him where that is? It is the wish of Miss Noah to present Mr. Webster to various other Miss Noahs, all of whom are desirous of making his acquaintance."

She was absurdly nervous at luncheon that day, and kept telling herself with severity not to act like a silly high-school girl. He was late in returning that noon, and though there seemed a new something in his voice when he asked if he hadn't better sharpen her lead pencils, he said nothing at all about her new definition of invitation. It was almost five o'clock when he threw this over on her desk:

"ap-pre-ci-a-tion, n. that sentiment inspired in Mr. Webster by the kind invitation of Miss Noah for Friday evening.

"re-gret, n. that which Mr. Webster experiences because, for reasons into which he cannot go in detail, it is impossible for him to accept Miss Noah's invitation.

"re-sent-ment, n. that which is inspired in Mr. Webster by the insinuation that there are other Miss Noahs in the world."

Then below he had written: "Three hours later. Miss Noah, the world is queer. Some day you may find out—though I hope you never will—that it is frequently the things we want to do most that we must leave undone. Miss Noah, won't you go on bringing me as much of yourself as you can to Dearborn Street, and try not to think much about my not being able to know the Miss Noah of Hyde Park? And little Miss Noah—I thank you. Let me say that again—all by itself. I thank you. There aren't words enough in this old book of ours to tell you how much—or why."

That night he hurried away with never a joke about how many words she had written that day. She did not look up as he stood there putting on his coat.

It was spring now, and the dictionary staff had begun on W.

They had written of Joy and Hope and Life and Love, and many other things. Life seemed pressing just behind some of those definitions, pressing the harder, perhaps, because it could not break through the surface.

For it did not break through; it flooded just beneath.

How did she know that he cared for her? She could not possibly have told. Perhaps the nearest to actual proof she could bring was that he always saw that her overshoes were put in a warm place. And when one came down

ro facts, the putting of a girl's rubbers near the radiator did not necessarily mean love.

Perhaps then it was because there was no proof of it that she was most sure. For the only sure things in the world are the things which cannot be proven.

It was only that they worked together, and were friends; that they laughed together over funny definitions they found, that he was kind to her, and that they seemed rather remarkably close together.

That is as far as facts can take it.

And just there,—it begins.

For the force which rushes beneath the facts of life, caring nothing for conditions, not asking what one desires or what one thinks best, caring as little about a past as about a future—save its own future—the force which can laugh at man's institutions and batter over in one sweep what he likes to call his wisdom, was sweeping them on. And because it could get no other recognition it forced its way into the moments when he asked her for an eraser, when she wanted to know how to spell a word. He could not so much as ask her if she needed more copy paper without seeming to be lavishing upon her all the love of all the ages.

And so the winter had worn on, and there was really nothing whatever to tell about it.

She was quiet this morning, and kept her head bent low over her work. For she had estimated the number of pages there were between W and Z. Soon they would be at Z;—and then? Then—? Shyly she turned and looked at him; he too was bent over his work. When she came in she had said something about its being spring, and that there must be wild flowers in the woods now. Since then he had not looked up.

Suddenly it came to her—tenderly, hotly, fearfully yet bravely, that it was *she* who must meet Z.

She looked at him again, covertly. And she felt that she understood. It was the lines in his face made it clearest. Years, and things blacker, less easily surmounted than years—oh yes, that too she faced, fearlessly—were piled in between. It was she—not he—who could push them aside.

It was all very unmaidenly, of course; but maidenly is a word love and life and desire may crowd so easily from the page.

Perhaps she would not have thrown it at all—the little note she had written—had it not been that when she went over for more copy paper she stood for a minute looking out the window. Even on Dearborn Street the seductiveness of spring was in the air. Spring, and all that spring meant, filled her.

Because, way beyond the voice of Dr Bunting she heard the songs of far-away birds, and because beneath the rumble of a printing press she could get the babble of a brook, because Z was near and life was strong, the woman vanquished the girl, and she threw this over to his desk:

"**chafing-dish**, *n.* that out of which Miss Noah asks Mr. Webster to eat his Sunday night lunch to-morrow. All the other Miss Noahs are going to be away, and if Mr. Webster does not come Miss Noah will be quite alone. Miss Noah does not like to be lonely."

She ate no lunch that day; she only drank a cup of coffee, and walked around.

He did not come back that afternoon. It passed from one to two, from two to three, and then very, very slowly from three to four, and still he had not come.

He too was walking about. He had walked down to the lake, and was standing there looking out across it.

Why not?—he was saying to himself,—fiercely, doggedly. Over and over again—Well, *why not?*

A hundred nights, alone in his room, he had gone over it, trying to reconcile honor—right—pride—decency, with desire. Had not life used him hard enough to give him a little now?—longing had pleaded. And now there was a new voice—more prevailing voice—the voice of *her* happiness. His face softened to an almost maternal tenderness as he listened to that voice.

Too worn to fight any longer, he gave himself up to it, and sat there dreaming. Wonderful dreams!—dreams of joy rushing in after lonely years, dreams of stepping into the sunlight after long days in the fog and the cold, dreams of a woman before a fireplace—her arms about him, her cheer and her tenderness, her comradeship and her passion—all his to take! Ah, dreams which even thoughts must not touch—so wonderful and sacred they were.

A long time he sat there, dreaming dreams and seeing visions. The force that rules the race was telling him that the one crime was the denial of happiness—his happiness—her happiness—and when at last his fight seemed but a puerile fight against forces worlds mightier than he, he rose, and as one who sees a great light started back toward Dearborn Street.

When he had gone about half way he began to cough. The coughing was violent, and he stepped into a doorway to gain breath. And after he had gone in there he realized that he was standing before the building of Chicago's greatest newspaper.

It was a strange change which came over him. Something seemed to slip from him, leaving him stripped.

He had been city editor of that paper once;—yes, in line for speedy promotion to managing editorship. *Facts*—the things he knew about himself—conditions—talked to him then. And there was no answer.

The suddenness and the rudeness and the completeness of it staggered him.

It left him weak and dizzy and crazy for a drink. He walked on slowly—fairly tottering, his white face set. For he had vowed that if it took the last nerve in his body there should be no more of that until after they had finished with Z. He knew himself too well to vow more. He was not even sure of that.

He did not turn in where he wanted to go. But resistance took the last bit of force that was in him. He was trembling like a sick man when he stepped into the elevator.

She was just leaving. She was in the little cloak room putting on her things. She was all alone in there.

He stepped in. He pushed the door shut, and stood there leaning against it, looking at her, saying nothing.

"Oh—you are ill?" she gasped, and laid a frightened hand upon him.

The touch crazed him. All resistance gone, he swept her into his arms; he held her fiercely, and between sobs kissed her again and again. He could not let her go. He frightened her. He hurt her. And he did not care—he did not know.

Then he held her off and looked at her. And as he looked into her eyes, passion melted to tenderness. It was she now—not he; love—not hunger. Holding her face in his two hands, looking at her as if getting something to take away, his white lips murmured something too inarticulate for her to hear. And then again he put his arms around her—all differently. Reverently, sobbingly, he kissed her hair. And then he was gone.

He did not come out that Sunday afternoon, but Harold dropped in instead, and talked of some athletic affairs over at the university. She wondered why she did not go crazy in listening to him, and yet she could answer almost intelligently. It was queer—what one *could* do.

They had come at last to Z. There would be no more work upon the dictionary after that day. And it was raining—raining as in Chicago alone it knows how to rain.

They wrote no notes to each other now. It

had been different since that day. They made small effort to cover their raw souls with the mantle of commonplace words.

Both of them had tried to stay away that last day. But both were in their usual places.

The day wore on eventlessly. Those men with whom she had worked, the men of yesterday who had been kind to her, came up at various times for little farewell chats. The man in the skull cap told her that she had done excellent work. She was surprised at the ease with which she could make decent reply. It *was* queer—what one could do.

He was moving. She saw him lay some sheets of yellow paper on the desk in front. He had finished with his "take." There would not be another to give him. He would go now.

He came back to his desk. She could hear him putting away his things. And then for a long time there was no sound. She knew that he was just sitting there in his chair.

Then she heard him get up. She heard him push his chair up to the table, and then for a minute he stood there. She wanted to turn toward him; she wanted to say something—do something. But she had no power.

She saw him lay an envelope upon her desk. She heard him walking away. She knew, numbly, that his footsteps were not steady. She knew that he had stopped; she was sure that he was looking back. But still she had no power.

And then she heard him go.

Even then she went on with her work; she finished her "take" and laid down her pencil. It was finished now,—and he had gone. Finished?—*Gone?* Quite wildly she was tearing open the envelope of the letter.

This was what she read:

"Little dictionary sprite, sunshine vender, and girl to be loved, if I were a free man, I would say to you—Come, little one, and let us learn of love. Let us learn of it, not as one learns from dictionaries, but let us learn from the morning glow and the evening shades. But Miss Noah, maker of dictionaries and creeper into hearts, the bound must not call to the free. They might fittingly have used my name as one of the synonyms under that word Failure, but I trust not under Coward.

"And now, you funny little Miss Noah from the University of Chicago, don't I know that your heart is blazing forth the assurance that you don't *care* for any of those things—the world, people, common sense—that you want just love? They made a grand failure of you out at your university; they taught you philosophy and they taught you Greek, and they've



He pushed the door shut, and stood there leaning against it, looking at her, saying nothing

left you just as much the woman as women were five thousand years ago. Oh I know all about you—you little girl whose hair tried so hard to be red. Your soul touched mine as we sat there writing words—words—words, the very words in which men try to tell things, and can't—and I know all about what you would do. But you shall not do it. Dear little copy maker, would a man standing out on the end of a slippery plank have any right to cry to some one on the shore—'Come out here on this plank with me?' If he loved the some one on the shore, would he not say instead—'Don't get on this plank?' Me get off the plank—come with you to the shore—you are saying? But you see, dear, you only know slippery planks as viewed from the shore—God grant you may never know them any other way!

"It was you, was it not, who wrote our definition of happiness? Yes, I remember the day you did it. You were so interested; your cheeks grew so very red, and you pulled and pulled at your wavy hair. You said it was such an important definition. And so it is, Miss Noah, the very most important of all. And on the page of life, Miss Noah, may happiness be written large and unblurred for you. It is because I cannot help you write it that I turn away. I want at least to leave the page unblurred.

"I carry a picture of you. I shall carry it always. You are sitting before a fireplace, and I think of that fireplace as symbolizing the warmth and the care and the tenderness and the safety that will surround you. And sometimes as you sit there let a thought of me come to you for just a minute, Miss Noah—not long enough nor deep enough to bring you any pain. But only think—I brought him happiness after he believed all happiness had gone. He was so grateful for that light which came after he thought the darkness had settled down. It will light his way to the end.

"We've come to Z, and it's good-by. There is one thing I can give you without hurting you,—the hope, the prayer, that life may be very, very good to you."

The sheets of paper fell from her hands. She sat staring out into Dearborn Street. She began to see. After all, he had not understood her. Perhaps men never understood women,—certainly he had not understood her. What he did not know was that she was willing to *pay* for her happiness—*pay*—pay any price that might be exacted. And anyway—she had no choice. Strange that he could not see that! Strange that he could not see the irony and cruelty of bidding her good-by and then telling her to be happy!

It simplified itself to such an extent that she grew very calm. It would be easy to find him, easy to make him see—for it was so very simple—and then—

She turned in her copy. She said good-by—quietly, naturally, rodedown in the lumbering old elevator and started out into the now drenching rain toward the elevated trains which would take her to the West Side,—it was so fortunate that she had heard him telling one day where he lived.

When she reached the station she saw that more people were coming down the stairs than were going up. They were saying things about the trains, but she did not heed them. But at the top of the stairs a man in uniform said: "Blockade, Miss. You'll have to take the surface cars."

She was sorry, for it would delay her, and it seemed there was not a minute to lose. She was dismayed, upon reaching the surface cars, to find she could not get near them; the rain, the blockade on the "L," had caused a great crowd to congregate there. She waited a long time, getting more and more wet, but it was impossible to get near the cars. She thought of a cab, but could see none, they too having all been pressed into service.

She determined, desperately, to start and walk. Soon she would surely get either a cab or a car. And so she started, staunchly, though she was wet through now, and trembling with cold and nervousness.

As she hurried through the driving rain she faced things fearlessly. Oh yes, she understood—everything. But if he were not well—should he not have her with him? If he had—that thing to fight, did he not need her help? What did men think women were like? Did he think she was one to sit down and reason out what would be advantageous? Did he think—

She never questioned her going—the rightness or the dignity of it. She saw only its simplicity and inevitability. For were not life and love too great to be lost through that which could be so easily put right?

But the girl, unknowingly, was coming to the point of exhaustion. The buildings were reeling, the streets moving up and down—that awful rain, she thought, was making her dizzy. Laboriously she walked on and on—more slowly, less steadily, a pain in her side, that awful reeling in her head.

Carriages returning to the city were passing her now, but she had not strength to call to them, and it seemed if she walked to the curbing she would surely fall. She was not thinking so clearly now. The thing which took all

of her force was the lifting of her feet and the putting them down in the right place. Her throat seemed to be closing up—and her side—and her head—

Some one had her by the arm. Some one was speaking her name; speaking it in surprise—consternation—alarm.

It was Harold.

It was all vague then. She knew that she was in a carriage, and that Harold was talking to her kindly. "You're taking me there?" she murmured. "Yes—yes Edna, everything's all right," he replied soothingly. "Everything's all right," she repeated, in a whisper, and leaned her head back against the cushions.

They stopped after a while, and Harold was standing at the open door of the cab with something steaming hot which he told her to drink. "You need it," he said, decisively, and thinking it would help her to tell it, she drank it down.

The world was a little more defined after that, and she saw things which puzzled her. "Why it looks like the city," she whispered, her throat too sore now to speak aloud.

"Why sure,"—banteringly—"don't you know we have to go through the city to get out to the South Side?"

"Oh, but you see,"—excitedly, and holding her throat, it was so hard to say it—"but you see it's the *other* way!"

"Not to-night,"—decisively—"the place for you to-night is home. I'm taking you to where you belong." She reached over wildly, trying to open the door, but he held her back, she began to cry, and he talked to her, gently but unbendingly. "But you don't *understand!*" she whispered, passionately. "I've got to go!"

"Not to-night,"—and something in the way he said it made her finally huddle back in the corner of the carriage.

Block after block, mile after mile, they rode on in silence. She felt overpowered. And with submission she knew that it was Z. For the whole city was piled in between. Great buildings were in between, and thousands of men running to and fro on the streets; man, and all man had builded up, were in between. And then Harold—Harold who had always seemed to count for so little, and now counted for so much—had come and taken her away.

Dully, wretchedly—knowing that her heart would ache far worse to-morrow than it did to-night—she wondered about things. Did things like rain and street cars and wet feet and a sore throat determine life? Was it that way with other people, too? Did other people have barriers—whole cities full of them—piled in between? And then did the Harolds come and take them where they said they belonged?—Were there not *some* people strong enough to go where they wanted to go?





DR. WILLIAM OSLER, The Greatest English Speaking Physician in the World

Born in Canada sixty years ago, Dr. Osler lived in the United States twenty-one years. Since 1905 he has been Regius Professor of Medicine in Oxford University, England. Two of his brothers were great lawyers in Canada, and another brother was a great railroad man. This photograph, never before published, is considered by his friends as a rare likeness. It was taken in Dr. Osler's residence in Baltimore by Dr. W. G. Macallum, who was one of his hospital assistants.

Interesting People

DR. WILLIAM OSLER

A handicap of crushing weight rests upon all the ambitious young medical gentlemen who swarm in clinic-studded Baltimore. It is their evil fate to be measured with a colossus. Say of one of them that he used to sit under Dr. Osler at the Johns Hopkins, and you are giving him high praise. Say of him, going further, that he promises, some day, to be worthy of his master, and you are at the limit of lawful eulogy.

Dr. Osler, of course, was not snatched up to Olympus the moment of his arrival. Like the new Johns Hopkins Medical School, which he came to nurse and glorify, he was received, at the start, with something not unlike polite suspicion. Saving only Dr. William H. Welch—that father of genius—no one quite appreciated his true stature.

But before long interesting news began to filter from the Hopkins. Dr. Osler was solving problems that the text-books put down as insoluble; he was ridding the art of medicine of cobwebs and barnacles; he was sending out parties of enthusiastic young men to explore the medical Farthest North and Darkest Africa. He observed things that no one else noticed, and he drew conclusions that violated the league rules. One day the newspapers became aware of him, and the next day the public. By and by, the doctors followed.

During the last few years of his residence in Baltimore, Dr. Osler might have used Druid Hill Park as a waiting-room. People came from all over the country to consult him, accompanied by their attendant physicians, surgeons, spiritual advisers and nurses; and no Baltimorean of position felt it decent to surrender his appendix without first seeking the advice of the great diagnostician.

In the end the doctors themselves drove him out of Baltimore. By the rules of the healing art, be it known, a physician is forbidden to accept a fee from a fellow-practitioner. Under this rule, the sick doctors of America paid glorious but embarrassing tribute to Osler. They arrived on every train, eager to hear medicine's last word. They were welcome, and it was a pleasure and privilege to see them—but there were classes to teach, books to read and write, clinics to look after, problems to ponder. The day brought a hundred hours' work, and but twenty-four hours of time.

Unexpectedly a message came from the King of England, offering Dr. Osler a royal appoint-

ment, with leisure unlimited, at Oxford. . . . Baltimore is mourning yet.—*H. L. Mencken.*

SENATOR AND MRS. GORE

Most interested of all the statesmen watching the summer flights of the Wright Brothers, near Washington, was blind Senator Gore, of Oklahoma. "Watching" was the word he used. He complained, too, that the flights conflicted with the baseball games which he wanted to "see."

This sort of thing is not affectation. It illustrates the extent to which this blind man has developed a sixth sense. A word in his ear enables him to reconstruct the picture or scene before him as a scientist builds an extinct animal from a fossil tooth. Mrs. Gore, the senator's devoted wife, is usually at his side to supply the word. Through her eyes he "saw" the aeroplane. Through her eyes he "reads" the newspapers, law, literature, and political economy.

But do not picture Senator Gore in any helpless, clinging fashion. He is the youngest member of the United States Senate and one of its prominent members and ablest debaters while still in his thirty-ninth year. He achieved this himself. His affliction brings him some helpful consideration, some unusual attention, doubtless, but he neither needs nor asks for favors on account of it.

Born in Mississippi, in a family of moderate circumstances, Senator Gore lost his eyesight through a boyhood accident. As the light gradually faded he called up every bit of grit in his system to meet the appalling situation. He did not let his affliction interrupt his school work for a day. In school his fellow students read the text-book pages to him once, and he listened to the lectures. One hearing was sufficient. At twenty-six he was practicing law in Texas. He was able, at thirty, to marry Miss Nina Kay, a Texas girl. His experience had been that of the average young lawyer. When, at thirty-one, he moved to Oklahoma, the young man found his element. The territory was in process of becoming a State and politics fairly hummed. One night William Jennings Bryan was late for a speech at Muskogee and a man named Gore was put up at eight o'clock to hold the crowd. At midnight Gore was still holding that crowd, which had all but forgotten Bryan.

In person Senator Gore is of medium height, broad shouldered and well built, with a plump,



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T. P. GORE, The Blind Senator from Oklahoma

Senator Gore is one of the greatest debaters in Congress—effective, able and influential. He is the youngest man in the Senate

youthful face and yellow hair. When he speaks he has a trick of holding a bit of paper in his hand, which he seems to consult. "Glad to see you," is his greeting.—*W. S. Couch.*

SENATOR BRISTOW, OF KANSAS

Joe Bristow, ten or twelve years back, was walking on the railway track that runs across the Kansas plain, and pretty soon he met a

train. The engineer beheld him there, and took a minute off to swear; he pulled some ding-dongs from his bell, and made his big steam whistle yell. Joe Bristow waved an answer back, and came hot-footing up the track. And then they met, with awful crash! The train of cars was ground to hash! The engine, with a loud kerplunk, went in the ditch, a pile of junk! O dismal scene! Alas! Alack! And Joe kept hiking up the track!



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MRS. GORE, "The Eyes of the Senator"

"Through her eyes the blind Senator 'saw' the aeroplane, through her eyes he 'reads' the newspapers, law, literature, and political economy"

All human affairs present their serious aspect to the junior senator from Kansas. His earnestness is almost tragic; and humor is to him a mere theory, unsupported by Facts, and consequently unworthy of consideration. When he attempts to assume the light and jovial manner, as when campaigning, he becomes unspeakably pathetic. He has a passion for Facts. When he considers a Fact necessary to a case, no journey is too long, no labor too

arduous for him. If he needed an old horse-shoe to demonstrate an argument, he would cheerfully clean out an Augean stable to find it. He doesn't recognize obstacles until after he has climbed over them. Having no conception of humor, he is impervious to ridicule or sarcasm, and the glittering shafts of the plumed knights of debate slide off him and leave no mark. He has a peculiarly active and healthy conscience, and consults it frequently; his ideas of morality,



Photograph by David R. Edmonston, Washington, D. C.

JOSEPH L. BRISTOW, The Insurgent United States Senator from Kansas

One of the Republicans who stood out against Aldrich on the tariff question until the end

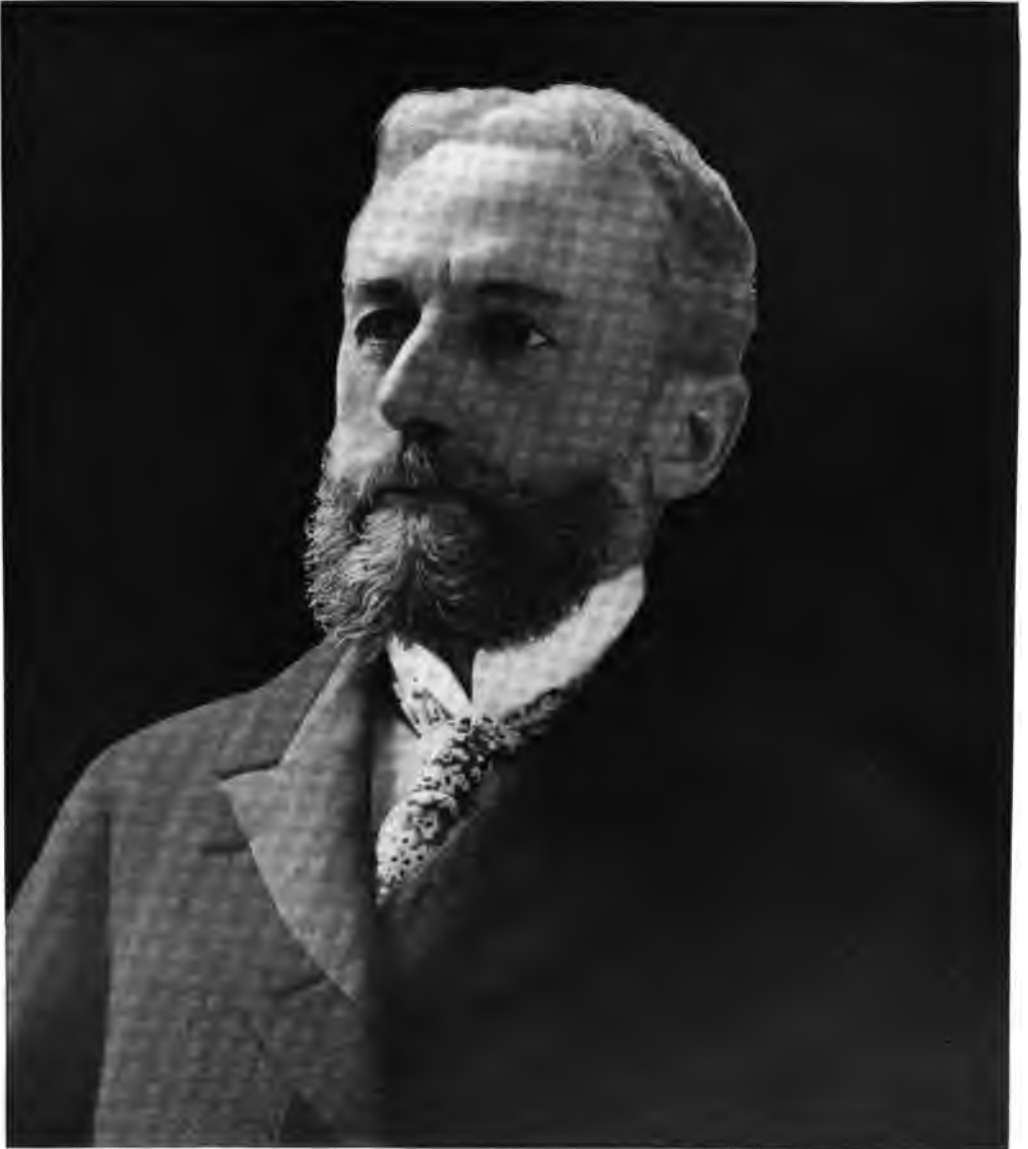
political and otherwise, are inflexible. Above all things, Bristow is distinguished for his zeal and his industry. As the clerk of a county committee he shamed his fellows by his diligence; as a United States Senator he spends sleepless nights, and tears the bowels from entire libraries to overpower some Fact that will be useful in debate. He will become a nightmare to those whom he opposes in the Senate; they may think that they have him expunged to-day, but to-morrow he will be in the same

old place, the same old Bristow; six feet of protest; one hundred and sixty pounds of defiance.

—*Walt Mason.*

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS

Cyrus Curtis, of Philadelphia, is a plunger. Now that statement must not be interpreted with a John-W.-Gates twist, for Mr. Curtis does not plunge in grain or stocks. He plunges in advertising.



Photograph by Taber

**CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, Publisher of the Most
Widely Circulated Periodicals in the World**

**President and principal owner of The Curtis Publishing Company, which
publishes *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Saturday Evening Post***

He is one of the country's most remarkable examples of the take-your-own-medicine injunction. His creed is that if advertising is a good thing for his patrons, as he can show it is, it is a good thing for him, and nothing gives him greater joy than to come to bat in all parts of the country with clear and convincing statements of why he knows adver-

tising is of value, presenting the proof, not only in the text of the advertising, but in the amount of space he buys. When he starts on an advertising campaign the detail of cost is the last to be considered. It may be fifty thousand or a hundred, or more. That is all one with him. He plunges.

Moreover, in addition to being one of the



Photograph by Gertrude Kasebier

WILLIAM J. LOCKE, Creator of a New World of Romance

Author of "Simple Septimus" and of "Simon the Jester," the latter being the title of the new serial story which will begin in the next number of this magazine

country's greatest advertisers, he is one of the greatest purveyors of advertising. Mr. Curtis has few equals as a writer of advertising. When the mood is on him, he prepares his own copy—and what brilliant copy it is!—directs its distribution with the keenest sagacity, and gets his tremendous results.

Mr. Curtis was born in Maine, and went to Boston when a lad. He moved from Boston to Philadelphia when he needed a wider field, not even hesitating in New York, and in twenty-five years he has built up in that city The Curtis Publishing Company, of which he is President and principal owner, which publishes *The Saturday Evening Post*, with more than a million a week circulation, and *The Ladies' Home Journal* with more than a million a month. He started with a small publication called the *Farmer and Tribune*, in which there was a woman's department. When he and his partners separated, Curtis took the woman's department for his share and from that evolved the *Ladies' Home Journal*, as a monthly. Always, in his heart, he had believed in the high-class weekly, although it was the nearly-unanimous opinion of other publishers that the weekly had had its day, he bought a moribund publication called *The Saturday Evening Post*, and backed it with an advertising campaign that was a wonder, combined with an editorial policy that demanded the best.

This enterprise cost great sums. Everybody advised him to quit and be content with his very profitable monthly. He listened, said nothing, and went to the banks next morning and borrowed \$150,000, which he immediately spent in further advertising, to the horror of his advisers, who prophesied ruin. That took the kind of nerve Cyrus Curtis has. He plunged and he won.

Combined with his business ability is a keen editorial judgment and an unerring facility of picking the right men for his executives, not only in the business ends, but for the editorial rooms. Once he has the right man he gives him full sway. He has the right men everywhere, it may be said.

Mr. Curtis is in the late fifties, a quiet, modest, unassuming man, many times a millionaire. He lives at Wyncote, Pennsylvania, and gets his subsidiary fun out of life by traveling abroad and in cruising in Atlantic Waters in his steam yacht, and his real fun in planning and carrying out advertising campaigns. He is a courteous, considerate employer and a charming companion, soft-spoken, mild-mannered, widely-informed; but back of the

soft speech and the mild manners there is a cold chilled nerve, the nerve of the man who, knowing his plan is sound, will force it to victory regardless of the cost. —*Samuel G. Blythe.*

WILLIAM J. LOCKE

William J. Locke was born in British Guiana of English parents in 1863. In 1881 he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, and as one of his friends says, "He there laid the foundation of his future career by studiously neglecting his studies." At any rate, he established the record of having attended but one solitary lecture during the whole of his three years' course. At Cambridge a man going in for an Honor Degree is supposed to confine himself entirely to his subject. Locke's was mathematics. He read very little mathematics, but had a three years' orgie on English and French literature. He could always be found in some remote corner of the library reading some old book no one else had ever gotten hold of. He got his degree in 1884.

He began writing at Cambridge. His first short story was published in 1882. Having finished his University course, however, he was face to face with the necessity of earning a living and, like hundreds of other University men who have been trained for no profession, he drifted into teaching, which he followed for thirteen years. The advantage of this life, which otherwise he detested, was his long vacation—nearly four months of the year, which enabled him to travel and write a great deal.

In 1897 came the long looked for release from school-work. He took the position of Secretary to the Royal Institute of British Architects, which he held for eleven years. During these years he published six books, including "The Morals of Marcus" and "The Beloved Vagabond," and produced two plays.

On Christmas day, 1907, Locke found that he had led the strenuous life as long as was good for him and resigned his position as Secretary of the Royal Institute of British Architects. Since then he has written two novels and produced two plays.

He spends his time partly in London in a flat, and partly in a little Thames-side house in Berkshire. It is here that he wrote "Septimus" and it is here that he wrote his new novel, "Simon the Jester," which will begin serial publication in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE next month.



Kennard's drop kick which won the Harvard-Yale game last year. It was the result of ten minutes' practise every day for six months

Kennard

Stories of Football Strategy

Inside History of How Some Big Games Have Been Won and Lost

By WILLIAM T. REID, JR.

Formerly Head Coach at Harvard

Illustrated with Portraits and Photographs



"Bill" Reid, famous as a full-back and later as head coach at Harvard

WHEN Victor Kennard of Harvard kicked the drop kick which won the Harvard-Yale game of last year, many people called it luck.

Had these same people, however, spent the first part of their summer vacation at Squam Lake, New Hampshire, they would long since have recalled the many hours of careful work which they had seen him spend with a football and concluded that after all hard work and not luck was really the cause of his success.

That drop kick was really started early in the spring of 1908, when Kennard, in anticipation of just some such situation as this, began to school himself into a master of drop kicking.

Realizing the additional asset which an accurate drop kicker would be to the team, which asset so many Harvard teams have been without, Kennard went to Captain "Hooks" Burr before college closed in June, and talked over this particular feature of the game. He told Burr that he would agree to practise daily during the summer months, and Burr agreed to allow him ten minutes a day for special work during the playing season, together with a reasonable amount of additional practise behind the line of scrimmage.

Kennard then went to work. All during July, August and September, he practised, studying the detail of the kick, and perfecting the fundamentals. He had someone pass the ball to him, so as to increase his speed and accuracy in handling it, and in quickening up his foot-work, for speed is essential in drop kicking. Then in the evenings he took his ball home with him and made a detailed study of the art of dropping it so that it would rebound accurately and at the right distance from his foot. He spent periods of twenty minutes at a time standing against a wall and swinging his leg

alongside of it in an effort to develop an absolutely straight and accurate leg drive. He experimented with different types of shoes until he had determined which brought the best results, and so it went all summer. When he returned to college he had so far mastered these details that on one occasion he kicked sixty successive goals from within his limits, and at another fifty-five. To be sure this was not done under pressure. There were no opponents rushing through on him and he took his time; nevertheless, it was indicative of the hard work that had been done. From then on Kennard's efforts were directed toward the perfection of his kicking under the actual stress of playing conditions. He worked daily on the field with Nourse, the Varsity centre and, being his room-mate, talked matters over with him until finally each understood the other perfectly. Nourse knew where Kennard wanted the ball, and Kennard knew that he could rely absolutely upon getting it there, thus freeing him from the worry of uncertain passing. Meanwhile Kennard was given three opportunities to try for goals in regular games. The first chance came in the opening game of the season—that with Bowdoin, in which he failed of an easy goal. His second try was in the Springfield Training School game, at a distance of thirty-five yards, and he made it. His third try, which came in the Indian game, at a distance of forty-five yards, and from a point close to the side lines, was a failure, only, however, because the ball did not have the necessary "carry." The direction was good, but the kick fell five yards short. Nothing further developed until the team went to Farmington, and then Haughton

told Kennard that it had been decided that in case Harvard got the ball inside of Yale's 25-yard line with third down and more than 2 to gain, that he was to be given a chance to try a drop kick.

On the Thursday before the game the Harvard backs and ends were taken to Yale field in order that they might have an opportunity to look over the ground before the game. On this trip Kennard noticed that Yale field had been thoroughly gone over with a steam roller, and that its surface was as flat and even as a billiard table. Reasoning that if he were called on for a kick it would in all probability develop in a portion of the field that had not been played on to any extent he decided that it would not be necessary to pick any special spot to kick from, as he had always had to do on the tufted surface of the Stadium, but that he could kick from any spot. Carrying this reasoning still further, he made up his mind that there was no reason why there should be any great delay in getting his kick off, but on the other hand that there was every reason why he should hurry it. Would not Yale know the moment he was sent in that a drop kick was intended? So Kennard told Nourse that if he were called on for a kick he did not wish the pass delayed any longer than was absolutely necessary for him to get his position and allow the protective backs to get theirs. Nothing was said to the rest of the team about it but every detail was carefully worked out, rehearsed and perfected. It was decided that in order to save every fraction of a second and thereby to make the surprise of the Yale team the greater, upon going on to the field Kennard should



Ver Weibe's last run which made Kennard's drop kick possible

walk backward into his kicking position in order that he might keep Nourse always in line with the middle point of the cross bar, thus keeping his line of direction accurate and making unnecessary any further adjustment except that of distance. Then, that there might be no visible sign by which any vigilant Eli might surmise what was about to happen, Kennard and Nourse agreed upon a private signal for the passing of the ball. A slight movement of two fingers it was, and the preparation was complete.

Then came the Yale game. Kennard, sitting on the side lines, saw Yale carry the ball down to Harvard's 15 yard line; he saw Harvard rally, take the ball away from Yale and then start on a steady rapid advance towards

Yale goal line, now 75, now 50, now 30 yards away. The teams line up; it is first down—the signal is given, the play is off, and Harvard has made no gain. The second play brings four yards, and it is third down with six to go on Yale's 15 yard line, and with the ball just a few yards outside of the left-hand goal post. Cutler starts to give his signal; everyone is anxious—Harvard men for fear that their team cannot make the distance, Yale men, for fear that they will. There is a momentary pause, a slight commotion on the side lines, something is about to happen. Kennard's opportunity has come. Out he trots, glad of the chance, ready for it in every detail, confident and cool. He backs carefully into position, two fingers on his right hand twitch, and before the astonished Yale players realize what has happened, the ball has been sent straight and true between the cross bars, and Kennard's year's work is done. So smoothly, so quickly did it all happen that several of the Yale line men were not even in their regular

positions when the pass was made, and one at least of the Harvard linemen was in the same predicament. One Yale man and only one came through with the ball, but Kennard had seen that his protective backs were in position before calling for the pass, and the lone Eli was effectually shouldered out of the way.

Another story of hard and painstaking work lies behind the long runs which Chadwick and Metcalf of Yale made in the Yale-Princeton and Yale-Harvard games of 1902. These runs, which won for Yale the championship of the year, were really worked out in the last two weeks of the preceding season, that of 1901, when Harvard defeated Yale by a score of 22-0.

It seems that during the latter part of this sea-

son, the Yale coaches came to the conclusion that as matters then stood Harvard was practically a sure winner and that Yale's only chance lay in the development of some good trick play, which, if successful, might enable Yale to win or at least prevent her from being overwhelmingly beaten.

Naturally enough the responsibility for this very important piece of work fell to Walter Camp, the man who has made Yale football what it is and the acknowledged leader in football progress the country over.

Mr. Camp attacked the problem in a very different way from what most coaches would have done for, instead of planning his play from the point of view of his own team, he planned it from that of his opponents. Instead of basing it upon the strength of his own team, he based it upon the weakness of Harvard.

Knowing what every player on the Harvard team had been coached to do under given conditions Camp began with those conditions



Victor Kennard practising kicking. In the background is Nourse, the Harvard center and Kennard's roommate. It was Nourse's steady passing that made it possible for Kennard to get off his kick so swiftly

and worked backward. For example, he knew that in case Yale were to send a play just outside of tackle on the right side of Harvard's line, the Harvard right tackle would come through on the outside of Yale's offensive end, that the Harvard right half back would at least start to the right and that the guard would attempt to come through low and straight. This being the case, Camp reasoned that what he wanted was a play which should start just as this very ordinary play did but should develop into one where the runner really made his effort at the spot which some one of these three men had momentarily vacated or was in the act of vacating.

He finally selected the opening between right guard and right tackle as the outlet to his play and then worked out the details of the false attack, the concealment of the runner, and the disposition of any Harvard man who might fail to do as expected. With this Mr. Camp took the play to Yale field and gave it a thorough trying out in secret practise. It worked, and after some discussion, the coaches decided to use it in the Harvard game. On the way to Boston, however, this decision was reconsidered and the play abandoned on the ground that the team had already more signals than it could carry and would be better off without this additional one.

Thus it was that the play was temporarily shelved; but not for long, for Mr. Camp had seen the play tested under the very best circumstances and he knew that it was a good one. He had seen it played by a well-trained 'Varsity against a strong and experienced second team, a team that could not be fooled by any ordinary trick, and he knew that it would succeed against Princeton and Harvard.

Nothing more was heard of the play until the next season and then it was tried only in secret practise or on occasions where

the coaches felt that they were running no risk of discovery.

Then came the Princeton game, and with it the first public trial of the play. The game is less than ten minutes old and Princeton is leading 5-0. The ball is in Yale's possession on Princeton's 49 yard line. Rockwell gives his signal, the signal for *the* play. Camp on the side lines hears it and, during the momentary pause which follows before the play starts, wonders what will happen. It is the crucial moment of the game to him and he centers his attention at the selected outlet. At the next instant he sees Chadwick dash at top speed through a hole in the Princeton line that is big enough for a coach and four, and Yale has taken the lead.

A little later Yale tries the play again with a similar result.

On this second try a most peculiar thing happens. Chadwick again takes the ball, and, making a very quick start reaches his outlet before the hole is fully developed. Nevertheless, he breaks through the line and is appearing on the other side when he is cut down in his rear leg by Foulke, the Princeton right half back, who entirely deceived by the false attack and doing his utmost to get completely past the spot is just slow enough to trip up his man. Chadwick stumbles and falls on one knee and for a moment a most ludicrous mental picture presents itself. Here

are two players struggling as hard as they know how to free themselves from an unwilling tangle, the man with the ball that he may continue down the field, the other that he may release the very man whom he wishes most to catch but does not recognize. Each lends the other every possible assistance and in a moment Chadwick is up again and on his way. The final score is Yale 23, Princeton 5.

The Harvard



Photograph by The Pictorial News Co.

Coach Haughton of Harvard, a great kicker in his day, teaching Sprague how to kick. It was Sprague who in a difficult place behind his own line kicked out for 60 yards and put Harvard out of danger



Photograph by Park Bros.

Chadwick whose runs through the line on a play devised by Mr. Camp won a Princeton-Yale game

Walter Camp who has made Yale football what it is and the acknowledged leader in football the country over. The "tackle-back" is perhaps his most famous play



Photograph by Park Bros.

Metcall, a famous Yale half-back, whose runs in the Harvard-Yale game were made possible by Walter Camp's play



game arrives and the Harvard players having heard of the Chadwick run keep a close watch on this particular player. But Yale has foreseen this probability and when finally the runner breaks loose it is Metcalf instead of Chadwick and the play is again a success. Yale wins and Walter Camp's brains have made a reputation for another Yale team and landed another championship.

A second very interesting page from the Yale football annals is that which deals with the development of the famous "tackle-back" formation which in 1900 enabled Yale to defeat Princeton 29-0 and Harvard 28-0.

This formation was the work of Walter Camp and, like the play just described, was based wholly upon the defensive play of Yale's opponents.

When Mr. Camp first gave the plays to the

Yale team there were many of the coaches and players who declared that while they would probably succeed against minor teams they would never work against the bigger ones. The plays were too slow and heavy, they said. This feeling grew and grew, until just before the Indian game there was strong talk of abandoning the formation altogether. Mr. Camp, however, held out for it and to show his faith promised that if Yale did not defeat the Indian team by 30 points he would himself agree to a change. The Indian game came and Yale won it 36-0. From that time on all criticism stopped and the "tackle-back" became a permanent part of Yale's offense.

These instances are very fair illustrations of one of the three main ways by which football games are won, that is to say by long painstaking preparations on the part of the coaches

for every emergency that may arise. They show how carefully the coaches search through their squads for any unusual ability that may be hidden in some new candidate and then how they plan in order to utilize this ability to the best advantage in the most important contests. Besides this they show how much careful thinking frequently lies behind a play which when on the field requires but a moment for its successful execution.

A second way in which games are won is through the individual brilliancy of a captain or quarter back in first recognizing an unexpected weakness in the defense of an opponent (which the regular plays of the team cannot reach) and then of inventing a play or altering one that is in use, while the game is actually in progress, which shall take the most effective advantage of that weakness. When this happens the results are often quite as much of a surprise to the coaches as to the spectators.

Such a play occurred in the Harvard-West Point game of '01. The game was a close one, neither side had scored, and with the ball in Harvard's possession on West Point's 65 yard line, and but four minutes to play, a tie game seemed inevitable. Three minutes elapsed, and Harvard had made but five yards. The spectators began to leave their seats, when suddenly a frantic cheer broke out from the Harvard section, and Bob Kernan was seen running down the field with no one but

the back field man between him and the goal line. As the players met, Kernan's left hand shot out, the West Pointer was straight armed, and Kernan had scored with but 30 seconds to spare. The whole thing looked like the biggest piece of luck, and yet it was really a tribute to the shrewdness of Captain Dave Campbell.

The Harvard team had come to West Point with a very limited repertoire of plays, comprising six from the ordinary simple formation and two from a very primitive tackle-back. West Point soon solved the simple attack and the Harvard gains grew shorter and shorter. Finding that the simple plays were practically worthless, quarter back Matthews fell back upon his tackle-back plays and calling upon the powerful Cutts to head them, sent him crashing time after time into the guard and tackle hole on the right hand side of the line, where for a time some progress was made. Finally West Point succeeded in stopping this play too, and Harvard was apparently at the end of her rope. But right here was where Captain Campbell came in. Playing as he was just outside of the point of attack, he noticed that on each rush the West Point guard, tackle and rush line half-back were diving in under the plays, and in consequence, leaving the opening between tackle and end practically unguarded. The end to be sure was free, but he was playing wide and because no plays had been attempted in his direction for some time,



Photographs by the Pictorial News Co.

Coy, the Yale full-back, practising goal kicking. Coy is unquestionably the greatest all around football player now on the field

had grown careless. If, thought Campbell, we can only devise some variation to this play which shall start off just as this one does and yet develop into a play between tackle and end, I believe that we can get Bob Kernan loose. Accordingly, he called the team together and explained his plan. Cutts was to be sent into the line in the usual way for two or three plays in order to confirm the habit which the Cadets had developed of diving under the play at the suspected point of attack, and thus putting themselves completely out of it in case the play happened to go elsewhere. Following this series of plays was to come the stroke upon which so much depended. Cutts was to be brought back as usual, and to all intents and purposes, sent again into the guard-tackle hole. Instead of carrying the ball, however, he was to go in without it, making nevertheless, as much of a demonstration as he could in order to mislead the opponents and thus give the real play as much time as possible in which to form and get under way. The half back and full back were to take the end, while Campbell himself was to look after the rush line half back or any other free man who might unexpectedly appear. Kernan was to take the ball between tackle and end with quarter-back Matthews as a free interferer.

These arrangements, which it takes so long to explain on paper, were made in a little over half a minute, and the men returned to their places. The foundation plays went off smoothly and the moment had arrived. The ball is passed, Cutts with a "hard boys" on his lips, plunges into the line. The two Harvard backs drive the end well out, Campbell crowds the rush line half in towards the centre, and in an instant Kernan is through and going faster and faster. In a moment he has cleared the danger zone of struggling players, and only one man stands between him and victory. Matthews has run as

fast as he can, but is soon distanced, and Kernan races on alone. The expectant figure in the back field moves over into a position where Kernan in passing must expose his left side. The big half-back reaches this point, the opponent crouches and dives for his man. The tackle seems to be perfect, but Kernan has one more card to play. His left hand shoots out and at the same moment that it meets the head of the tackler he swerves to the right. The tackler, however, is not wholly to be denied, and manages to get a partial hold on the runner's left leg; but Kernan is equal to the situation and with a wriggling twist of his body tears himself free and plants the ball squarely between the posts. Campbell's head work has saved the day.

Another instance of this kind occurred in the Harvard-Pennsylvania game of 1900, when Captain Hare of the Pennsylvania team revived a discarded play which enabled him to score the only five points which Pennsylvania made in that contest.

It was about the middle of the second half and Harvard with a lead of 17 points seemed practically certain of preventing her opponents from scoring. Just at this juncture, however, Pennsylvania, securing possession of a fumble on the Harvard 23 yard line, took an unexpected brace, and by superb effort carried the ball to Harvard's 8 yard line. Here the Harvard defense stiffened again and after two rushes it was third down with two to gain, Captain Hare was in a quandary as to what

signal to give. Harvard had stopped the three previous plays with so little gain that he did not feel warranted in running the risk of losing the ball by trying to buck the line any further, and yet he wanted to score. It was a situation which warranted the taking of big chances and he was ready for them.

Studying the position of the Harvard men carefully, and pretty well in-



"Bob" Kernan of Harvard, whose run in the last minute of play won the Harvard-West Point game



Photograph by the Gilbert Photo Co.



Photograph by Gilbert and Bacon

McCracken and Hare, famous Pennsylvania guards who once revised an old play in a Harvard-Pennsylvania game and thereby overcame a seemingly impossible situation

formed by this time as to what each man would probably do under given conditions, he saw that Harvard was ready for any regular play that Pennsylvania might try; indeed, she seemed to know just where every play was expected to go and to have men stationed at every outlet. Analyzing the situation still further, he saw that while this disposition of the Harvard team made it very strong at the ordinary points of attack, it left it proportionately weak at other points, but, unfortunately for him at points where he could not bring a single one of his plays to bear.

Finally, he concluded that a goal from placement was the best alternative, but before calling for it, he decided to consult McCracken,

the other guard. The latter suggested that they try an end run which Woodruff had given them early in the season, but which had been discarded in the later games because it had proven too slow and too much of a tax on Hare's strength. Hare saw at once that this play was peculiarly suited to the Harvard defense of the moment and so he called the team together and impressed upon them their individual duties.

They were to assume the regular guards-back formation on the right of center as though planning again to buck the line. The play, however, was to be a simple, wide end-run to the left, though rendered more effective than the common one by having five interferers, the three backs, the quarter-back and the other guard.

The teams lined up, the ball was passed and the eager Harvard players closed in on it from all sides. So eager were they and so certain that the play would be a buck that they dove into the line without reserve and did not notice Hare until he had broken well away from his interference and was running alone toward the goal. Several Harvard players started after him, but he had too much of a start, and easily outdistanced them.

Another great player had met and overcome a seemingly impossible situation.

A third way in which big games are won or the tide of victory turned is through the skill and fine discrimination of the quarter-back in selecting from the many, the one play which exactly suits the conditions of the moment.

Of such a nature was the play that developed during a Harvard-Princeton game of ninety-six. To give this play a proper setting it will be necessary to mention briefly one or two circumstances connected with the corresponding game of the year before. Harvard and Princeton had made an agreement to play each other for two consecutive years. The time for the first game arrived and Harvard was looked upon as a sure winner. The game began and Harvard, as was expected, forced the ball steadily down the field until it rested on the very threshold of the Princeton goal. Every one expected that the next play would bring a touch down. The play was started and all seemed well until, to the dismay of the Harvard rooters, the ball was seen to shoot out of the pile. It was a fumble. Like a flash Sutor, of the Princeton team, was upon it, and before the Harvard players realized what had happened, was racing off in that aggravating Princeton way toward the Harvard goal line. He was eventually overhauled on the ten yard line, but a Princeton score soon followed. This score seemed to throw the Harvard team off its balance, and the game finally went to Princeton by the score of 12 to 4.

The Harvard team returned to Cambridge that night and it so happened that the road to the depot passed very close to the Princeton field. As the disconsolate players arrived at this point, one small group of two men stopped and looked in. It was the Harvard captain, and a coach. It was dark, but the outline of the field was plainly visible. Papers and other litter strewed the ground. To these two men the field seemed desolation itself. For a moment or two they stood there in silence, then the captain's head moved slowly up and down and he said, "I graduate this year, but I am coming back next year to

see this through. I shall not be captain, and I may not make the team, but I am coming back for another chance." The coach tugged at his arm and the two moved silently on.

A year has passed and the Harvard-Princeton game has arrived. The two teams have wrestled with each other for one full half and part of the second. Neither team has scored, and neither seems to have gained any advantage. It appears to be a stand off and there is nothing to indicate that a crisis is at hand. The long line of Harvard substitutes fringing the field is in a high state of excitement, each man is struggling hard to down the ever increasing desire to get into the play, for to these loyal fellows even the thought of playing, involving as it does an injury to one of the first string, is treason. To one man in particular, the situation seems absolutely unbearable. It is the Harvard captain of the previous season, now substitute end. He cannot sit still. The game is slipping by, and with it the chance for which he has waited a year. He is mentally beside himself. Suddenly a Harvard player is hurt. It is an end, and while the doctor is trying to get him in shape, the substitute is told to warm up. He needs no second call. Up he jumps, and up and down the field he trots, close to the waiting teams. He is the happiest man on the field.

The wait is a fairly long one and the players, with one exception, have relaxed and are taking things easy. This one man is Smith, the Princeton quarter-back, the man, who in a few moments must give the signal for the next play. His eyes follow the substitute. He notes his unusual impatience and his mind is busy.

Meanwhile, up in the stands a group of three men are holding a most interesting conversation. They are Caspar Whitney, Walter Camp and Lorin Deland, all students of the game. At this particular instance they are discussing the strategy of the game, and attempting from a Princeton standpoint to settle upon the proper play with which to reopen the game. Mr. Camp suggests that he would send the first play at the substitute, and that he would select such a play as should start between tackle and end in order to draw the end in (for it was a part of the Harvard defense at that time to send her ends in sharply) but that should finally develop into a wide end run. The others agree that this is the proper play, and the conversation stops as the teams line up. Mr. Camp has been watching the two teams during the interval and has seen Smith eyeing the substitute. The signal is given and the ball is about to be passed, when



Photograph by Rose and Son

Smith, a Princeton quarter-back, whose generalship won the game from Harvard



Photograph by Rose and Son

Sutor, whose ninety-five yard run, in a Princeton-Harvard game, will always be remembered

Mr. Camp, without taking his eyes off the play, nudges Mr. Deland and says, "Lorin, Lorin, watch this play, it will be a touch-down for Princeton." And sure enough the play develops as Mr. Camp had predicted—Princeton scores, and on the very play which has previously been chosen by all three as the strategic one of the moment. The play starts for a point just outside of tackle; the eager end rushes in, is smothered in the interference, and the half back running wide, crosses the Harvard goal line forty yards away for the first score. Smith had sized up the situation and from the forty or fifty plays at his command, had chosen the one and the only one which was exactly suited to the emergency. Smith had seen his opportunity

and Camp had realized that he saw it. Such are the tragedies of the football field.

Stories like these are common to football; every year has its Chadwicks, Kennards, and Hares. Told as I have told them, from the standpoint of the players who figured most prominently in them, these stories sound like accounts of purely individual performances, and yet not one of them would have been possible without the highest degree of team play back of it. Team work is absolutely essential to success in football. Indeed, it is team work in its broadest sense, implying as it does the qualities of courage, self-denial, self-control, determination, discipline and resourcefulness that has made football the great American college sport.



And the boy was caught up by the sweet will outside his own will and he never knew how it was that he had Elfa in his arms

The Way the World Is

By ZONA GALE

Author of "Friendship Village," etc.

With Illustrations by Gayle P. Hoskins

THE New Lady's house was marked by a row of poplars outside the fence, as if the very road changed its character when it passed her house. As for Nicholas, when he went by that house he became another being. This night—the first time that he had ever entered her gate—the protection of the twilight alone kept him from running away. Once under the poplars he did not know what way to look. To seem to look straight along the road was unnatural. To seem to look out across the opposite fields was hypocrisy. To look at her house was unthinkable. So, as he went in at the gate and up the aster-bordered walk, he examined the back of his hand—near, and then a little farther away. As he reached the steps he was absorbedly studying his thumb.

From a place of soft light, shed through a pink box shade on the table, and of scattered willow chairs and the big leaves of plants, she came toward him.

"You did come!" she said. "I thought you wouldn't, really."

With the utmost effort Nicholas detached one hand from his hat brim and gave it her. From head to foot he was conscious, not of the touch of her hand, little and soft, but of the bigness and coarseness of his own hand.

"I hated to come like everything," he said.

At this of course she laughed, and she went back to her willow chair and motioned him to his. He got upon it, crimson and wretched.

"As much as that!" she observed.

"You know I wanted to come awfully, too," he modified it, "but I dreaded it—like sixty. I—I can't explain. . . ." he stumbled.

"Don't," said the New Lady lightly, and took pity on him and rang a little bell.

She thought again how fine and distinguished he was, as he had seemed to her on the day, soon after her coming to the village, when she had first spoken to him. She had driven out alone and at a fancy had crossed right away

through the lush grass of a fenceless meadow, and she had almost run him down, lying on his face in the green under a cottonwood.

"Oh, what is the matter?" she had demanded in some alarm.

And: "Nothing. I just like it," he had been surprised into saying.

"So do I," she had told him heartily. "So do I. What," she had asked, "do you like about it, *best*?"

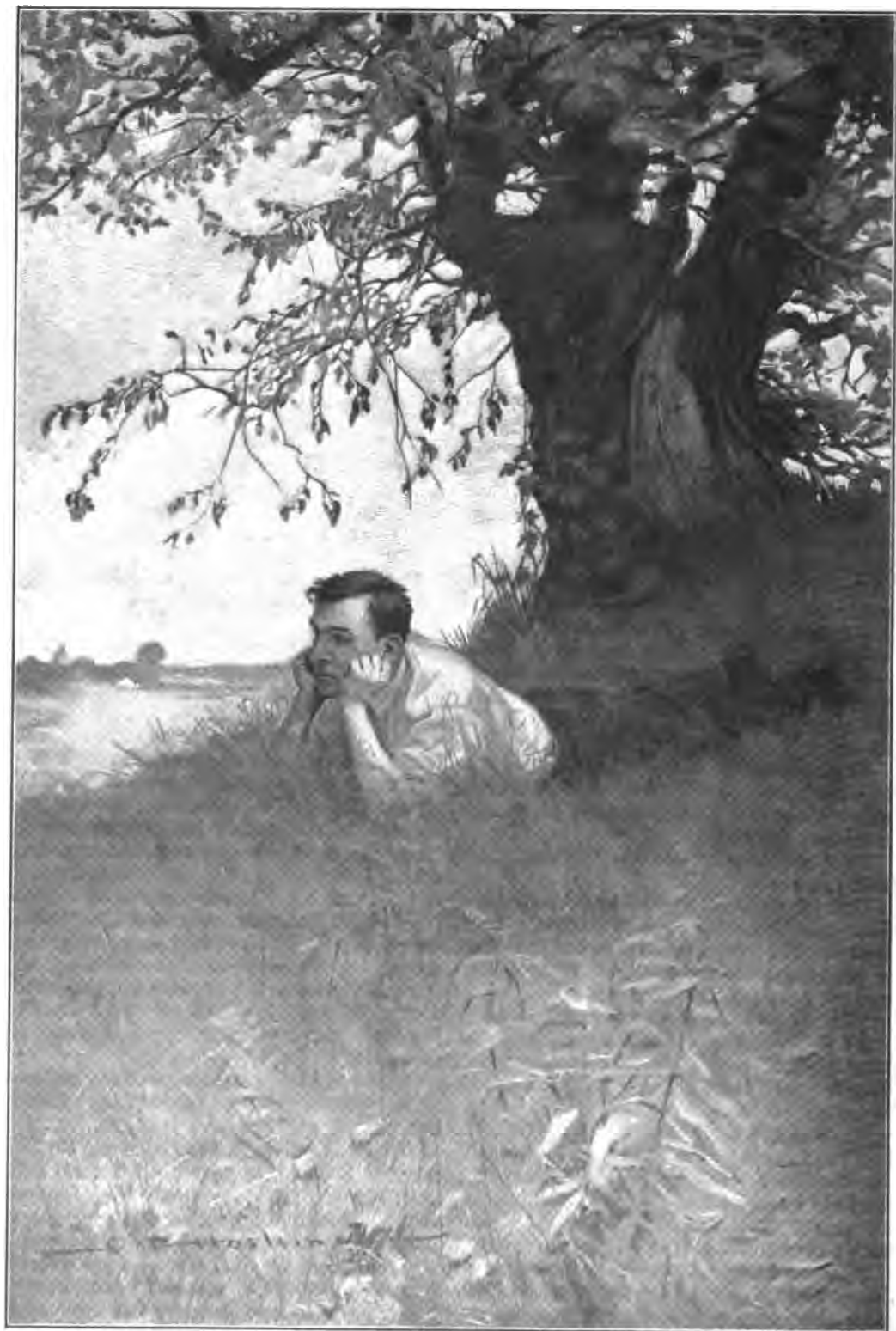
"I guess—I guess I like it just on account of its being the way it is," he had answered uncertainly.

"That is a very, very nice reason," she had commented. "Again, so do I." And she had left him, she remembered, looking about as if he saw it all for the first time.

Afterward, at a supper in the village church "lecture-room," she had seen him again, bringing in a great freezer of ice-cream. She had greeted him and he had all but dropped the freezer. Then a certain big, obvious deacon, whose garden adjoined her own, had come and snatched the burden away, as importantly as if he had made himself at the very least; and the boy had stood, shamefaced, trying to say something. She had greeted him very gently, and though he had answered almost nothing, his face had lighted as at a summons. So she had divined his tragedy—the loneliness which his shyness masked as some constant plight of confusion.

"Come and see me sometimes," she had impulsively bidden him. "Do you know where I live?"

Did he know that! Since that day in the meadow had he known anything else? And now, after a fortnight of hard trying, he was come. He sat staring at her, trying to realize that he was on her veranda, hearing the sound of the little bell she had rung. He had wanted something like this, wistfully, passionately. Miserable as he was, he rested in the moment as within arms. And the time seemed distilled in that little silver bell-sound and the



When he could get time he was away to the meadow

intimacy of waiting with her for some one to come.

He knew that some one with a light foot-fall did come to the veranda. He heard the New Lady call her Elfa. But he saw only her hands, plump and capable and shaped like his own, moving among the glasses. After which his whole being became absorbed in creditably receiving the tall, cool tumbler on the tray which the capable hands held out to him. A period of suspended intelligence ensued, until he set the empty glass on the table. Then the little maid had gone, and the New Lady, sipping her own glass, was talking to him.

"You were lying on the grass that day," she said, "as if you understood grass. Not many do understand about grass, and almost nobody understands the country. People say, 'Come, let us go into the country,' and when we get there is it the country they want at all? No, it is the country sports, the country home, everything but the real country. They play match games. They make expeditions, climb things in a stated time, put in a day at a stated place. I often think that they must go home leaving the country quite aghast that they could have come and gone and paid so little heed to it. Presently I am going to have some charming people out here at my house who will do the same thing."

So she talked, asking him nothing, even her eyes leaving him free. It seemed to him, tense and alert and ill at ease as he listened, that he, too, was talking to her. From the pressing practicalities, the self-important deacon, the people who did not trouble to talk to him, his world abruptly escaped, and in that world he walked, an escaped thing, too.

Yet when she paused, he looked out at her shrinkingly from under his need to reply. He did not look at her face, but he looked at her hands, so little that each time he saw them they were a new surprise and, somehow,

alien to him. He looked away from them to the friendliness of her smile. And when he heard himself saying detached, irrelevant things, he again fell to studying one of his own hands, big and coarse and brown. Oh, he thought, the difference between her and him was so hopelessly the difference in their hands!

In an absurdly short time the need to be gone was upon him; but of this he could not speak, and he sat half unconscious of what she was saying, because of his groping for the means to get away. Clearly, he must not interrupt her to say that he must go. Neither could he reply to what she said by announcing his intention. And yet when he answered what she said, straightway her exquisite voice went on with its speech to him. How, he wondered, does anybody ever get away from anywhere? If only something would happen, so that he could slip within it as within doors, and take his leave.

Something did happen. By way of the New Lady's garden, and so to her side door, there arrived those whose garden adjoined her own—the big, obvious, self-important deacon, and behind him Three Light Gowns. The little maid Elfa came showing them through the house, in the pleasant custom of the village. And when the New Lady, with pretty, expected murmurings, rose to meet them, Nicholas got to his feet confronting the crisis of saying good-by, and the moment closed upon him like a vise. He heard his voice falter among the other voices, he saw himself under the necessity to take her hand and the deacon's hand, and the hands, so to speak, of the Three Light Gowns; and this he did as in a kind of unpractised, bewildering minuet.

And then he found his eyes on a level with eyes that he had not seen before—blue eyes, gentle, watching, wide—and a fresh, friendly little face under soft hair. It was Elfa, taking away the empty glasses. And



The two hands clung for a moment, as if they had each the need



She came to the doorway and greeted him, and Nicholas looked up in the choking discomfort of sudden fear

the boy, in his dire need to ease the instant, abruptly and inexplicably—held out his hand to her, too. She blushed, sent a frightened look to her mistress, and took the hand in hers that was plump and capable, with its strong, round wrist. And, the little maid being now in an embarrassment like his own, the two hands clung for a moment, as if they had each the need.

"Good night," she said, trembling.

"Good night," said the New Lady, very gently.

"Oh, *good night!*" burst from the boy as he fled away.

It was Elfa who admitted him at his next coming. The screened porch was once more in soft light from the square rose shade, and the place had the usual pleasant, haunted air of the settings of potentialities. As if potentiality were a gift of enchantment to human folk.

The New Lady was not at home, Elfa told him, in her motherly little heart pitying him. And at the news he sat down, quite simply, in the chair in which he had sat before. He must see her. It was unthinkable that she should be away.

On the willow table lay her needlework. It was soft and white beyond the texture of most clouds, and she had wrought on it a pattern like the lines on a river. As his eyes rested on it, Nicholas could fancy it lying against her white gown and upon it her incomparable hands. Someway, she seemed nearer to him when he was not with her than when, with her incomparable hands and her fluent speech, she was in his presence. When she was not with him he could think what to say to her. When he stood before her—the thought of his leaving on that veranda seized upon him, so that he caught his breath in the sharp thrust of mortified recollection, and looked away and up.

His eyes met those of Elfa, who was quietly sitting opposite.

"How they must all 'a' laughed at me. You too!" he said.

"Why?" she asked.

"That last time I was here. Shaking hands that way," he explained.

"I didn't laugh," she unexpectedly protested; "I cried."

He looked at her. And this was as if he were seeing her for the first time.

"*Cried?*" he repeated.

"Nobody ever shakes hands with me," Elfa told him.

He stared at her as she sat on the edge of her chair, her plump hands idle on her crisp apron.

"No," he admitted, "no—I don't suppose they do. I didn't think——"

But he had not thought of her at all.

"By the door all day I let in hand-shakes," she said, "an' then I let 'em out again. But I shouldn't get any of 'em for me."

That, Nicholas saw, was true enough. Even he had been mortified because he had taken her hand.

"Once," Elfa said, "I fed a woman by the back door. An' when she went she took a-hold o' my hand, thankful. An' then you done it too—like it was a mistake. That's all, since I worked out. I don't know folks outside much, only some that don't shake hands, 'count o' seemin' ashamed to."

"I know," said Nicholas.

"Sometimes," she went on, "folks come here an' walk in to see her, an' they don't shake. Ain't it funny—when folks can an' don't? When they come from the city next week, the whole house'll shake hands, but me. Once I went to prayer-meetin' an' I hung around waitin' to see if somebody wouldn't. But they didn't—any of 'em. It was rainin' outside an' I guess they thought I come with somebody's rubbers."

Nicholas looked at her a little fearfully. It had seemed to him that, in a great world of light, he had always moved in a little hollow of darkness and detachment. Were there, then, other hollows like that? Places to which outstretched hands never penetrate? A great understanding and wistfulness possessed him and he burst out in an effort to express it.

"You're a funny girl," he said.

She flushed, and suddenly lifted one hand and looked at it. Nicholas watched her now intently. She studied the back of her hand, turned it, and sat absorbedly examining her little thumb. And Nicholas felt a sudden sense of understanding, of gladness that he understood. As he felt when he was afraid and wretched, so Elfa was feeling now.

He leaned toward her.

"Don't feel afraid," he said gently.

She shook her head.

"I don't," she said; "I don't, truly. I guess that's why I stayed here now. She won't be back till ten—I ought to 'a' said so before. You—you won't want to wait so long."

He rose at once. And now, being at his ease, his head was erect, his arms naturally fallen, his face as confident and as occupied by his spirit as when he lay alone in the meadows.

"Well, sir," he said, "let's shake hands again!"

She gave him her hand and, in their peculiarly winning upward look, her eyes—blue,

wide, watchful, with that brooding mother watchfulness of some women, even in youth. And her hand met his in the clasp which is born of the simple, human longing of kind for kind.

"Good-by," she answered his good-by, and they both laughed a little in a shyness which was in a way a delight.

In the days to follow there flowed in the boy's veins a tide of novel sweetness. And now his thoughts eluded one another and made no chain, so that when he tried to remember what, on that first evening, the New Lady and he had talked about, there came only a kind of pleasure, but it had no name. Everything that he had to do pressed upon him, and when he could get time he was away to the meadow, looking down on the chimneys of that house, and swept by a current that was like a singing. And always, always it was as if some one were with him.

There came a night when he could no longer bear it, when his wish took him to itself and carried him with it. Those autumn dusks, warm yellow with their moon and still odorous of summer, were hard to endure alone. Since the evening with her, Nicholas had not seen the New Lady save when, not seeing him, she had driven past in her phaeton. At the sight of her, and once at the sight of Elfa from her home, a faintness had seized him, so that he had wondered at himself for some one else, and then with a poignancy that was new pain, new joy, new life, had rejoiced that he was himself. And so, when he could no longer bear it, he took his evening way toward the row of poplars, regretting the moonlight lest by it they should see him coming.

He had no intimation of her guests, for the New Lady's windows were always brightly lighted, and until he was within the screened veranda the sound of voices did not reach him. Then from the rooms there came a babel of soft speech and laughter, and a touch of chords; and when he would incontinently have retreated, the New Lady crossed the hall and saw him.

She came to the doorway and greeted him, and Nicholas looked up in the choking discomfort of sudden fear. She was in a gown that was like her needlework, mysteriously fashioned and intricate with shining things which made her infinitely remote. The incomparable little hands were quite covered with jewels. It was as if he had come to see a spirit and had met a woman.

"How good of you to come again," she said. "Come, I want my friends to meet you."

Her friends! That quick crossing of words within there, then, meant the presence of her friends from the city.

"I couldn't! I came for a book—I'll get it some other time. I've got to go now!" Nicholas said.

Then, "Bettina—Bettina!" some one called from within, and a man appeared in the hallway, smiled at sight of the New Lady, dropped his glass at sight of Nicholas, bowed, turned away—oh, how should he know that her name was Bettina when Nicholas had not known!

This time he did not say good night at all. This time he did not look at his great hand, which was trembling, but he got away, mumbling something, his retreat graciously covered by the New Lady's slight words. And, the sooner to be gone and out of the moonlight that would let them see him go, he struck blindly into the path that led to the little side gate of the garden. The mortification that chains spirit to flesh and tortures both held him and tortured him. For a flash he imagined himself up there among them all, his hands holding his hat, imagined having to shake hands with them—and somehow this way of fellowship, this meeting of hands outstretched for hands, seemed, with them, the supreme ordeal, the true symbol of his alien state from them and from the New Lady. No doubt she understood him, but for the first time Nicholas saw that this is not enough. For the first time he saw that she was as far away from him as were the others. How easy, Nicholas thought piteously, those people in her house all found it to act the way they wanted to! Their hands must be like her hands. . . .

He got through the garden and to the side gate. And now the old loneliness was twofold upon him because he had known what it is to reach from the dark toward the light; yet when he saw that at the gate some one was standing, he halted in his old impulse to be on guard, hunted by the fear that this would be somebody alien to him. Then he saw that it was no one from another star, but Elfa.

"Oh" he said, and that, too, was what she said, but he did not hear. Not from another star she came, but from the deep of the world where Nicholas felt himself alone.

"I—was just going away," he explained.

For assent she stepped a little back, saying nothing. But when Nicholas would have passed her it was as if the immemorial loneliness and the seeking of forgotten men innumerable stirred within him in the ache of his heart, in the mere desperate wish to go to somebody, to be with somebody, to have somebody by the hand.

He turned upon Elfa almost savagely.

"Shake hands!" he said.

Obediently she put out her hand, which of

itself stayed, ever so briefly, within his. He held it, feeling himself crushing it, clinging to it, being possessed by it. Her hand was, like his, rough from its work and it was something alive, something human, something that answered. And instantly it was not Elfa alone who was there companioning him, but the dark was quick with presences, besieging him, letting him know that no one alive is alone, that he was somehow one of a comrade company, within, without, encompassing. And the boy was caught up by the sweet will outside his own will and he never knew how it was that he had Elfa in his arms.

"Come here. Come here. . . ." he said.

To Elfa, in her loneliness threaded by its own dream, the moment, exquisite and welcome as it was, was yet as natural as her own single being. But to the boy it was not yet the old miracle of one world built from another. It was only the answer to the groping of hands for hands, the mere human call to be companioned. And yet the need to reassure her came upon him like the mantle of an elder time.

"Don't feel afraid," he said.

Her eyes gave him their peculiarly winning upward look, and it was as if their mother watchfulness answered him gravely:

"I don't. I don't, truly."

And at this she laughed a little, so that he joined her; and their laughter together was a new delight.

Across the adjoining lawn Nicholas could see in the moonlight the moving figure of the big deacon, a Light Gown or two attending. A sudden surprising sense of safety from them overswept the boy. What if they did come that way! What, he even thought, if those people in the house were to come by? Somehow, the little hollow of dark in which he had always walked in the midst of light was now as light as the rest of the world, and he was not afraid. And all this because Elfa did not stir in his arms, but was still, as if they were her harbor. And then Nicholas knew what they both meant.

"Elfa!" he cried, "do you . . . ?"

"I guess I must . . ." she said, and knew no way to finish that.

"Love me?" said Nicholas, bold as a lion.

"I meant that too," Elfa said.

Between the New Lady's house and the big, obvious deacon's lawn the boy stood, silent, his arms about the girl. So this was the way the world is, people bound together, needing one another, wanting one another, stretching out their hands. . . .

"Why, it was *you* I wanted!" Nicholas said, wonderingly.



The Two Clocks

By MARGARET ERSKINE

The Grandfather Clock, it tocks away;

"Slowly. Slowly." It seems to say;

"Take your time. Take your time. Don't hurry-scurry,

Upset the world with your senseless flurry.

Tock, tock. Tock, tock. You know. You know.

Life is young. Love is young. Go slow. Go slow."

The little French Clock, it ticks away;

"Faster, faster," it seems to say;

"Life is fleeting, and Love is, too.

Hurry. Hurry. Time won't wait for you.

Tick, tick. Tick, tick. Spring won't last,

'Twill be Autumn soon. Go fast. Go fast."

The Confidences of a "Psychical Researcher"

In which the author, after twenty-five years of "dabbling" in "Psychics," states his conclusions, goes on record, and describes the field wherein he thinks the greatest scientific conquests of the coming generation will be achieved

By WILLIAM JAMES

Author of "The Powers of Men," etc.

Illustrated with Crayon Portraits by William Oberhardt

THE late Professor Henry Sidgwick was celebrated for the rare mixture of ardor and critical judgment which his character exhibited. The liberal heart which he possessed had to work with an intellect which acted destructively on almost every particular object of belief that was offered to its acceptance. A quarter of a century ago, scandalized by the chaotic state of opinion regarding the phenomena now called by the rather ridiculous name of "psychic"—phenomena of which the supply reported seems inexhaustible, but which scientifically trained minds mostly refuse to look at—he established, along with Professor Barrett, Frederic Myers and Edmund Gurney, the Society for Psychical Research. These men hoped that if the material were treated rigorously and, as far as possible, experimentally, objective truth would be elicited, and the subject rescued from sentimentalism on the one side and dogmatizing ignorance on the other. Like all founders, Sidgwick hoped for a certain promptitude of result; and I heard him say, the year before his death, that if anyone had told him at the outset that after twenty years he would be in the same identical state of doubt and balance that he started with, he would have deemed the prophecy incredible. It appeared impossible that that amount of handling evidence should bring so little finality of decision.

Can We "Communicate With Spirits?"

My own experience has been similar to Sidgwick's. For twenty-five years I have been in

touch with the literature of psychical research, and have had acquaintance with numerous "researchers." I have also spent a good many hours (though far fewer than I ought to have spent) in witnessing (or trying to witness) phenomena. Yet I am theoretically no "further" than I was at the beginning; and I confess that at times I have been tempted to believe that the Creator has eternally intended this department of nature to remain *baffling*, to prompt our curiosities and hopes and suspicions all in equal measure, so that, although ghosts and clairvoyances, and raps and messages from spirits, are always seeming to exist and can never be fully explained away, they also can never be susceptible of full corroboration.

The peculiarity of the case is just that there are so many sources of possible deception in most of the observations that the whole lot of them *may* be worthless, and yet that in comparatively few cases can aught more fatal than this vague general possibility of error be pleaded against the record. Science meanwhile needs something more than bare possibilities to build upon; so your genuinely scientific inquirer—I don't mean your ignoramus "scientist"—has to remain unsatisfied. It is hard to believe, however, that the Creator has really put any big array of phenomena into the world merely to defy and mock our scientific tendencies; so my deeper belief is that we psychical researchers have been too precipitate with our hopes, and that we must expect to mark progress not by quarter-centuries, but by half-centuries or whole centuries.

I am strengthened in this belief by my im-



WILLIAM JAMES

For thirty-five years Professor of Philosophy at Harvard College. One of the greatest living psychologists

pression that just at this moment a faint but distinct step forward is being taken by competent opinion in these matters. "Physical phenomena" (movements of matter without contact, lights, hands and faces "materialized," etc.) have been one of the most baffling regions of the general field (or perhaps one of the least baffling *prima facie*, so certain and great has been the part played by fraud in their production); yet even here the balance of testimony seems slowly to be inclining towards admitting the supernaturalist view. Eusapia Paladino, the Neapolitan medium, has been under observation for twenty years or more. Schiaparelli, the astronomer, and Lombroso were the first scientific men to be converted by her performances. Since then innumerable men of scientific standing have seen her, including many "psychic" experts. Every one agrees that she cheats in the

most barefaced manner whenever she gets an opportunity. The Cambridge experts, with the Sidgwicks and Richard Hodgson at their head, rejected her *in toto* on that account. Yet her credit has steadily risen, and now her last converts are the eminent psychiatrist, Morselli, the eminent physiologist, Botazzi, and our own psychical researcher, Carrington, whose book on "The Physical Phenomena of Spiritualism" (*against* them rather!) makes his conquest strategically important. If Mr. Podmore, hitherto the prosecuting attorney of the S. P. R. so far as physical phenomena are concerned, becomes converted also, we may indeed sit up and look around us. Getting a good health bill from "Science," Eusapia will then throw retrospective credit on Home and Stainton Moses, Florence Cook (Prof. Crookes's medium), and all similar wonder-workers. The balance of

presumptions will be changed in favor of genuineness being possible at least, in all reports of this particularly crass and low type of supernatural phenomenon.

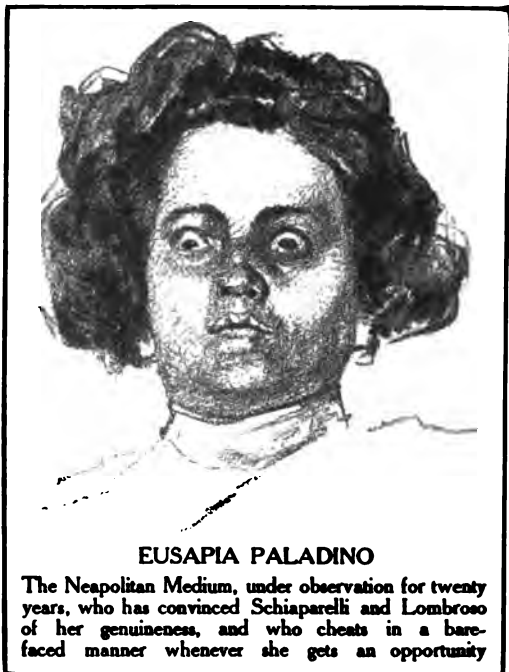
Scientists Who Cheat

Not long after Darwin's "Origin of Species" appeared I was studying with that excellent anatomist and man, Jeffries Wyman, at Harvard. He was a convert, yet so far a half-hesitating one, to Darwin's views; but I heard him make a remark that applies well to the subject I now write about. When, he said, a theory gets propounded over and over again, coming up afresh after each time orthodox criticism has buried it, and each time seeming solidier and harder to abolish, you may be sure that there is truth in it. Oken and Lamarck and Chambers had been triumphantly despatched and buried, but here was Darwin making the very same heresy seem only more plausible. How often has "Science" killed off all spook philosophy, and laid ghosts and raps and "telepathy" away underground as so much popular delusion. Yet never before were these things offered us so voluminously, and never in such authentic-seeming shape or with such good credentials. The tide seems steadily to be rising, in spite of all the expedients of scientific orthodoxy. It is hard not to suspect that



GIOVANNI SCHIAPARELLI

The Italian astronomer who discovered the so-called "canals" in Mars, and who is a well-known psychical researcher



EUSAPIA PALADINO

The Neapolitan Medium, under observation for twenty years, who has convinced Schiaparelli and Lombroso of her genuineness, and who cheats in a barefaced manner whenever she gets an opportunity

here may be something different from a mere chapter in human gullibility. It may be a genuine realm of natural phenomena.

Falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus, once a cheat, always a cheat, such has been the motto of the English psychical researchers in dealing with mediums. I am disposed to think that, as a matter of policy, it has been wise. Tactically it is far better to believe much too little than a little too much; and the exceptional credit attaching to the row of volumes of the S. P. R.'s Proceedings, is due to the fixed intention of the editors to proceed very slowly. Better a little belief tied fast, better a small investment *salled down*, than a mass of comparative insecurity.

But, however wise as a policy the S. P. R.'s maxim may have been, as a test of truth I believe it to be almost irrelevant. In most things human the accusation of deliberate fraud and falsehood is grossly superficial. Man's character is too sophistically mixed for the alternative of "honest or dishonest" to be a sharp one. Scientific men themselves will cheat—at public lectures—rather than let experiments obey their well-known tendency towards failure. I have heard of a lecturer on physics, who had taken over the apparatus of the previous incumbent, consulting him about a certain machine intended to show that, however the peripheral parts of it might be agitated, its center of gravity remained immovable. "It *will* wobble," he complained.

"Well," said the predecessor, apologetically, "to tell the truth, whenever I used that machine I found it advisable to *drive a nail* through the center of gravity." I once saw a distinguished physiologist, now dead, cheat most shamelessly at a public lecture, at the expense of a poor rabbit, and all for the sake of being able to make a cheap joke about its being an "American rabbit"—for no other, he said, could survive such a wound as he pretended to have given it.

A Confession By Professor James

To compare small men with great, I have myself cheated shamelessly. In the early days of the Sanders Theater at Harvard, I once had charge of a heart on the physiology of which Prof. Newell Martin was giving a popular lecture. This heart, which belonged to a turtle, supported an index-straw which threw a moving shadow, greatly enlarged, upon the screen, while the heart pulsed. When certain nerves were stimulated, the lecturer said, the heart would act in certain ways which he described. But the poor heart was too far gone and, although it stopped duly when the nerve of arrest was excited, that was the final end of its life's tether. Presiding over the performance, I was terrified at the fiasco, and found myself suddenly acting like one of those military geniuses who on the field of battle convert disaster into victory. There was no time for deliberation; so, with my forefinger under a part of the straw that cast no shadow, I found myself impulsively and automatically imitating the rhythmical movements which my colleague had prophesied the heart would undergo. I kept the experiment from failing; and not only saved my colleague (and

the turtle) from a humiliation that but for my presence of mind would have been their lot, but I established in the audience the true view of the subject. The lecturer was stating this; and the misconduct of one half-dead specimen of heart ought not to destroy the impression of his words. "There is no worse lie than a truth misunderstood," is a maxim which I have

heard ascribed to a former venerated President of Harvard. The heart's failure would have been misunderstood by the audience and given the lie to the lecturer. It was hard enough to make them understand the subject anyhow; so that even now as I write in cool blood I am tempted to think that I acted quite correctly. I was acting for the larger truth, at any rate, however automatically; and my sense of this was probably what prevented the more pedantic and literal part of my conscience

from checking the action of my sympathetic finger. To this day the memory of that critical emergency has made me feel charitable towards all mediums who make phenomena come in one way when they won't come easily in another. On the principles of the S. P. R., my conduct on that one occasion ought to discredit everything I ever do, everything for example, I may write in this article, —a manifestly unjust conclusion.

A Shallow State of Public Opinion

Fraud, conscious or unconscious, seems ubiquitous throughout the range of physical phenomena of spiritism, and false pretense, prevarication and fishing for clues are ubiquitous in the mental manifestations of mediums. If it be not everywhere fraud simulating reality, one is



CESARE LOMBROSO

The famous criminologist who originated the theory that there is a definite criminal type, the born criminal, that may be distinguished from other men by physical stigmata. He is Paladino's most distinguished convert

tempted to say, then the reality (if any reality there be) has the bad luck of being fated everywhere to simulate fraud. The suggestion of humbug seldom stops, and mixes itself with the best manifestations. Mrs. Piper's control, "Rector," is a most impressive personage, who discerns in an extraordinary degree his sitter's inner needs, and is capable of giving elevated counsel to fastidious and critical minds. Yet in many respects he is an arrant humbug—such he seems to me at least—pretending to a knowledge and power to which he has no title, non-plussed by contradiction, yielding to suggestion, and covering his tracks with plausible excuses. Now the non-"researching" mind looks upon such phenomena simply according to their face-pretension and never thinks of asking what they may signify below the surface. Since they profess for the most part to be revealers of spirit life, it is either as being absolutely that, or as being absolute frauds, that they are judged. The result is an inconceivably shallow state of public opinion on the subject. One set of persons, emotionally touched at hearing the names of their loved ones given, and consoled by assurances that they are "happy," accept the revelation, and consider spiritualism "beautiful." More hard-headed subjects, disgusted by the revelation's contemptible contents, outraged by the fraud, and prejudiced beforehand against all "spirits," high or low, avert their minds from what they call such "rot" or "bosh" entirely. Thus do two opposite sentimentalisms divide opinion between them! A good expression of the "scientific" state of mind occurs in Huxley's "Life and Letters:—"

"I regret," he writes, "that I am unable to accept the invitation of the Committee of the Dialectical Society. . . . I take no interest in the subject. The only case of 'Spiritualism' I have ever had the opportunity of examining into for myself was as gross an imposture as ever came under my notice. But supposing these phenomena to be genuine—they do not interest me. If anybody would endow me with the faculty of listening to the chatter of old women and curates in the nearest provincial town, I should decline the privilege, having better things to do. And if the folk in the spiritual world do not talk more wisely and sensibly than their friends report them to do, I put them in the same category. The only good that I can see in the demonstration of the 'Truth of Spiritualism' is to furnish an additional argument against suicide. Better live a crossing-sweeper, than die and be made to talk twaddle by a 'medium' hired at a guinea a *Seance*."*

* T. H. Huxley, "Life and Letters," I, 240.

Obviously the mind of the excellent Huxley has here but two whole-souled categories, namely revelation or imposture, to apperceive the case by. Sentimental reasons bar revelation out, for the messages, he thinks, are not romantic enough for that; fraud exists anyhow; therefore the whole thing is nothing but imposture. The odd point is that so few of those who talk in this way realize that they and the spiritists are using the same major premise and differing only in the minor. The major premise is: "Any spirit-revelation must be romantic." The minor of the spiritist is: "This is romantic"; that of the Huxleyan is: "this is dingy twaddle"—whence their opposite conclusions!

One Way of Interpreting Certain Phenomena

Meanwhile the first thing that anyone learns who attends seriously to these phenomena is that their causation is far too complex for our feelings about what is or is not romantic enough to be spiritual to throw any light upon it. The causal factors must be carefully distinguished and traced through series, from their simplest to their strongest forms, before we can begin to understand the various resultants in which they issue. Myers and Gurney began this work, the one by his serial study of the various sorts of "automatism," sensory and motor, the other by his experimental proofs that a split-off consciousness may abide after a post-hypnotic suggestion has been given. Here we have subjective factors; but are not transsubjective or objective forces also at work? Veridical messages, apparitions, movements without contact, seem *prima facie* to be such. It was a good stroke on Gurney's part to construct a theory of apparitions which brought the subjective and the objective factors into harmonious co-operation. I doubt whether this telepathic theory of Gurney's will hold along the whole line of apparitions to which he applied it, but it is unquestionable that some theory of that mixed type is required for the explanation of all mediumistic phenomena; and that when all the psychological factors and elements involved have been told off—and they are many—the question still forces itself upon us: Are these all, or are there indications of any residual forces acting on the subject from beyond, or of any "metapsychic" faculty, (to use Richet's useful term) exerted by him? This is the problem that requires real expertness, and this is where the simple sentimentalisms of the spiritist and scientist leave us in the lurch completely.

"Psychics" form indeed a special branch of

education, in which experts are only gradually becoming developed. The phenomena are as massive and wide-spread as is anything in Nature, and the study of them is as tedious, repellent and undignified. To reject it for its unromantic character is like rejecting bacteriology because *penicillium glaucum* grows on horse-dung and *bacterium termo* lives in putrefaction. Scientific men have long ago ceased to think of the dignity of the materials they work in. When imposture has been checked off as far as possible, when chance coincidence has been allowed for, when opportunities for normal knowledge on the part of the subject have been noted, and skill in "fishing" and following clues unwittingly furnished by the voice or face of bystanders have been counted in, those who have the fullest acquaintance with the phenomena admit that in good mediums there is a *residuum of knowledge displayed* that can only be called supernatural: the medium taps some source of information not open to ordinary people. Myers used the word "telepathy" to indicate that the sitter's own thoughts or feelings may be thus directly tapped. Mrs. Sidgwick has suggested that if living minds can be thus tapped telepathically, so possibly may the minds of spirits be similarly tapped—if spirits there be. On this view we should have one distinct theory of the performances of a typical test-medium. They would be all originally due to an odd *tendency to personate*, found in her dream life as it expresses itself in trance. [Most of us reveal such a tendency whenever we handle a "ouija-board" or a "planchet," or let ourselves write automatically with a pencil.] The result is a "control," who purports to be speaking; and all the resources of the automatist, including his or her trance-faculty of telepathy, are called into play in building this fictitious personage out plausibly. On such a view of the control, the medium's *will to personate* runs the whole show;

and if spirits be involved in it at all, they are passive beings, stray bits of whose memory she is able to seize and use for her purposes, without the spirit being any more aware of it than the sitter is aware of it when his own mind is similarly tapped.

This is one possible way of interpreting a certain type of psychical phenomenon. It uses psychological as well as "spiritual" factors, and quite obviously it throws open for us far more questions than it answers, questions about our subconscious constitution and its curious tendency to humbug, about the telepathic faculty, and about the possibility of an existent spirit-world.



MRS. PIPER

One of the most notable living mediums. Her control, "Rector," is a most impressive personage, who discerns in an extraordinary degree his sitter's inner needs, and is capable of giving elevated counsel to fastidious and critical minds

What is "Pure Bosh?"

I do not instance this theory to defend it, but simply to show what complicated hypotheses one is inevitably led to consider, the moment one looks at the facts

in their complexity and turns one's back on the *naïve* alternative of "revelation or imposture," which is as far as either spiritist thought or ordinary scientist thought goes. The phenomena are endlessly complex in their factors, and they are so little understood as yet that off-hand judgments, whether of "spirits" or of "bosh" are the one as silly as the other. When we complicate the subject still farther by considering what connection such things as rappings, apparitions, poltergeists, spirit-photographs, and materializations may have with it, the bosh end of the scale gets heavily loaded, it is true, but your genuine inquirer still is loath to give up. He lets the data collect, and bides his time. He believes that "bosh" is no more an ultimate element in Nature, or a really explanatory category in human life than "dirt" is in chemistry. Every kind of "bosh" has its own factors and laws; and patient study will bring them definitely to light.

The only way to rescue the "pure bosh" view of the matter is one which has sometimes



JAMES HERVEY HYSLOP

Professor of Logic and Ethics at Columbia University, an ardent psychologist who believes that there is a well-defined "will to communicate" evinced by the spirit world

appealed to my own fancy, but which I imagine few readers will seriously adopt. If, namely, one takes the theory of evolution radically, one ought to apply it not only to the rock-strata, the animals and the plants, but to the stars, to the chemical elements, and to the laws of nature. There must have been a far-off antiquity, one is then tempted to suppose, when things were really chaotic. Little by little, out of all the haphazard possibilities of that time, a few connected things and habits arose, and the rudiments of regular performance began. Every variation in the way of law and order added itself to this nucleus, which inevitably grew more considerable as history went on; while the aberrant and inconstant variations, not being similarly preserved, disappeared from being, wandered off as unrelated vagrants, or else remained so imperfectly connected with the part of the world that had grown regular as only to manifest their existence by occasional lawless intrusions, like those which "psychic" phenomena now make into our scientifically organized world. On such a view, these phenomena ought to remain "pure bosh" forever, that is, they ought to be forever intractable to intellectual methods, because they

should not yet be organized enough in themselves to follow any laws. Wisps and shreds of the original chaos, they would be connected enough with the cosmos to affect its periphery every now and then, as by a momentary whiff or touch or gleam, but not enough ever to be followed up and hunted down and bagged. Their relation to the cosmos would be tangential solely.

Looked at dramatically, most occult phenomena make just this sort of impression. They are inwardly as incoherent as they are outwardly wayward and fitful. If they express anything, it is pure "bosh," pure discontinuity, accident, and disturbance, with no law apparent but to interrupt, and no purpose but to baffle. They seem like stray vestiges of that primordial irrationality, from which all our rationalities have been evolved.

To settle dogmatically into this bosh-view would save labor, but it would go against too many intellectual prepossessions to be adopted save as a last resort of despair. Your psychical researcher therefore bates no jot of hope, and has faith that when we get our data numerous enough, some sort of rational treatment of them will succeed.

The Effect on Myers and Hodgson

When I hear good people say (as they often say, not without show of reason), that dabbling in such phenomena reduces us to a sort of jelly, disintegrates the critical faculties, liquefies the character, and makes of one a *gobe-mouche* generally, I console myself by thinking of my friends Frederic Myers and Richard Hodgson. These men lived exclusively for psychical research, and it converted both to spiritism. Hodgson would have been a man among men anywhere; but I doubt whether under any other baptism he would have been that happy, sober and righteous form of energy which his face proclaimed him in his later years, when heart and head alike were wholly satisfied by his occupation. Myers's character also grew stronger in every particular for his devotion to the same inquiries. Brought up on literature and sentiment, something of a courtier, passionate, disdainful, and impatient naturally, he was made over again from the day when he took up psychical research seriously. He became learned in science, circumspect, democratic in sympathy, endlessly patient, and above all, happy. The fortitude of his last hours touched the heroic, so completely were the atrocious sufferings of his body cast into insignificance by his interest in the cause he lived for. When a man's pursuit gradually

makes his face shine and grow handsome, you may be sure it is a worthy one. Both Hodgson and Myers kept growing ever handsomer and stronger-looking.

Such personal examples will convert no one, and of course they ought not to. Nor do I seek at all in this article to convert any one to my belief that psychical research is an important branch of science. To do that, I should have to quote evidence; and those for whom the volumes of S. P. R. Proceedings already published count for nothing would remain in their dogmatic slumber, though one rose from the dead. No, not to convert readers, but simply to *put my own state of mind upon record publicly* is the purpose of my present writing. Some one said to me a short time ago that after my twenty-five years of dabbling in "Psychics," it would be rather shameful were I unable to state any definite conclusions whatever as a consequence. I had to agree; so I now proceed to take up the challenge and express such convictions as have been engendered in me by that length of experience, be the same true or false ones. I may be dooming myself to the pit in the eyes of better-judging posterity; I may be raising myself to honor; I am willing to take the risk, for what I shall write is *my* truth, as I now see it.

There is "Something in" These Phenomena

I began this article by confessing myself baffled. I *am* baffled, as to spirit-return, and as to many other special problems. I am also constantly baffled as to what to think of this or that particular story, for the sources of error in any one observation are seldom fully knowable. But weak sticks make strong fagots; and when the stories fall into consistent sorts that point each in a definite direction, one gets a sense of being in presence of genuinely natural types of phenomena. As to there being such real natural types of phenomena ignored by orthodox science, I am not baffled at all, for I am fully convinced of it. One cannot get demonstrative proof here. One has to follow one's personal sense, which, of course, is liable to err, of the dramatic probabilities of nature. Our critics here obey their sense of dramatic probability as much as we do. Take "raps" for example, and the whole business of objects moving without contact.



RICHARD HODGSON

Secretary and Treasurer of the American Branch of the Society for Psychical Research up to the time of his death in 1905. Many of Mr. Hodgson's associates in psychical research assert that since his death, intelligent and characteristic communications have been received from him through various mediums

"Nature," thinks the scientific man, is not so unutterably silly. The cabinet, the darkness, the tying, suggest a sort of human rat-hole life exclusively and "swindling" is for him the dramatically sufficient explanation. It probably is, in an indefinite majority of instances; yet it is to me dramatically improbable that the swindling

should not have accreted round some originally genuine nucleus. If we look at human imposture as a historic phenomenon, we find it always imitative. One swindler imitates a previous swindler, but the first swindler of that kind imitated some one who was honest. You can no more create an absolutely new trick than you can create a new word without any previous basis.—You don't know how to go about it. Try, reader, yourself, to invent an unprecedented kind of "physical phenomenon of spiritualism." When I try, I find myself mentally turning over the regular medium-stock, and thinking how I might improve some item. This being the dramatically probable human way, I think differently of the whole type, taken collectively, from the way in which I may think of the single instance. I find myself believing that there is "something in" these never ending reports of physical phenomena, although I haven't yet the least positive notion of the something. It becomes to my mind simply a very worthy problem for investigation. Either I or the scientist is of course a fool, with our opposite views of probability here; and I only wish he might feel the liability, as cordially as I do, to pertain to both of us.

Professor James Goes on Record

I fear I look on Nature generally with more charitable eyes than his, though perhaps he would pause if he realized as I do, how vast the fraudulency is which in consistency he must attribute to her. Nature is brutal enough, Heaven knows; but no one yet has held her non-human side to be *dishonest*, and even in the human sphere deliberate deceit is far rarer than the "classic" intellect, with its few and rigid categories, was ready to acknowledge. There is a hazy penumbra in us all where lying and delusion meet, where passion rules beliefs as well as conduct, and where the term "scoundrel" does not clear up everything to the depths as it did for our forefathers. The first automatic writing I ever saw was forty years ago. I unhesitatingly thought of it as deceit, although it contained vague elements of supernormal knowledge. Since then I have come to see in automatic writing one example of a department of human activity as vast as it is enigmatic. Every sort of person is liable to it, or to something equivalent to it; and whoever encourages it in himself finds himself personating someone else, either signing what he writes by fictitious name, or spelling out, by ouija-board or table-tips, messages from the departed. Our subconscious region seems, as a rule, to be dominated either by a crazy "will to make-believe,"

or by some curious external force impelling us to personation. The first difference between the psychical researcher and the inexpert person is that the former realizes the commonness and typicality of the phenomenon here, while the latter, less informed, thinks it so rare as to be unworthy of attention. *I wish to go on record for the commonness.*

The next thing I wish to go on record for is *the presence*, in the midst of all the humbug, of *really supernormal knowledge*. By this I mean knowledge that cannot be traced to the ordinary sources of information—the senses namely, of the automatist. In really strong mediums this knowledge seems to be abundant, though it is usually spotty, capricious and unconnected. Really strong mediums are rarities; but when one starts with them and works downwards into less brilliant regions of the automatic life, one tends to interpret many slight but odd coincidences with truth as possibly rudimentary forms of this kind of knowledge.

What is one to think of this queer chapter in human nature? It is odd enough on any view. If all it means is a preposterous and inferior monkey-like tendency to forge messages, systematically embedded in the soul of all of us, it is weird; and weirder still that it should then own all this supernormal information. If on the other hand the supernormal information be the key to the phenomenon, it ought to be superior; and then how ought we to account for the "wicked partner," and for the undeniable mendacity and inferiority of so much of the performance? We are thrown, for our conclusions, upon our instinctive sense of the dramatic probabilities of nature. My own dramatic sense tends instinctively to picture the situation as an interaction between slumbering faculties in the automatist's mind and a cosmic environment of *other consciousness* of some sort which is able to work upon them. If there were in the universe a lot of diffuse soul-stuff, unable of itself to get into consistent personal form, or to take permanent possession of an organism, yet always craving to do so, it might get its head into the air, parasitically, so to speak, by profiting by weak spots in the armor of human minds, and slipping in and stirring up there the sleeping tendency to personate. It would induce habits in the subconscious region of the mind it used thus, and would seek above all things to prolong its social opportunities by making itself agreeable and plausible. It would drag stray scraps of truth with it from the wider environment, but would betray its mental inferiority by knowing little how to weave them into any important or significant story.

This, I say, is the dramatic view which my mind spontaneously takes, and it has the advantage of falling into line with ancient human traditions. The views of others are just as dramatic, *for the phenomenon is actuated by will of some sort anyhow*, and wills give rise to dramas. The spiritist view, as held by Messrs. Hyslop and Hodgson, sees a "will to communicate," struggling through inconceivable layers of obstruction in the conditions. I have heard Hodgson liken the difficulties to those of two persons who on earth should have only dead-drunk servants to use as their messengers. The scientist, for his part, sees a "will to deceive," watching its chance in all of us, and able (possibly?) to use "telepathy" in its service.

Which kind of will, and how many kinds of will are most inherently probable? Who can say with certainty? The only certainty is that the phenomena are enormously complex, especially if one includes in them such intellectual flights of mediumship as Swedenborg's, and if one tries in any way to work the physical phenomena in. That is why I personally am as yet neither a convinced believer in parasitic demons, nor a spiritist, nor a scientist, but still remain a psychical researcher waiting for more facts before concluding.

Great Scientific Conquests of the Future

Out of my experience, such as it is (and it is limited enough) one fixed conclusion dogmatically emerges, and that is this, that we with our lives are like islands in the sea, or like trees in the forest. The maple and the pine may whisper to each other with their leaves, and Conanicut and Newport hear each other's fog-horns. But the trees also commingle their roots in the darkness underground, and the islands also hang together through the ocean's bottom. Just so there is a continuum of cosmic consciousness, against which our individuality builds but accidental fences, and into which our several minds plunge as into a mother-sea or reservoir. Our "normal" consciousness is circumscribed for adaptation to our external earthly environment, but the fence is weak in spots, and fitful influences from beyond leak

in, showing the otherwise unverifiable common connection. Not only psychic research, but metaphysical philosophy, and speculative biology are led in their own ways to look with favor on some such "panpsychic" view of the universe as this. Assuming this common reservoir of consciousness to exist, this bank upon which we all draw, and in which so many of earth's memories must in some way be stored, or mediums would not get at them as they do, the question is, What is its own structure? What is its inner topography? This question, first squarely formulated by Myers, deserves to be called "Myers's problem" by scientific men hereafter. What are the conditions of individuation or insulation in this mother-sea? To what tracts, to what active systems functioning separately in it, do personalities correspond? Are individual "spirits" constituted there? How numerous, and of how many hierarchic orders may these then be? How permanent? How transient? And how confluent with one another may they become?

What again, are the relations between the cosmic consciousness and matter? Are there subtler forms of matter which upon occasion may enter into functional connection with the individuations in the psychic sea, and then, and then only, show themselves?—So that our ordinary human experience, on its material as well as on its mental side, would appear to be only an extract from the larger psychophysical world?

Vast, indeed, and difficult is the inquirer's prospect here, and the most significant data for his purpose will probably be just these dingy little mediumistic facts which the Huxleyan minds of our time find so unworthy of their attention. But when was not the science of the future stirred to its conquering activities by the little rebellious exceptions to the science of the present? Hardly, as yet, has the surface of the facts called "psychic" begun to be scratched for scientific purposes. It is through following these facts, I am persuaded, that the greatest scientific conquests of the coming generation will be achieved. *Kühn ist das Mühlen, herrlich der Lohn!*



The Spiritual Unrest

The Disintegration of the Jews

By RAY STANNARD BAKER

Author of "Following the Color Line," etc.

Illustrated with Portraits and Photographs

"Thus, to-day, Israel is face to face with a menace of disintegration more formidable than the legions of Titus."—I. Zangwill.

WHEN I went down into the swarming East Side of New York City, I began to understand what a Christian minister meant when he referred to the "stone-wall of Judaism." I found the few Christian churches, which still remained, in a distressing state of decay—dying out, withering down, like trees in barren soil. When I inquired for reasons the minister and missionaries had many things to tell me, but they usually summed up their explanation with the remark that the presence of the Jew was fatal to Christian churches.

How much the Jewish population means in the life of New York City, few people realize. Within the past few years, quietly, almost without notice, the Jew has become the chief single element in the population of our principal American city—and in a very real sense one of the dominating factors of our life. Out of the total population of Greater New York nearly 1,000,000 are Jews, or more than one in every five. Nowhere at any time in the world's history were so many Jews gathered together in one locality. Jerusalem the Golden in all the 5,000 years of its history never had a quarter as many Jews as now live in New York City, and all Palestine to-day, in spite of the efforts of enthusiastic Zionists to fire their people with a desire to return to their home land has not as many Jewish residents as may be found in half a dozen blocks on the East Side. Not only are they the dominant factor on the crowded East Side, but they occupy whole neighborhoods in other parts of the city—in Harlem and the Bronx, in Williamsburg and Brownsville—almost to the exclusion of other population. And they are not mere renters of homes and tenements; for a considerable proportion of the valuable land on Manhattan

Island is now held by Jewish owners. The largest single industry in the city—clothing manufacture—is almost wholly in the hands of Jews. They control many of our greatest banks and other financial institutions, and their domain in finance is rapidly extending; they dominate and direct almost exclusively the amusements, both theaters and operas—of the greatest American city. About half of the principal newspapers of the metropolis are owned by Jews—and some of the other papers have Jewish editors in important positions. They control the greater part of the wholesale and retail trade. Many of our ablest lawyers, doctors and scientists are Jews. More and more the Jew is becoming a great factor in politics; if Tammany Hall is beaten at the polls this fall, the Jew will do it.

Many Jewish judges now administer our laws, and not a few Jews in our legislatures and in Congress are helping to make them. The education of the children of New York City is, to a surprising extent, in the hands of the Jews—and becoming more and more so. I examined the lists recently published of newly appointed teachers for the public schools. It reads for long spaces like a directory of the East Side. Hundreds of teachers in New York who were born in despotic Russia and who came here only a few years ago, knowing not a word of English, are to-day teaching American children the principles of democracy. Some of the strongest benevolent and civic activities of the city are controlled by Jews and, finally, the Jews, resisting Christianity, have built up at least one religious or ethical movement which has attracted many Christians. Not a few Christian churches, slowly surrounded by Jews, have given up the struggle and their buildings have finally been purchased and

converted into synagogues. It may come as a surprise to many people, but it is a fact that there are now far more synagogues (organizations, not buildings) on Manhattan Island than there are Christian churches. The number of Jewish synagogues in Greater New York is 803, of which 708 are in Manhattan Island and the Bronx. Assuredly New York City has become the New Jerusalem of the Jew.

It would make a study of profound interest to determine how far the Jew and Jewish ideals are modifying in essential particulars the life and thought of American cities. We are accustomed, in our self-assurance, to regard the Jew either as an interloper to be superciliously set apart and kept apart, or else as an alien to be assimilated and made Christian as rapidly as possible. We imagine with a swelling of our pride that we are making over all these Jews and other foreigners to our ideas of what an American should be; we forget that we are also being made over to *their* ideas of what an American should be. With the Jew so largely dominating the three greatest engines of popular opinion and popular education—the schools, the public press, and the stage—it would certainly be astonishing if the life and ideals of the city were not vitally modified.

I do not mean to say that the Jews are consciously trying to change our life or that they do not become loyal and patriotic Americans. But civilization is a sort of pudding, changed to the taste of every added ingredient. With a million Jews in our metropolitan pudding, the conduct of our business, our religious observances, our ideas of art and music, cannot fail to be essentially modified.

From the time of Jesus down, the church has labored with greater persistence and less success to convert the Jews than any other people. At times it has pursued Mahomet's policy of "the sword or the faith," and by force and persecution has brought a few Jews into the church; at other times it has used the velvet hand of persuasion. Both methods are still in vogue, the method of force being in these latter days in America thinly veiled under forms of prejudice, ostracism, and the lesser sorts of persecution. As for the method of persuasion, it was probably never employed more widely than it is to-day. Within the last ten years the Christian churches of America have awakened as never before to the so-called Jewish problem. They want now to break down the "stone wall of the Jew" which has been building for so many centuries at the hands of Christian governments. And they find the wall curiously defended on the other side!

"After persecuting us for a thousand years and more in the name of Christ, you come to us and ask us to believe in that Christ!" exclaims the Jew.

When I began these studies I had no idea to what extent the effort to proselyte the Jews had gone. On July 1, 1909, there were 45 Jewish missionary societies in the United States, with 48 stations and 144 workers, also 47 schools with 2,355 pupils. I have visited, at various times, quite a number of these missions, and all of them without exception have impressed me with the discouraging feebleness of their work. Most of the leaders in Jewish missions, those who know most of conditions, frankly express their discouragement. They work very hard indeed for meagre results. A few hundred conversions are reported every year, but after a century of activity, the total Jewish membership in evangelical Christian churches, according to a careful investigation made by an ardent supporter of Hebrew missions, the Rev. Louis Meyer of the Presbyterian Church, is less than 10,000, including children, out of a total Jewish population of 2,000,000. And this is counterbalanced in some degree by Christians who have joined the Jewish synagogues, of whom there is no inconsiderable number. Although the Jews never invite proselytes, I know one synagogue in New York which receives about ten Christians a year, mostly Christian wives of Jewish men.

Among the great mass of Jews in the country, the Christian missions have not stirred the least interest. In fact, I found from many inquiries among all sorts of Jews that the prevailing attitude was one of indifference or of contempt. Only in a few instances have the missions succeeded even in arousing the tribute of open hostility. Their fear of Christianity is of a very different sort, as I shall show.

Thus, in spite of persecution, in spite of determined missionary efforts, the Jew has steadily gone on increasing in numbers until to-day there is a larger Jewish population in the world than ever before. It was only a handful of Jews that Moses led out of Egypt, compared with the 12,000,000 now scattered abroad among the nations.

But let us look more deeply into the condition of the Jews. The "stone wall of Judaism" is by no means as high or as strong as a superficial examination would indicate. It is, in fact, nothing more than a scenery wall—painted paper—with a Hebrew inscription which no Christian and comparatively few American Jews can read. And that inscription is the closing words of the Passover

prayer: "And next year may we be in Zion." Behind the wall, among themselves, the Jews are engaged in a heated discussion as to what is meant by "Zion"—Jerusalem or New York!

When I began to make inquiries among the Jews themselves—in three different cities, New York, Boston and Chicago—I discovered an extraordinary condition of upheaval and unrest. It is one of the commonest of human errors to imagine that a distant people are all, somehow, exactly like one another, and at the same time very different from ourselves. But when we become really acquainted with those distant people we find them curiously human like ourselves, swept by the same interests and hopes and fears, divided by the same issues, concerned with the same problems.

And so the Jews. As I talked with Jewish religious leaders I had often to remind myself that I was not talking with Christian ministers, so similar were the stories told and the complaints made of the decline of religious interest. I heard the same lament that religion no longer influenced men's lives, that the synagogues, although very numerous, were illy-attended and poorly supported, that home-worship, a central feature of the Jewish religion, was falling into decay, and finally, one rabbi, when I asked him what was the trouble with the Jewish religion, answered me in two words: "Your Christianity."

Though he did not mean by Christianity quite what the word means to most of us, this remark contained a world of significance, as I shall show.

Thus, strangely enough, I found the Christian church on the one hand giving the Jew as a reason for its decline in certain localities, and the Jew responding with the assertion that Christianity was one of the causes for the disintegration of his religion. As a matter of fact, the cause lies deeper than either thinks, and it is the same in both cases. A world-wide liberalism is shaking ancient institutions; old walls are everywhere tottering. The Roman Catholic has his Modernist, the Protestant his Higher Critic, and the Jew his Reform Movement. It goes deep—this spiritual unrest.

And nowhere deeper than among the Jews, whose intellectual faculties have been sharpened for centuries upon the gritty texts of the Old Testament and the Talmud. It is scarcely necessary to recall the fact that many of the ideas which are now most deeply stirring mankind are the product of thinkers who were Jews. The beginning of the socialist movement traces back to two Jews, Marx and Lasalle; the

peace movement had its inspiration in a book by Jean de Bloch, a Jew; and the ethical culture movement in America, the length and breadth of which is not yet appreciated, is largely the inspiration of Dr. Felix Adler, a Jew. The Jewish people have always possessed the genius for declaring revolutionary truths, for prophecy. We sometimes forget that modern civilization rests largely upon Jewish prophecy and Jewish law-giving, Moses and David and Isaiah, Jesus and Paul—all Jews.

Before we can understand what a liberal movement signifies, we must form a clear conception of the orthodoxy from which it is a revolt.

In Grand Street, the Broadway of the East Side, you will recognize instantly the common type of the orthodox Jew. He looks very much as he looked when he walked the dirty streets of his native Russian or Austrian village. His black coat, his long black beard, his rounded shoulders, the Hebrew curls at his temples, indelibly mark his place in the heterogeneous life of the streets. He can be seen walking with serene countenance in the midst of this seething caldron of modern life as unscathed as Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego in the fiery furnace of King Nebuchadnezzar, and with as profound a faith in the watchfulness of a personal God.

He came here, this serene old Jew, four thousand miles from Eastern Europe, and about five hundred years from the middle ages. In Russia, Austria or Roumania, he lived mostly in small towns, set apart and much forced upon himself. He knew little of modern learning, modern science, or modern industry, but he was deeply versed in the wisdom of old religious books. Though dwelling in an age of nationalism which is already dreaming of universalism, he remained in what was essentially a tribal stage of civilization with a tribal God, and a tribal conception of religion. In a real sense his religion commanded every act of his life in a way that we can scarcely realize. The synagogue to the Jew in Russia is very much what the Middle Ages' cathedral was to the Roman Catholic, or as the Protestant church was to the Puritans of New England—the center of his life.

When the Jew reaches New York he brings his tribal instincts and his tribal conception of God with him, and the first thing he does is to attempt to set up and continue his tribal institutions. He does not know it, of course, but the source of liberalism—indeed, of revolution, if the spirit of liberalism be long repressed—is the attempt to apply fifteenth or



Photograph by Altman & Co.

Jacob H. Schiff

Who has been called "the leading Jewish citizen of the United States." He has used his great wealth in promoting every sort of Jewish benevolence from the orthodox Jewish Theological Seminary to the radical reform Free Synagogue. Not only is he connected with many Jewish charitable organizations, but he has been one of the prime movers in many civic and reform movements in New York City. He was born in Germany in 1847 and is the head of the banking house of Kuhn, Loeb & Co.

even nineteenth century institutions, unchanged, to twentieth century conditions. Orthodoxy never seems to learn that anything grows!

In its ecclesiastical institutions no religion is freer or more democratic than the Jewish. Among the Jews there is no authority comparable to the Roman Catholic Pope, no denominational supervision, no ordained clergy. Any ten Jews may organize a synagogue, elect a president, and choose one of their number as a reader, or employ a rabbi. This accounts for the very large number of Jewish synagogical congregations in New York City. Each is made up largely of men from the same town in Russia, or of the same district in Austria. Only a comparatively few of the older and larger con-

gregations—like that composed of Jews from Krakow, Austria—have buildings of their own. A few, indeed, have bought out and rearranged abandoned Protestant or Roman Catholic churches, but the great majority of the synagogues are mere rented rooms in the tenement houses. I have visited a single tenement on the East Side with as many as three different synagogues in it. In one building in Ridge Street I found a store on the first floor, a sweat-shop on the second floor (with families living in the rear), two synagogues on the third and fourth floors and then another sweat-shop at the top. It costs only fifty or seventy-five dollars for a scroll of the law (written on sheepskin by scribes in Russia), which is the main requisite of a synagogue; the members them-



Photograph by Elias Gilder

Judge Mayer Sulzberger

A distinguished citizen of Philadelphia, presiding judge of the Court of Common Pleas. Born in Germany. One of the founders of the Young Men's Hebrew Association, which corresponds to the Y. M. C. A. among Christians; also President of the American Jewish Committee. He has one of the finest private libraries in America

selfs often do the necessary carpentering, and the women make the altar curtains. A few seats for the men, a little shut-in, stuffy gallery for the women, and an altar toward Jerusalem—and the synagogue is complete.

Eagerly the incoming Jew attends his little synagogue. For a time it is almost as much a center of his life as it was in Russia. He gathers there with his neighbors morning, noon and night, discussing not only religious but secular affairs of all sorts. Sometimes he opens a little school or *chedar* in which his children learn the Hebrew prayers; sometimes he allows poorer Jews to sleep there at night; and sometimes even trade intrudes upon the temple. In one synagogue in a dingy back alley I saw an old oilcloth merchant arranging

his wares among the pews. For a time, also, the Jew is scrupulous in his observances of dietary laws and of all other rites and ceremonies. Every morning he binds his phylacteries (little leather boxes containing passages of the scripture) to his arm and forehead while he prays and he is particular to wear, under his clothing, the sacred "four corners" or "fringes." We may smile as we will at the droning, swaying worshippers, "gabbling their prayers," as Zangwill says, in the little East Side synagogues, it is still a fact that many of these black-bearded orthodox Jews practice a severity of morality not so common in this age as to be despised.

There is, indeed, something infinitely pathetic in the effort of these old Jews to maintain their religion in New York; and in less exaggerated form, one may see the older Presbyterians, Methodists and Roman Catholics struggling desperately in the torrent of modern progress to preserve all the old customs and traditions of their churches. And yet these intensely earnest older Jews are engaged in the ancient, unseeing task of trying to crowd an expanding and exuberant universe

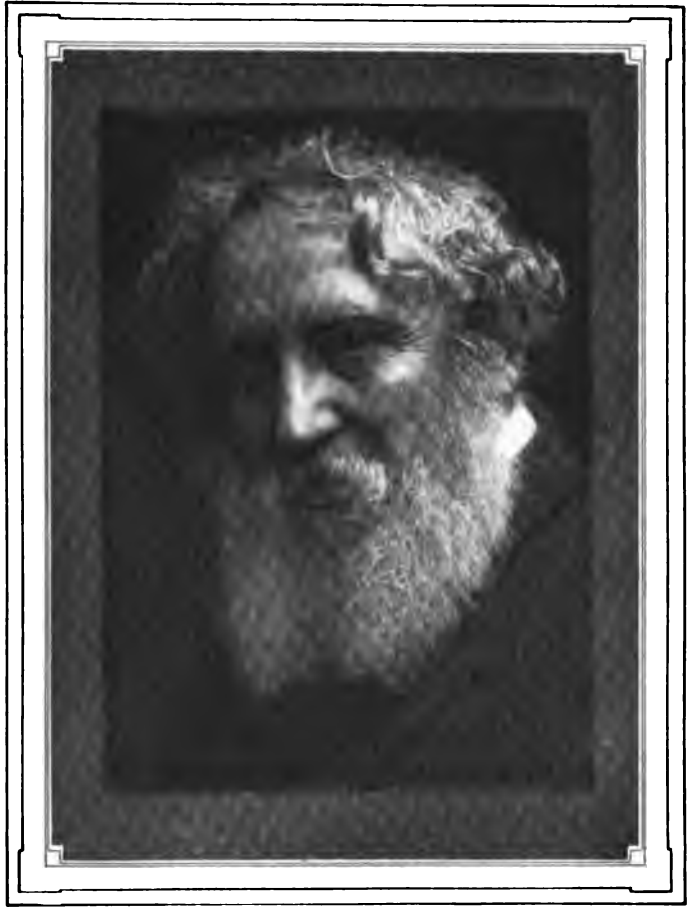
into their own little, institutional pint cups. The Jew finds himself in a life inconceivably broader, freer, swifter than anything he knew in Russia. A few of the older men and women, indeed, never get into the current of the new life at all; but the moment the young people secure work and begin to learn the English language, they are irresistibly swept away from the old religious moorings. Philip Davis, a Russian Jew, who came here as a youth, began in a sweat-shop, graduated at Harvard University, and is now in public work in Boston, says of his experiences:

"For the first six months my religious convictions were unshaken. Somehow I could find no work and therefore had ample time to take in even more than three divine daily services.

if need be. But at last I got work in one of the old-time sweat-shops of New York, first as a basting-puller, then as a half-baster. From the moment I entered the shop my religious interest began to decline. In a year it was practically *nil*. My 'four corners' wore out and were never replaced; my forelocks disappeared: my phylacteries and my prayer-book were in exile. I ceased going to the synagogue, first only on week days, later on Saturdays as well. In after years I never entered it but twice a year, at the anniversary of my mother's death and during the day of atonement."

I have had much to say of the decline of church attendance, but the same tendency is observable among the synagogues. I have visited many of them on Friday evenings and Saturday mornings—the two principal services of the week. Often I have found half a dozen bearded men waiting there—for what reason at first I could not understand. They would look up hopefully when I came in, and then their faces would fall when they saw that I was a Gentile and therefore would not help to make up the necessary prayer-quorum of ten, without which they could not

begin their services. Sometimes one of the number will go out on the street and beseech passing Jews to come in and help them with their quorum. I never shall forget one of these old Jews—his wistful eyes, his gentle, ineffectual movements—whom I saw one day stepping out like some patriarch from his fifteenth century synagogue and seeking to stop with a call to prayer, the tide of the twentieth century as it rushed through the streets. But some of the more prosperous synagogues, adopting modern methods to solve the problem, have employed a certain number of men to be constantly upon call for making up their prayer-quorums. Even in the largest East Side synagogues the attendance is often pitifully small; I have attended services



Photography by Mametkeu

Professor Solomon Schechter

President of the Jewish Theological Seminary of New York, one of the greatest of living Hebrew scholars. He is a Roumanian Jew, educated in Berlin and Vienna, a graduated rabbi. He was professor of Hebrew at the College of London and has traveled extensively in the search for Hebrew manuscripts. He is the undoubted leader of Orthodox Judaism among the cultivated Jews of America

where there were only twelve or fifteen men, including the cantor, with two or three women in the gallery.

Twice a year the synagogues are crowded—at the great Jewish religious feasts, the Day of Atonement and the New Year. Indeed, hundreds of temporary synagogues are instituted in halls and theaters to accommodate the throng of Jews who renew, upon these solemn occasions, their religious connections. Even the Jews who have lost all real religious faith, who no longer observe the ceremonial laws, will return to the synagogue for the Day of Atonement. In a similar way Christian churches are crowded at Easter, or for the Christmas celebration.

If it were not for the older people and for the

constant inflow of immigrants I don't know what would become of the orthodox religious institutions of the Jews. Not only are the younger people soon alienated from the synagogue by American influences, but of recent years many young people are in secret rebellion against the old religion before they come here. In the last ten years great changes have been taking place in Russia and Austria. Even the Ghetto of the Jew has been penetrated to some extent by modern learning and modern ideas. In talking with Jews I don't know how often I have been told that they were "emancipated" be-

fore they came here as a result of reading Russian or German books. One of the ablest Jews in New York told me how he toiled with painful secrecy through a Russian text-book of geography.

"I found," he said, "that the earth revolved around the sun, not the sun around the earth, as the Talmud had it, and from that moment my faith in the old teachings was broken."

Not only do the younger Jews desert their religious practices, but they often adopt English names, refuse to speak Yiddish and diligently absorb American ideas and customs. It is difficult for us who have always lived in America to realize what a comparatively free country means to a Russian Jew—a country where a man is free to organize, free to say what he thinks and believe what he will, where even citizenship is free. At once his life, formerly centered in the synagogue, finds a hundred new activities to occupy it. The public school is so far better than the dingy, unsanitary, unpedagogical *chedar* where only Hebrew is taught, that it speedily swallows up all the children. Hundreds, indeed, of the little Hebrew *chedarim* are still maintained by the contributions of pious parents, and many



Typical interior of one of the better class East Side synagogues. The altar is on the east of the building, so that in praying, faithful Jews may have their faces toward Jerusalem

children are compelled to go to them after public school hours, but they go under compulsion and stop as soon as possible.

The right of free association has resulted in labor organizations and innumerable societies for every conceivable purpose, many of which draw the Jews from the synagogue. One evening I visited the strike headquarters of an East Side labor union: it was thronged with men—while the nearby synagogue, although it was the prayer-hour, was practically deserted. The young Jews also join the settlement-clubs, they meet in the free parks, they literally swallow the books at the free libraries, they patronize the free city baths to the loss of the innumerable little Jewish bath houses and, wonder of wonders, the Jew, who has never known anything of physical culture, takes with avidity to the free gymnasium! As he gets farther away he even joins the Y. M. C. A.—for its non-religious advantages.

It is not long before the Jew begins to break the Sabbath—for in America the pressure of industry and business all tend, and almost irresistibly, to prevent the Jew from observing a different day from the Christian. I have visited the East Side frequently on Saturday and I



A Tenement House Synagogue

It requires only ten Jews to organize a synagogue. As a result hundreds of little synagogues are to be found in East Side tenements, sometimes several in one building, the membership of each usually made up of residents from a single small town in Russia

have been surprised to see how many of the Jewish stores remain open, how many pushcart men continue to ply their trade even in this heart and center of orthodox Jewry. And breaking away from the Sabbath, neither does the Jew observe the Christian Sunday. Thus he works and makes money seven days a week.

In some cases the synagogue itself has become more or less commercialized. A group of men organize a death benefit, or a burial association, or even a sick benefit society, sometimes all three, and a synagogue is maintained as a sort of appendage. It costs little to run, and, indeed, it sometimes makes its members a profit through the sale of seats at high prices during the Jewish feast days. I talked with the president of a somewhat typical East

Side orthodox synagogue, a physician interested in many Jewish organizations. He told me very frankly that he himself was a free-thinker, but he thought it well to keep up the synagogue.

"Many of the old people like it," he said, "and it furnishes a place for us to get together."

Of the one hundred and forty members of his synagogue he told me that twenty were "truly religious," about twenty were "half-way religious," and that the other hundred were more or less free-thinkers.

I asked a young Russian Jew recently married whether he still observed the dietary laws. This is what he said:

"In a way, yes. We don't make much of the details like keeping the butter and meat dishes apart, but we do eat kōsher food. If we didn't the old folks would not come to visit us. We shall keep it up as long as they live."

Many Jews I talked with had much the same thing to say; they did not wish to sadden their parents, so they kept on with a portion, at least, of the forms and ceremonies. They are like thousands of unchurched Christians who to-day go back to a religious institution to be married, have a minister officiate at funerals, and though their children are not baptized, still send them to Sunday school. Such nominal Christians also celebrate Easter and Christ-

mas as holidays, but with little thought of the significance of these festivals.

The most prevalent attitude toward religion even among the radical Jews is not violent enough to be called atheism; it is rather, as among Christians, one of indifference. A careful investigation made recently by the Federation of Churches of a large district in Harlem occupied chiefly by Jews showed that over eighty per cent. of the Jews acknowledged no connection with any synagogue. As Rabbi Harris said to me:

"The Jew has always survived persecution; will he be able now to survive emancipation?"

Having thus endeavored to show how the old forms of Judaism are breaking up, I come now to the consideration of the experiments



Dr. Stephen S. Wise

Rabbi of the Free Synagogue. Dr. Wise is perhaps the most radical of the Jewish reform religious leaders in America. A brilliant orator and an able scholar he is building up a strong work in New York. He is not yet 37 years old

which Jews are making toward new forms of religious expression. Men cannot long survive without some form of religion; and if the old breaks down, there is an eager, persistent, indefatigable search for the new.

The present tendency of our civilization might be characterized as one of frank examination; Christians and Jews alike are in a critical mood; we deny the old dogmas of religion, we criticize government, we are dissatisfied with the present methods of industry. The great mass of the people are passive and drifting—waiting for the clear call of new leaders.

Thus the great mass of the Jews, having gone out of the synagogue have gone into nothing else. It is easy to drift, hard to take a positive step into new and unknown enterprises.

One would think, indeed, that this was just the opportunity for the Christian to convert the Jew; but the Christian is in exactly the same state as the Jew. He can't convert the Jew because the Jew cannot see that the Christian applies his doctrines to his own life! Wherever there is reality of faith, the Jew is attracted exactly like any other person. One of the most interesting facts that came to my notice in New York was the growing number of Jews in Christian Science churches. Some of them go into the Christian Science work and still maintain connection with a synagogue. There are even three Jewish Christian Science practitioners on the orthodox East Side. A patient of one of them, asked by a friend of mine what the Christian Scientist told him to do, replied:

"Why, he told me just what the rabbi does, to believe in God."

In the earlier part of this article I spoke of the failure of Christian missions among the Jews, but intimated that the influence of Christianity upon the Jews was none the less profound. It is a curious thing how much farther a little of the practiced Christian Spirit will go than much preaching of the Christian doctrines. Though few Jews come into the churches from the missions, a good many drift in as a result of kindly human association with Christians. Thus many Jews, especially in smaller towns and cities, have been drifting into the churches. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, a liberal Unitarian of Chicago, has a considerable number of Jews in his congregation. When I was in the South two or three years ago studying the Negro problem, I met a number of men with Jewish names, who, by long contact with Christians and isolation from their kind, had drifted into the churches. During the Civil War the Jews of the South were loyal to its cause, and fought shoulder to shoulder with their Gentile brothers. This broke down the wall of prejudice and their

children are naturally in the Sunday-schools and become church members as they grow up. Breaking away from forms and seeking the true spirit of religion, Christian and Jew find themselves not far apart, after all.

But the religious drift of the Jew, however much it may be influenced by Christianity, is distinctly not toward the churches as they are now constituted. Why should it be, when Christians themselves are drifting away from their own churches?

Modern Jewry in America may be divided into three great classes. First, the orthodox Jews, made up largely, as I have shown, of the new immigrants on the East Side; second, the indifferent or drifting Jews who compose a very large part of the population; third, the Reform Jews, who have taken the positive step to new things.

All the larger and wealthier synagogues, with few exceptions, belong to the Reform group; the Americanized Jew, if he keeps up his religious observances at all, broadly speaking, belongs to a Reform synagogue.

Briefly described, the Reform movement, which began years ago in Germany, is an attempt, like that of modernism among the Roman Catholics, and the social movement among the Protestants, to bring religious institutions up to date.

"The Reform movement," said Rabbi Harris of Temple Israel of New York, "seeks to get at the living essentials of the Jewish faith and apply them to life as it is to-day."

Most of the Reform synagogues that I have visited are far nearer, in their services, to the Protestant churches than they are to the orthodox synagogues. They have sloughed off a large part of the old ceremonies and ritual. A new union prayer-book has been adopted by the Central Conference of American Rabbis, composed of one hundred and eighty-three

of the principal Reform congregations in the United States. It is much briefer than the old and contains more English than Hebrew. In the Reform synagogues women have been raised to an equality with men. Instead of being relegated to the gallery—a remnant of Orientalism in the orthodox synagogues—they occupy pews with the men. Music and mixed choirs have been introduced and the preaching is commonly English. Men do not wear their hats in the Reform synagogue according to the ages-old custom among the orthodox Jews. Marriage and burial ceremonies have been simplified and even in some Reform synagogues the great festivals have been shortened. Reform Jews do not observe the ancient dietary laws: indeed, often do not know what they are.

In still more essential ways, however, the



Temple Emanu-El in Fifth Avenue, New York

The most notable of the Reform Jewish Synagogues. Has services on both Saturday and Sunday. Many of the wealthiest Jews attend here. The Rev. Joseph Silverman is Rabbi



Photograph from Paley's Studio

Abraham Cahan

One of the leading Jewish Socialists of New York. As editor of the principal Yiddish daily paper, "The Forward," which is a Socialist organ, he exercises a wide leadership among his people. Born in Russia of a family of rabbis, he was educated in a Russian school, but at the age of 22 he was compelled to fly from his home on account of his association with revolutionists. Arriving here with no knowledge of English, in four years' time he was teaching in the public schools. He has written many novels and stories of Jewish life



Photograph by Pack Bros

Dr. Felix Adler

One of the most distinguished of American scholars, organizer of the Ethical Culture Society. He also occupies a professorial chair at Columbia University, and is chairman of the National Child Labor Committee. Dr. Adler believes in democracy and in voluntary collectivism, but not in Socialism: in the sacredness of each person's individuality; and that the right democratic spirit will be attained when one's relation to his equals, and to those ranks of life both higher and lower than his own, have been adjusted on an ethical basis

Jewish religion has been changed. The orthodox Jew still looks to a miraculous coming of the Messiah, and a physical return of all Jews to Jerusalem. The Reform Jew believes not in miracles but in evolution, and he looks forward to the coming of a Messianic era rather than a personal Messiah. He desires a Zion in which all men will accept the one God, and he believes that the Jews have a mission in bringing about that result. For a belief in the resurrection of the body, he has substituted a belief in the immortality of the soul. He is also much more friendly in receiving proselytes than the orthodox Jew; nor does he require of them the rite of circumcision.

In thus describing the Reform movement I have had to speak in the broadest terms, because among Reformers themselves there exists to-day every variety of belief and every stage of ceremonial usage from mild orthodoxy up to extreme radicalism. For example, in Dr. Grossman's synagogue in New York, the men still wear their hats at service—but they use an

organ and a mixed choir, and women and men sit together; while in Dr. Silverman's Temple Emanu-El, the most notable of New York synagogues, the men do not wear their hats and services are held on both Saturday and Sunday.

At the extreme radical wing of the Reform Movement stand two remarkable men, Dr. Emil G. Hirsch, of Sinai Temple of Chicago, who is the greatest leader of liberal Judaism in this country, and Dr. Stephen S. Wise, who organized two years ago, the Free Synagogue in New York. Both of these men are brilliant and effective speakers and their utterances upon public questions have been marked with singular courage. Both have given up entirely the Friday and Saturday services—the last stronghold of Judaism—and hold their services on Sunday; and both, in common with most Reform synagogues, have adopted the Christian idea of Sunday and Bible schools to teach the English Bible. But most significant of all, perhaps, both have taken exactly the same



Photograph from Gibson Art Galleries

Judge Julian W. Mack of Chicago

One of the ablest of the younger generation of American Jews. Born in San Francisco, he was graduated with the highest honors at the Harvard law school and afterwards studied in Berlin and Leipzig. He is an officer of many charitable and civic organizations. Elected a judge in 1903 he was reelected against severe opposition this spring, the only Democrat on the ticket. He is 43 years old



Photograph from Matzevo Studio

Julius Rosenwald

Mr. Rosenwald has been called the "Jacob Schiff of Chicago." He is the head of the well known house of Sears, Roebuck & Co., and like Mr. Schiff in New York, he is widely interested in Jewish charitable enterprises and organizations. He is president of the Hebrew Associated Charities of Chicago, which raises and distributes nearly \$250,000 every year

steps that the more progressive Christian churches have taken, and have started extensive institutional activities.

The idea of a gymnasium, secular clubs and manual training in connection with a synagogue is utterly inconceivable, of course, to the orthodox Jew.

"They give lessons in carpentry and teach men to box with gloves," an orthodox rabbi told me with distress; "they have forgotten the law; they eat unclean food."

Not only have Dr. Hirsch and Dr. Wise instituted extended institutional features, but other leaders, like Dr. Gries of Cleveland, who has a highly successful work, Dr. Harris of New York, and many others, have made noteworthy progress in the same direction.

One of the curious and interesting things about the progressive Jew is his interest in Jesus; and his changing attitude toward Jesus. Among orthodox Jews, as they come to this country, the name of Jesus is execrated, and his name is even coupled with ribald and disgusting stories. While no Jew acknowledges the deity of Jesus, or admits that he was in

truth the Messiah, many of them look upon him with pride as one of the great Jewish prophets. It is not at all unusual in the more liberal synagogues to hear the speaker quote from the New Testament, or speak of Jesus.

"The Jew, of whatever shade of opinion," said Dr. Hirsch in one of his discourses, "is willing to acknowledge the charm, the beauty, the whole-souled perfection of the great prophet of Nazareth. He belongs to us. . . . But all of us are also agreed in this; that what he taught was not a revelation new to the synagogues; for neither in his morality nor in his religious hope did he advance one step beyond the teachings of contemporaneous Judaism. . . . But as a matter of expression, putting the matter so as to vest it with the force of almost a new thought, Jesus commands a place among the few chosen of God."

Dr. Hirsch concludes his discourse in these remarkable words:

"If Jesus were to come back to earth to-day, the Christians would not admit him to their clubs because he is a Jew; if St. Paul were to come to life he would not be received; St. Peter

would not be allowed as a guest at a summer hotel, because, forsooth, he is a Hebrew. And therefore the synagogue must continue to exist if for no other reason than to give Jesus a home."

In short, the faith of the Reform Jew is almost identical with that of the Unitarian, and his methods of work can scarcely be distinguished from those of the more advanced Protestant churches. Dr. Hirsch once replied wittily when asked if he were not really a Unitarian:

"No, I am a Jewntarian."

Still, beyond Reform Judaism, dispensing wholly with theology, is the Ethical Culture Movement, the originator of which was Dr. Felix Adler, a Jew, which has attracted to its support many Jews and not a few Christians. The essence of the movement is expressed in its motto, "Deed, not Creed;" the extreme application of the doctrine of works rather than faith. One of its aims is "to teach that the moral law has an immediate authority not contingent on the truth of religious belief, or of philosophical theories."

Of course, all this progressive movement, supported as it is by the wealthiest Jews, having its own religious schools and colleges, has not gone forward without producing back eddies and revulsions of feeling. Most men are temperamentally conservative; they fear the new step; truth for them must be well buttressed with traditions, else it is no truth. The ruthless sweeping away of ancient ceremonial, and, more than anything else, the de-Judaizing of Jews under the influence of Americanism, has alarmed many conservative Jews. Rabbi Asher said recently in an interview:

"Americanism means becoming completely secularized and thoroughly de-Judaized in every way. There is not a single Jew in Fifth Avenue who will keep his Sabbath."

Moreover, this little group of cultivated orthodox leaders, who are crying for a return to the old customs, look with terror on what Dr. Asher calls "the disorder, the lawlessness, the lewdness of the children" of the second generation. For freedom, and the sudden removal of restraint, which on the one hand has enabled Jews to attain distinction in all branches of American life, has, at the other extreme, resulted in the wholesale wreckage of the lives of many young Jews. The awful cost of swift progress, of the jump from the fifteenth to the twentieth century, is seen in the numbers of Jews arrested for crime or confined in our penal institutions. Sudden freedom is both a wonderful and a dangerous thing!

"When once the Jew breaks away," a

highly cultivated orthodox Jew said to me, "where can he stop? The path of the reformer is toward more reform; can he halt this side of a Godless Ethical Culture Movement on the one hand, or a perfunctory Christianity on the other?"

To meet this situation a Jewish Theological Seminary has been established in New York to train orthodox rabbis. One of the greatest of living Hebrew scholars—Dr. Solomon Schechter—is its president. And yet, though it has been in existence now for a number of years it has only twenty-four students in the rabbinical course, with two graduates last year. Jacob H. Schiff, though himself a Reform Jew, has been one of the chief contributors to the work. Orthodox schools on the East Side have also been assisted, but so far very little has been accomplished.

Another movement which is in part a protest against the disintegration of the Jews, and in part a struggle to escape at last from persecution, is Zionism. But even Zionism partakes of the present world-longing for reality, for reducing faith to works. For centuries the Jews have been longing and expecting to return to Palestine; and now, though Zionism has no hold among Reform Jews, there is a desire even among many who are religious free thinkers to make Zion an actuality. Thousands of Jews in America are annually paying their shekel to the Zionist Societies, some are investing in land in Palestine, and a few, a very few, go there every year. But to the vast proportion of Jews Zionism means nothing.

At a recent conference of American Rabbis (the Reform body), a declaration was made that "America is the Jews' Jerusalem and Washington their Zion."

Most of the Reform synagogues are made up chiefly of German Jews. Few of the Russians, Austrians and Roumanians who came later than the Germans, and who now make up the great bulk of the Jewish population in America, have gone into the Reform Movement. They express their liberalism more in the form of Socialism. Most of the Jews of the East Side, though not all are acknowledged Socialists, are strongly inclined toward Socialism. The chief leaders of Socialism in New York, men like Abraham Cahan, Morris Hillquit, and others, are all Jews.

Thus the social idea—the religion of brotherhood among men—whether it expresses itself in the institutional synagogues and charities of the richer Reform Jew, in the Socialism of the Russian Jew, or in the teachings of duty by the Ethical Culture Society, is the predominant note in the new Jewish liberalism,



Night school in one of the Public Schools, at which grown Jewish immigrants are taught the English language

as it is in Christianity. Profoundly fundamental has always been the social teaching of Judaism; the duty of man to man. The Hebrew prophecies are full of Socialism. And the situation of the Jew for centuries, cut off from the larger world, persecuted and proscribed, has developed a rare spirit of mutual helpfulness. Attention need scarcely be called to the charities of the Jew. He has always cared for his own poor, and to-day in every American city his charitable organizations of all sorts are of the best. Men like Jacob H. Schiff of New York, who is almost a charitable institution in himself, Julius Rosenwald, "the Jacob Schiff of Chicago," Judge Sulzberger of Philadelphia, have not only given with a prodigal hand but have devoted much of their time to the organization of charitable enterprises.

And with the socialization of religion, among Jews as among Christians, comes a widening of the sense of social responsibility toward all mankind. Thus we find many leading Jews

not only interested in helping their own people, but in forwarding every sort of good cause—working hand in hand with progressive Christians. Among leaders of reform and civic activities in every part of the country are to be found Jews; Filene and Brandeis of Boston; Schiff of New York; Lessing Rosenthal, Judge Julian W. Mack and others in Chicago.

No one can study the religious tendencies among the Jews without discovering how closely they resemble the progressive movements among Christians. Both Christians and Jews are moving silently but irresistibly toward the same goal. The Jew will never come into the church as it is now constituted; neither will the Christian become a Jew, but both are rapidly coming together upon the vital, fundamental truths which underlie both religions. For Truth, if it be Truth, cannot be different for Christians than for Jews—no matter how varied the temporary expression of it in creed, or ritual, or ceremonial.





"My dear lads," he said,

An Extra Turn

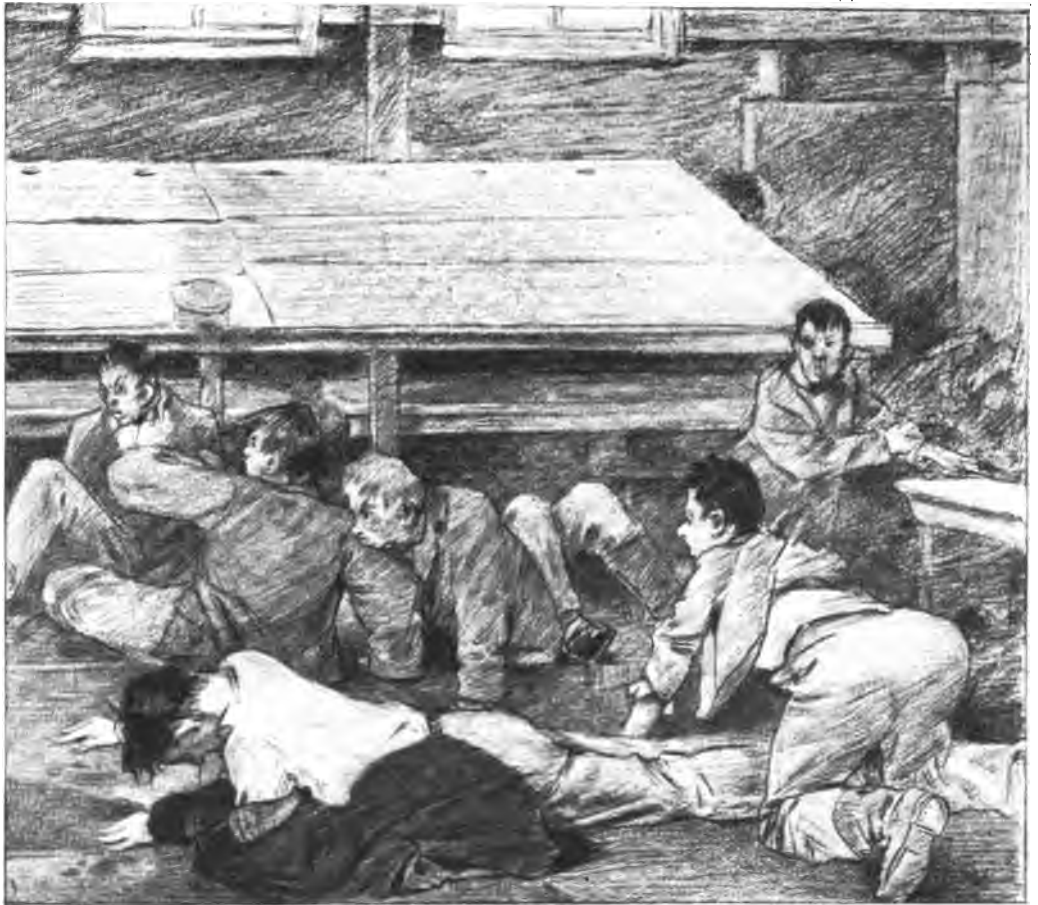
By ROBERT BARR

With Illustrations by Charles S. Chapman

DANIEL MONROE, M.A., M.D., ScD., and so forth, and so forth, sat pondering, with a deep frown on his brow, scowling at a recently opened letter which he held in his hand. He was a young man, still well under thirty, in spite of the degrees he held from Toronto University in Canada, and from various institutions of learning in England, the United States, and Germany. The room he occupied was large, finished in natural wood, furnished with all the luxury of a modern club, and, indeed, it looked like an apartment belonging to some association devoted to athletics.

On the walls hung boxing gloves, foils, and numerous other accessories to the strenuous life.

It was, in fact, the private office of the Professor of Physical Culture, pertaining to the University of Wissacompton, which, as everyone knows, is the third largest community of students west of Chicago. It is scarcely necessary to remind readers who are interested in such things that the Wissacompton University football team last year mowed down the chief men of the eastern colleges as if the Wissacomptons were a section of one of their own prairie fires; and all this was due to the masterly



"I am beginning to love you"

organization and training of young Dr. Monroe, Professor of Athletics, responsible for the physical condition of something like three thousand undergraduates.

Dr. Monroe was a Scotch Canadian, who had graduated at Toronto University, had taught school for a while in his native land, then had drifted across the border with an ever-increasing salary, until he reached the position he now held, and of all the instructors in Wissacompton, he was the most popular and the most respected, for he was the master of his trade, and withal so modest, so mild, so gentle and courteous, that it was impossible for the most sullen of men to dislike him. Left penniless, with a widowed mother and an invalid younger brother, Monroe had worked his way through college, and thus acquired the highest qualifications either as a teacher, or a physician, and it was also known that he could make a good living as a blacksmith or a carpenter. It was not to be wondered at, therefore, that the

western young men who attended Wissacompton College, few of whom were overburdened with riches, should admire and respect an individual who had conquered difficulties as Monroe had done.

In personal appearance Dr. Monroe was as mild-mannered a man as ever knocked an astonished ruffian into the gutter. He was so well built and so finely proportioned that although one could not but admire him, few realized that his muscles were like tempered steel, nor suspected the wonderful athletic feats he could perform when put to it.

He was an excellent organizer, and carried on his work with four assistants whom he had himself trained, and so the first question that cropped up in his mind on reading his brother's letter answered itself. He might easily leave the University for a month or six weeks, and, on his return, find things pretty much as he had left them. That was one consolation, so he determined to ask the president for an extra va-

cation till Christmas time, although it was now the early part of November, with the College in full swing.

The letter which had so disturbed the usually placid current of Monroe's life, although from his brother, was not written in his brother's handwriting. It was dated at the City Hospital, Toronto, and ran as follows:—

DEAR DAN: I hope you won't allow this letter to worry you, but I must confess, at the outset, that I am a failure as a schoolteacher. I got along all right during the summer at Pineknott school, while only the smaller children attended, but, as you know, it is a rough section, and, in the winter, when the big boys put in an appearance, some of them older than myself, and about ten times stronger than I am, then a schoolmaster's life is not one to be envied. At any rate, they have knocked me out, and I crawled down by easy stages from the north woods, and have been on my back in the hospital for a week.

A great hulking, ill-natured giant named Tom Scott was the person who put me out of commission, but any one of half a dozen would have done it sooner or later. Scott's father is one of the principal men of the neighborhood, and was the school trustee who engaged me, and who warned me jocularly, at the time the agreement was signed, that if I offended Tom I should have to take the consequences. He confessed that he could do nothing with the lad, and advised me not to try.

I suppose there will be no school in Pineknott until the New Year, when another victim will be found. Don't imagine I'm complaining at being knocked down, but I do think Scott's kicking of me after I fell was a piece of unnecessary brutality. He has broken two of my ribs, the doctor says, but if there are no internal injuries I shall soon be all right again, although my wrist is sprained, so that I cannot hold a pen.

I write this to ask if you think you could get me some subordinate secretaryship at Wissacompton University. I am willing to do anything except tackle a backwoods school again.

Ever yours, PETER.

"Poor old Peter," sighed the Doctor, as he read the letter once again. "What brutes they must be to abuse so gentle a creature. I must go and cheer him up, and, by Jove, I think I'll teach Pineknott school till the Christmas vacation comes on. It will be a change from University life."

Although Pineknott school is somewhat out of the way, Dan Monroe reached it without much trouble, for the railway brought him to within fourteen miles of the place, and a fine span of horses made light of the fourteen miles, for the sleighing was excellent, and the air crisp, delicious, inspiring. A teacher is not usually obtained except at midsummer, or early in the new year, so the Doctor found Pineknott school still closed, and old Scott hailed the newcomer with obvious gratification, because there had been a good deal of grumbling at the incident which had closed the school, not from any sympathy with the stricken teacher, but be-

cause numerous children were left at home and in mischief.

Within a few days Dr. Monroe was as popular with the young women that attended, and with the small boys and girls, as he had been at the western University. The big boys, however, held aloof, and proved proof against a charm which they regarded with suspicion. His clement school-room manner, without even a hint of corporal punishment, might well breed contempt in the minds of the overgrown lads who had been brought up on the gad. His deferential courtesy to all showed him to be a milksop, but these Miss Nancy ways, although appreciated by the girls, were quite naturally held in manly scorn by the big boys. Tom Scott mincingly mimicked him one day, which caused great hilarity among his comrades, but the schoolmaster merely smiled, and complimented Tom on his improving manners.

The young ruffians saw they had to deal with one who turns the other cheek also, and said among themselves in their own graphic language, that this was a soft snap. The elder brother was evidently going to prove an easier problem than even the younger had been.

Of course, mimicking a teacher, is not, after all, a heinous offence, and therefore Dr. Monroe merely smiled at Tom Scott. But he was watching the young man, and waiting with a patience which he was careful to conceal, for some important act of insubordination on his part that would justify drastic measures of suppression.

To his amazement, as the school session prolonged itself into December, it was Sam Perkins, and not Tom Scott, who achieved the proud position of being the worst boy in the school, and a dozen times a day Sam qualified for an excellent thrashing that never came.

Bill Patterson and Jim Macpherson also committed deeds which, if done by Tom Scott, would have brought vengeance on his head, and at last Dr. Monroe saw that it had been resolved that someone else than young Scott should be chosen to attack the teacher. He surmised that Scott's father, as the senior school trustee, had had enough of the grumbings of the section against his son's act of violence which had caused the school to be closed, and so the old man had evidently warned his boy that it was "hands off" until Christmas, and Perkins was probably the conspirator chosen to fling the bomb.

Under the compassionate rule of the new teacher, and because of the ever-smouldering rebellion on the part of the big boys, discipline in the schoolroom was rapidly going to pieces,

but Monroe continued his work as calmly as if he did not know what discipline was.

All of the elder pupils had qualified for punishment, although they were blissfully unaware of the fact. In a little private memorandum book Monroe set down hour and date of offense, with the name of the offender, in case he might forget when the time came. They were entertaining a recording angel unawares, and no tear from that angel's eye would blot out a single item in the record. With the utmost pa-

tience Monroe was waiting for some definite breach of the law on the part of Thomas Scott, and he had supreme faith, taking the young ruffian's temperament into consideration, that the act would not be long delayed.

One of the duties of the larger boys was the bringing in of wood from the shed outside to replenish the large iron box-stove which heated the schoolroom. It was the duty of the smaller boys, a pair of them being allowed the task, to fill the large pail with water at the pump, and



“Well, then, keep your hoofs out of the way”



"Do keep quiet, Tommy," pleaded his gaoler

see that no one suffered from thirst in the schoolroom. The stove was set near the door, and the sheet-iron pipe rose from it to a sufficient height, then at right angles proceeded the length of the schoolroom until it disappeared into the chimney behind the master's desk. What with stove and stovepipe the room was kept well warmed, even during the coldest day of winter.

In those days, and in this district, the schoolhouse was of rather a primitive description. The windows were small, and situated in a row just under the ceiling on either side. Along each wall had been constructed a broad, sloping, fixed desk, running the length of the schoolroom, and on benches before this desk sat the larger boys on the one side, and the larger girls on the other, the backs of each toward the center of the schoolroom. The smaller children, who did not use writing materials, sat on benches parallel with those occupied by their elders, and the smallest of the A B C class were gathered around three sides of the big box-stove.

One day when it was Scott's turn to bring in the armful of split beech and maple, he allowed, with deliberate cruelty and pretended clumsiness, the load to fall on the toes of some of the little chaps seated on the low bench beside the stove. This raised a howl of pain from the victims, and a shout of laughter from the more unsympathetic section of the pupils.

"Well, then, keep your hoofs out of the way, confound you," cried Scott, truculently, casting a glance at the teacher which said, plainly enough: "What are you going to do about it?"

Monroe rose from his desk, and went down the room; then, kneel-

ing on the floor, he calmed the little fellows as well as he could, taking off the shoes and stockings of those who were suffering most, and manipulating their little feet, to soothe away the pain. He then tenderly put on stockings and shoes again, gave each a silver coin from his pocket, and told them to go home for the day.

"First aid to the injured," he said, with his ingratiating smile. "Your mothers will be the best physician, so hurry home as quickly as you can, and if your feet hurt to-morrow, don't come to school."

Rising he said softly to Scott:

"That was an accident, I suppose?"

"No, it wasn't," replied Scott defiantly. "The little fools are always in the way."

The teacher bowed without comment, and went back to his desk.

"Put up your books and slates," he said, a request which occasioned some surprise, for that was the order of dismissal at twelve o'clock or at four.

"There will be no more school for the rest of

the day. To-morrow at nine o'clock prompt, if you please. Thomas Scott, Samuel Perkins, William Patterson, James Macpherson, Robert Bland, John Davidson, and John Patterson will remain behind. I should like to discuss with the large boys I have named some questions pertaining to the discipline of the school."

Some of those who remained laughed outright, some sniggered, and some smiled. They were all quite ready to discuss discipline or anything else with "Molly," which was one of their names for the new teacher. The others filed boisterously through the doorway, and raised wild shouts of joy at finding themselves so unexpectedly free. Monroe closed the door, locked it, and put the big key in his pocket; then walked quietly back to his desk."

"Boys," he begged, "put those benches out of the way against the wall. I wish a clear floor space. If you desire a bench to sit on, put it at the other end of the schoolroom. Place all the rest under the long desks."

He was very promptly obeyed, and now the seven seated themselves at the further end of the room. All laughter and talk had ceased, and each face wore a look of expectancy. The master raised the desk-lid, and took out half a dozen sticks of such a length that they must have rested crosswise inside the desk from corner to corner. The boys knew enough of the wood-lore to recognize these as being very effective means of offense or defense, made of the toughest wood that grows in North America—namely, hickory. They were each about the size of the butt end of a whip-handle. If a man of strength wielded one of these rods, it became a deadly weapon. The stoutest two-handed sword would break long before such an implement of hickory would give way. One or two of the boys turned a little pale. Was this elegant, dapper young man about to try his strength against seven? It seemed incredible, but somehow our young men did not like the look of a smile that played upon Monroe's sensitive lips, and in his gleaming eyes they could find no trace of fear.

Taking one of these thick rods in his hand, he swung it through the air with the same kind of motion that an expert woodman uses when he judges a new, smooth, glass-shaven hickory axe-handle, and estimates its convenience to his hand.

"Scott, come here," he said, in a voice so low that only the tense stillness of the room made it audible.

Scott shuffled to his feet, came forward half the length of the room, and stopped.

"Are you going to try to thrash me?" he said, in a voice more controlled than any had he

ever used in that room before. There was no fear in his eye, either. His lips were compressed and his fists clenched.

"I was thinking of making the attempt, Scott. Any objections?"

"I knocked out your brother, and I can knock you out. Put away that club, and come down on the floor, if you dare."

"Oh, very well," said the master, "Anything to oblige."

He relinquished the hickory stick, abandoned his position behind the desk, and stepped from the platform to the floor. As he approached Scott nonchalantly, seemingly unprepared for attack, the latter rushed toward him, and delivered a vicious kick intended to double him up like a jack-knife. Like a jack-knife he did double up, but not because of the kick, which never reached him. The attack was delivered with the right foot, and Monroe expertly placed his open left palm under the heel of the boot, and gripped it like a vise. Standing thus on his left foot, Scott flung up his arms to recover his balance, then dropped on his back. As he fell on the floor he flung out a sturdy kick with his free foot intended to shatter the grasp that held the other, but Monroe's right hand grasped Scott's left ankle, and in spite of his comical writhings and struggles on the floor, held him firm.

Every boy was now standing up. Tom Scott helplessly beat the floor, twisting and turning his body, trying, without effect, to wrest himself from the iron grip of the schoolmaster.

"Boys!" exclaimed Monroe, "I wish to say a word or two," but here he had to pause, for the noisy struggle Scott was making on the floor rendered conversation impossible.

"Do keep quiet, Tommy," pleaded his gaoler. "You are making me feel as if I held the shafts of a turbulent wheelbarrow going over a corduroy road. Please oblige me by keeping still."

But Tommy was foaming at the mouth with rage to find his strength thus nullified, and himself made a fool of, and as he would not desist, Monroe, with a peculiar jerk backwards and a sudden twist, dropped Tommy downward with his face on the floor. Then the Doctor placed his foot firmly in the small of his back, and holding him so, addressed the boys.

"You may think it un-British for a combatant to kick, but I should like to say this in Tommy's favor. What he has done would be considered in France, and other Latin countries, entirely justifiable. There it is called the *savate*, which doesn't mean kick, as you might imagine, but literally 'old shoe.' I studied the art of the *savate* in Paris, and there is much to

recommend it. I have often thought that we English-speaking people are foolish to concentrate our attention on our two fists, and neglect such excellent means of either attack or defence as our two feet afford. I may show you samples of the *savate* before we are finished, and I am sure it will interest you, so you mustn't hold it against Tommy that he kicks, but merely regard him as having been educated in Paris. Now, Tommy, do you want to get up?"

The master removed the foot from the small of Scott's back, and retreated a few paces. Scott rose to his feet in a rage, and clenching his fists, waded in with the energy of a mad bull.

The master easily prevented any of the blows touching him, but made no effort to strike back, watching rather for the expected kick, which at last came. He parried it, and in the parrying, whirled. None of the boys knew exactly what happened; it was like a flash of lightning. The schoolmaster's foot during the whirl rose in the air, and struck Scott behind the ear with such force that the young man turned a complete somersault, without even touching the floor with his head in the swift gyration through space. He came down with an appalling crash, and lay stunned and still.

"That," said the master, "is the most terrible movement of the *savate*. In using it, you run the chance of breaking the neck of your opponent, but I knew Tommy's bull-neck was as thick as his head, so I risked it. It is called the *coup de pied tournant*, and it usually takes its beginning from the impetus given by a kick from your opponent. The only parry for a *coup de pied tournant* that I know of is to get out of its way, and you will have observed that Tommy neglected to do this. Just throw some of that ice-water in his face, will you? I don't like Tommy to be missing these interesting speeches."

But instead of rescuing poor Scott from oblivion by means of cold water, there rang out a defiant battle-cry from Sam Perkins, evidently a signal previously agreed upon. With splendid unanimity, the whole six flung themselves upon their lone antagonist.

"Ah," breathed Monroe, with a sigh of supreme contentment, as he retreated until his back was against his desk; then, with the airy grace of a dancing-master teaching a new

quick-step, he sailed into the crowd with fist and foot, and before five seconds had elapsed, a row of boys lay on the schoolroom floor, several bleeding at the nose. Monroe grasped the wooden pail, and dashed a quantity of water first on Scott, who was beginning to rouse himself, then distributed the remainder impartially over the rest. Replacing the empty pail, he stood with his back against his desk, his hands in his trousers' pockets.

"My dear lads," he said, "I am beginning to love you. You have generously given me a most unexampled opportunity of showing you the beauty of the *savate*, which comes into play whenever one man is attacked by a crowd. When I locked myself alone in here with you seven, I did not intend to use the *savate*, but I knew if you attacked simultaneously I might be compelled to do so. Luckily, Scott led out with his foot, and after that the way was clear. You have generously given me the stern joy which warriors feel when they meet a foeman worthy of their foot, as one may say, although it spoils the rhyme of the couplet.

"And now, my dear chaps, get up, and sit upon the bench, which has become a penitent stool. Scott, how's your head? Still on your shoulders? Well, it's a marvel. You seem a little stiff in your movements. Come this way, if you please."

The master picked up the abandoned hickory rod.

"Any objection to my thrashing you, Scott, in the approved way of schoolmasters?"

"No," muttered Scott.

"Hold out your hand."

Scott did so, and first on his right and then on his left, received without perceptible wincing as severe a punishment as that schoolroom had ever witnessed.

"Samuel Perkins!"

Samuel rose up and took his medicine out of the same bottle.

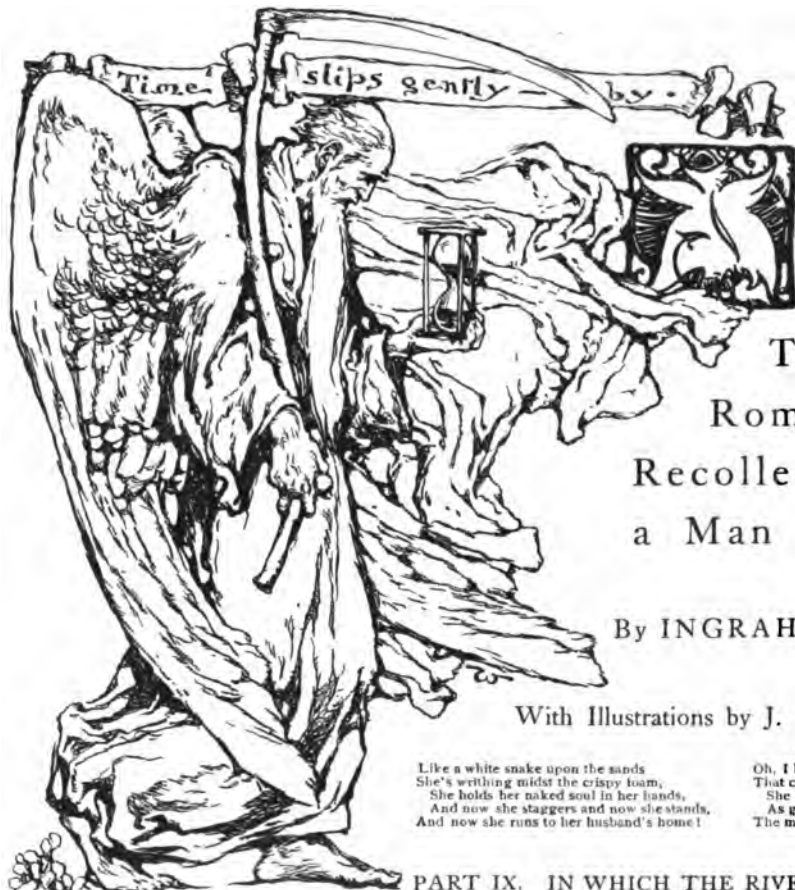
"William Patterson!"

William came forward, and went back to the bench whimpering a little, to be succeeded by James Macpherson and the rest. Then Monroe, pleasantly requesting the lads to move the bench, which they promptly did, took out the key and unlocked the door.

"To-morrow morning, at nine o'clock sharp, lads. Good afternoon. Good afternoon."



Margarita's Soul



The Romantic Recollections of a Man of Fifty

By INGRAHAM LOVELL

With Illustrations by J. Scott Williams

Like a white snake upon the sands
She's writhing midst the crispy foam,
She holds her naked soul in her hands,
And now she staggers and now she stands,
And now she runs to her husband's home!

Oh, I have seen a wife at rest,
That croons the babe upon her knee,
She lies against her goodman's breast
As gentle as a bird at nest,
The mermaid's saved her soul from Sea!
Sir Hugh and the Mermaid.

PART IX. IN WHICH THE RIVER FINDS THE SEA

I. A Terror in the Snow

WELL, they stayed the month nearly out and then Roger took a fancy to see the Island in winter, and I, hugging to my breast the consciousness of that furnace, was easily persuaded to go with them: it is January, February and March that punish me so fearfully in the North, and really only the last two of those. I had thought Margarita a little *distraite* and cold to us all, toward the last, and feared she was resenting her exile: she took a little trip to New York, accompanied, of course, by the faithful Jencks, and I had visions of American contracts, but Roger never mentioned the subject—didn't even ask her why she went, I believe, she hated to be questioned so.

We found everything in first rate order (I

had written ahead to light the furnace) and you should have seen Roger's face when he noticed the registers in the big room! Like a boy's when some good-natured trick has been played upon him. Suppose we had not had them nor the coal—it makes me cold now to think of it.

I find I can't write about it very fully, after all, and I must be forgiven if I cut it short. It's a little too near, yet, after all the years. I know I never want to see snow again—it is the most cruel blue-white in the world.

We stopped the night, of course, and in the morning Roger and Margarita went for a walk on the crust, for it had snowed all night and the evening before—the great, fat, grey clouds were full of it—and we thought we were in for another blizzard like the last year's. It had "let up" for a little, as they say about there, but

Roger was afraid to risk going away till it had definitely ended, so they went for their walk, and I chatted with Miss Jencks by the fire. They had been gone about an hour when we heard a great scratching and whining at the door (I thought for a moment it was Kitch) and Rosy bounded in, snapping his teeth and glaring fearfully. We both jumped up and he flew at me and caught my sleeve in his teeth—for a minute, I confess, I felt a little queer, for I had seen him throw Caliban and hold him—then, as I held back, he uttered the most heart-rending howl I have ever heard, and spun wildly around, and at that moment I felt suddenly that something was up and I was wanted. Miss Jencks felt it at exactly that moment, too, and ran for my great-coat before I asked her.

She says that I said,

"Where are they, old fellow? Go seek!" but I don't remember it. I know that she said in a low voice,

"I shall be of no use—I can't run—but I will have everything ready," though she says I must have imagined it.

Rosy flew through the door and I after him—she had the sense to bring me my heavy arctic overshoes, or I should have slipped in a minute—and I ran for about fifty yards.

Then something stopped me. Where it came from, *what* did it, I don't know and can never know, but I swear I heard a low, distinct voice close to me (not a cry, mind you, but a quiet hoarse voice) saying,

"Get a rope. Get a rope."

I checked like a scared horse and nearly fell.

"Get a rope," I heard again. "*Get a rope.*"

Then, cursing at myself for a crazy fool, I actually turned, with Rosy showing his teeth at me, and dashed back (all those precious yards!) and grabbed a pile of rope Caliban had brought out to bind some big logs for hauling, and abandoned under the eaves when we arrived on the island. Rosy was far ahead now, but he had gone through the crust at intervals and I tracked him by that.

Suddenly the wind—it was blowing a steady gale behind me—shifted, and I heard a succession of terrible cries, great hoarse, high shrieks, like nothing human and yet unlike any animal. Wordless, throat-tearing screams they were, and I shouted back, against the head-on wind,

"Coming! Coming! Hold on! I'm coming!" till I coughed and strangled and had to stop.

How I ran! I never did it before and certainly never can again. Rosy's tracks curved and twisted, and I felt I was losing time, but dared not risk missing them, for I was coming nearer to that awful voice steadily, though it

echoed so I should have been helpless without any other guide.

Well, I found them. Roger up to his shoulders in icy water, his head dropped back, white, on her arm, and she up to her waist on a slippery ledge under the highest point of the bank—the bank that I blasted out! She was caught, I could see, on a jagged point by her heavy, woolen skirt (it was made in London, bless it!) and must have wedged her foot, besides, in some way, for she had his whole weight; her lips were blue. She wore a blood-red cape, all merry and Christmas-like against the white ledges, and her hair streamed in the wind. Her head was thrown back like a hound's and those blood-curdling screams poured out of it; her eyes were shut. Now and then Rosy bayed beside her, scratching at the snow, and where the water was not frozen in the protected pools it swirled like a mill-race around the nasty, pointed rocks.

I leaned over the bank and cried that I was there, but she never stopped—it was terrible. Finally I made a slip noose and actually managed to fling it over his head—Roger had taught me to do that at school, twenty years ago—and that stopped her, hitting against her cheek, and she opened her eyes.

"Put it under his arms, can you?" I cried, and after several efforts, for she was nearly frozen stiff, the brave, clever creature did, and I got it around a tree on the edge. Then I stopped, panting, for I realized that I could do no more. The run had taken all the strength out of me—I couldn't have dragged a cat—and she was little more than a foot below me!

I can't write about it. My arms ache now, just as my infernal shoulders ached with that paralyzing, numb ache then.

"Listen!" I cried, for she had begun to scream again, "listen, Margarita, or I will beat you! Is he unconscious?"

She nodded.

"Can you hold on five minutes, with his weight gone?"

She blinked in a sort of stupid assent.

"Could you for ten? Are you braced solid?"

Again she blinked and with an inspiration I plunged my shaking hand into my great-coat pocket and pulled out a brandy-flask. Miss Jencks had taken it from the sideboard.

I tied it into my handkerchief, opened, and swung it down to her and she got her lips around it and coughed it down. It acted instantly and she could move a little, and while I encouraged her, and after several heart-rending failures which nearly spilled all the brandy, she got it into his mouth between his teeth, as his big body swung in the noose. It



I leaned over the bank and cried that I was there, but she never stopped—it was terrible

ran over his chin and down his neck, but a little got in and his eyelids quivered. Soon he coughed, and I dared not wait another second.

"I am going for Caliban," I said very distinctly, "we will pull you out in a few minutes. Let him alone and hang on, do you hear? Don't scream any more—you are safe. Pour all the brandy into him—tell him he is tied fast. Don't try to move—you may slip, and tear your skirt. Hold on!"

Then I turned my back on them and ran, or rather stumbled off.

I remember muttering, "I never asked before—if You or Anybody is there, save them! Take me and save them!" and then I stumbled on and on . . .

It was not too long. Caliban was coming with his big wood-sled and more rope and blankets, and as I caught sight of him the most extraordinary thought flew into my mind, which worked with a dreadful clearness, for I saw them stiffen and sink and slip away every second. Rosy bayed just then, and as my heart sank, for I thought they were gone, it suddenly occurred to me what Rosy's name must have been!

"It's *Rosencrantz!*" I muttered, "and the one Margarita insists was called 'Gildy' was *Guildenstern*, and they were *Hamlet's* friends—poor Prynne!" Perhaps that wasn't idiotic—I laughed as I stumbled along!

Well, they were there, and Roger was enough himself to strike out with his feet a little and avoid hindering us, if he couldn't help much. I made another noose for her and she hung in it while Caliban dragged him up—the fellow had the strength of an ox and showed wonderful dexterity—and later crawled down the rocks and cut the skirt through with his big clasp-knife. She was the hardest to move, for her foot was caught—all that saved her. I thought we should break her ankle before we could get her.

We laid them on the sledge, wrapped in blankets, poured in more brandy, and Caliban attached Rosy to it by his collar—an old trick of his, it seems—and they dragged us all home, for my worthless legs gave out completely.

Miss Jencks and Agnès rubbed them and mustard-bathed them and I wrote telegrams for Caliban to take in the launch—wrote them as well as I could in the clutches of a violent chill, with my teeth like castanets and my hands palsied—and even as I wrote, it came to me that Margarita had repeated monotonously, all the way home, in a hoarse, painful voice (but mercifully, a low one) "get a rope, get a rope, get a rope."

It was the voice I had heard, that turned me back!

She was all right, but very weak and sore and with a little fever—not much. She was perfectly conscious of everything within an hour, and told us about it: how she had slipped and Roger had hit his head and strained himself in going after her. She thinks she held him under the arms ten minutes, screaming all the time! She sent Rosy back, finally, though at first he refused to go.

Roger was delirious for five days and very dangerously ill for three weeks—it was double pneumonia. Miss Jencks had seen it before and it was her prompt measures before we could get the doctor or Harriet that saved him, they think. It is a bad age for pneumonia: Harriet said she would rather have pulled Margarita through it. She brought a deaconess from the little dispensary with her and one or the other was watching him like a cat every second for three weeks. It was a nurse's case, the doctor said, though he stopped the first week.

When Margarita came to herself after an hour or so, she asked for me, and as I knelt by her bed and she turned her great eyes on me I caught my breath, for I was looking at a new woman. I can't describe it better than by saying that she had a soul! There had always been something missing, you see, though I would never have admitted it, if she hadn't got it then. But it was there.

It was very pathetic, those first days when Roger was delirious: she was nearly so herself. And yet it was not wholly grief—there was a definite reason for it, which we all felt, somehow, but she would not give it.

"Will he not know me for a minute, a little minute, Harriet?" she would beg, so piteously, and Harriet would soothe her and try to give her hope. The fifth day he was very low and the doctor told us to make up our minds for anything—he hadn't slept all night. I took Harriet by the shoulders and asked her if she could not possibly make him conscious—before. I don't know why I asked her and not the doctor, but I did. She promised me she would try—I think she had nearly given up hope, herself—and at three the next morning she called me and said that I might have a chance—that he might know me for a moment. Margarita was by the bed: her face was enough to break your heart.

"Only a minute, Harriet—only a little minute!" she pleaded like a baby. I don't know what insane vow I didn't offer . . . He opened his eyes and they fell on her. She put her hand on his forehead and said very plainly,

"Listen, Roger, you must listen. It is I—Margarita, *Chérie*, you know. Do you hear?"

His eyes looked a little conscious, and Harriet held his pulse and slipped something into his mouth. In a moment we all knew that he knew us.

"Now say one thing, Mrs. Bradley—quickly!" she whispered.

Margarita bent like a flash and whispered in his ear very swiftly: her whole body was tense. You should have seen his eyes—he was old Roger again! I could see his hand press hers and she kissed him just as the flash went by and he took to muttering again.

Harriet pushed her away and put her hand on his forehead, then nodded at the deaconess.

"Call the doctor!" she said sharply, and I thought it was all over . . .

But it was the turn, and after that by hair's breadths and hair's breadths they pulled him over.

"Now he knows, Jerry," Margarita said to me, and went to bed herself.

It was a good week after that, when the doctor had gone and we were all breathing naturally again, that Harriet asked me abruptly if I had noticed Mrs. Bradley's voice. I said yes, that it was still decidedly husky. She looked at me so sadly, so strangely that my nerves fairly jumped—we had all been on edge for a month—and I commanded her rather sharply to say what she meant and be done with it.

"Is her voice injured?"

"I am afraid so, yes," she said gently.

"But surely time and rest and proper treatment," I began, but she shook her head.

"The doctor examined her throat before he left," she said. "Of course he had no laryngoscope with him, but he didn't need one, really. The vocal cords are all stretched—he said the specialists might help her and take away a great deal of the hoarseness, but that in his opinion she can never stand the strain of public singing again: he thinks excitement alone would paralyze the cords."

"Who's to tell her?" I said quietly.

You see, we'd all been stretched so taut that we couldn't use any more energy in exclamations or regrets.

"I thought you might," she said, but I shook my head.

"Miss Jencks—" I began, but it appeared that Miss Jencks felt unequal to it. So Harriet told her, of course, on the principle that when one has a heavy load he may as well carry a little more, I suppose.

And after all it wasn't so bad; for Margarita

came down to me a little later, and told me she had known it all the time!

"But, of course, dear child," I said hopefully, "Doctor — is not a throat specialist, you know, and we can but try some of those famous fellows, a little later. Perhaps in a year or two—"

"You are very good to me, Jerry," she said, "but it is no use. I know. I shall never sing again. I am sorry, because—"

"Sorry?" I cried, "why, of course you are sorry! What do you mean?"

"Because," she continued placidly, "it will not be so much to give Roger."

"Give Roger?" I echoed stupidly, "how 'give Roger'?"

"I was not going to sing any more, anyway," she said.

For a moment I was dazed and then the simplicity of it all flashed over me.

"Why, Margarita!" I cried—and that is all the comment I ever made.

"That was what I wanted to tell him when he did not know me," she explained. "I—I was going to tell him the night—the night it happened."

"And does he know it now?"

"Of course. That is why he got well," she said promptly.

And do you know, I'm not sure she was wrong? That life was killing him—I mean it ran across his instincts and feelings and beliefs, every way.

There was no doubt she meant it. She never referred to the subject again.

He wanted her to see somebody else about her throat, but she absolutely refused to leave the Island till he was out of bed—Sarah came on with the baby two weeks later—and they sat by him all day nearly, the two of them, and he hardly let go her hand. He had changed a great deal in one way—his hair was quite silvered. But it was very becoming.

I didn't leave till I saw him in a dressing-gown in a long chair by the fire. Harriet went back to her hospital, and when Roger was up to it they went south for a bit before he began to work again.

The day before I left he did an odd thing—one of the two or three impractical, sentimental things I ever knew him to do in his life. He asked me to bring him his history of Napoleon—it had been packed into their luggage by mistake—and deliberately laid it on the heart of the fire! I cried out and leaned forward to snatch it—to think of the labor it represented!—but he put his hand on my arm.

"Don't, Jerry—I hate every page of it!" he said.

Well, I have been wondering these twenty years if perhaps they'll talk about it—the whole thing—some day. At the time we all acted as if it were the most natural thing in the world for Margarita to settle down as a *haus frau*—perhaps when *Nora* got done with her studies of life (for I read Sue's Ibsen, you see), that is what she did, after all!

At any rate, I frankly hope so. For if all the wisdom and experience and training that the wonderful sex is to gain by its exodus from the home does not get back into it ultimately, I can't (in my masculine stupidity) quite see how it's going to get back into the race at all! And then what good has it done? I hope Mr. Ibsen knows!

II. Fate Empties Her Creel

From Sue Paynter

PARIS, Feb. 10th, 189-

JERRY DEAR:

What must you think of me for delaying so long to write, after the few, curt words I found for you that night? I hope you know that something must have kept me, and have forgiven me already. Poor little Susy was taken very sick the night you sailed, with violent pains and a high fever. Fortunately there is a good American doctor here and we pulled her through, though it seemed a doubtful thing at one time. The doctors decided that she had appendicitis (I never heard of it before) and operated immediately on her, which undoubtedly saved her life. It seems that Mother Nature is not quite so clever as we have always thought her and has left a very dangerous little *cul-de-sac* somewhere, that ought not to be there, so modern science takes it out. Isn't that strange? The doctor has just come over to operate for this in Germany somewhere; he was a classmate of Dr. McGee, whom you sent to the South, and can't say enough of the magnificent work he is doing there. He was much interested to find I knew all about it and that Uncle Morris stocked the dispensary. Isn't the world small?

I hope you're not feeling too badly about Margarita—don't. Of course I understand what the stage has lost, and you will confess that I was as anxious for her career as anybody, even when I was sorriest for Roger. I wanted her to have her rights as an artist. But if *she* doesn't want them—ah, that's a different pair of sleeves altogether. She has sent me her latest photograph, and the eyes are all I need. Of course, I have no such brilliant future to sacrifice, but if I had, I am sure I

should throw a dozen of them over the wind-mill for two eyes like hers to-day!

I don't know why I am prosing along at this rate and avoiding the main object of this letter. I must plunge right into it, I suppose, and get it over.

Don't think I don't appreciate all your kind, your generous offer meant, Jerry. I thought of it so often and so long before I gave you that brusque answer. And it tempted me for a moment—indeed it did. I think, as you say, that we could travel very comfortably together, and we have many of the same tastes—I know no one so sympathetic as you. As for "nursing a rheumatic, middle-aged wanderer through assorted winter-climates," that is absurd, and you know it, though I should be glad enough to do it, if it *were* true, as far as that goes. I know all you would do for the children, and how kind you would be to them. Not that I like that part, though, to be quite frank. I could never love another woman's children (especially if I loved their father), and I can't understand the women that do. So I always imagine a man in the same position. And I can't help feeling, Jerry, that if you *really* loved me—loved me in the whole, crazy sense of that dreadful word, I mean—that you wouldn't speak so sweetly about the children; how could you? How can any man—I couldn't, if I were one!

But this is very unfair, because you never said you did love me in that way—don't imagine that I thought so for a moment. Jerry dear, my best friend now, for I must not count on Roger any more, do you think I am blind? Do you think I have been blind for three years? And will you think me a romantic, conceited fool when I say that unless I—even I, a widow and a jilt, who hurt a good man terribly and got well punished for it!—can have the kind of love that you can never give me, because you gave it to someone else three years ago, I don't want to accept your generous kindness. You see, I know how you can love, Jerry, just as I see now that I never knew how Roger could until those same three years ago. Of course he didn't either,—would he ever have known the difference, I wonder, if we had married?

And there is another reason, too. You might just as well know it, for my conceit is not pride, really, and it may be you know it already. Whatever love Frederick failed to kill in me—and the very idea of passionate love almost nauseates me, even yet—is not in my power to give you, Jerry dear. It might, some day, later, wake again, but it would not be your touch that could wake it.

Now, since this is so of both of us, don't you see, dear, that things are better as they are? I promise you that if I ever need help, I will come to you *first of all*, since what you really want is to help me and make me comfortable and give me the pleasure of wide travel, you generous fellow! And if ever you *really* need me, Jerry—but you won't, I am sure. No one else is quite what you are to me, or can be, now, and we must always be what we have always been—the best of friends. Tell me that you know I am right, and then let us never discuss it again.

Yours *always*,

SUE.

From Tip Elder

UNIVERSITY CLUB, May 20th, 189-

DEAR JERRY:

Have just got back from a little western trip (my brother and I exchanged pulpits for a month) and learned of Roger's illness and the accident. What a terrible thing, and how fortunate they were! I always liked that big dog, the fine, faithful fellow. Mrs. Bradley's leaving the stage was no great surprise to me: she came to New York to ask my advice about it just before the accident. We had a long talk, and though she by no means agreed at the time to everything I said on the subject, she did not seem opposed, herself, to much of it—in fact, she seemed very anxious to do the fair thing, it seemed to me. She appreciated perfectly that the more she did in one way the less she could do in another—how wonderful it is to think that she has never been to school in her life! It almost seems as if so much schooling were unnecessary, doesn't it, when association with educated people can do so much in three years. Or perhaps it is only women that could absorb so quickly.

I hope the doctors are wrong about her voice—they all say it will be a little husky always (though less and less so with time) and that singing, except in the quietest, smallest way, will be impossible. It does not seem to matter very much to her. She is looking very well indeed (you know, of course, that she is expecting another child in the autumn—Roger told me). He is quite magnificent with his thick, silvery hair, I think. Mr. Carter, who dined with me here at the club a night or two ago (he gave my boys a fine talk on German customs and military games) tells me that he hopes—Roger, I mean—to be able to do a great deal of his work on the island—certainly all the summer and autumn. He seems to be turning into a sort of consulting lawyer—like a surgeon. Besides that great text-book

business I suppose you know about. He says there are two or three years' work on that alone.

I hope you agree with me that Mrs. Bradley is much better off in her husband's home, fulfilling the natural duties of her sex. You seemed to think in your last that Mrs. Paynter would not, to my great surprise. What in the world is the matter with the women, nowadays? Where shall we be if the finest specimens of them have no leisure to perpetuate the race? Are only the stupid and unoriginal, unattractive ones to have this responsibility? I wish I dared get up a sermon on these lines—I may try, yet!

You know Mrs. Paynter well, Jerry—do you think there is any chance for me there? I have been for ten years proving that a minister need not be married, and I've done it, too, but it was only because I never met the woman I wanted. I have, now, but she won't have me. Does that mean it's final? I don't know much about women, but I can't believe one like her would refuse just to be asked again. Tell me what you think—she seems very decided, though she sympathizes thoroughly with my work.

Yours faithfully,

TYLER FESSENDEN ELDER.

From My Rough Diary

May 30, 189-

Have just written Tip Elder how sorry I am about Sue, but that he'd better give it up. She'll never marry. How curiously we three are twisted into the Bradley weaving!

M. so happy and beautiful—the past seems a dream. Voice lovely still, but not quite under her control always, and a tiny roughness in it that humanizes, somehow—it was *too* clear before, though that sounds absurd.

Everybody wondering how everybody else will take her retirement. Strangely enough, no one regrets much, personally, but all sure the others will! Are we all more clear sighted than we suppose—or more sentimental? Surgeon from Vienna has pronounced condition final. Either she is a wonderful actress or else we have over-estimated her vocation; she seems absolutely contented. And yet, think of her triumphs! And, of course, her greatest successes were all to come. Madame M—is furious, but told Sue she had never trusted Roger—he was always too silent! "He has absorbed a great artist like so much blotting paper!" she said. But he has got something into her eyes that Madame never saw there: we all agree on that. How did Alif put it—

"Tis Allah sets the price, brother—we have but to pay." Well, she's paid. And old Roger, for that matter, and Sue, and Tip,—and I. Who keeps the shop, I wonder?

III. The Sunset End

To-day I went to Mary's wedding, and it has made me very thoughtful. She was very lovely—a great, blooming blonde, the image of Roger. They were a fine pair, as he held her on his arm: he looking younger than his sixty years, she older than her twenty, for all the children are wonderfully mature and well developed.

She was nearly as tall as young Paynter, whose slenderness, however, is like steel. I well remember when Dr. McGee took him to North Carolina and made him over—a weak, irritable little proccosity of twelve or so. He never ate or slept in a house for three years, and I think that the birds and trees of that period got into his opera and made it what it is, the musical event of a decade. He works best in Paris, and they will live there, after a honeymoon on the Island.

I don't think Mary was ever the favorite child, though each of the six thinks it is, Margarita is so wonderful with them! She cannot hide from me, who watch every light in her eye, that young Roger, the second child and oldest boy, means a shade more to her than the others, just as Roger, when he sits alone with Sue, the second daughter, talks to her more confidentially than to any of the others, and watches her yellow head most steadily when they are all swimming, off the Island wharf. They are both fine, big girls, just as Roger and my namesake are fine, big, steady fellows and little Lockwood is a fine, big, handsome child. But my foolish old heart lost itself long ago to a pair of slate-blue eyes set in an olive face under dark strong waves of hair, and when into that big, blonde brood there came a perfect baby Margarita, a slender, dark thing who flashed the summer twilight sky at one from under her long dark lashes, I claimed her for mine and mine she is—my Peggy. She is alone among the others, my precious black swan: her quaint, dreamy thoughts are not their practical, sunny clear-headedness, her self-peopled, solitary wanderings are not their merry comradeships, her lovely, statuesque movements are not their athletic tumbles. She stood to-day at her mother's knee in just the attitude S——n painted them for me, her eyes clouded with awe just as the bloom upon her mother's sweeping gown of velvet clouded its elusive

blue, the soft plume upon her bride-maiden's hat leaned against the rich lace on her mother's breast. How beautiful they were! As I stared at them and their eyes lighted at the same moment with just the same dear smile, so that they were more than ever wonderfully alike, I heard a woman whisper behind me that the gentleman the beautiful Mrs. Bradley and her picturesque little daughter were smiling at was the child's godfather, an old friend—all his money left to her and his namesake, her brother. Before the whisper had ended, Margarita, the woman, had turned her eyes toward her husband—they could not leave him long that day—but Margarita, the child, kept hers on me, and under them the years rolled back and I seemed to see a grave young girl sitting on the sand in a faded jersey, looking down into my heart and telling me that I loved her!

How many times since have I not seen her on that beach, cradling her rosy babies in her strong, smooth arms, murmuring with her graceful daughters, judging mildly between some claim of her tall, eager sons! How many summer evenings have I sat with Peggy in my arms and watched her pace that silvering beach with her husband, hand in hand like young lovers! I think they forget utterly that time slips by, he passes them so gently.

It is a favorite claim of ours who are bidden to that home that it is an enchanted isle, and that he only brushes it with his wings, gliding over, and turns the scythe away and holds the hour-glass steady. Even the children feel it: it is a half-jesting, half-serious plaint with them that the goats, the donkeys and the ponies to which they successively transfer their affections can never secure immortal youth by a yearly sojourn in that happy kingdom. I offered once to rebuild our old bridge—to make it a drawbridge, even, and thus keep our treasure safe, but after a long council it was rejected.

"It wouldn't be a really island, then, you see, Jerry dear," said my Peggy (always deputed to bear an ultimatum to me), "and we like it better an island—don't you?"

Of course it must be an island! It was marked out for an island when first the waters were gathered up and the dry land appeared. I think all the happy places are islands—I should like to make one of Italy. I am convinced that when the Garden of Eden is definitely settled (and Major Uppgrove is trying to persuade me to come with him to find it—he has a theory) it will be found to be a secret isle in some great estuary or arm of that ageless Eastern river suspected by the Major. Surely



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that mysterious Apple (of whose powers Margarita was once so sceptical) never grew on any vulgar, easily-to-be-come-at mainland! No, it lurks to-day in its own island Paradise, and the Angel with the flaming sword cut the land apart from all common ground so that the furrows smoked beneath it as the floods raced in. If we find it—the Major and I—shall we bring some apples back to Peggy? In truth, I am none too sure. Why my darling's sex has been so eager for that Apple is not yet entirely evident—though I am not too stupidly obstinate to admit that it may be evident, one day. But the fact remains that Eve certainly regretted it, and Adam, one would suppose, must have, for he has been settling dress-maker's accounts ever since!

As to the position held by this father of mankind among the Bradley children, by the way, volumes might be written. To suppose that Barbara Jencks, their bond slave in all else, has remitted an atom of her zeal in bringing them into the state of religious conviction enjoyed by the Governor General's family, would indicate the densest ignorance of her character. And success has not been entirely lacking, for my namesake delights in the battles of the Kings and Sue's sweet life is a very Sermon on the Mount. But Lockwood still sacrifices to Pan among the beehives and propitiates the Thunder God with favorite kittens, and Roger the Second long ago informed his would-be mentor, to her horror, that if a fellow tried to be like his father and told the truth and worked hard, he thought that fellow could take his chances with God! Dear, obstinate lad, with your cleft chin and your blue eyes, it is not your grandmother, who leaves her Emerson and her Psalms unread together, when she can fill her keen, proud eyes with you, that will deny your simple creed!

But my little Peggy has outgrown Pan, and scorns to appease her baby brother's deities. "I asked Roger," she said to me one late afternoon, when we sat in her mother's rocky seat and watched the red sun sink, "why the sun was here—just so that we could see things? And he said yes. And the moon the same way, for night. But that little blind girl I see in the Park, in New York, *she* can't see things, Jerry dear. She never can. What is that for?"

"I can't tell, sweetheart."

"You don't know, Jerry dear?"

"No, Peggy, I don't know."

"But someone knows?"

"That I can't tell, either."

She turned her serious, deep eyes on me.

"But, Jerry dear, nothing can be that someone—*Someone*—don't know, can it? That

wouldn't be right. There must be *Someone*?"

"I hope so, sweetheart."

She stared quietly at the rosy ball that sank, below us and far away, at the rim of the sea—Margarita's sea.

"I know there is, Jerry," she said simply. "Look at that, the way I do, and you'll know, too."

And, just then, I thought I did . . .

Sue was at the wedding, of course, grey, and a little worn, now, but dressed *à merveille* and delightful in her pride at her genius-boy. His sister, a wonderful, modern young woman, has learned her "trade," indeed, though one that her mother never dreamed of, and will decorate, furnish and supply with everything from ancestral portraits to patent mouse-traps any structure from a hotel to a steam-yacht that you may place in her capable, college-bred hands. A remarkable achievement is young Susan—the achievement of the *fin de siècle* generation. At the wedding-breakfast she described to me her last "job"; the putting in commission of a dilapidated fifteenth century *chateau* for its new oil-king owner—he was born in a bog-cabin in Ireland and never tasted anything but potatoes and stir-about till he was fourteen. But Susan has raked Europe for a service fit for him to eat his cabbage from and Asia for rugs fit for his no longer bare feet, and has deposited his good American cheque in her bank. She is improving the occasion of her American visit by an extended hunt for old silver and brasses and china for a great country house on the Hudson—its many-millioned mistress will pay well for her "imported" treasures!

Truly is Susan a lesson to us, and wide would be her great-grandmother's eyes could she see Susan disposing of her girlish samplers and draping her camel's-hair shawl behind a Hawthorne jar. And I am bound to admit that Susan is not marrying, though her mother was struggling with two delicate children at her age. No, Susan has no need to "marry for a home." As fast as this accomplished young woman establishes herself in a charming house, some envious person buys it of her, and she moves serenely to a new one, a contented, self respecting Arab with a bank account.

Ah, well, perhaps it will be, as her mother triumphantly declares, all the more honor to the man who gets her, after all! We oldsters must not be stubborn, nowadays.

My mother, like old Mrs. Upprove, is living still; well and happy, both of them, thank God, and as proud of their sons as if either had ever done anything to deserve it. Neither

of them has much to say of Margarita, I have noticed, though both fondle her children, a little absently, perhaps, and feign to wonder what it is we see in Peggy that blinds us to the excellencies of the others—stouter children and more respectful, my dear!

And Death, that spares them both, and old Madam Bradley, too (eighty-eight now, and half paralyzed for nearly twenty years!) what had we done that he should take away one whom we and the world—her world—could so ill spare? Does *Someone*, indeed, know why, my sweetheart Peggy? I try to think so, but it is hard to see.

Nine years ago Harriet put Peggy into her mother's arms and praised the little thing and kissed them both and then told Roger that she must leave them, for she felt ill and would not risk the responsibility of further nursing. She would send a good nurse straight from New York, she said, and Roger himself took her there, leaving the doctor with Margarita, as soon as he dared. He brought back the other nurse, wired me to look after Harriet, and left her comfortable in the little apartment of a good friend of hers, with a promise of a speedy return. He never saw her alive again.

Dr. McGee, even then a famous physician and devotedly attached to her, worked day and night over her, but it was useless: the overstrained, busy heart had given way and she lived only three days, growing feebler with every hour.

I was sitting beside her in the afternoon, trying to be cheerful, trying to cheer her with those futile subterfuges we are forced to, trying to get it all clear in my own troubled mind, when she smiled whimsically at me and begged me to spare myself such pain.

"A nurse is the last person to need such talk, dear Mr. Jerrolds," she whispered to me, and as the good deaconess who had been her first helper in her chosen work burst into tears and stumbled from the room, she put out her hand and I took it silently.

"What you have been—what you have been, Harriet!" I muttered unsteadily, and then her eyes met mine.

"What have I been?" her lips barely formed the words, "do you know?"

There in her soft brown eyes I saw at last—at once. God knows I never guessed before. They met mine so calmly, so honestly, so fearlessly—alas, they could be fearless now!

"And I have been such a fool—such a brute!"

"Hush! you never knew," she whispered, "you could not help it, my dear. It was so

from the very first—when you saw my diary."

"But I might—I might have——"

Again she smiled whimsically.

"O no," she said quietly, "there was no chance for me, of course. I never dreamed of it, my dear. But—but I wanted you to know it. There has never been anybody but you."

I tried to speak, but could not, and again, but the words dried on my lips. Then I saw that she was sleeping—from exhaustion, probably, and sat by her in silence till the deaconess came back, red eyed, and sent me away. I bent over her and kissed her cheek, before I left, and I am sure that her lips moved and that the hand I had held while she slept pressed mine faintly. But she did not open her eyes, and in the morning the message came that she had drifted easily away, in that same sleep, before dawn.

Gone—and I never knew, never faintly surmised, never considered!

Gone—and there had never been anybody but me!

Ah, Peggy, there had need be *Someone* that knows, to make good the pity of it, the cruelty of it, the senseless waste of it!

But we three, whom she gave so generously to each other, whom, in turn, she tended back to life, into whose lives she had grown as a tree grows, can we call her love wasted?

Nor is it among us alone that her memory flourishes. No woman in all those mountain parishes she loved so well faces her dark hour of travail without blessing her name and the name of her messengers, whom, in the endowment called in memorial of her, Margarita sends to them, to tend them and the children they bear, as Harriet helped her and hers. She lies among them, a stone's throw from the corner stone she laid nearly twenty years ago, now, and many visitors have never seen the tablet that lies along her grave—so thick the flowers are always lying there.

"Mother says you are not to look so sad, Jerry dear, because it isn't me that Freddy's marrying!" says Peggy softly, behind me, and I come back to the present, with a jerk.

"Not Freddy, perhaps," I answer with pretended severity, "but some other young sprig no better than Freddy, and then poor old Jerry may go hang!"

She slips her firm little hand—Margarita's hand—into mine shyly.

"Now, Jerry, how silly you are!" she says, looking carefully to see if I am teasing her or by any chance in earnest.

"How can I marry a young sprig, when I am going to marry you?"

"Since when?" I inquire sardonically.

"Why, Jerry!"

Her big eyes open wide, she plants herself before me and stares accusingly.

"You know very well—you can't have forgotten? You and I and little Jerry and Miss Jencks are going round the world when I am sixteen! To Japan, to see the wistaria and the cherry blossoms and the five hundred little stone Buddha-gods that get all wet with spray and the red bridge nobody may walk on!"

"Anywhere else?"

"Yes, to Vevay, and see where Mr. Boffin used to live and old Joseph that told you when you were all grown big and went back,

"C'est moi, monsieur, qui suis Joseph: j' ai nettoyé les premières bottes de monsieur!"

How well I remember those first formidable boots, and my manly feelings when I clumped them down in the hall before my door for Joseph to clean! Jerry and Peggy and I are going over every foot of the old grounds—the school, where the little fellows still sport their comfortable, round capes; the way, well trodden still, I'll wager, to the old *patisserie* with its tempting windows of indigestible joys; the natatorium where we dived like frogs; the English church where we learned the Collects and eyed the young ladies' school gravely till it blushed individually and collectively; the famous field where I fought the grocer's boy who cried "*à bas les Anglais!*" three days running. (He beat me, incidentally.)

I find that all the old memories come back very sweetly: I had a happy childhood, on the whole, one that never lacked love and sympathy. Believe me, ye parents, who think that these days will soon be forgotten, they make a difference, these idle memories, and life is inexpressibly richer if those early days are rich in pleasant little adventures and cheery little experiences, cheerily shared! I have more to remember than Roger, whose early boyhood was, though far wealthier than mine, strangely poorer from the lack of just this mellow glow over and through it.

And Margarita's? We shall never know what filled those silent, childish hours of hers, alone with the dogs and the gulls. Her quaint, lonely games, her towers of sand and shell, her musings by the

tide, her dreams on the sun-warmed rocks—I fancy I see them all in watching Peggy. She cannot tell herself.

"I began to live," she says, "when I met Roger."

"You have lived a great deal, since, have you not, Margarita?" I say, a little wistfully, perhaps, she is so splendid and so complete, and one seems so broken and colorless and middle-aged beside her.

"A great deal. Yes, I suppose so," she answers, and her eye rests quickly but surely on Roger, on each of the yellow heads, and then, at last, on me.

"You have given up a great deal for those handsome heads, Margarita," I go on, under the spur of some curious impulse, "did you never regret it? You had the world at your feet, Madame used to say, and you gave it up . . ."

She looks at me with the only eyes in the world that can make me forget Peggy's and gives me both her hands (one with a flashing, cloudy star sapphire burning on it) in that free, lovely gesture so characteristic of her.

"Don't, Jerry!" she says in her sweet, husky voice, and Roger hearing it, turns slightly from his guests and gives her a swift, strong look. The gay wedding crowd melts away, the clatter of the wine glasses is the wash of pebbles on the beach, her hand in mine seems wet with flying spray, as she speaks in that rich, vibrating voice, for me alone:

"I had the world at my feet—yes, Jerry dear, and I nearly lost it, did I not? I did not know, you see. And I have it now, Jerry, I have it now!" (O, Susan of the bank account, who need not marry for a home, will that look come to your eyes and glow there till your face is too bright for an elderly bachelor to bear? Indeed, I hope it may!)

"There is only one world for a woman, Jerry," says Margarita softly, "and no one can be happy, like me, till she lives in it—the hearts that love her. His and theirs—and yours, dear Jerry, O, always yours!"

His and Theirs and Mine!

Amen to that, my dear, and surely if there is *Someone* that knows, He knows that what you say is true!



Plays and Players

News of the Dramatic Season, New Plays, Actors and Actresses who will Appear in Them

THE theatrical feasts of the season are by this time pretty generally in process of preparation. The *hors d'œuvres* have, as a matter of fact, already been served. Most of the managerial *chefs* have announced the *menus* that they will provide, many of the courses are already cooked and sending up more or less appetizing odors from the steam table, others are still stewing on the fire, while still others yet preserve the form and substance of raw materials. The public has had a long summer of abstinence to whet its appetite, and is now invited to sit down and fall to. A glance at the various *menus* indicates that the repast is likely to be substantial, if not especially stimulating. Some of the viands, to be sure, are certain to prove highly indigestible, some are likely to be badly served, while others may be a bit too highly spiced to please the American palate. But the protection of the public lies in the fact that the *à la carte* system is the one followed. Consult your taste, order what you please, both quantity and quality are yours to determine, so, if the viand does not please, do not blame the cook. Try something else. Pabulum of all sorts there is sure to be, and it shall go hard with you but you shall be pleased.

Without doubt the most interesting event of the present theatrical season will be that much talked of experiment which its sponsors have elected to call the New Theatre. Subsidized it is, though by individuals and not by the government. Of money this institution will suffer no lack. Its director, Mr. Winthrop Ames, has but to open the purse and the cash flows out. This circumstance is expected to give unhampered Art such a chance to fly as it has never before enjoyed in this country. The flight is scheduled to begin about the middle of November, and there is no doubt whatever that it will be eagerly observed. Let us hope that the motor will work well and that the wind will be light and favorable. But if there is anything certain it is

that the New Theatre, like any other, must give the public what it so much desires that it will pay to see it. If it doesn't, the New Theatre must fail, like any other, no matter how enthusiastic its sponsors, how devoted or how rich.

Up to the hour of writing these lines the direction of the New Theatre, for what reason does not appear, has seen fit to go about softly, with its finger upon its lips, saying, "Hush!" But from behind the veil of secrecy certain fragments of credible information have rebelliously and contumaciously escaped. It has been repeatedly asserted and denied that the players of the New Theatre are to be headed by E. H. Sothern and Miss Julia Marlowe. Their engagement would be welcome news, for these artists stand close to the head of their profession in America, Mr. Sothern being a cultivated player of wide experience and achievement, if perhaps of deficient inspiration, and Miss Marlowe an actress quite unequalled here in plays and parts of the larger manner. Miss Rose Coghlan, sister of that brilliant and eccentric comedian, the late Charles Coghlan, is to be included in the company, as well as Mrs. Sol Smith, one of the few remaining actresses trained in the school of old comedy. Ferdinand Gottschalk, an intelligent player of eccentric parts, long familiar on our stage, has also been engaged.

In the engagement of Jacob Wendell, Jr., the New Theatre, itself an experiment, is experimenting. It is often said that it is a long jump from the best amateur to the poorest professional. Mr. Wendell is probably the best amateur actor in America. For years he has been the brilliant especial star of the Comedy Club, the most important of New York amateur organizations. He has appeared in a wide variety of parts, many of them of the sort to make severe drains upon the resources of any player. He has, for example, frequently played Sir Peter Teazle in

"The School for Scandal." He had appeared as the drunken lover in "Lady Huntworth's Experiment," as the sprightly hero in "Captain Letterblair," and quite recently as the pathetic young prince in "Alt Heidelberg," a part which Richard Mansfield himself thought worthy of his attention, and in which Mr. Wendell gave a really moving and finished performance. Mr. Wendell is a brother of Prof. Barrett Wendell of Harvard University, and of Evert Jansen Wendell, himself an amateur actor of experience and a philanthropist of metropolitan note.

Of stage managers the New Theatre has two. One is Louis Calvert, who is imported from England where his experience has been large, to supervise all productions of Shakespeare, old comedy and the elder drama generally. The other is George Foster Platt, who has the eye and brain of a realist and who will stage all modern plays seen at the New Theatre.

There are several plays fairly certain to be seen at the House of the Great Experiment in the course of its first season. Two of them are Shakespearian—"The Tempest" and "Antony and Cleopatra." It is promised that distinction highly unusual will attend upon their appointments, and this promise seems perhaps not too optimistic when it is stated that for "The Tempest" no less eminent an artist than Maxfield Parrish, that wizard of the sombre shades, has designed the scenic setting, while for the scenery of "Antony and Cleopatra" Jules Guérin has performed a like service. The newly knighted English dramatist, Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, will be represented in the season's program by his recent play, "The Thunderbolt," which was controlled by Charles Frohman but turned over by him to the New Theatre for reasons no doubt well known to himself. A similar history is possessed by John Galsworthy's "Strife." Edward Sheldon, the young Harvard playwright, who put together for Mrs. Fiske that extraordinary succession of photographs of slum life, called "Salvation Nell," has written a play on the negro problem which Mr. Ames has accepted, while there is a possibility that Maeterlinck's fairy play, "The Blue Bird," will also be done, despite the dubiety stimulated by the number of its scenes—almost a score. The New Theatre also possesses a play called "Beethoven," which has been successfully done abroad, and is based upon the life and deeds of the composer. David Bispham, hitherto known to us as an opera, oratorio and concert singer, may impersonate the name part, though the play is without music.

The offerings of other managers include a liberal sprinkling of imported plays. Not the least interesting of these will be a new Pinero play called "Mid-Channel," in which Miss Ethel Barrymore will be seen. It is now some time—far too long, in fact—since Miss Barrymore has been seen in any play that required of her anything save the exhibition of youth, beauty and high spirits. That the Pinero play will ask more than this is a conclusion foregone. And this is well. Miss Barrymore should be moving on. Where are the stage beauties of yesteryear? There seems to be a decided dearth of them nowadays.

Another and an earlier offering will be the first detective play of consequence since "Raffles." Its name is "Arsene Lupin," and it was made in France. Miss Marie Tempest is scheduled to appear here in "Penelope," another of those plays by the fertile W. Somerset Maugham. Miss Tempest is of consequence. Mr. Maugham is not. He is one of those facile writers who do bad old things in a good old way, and very, very often. And since we are on the subject let's get done with him by saying that before the season is over we are likely to get no less than four of his plays: "Smith," "The Noble Spaniard," done in London by Charles Hawtrey and here by Robert Edeson, who formerly wouldn't look at a play unless the hero was a young and dashing American, and "Mrs. Dot."

Then there is "The Flag Lieutenant," done in London by Cyril Maude and here by Bruce McRae, who for some years has been making highly agreeable stage love to Miss Barrymore, and "The Fires of Fate," by Conan Doyle. The latter has been highly successful in London, and is said to be an uncommonly effective melodrama. Henri Bernstein's latest play, "Israel," is going to be shown here, too. This is a writer who dearly loves his unpleasantnesses. He it is who wrote "Samson," in which William Gillette should not have appeared. "Israel" is said to be equally "strong." In it will be seen Holbrook Blinn, a player with a flash of the real fire, Edwin Arden, an actor of more than average intelligence and experience, and Miss Constance Collier, a beautiful false alarm. The handsome Kyrle Bellew, after two years of exposing his stage wife in "The Thief," will be seen in "A Builder of Bridges," which George Alexander did in London. This is by Alfred Sutro, whose "The Walls of Jericho" so much interested American audiences when played by J. K. Hackett and his beautiful wife, Mary Mannering, who is herself to be seen this autumn in a new play by an Ameri-



Photograph by Sarony

ETHEL BARRYMORE

Who will be seen this season in a new Pinero play



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MARGARET ANGLIN

As she appears in "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie," after Mrs. Deland's Novel

can woman author. Mr. Hackett will tour in "Samson." It serves him right.

A year ago we were promised the Rostand play "Chanticleer" in which the characters are chiefly barnyard fowls. Coquelin was to have had the chief part in this successor to "Cyrano de Bergerac." Coquelin is dead, but "Chanticleer," in advance of performance, still lives and again is promised for this country, though with what cast is not stated. The French output also includes "The Scandal," by Henri Battaille, which appears to be the most thoughtful and sincere play that saw the light last season in the French capital.

The English output for America is likely to be large, though, save for those definite promises already mentioned, the prospect is at present vague. Mr. Frohman says that he has plays by Henry Arthur Jones, John Galsworthy, Capt. Robert Marshall, who wrote that most delightful of recent stage love stories, "A Royal Family"; Haddon Chambers and oh, joy! J. M. Barrie. It is so probable, however, that the Barrie play is only now in process of making that we are not likely to see it for many, many moons. Meantime

Maude Adams goes on with "What Every Woman Knows." If anything could excuse an actress for playing one part two years this play of Mr. Barrie's would do it.

Several Bernard Shaw plays are promised—a season of them, in fact, including "Getting Married," which the London critics unanimously declared a horrible bore, and "Major Barbara," which is all about the Salvation Army, and may be found in the published works of the only Shaw. Mr. Frohman says that he expects Mr. Shaw will come to America to see these plays produced. Can nothing be done about it?

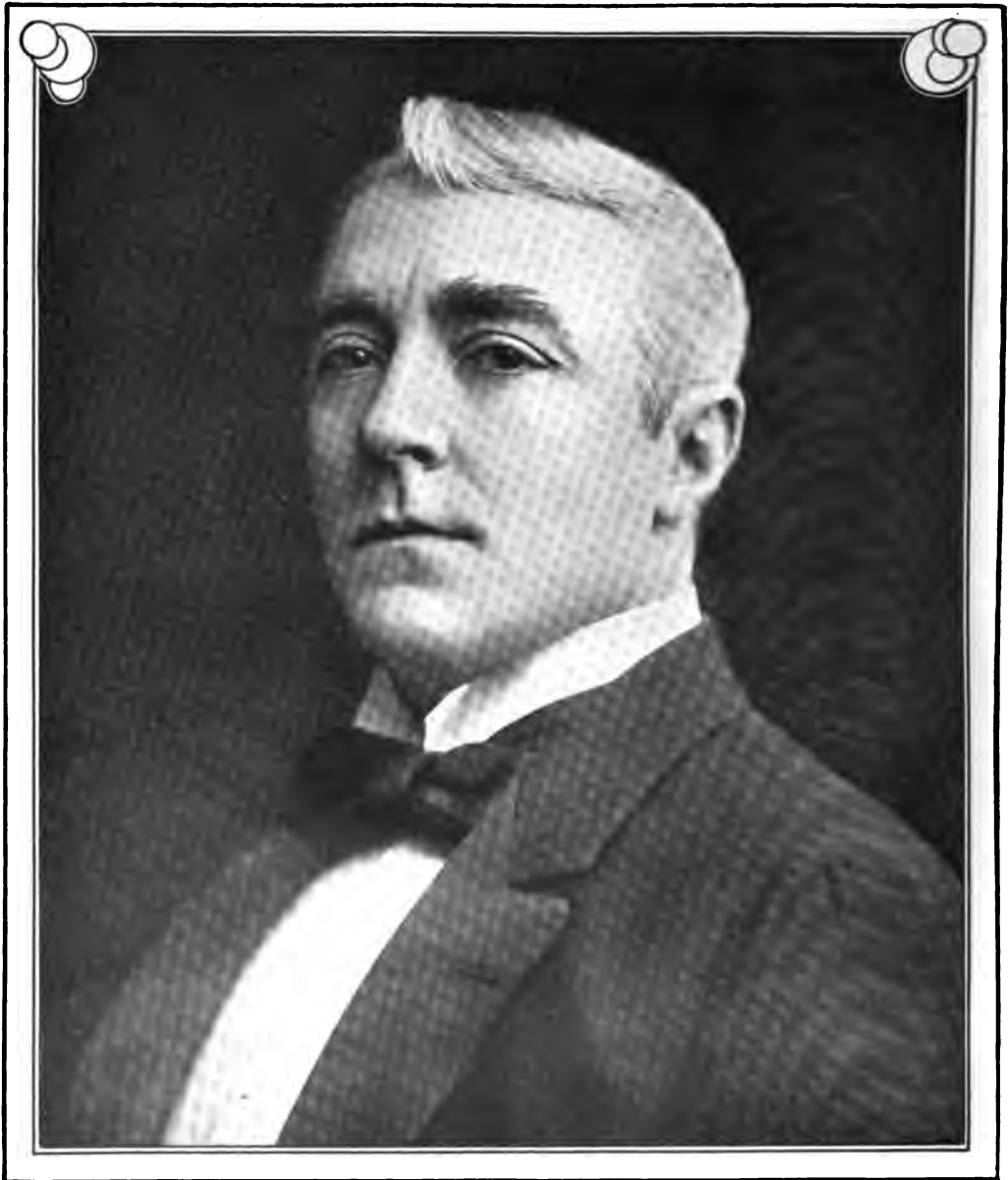
Be that as it may, William Faversham, who has been on the upgrade ever since he got really under headway with "The Squaw Man," is going to undertake a really important enterprise in the production of Stephen Phillips' poetic drama "Herod," which Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree did in London. Sir Herbert announces an American tour for this season, but his repertoire will not include "Herod," though it will comprise "Faith," from the pen of M. Brieux, one of the more thoughtful and painstaking of the younger school of French dramatists.



Photograph by Foulsham and Bennett

FORBES ROBERTSON

As he will appear in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," said to be like "The Servant in the House"



Photograph by Sarony

THE HANDSOME KYRLE BELLEW

Who, after two years' success in "The Thief," will be seen in "A Builder of Bridges," by Alfred Sutro, who wrote "The Walls of Jericho"

One of the most important events of the early season will be the appearance here of Forbes Robertson, the eminent English star, perhaps the best Hamlet of this day, in a curious play called "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." This appears to be a strange thing to come from the brain of so confirmed and rather obvious a humorist as Jerome K. Jerome. The presence of the Christlike

spirit in a cheap apartment house is the playwright's theme, and the piece is said to have many points of resemblance to "The Servant in the House," which Henry Miller is to take to England this Autumn. "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" was highly successful in London. It will be interesting to see if we like what they liked and likewise if they like what we liked so much.



HEDWIG REICHER

"The Mary Anderson of Germany," who has learned to speak English and will be seen on Broadway this year

For some time past George Arliss has annually revealed to this public his impersonation of some character of marked eccentricity. Memory calls up vividly those successive portraits of the crafty, cruel War Minister in "The Darling of the Gods," the gay, young, bibulous Parisian blade in "Leah Kleschna," and the sinister title part in that objectionable play "The Devil." This year his choice has fallen upon the gentle, absent minded, lovable hero of "Simple Septimus," the W. J. Locke

novel first published in this magazine and there known and loved by so many thousands of Americans. The dramatization has already been completed and preparations for staging the play are far advanced. Whatever its dramatic possibilities, it is hard to think of any other actor capable of impersonating the timid, generous, quaintly self-sacrificing inventor. It had to be Mr. Arliss or nobody.

It was inevitable that the complete success attending the translation of Mme. Nazimova



Photograph by Marceau

CHARLOTTE WALKER

In private life Mrs. Eugene Walter, who will star in a new play by her husband

it be remembered that even Nazimova's English was highly Slavonic at first. The second attempt at translating an actress will be made in the case of the Viennese, Marietta Olly, who played last winter in Bernstein's "Baccarat" at the German Theatre. Meantime, Aguglia, the Italian Mrs. Leslie Carter, is over in Italy working with an English tutor. But her effort in our language will fortunately not be made this season. Meantime, too, the extraordinary Nazimova will go right on amazing. Her managers promise a new and modern play which is yet unnamed, though it is announced that Eugene Walter is its author.

Margaret Anglin has come back from Australia with an American play in which she was successful there and in which New York is now seeing her. It is "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie," and is made from Mrs. Margaret Deland's novel of that name. The

from Russian into English should be followed by attempts to duplicate the feat. There will be at least two of them this season. The first and more important will involve the stately beauty and imposing personality of Hedwig Reicher. This young woman has been called "the German Mary Anderson." Whether or not she justifies this characterization, she has already shown us that she is a considerable actress. Last winter she appeared at the German Theatre in various plays, among them being "On the Eve," a Russian revolutionary play of tragic import and moving character, written by Leopold Kampff. Fraulein Reicher has been diligently studying English, and her first appearance in our language will be made in this same revolutionary play. If her accent retains Teutonic traces, why, let

book was both genuine and convincing, as was to have been expected of the author of "Old Chester Tales," and there is every reason to think that the play gives Miss Anglin scope for her uncommon powers of emotional expression.

At least three plays from the pen of Eugene Walter will be seen this season—possibly four. Of one of them little is known save that it will be called "The Assassin." As is clear to all who have seen "Paid in Full" and "The Easiest Way," Mr. Walter goes in for strong meat, and "The Assassin" certainly sounds like that. It will deal with certain phases of hereditary homicidal tendencies. He is also at work on a comedy of American life called "Just a Wife," in which it is expected that Mrs. Walter, known on the stage

as Charlotte Walker, will appear under the management of David Belasco. Mr. Walter has also written a four act melodrama of military life called "The Last Muster," which will be produced at the Broadway Theater when Mr. Faversham finishes his run in "Herod." The play for Mme. Nazimova is the last of the quartette.

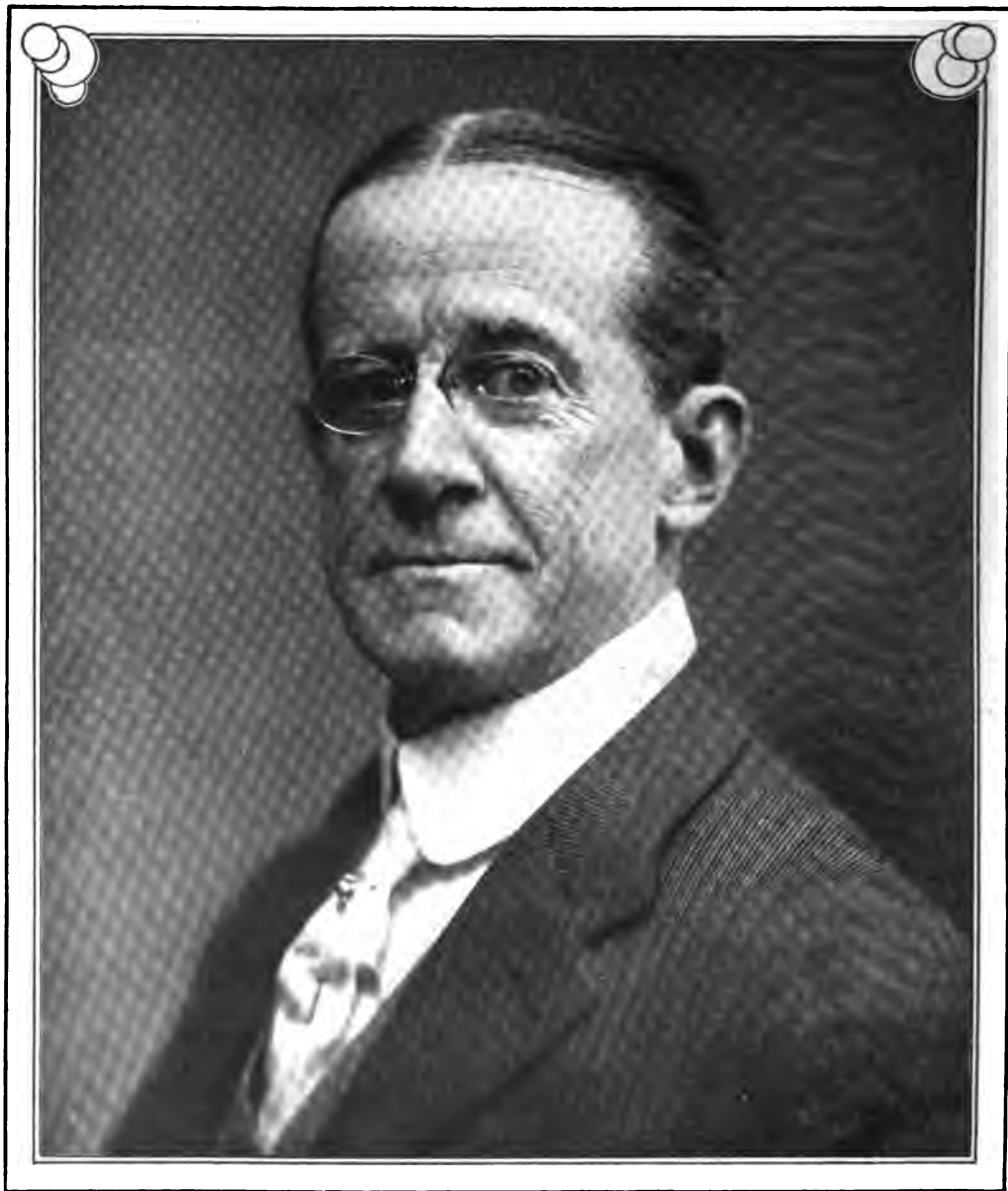
We have had nothing from Augustus Thomas since "The Witching Hour," but it is probable that within a few months a new Thomas play called "The Harvest Moon" will appear. It is understood to carry still further than "The Witching Hour" the discussion of mental suggestion as a factor in human relations and conduct.

No, there is to be no Clyde Fitch famine. The Fitch output will be normal—that is to say, plentiful. Its first fruits will appear in an October production of a serious play, called "The City," in which the playwright deals with the lure of the metropolis for the young man. In the performance of this play Mr. Fitch will have the services of one of the very best of our young native actors, Walter Hampden, last seen here as the Servant in "The Servant in the House."



MADAME NAZIMOVA

The wonderful Russian actress who now plays in English. She will be seen in a new play by Eugene Walter



Photograph by Sarony

WILLIAM H. CRANE

Who will later in the season revive some of the old plays he and Robson made famous

After "The City" there will be more Fitch plays, and after those, others, and then still others.

Otis Skinner will join the procession that follows in chains behind the triumphal chariot of Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson, who, since the great success of that entertaining glorification of middle western virtue, "The Man from Home," have been writing plays with all four hands and their feet.

There will be four or five Tarkington and Wilson plays shown in the course of the winter, written for Dustin Farnum, Mabel Taliafero, Madge Carr Cooke and others.

Plans, in short, are many and portentous. Miss Viola Allen, Arnold Daly, Billie Burke, Frank Keenan, Maclyn Arbuckle—all have interesting plans. A formidable total this. Is "the Great American play," whatever that is, among them? Ah, that's a secret.



The home of John Brown, Jr. at Put-in-Bay, Ohio, where Mrs. Atkinson had her talk with him about his father

The Soul of John Brown

Recollections of the Great Abolitionist
by his Son

By ELEANOR ATKINSON

Author of "Lincoln's Boyhood," "Lincoln's Love Story," etc.

Illustrated with Portraits and Photographs

JOHNS BROWN'S BODY" had, of course, been familiar from earliest childhood, but of the Civil War and all the stirring events that led up to it there was no recollection. The words of the martial chorus had, therefore, but the vaguest meaning for me, until I heard the story from the lips of John Brown Junior, and saw the dauntless soul of "the last of the great Puritans" march through that grim and reverent narrative. It was in his home among the vineyards of Put-in-Bay Island, Lake Erie, that he gave this interview, he talking from early dark until the boat left for Sandusky, near midnight.

A powerful man, physically, and one who

was extraordinarily handsome and distinguished in face and bearing, was John Brown Junior, although he was then in his seventieth year. Nearly six feet high, and weighing one hundred and eighty pounds, he looked straight ahead, and walked rapidly, like a man who has some business to which he must attend diligently. An active man of affairs was this, not much given to brooding over a tragic past, as one might have expected. His face was a ruddy bronze from his out-of-door life, his deep-set blue eyes the brightest and kindest, the most understanding eyes ever seen. His voice was strong, but quiet and cultivated, his manner genial and benevolent. When he

lifted his soft, black felt hat in greeting, he showed a low, broad forehead from which heavy, iron-gray hair swept upward and backward. The hair, and the patriarchal white beard that lay on his breast, gave him a strong resemblance to portraits of his father.

The house in which he lived, and in which his widow and his daughter, Mrs. Alexander, live to-day, has been enlarged and a spacious porch added, but at that time it was a white cottage that looked, from the outside, almost too small to shelter such a son of Anak. And it was quite hidden away from a turbulent world, behind a white picket fence, and approached through an avenue of cedar trees, an orchard, and ornamental shrubbery. The door was opened by a tall, noble-looking woman of sixty—John Brown Junior's wife. Her face was as serene as a Quaker lady's, and she had the bright, dark eyes and slender figure of girlhood. But her abundant hair was

snow white, and on that John Brown Junior laid his hand a moment in passing.

"That is a part of the story. She was a mere girl when she married me in Hudson, Ohio, in 1847. She went with me to Kansas in 1855. Before she was thirty her hair was as white as it is to-day."

The house was surprisingly spacious inside, with wide, low-ceiled rooms and numerous small-paned windows, and it was utterly charming in its simplicity and purity. A rag carpet brightened by great braided rugs covered the floor of the living-room where a fire of driftwood burned. The walls and woodwork were dazzlingly white, the windows draped with frilled dimity and brilliant with scarlet geraniums. A big bookcase filled one corner, an old melodeon another, a cabinet of geological specimens a third, for John Brown Junior had been a deputy surveyor of his county for a quarter of a century, and was an authority on the geology of the region. Old-fashioned

Windsor chairs were bright and soft with cushions of flowered cretonne. At his visitors' exclamations of delight in that room, he said:

"My wife has the home-making gift. She made a home in a Kansas dugout or a bark-slab shack. The women of our family were mothers of Israel. Too little has been said of their virtues.

"It went back—with my father, much farther than is generally understood. He got his deep piety, his love of liberty, his pioneer spirit, straight from Peter Brown, the carpenter, who came over in the *Mayflower*. He was of the sixth generation of a Puritan family that had never owned a slave, that had walked in the spirit of God, and that had set their faces westward. The Browns, fathers and sons, lived laborious, austere days, and conquered the wilderness from Plymouth Rock to Pottawatomie Creek, Kansas, and they knew no master but con-



John Brown's Second Wife

science. My great-grandfather fell in the Revolutionary War. My grandfather, Owen Brown, helped fugitive slaves escape to Canada before he left Connecticut, and he was in Ohio in 1805, several years before the battle of Tippecanoe and the massacre at Fort Dearborn.

"I believe in heredity. And I have speculated a good deal on a certain circumstance, wondering if there may not also be something in pre-natal influence. My father was born in Torrington, Connecticut, in May, 1800. During the winter of 1799-1800, New England had a spiritual awakening, in the greatest religious revival ever known since Whitfield. My grandfather often said that preachers who seemed inspired, denounced slavery in those meetings and predicted the wrath of God for our national sin. Abolition ideas were ever afterward more widely spread, more deeply rooted among New Englanders. My father, born just after that high tide of religious ex-

perience, was not only deeply religious—he was absolutely sure he was the agent of God, a Moses to lead the black man out of bondage—”

A pause, an upward sweep of the fingers through his hair, a hereditary gesture that was startling in its effect on his listeners, and then: “And we thought so too—all of us, without exception—his own father, who lived until 1854, his wife, his seven sons, his four daughters, his sons and daughters-in-law. We followed him, suffered and fought with him, gave up our dearest to him. Four of us died for him, and those who survived honored and gloried in him when he swung from the gallows, although we could not then understand why he allowed himself to be captured, his mission be brought to such a disastrous end; nor could we foresee the moral victory in that appalling defeat.

“The traits of the Brown family were all exaggerated in my father. He had extraordinary self-confidence and tenacity of purpose. He expected to succeed in everything he undertook, and failure daunted him not at all. He was stiff-necked in his independence, outspoken in denunciation of the time-serving spirit he found in the little church we attended. Other people’s opinions never turned him a hair’s breadth. He was, of course, misunderstood, considered eccentric, feared somewhat. I can understand that he may not always have been a comfortable neighbor. But his integrity was never doubted. It never occurred to one of us children that he could be disobeyed. I have seen it stated in biographies that he was harsh with his children—forced them to follow his ill-starred fortunes. I want to tell you about that.

“The very first thing I can remember is being rocked to sleep in my father’s arms to his

singing of Charles Wesley’s martial hymn, ‘Blow Ye the Trumpet, Blow!’ I was the first born of nineteen children, eleven of whom grew to maturity. For thirty years there was a baby in the house, and he sang us all to sleep, one after another, with that same hymn. It was sung to the tune of Lenox:

‘Blow ye the trumpet,
blow!
The gladly solemn
sound;
Let all the nations know
To earth’s remotest
bound,
The year of jubilee is
come;
Return, ye ransomed
sinners, home!’



JOHN BROWN, JR.

The eldest of the nineteen children of John Brown. Eleven grew to maturity

“He had the air of listening, and I know that, as a child, I always listened, expecting to hear a bugle. You want to read that hymn. It was his ‘call’ to duty and sacrifice. He was only twenty-one years my senior and we were comrades, but I thought him the wisest man in the world, and the kindest and most just. When I was a very small boy an incident occurred that made me reverence him. He

had set me the task of driving a horse to grind tan-bark for his tannery. I neglected it. We talked that breach of duty all over, as man to man, and agreed on the number of blows to be given with a birch switch. He struck me half the number, then bared his back and required me to deliver the balance to him; made me strike hard and bring the blood. Then he explained to me the vicarious atonement. He loved me so much that he was glad to suffer for me if I could thereby be cured of my faults. After that, nothing could ever persuade me that my father could possibly do anything wrong.

“Besides conducting a tanyard, he bred sheep here in Ohio, and I can remember, in the lambing season, he always took the night work. Many a night I have seen him bring the new-born lambs in to the fire, roll them in

blankets and feed them with warm milk. In the morning there might be a half-dozen such woolly babies, staggering and skipping about the kitchen, in the most comical manner, very much in everybody's way, and father utterly exhausted with the night's work. He often spoke of the life of the shepherd being favorable to religious meditation. In the days of solitude with his flock he had thought long on one idea until, at last, he consecrated himself to the task.

"It was in 1838, I think, that he revealed his purpose to his family. I was only seventeen at that time, Jason fifteen and Owen fourteen. Frederick, who fell at Ossawatimie, was nine, and Ruth, whose husband, Henry Thompson, died at Harper's Ferry, was eight. Watson, who fell at the Ferry, was a baby of three. Oliver, who gave his life there for father also, was not born until 1839. My young stepmother was under twenty-five, I think, with four babies around her knees, when my father told her and us that he would never again engage in any business that he could not leave on two weeks' notice. He meant to make as much money as he could, to educate his children, and to provide for his wife and helpless little ones. It might be years before opportunity offered to strike the blow, but he meant to prepare for it, and when the 'call' came, his wife was to consider herself a widow, his children committed to the care of Him who fed the ravens.

"And then he *knelt* in prayer to ask a blessing on his resolution. I say *knelt*, for I never saw him kneel again, either before or after that time. He always stood upright to pray, after the manner of the early Puritans. Young as we were he took us into his confidence. Mother and the three oldest boys voluntarily entered into a covenant with him. There was no compulsion about it. We fully understood what it meant, for the Rev. Elijah Lovejoy had very recently been murdered at Alton, Illinois, for daring to print an Abolition paper. As the other children grew older the matter was explained to them, and not one failed him. As we married, our wives and husbands were converted. There was a Brown family conspiracy that existed unsuspected for twenty-one years, to break the power of slavery. I believe it was Bronson Alcott who said that, in all history, he knew of only one other instance of such a family covenant, and that was with Mahomet.

"My father was a man of few words, talking much less than many neighbors who did nothing. But he showed his principles by his acts. This brought him into collision with a

local church, and he was considered unorthodox. The Bible, I think, he knew by heart. He had twenty texts at his tongue's end against the holding of human beings in bondage. When very tired he always asked some member of the family to read one of the Psalms of David. And he had "Pilgrim's Progress," Baxter's "Saints' Rest," "Cotton Mather," Watts's "Hymns," "Æsop's Fables," and the "Autobiography of Franklin." He read history, too—Rollins, Josephus, Plutarch, and the lives of Napoleon and Cromwell. Cromwell was his hero. After 1838, military and religious works formed his entire reading. He read every work on insurrectionary and guerrilla warfare he could get—especially the methods of Touissant l'Overture—and he followed the struggles for liberty in the Spanish Americas. He often remarked the ease with which war was carried on for years in mountainous countries, and he studied enlarged maps of the Alleghanies.

"What a highway for escaping slaves!' he often exclaimed. 'There it lies from Georgia to Canada. Nature made it! God made it!' He traced ridges, valleys, passes. I believe he could have found his way in those mountains, located advantageous positions, long before he ever saw them. His attack on Harper's Ferry was not an accident, or the result of ill-considered impulse. It was deliberately planned twenty years before. The struggle in Kansas was the accidental thing. But for that the blow at Harper's Ferry would have been struck three years earlier."

"What did he look like?" asked one listener. "I have always thought of him as a sort of John the Baptist, crying in the wilderness."

"That idea isn't very far wrong of the last four years of his life. After 1856 he was usually in rags, unkempt, gaunt, much older in every way, than his years. In Kansas he was a hunted man, a price upon his head. He laid out in swamps with a handful of men, and suffered much from fever and ague. His hair and beard grew long and wild, and turned gray. This made him look very strange to us, for he never wore a beard at all until he went to Kansas. He was naturally fair, with gray-blue eyes and brown hair. He was only five feet ten, and when in full vigor weighed only one hundred and forty pounds, but the 'officials,' who had warrants for his arrest in Kansas, were all looking for a fierce, dark man about seven feet high, such was the terror he inspired. He was known throughout Kansas—went into towns when it was necessary to do so, went in and came out unmolested. Armed posses with warrants were



JOHN BROWN AS A YOUNG MAN

“Other people’s opinions never turned him a hair’s breath”

afraid to try to take him. And everyone who saw him described him differently.

“It was a singular thing that men who knew my father well, in days before the free-soil struggle began, when he was a quiet business man here in Ohio, Massachusetts and New York state, were never able to describe him accurately. People usually thought him taller and heavier than he really was. One or two have spoken of him as ‘massive and dark, a powerful man.’ It was his aspect that gave this impression. His head was well up, between square shoulders; he had a fearless, challenging look, a firm mouth, a jaw thrust forward. No one could see him and not know him for a resolute man. But old—old! In Kansas he was called ‘Old Man Brown.’ He was only fifty-nine when he died, but he looked to be quite seventy.

“But going back to that family covenant, made in Ohio in 1838. It went into effect at once, in the most rigid economy. For several years father had hopes of becoming a capitalist, intending to devote his wealth to his mission. He formed a combination of the wool growers of four states to force better prices out of woolen manufacturers, and he opened a warehouse in Springfield, Massachusetts. I was with him much of the time, or buying wool for him in Ohio. He had a big brick warehouse, was the most important middleman in the business, but the family lived in an old frame house in a mean street, and as poorly as laborers. Not an unnecessary penny was spent, except for education. There were always some of the children away at school. But that bare old house, sparsely furnished, was saturated with religious feeling, like



The house where John Brown was born in Irvington, Conn., May, 1800

old in 1854, and was well established with my wife and boy, John III, in Vernon, Ohio. When Kansas was opened to settlement I went up to North Elba, in answer to my father's call for a family conference. It was a beautiful, wild country of forest-clad mountains, lakes and valleys. The house was of logs, with only two plastered rooms and a loft, but two families—ten people—lived there. Ruth had married Henry Thompson, a New Hampshire farmer, and they were living there. Henry was as

the home of a Puritan family. I never heard a word of complaint from anyone. Once father went to England on business, and he snatched a few days to go over Waterloo, and some of Cromwell's battlefields. He studied strategy, ordnance, the commissary. He knew how a force could travel the lightest and swiftest, and be most economically fed. Above every other attribute of the soldier, he ranked the clean life—often said that he would rather have all the plagues in camp than one immoral, irreligious man. 'One man and God,' he often said before Emerson said it, 'can overturn the universe.' Religious services were held morning and evening in his camp in Kansas.

"It was in 1849 that he failed in business—the manufacturers were better organized than the farmers—and went up to North Elba, New York, in the wilderness of the Adirondacks. A colony of free negroes had been established there, on wild land belonging to Gerritt Smith. My father bought a tract of this land and took up some blooded stock and farm implements. He merely told Mr. Smith that he was brought up in a pioneer family in Ohio, and was not afraid of hardships. He would like also to see what capabilities were possessed by the negroes for pioneering, and to give them the benefit of his experience. Of course, such a man could make himself very useful in that colony, and prominent Abolitionists were interested in his experiment. But no one outside the family had any idea that this venture was in preparation for grimmer work. Father had given up the idea of getting rich—meant to accomplish his purpose without money; and he wanted to know how best to help the free negro.

"I married in 1847, was thirty-three years

much of a disciple as any of father's seven sons. There were constant storms in winter, and snow sifted through the cracks onto the beds. My stepmother felt the severity of the climate, and the house was never without its shivering, black refugees. My father employed as many of them as he could, fed the rest, and helped them on to better fortune. Except for two years in Ohio, the family lived there in that mountain retreat, the women and children working for bread, after 1854, while the men were away, fighting for liberty in Kansas.

"A dozen rods from the front door there was an enormous boulder on which my father chiseled his initials, directing that it be used for his monument. His body lies there today, mouldering in the grave, in full view of Old Whiteface Mountain and Lake Placid, a thousand miles from any of his descendants.

"Well, the 'call' seemed peaceable enough when it came. Free-soil settlers were needed for Kansas, to gain the state through ballots. As I told you, the Browns were natural pioneers. It was only following family tradition for us to emigrate to Kansas. Six of us went—Jason, Owen, Frederick, Salmon, Henry Thompson and I. Jason and I took our wives and babies. Ruth stayed behind with father and mother. Frederick was engaged, and meant to go back for his sweetheart when he could make a home for her. We sold off all our property and bought blooded cattle, seed, fruit trees, vines and farm implements to take with us. We had two or three shotguns for hunting game, for game is an important item in the pioneer's living, but certainly we did not have a weapon apiece. I took a library of four hundred volumes that I had been collecting since I was sixteen. That

was, in all probability, the only library in the territory. We fully intended to make permanent homes there, and we did not expect trouble.

"We got there in the spring of 1855, made rude shelters and put in our crops. There were only about 800 electors in the territory, but 6,000 votes were cast by border ruffians from Missouri, and the election carried for slavery. The murder of free-soilers began in the autumn, when we refused to obey the laws of the bogus Territorial legislature, and held another election. Six strong, in the neighborhood of Ossawatimie, and all of us big, determined men, the Browns were naturally marked. It was clear that we would have to defend, not only our liberty, but our lives as well. I wrote to father for arms, and formed a company for defense. He brought the arms himself, and I turned the captaincy of the company over to him.

"In May, 1856, Lawrence was burned. We got there too late to save the town, and returned to find our own homes destroyed, our families shelterless on the prairie, our cattle driven off. My books had been burned. A reign of terrorism was on. Organized and armed desperadoes from Missouri, enrolled as deputy United States marshals, and backed by government troops, swarmed over the Territory. To fire on one of them, even in self-defense, was treason. Free-soilers were taken out of their homes in the night and murdered in cold blood, and no attempt was made to find or to punish the perpetrators of these crimes. Then it was that my father took the field. He gained his nickname, and inspired a wholesome respect, in the battle of Ossawatimie. But outrages never ceased until five pro-slavery men were called out of their homes on Pottawatimie Creek, in the dead of night, and executed.

"Did my father do that? I don't know. Several people, Sojourner Truth among them, are quoted by his biographers as saying that he admitted the deed. When asked if he thought he was commissioned by God to murder men, he is reported to have replied: 'I think I may be commissioned by God to murder more men.' Emerson said that Oliver Cromwell is the only other man in history



Photograph by C. W. Williams

The old church in Ossawatimie, Kansas, which John Brown attended. He was a very religious man. "One man and God," he often said before Emerson said it, "can overturn the universe"

who would have so justified himself. But my father never admitted to me that he did it, and I was his right hand for twenty years. But he was away from his command, with a small body of men, and on Pottawatimie Creek, when the deed was done. And he had absolute proof, got by penetrating the enemy's camp in the guise of a Government surveyor, that definite plans were ready to be put into operation to 'clean the creek of free-soilers, especially that nest of Browns.' Five free-soilers on the creek were actually murdered. Then followed that swift meting out of heaven's own law, 'a life for a life.' I don't know who did the deed, but my father, while he never admitted doing it to me, never denied responsibility.

"I was captured almost immediately afterward and held in prison for four months, much of the time insane. Frederick was killed at Ossawatimie. Jason was captured also, but soon released. One year after he reached Kansas father had one son dead, one desperately wounded, two in prison and charged with treason—myself a maniac in chains. My wife and Jason's and our children, were homeless and in destitution, our claims laid waste. Only one son out of six was in fighting condition; the fight for freedom was all but lost, and the family was marked for extinction. Like David of old, my father had his dwelling with the serpents of the rocks and the beasts of the wilderness. But the tables were turned. *He* was the terrorizer! It is said that children in Missouri were frightened into good behavior by telling

them that 'Old Man Brown' would get them. Had they not been in such fear of some dreadful vengeance from my father, I am sure that Jason and I would have been put to death without ceremony, as were many others who had caused them much less trouble. If we were traitors, we deserved nothing less than death. But we were never even brought to trial, and were let go free.

"When I was captured, Captain Walker of the United States cavalry himself tied my arms behind my back with a heavy rope. The rope was held by a sergeant, and I was driven, in front of trotting cavalry, nine miles in the blazing sun, to Ossawatimie. When the rope was taken off twenty-seven hours later, my arms were swollen as big as my body and had turned black. Rings of skin came off with the ropes—slavery's bracelets. I still wear them." He rolled back his cuffs and showed two deeply scarred rings above the wrists. He turned down his sleeves and went on with that awful recital, after the manner of an impartial historian. One got the impression that he had always had the true historic perspective, his view unbiased by all this tragic, personal experience.

"I was a raving maniac, chained to the floor, and ill of some wasting fever for a long time. For weeks my wife and father did not know if I were living or dead. You can understand that it would have simplified matters for my captors, if I had died. After my release, in my state of shattered health, I was of no further use in Kansas, and came back to Ohio. There, and in Pennsylvania and Canada, I collected arms and money for my father until the end. With the securing of legal elections in Kansas, the trouble there was practically over. The Territory filled up with free-soilers, who reaped wheat in fields where we had bled. In 1857 my father was in the East. It was not until then that he met prominent Abolitionists or got any money for the cause. He went back to Kansas and ran a band of slaves off from Missouri to Canada, just to show that it could be done by a determined man. Then he was ready to put the larger movement in operation in the Alleghanies.

"Before the struggle in Kansas he had believed that the death-blow might be struck at the institution of slavery by making slave property unsafe—by the organized running off of slaves in a limited territory, and following it up to where the Alleghanies terminate in Georgia and Alabama. He thought that, in five years, or ten, slavery could be driven to the Gulf, and public sentiment could then

make an end of it. But after the desperate fight, merely for the extension of slavery, in Kansas, he changed his mind. It was in 1858, I think, that he said to me: 'There will be war. You have only to read history, to learn that no smallest measure of human liberty has ever been gained except by the shedding of human blood.'

"He got money and went down to Maryland, rented a farm near Harper's Ferry, and gave out his business as a cattle buyer. He took Owen, Oliver, Watson and Henry Thompson with him. They lived there all summer as I. Smith and sons. Neighbors came freely to the place and thought of him as a garrulous old farmer, he talked with such apparent frankness of his affairs. Ruth was there, for a time, and my sixteen-year-old sister Anne, to avert suspicion, but in September they were sent back to North Elba. I shipped arms and ammunition to my father from Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, then went up to Canada, on a mission connected with the assisted emigration of fugitive slaves to Hayti, and the drilling of negro soldiers who were to join my father. Every link in the chain was completed. We understood that father meant to try to capture the arms and ammunition in the arsenal, and to get away into the mountains with as many slaves as he could seize. The negro men were to be armed and drilled as soldiers, and kept with him; the women and children were to be hurried to Canada.

"The blow was struck prematurely. Eighteen men were on the farm by October, the women were gone. So many men, who received so many mysterious 'express packages,' aroused suspicion. Immediate action was necessary, but I believe the original plan could still have been carried out with brilliant success. The town was captured with surprising ease. In two hours those eighteen men held the bridge and the arsenal, and the town was under guard, without the firing of a shot or arousing alarm. But I think now that my father expected to die there, went there with the intention of making no effort to escape. Just before they started, on that dark, rainy Sunday night of October 16, after the usual religious services he always held in camp, my father said:

"Come, boys; and remember that a long life is not of so much concern as one well ended."

John Brown Junior got up and began to pace the floor. His wife spoke to him quietly, something about his weak heart, and he sat down again, and ran his fingers up through his hair in the startling hereditary gesture he used so often and so unconsciously.

"Yes, my heart slipped a cog in that nine-mile run before cavalry in Kansas. It will be the end of me some day, I suppose.* Well, my father had from dawn until noon to get away with his men, arms and prisoners. But he stayed there and waited for Colonel Lees' cavalry to arrive from Washington and dislodge him. He used the time to make the purpose of the attack very clear. By Monday night eleven of those eighteen men were dead. Henry Thompson, Ruth's husband, and Oliver were dead, and Watson dying. Father counted Watson's pulse with one hand and held a gun with the other. When he was taken prisoner his identity was unknown. A wasted, gray-bearded, pious farmer, looking to be seventy years old, his captors were startled by his saying quietly:

"My name is John Brown."

"Brown of Ossawatimie?" was asked in awed tones, for the disappearance of such a firebrand from Kansas was a matter of concern to the authorities.

"I have been so called, I believe," he answered.

"So this was the man who, single handed, had wrested Kansas from the Southern oligarchy! Chains were put on him, the guards were doubled. His trial was hurried, he was hurried to the gallows. I do not say that his execution was not legal, that he had not incurred the death penalty, but the haste with which it was done was caused by panic on the part of the authorities. No sooner was he dead than there was a reaction of opinion



A sketch from life by Albert Hunt

JOHN BROWN IN PRISON

John Brown, Jr., said that he thought his father expected to die when he made the raid on Harper's Ferry, and that he went there with the intention of making no effort to escape

in the North. Dying so, he won for the cause a host of sympathizers. And that is what he expected his death to accomplish. Just before going down there he said to me:

"There is no seed that comes to so swift and abundant a harvest as the blood of martyrs spilled upon the ground."

"Of the four who escaped from Harper's Ferry, one was my brother Owen. For days they made their way through the mountains and swamps, a price on their heads, in a hostile, panic-stricken region. Shoeless, ragged, starving, wounded, they were afraid to go to a house for anything to eat. Once, when they lay in a blackberry thicket, two hundred United States cavalry rode by. Following the troops was a small boy on a pony leading a little dog by a string. The dog smelled them,

*John Brown Junior died in May, 1903, of heart failure, at the age of 82. His powerful constitution resisted an organic disorder from which he suffered for nearly a half century.



From the Collection of Robert Coster

JOHN BROWN

"He was only fifty-nine when he died, but he looked seventy"

darted into the brambles barking furiously, but the boy jerked the dog back and galloped on. Had that string broken, or the boy followed the dog's lead, they would all have been captured. They had many escapes as narrow as that.

"Jason, Owen, Salmon and I, all the men of our family left out of nine, were fugitives in Canada, until the war broke out. Up in North Elba there were four widows and several orphans, and two women whose husbands

were outlaws. Oliver's young wife and baby died soon after. Mother took father, Oliver, Watson and Henry Thompson up and laid them by the great boulder. Their names are all carved there on the tombstone of Captain John Brown who fell in the Revolution. The name of Frederick, who died at Ossawatimie, is inscribed there also. The women remained in that house of poverty and woe for five years.

"When the war broke out I came back from Canada, and raised a company of sharp-

shooters, enlisted as Company K, Seventh Regiment Kansas Volunteer Cavalry. But after one year I became too ill to be of service, and was discharged. Jason and I came over here on Put-in-Bay Island, and set out a vineyard in 1862, at a time when these islands were infested with wild cats and rattlesnakes. The rest of the family went to California after the war, some to grow grapes, others to herd sheep. You see we are all pioneers, naturally peaceable citizens, in spite of our terrible reputation. But we are men of one idea. My own particular brand of fanaticism, as some of my neighbors are fond of calling it, is prohibition. I let my grapes rot on the vines, one year, when I couldn't get them to market, rather than sell a pound to go to the wine vats on Kelleys Island. If I live long enough this county will go as dry as a boneyard, if my name isn't John Brown Junior.

"I think, as my father himself thought, that he was an instrument, a historic character, produced by the exigencies of the time. No volition of his own could have stayed the march of events. He merely accelerated them. He headed no party, changed no law, won no large following, suffered an ignomini-

ous death. His life went out in tragic gloom and apparent failure. But suddenly he seemed to be, as Thoreau said, 'more alive than any man living.' The spirit, the moral heroism, in which he had courted the sacrifice, awoke the conscience of a people, and such reparation as was possible was made. There was something like public remorse and shame that a great nation should have shirked its duty, allowed one old man to hurl himself to death against a national wrong.

"I shall never forget the first time I heard men singing:

John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
But his soul goes marching on!

"I never heard how the song originated, but all at once hundreds of thousands of marching men were singing it. Only then did all his family understand why my father died as he did. That old scene in the woodshed, when he had bared his back to my blows, recurred to me. Deeply as we mourned his loss, bitterly as we felt the manner of his death, not one of us to-day would have had it end differently. His life was far too short, but it was well ended."

Three Men

The Story of an Unequal Triangle

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

THIS story is not a true story. If it were, I should shrink from the telling. It would harrow the sensibilities of too many eminently respectable people. Since it is merely a figment of the imagination—

The three were Jencks-Esq., Jencks-Jr., and B. Slufek. They all lived in and by virtue of Steelopolis. And they all worked in the Mammoth Mills. Jencks-Esq. and Jencks-Jr. toiled unremittingly in the offices. They considered that it was their duty to do so, which doubtless it was. For one of them owned the Mammoth Mills and the other expected to.

B. Slufek sweated profusely in the blooming-mill where the ten-ton ingots of steel weave to and fro like giants in the torture of a white heat and where, when you become torpid from over-exhaustion and have an arm burned off, a generous paternal management pays

you \$100 compensation—if you're lucky. B. Slufek worked there, not because he considered it his duty, but because he had to make a living. He didn't make it. Not in any real sense, that is.

Jencks-Esq. was a Highly Esteemed Citizen. All the newspapers said so. By this they meant that he was worth several million dollars. He employed five thousand men to make this sum for him, and deemed himself a benefactor of the human race.

"What would become of all these poor fellows if it were not for me?" he frequently said. His tone, when he said this, was the tone of a challenge.

Incidentally, he never thought to inquire what did become of the poor fellows. They worked. Dividends accrued. That was enough for Jencks-Esq.

Occasionally Jencks-Esq. made an after-

dinner speech, expatiating upon the Proud Industrial Achievements of Steelopolis. Jencks-Jr. listened to these speeches with glowing affection. He believed of Jencks-Esq. all that Jencks-Esq. believed of himself. He was very young and warm hearted and unsuspecting.

B. Slufek never heard any of the Jencks-Esq. oratory. The Proud Industrial Achievements of Steelopolis wouldn't have interested him anyway. He was singly intent upon the Proud Industrial Achievement of getting three meals per day for self and family. Add to this, \$11 a month for rent, and the problem looms large. Even at his princely wage of \$1.65 for a twelve-hour day, with a periodic working shift of twenty-four hours on end, B. Slufek sometimes ran into debt. This, I suppose, was due to innate depravity somewhere. Obviously the innate depravity must have been B. Slufek's. It could hardly have been Jencks-Esq.'s. For Jencks-Esq. was a good man. Whereas B. Slufek was a Regrettable Hun.

Everybody recognized the goodness of Jencks-Esq. He regularly went to church and worshiped God. At least, he worshiped his own idea of God. It was a somewhat peculiar idea. Nowhere in the records of religion could you find anything resembling the God of Jencks-Esq., not even if you went back to Greek Paganism. For, after all, the gods of the Greeks were a public sort of gods. They looked after everybody impartially. The Jencks-Esq. god (I shall no longer dignify it with a capital) was exclusively devoted to the interests of Jencks-Esq. As a matter of fact it was a pasteboard god, invented by Jencks-Esq.'s pastor in return for a new church. Every morning Jencks-Esq. piously thanked his god, who was not as other gods are, that he himself was not as other men were.

Jencks-Jr. also had a God, dimly visioned. His was the true God, whose altar is raised wherever a clean heart looks upward. Jencks-Jr. looked upward rather timidly; a little shamedfacedly, indeed, if the truth be known. He hadn't much of an opinion of himself in that respect, being at heart humble. He had a very great opinion of his father, being a loyal and unquestioning sort of son. When he conscientiously prayed, Jencks-Jr. thanked God for giving him such a father as Jencks-Esq.

B. Slufek had no God at all. He hadn't time for one. It sometimes happens that way when men work twelve hours every day in the week, with a periodic shift of twenty-four hours on end. Jencks-Esq.'s laborers were sunk in bestial slumber what time Jencks-Esq. was in

his pew at church. Alas for the baseness of the human soul!

But had B. Slufek a soul? Something was there, inside, of course. But I am speaking now of a soul as we understand it; you and I, comfortable reader. A well-groomed, carefully considered, self-heedful sort of a soul; Jencks-Esq.'s sort of a soul, in point of fact. Jencks-Esq. presumably didn't believe that B. Slufek possessed anything of the kind. He never would have dared to work a man with a soul as he worked B. Slufek. He would have been afraid of meeting that soul—later.

Not that Jencks-Esq. was unconcerned as to the inner welfare of his fellow beings. You mustn't think that. Many a foreign mission blessed his conspicuous lavishness. It gave him a sense of almost superhuman power to consider, when he had leisure, that he was making life happier in Darkest Africa, through the earnings of his particular Proud Industrial Achievement. Happier than in Darkest Steelopolis, indeed. But Jencks-Esq. knew nothing about Darkest Steelopolis, though he owned part of it. It was too near.

With Jencks-Jr. it was not so near but what it occasionally troubled him through hearsay. His mind asked rebellious questions. Once he referred some of these questions to his father. The damnatory word "Paternalism" humbled him to silence. He learned at the same time that only "irresponsible idealists" given over, body and soul to the propagation of "socialistic rot," concerned themselves with light, air, germs and death rates. Jencks-Esq. said so. With emphasis. B. Slufek could have confirmed the statement. He didn't bother about these matters. He was no irresponsible idealist. Besides, he didn't know enough.

Coming out of the mill, B. Slufek frequently met the two Jenckses emerging from the office. He always touched his hat humbly. Jencks-Esq. never saw him. Jencks-Jr. gave him a friendly nod in return. This caused B. Slufek a dull sort of pleasure. He would bob at his hat again and go on. Of course it was un-American for him to touch his hat at all. He had heard a labor agitator say as much at a meeting. It hadn't impressed him particularly. B. Slufek had failed to become Americanized as swiftly as his well-wishers—had there been any—might have hoped. It is bound to be thus, occasionally, with men who work twelve hours every day in the week with a periodic shift of twenty-four hours on end. B. Slufek remained a Regrettable Hun, saluting power and wealth humbly in the persons of Jencks-Esq. and Jencks-Jr.

One evening B. Slufek came out late.

Jencks-Jr. was also late. The two men met. B. Slufek saluted humbly. Jencks-Jr. smiled and nodded. B. Slufek threw his arms around Jencks-Jr. and hung upon his neck. He did this, not out of affection, but from the impelling necessity of clinging to something solid. Jencks-Jr. looked solid. All else reeled before B. Slufek. A dagger of icy air had pierced his lungs. This is a logical, though doubtless lamentable result of coming from twelve hours' labor at a temperature of anything you please above 120, into an outside frost of ten below freezing. B. Slufek became very limp and saggy.

Jencks-Jr. heaved B. Slufek up and held him.

"Here," said he. "What's this? Drunk?"

"Excoose me; no," murmured B. Slufek.

Jencks, Jr.'s, gloved hand, which had tightened on the Regrettable Hun's wrist felt the heat burn through.

"You're ill," he said.

"Excoose me; yes," whispered B. Slufek. Then his cough took him and tore him.

Jencks-Jr.'s motor car was purring near by. Jencks-Jr.'s muscles were mighty. He lifted two hundred-odd pounds of inert labor in his arms and deposited it on the seat. He made a bundle of it, with furs. The bundle quivered and gasped.

"Where do you live?" asked Jencks-Jr.

"Mollberra Al'. By Garman's saloon," said B. Slufek. "Down River Bottom way."

During the swift run B. Slufek spoke only once. That was when Jencks-Jr. asked him if he felt any better.

"I think I goin' die," said B. Slufek humbly. "Excoose me."

"Nonsense!" said Jencks-Jr.

Jencks-Jr. had never seen Mulberry Alley before. It did not edify him. As for the chauffeur, he snorted. He opined that it was no place for a gentleman, which was true. It was equally true that it was no place for any human being.

Nevertheless, a great many human beings lived in Mulberry Alley. They lived several in a room. In the case of the B. Slufeks, two tiny compartments housed seven. Jencks-Jr. had never seen a room like those of the B. Slufeks' before. It edified him still less than Mulberry Alley had. But it gave him some first-hand notions as to housing reform and irresponsible idealists. These notions, however, did not crystalize until later. Too late, in fact.

Jencks-Jr. having carried B. Slufek into his home, sent the disgusted chauffeur for a doctor. Then he returned to soothe the alarms

of Mrs. Slufek. He needn't have troubled. Mrs. Slufek wasn't alarmed. She was drunk. This was very culpable of her. But she didn't care. She didn't drink to acquire merit, but to achieve forgetfulness. It is sometimes desirable to forget that one is the wife of a husband who works twelve hours every day in the week, with a periodic shift of twenty-four hours on end, and brings home \$1.65 a day to keep a family on.

B. Slufek spoke thickly to his children. The children stared, wide-eyed and awe-stricken at the wonderful stranger. All but the youngest girl. She giggled and jibbered over a lump of rags. She was a rickety imbecile. Children sometimes turn out that way when they're brought up, in a foul alley, on the kind of nutriment which wages of \$1.65 per day in a city of high rentals are able to provide. B. Slufek kicked at her and she howled with surprise. Then they all howled because B. Slufek and the wonderful stranger had clinched and were fighting all around the room. B. Slufek was extremely insane. His delirium had come upon him and he desired to kill his wife and family, which would, perhaps, have been the best thing for all concerned, but couldn't be allowed.

In the midst of the fracas, the doctor arrived. Being a neighborhood practitioner he was of an abrupt and time-saving nature. He precipitated himself into the fight, armed with a small squirt. Two punctures with this settled the Regrettable Hun. He collapsed and was put to bed.

"Get out," said the doctor to B. Slufek's wife.

She went, trailing her progeny after her.

"Let me look at that ear," said the doctor to Jencks-Jr.

He sponged it off carefully and took a few stitches in the lobe. Jencks-Jr. sat tight, panting.

"That's all right, then," said the doctor, having finished his work. "Can't be too careful about infection in a place like this."

"What's the matter with him?" Jencks-Jr. indicated the heavy-breathing lump on the foul bed.

"Pneumonia, of course."

"Why 'of course'?"

"It 'most always is with the mill lot."

"You mean they nearly all die of pneumonia?"

"Well—plenty get killed in accidents."

"But, outside of that," persisted Jencks, Jr.

"Yes; they die like flies. But then, they breed like flies, too."

"What's the cause of it?" said Jencks-Jr.

"Twenty-five per cent. dividends, mainly," said the doctor.

"Will he die?"

"Probably."

"If money will do anything—" began Jencks-Jr.

The man of medicine smiled grimly. Poor as was his district, he had so often been the agent of that pitiful attempt to bribe incorruptible Death!

"You can get him out of this, if you like," said he. "That'll be some help."

"The best hospital, please," said Jencks-Jr. He gave his name as guaranty.

The doctor nodded. "By the way," he said, "did he happen to cough in your face? While you were fighting, you know."

Jencks-Jr. turned a little green with nausea. The doctor waited for no further answer. He went to a pump in the rear yard, surrounded by out-houses. Drawing a basin of water he sniffed at it with a wrinkling nose.

"Never mind," he said as he returned, "this'll fix it." He dropped a tablet into the basin. The water fizzed. "Wash your face thoroughly in that," he said. "Snuff some of it up. As soon as you get home, take a good hot bath, and gargle. Some fools say pneumonia isn't infectious. They ought to have my practice. Better go now. No good your waiting here."

Jencks-Jr. raised a dripping face and looked about him.

"Do many people live like this?" he asked.

"Lots."

"Sleep in such rooms? Drink such water?"

"Thousands."

"Who owns this hell-hole?"

"You do."

Jencks-Jr. sped home pondering. Frequent inquiries went to the hospital where B. Slufek lay, and frequent reports came back to Jencks-Jr. Jencks-Jr. was doing some painful thinking. At times his thoughts were akin to the socialistic rot of irresponsible idealists. At times they were full of contrition and remorse. This was when they dwelt with insistent inquiry upon Jencks-Esq.'s relation to certain ugly facts. Presently the thoughts became very confused. Jencks-Jr. took them

to bed with him, where they thrust sharp knives into his lungs and interfered seriously with his breathing. Jencks-Jr. was extremely ill.

Profound specialists arrived by extra-schedule trains. This meant that Jencks-Esq. was trying his masterful hand at bribing incorruptible Death. There was every apparent reason why Jencks-Jr. should live. But he died. The clergyman who had made a god to order for Jencks-Esq., opined in eloquent words that it was a mysterious dispensation of an inscrutable providence. What he really meant was that he didn't understand the why and wherefore. No more do I.

No more did Jencks-Esq. Jencks-Esq. cursed his god, which would have been blasphemy in anyone else. But you can't blaspheme a private, pasteboard god. And the living and forgiving God, the God of Jencks-Jr., and perhaps even of B. Slufek, looked down, one may suppose, in pity of the futile spectacle.

B. Slufek lay three weeks in hospital. There was no particular reason why he should recover. He was fully insured. But recover he did. He went back to the mill, tottering with weakness. His job was gone. It generally happens that way when you can buy all the strong men you need for fourteen cents an hour.

B. Slufek looked for other jobs. They weren't to be had. B. Slufek took to drink. One day, being half-fuddled, he tried to get to Jencks-Esq. He wanted to explain to Jencks-Esq., that Jencks-Jr. would have given him his job back. Also that he was sorry on other accounts about Jencks-Jr.'s death. B. Slufek was duly arrested and sent to jail. When he came out his family were deep in debt. He had a bad name. Nobody would give work to a man like him. He sank to the gutter and his family became public charges. This proves satisfactorily my first hypothesis, that the innate depravity in such cases always pertains to the B. Slufeks and never to the Jencks-Esqs. Also it ends my story.

As I said at the outset, the story isn't a true story, anyway. Not wholly, that is. The names are all altered. Even B. Slufek's.



Miss Tarbell's New Series

THE first chapter of Miss Tarbell's new historical serial, *The American Woman*, will appear in the November number of this magazine. We believe that our readers, men as well as women, will find that it is not only interesting and stimulating, but that it possesses to a surprising degree the quality of news. Absorbed as we are in the contemporary features of the women's movement, we are liable to forget that the modern American woman is as old as the Declaration of Independence. Yet this is the fact and no intelligent judgment of the present day woman and her ambitions can be formed without considering what she came from, and the way she has traveled since her start. This is what the first half of Miss Tarbell's narrative aims to do.

It opens with a chapter on the woman of 1776, a type of rare qualities and intelligence—a woman big enough to feel what Democracy meant for humanity—and to realize that in the new order she would have special duties—duties which under the old order were not required of her—and she proposed to prepare herself for her new business. And here came the first great struggle in the American Woman's Revolution. For the supporters of the old order of things fought the notion of any change in the education of women as they fought every innovation which aimed to equalize the classes into which men had been divided. The nobility, the patience and the self sacrifice with which the American woman in the first half of the 19th century schemed and labored to educate herself for her place in the New Republic is one of the most inspiring chapters in Miss Tarbell's narrative.

The Price Woman has Paid

The special services for which they were preparing soon came as they foresaw. No one denies to-day that the American woman was a great factor in freeing this country from slavery. That she has had enormous effect in making intemperance and administration to it, disgraceful. That her devotion in the Rebellion did more to humanize war than ever had been done in all past centuries; that largely through her a totally new conception of society's obligation to the dependent of all sorts, has become general. But few realize how great a price she paid, particularly in the first half of the century, for the right to go ahead and do what she saw to do.

The American Woman has had to pay in tears and in heart ache, in loneliness and in poverty for the privilege of rendering humanity what to-day are recognized to be priceless services.

The study of this struggle makes another dramatic and moving chapter in the narrative;

but no more so than the chapter on the great struggle for political recognition, the one for freedom in industrial and professional work; no more important and stirring than the chapters on the woman of the North and South in the Civil War.

Great Personal Stories

One of the striking features of the narrative is the multitude of personalities, all in action and intimately related to the general movement of the century, which have been introduced. It is history through biography which Miss Tarbell writes. Through Abigail Adams and Easter Reed and Mercy Warren and Margaret Mercer and others, we see what the American woman of 125 years ago was, what understanding and temper and sense of obligation she brought to the great task of her own emancipation. In the stirring stories of such women as Mary Lyon, Frances Wright, Emma Willard, Catherine Beecher, we learn something of the cost of the present unlimited educational opportunity which women enjoy in the sketches of Lucretia Mott, of Agelina

Grimké and her sister, of Laura Haviland and many others of what it cost to build up an anti-slavery sentiment in the North; in the stories of Dr. Harriet Hunt, Dr. Blackwell Lucy Stone. What free access to a professional training and practice cost. Indeed there are no chapters of the narrative not rich with personal material of great suggestiveness and stimulus.

writes of them with the sympathy and understanding of one who has been a part of that with which she deals.

She brings not only her personal insight to the work, but her training as a student and a writer on modern and contemporary life and personages.

Miss Tarbell on The Woman of To-day

While the first half of the narrative deals with the changes which have come in woman's ideals, activities and ambitions in the last 125 years, the second treats more specially the actual situation—social, economical, intellectual and political of the American woman. It attempts briefly and vividly to show what sort of a woman it is which this stirring revolution has produced; what she is doing with herself; how far she still is from realizing the perfect Democratic ideal which inspired the woman of 1776. It is the evolved type in action that we get in the second part of the story, along with the writer's own comments and judgments. These have their practical value whether we agree with them or not, for Miss Tarbell is herself the product of the movement she describes.

Miss Tarbell, educated in a co-educational institution and for many years active in her own special field of journalism, has shared all the varying phases of women's experience and ambitions in her time and she

A Gallery of Beautiful Portraits

A valuable and attractive addition to the text will be the extraordinary series of portraits of American women with which it will be illustrated. For many months Charles Henry Hart, the leading authority on American portraiture has been collecting these pictures. Mr. Hart says their selection has been the most difficult task which he has ever undertaken but his success has been most satisfactory. The series will be of portraits obtained directly from the original most valued by the descendants of the subjects. Some of the portraits have never been reproduced before; for instance Eastman Johnson's exquisite drawing of Dolly Madison. In certain cases Mr. Hart has unearthed portraits which even the family did not know existed—for example a portrait of that famous wit of the Revolution—Rebecca Franks. It was believed no portrait of Miss Franks was ever made, but Mr. Hart has found one in England. He has also secured a unique portrait of the eccentric wife of General Harry Knox hitherto unknown. Many others will be published as rare and as beautiful as these. Full historical facts and notes will accompany the pictures.

We believe this series will prove a real contribution to the sympathetic understanding of the Woman's movement. The time seems to have come when it will not be amiss for the American woman to cast up her accounts and find out where she stands in the great adventure which she entered a century and a quarter ago—the adventure of emancipating herself. Like all revolutionary and upward movements the woman's movement has had its share of folly and of misunderstanding, of mistakes and retrogression. Some things which the woman of 150 years ago possessed—priceless things—the emancipated woman has sacrificed—at least temporarily. She has paid the cost of what she has gained. For no thoughtful mind can deny that she has gained. Both losses and gains are carefully weighed in this narrative and in a sincere and considered final chapter Miss Tarbell states her own views on the present status of the American woman and her judgment as to where her future energies will be most profitably directed.

Puppy Love

By INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE

Author of "The Lost Children," "Phoebe and the Heart of Toil," Etc.

With Illustrations by R. F. Schabelitz

AT a half after nine, Monday morning, Ernest Martin was just Ernest Martin. At twenty-nine minutes and fifty-nine seconds to ten, Monday morning, Ernest Martin was Ernest Martin plus X. The X represents a state of mind. Answer—Ernest was sixteen, and for the first time in his life he had seen a girl when he looked at her.

Ernest did not like girls. He had often wondered why Providence had seen fit to encumber an otherwise perfect world with these obstacles to masculine fun. Thitherto, they had borne the same relative importance to his life as a cloud of gnats to his summer vacation. Almost it was as if, by some peculiar visual limitation, he were blind to the whole sex. Figuratively speaking, he never noticed their existence until he bumped into them. But though, thus far, he had held himself absolutely aloof from contamination, he did not underrate their power. He had seen other boys dally with the enemy, weaken, go over utterly to them. Nothing could express his contempt for these renegades. Tug Warburton, for instance—Tug had never been the same boy since he developed a "case" on Ernest's sister, Phœbe. Ernest admitted alleviating circumstances there, however. Though a girl, Phœbe was almost human. She skated, golfed, boxed. She swam like a duck. She was a crackerjack at tennis.

At the auspicious instant of the fatal day, the door of the sophomore room of the Maywood High School opened and Old Mudguards, the master, entered. Anticipating personal trouble, Ernest furtively searched Mr. Ballington's face. No shadow lay there. On the contrary, it seemed to beam. It even wore a foolish smile between its hedges of iron-gray side-whiskers. Ernest's gaze slid contemptuously past the smile to—what followed in its wake. And then was when he got it!

It was a girl—a tall, pale, dark girl, dressed in slim black. Eyes, it had—a mouth, a nose. But what Ernest saw first, what he saw last, what he remembered to the end of his days were curls—curls that gathered in tangly, grape-like clusters on the little head, curls that meandered off singly and hung, delicately carved spirals of jet against white flesh, curls that poured over the temples, curls that flooded the ears, curls that burst out of the red ribbon on the neck and hung to the waist—everywhere, rivulets, cascades and cataracts of big, round, shining, purple-black curls.

Ernest's eyes filmed. His whole system melted. His ear-drums sizzled so loudly that he did not hear the preliminaries to that heavenly arrangement by which the curls were placed in a seat in front of him.

From that coign of vantage she surveyed her classmates. As long as she was engaged with the front of the class, Ernest's gaze adhered as closely to her as if it had been glued. But suddenly the big black eyes darted up a whole row and pounced on Ernest.

It was like having a pair of burning-glasses trained on him.

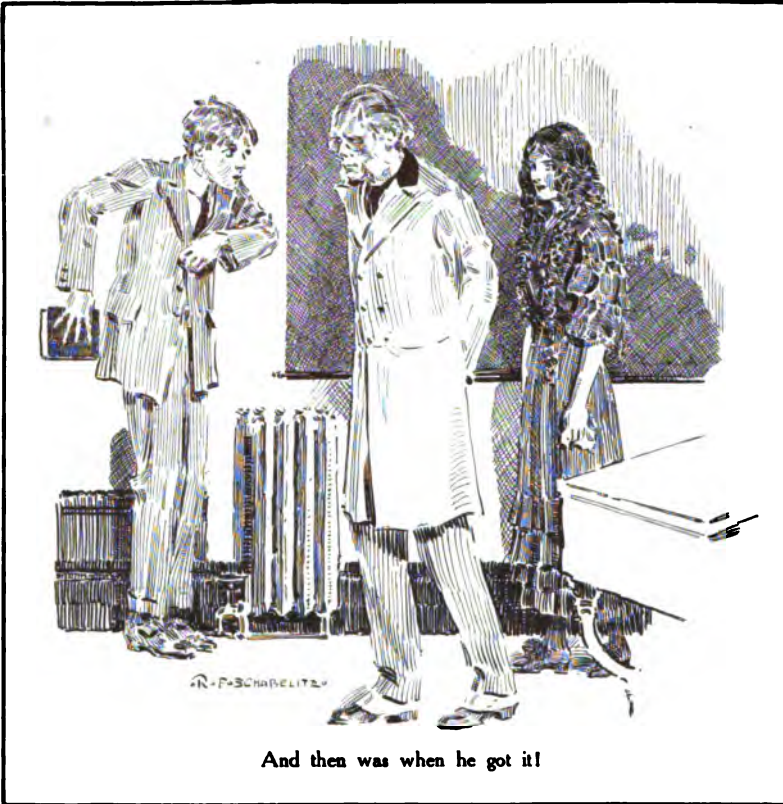
Ernest's look sank like a plummet to his book. To his amazement, the type began to perform an intricate fancy dance. He fried in a blush that worked inward as well as outward. A clammy perspiration broke out all over him. His shoulders twitched and he seemed to have no control over his mouth. He had never before known a sensation that was rapture and agony in equal parts. But the most perplexing part of it was that he liked it more than he loathed it.

"Did you see the new girl to-day, Ern?" Phœbe asked that night.

On the instant Ernest developed a depth of diplomacy positively Macchiavellian.

"What new girl?" he asked cunningly.

"Oh, *Ern!*" Phœbe exclaimed. "Haven't



And then was when he got it!

you a pair of eyes anywhere in your system? A new girl came into your class to-day. She's Mrs. Wilder's niece, and she's come from Akron, New Hampshire. Her name's Fay Faxon."

Fay Faxon! Surely some poet had invented that marvel of alliteration. Mentally he said it over and over. It was honey on his tongue.

"What did she look like, Phœb'?" he went on with a meretricious appearance of calm.

"She's a brunette—jet-black eyes—the biggest eyes I ever saw——"

Ernest approved.

"—and jet-black hair—curly—I never saw so many curls in my life."

Ernest approved.

"There's something about her I don't just quite like though—she seemed kind of bold to me."

Ernest stiffened. Bold! That celestial creature *bold!* Fay bold! To him the primordial diffidence hung upon her—she walked veiled in the shyness of the first of created women.

"It's awfully strange about this Fay Faxon." Phœbe turned to her mother for sympathy

with this woman-problem. "She's too queer-looking to be exactly pretty, and yet when she's around you can't help looking at her."

Not exactly pretty! Ernest boiled. Well, that was all a girl knew about it anyway. He recalled that he never had agreed with Phœbe in the matter of beauty. In fact, he had never before seen a girl whom he could honestly call good-looking. Something was always wrong. They had buck teeth or fuzzy hair, or their eyes were too near together. In the past he had thought Phœbe rather pretty. Now he realized that

there were salient faults in his sister's face.

"Mother, did you say you'd like to get a new suit for me?" he asked in an off-hand way a little later. "I'd just as lieves go into Boston Saturday as not. Might as well get it over with."

"It's about time." Phœbe's tone was final. "I sha'n't speak to you when I meet you on the street, Ern Martin, if you wear that old suit much longer. If I was out walking with that new girl, for instance, I'd be ashamed to say you were my brother."

Ordinarily a single remark from Phœbe about Ernest's clothes was good for a wrangle stretching from dinner to bedtime. But to Mrs. Martin's astonishment the gage, thus thrown down, was not picked up, was not even noticed.

"We'll go in Saturday, Ernie," she said hastily, before hostilities could begin. "It won't take much more than a morning."

They went into Boston early Saturday morning, but they did not return until Saturday night.

"I bought Ernie a whole new outfit to-day, Edward," Mrs. Martin said to Mr. Martin after dinner. "It took us all day. I never

saw Ernie so trying before. He fussed all the way in on the train because we hadn't an automobile. Said we could have got there in no time with our own machine. But you remember, Edward Martin, that you are not to buy an automobile for that boy, no matter how he teases you."

"Just as you say, mother," Mr. Martin answered, "although we could afford a runabout this year."

The Martins kept a horse and carriage. Every evening in mild weather Mr. and Mrs. Martin went out to drive. Time had been when the children fought for the chance of accompanying their parents in the rubber-tired, easy-moving vehicle. But now they scorned it. Nevertheless, Mrs. Martin had set herself immovably against the automobile for which Phoebe longed and Ernest languished.

"That boy will be brought home some day on a shutter if you get one," was her invariable comment when Mr. Martin, primed thereto, by both son and daughter, carefully broached the subject to her. "If we could afford a chauffeur, I wouldn't mind. But you know as well as I do, Edward, that that child will insist on running it himself. And you know how that would end. Why, I never take up a paper without reading an account of an automobile accident."

"But, mother, he rides in other people's automobiles," Mr. Martin would remonstrate.

"And they've all got chauffeurs," Mrs. Martin would point out triumphantly.

She did not know—neither did Mr. Martin for that matter—that every evening, in the temporary absence of the Warburton chauffeur, Ernest drove the Warburton motor to Rosedale to meet Mr. Warburton and the five-thirty train. The graceless Tug had delegated that duty to Ernest in order that he himself might stay longer with Phoebe. Ten minutes going—fifteen minutes coming—those twenty-five minutes of near-flying marked the climax of Ernest's day.

"Ernest was as fussy as a girl to-day picking out his clothes," Mrs. Martin went on tranquilly. "He tried on so many coats that I was ashamed to ask the salesman to bring out another suit. It seems that he wanted a certain effect about the shoulders that he had noticed in Tug's clothes. I told Ernie that Tug has had a tailor for over a year now and that you can't expect as much from ready-made clothes as from custom made. Then he asked me if *he* couldn't go to a tailor—but I told him that he couldn't until he'd got his growth. Afterward, when we bought

a hat and some ties, he was so hard to please that I was really mortified. I guess he bought a dozen ties in all. What do you suppose has got into the child?" Her tone was half-annoyed, half-gratified.

"Oh, it's only a girl," Mr. Martin said, his eye hurdling the inch-high type of his newspaper.

"A girl!" Mrs. Martin repeated—and laughed. "Why, Ernie hates girls. You can't drive him to go where they are." Mrs. Martin's tone was not that of displeasure.

"Well, there's always a first one, you know," Mr. Martin said. Suddenly he put his paper down, leaned back in his Morris chair and roared. "Mother, I wish you could have seen me with my first girl. Her name was Minnie. Did I ever tell you about Minnie Pratt?"

Mrs. Martin looked at him, speechless. Had he ever told her about Minnie Pratt! Their first post-matrimonial quarrel had been over Minnie Pratt. Even at this late day Mrs. Martin could see in her mind's eye the photograph of Minnie Pratt which Mr. Martin had preserved for so long. After the quarrel an impulse of chivalry had driven Mrs. Martin to set that same photograph up on his bureau. She never told him with what secret joy she discovered it one day, dusty and cracked and forgotten, caught and crushed between the bureau and the wall.

"Why, I had it so bad," Mr. Martin went on, "that I couldn't eat or sleep—I lost flesh. I 'gussied' up so for Minnie that I was town-talk. As for the family—they made my life a perfect misery. Bertha, here's something that I have never told any living, mortal being. Do you remember how my hair used to curl in front? Min told me once that she liked curls. Well, after that, I used to carry a little comb in my pocket. When I saw Min coming I would lift my hat and comb those curls further down on my forehead." Mr. Martin roared again.

Mrs. Martin did not laugh. Prickles of a curious mixed emotion as of twin jealousies—jealousy of her husband's past, jealousy of her boy's future—tore her. For a moment she had a feeling that the whole man-half of her family had deserted her.

"Ernest is very different from other boys," she said with emphasis. It was evident that she felt him to be very different indeed from the person of the Minnie Pratt episode. "When I see him with a girl I'll believe it."

Mrs. Martin never opened the subject again with Mr. Martin. But to say that she watched Ernest as closely as a cat watches a mouse

describes only faintly the persistence of her study of him.

Gradually she came to realize that she was watching a new Ernest—an Ernest who promised to be one of the sartorial wonders of the age. Certain admonitions—Mr. Martin had often asked her why she did not say them into a phonograph and set it in Ernest's room—dropped from her lips no more. "Have you cleaned your teeth?" "Did you put on a new collar?" "Have you a clean handkerchief?" "Go back and black your shoes." "Did you wash your neck and ears *clean*?" "Let me see your finger-nails." "Remember to take a bath to-night"—she had no occasion for any of them now. In brief, Ernest presented himself at breakfast the mould of fashion. He appeared at dinner the glass of form.

As for Ernest—

In the morning he went to school fifteen minutes earlier than usual. Rounding a certain corner, he invariably met Miss Faxon face to face. From her came a "Good morning!" a flashing glance which seemed to inject electricity into his veins—and Ernest's day was a blank until three o'clock. It need not have been a blank so long if he could have mustered up enough courage to turn and walk with her. But such enterprising conduct was beyond him.

From nine until two he spent most of his time shooting furtive glances at Fay. As she still sat in front of him, all he could get was that distracting maze of curls, the long, lily-like curves which enclosed her neck, the exquisite, toy-like bit of ivory, faintly touched with rose, which was her ear.

At two o'clock he went home.

From a quarter-past two to a quarter of three he sat lounging in the bay window until Fay passed the house. Five minutes later he had joined the High School Parade.

The course of this daily walk of the undergraduates lay down Main Street, through the long curving bow of Linden Avenue, through Bartlett Terrace and onto Main Street again. For two hours groups of boys and groups of girls wove past each other, saluting punctiliously at the moment of transit. Occasionally the alien groups mingled—the result a sudden division into pairs. Hitherto Ernest's gang had pursued this course, morosely ungregarious, scorning and scorned, indulging in misogynistic jests at the expense of the fussers. Now, like the others, they walked with specific, amorous intent; for Fay Faxon had become the rage in Maywood and the sophomore class had fallen to a man. Sometimes Ernest's

gang got only one bow from Fay, although the average for an afternoon was three. One red-letter day the score leaped to five.

All this, be it understood, in no wise interfered with Phœbe's serene belleship. Phœbe was a senior, and the seniors had long ago graduated from the parade habit. In more dignified wise, they fraternized in agonized whispers in the alcoves of the big Maywood library or, in the case of the girls, met for tea in each other's houses.

Said Phœbe casually one night: "Mother, I've invited that new girl I was telling you about—Fay Faxon—to dinner here to-morrow night. Now, you see that you stay at the table, Ern, until we all get up. It will look like a fierce snub to her if you rush through your dinner and get out before anyone else has finished."

Stay at the table! In his excitement, Ernest's food all took the wrong passage. He coughed and choked. Mrs. Martin, glancing in his direction a few moments later, found him gazing into space with the abstracted look of those who see visions.

The Martin dinner was served at half-past six. At half-past five an Ernest, beside whom Solomon in all his splendor were a mean thing, sauntered into the library. Phœbe sat at the desk writing. Mrs. Martin, her air that of an ostentatious concentration, appeared to read. With no one observing, Ernest gave way to the restlessness which threatened to explode him into inch-pieces. He wanted Fay to come. And yet the terror of meeting her eyes, of having to talk with her! He looked at the clock, yawned, walked to the window, returned to the table, ran through a magazine, kicked the waste-basket over, balled up the morning's newspaper and threw it at the cat, fiddled with the mantel adornments, yawned, and repeated the whole program.

"Oh, Ern, for goodness' sake, do sit down!" Phœbe pleaded once.

At twenty-five minutes past six he said in a tone whose gruffness did not conceal from his mother the elated tremor of his mouth:

"I guess this must be Miss Faxon coming up the street."

Phœbe brought her note to a finish with a signature which would have put John Hancock to the blush, and bustled to the door.

From the hall came the sound of kisses, exclamations, remonstrances, rustlings of silky things, tappings of girlish heels up the stairs, laughter degenerating shamelessly to giggles and tapering into silence, the slam of a door, an interval of silence, the opening of the door,

taps of girlish heels descending the stairs, the rustlings of silky things, talk that was all ejaculation and interruption, choked in laughter—then—"Mother, this is my friend Miss Faxon." "Ern, you know Miss Faxon, of course"—and the door of Paradise had swung wide for Ernest.

After a long time his eyes began to focus. He could see Fay plainly when he looked at her. But of course he only looked when she was looking away from him. A white, lacy blur—that was his impression of her clothes. She had done something to her curls—herded them in long files. But before dinner maverick members began to wander off on to her forehead.

Mrs. Martin studied her guest carefully. Miss Faxon seemed to twinkle. Sparkles of light came from one of her pretty hands, from the sidecombs which marshalled her curls, from the pin which suspended visibly her elaborate little watch. It seemed to Mrs. Martin that she saw a second edition of Minnie Pratt at her table.

Opposite Fay sat Phœbe—a trim little Phœbe in a simple, blue serge frock, a tiny, gun-metal watch her only adornment—a Phœbe all budding curves and vanishing angles—a Phœbe of deeply-colored eyes and deeply-colored lips equally innocent of coquetry. Mrs. Martin's look grew proud when it rested upon her.



She believed that the position of guest carried with it the privilege of monopolizing the conversation

Miss Faxon sat between Mr. Martin and Ernest. When the black eyes were not shooting sparks to the left, they were flashing lightnings to the right. She believed, it was evident, that the position of guest carried with it the privilege of monopolizing the conversation. Mrs. Martin offered no interference. In her most expansive mood she could hardly be called a talker. And Phœbe was quite content to listen, to laugh at Miss Faxon's pictures of life in Akron. Mr. Martin roared with laughter all through dinner. As for Ernest—but there is a rapture that forbends mirth.

"What do you think of that girl, Phœb'?" he asked in a careless tone after Fay had gone. "Well," Phœbe said in an analyzing tone, "I think she's pretty and I don't think she's pretty. I like her and I don't like her."

For the first time in his life Ernest admitted to himself that Phœbe was girl to the core.

"What do you think of her, mother?"

"She's very entertaining," Mrs. Martin said without enthusiasm. "How old did you say she was, Phœbe?"

For the first time in his life the conviction came to Ernest that his mother was only a woman after all.

"What did you think of her, father?"

"I think she's a mighty pretty girl," Mr. Martin said warmly.

For the first time in his life Ernest realized that he and his father belonged to the same sex.

Ernest went to his room early that night.

When Mrs. Martin was dusting his books the next day a paper, covered with Ernest's round-lettered scrawl, fell into her hands. He must have been copying poetry. But at one side of the paper a column of rhyme-words presented evidence ruinous to that theory. She glanced at it.

"Curls running low on her temples, curls running high on her brow,
Curls running——"

Mrs. Martin closed the book with a snap.

At five the next night Ernest started as usual for the Rosedale station with the Warburton automobile. A little way out of Maywood the road ran through four miles of lonely country. Ernest, safe from police surveillance, was going at top speed. This progress brought him, in a minute or two, level with a girl walking toward Rosedale. Ernest looked once—looked twice. Little could he believe his eyes. Less could he believe his luck. It looked like—it must be—it was Fay. He curved over to the sidewalk—stopped.

"Are you going far—I mean would you like a ride?" he faltered, his heart fluttering in his throat.

Miss Faxon jumped. She turned and bowed and smiled, but it seemed an age before she said anything.

"I'm going as far as the Rosedale station," Ernest added in desperate corollary. "Do you come this way often? It's queer I haven't seen you before. I come by here every night."

Miss Faxon's gaze left Ernest's face and roamed absently over the fields. Ernest had

a curious feeling that she was thinking of something quite different from his offer of a lift. For the first time he looked his fill at her.

Her little, white, heart-shaped face seemed to be sunk in the huge, black, heart-shaped frame of her hat. The wind had shattered her curls into tendrils, had blown them against the velvet brim—they clung there like a fine embroidery.

"Thank you," she said at last. "Did you say you came by here every night, Mr. Martin?"

It was the first time in his life that Ernest had ever been called Mr. Martin. He flushed. "Every night," he said. "I'm doing it for Tug Warburton. He has other things he likes better to do, and I love to run a car."

Again Miss Faxon paused before she spoke. But she stared at him so hard and her gaze grew so piercing that Ernest's eyes dropped under it. He looked away, conscious of that maddening sensation of not being able to hold his lips firm. Suddenly her abstraction broke, and she smiled. She lifted to her chin the great snowy wad of her muff and stood sparkling at him over it.

"Mr. Martin," she said, "I'm going to tell you something that I haven't ever told anybody else. I'm going to tell you because I trust you and because you can help me. But you must promise never to tell anybody until I give you permission. Can you keep a secret?"

A secret between them! Ernest thrilled. He looked at her straight now. His lips trembled no longer, but indignation roughened his voice. "Of course I won't tell," he said.

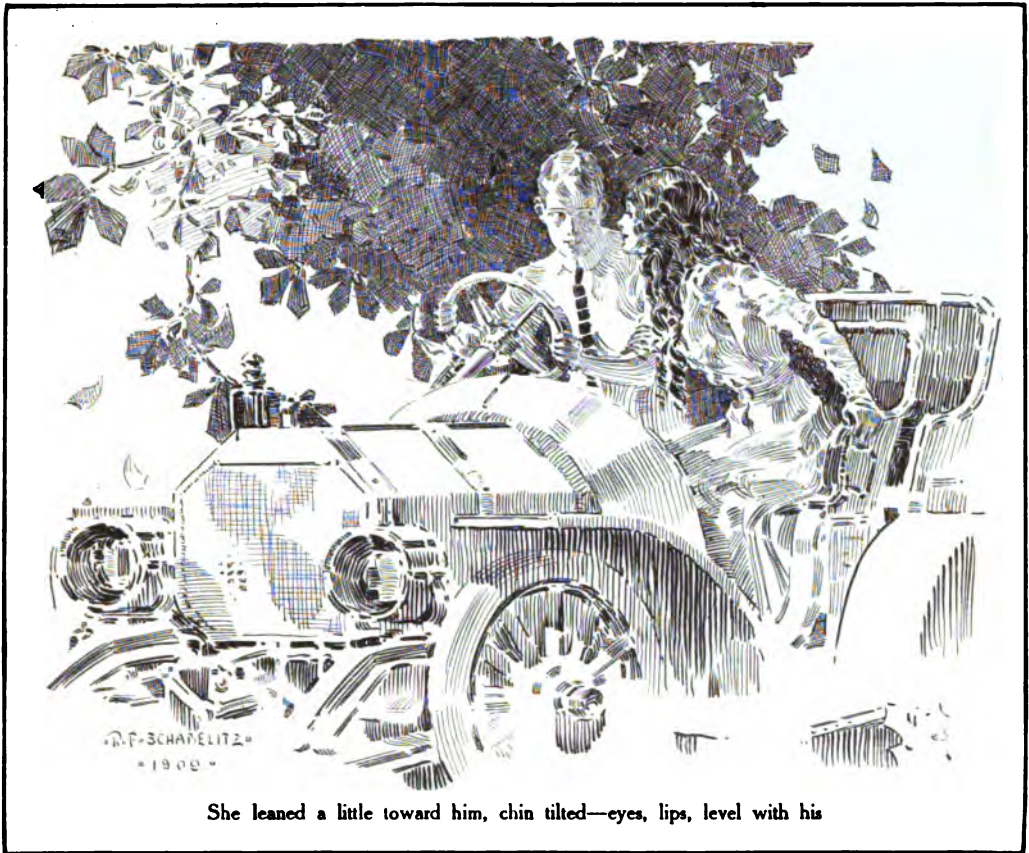
Fay laughed blithely. "Of course I really knew that I could trust you. That's why I choose you to help me. I'm going over to the Rosedale woods to meet my brother. He is the black sheep of my family, and my parents will let me have nothing to do with him. But I love him and trust him and I *will* see him."

Fay's eyes flashed. Her lips drew together until they narrowed to twin lines of coral red.

"I want to see him every night as long as he stays in this part of the country. But I don't want Aunt Ella to know, for she would put a stop to it at once. If I tell her I'm going autoing with you, she will suspect nothing. Do you mind taking me along every night?"

Mind! A new, wonderful world swam into Ernest's ken. Even as he considered it, it burst, bubble-wise, and disclosed a lovelier one. "Of course I will. I'll be coming past here just after five, and I'll gladly pick you up."

Fay laughed. She jumped into the car be-



She leaned a little toward him, chin tilted—eyes, lips, level with his

side him. It is to be said to the credit of Ernest's inexperience that they went like mad that first ride, his clean-cut boyish profile, stern in its concentration, turned not once to the girl at his side. For Ernest, indeed, it was enough that she was there.

Two weeks passed. Mrs. Martin, still watching her son closely, realized as nobody else in the household realized, that new forces were at work within him. She had a strange sense of separation from him. Often he was moody, taciturn, absent. Always he was restless. All this was accented by his increasing comeliness. For he was growing handsome. Even Phœbe noticed that. The persistent gym work of the last year had done wonders to his face. He was clean-skinned, satin-cheeked, rosy. It had put confidence into his shambling gait. He was light, quick, active. And in the last two weeks the sulky look had left his eyes. They were as clear as mountain springs and often they sparkled with a look of—what was it? Triumph, Mrs. Martin translated it.

It was no wonder that Ernest's air had changed. For, after fourteen rides with Fay,

he often met her eyes without blushing. He could even endure the sudden pressure of her hand without slewing the machine across the road. It was fortunate that he had gained such control of his muscles, for Miss Faxon seemed always to emphasize her delight in the sunset by dainty pawings at his shoulder, with convulsive catches at his arm. Other things she had taught him—to go slowly enough to permit conversation, for instance.

"Stop here!" she commanded midway in their drive one night. "I want to say something to you." They stopped. She turned and poured the molten mischief of her black eyes into Ernest's gray ones. "You've been awfully good to me, Mr. Martin," she said.

As always in her presence, Ernest had to struggle to be even articulate. "I haven't done anything for you," he brought out at last.

"Oh, yes, you have," she asserted. A shake of her head made the sunset light play in prismatic dance across her curls. "And I'm going to pay you for it. What would you like? Name your own reward. Whatever you ask for, you shall have." She leaned a little toward him, chin tilted—eyes, lips, level with his.

Ernest stared at her, bewildered. He would have given anything in his possession to Fay. But he could think of nothing that he would ask of her. It seemed wrong to him, somehow, for a girl to be giving things to a man. While he hesitated the breeze helped him out of his dilemma. It blew one of the curls at her temples across her forehead.

"I'd like that curl," he said.

"All right." Fay seemed to find his choice deliciously comic, for she kept bursting into laughter. "I guess you'll have to use a knife. Have you one?"

Ernest cut the curl close to her forehead. He sat for an instant a little awkwardly holding it. And as he looked he grew pale. Perhaps he felt that he held the essence of femininity in that silky-soft film of girlhood. Very quietly at last he put it away in his pocket. He did not speak again. Nor did he look at Fay. But she, casting furtive glances at him, may have noticed his pallor. At any rate, she, too, refrained from speech until they had come to the end of the drive.

"Good-by, Mr. Martin," she said as she jumped out. And then lower, "Good-by, Ernest."

That "Ernest" brought all the blood back to his face. "Good-by, Fay," he answered.

Fay did not appear at school the next day. Ernest was a little glad not to see her. Sometimes—this he did not confess even to himself—he hated to have his dreams of the ideal Fay dispersed by the perturbing vision of the real Fay. He went home immediately after school and settled himself down in the library, using a book as a pretext for dreams.

Long before dinner Phoebe came rushing into the house.

"What do you suppose Fay Faxon has done, mother?" she said in the voice of one announcing calamity.

Ernest stopped reading, although he still held the book. "What?" his mother asked for him.

"She's run away—eloped—got married." It tumbled out so fast that Phoebe barely separated her words. "It seems that she's twenty years old—not seventeen at all—and that she fell in love with a dreadful man—a summer boarder in Akron that her folks wouldn't let her have anything to do with. They sent her down here to school to break it up. Mrs. Wilder thought all the time she knew everything that Fay was doing. But there are all kinds of stories out—Mrs. Wilder's milkman says that Fay has been going over to the Rosedale woods every night to meet a man. Fay told Mrs. Wilder that

she was going autoing with Ern in Tug's machine. Did she really ever go with you, Ern?"

Ernest heard himself say, "I gave her a lift once or twice." Something, he did not himself quite understand the impulse, compelled him to add, "She never asked me—I always offered."

"Well, they ran away last night," Phoebe concluded. "They telegraphed Mrs. Wilder from Boston. Don't you remember, mother, I never did quite like that girl."

They sat down to dinner. Mrs. Martin, without looking at her son, knew that he did not eat. "Ernie," she said at last, "you've got one of those bilious attacks coming on. Hadn't you better go right up to bed?"

"Guess I will," Ernest said. He arose mechanically.

"I thought Ernest had got over those bilious attacks," Mr. Martin said.

"I wonder he doesn't have more," Phoebe volunteered, "the way he eats candy!"

But for the first time in his life Ernest was struggling with something more tragic than a bilious attack. After a time he started to undress. But half way through this process he stopped short. His hand, searching an inner pocket, brought out a fine-spun web of hair. He burned it in the flame of the gas. Then he turned the light out and lay on the bed, tense, taut.

At ten a knock came at his door. He unlocked it. His mother stood there with a pitcher of milk and a plate of cookies. She walked across to the bureau with them and, mechanically, he followed her. She sat down, but she did not light the gas.

"You'll wake up hungry by and by, dear," she said, "your headaches always go quickly."

"Yes, I suppose so," he answered.

Mrs. Martin's arm went out suddenly and she pulled Ernest to her lap. It had been years since she had held him, but the boy's figure relaxed to fit the position as if he were still a baby. He buried his face in her shoulder, and so, without speaking, they sat for a long, long time.

Later, Mrs. Martin joined Mr. Martin.

"Edward," she said casually, "you know you spoke the other night of that Minnie Pratt. How long did it take you to get over your infatuation for her?"

"Oh, a fortnight, I guess," Mr. Martin said, yawning comfortably. "Maybe longer."

"Well, what cured you?"

Mr. Martin twinkled. "You'll laugh when I tell you, mother. My father bought me a bicycle—one of those big, high, old-fashioned

ordinaries. I was so busy curing myself up from bumps and bruises and sprains that, before I knew it, my broken heart had mended itself. What are you stirring that old matter up for, mother?"

"Nothing," Mrs. Martin flashed him a cryptic smile, "maybe I'm jealous."

Like many serious-minded women, Mrs. Martin had but a small and rare sense of humor. Yet it had a kind of elusive delicacy. Mr. Martin paid this sample the tribute first of a stare, then of hearty laughter.

A little later, after a ramble, carefully premeditated, among other subjects, Mrs. Martin again took the lead in the conversation.

"Father," she said, "I've been thinking this whole matter over, and I've come to the conclusion that I wouldn't mind if you got Ernie a runabout."

"Good for you, mother! I don't mind telling you that I'm crazy for one myself. You see I——"

Mrs. Martin ignored Mr. Martin's preferences. "If I send him into the office to-morrow, will you go with him while he picks one out? He knows exactly what he wants—he has his nose in an automobile magazine half the time."

"All right. Send him in. Sure you won't change your mind?"



He buried his face in her shoulder, and so, without speaking, they sat for a long, long time

"Oh, I'm sure of that," Mrs. Martin said with conviction.

Upstairs, Ernest had fallen asleep. His mother's tender silence had softened the constriction of his body: it had melted the lun in his throat. He lay utterly relaxed now, his head half hidden by his pillow. But now as then a catch of his breath disturbed the regularity of his breathing, and something that glittered slipped from under his eyelashes as it slid slowly down his cheek.

The Poet

By MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

Is the voice as an echo of voices of old,
The song but a singing of tales oft told?
Then the eye of the singer is dim and his pulses cold:
For, as hour follows hour, in a splendor of birth,
The world is refilled with things loving and true;
And, fresh thing or ancient, though old as the earth,
The singer who sees it aright, he maketh it new.
When it comes to him (be it or love,
Or passion, or vision of death,
The tempest-wind's breath,
The clash of the sea, the complaint of the dove,
The glint of the green where the elm buds again,
The stars in the flag, the shrill of the fife,
A rapture of strength, a whirlwind of pain—
Be it aught that means life or the ceasing of life)
What imports is the way his heart takes it,
The web into which he makes it,
The pattern it leaves
In the garment he weaves
For his spirit.

Remember, thou singer, thou poet
Who lovest the world, that thou never
In all of thy singing canst show it,
The world as it is:
Not even canst picture the rose—
It is never her color that shows;
Not even canst tell of a bird—
It is never his note that is heard.
What thou showest is this:
Thyself, thine own soul; and not ever
That soul as it nakedly came from thy mother.
Thy hands and no other
Must dress it in garments of spirits long dead,
Begged, stolen, or borrowed, or bought,
In rags that thy betters have shed,
Or else in a woof thou hast wrought
Upon looms of thine own with thy love and thy pain,
Thy fears and thy powers, thy fortunes of loss and of gain,
The beauty, the terror that fall to thy part,
The ache and the infinite joy of thy heart;
And with sun and with stars newly plucked from the heaven,
With lilies and rainbows, with gems from the mine
And jewels of spray of the sea. These are thine
If thou knowest to look and to grasp and to weave.
And, thy garment once woven
Full strong in its tissue and shinely bright,
Whatever thou showest in song, it shall leave
In the lives of thy hearers an echo of light.
They shall cry:

"A new man, a new heart,
A soul that can play a soul's part,
A leader for us who but want to be led
From tombs where the dead lie dead
Toward heights where the living shall live
(It is promised) a life better worth
Thanksgiving to Life than today unto many can give
This hoary and vexed yet youthful and eager old earth."

Through the silence of night and the roll
Of the drums of the difficult day
Thy voice shall ring clear, and the people will hearken and say:
"Let us follow this guide who has clothed his own soul
With the brightness of morning, the strength of the noon,
The compassion of dusk, the peace of the light of the crescent moon."

The Pilgrim's Scrip

Letters, Comments and Confessions from Readers of the Magazine

Interesting letters about the church continue to pour in—letters praising our articles, and letters criticizing them. This month we are printing a number which present the other side of the case stated by "An American Woman" in our August number.

An "Average Preacher" Speaks

I have just read "The Pilgrim's Scrip" in the August AMERICAN MAGAZINE. I find it one in spirit and in substance, with much that appears in current literature. He is a sorry sort, indeed, who cannot now-a-days have his little fling at the church and the preacher in public print. And the average contribution of this sort would be as amusing as a stunt in vaudeville were it not that a display of sublimated ignorance is always tinged with sadness. "Is the average preacher well informed?" Well, the "average preacher" could probably not qualify as a specialist in each of the hundred and one *issues* which are the fad of the day. But, anyhow, if he can not, he has, as a rule, too much modesty and too much sense to rush into print and expose his ignorance. Not so our friends of the "Frank Letter" mania. I'll wager the "average preacher" who keeps his mouth shut knows ten to one more about social, economical and ethical problems, than the "frank letter" writer who rushes into print with a diatribe against the church and the preacher, knows about the spirit and the genius, the ideals and the achievements of the church, and the religion of Jesus Christ.

In ministers' conferences and elsewhere, I have listened patiently and respectfully by the hour to socialist editors and propagandists, to labor leaders and agitators, to social reformers of all degrees of sanity and insanity. And with monotonous unanimity they had their fling at the church and the preacher, and yet I knew that they knew no more about the genius of the religion of Jesus Christ and the spirit of present-day organized Christianity than a Patagonian knows about the Malthusian theory of population.

I am an "average preacher." I claim to be nothing more. I deny being anything less. I have filled a chair of instruction in an educational institution, and the editorial chair in the office of a daily newspaper. I have "stumped" my district as a candidate for public office, and I have discussed social and economic problems from the platform. I am writing this in a historical Ohio town where I am speaking to-day at my twentieth Chautauqua this season, and am sharing the platform with a famous United States senator who discusses one of the most vexing of all our

social problems. I have been a country pastor and I have been a metropolitan pastor. I am an "average preacher" and I confess to you frankly, I am getting a bit weary of the aspersions that are constantly cast upon the church and the preacher by people who speak only out of the profundity of their ignorance and inexperience. I have no hesitancy in declaring the "frank letters" of recent literature a caricature upon the church and the preacher. Even then if they were artistically done one might forgive them. But as a rule, it is the bungling work of a gradgrind, and it has not even the redeeming feature of being well done. It is another case of a barn painter trying to produce an Angelus. There is no more illuminating commentary upon the words of Paul that "The natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God—neither indeed can he know them," than are these utterances of "frank letter" writers. It is easy to throw stones at the church. It has not been found so easy to put something better in its place. Iconoclasm is not an art, it is a mania. Any fool can smash images, and so can any scoundrel, and many a scoundrel is doing just that, hoping that the dust he raises may veil his own rascality. We are told that "magazines, newspapers and theaters are vividly, virilely alive to social problems." True. But are they constructively alive to them? The magazine sometimes, the newspaper rarely, the theater never. The theater has fired the passion of the mob in every generation, but where is it recorded that the theater has led the people in constructive social reform?

The church and the preacher are roundly taken to task because they will not stand sponsor for every social propaganda. But you know and I know that they would be damned if they did. The "average preacher" is and must be radical in his principles and conservative in his methods. He must preach an ideal gospel, but he may establish no procrustean bed, by which to conform all men to his gospel. He is a prophet,—he is not a legislator, and least of all is he an executive.

The church is taken to task and discredited because it has not succeeded in saving society. But it is not the mission of the church as conceived by the average preacher, and certainly not as conceived by its founder, to save society. It is the mission of the church to save men, and it is the mission of saved men to save society. And if the church will go on saving men it shall do well. That many reforms are not led by the church, as a church, therefore, can be no reflection on its efficiency. The church is discredited only when an anti-christian, or at least a non-christian civilization shall make greater and more permanent progress in social and economic reforms than is

made in even a nominally Christian civilization. Call the roll of the constructive reformers and philanthropists of any great center of population, and you will find that with very rare exceptions they are the product of the churches, and that is vindication enough for the present.

AN AVERAGE PREACHER.

From One Who Enjoys the Church

For several years I have read your very valuable magazine. I am intensely interested in all the questions of the day and I am glad to say that I do not think that any better men could possibly be found than Ray Stannard Baker, and William Allen White. Their vision is large, and their judgment unbiased as a rule.

I was interested in the letter written, in the August number, by one who signs herself, "An American Woman." I have in a way endeavored to answer it, not from any bitterness or heartless criticism, but frankly, honestly, openly.

From my thirteenth year I have been a hard worker, but I never was yet too tired to attend church. From my earliest recollection it was and is still an unalloyed pleasure to attend church. I have found in it a resting place, free from the world of turmoil and strife. And I know enough about the ordinary working man to know that he can go to church if he wants to. Instead of enjoying Sunday as a day of rest, he spends the day in rushing on excursions, picnics, drinking beer, smoking cigars, pipes and cigarettes. In short he uses up more energy on that day, more real vital energy than all the other six days of the week. And on Monday morning he is more completely worn out than on any other day of the week. I do not ask you to believe me. Ask the employer. He knows.

Perhaps my own experience will be best. I never knew my father to attend church, and my mother rarely indeed, since we were rather a large family of seven. There was no ulterior motive in going to Sunday-school. We went because it was the right thing to do, though there never was any word said if we did not go, nor was there any urging us to go, "because other children went." My very earliest recollection of it all now is that I enjoyed it every moment. I do not know as the clergy had much effect upon me, but the thought that God was a kind, loving Father, that Jesus was a man among men, and a Savior, that the church was a home for the wearied body and a resting place for the soul, kept me safe.

The church to-day is my home. In it I find humanity trying to find some rest, and weak though it be at best it is still the one place in the world for me.

AN AMERICAN MAN.

A Good Word for Ministers

I have been for some time a subscriber and a regular reader of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. I have just read the contribution in "The Pilgrim Scrip" signed, "An American Woman." In this

article is found the statement "the average clergyman cannot compare with the average business man. When you put him beside the average newspaper man, the high-class magazine writer, or the experienced sociologist, he is a mere babe, etc."

There are many well-informed people who will not agree with this statement. There is in the city of Dayton, Ohio, an organization known as the "Present Day Club." Its membership is made up of lawyers, doctors, business men, ministers, newspaper men, etc. At each of its meetings a paper is read by one of its members or some invited guest setting forth the author's views relative to some question which is in the public mind. One of the members of this club is Mr. John McGregor, a well-known manufacturer. Mr. McGregor is a man past seventy years of age, a keen business man, a student and a reader and, as his name will indicate, a Scotchman. Mr. McGregor is on record as having made this statement: "At the meetings of the Present Day Club and elsewhere, I have heard ministers, lawyers, doctors, newspaper men and business men give utterance to their views, and my observation and experience lead me to conclude that as thinkers and speakers the ministers stand head and shoulders above them all."

FREDERICK N. McMILLIN,
Pastor Memorial Presbyterian Church, Dayton,
Ohio.

Another Frank Letter—from An Iowa Preacher

Congratulations to THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. In all sincerity its articles are fine. Such men as Ray Stannard Baker, William Allen White and others are doing grand work, and it is interesting to note that they succeeded in attracting the attention of some of those "cultured" folks who are not interested in the church nor her services. You are influencing them to do some of the work toward which the Protestant church is devoting her energies and has been for a long time. The only fault I see with these brethren is that they have forgotten the first part of the Master's command. They forget that the church is a place of worship, primarily a place of spiritual inspiration, a place where the soul bows in consecration to God, and to the task of helping our fellows, and expect the minister to be an encyclopedia of universal knowledge, instead of a leader of the devotional life.

They forget that man's best deeds are the fruits of devotion to God, and to what he has taught us we owe to men. And they expect the preacher to prepare two sermon lectures on social questions for every Sunday, and if he does not succeed in interesting them in particular he is not "well informed," uses "cut-and-dried divagations," "long, dull, dead," etc.

We are glad that our brethren have found in our good magazines this inspiration. And whatever truth there may be to their criticisms of the ministry, it is safe to say that the average minister's office and work places him in a position

which makes well nigh impossible the kind of productions our critical friends desire.

Our friends referred to above prepare a few articles per year on their particular subjects, and for one of them receive, perhaps, the equivalent of the average minister's annual salary. With time and means the average minister could provide his congregation with productions on social and industrial questions which would compare favorably with some of those presented in our magazines

Something to Thank God For

Since the "American Woman," who wrote that letter in your August number, has studied religions, she must know that it is Christianity that has taught the brotherhood of man, and the elevation of woman. Let her think of the position of women in England and America where the churches have done their best work, and then of the women in India, China, and heathen lands. And thank God that she was born where women have such opportunities. Then I hope that she will do all that she can to spread Christianity for the sake of degraded woman in other lands.

R. A., Rye Beach, N. H.

An Interesting Experience

Does the following incident suggest to you a reason for the declining influence of the churches in New York City?

An old friend of mine had a pew at one of the well-known churches which she occupied almost regularly for over twenty years. Two years ago she gave it up and went over to another church. The other day she chanced to meet the pastor of her former church.

"I am so glad to see you," he said. "I have missed you from your pew for the past two or three Sundays."

"Why, Doctor," she replied, "I gave up my pew two years ago and have been attending — since."

The minister was too much embarrassed to make more than a stammering answer to this, but the next day the lady received a long letter from him to the effect that he had noticed her absence from his church for two years and had wondered why she had not attended.

Now the pastor first had been entirely unaware of the facts and secondly had gone home and deliberately set himself down to write untruthfully about them to his former parishioner.

The good little lady who has always gone to church and would not stop going for the world, now finds herself in a church where, ostensibly, the pastor tries to cultivate the acquaintance of his flock. He announces from the pulpit that anyone wishing to see him may call at his office where he will be every day from two to three. Several members of his congregation tell me that he is harder to see than a bank president—when you call, the pastor is usually very busy with something else.

Where Do We Get Our Sunday?

The "Frank Letter" which you publish in regard to the observance of Sunday and to attendance upon church service has deeply impressed me. In reading it, I felt it to be more than the isolated utterance of an individual; it is rather representative of a point of view widely prevalent, not alone in New York, but, to a greater or less extent, in every city and hamlet throughout the land. I find myself wondering, however, whether they see all the facts that are essential to the determination of their conduct in this matter.

The writer of "A Frank Letter" evidently prizes his privilege of sleeping late on Sunday morning. The rest of his program also sounds singularly attractive, to "get out of doors, tramp as far off the beaten track as possible, and try to get our feet onto real ground." This is all good so far as it goes, but I cannot forbear raising the question: whence came this privilege of getting back to Mother Earth once a week? How does it happen that my friend is not obliged on Sunday as on every other day to thread his way among the solid stone walls of New York business? How comes it that his monotonous rides on the Subway number only six return trips and not seven? Is there any reason except that this weekly holiday is the gift of the religion which finds its expression through the Christian church? No such holiday is to be found in China or India, nor in other lands where it has not been introduced by the influence of the Christian church. There was no such holiday giving variety to the life of classical antiquity. Rome knew it only after Constantine, because of his Christian faith, made this Christian holiday legal in the Roman Empire. Ever since it has remained one of the most characteristic features of Christian civilization.

What if all men should take the attitude assumed by the writer of this letter, and use the holiday which is the gift of the church to neglect its services and its support? With the church gone, there is no reason to expect that Sunday could remain different from the other days of the week.

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Pastor First Baptist Church,
Summit, N. J.

Approval of "Another Frank Letter"

I have just by chance read in the August number of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE "Another Frank Letter" by "An American Woman." There is nothing in the title to this article to attract one's attention to the contents. It should be properly "labeled" and published in every magazine and paper in the land. Columns have been printed, written and spoken on the subject and in vain we have sought a satisfactory answer to the question until having read this broad, clear, concise and accurately constructed statement. It is not a "revelation" but comprehensive, practical, keen, hard sense and the whole truth.

W. N. Cox, Bloomingdale, Ind.

In the Interpreter's House

“So they drew on towards the house (the house of the Interpreter) and when they came to the door they heard a great talk in the house.”—Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress

THERE is something distinctly tragic to me,—began the Philosopher,—in the reception the country has given the new Tariff Bill. “Thank the Lord, it is over.” “Think of having to go through with it all again so soon.” “They've done us, as usual.” Depressed, cynical, sneering comments from all sides. Congress going home anything but proud of itself. The President writing a good-natured apology with his name. (Do you remember, Christian, the Mr. Legality whom you met on your travels?)

Think of it. Here's a piece of legislation which has cost us the entire time of a large body of legislators for more than a year, over which we have all of us worked—or fretted—more or less; to which an extra five-months' session of Congress has been given, and from it nobody gets a patriotic thrill—nobody that fine feeling, “Well, whether we agree with the result or not, it has been a good fight and brave struggle of trusty men to represent all the people.” There is nothing at all of that in the popular feeling about the new bill. No enthusiasm, no pride, no sense of triumph, no uplift—nothing but the disagreeable coppersy taste of barter and jugglery, the depressing feeling that he who has gets, as a rule, in the Congress of the United States. The only satisfaction, the negative one, is that at least it is over.

THE pity of it is that they had so fine a chance to do a real thing. It was one of those moments when things seemed ripe for a piece of legislation that would cover everybody with glory. It was a task for statesmen. The nature of it was clear enough. Nobody was for upsetting a reasonable protection. Nobody was for installing free trade with a swoop. But practically everybody but the beneficiaries were for cleaning up the

tariff. The evils inherent in it—and nobody of intelligence ever denied that they were many—were big, obvious, easily seen.

Enormous profits to the few; steadily increasing prices to the many; one-sided development of the country; factories growing like gourds and no ships of our own to carry the goods in; the country sacrificed to the city, the peace of God to the blare and the roar of the steel furnace; these ungrateful children of protection had grown until they threatened to crush us. And then the political enormity—the support given to a great number of over-high duties in order to secure in return the campaign funds and local influence of those who profited. These things stared us in the face on every side, and became hateful to our people. It looked, in fact, as if they were coming to be about all there was of the protective system. There could be, and there was, no quarrel among honest men about the necessity of doing a fair house-cleaning job.

The method seemed as clear as the task. The definition of protection accepted by the majority in this country is a reasonable one. I think there is scarcely a doubt that every intelligent voter knows about what it is—that it includes tariff for revenue and tariff for moderate protection, until such time as an industry is on its feet. Now the application of such a definition ought not to be—and is not—puzzling. It requires, to be sure, a large amount of exact information, but such information is obtainable through experts. It requires, too, firm and consistent rating through all the schedules. The work obviously demands to be done by disinterested persons, those who have no object except to do an honest task. That this was the only way to get a satisfactory revision everybody knew. And in the face of this perfectly clear proposition, we get a bill perpetuating all of the old abuses and made in the same old way. Think of their not having seen their chance to do a big patriotic thing! That's the tragedy of it.

*The Chance
of a
Lifetime*

