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The Century Co. and its editors receive manuscripts and art material, submitted for publication, only on the understanding that they shall not be responsible for loss or injury thereto while in their possession or in transit. Copies of manuscripts should be retained by the authors. Manuscripts for the editors must be sent to the New York office, accompanied by American postage for return.

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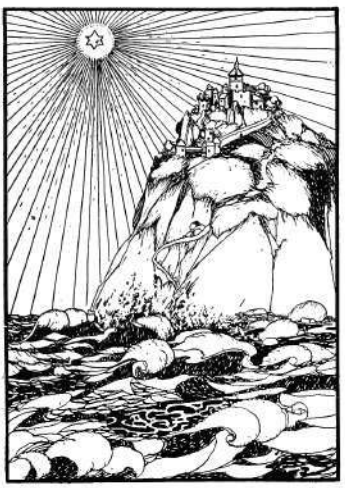
THE NEW VOLUME OF THE CENTURY



Will have a novel "Stella Maris," by W. J. Locke, written in that style which his readers have learned to love. Stella is an invalid, seemingly compelled to spend her life lying on her back in a big, beautiful room. This room is all windows on one side and looks out upon the sea. So Stella has come to be known to her friends as "Stella Maris." Her world is the world these friends bring to her sick-room, and they keep from her all knowledge of its misery and wrong. It is when she recovers and learns what the real world is that Locke has a chance for those contrasts which make his stories so fascinating and which he works out so ingeniously. Stella Maris in her individual way has the charm of Clementina, of Zora, of all the Locke heroines.

"Stella Maris" will be the serial of *The Century* for the forthcoming year, beginning in the January number.

A NEW NOVEL BY LOCKE

THE NEW VOLUME OF THE CENTURY

Early numbers of *The Century* will be rich in illustrations, letters, and articles with Charles Dickens the central figure. Among the interesting features already in hand are two unpublished portraits of Dickens: one as a young man, done by the English lady who was afterward Mrs. German Reed and who was well known as *Ariel* in "The Tempest." The other Dickens portrait is by an American and has not before been engraved. A number of facsimiles of notable letters by Dickens will be presented and delightful articles by Professor William Lyon Phelps of Yale and Dr. S. M. Crothers.

The Century has also in hand articles and pictures of rare interest and value concerning Napoleon, most picturesque of historic figures. These will include pictures of the events connected with the return of the hero's body from St. Helena to the Invalides, including the great scenes in Paris on its reception.

DICKENS AND NAPOLEON

THE NEW VOLUME OF THE CENTURY

Is to have five notable and significant papers on the American Undergraduate — his general characteristics, "education à la carte," society life in American colleges, choosing a college, the place of the American undergraduate in the world to-day— by Clayton Sedgwick Cooper, author of "College Men and the Bible." Mr. Cooper has made a study of college conditions in the United States, Canada, Europe, and the East for many years; and while he has consulted largely with prominent educators and public men throughout the country, his facts and opinions are based almost entirely upon actual personal contact with the students themselves.

The articles are written out of Mr. Cooper's growing conviction that there is need of arousing new and widespread interest in trained leadership for our nation; and they are certain to be not only of live interest, but of permanent value in the literature dealing with our country's educational institutions.

THE AMERICAN UNDERGRADUATE

THE NEW VOLUME OF THE CENTURY

Edward Alsworth Ross, Professor of Sociology in the University of Wisconsin, and author of "Sin and Society," "Social Control," "The Changing Chinese," etc., is writing for *The Century* during 1912 four articles of great significance and interest on the Middle West and what it stands for—and to Professor Ross it stands for certain things the East does not understand and needs to have interpreted, because the elements in its thinking are not the same. Many policies, says Professor Ross, now *Western,* are bound to become in the end *American* policies. His presentation of his general subject will take up the questions of the reaffirmation of democracy, the unique work of the State Universities, equalizing opportunity, and how the Middle West is putting human welfare above property rights.

Professor Ross is one of the most original and forceful thinkers and writers of the day; and these papers will have nation-wide interest and importance.

THE MIDDLE WEST—PROF. ROSS

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A feature of *The Century* during 1912 will be "Everybody's Saint Francis," the text by Maurice Francis Egan, American Minister to Denmark, the illustrations by Maurice Boutet de Monvel. Mr. Egan is a poet, and an authority on church history. Boutet de Monvel is one of the greatest of living French artists. The result will be a noteworthy life of the saint, who for five centuries has stirred the admiration of Catholics and Protestants alike.

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Will continue to hold high the standard of its art and illustrative features. Timothy Cole, greatest of living wood-engravers, will contribute to its pages his beautiful wood-cuts of "Masterpieces of American Galleries." Joseph Pennell, foremost of living etchers, is working on a series of sketches of the Panama Canal as it is to-day. Boutet de Monvel's illustrations for St. Francis of Assisi will be of special interest. Examples of the work of leading American and foreign artists will be shown from month to month, in color, in tint, and in black and white.

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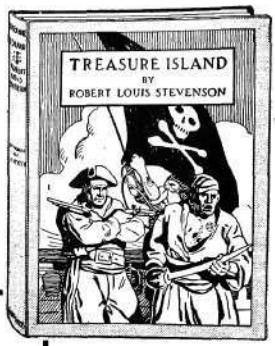

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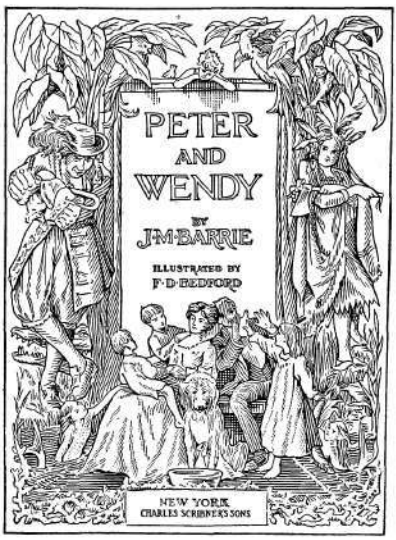

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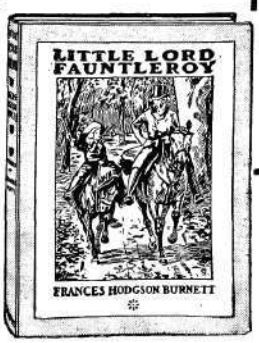

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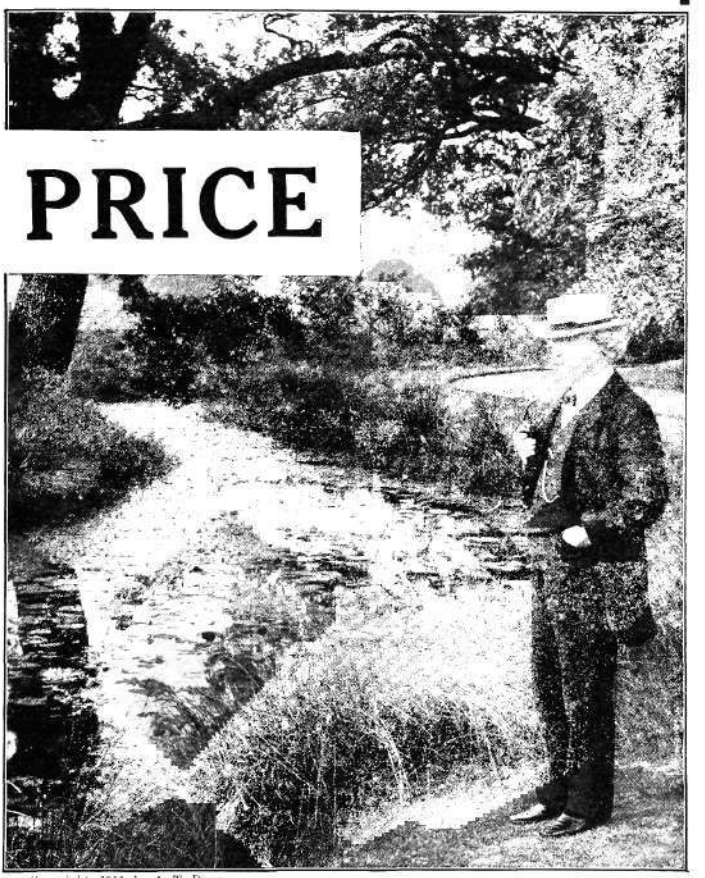

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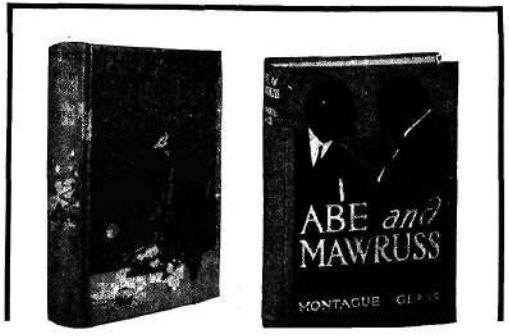

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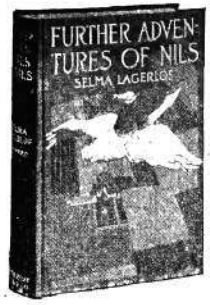

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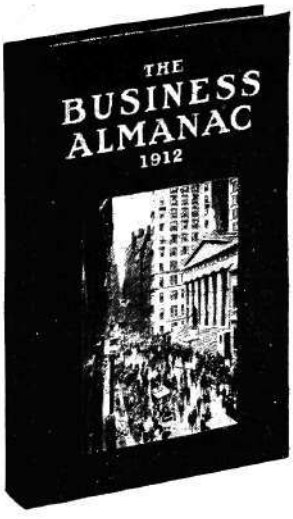

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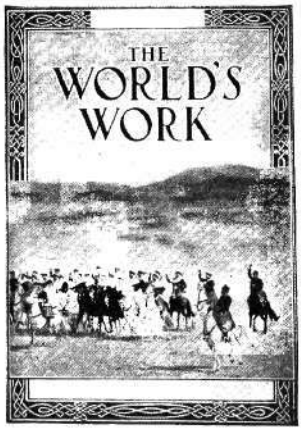

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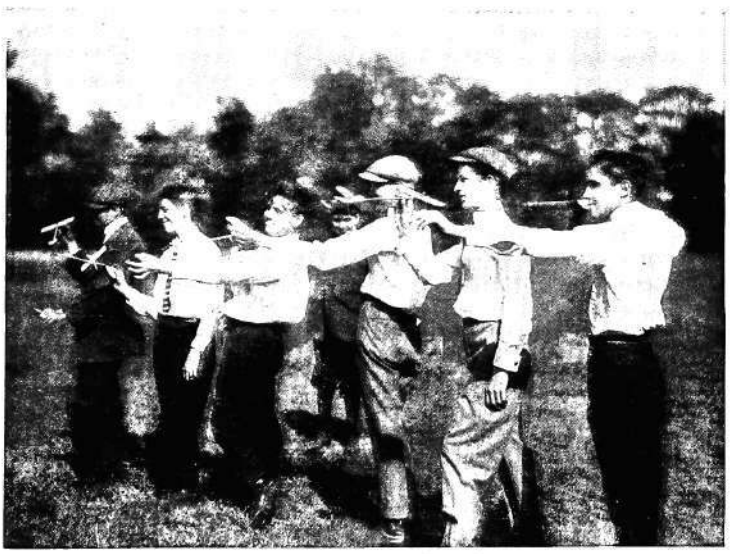

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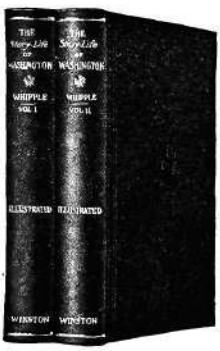

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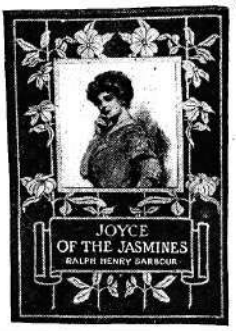

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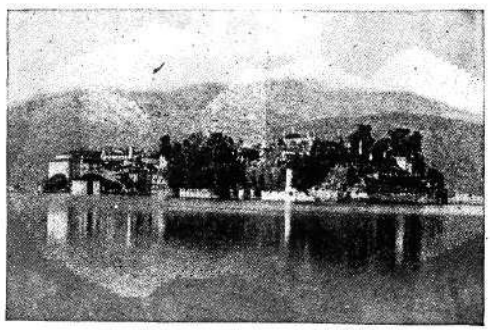

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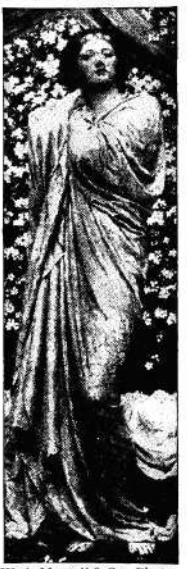

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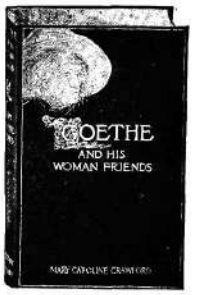

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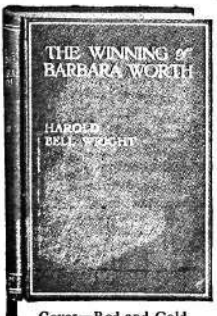

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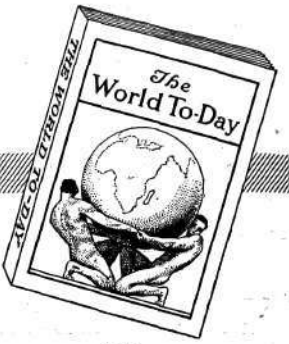

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NEW BOOK NOTES

MUCH of the charm of the text of that almost ideal volume, "The Lure of the Garden," is due to the author's own intense love of gardens.

"It is only lately," Miss Hawthorne said this summer in speaking of the book during its making, "that I have become, through force of necessity, a city-dweller, and this writing about gardens is a delight and a kind of mental return. This lure of the garden is desperately strong, once felt, but of all the obsessions we are subject to, it strikes me as the most satisfactory—books are good, but the garden takes you into the sun and rain and mixes you up generally with the earth, which most of us get too far away from. . . . If any one is influenced by this book to make a garden, I shall be almost as delighted as when I set to make my own."

But Miss Hawthorne, the readers of her book will find, uses the phrase "make a garden" in a sense larger than the popularly accepted one. It is the social side of gardens which she avowedly endeavors to convey to her fortunate reader, and an understanding of how the social value of gardens is coming to be better understood and enjoyed here in America; how even a very small place is capable of yielding a vast deal of pleasure, and how the secret of thoroughly using a garden is one well worth knowing.

A more exquisite piece of book-making than this, it would be hard to find.

ONE of the really worth while gift-books of the holiday season is the charming new edition of "Æsop's Fables," richly bound, with an unusual combination of quaint drawings by that clever illustrator, E. Boyd Smith, choice type, and delicate pages in tint.

For generations these fables have been among the evergreens of literature; but they are new to every generation, and so long as language endures their wit and wisdom will make appeal.

YOUNG folks will enjoy Jean Webster's new book, "Just Patty"; but it is the older folks, who have known some of the responsibilities and heartaches of life, who will get the most out of the nonsense and fun of this altogether delightful little record of the pranks of a most bewitching school-girl heroine. The author is a grandniece of Mark Twain; and her mother is the only person now living who was intimately associated with the great humorist's early days.

THERE has been no book published on China and the Chinese people so valuable and illuminating as Professor Edward Alsworth Ross's "The Changing Chinese." Professor Ross's long residence on the Western coast gave him special interest in the Orient and its problems; then he took a year's leave of absence, and spent several months traveling in China and studying Chinese society, and the problems of its religion, education, position of women, opium, and labor. Professor Ross is a severe critic of Chinese civilization, but a warm admirer of the people and a firm believer in their destiny. In China he sees reproduced the European Middle Ages before the regenerative introduction of the Greek culture. The Chinese are on the threshold of *their* Renaissance, he says. He applauds the labors of missionaries and educators to introduce Western ideals and learning into China, but at the same time upholds the policy of immigration barriers against the Chinese until the relation between population and opportunities in China has approximated to that between population and opportunities in the West.

"The fact is," says Professor Ross, "to the traveler who appreciates how different is the mental horizon that goes with another stage of culture or another type of social organization than his own, the Chinese do not seem very puzzling. Allowing for difference in outfit of knowledge and fundamental ideas, they act much as we should act under their circumstances."

His discussion of China as it appears to the ranging eye, the race fiber of the Chinese, the race mind of the Chinese, the struggle for existence in China, the industrial future of China, its grapple with the opium evil, the unbinding of the Chinese women, Christianity in China, "the Far West in the Far East," is intensely interesting reading. It is a volume absolutely essential to a right understanding of the struggle now going on in China.

THERE is added interest in reading Professor Forman's "Stories of Useful Inventions," when one thinks of them as really chapters in the history of civilization, since in this connected record of the invention of the match, the stove, the lamp, the forge, the steam-engine, etc., may be traced the growth of human progress. Professor Forman is the first to bring together in one book the evolution of these mile-stones in human history. It is a book which intelligent young people will specially enjoy.

NEW BOOK NOTES

HARRY A. FRANCK went around the world practically without a cent. It cost him $172 to do Spain one summer; and the readers of his two books, "A Vagabond Journey Around the World" and "Four Months Afoot in Spain," will find it hard to decide on which of the two trips he—or they—had more pleasure. For the sum of $172 is, after all, a scant one to carry an American across the Atlantic and back, and give him four months' living, however humble. For those interested, who have not read his book, here is the Spanish summer's expense account: Transportation, $90; food and lodging, $55; bullfights, sights, souvenirs, $10; miscellaneous, $17; total, $172. Those who read the full record of "Four Months Afoot in Spain" will find it a picturesque and altogether delightful story of one thousand miles on foot and twice that distance by third-class rail, always closely in touch with the masses of Spain's highways and byways.

THERE is a personal flavor in Joseph H. Choate's new book, "American Addresses," which adds to its value and interest, since the addresses now gathered into book form —there are twenty-two—recall events and associations with which the author was closely connected, and men whom he honored and loved. These addresses range through a period of nearly fifty years, and in them the first place is given to "my kinsman, Rufus Choate, because of my personal relations to him and my great obligations to him, and because now, after the lapse of more than fifty years since his death, he still stands as the most famous and fascinating of American advocates. The luster of his fame is not dimmed and the charm of his personality is as familiar and as beloved as ever. Few men and women now living have ever seen or heard of him, and his published orations and speeches give but a faint idea of the wonderful power of his presence and his voice, but the tradition of his matchless eloquence will linger for generations to come."

OF the art critics of the day, Mr. Caffin stands unquestioned as an authority who has developed in an unusual degree the gift of imparting to others his understanding and appreciation of pictures. His new book, "The Story of French Painting," carries on that helpful series begun in "The Story of Dutch Painting" and continued in "The Story of Spanish Painting," but it has even more interest for the American student and reader than the earlier volumes, in that so many Americans are handing on the principles which they derived from their studentship in Paris. Mr. Caffin's latest book discusses a number of individual painters, but makes no pretense of encyclopedic completeness. It aims to trace the evolution of French painting as it has been affected by outside influences and shaped by the genius of the French race. It aims, further, to correlate the growth of French painting with the changes in the social and political life of the nation, and with the manifestation of the French spirit in other departments of intellectual and artistic activities, particularly in that of literature. Paris, Mr. Caffin claims, has been to the modern world, during the late century, the clearing-house of artistic methods and ideals. His "Story of French Painting" is therefore, in a large measure, the recapitulation of the varying motives and methods of painting in the modern world. The illustrations have the more interest and value, because instead of representing the work of individual artists, they have been selected with a view to emphasizing phases of the general movement.

MEXICO is, naturally, much pleased with the new book of travel, "The Man Who Likes Mexico," written out of several years' enjoyable experiences the length and breadth of Mexico, by Wallace Gillpatrick, a New Englander by birth, a Californian by adoption, and a New Yorker by virtue of residence in later years. The feeling has been expressed in the Mexican papers that Mr. Gillpatrick's work will do much to form new ties of friendship between Americans and Mexicans of culture.

"The first thing that impressed me in Mexico," Mr. Gillpatrick says, "and continued to impress me, was that the Mexicans took people at their face value. My chief and unfailing satisfaction in Mexico came from being accepted for purely human and personal reasons by my Mexican friends. I was happy in Mexico because the people and the land were sunny. I lived there nearly six years, traveled a great deal alone, both in cities and in lonely places, and never met with any save kind, courteous, and generous treatment from the Mexicans."

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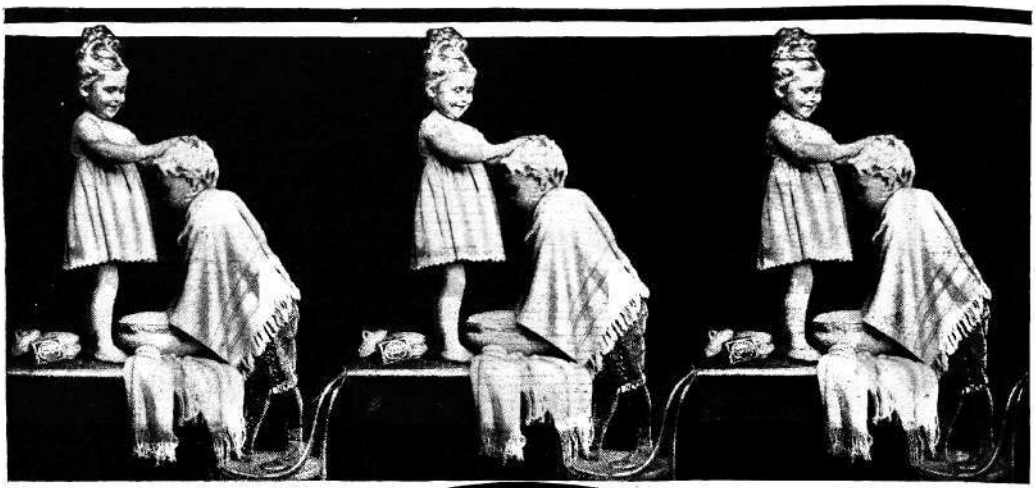

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(See next page)

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(See next three pages)

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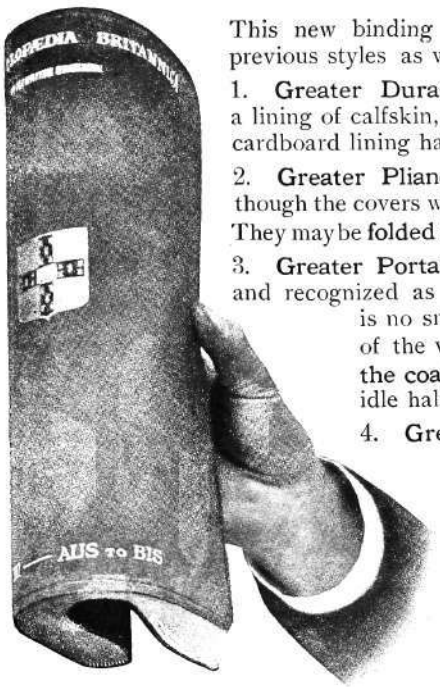

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THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS—*Continued from page 1*

aspirations and traditions which are the common property of the whole of mankind. Being a festival observed in all Christian countries, it typifies the truth that the most vital of human interests disregard the barriers of nationality, and being established in commemoration of events which occurred ages ago it expresses the debt of the present to the past.

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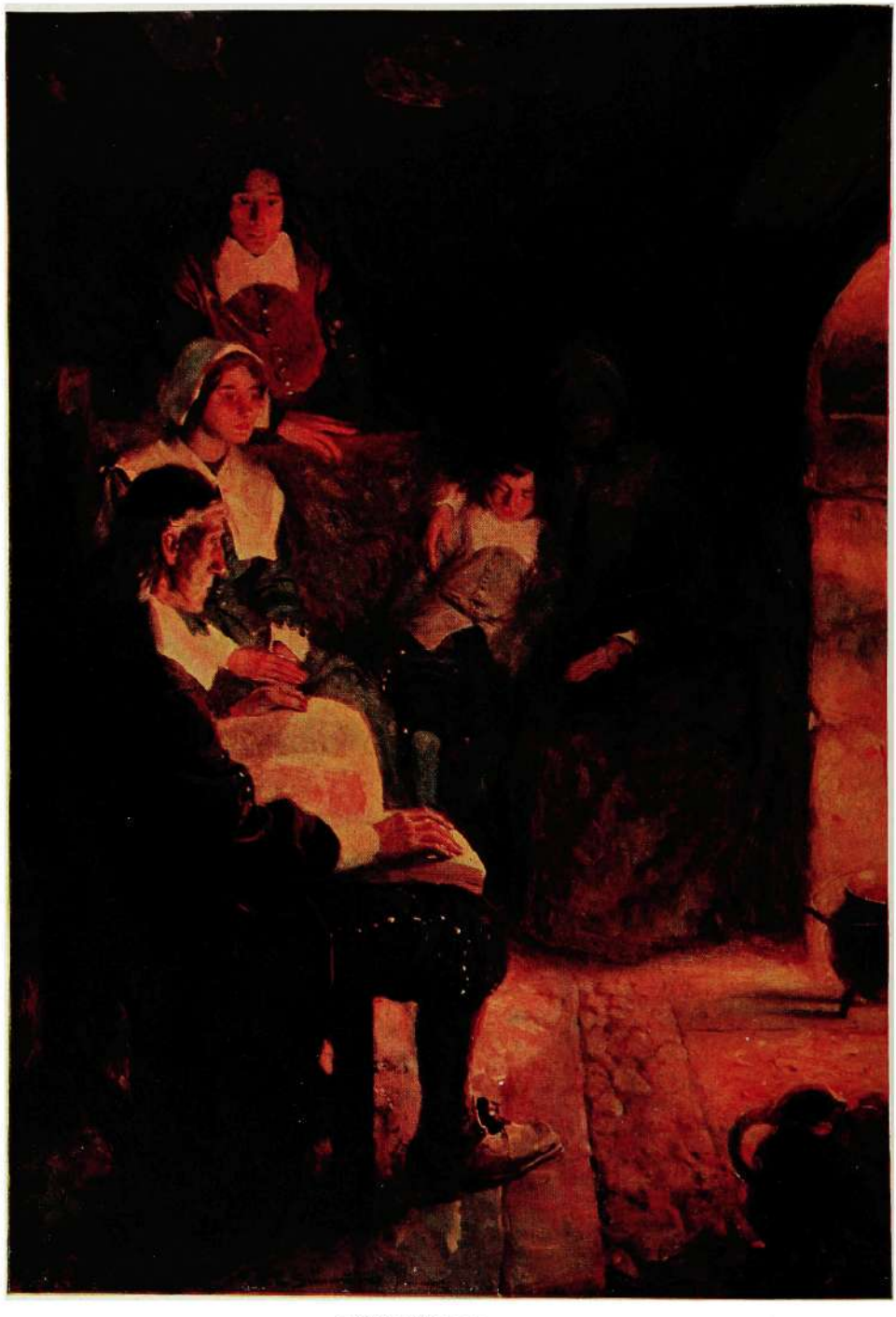

A PURITAN CHRISTMAS

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY F. E. SCHOONOVER

(SEE PAGE 259)

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXXIII DECEMBER, 1911 NO. 2

THE OLD NATIONAL ROAD

BY WILLIAM BAYARD HALE

WITH PICTURES BY F. C. YOHN

THEY talk much nowadays of good roads; they hold national congresses about them and publish magazines and memorialize legislatures about them; I believe the good roads idea has even become a movement.

Bless me! it did not remain for this generation to build good roads even in America. Has everybody forgotten that splendid highway which, before the day of the locomotive, the Government at Washington threw across the Alleghanies and pushed to the Mississippi—forgotten the romance and history that flowed over it, forgotten the surge of that fulfilling tide of civilization which, after the Revolution, found its outlet to the imperial West past the mile-stones that stretched—and stretch to-day—from Cumberland on the Potomac to St. Louis on the Father of Waters? Some of us have not forgotten.

It ran past the gate on which as a boy I used to swing long summer days. Its direction gave the road an indubitable connection with the eternal structure of the universe, for the very sun seemed to travel it, coming along every morning out of the east, just as did the trains of canvas-canopied wagons, bound for Kansas, Colorado, or California. They were the most wonderful caravans in the world; it were not fit to mention with them the trains of richly laden camels that brought to Mediterranean seaports the spoil of African mines and Persian looms. For these were freighted with expectation of fortunes vaster than anything the Old World had seen, though all you could discern with the physical eye was a line of long, low-hanging, pot-bellied vans arched over with bulging canvas gathered at each end, and with a stovepipe sticking hospitably out behind. They were drawn by teams of stout horses, with, like as not, a colt playing about the slow progress, and always a disconsolate dog under the wagon, a brace of boys and possibly a slatternly woman accompanying on foot, and with occasionally a canvas inscribed, if the "mover" was sentimental or humorous, with some such motto as "Westward Ho!" or "Pike's Peak or bust!"

Under the boughs of catalpa-trees and silver-leaf poplars to the eastward one

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could see up the old road a good mile to the top of the rise over which it disappeared into the great unknown, followed by an imagination which nothing else in all after life ever so powerfully awakened or so constantly allured. What wonders lay beyond the crest of Linden Hill, in that mysterious country whence the sun, whence "the movers," came? Just short of the crest lay, on opposite sides of the road, two sources, one of annual, the other of perennial, delight—the fair-ground and the haunted house. Such being its farthest cis-linden features, the glory in which it passed out of sight, what might not be the marvels that bordered its splendid course across the breadth of the three great States over which it swept back to the coast and joined the paths of the sea to the old home of our race!

Not that I did not know even then—every youngster knew—that away back, back almost to Cumberland, it passed the ruins of Washington's Fort Necessity; for it was no other than the Virginia engineer who first cut this path through the woods when he came to visit the French on the Ohio. And I knew also that back there somewhere, by the side of the road, there was a clump of trees which marked the grave of General Braddock. They buried him right in the trail, to hide him from the Indians; only now the pike had wandered a few rods from the old blazing of Washington's woodsmen. General Braddock was a redcoat, I know, and by rights a boy ought to hate him, yet many a time when a caravan came along from the East I was glad that it had not rolled, rumbling so heavily, over his head.

We knew, too, that in other days, before the railroad, Clay, Jackson, Harrison, Benton, Houston, and Crockett used to travel the road. We did not know, I suppose, that Jefferson, Monroe, Madison, John Quincy Adams, and Jackson were much occupied in their time in signing and vetoing bills about the road, and sending Congress messages about it; nor that it gave Webster, Calhoun, and Clay a text for some of the loftiest eloquence the walls of the Senate chamber ever echoed. You see, it was not certain in those days that the West would remain in the Union, and more than one senator declared that the road would be the only means of binding the new States to the old ones.

Whether internal improvements were constitutional or not, the Government managed to make the road the noblest in the world, I suppose—seven hundred miles of macadam sixty feet wide. That was foolish, perhaps. The Romans knew better, and built their highways only five yards wide; but along which of the twenty-nine roads of the Itineraries of Antoninus did they travel four teams abreast—Conestoga wagons, shaped like Spanish galleons, moving in stately procession, and rakish stages dashing along, with passengers as stiff as the writing of the letters in the mail-bags they carried—letters such as perhaps you may find in the old hide-covered trunk in the attic, written on the thinnest of paper, and crisscrossed till they look like Chinese puzzles?

The boys who swung on gates along the National Pike may not have reflected on the political significance of the road; they did not fail, however, to feel its singularity and importance. The roads and streets that crossed it were seen to be minor and inconsiderable byways as they met this wide channel of traffic, flowing, much of the time, bank-full. It was said that even at Indianapolis no other thoroughfare could match it. In my own town, as in many others, it became "Main Street" for a few blocks, but both east and west it quickly resumed the nominal dignity of its national character. It swept into town on a plane of its own, topping a splendid embankment, twenty yards wide, raised many feet above the corn-fields on both sides, and it passed out of town across the valley of the Whitewater on top of a Chinese wall faced with cut stone, and broken for the leap of a bridge the arched wooden timbers of which had the immemorial look of beams that might have been the framework of Noah's ark. I can see it now, that bridge, the broad, white road descending and swinging into the shadows of its dark, double-barreled passage, very dusty in summer, but sweet with hay (the toll of high-stacked wains that could just squeeze through) clinging to the rafters, and with glimpses of the deep, swift river to be seen below at each end. The horse always checked himself and walked, either because of a sign threatening that mythical "five-dollar fine" which does so much to regulate American conduct, or because of the coolness of the place, or because the

Drawn by F. C. Yohn

Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"TRAINS OF CANVAS-CANOPIED WAGONS, BOUND FOR KANSAS, COLORADO, OR CALIFORNIA"

driver had dropped the reins when he kissed his sweetheart in the shadows.

That was "the National Bridge." A little below it was "the National Dam," thus named because it was close to the National Road. My idea was that the two national banks of the town were so entitled because they had the honor of being situated on the National Road. Some of the youngsters of the town, wise in the lore of a neighborhood rich in the geological remains of the glacial drift, used to hunt for fossils along the river-banks; but we never strayed far from the dam below the arched, wooden bridge, believing that the presence of a trilobite or other crustacean of paleozoic time was somehow dependent on the old National Road.

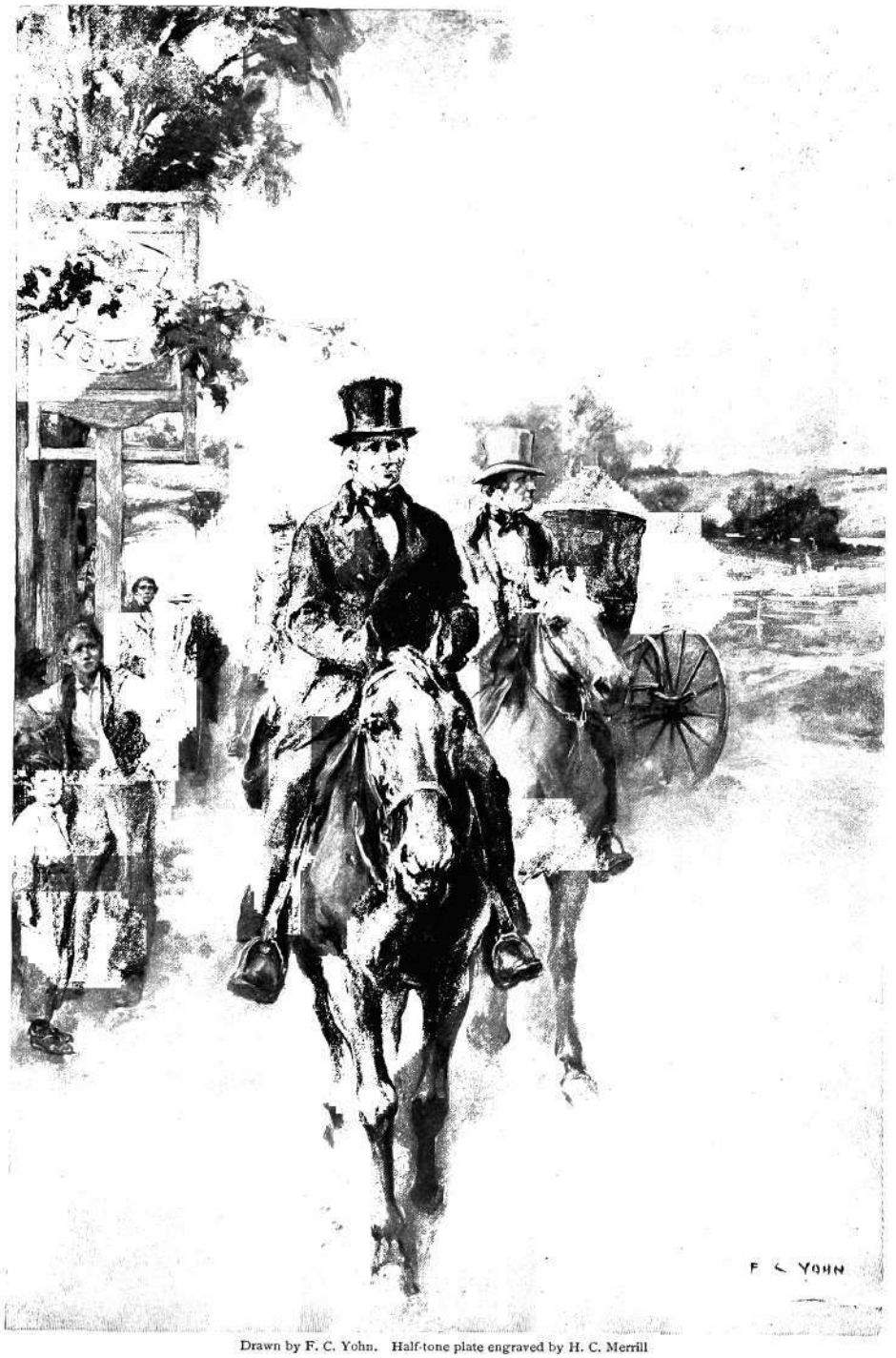
Really, it was not so old as all that, having passed along to the westward, I believe, in 1830. The army built it, and the engineering was on the grand scale, maintaining in virtually a straight line across our State of Indiana, through Richmond and Centreville, Cambridge City and Dublin, Knightstown and Greenfield, and other great and famous cities more than I can name, over hill and valley, on virtually the very level at which it had entered it.

To the westward much of it is to me to this day an untraveled road, though I knew, even when the arc described by the latch-end of the swinging gate determined the limit of my excursions, the romance of as much of it as lay between Richmond and Centreville. For had I not seen the doughty citizens of my native town close their shops and lumber-yards, and, arming themselves, sally out the National Road for Centreville, to take possession of the court-house and the jail, and bring the paraphernalia of the county-seat to Richmond? I recollect well the tragic face and determined gesture with which our grocer, brawny scion of Quaker stock, handled and put into his pocket a huge pistol which he took from under the wire cover of the cheese-box. Back over the National Road that night came the victorious, though, I believe, unensanguined, raiders, bringing the county-seat, and leaving forever desolate the town of Oliver P. Morton, Indiana's War Governor, of red brick mansions and the flagstoned section of the National Road.

Tides of travel might be remarked to ebb and flow along the National Road. The "movers" disappeared as the weather grew cold. On Saturdays throughout the year, except at spring planting-time or during harvest, the population of the whole county flocked to town, the cross streets for a block on each side of Main Street were filled with teams, and the stores were thronged. After a snow, great loads of wood on sleds would toil along the road into town, lining up in Marion Street, where the city wood-measurer applied his rule and his chalk, and the citizens came to inspect and dicker for the replenishing of their wood-sheds.

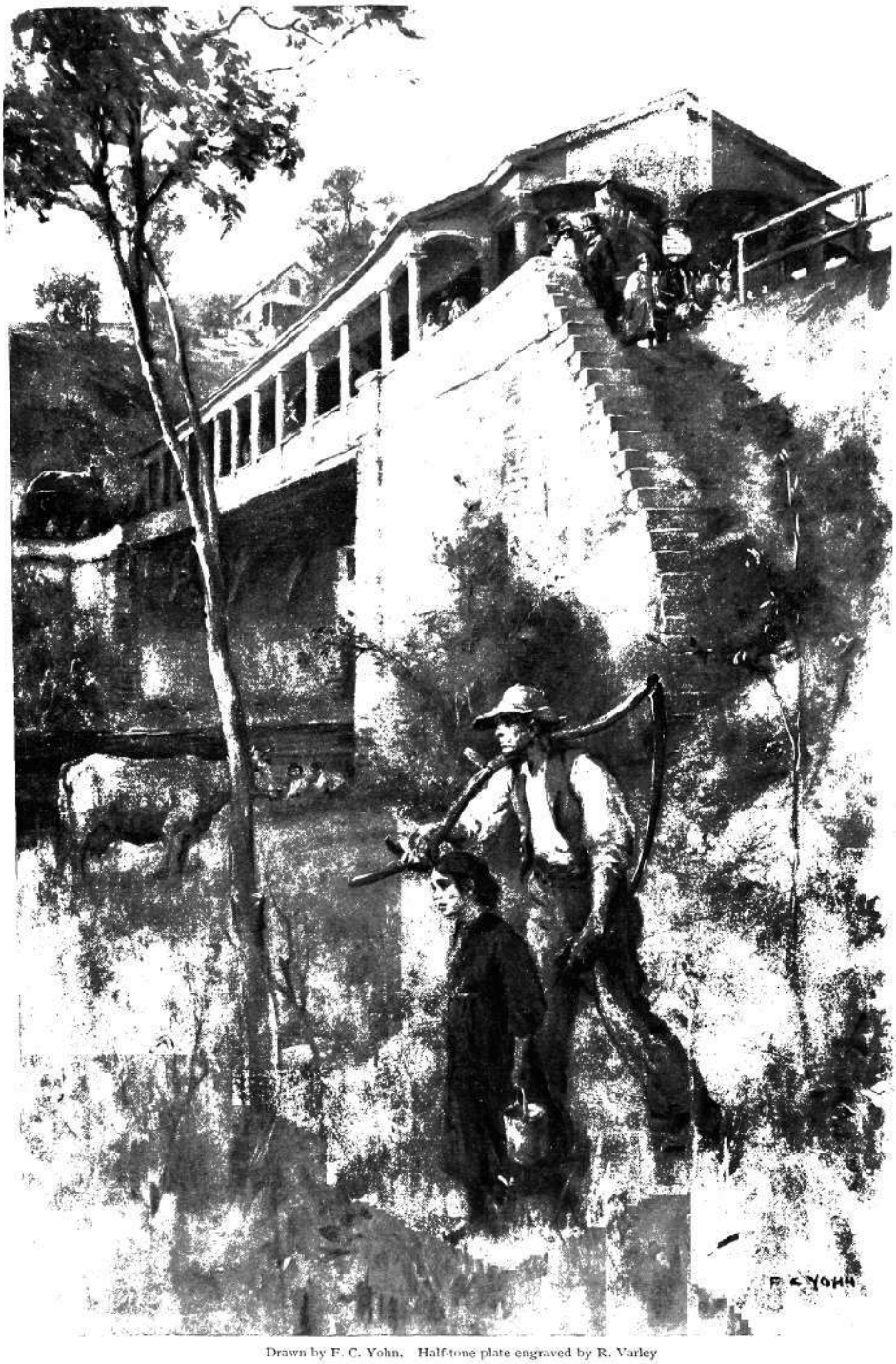
During one period of each year, in particular, the capacity of the National Road seemed tried to its limit by processions of family carriages of the type possessed by every well-to-do Western family. They were filled with Quakers coming to Yearly Meeting, some from the region of Spiceland and Dublin, more from Wilmington and Cincinnati, Spring Valley and Waynesville. Once each year, at the mellow season of late autumn, when the harvests had been safely gathered and the men were free for a fortnight, they came, filling our little city with their soberly garbed figures, and filling the great Yearly Meeting-house—as big as the Metropolitan Opera-House—morning, afternoon, and nights, with throngs which came and sat and departed in a silence and composure impossible to believe. There may have been for an hour in the vast barn of a place no stir save the lazy buzzing of a fly high up against a window or the gentle nodding of the oak (calculated to be a thousand years old) seen through the unpainted glass, when Esther Frame or Robert Douglas or some other celebrated Friend would rise and break forth in a rhapsody of spiritual exaltation. There would be no movement when the high voice, sustained to the end like a chant, without an amen died away; none until presently the Friend "at the head of the meeting" extended his hand to his nearest neighbor, and the meeting took a deep breath and "rose."

THE National Road was really built, according to the settled belief of my grandmother, Ann Harlan, in order to enable the Friends of Clinton County,



Drawn by F. C. Yohn. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

HENRY CLAY ON THE OLD NATIONAL ROAD



Drawn by F. C. Yohn. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

THE OLD NATIONAL BRIDGE AT RICHMOND, INDIANA

Ohio, to come to Yearly Meeting at Richmond. To be sure, the histories talk of other purposes—of a large scheme of internal improvements conceived by Adams and championed by Henry Clay, of the necessity of a military road to the Mexican frontier.

My grandmother takes no stock in such talk. She understands thoroughly that that rough but God-fearing man Andrew Jackson understood the needs of the Friends who had come up from North Carolina in the early years of the nineteenth century, had carved out of the wilderness the opulent farms and built the goodly towns of the Little Miami and the Whitewater valleys, and established their religious capital at Richmond. She had always been as thankful to Andrew Jackson as she was to Providence for all such things as it is the duty of Providence and Presidents to provide for the righteous, and she travels the National Pike back and forth every year—she has made the journey more than seventy times—to Whitewater Yearly Meeting, with an undisturbed conscience of her own, and a tranquil trust in the goodness of all men and of the workings of all God's world.

Grandmother Harlan's path through life must have been, to judge from the undeviating serenity of her countenance and the never-disturbed equanimity of her soul, as smooth as the surface of the pike, and nothing could be smoother than that. She had faced the Indians as a girl, she had brought up eleven children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, she had maintained a station of the "Underground Railway" for runaway slaves, and she had seen some of her sons go to the war of slavery, as she always called it; she had buried two husbands and she had had upon her shoulders the trials and troubles of a nation of grandchildren, but her face was as smooth and pink as the face of a child. Always in silk, howbeit of sober hue and unchanging cut, with her handkerchief across her breast and her starched cap on her head, Grandmother Harlan was a great lady in her way, though she used to shame us much when she said "cowcumber" or "chimbley," "trapse" or "beholden to," or indulged in other such locutions of what we did not know was the purest English of England of an earlier age.

Grandmother Harlan was, and is, a woman with much confidence in wise sayings. She has a proverb for every situation. Many of these are out of the Bible, though some could claim only less inspired origin. "The race is not to the swift," "Honesty is the best policy," are, for instance, two maxims which she never allowed us to forget. Deeply pious, she is endowed with no small sense of humor and no little worldly shrewdness. She talks little of religion, and has almost never "risen in meeting," though on the two or three occasions on which she has "appeared in prayer," men say she looked and spake like an angel talking with the King as she stood before Him at the foot of the throne. She is a saint, that is certain. One indulgence she permitted herself and taught her grandchildren: she liked peppermints, and used always to have a little bag of them, white, sugary wafers, hid away somewhere in the silken folds of her softly rustling skirt.

I WAS seven when I was permitted to go back with Grandmother Harlan on her return over the National Road. An uncle, a girl cousin, and a big basket of grapes from our choicest arbor formed the rest of the party. The day before the start was the eve, palpitant with expectancy, of a recognized epoch of life. All day long I gazed at the piece of sky showing between the trees on the crest of Linden Hill. The desire of my soul was about to be fulfilled.

Nor did fulfilment come in any wise short of expectation. We drove off before "sun up," the grays striking fire as they turned into the pike. We were over the hill before I could think, and I was of the big world, a stay-at-home lad no longer, but a traveler initiate of many scenes. The road stretched ahead smooth and white, farm-houses, wayside school-houses, and villages crowding so fast upon one another that the interest could never for a moment flag. As day came and advanced, we passed other travelers and larger towns. Eaton came into view: after all, it was not so big as Richmond. Here and there were hospitable inns; at one Henry Clay had tarried for a week, reconciling the influential farmers of Preble County to his policies. Another was a famous coaching resort, with a legend of a murder

Drawn by F. C. Yohn

Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"AFTER A SNOW, GREAT LOADS OF WOOD ON SLEDS WOULD TOIL ALONG THE ROAD"

hanging about it. Farther on was the "Wolf's Hole," a house deserted and falling into ruin now, but once the reputed seat of a band of outlaws. Then there were splendid stretches of beech and oak, the shadows of afternoon lying across the turnpike, springs gushing out of banks by the wayside, rich smells of mint and pennyroyal, and a thousand subtler scents in low, damp places. No one could tell all the wonder of it, but as we bowled over its hard stretches, between the shocks of corn, lingered in the ferny dales, rose to summits whence we looked on more miles of rich country than I had dreamed existed, I knew that nothing in the world was finer than the old National Road.

Is it to be wondered at that one born amid general appreciation of its importance, coming to consciousness in a boyhood to whose awakening imagination it furnished the path, and first entering the world by a magical journey over it—is it any wonder that he should in later years still cherish and carry with him amid more noteworthy scenes an endeared recollection of the National Road? Such a one might remember its proud course even as he traveled over famous highways of other continents, like the Simplon, the military roads of Jamaica or Porto Rico; or might meditate, as he rolled out on the Campagna over the Appian Way, that the National Road was paved in much the same fashion in Centre Township; might climb into the bed of Henry VIII at the George Inn, Glastonbury, with the palace moat under the window, bethinking himself that just so the canal stole by the Vinton House at Cambridge, Indiana, on the National Road; might, as he walked the old Roman road across Egdon Heath with the man who had immortalized in an imperishable book its already all but immortal existence, tell him of the stretch of the National Road across the lowlands below Jackson's Hill.

It was dusk when I reached the old house —too dark to have seen much in the drive from the station. After dinner we sat on the piazza. The talk was of the changes of twenty years; they were many.

"The stone posts are very handsome, Tom," I said. "They add dignity to the place. There used to hang there one of those long gates with an attachment which tilted it so that it swung open and shut automatically when a wheel struck a sort of outrigger."

"Yes, I recollect," said Tom. "Queer device. Very popular, though, quarter of a century ago."

"The old road is still there, however," I observed.

"Yes; that is an institution which there is no prospect of doing away with."

"Is n't it Yearly Meeting week? I don't suppose any of the Clinton County connection are coming?" I remarked.

"Oh, yes," replied Tom; "indeed they are. Grandmother Harlan never misses. She and Uncle Eli are on the way. What 's more, they are about due here now. Coming overland, you know, as usual. Could n't induce Grandmother to travel to Yearly Meeting by rail."

Bless her! Grandmother Harlan coming once more by the old road! That was the best of news. And, indeed, it was Fourth-day night and about the hour at which, I remembered well, the tired grays used to pull in after their long day on the road. This was an ideal return to boyhood's home.

"Yes, they are due almost any minute now," said Tom, studying his watch by the coal of his cigar. "Grandmother, for all her ninety years, is as punctual as the clock."

"Perhaps," I suggested, after half an hour, "they have stopped at McComas's Tavern for tea. They used to do that sometimes, and it would make them an hour later."

"McComas's Tavern?" said Tom in a tone of inquiry.

"Yes," I reminded him; "the square house with the fan-shaped transom over the door at the jolt in the road just beyond the Jimmie Smelzer school-house. The original owner would n't sell out to the Government, although the President himself came West to coerce him, and the road had to be built in a curve around the house."

"The road 's straight now," laughed Tom, "and there 's no tavern now, nor yet any school-house."

"McComas could manage Andrew Jackson, but he never had to go up against Indiana Traction."

The author of this remark was Elizabeth. As I deprecate the use of slang by

young ladies of Quaker upbringing, I made no reply.

But it was clear that—monstrous desecration!—there was a trolley-line on the National Road! I had heard of these wonderful Indiana electric railways, with their express trains and their sleeping-cars, but that they took their shrieking course along the—

A sudden light burst out at the top of Linden Hill, dazzling, fiercely powerful, the search-light of something swooping down the road. A momentary terror seized me. *Could* it be *possible* that Grandmother Harlan came to Yearly Meeting on the trolley? I dismissed the thought as one unworthy of her gray silk dress and bonnet, her ample leisure, and her love of quiet. No, she was behind equally staid successors of the good mares of yore, tucked snugly in the back seat, with a paper of peppermints in her pocket. She had delayed starting to-day till the sun was well up and the mists had lifted from the valleys,—say, at ten o'clock that morning,—and they were driving the old lady slowly and comfortably. Grandmother Harlan in a trolley-car? Oh, no!

The thing with the fierce light came whooping down, but not past. As it reached the gate, it hesitated, it turned, and, gathering speed again, drew swiftly up to the door—a *panting, six-cylinder motor-car, bringing Grandmother Harlan in huge automobile coat and goggles!*

She explained calmly as she stepped out, her poke-bonnet in her hand:

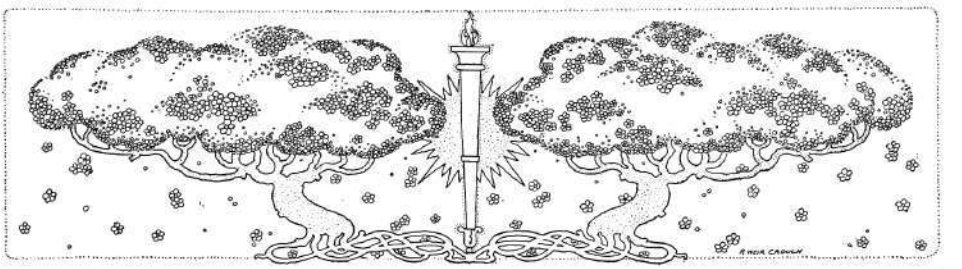
"Thee knows it was so warm and dusty we did not start till near sundown. Eli thought we could do it nicely in two hours; it is only seventy miles. I should like to have been in time to attend Fourth-day evening meeting. And so we should have been, the Lord willing, but as we went through Bellbrook,—does thee mind the place, William? Thy mother knew it well when she was a little girl,—a spark-plug burned out, and the cylinders back-fired. I fear Eli was sore beset, for his words were not those of soberness as he tried the cylinders. I said to him, 'Eli, let thy communication be, 'Yea, yea; Nay, nay.' But he answered, 'Mother, thee knows the Scriptures, but thee knows nothing about a buzz-box.' "

"But, Grandmother," I gasped as soon as I could fairly comprehend the thing, "is n't it unusual for Friends to come to meeting in automobiles? Horses were good enough in the old days."

"William," said Grandmother Harlan, turning on me her gentle eye, and proffering a peppermint, "thee remembers that the Good Book says, 'A horse is a vain thing for safety.' "

And the amazing lady, who had made her first journeys to Yearly Meeting in the saddle, and who had waited nearly a century to incorporate this particular Scripture into her body of doctrine, pressed it home upon me with the look and tone of one uttering a precious, saving truth.

"Besides," continued Grandmother Harlan, laying her small hand upon the tonneau of the vibrating monster—just as, without doubt, standing on the upping-block at this very spot seventy years ago, she had laid it on the neck of the animal that had brought her over—"besides," said Grandmother Harlan, with a last pat for the automobile, "thee knows, William, that no vehicle is so well adapted to the old National Road."



DEMOCRACY AND MANNERS

APROPOS OF AN INQUIRY INTO THE TEACHING OF MANNERS IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

BY CHARLES W. ELIOT

President Emeritus of Harvard University

THE effects of democracy on manners interest both the friends and the foes of democracy. On one side it is alleged that the tendency of a democracy, which makes much of universal education, is to improve the average manners without injuring the manners of the most refined class. On the other side it is alleged that, although the manners of the lower classes may be a little improved by popular education and by the contacts of all classes in public conveyances and places of public entertainment, those of the higher classes are necessarily coarsened and roughened by association on terms of equality with persons of inferior breeding. The general interest in the subject has been heightened in the United States by the great changes in the conditions of American life within the last fifty years in consequence of the congestion of population in cities and the advent of millions of immigrants of non-Teutonic stocks, with political, religious, and industrial histories very different from those of the earlier settlers on the Atlantic border. The question whether home, school, and church, and particularly the democratic school, can teach good manners is all-important under the new conditions of American society; and this question THE CENTURY MAGAZINE has been trying to study and deal with.

The feudal system had several sorts of manners, each appropriate to one of the fixed classes into which society was divided. Armies and navies, which are by no means democratic institutions, have always been schools of certain sorts of manners, and they still are. But manners in democratic society ought to be, and are, much more homogeneous than in feudal or military society; and if the fundamental principles of democracy are sound, the combined influences of home, school, church, and government ought gradually to produce in a democracy a high average of civility based on freedom and equality before the law, and in the well-educated classes the common possession of excellent manners. Before taking up the specific question of the contribution to the cultivation of good manners which democratic schools can make, it will be well to consider what the foundations of good manners are, and what part manners play in the social education of mankind and in the individual's pursuit of happiness and success.

THE IMPORTANCE OF GOOD MANNERS

MANNERS affect for good or ill the daily happiness of every human being and the fortune and destiny of every tribe or nation. Their influence on human existence is profound and incessant. Good manners are founded on reason or common-sense, and good-will. They put people at ease in social intercourse, welcome graciously

the stranger and the friend, dismiss pleasantly the lingering visitor who does not know how to withdraw, express alert sympathy with others, and prompt to helpful coöperation with others. They enable people to dwell together in peace and concord; whereas bad manners cause friction, strife, and discord. Inasmuch as good manners smooth the rough places and make things pleasant in human intercourse, some candid and combative persons who see many proper occasions for righteous indignation, hot strife, and unyielding pertinacity, are inclined to think that good manners may easily slip into insincerity, dissimulation, and a habit of easy compromising. They imagine that well-mannered people express in their habitual greetings warmer affections than they really feel, conceal their aversions or condemnations, moderate their heats in argument, make little use of superlatives, and in general repress passion in both speech and action. Hence they suspect that good manners are a drag on moral earnestness, or at least inconsistent with a prophet's or a reformer's zeal. Such an apprehension may naturally be felt about manners which are merely a superficial polish, with no groundwork in genuine good-will and sympathy, or an habitual conformity to conventional rules of behavior; but, nevertheless, long experience among civilized men has proved that good manners are compatible with holding strong convictions and expressing them firmly on fit occasion. They cannot and should not prevent earnest contentions, but they can take the bitterness out of strife, and prevent personal animosities between sincere and strenuous opponents.

GOOD MANNERS A FINE ART

It is obvious that good manners involve not only habitual good-will and kindness, but also no little personal skill. They are, indeed, a fine art; for their means of expression are generally mere tones, inflections, quick glances, momentary gestures or postures, or other slight gradations of sound or movement; and they need at their best a quick imagination and a ready wit.

In agreeable intercourse neither party will be on the one hand rough and forthputting, or on the other bashful and constrained. A rough indifference is not much more disagreeable in social intercourse than an embarrassed sheepishness. A bashful person is always annoying in company, and a superior who is not serene and confident in the presence of subordinates is as uncomfortable for them as he is for himself. Any exhibition of want of respect or of consideration for others is destructive of pleasant intercourse, and this lack of respect need not go so far as contempt or insolence in order to cause uneasiness and aversion. Habitual expression of a tendency to find fault, blame, or censure is of course fatal to agreeable converse, and a habit of criticizing or contradicting on the spot the statements of others is unpleasant even in a comrade or friend, and more so in casual acquaintances. Engrossing the conversation is another ill-mannered practice to which even the possession of a remarkable wit in the speaker will fail to reconcile the aggrieved listeners. An opposite source of offense is a continuous silence, which implies lack of interest in the conversation or inattention to it. An eager talker with a story to tell in which he is much interested may often find very exasperating the mere silence of his imperturbable, though amiable listener. No ceremoniousness is agreeable except as it is obviously intended to show respect or deference, and there is nothing more disagreeable in the intercourse of civil people than the deference which descends to flattery and obsequiousness.

GOOD MANNERS AS A PERSONAL INFLUENCE

Emerson in his admirable essay on "Manners" points out that underneath the best manners must lie some spiritual power or ascendancy, perceived by every observer, although held in reserve. The gentleman or the lady ought to possess a personal influence distinct, though often unconscious, as well as beauty of form or feature and grace in action, and to that end should be manifestly a truthful, straightforward, and self-reliant person. It is impossible for a lying, insincere, fawning man to have the best manners, although he may be polite in the ordinary sense. Every exclusive set of people, like a royal court, or a group of county families, or the fashionable set in a great city, or the leading group in a lodge or grange, is based on the

possession of some kind of power, political, magisterial, financial, or industrial. The advantages won by the valor or virtue or capacity which distinguished one generation will carry over to another generation which may not possess the natural or acquired powers of the preceding, imparting to these descendants some distinction, cultivation, or excellence which they could not have secured for themselves.

The often-mentioned difference between good manners and good breeding, namely, that the latter involves a long education and the acquisition of much knowledge and skill, whereas the former do not, is quite as important in democratic society as in aristocratic. Peasants, barbarians, and illiterate persons often exhibit some of the best elements of good manners, but their experience of life has not given them access to good breeding.

Selfishness, ignorance, stupidity, and habitual inattention to the desires and claims of others are the chief causes of bad manners; and since these qualities are rather common among mankind and some admixture of them often exists in meritorious characters, bad manners are not uncommon.

Like good manners, bad manners have a universal quality, since they are due to the absence of sound moral qualities, or of fine perceptions, or of the indispensable conditions of a refined and beautiful life. Savage or barbarous peoples often exhibit in their finest specimens personal dignity, composure, and a grave decorum; but they also exhibit in general a lack of cleanliness, slovenly or hasty ways of eating and drinking, and lack of consideration for the weak, and they often manifest their individual emotions with the *abandon* of children.

Although good manners are based in all societies and all nations on character and the possession of good sense and good feeling, it cannot be alleged that there is any universal ritual of good manners. To be sure, there are many obvious "don'ts" or prohibitions and a few positive, universal affirmations. Thus deference is expressed in different postures or gestures in different nations, and even in different groups within the same nation. Persons of good sense can exercise great freedom in adapting their manners to their surroundings and their companions of the moment, provided they exhibit composure, gentleness, and disinterestedness. Nevertheless, there is, on the whole, a remarkable agreement about certain points of good manners among peoples that exhibit strong differences in other respects. Thus, the soldier's attitude of respect is common to many peoples. He stands erect, with his heels together, and touches his cap or fez with his right hand. In religious ceremonies many of the same postures are used by Christian and Moslem peoples. During religious service the people sit, stand, bow, and kneel in succession. The Moslem and the Buddhist, however, add one posture of worship which comparatively few Christians use, namely, prostration with the forehead on the ground. Gentle speech is the same thing in all languages, since it is a matter of tone and inflection. Everywhere the gentleman or lady listens attentively to the narrator, petitioner, or dealer who is speaking, since this attention is an inevitable manifestation under the circumstances of interest and good-will. Emerson's remark that "a gentleman makes no noise; a lady is serene" is of universal application.

THE CONTAGION OF GOOD AND BAD MANNERS

In respect to manners, most men and women, and particularly young people, are highly imitative; so that both good manners and bad are contagious. Hence the strong influence of family groups and school groups on the manners of their members, and hence also the deplorable influence of the objectionable social groups in large variety which American urban society has developed, such as the street "gang" of boys; the group of the season's "buds," with their boy comrades, in keen pursuit, without any measure, of their own pleasures and excitements; the "smart set" of fashionable society, with its selfishness and luxury; the base-ball nine, with its vulgar chatter; and the foot-ball eleven, with its secret practice, surprises, and imitation in sport of the barbarous ethics inevitable in combat to the death. The more public the operations of these groups are, the more wide-spread their effects as schools of bad manners. The street-railway companies in American cities maintain active schools of bad manners wherever they fail to provide a number of vehicles

adequate to carry in a decent manner the throngs that are compelled to use them. Any crowd which is in a hurry is apt to afford practice in bad manners.

WOMAN'S RESPONSIBILITY FOR MANNERS

In Christian society, where the women are tolerably free, it is they who are largely responsible for the condition of manners. In the absence of the severe physical restraints imposed on women in Moslem society and in much heathen society, tenderness and protection are due from men to women, and for a considerable proportion of their lives a measure of privacy or "touch-me-not" reserve is their right. Every gentleman recognizes these natural rights of women, and every man who is not absolutely brutal recognizes the woman's claim on him because of her relative weakness and delicacy of body. On these chivalrous sentiments toward women the manners of civilized men are in large part formed; so that men are liable to lose all standards in manners whenever any considerable proportion of the women who come within their field of observation show themselves unworthy of these sentiments in men by becoming themselves coarse, combative, rude, and lacking in modesty, or by ceasing to condemn in their male companions insolence, violence, selfishness, and the ungenerous use of strength or power.

The sentiments on which good manners depend being by no means universal, and the real art difficult of attainment, cultivated people have agreed on certain elementary rules of behavior which anybody who wishes to can learn and put in practice; so that multitudes not specially distinguished for good sense or good will may, by taking a little pains, avoid social friction and troublesome breaches of good manners. Many people who do not possess in any large measure the spiritual qualities on which good manners are based do, as a fact, observe these minor rules of behavior, to the great advantage of society. This fact encourages the belief that useful instruction on many details of manners can be given to children in the home and the school, which happily are also just the places where the sentiments and affections of which good manners are the expression can best be fostered.

PERSONALITY IN MANNERS

Literature abounds in statements that manners are to be learned by example rather than by the study of rules, from good company rather than from books. This unquestionable fact makes clear in what consists the high privilege of gentle birth. Such birth secures to children constant examples of gentle manners in both men and women. Republicans are glad to remember that this very precious privilege of gentle birth is not confined to monarchies or aristocracies, or to social systems built on caste or hereditary privileges. It is obviously commoner under republican institutions, which secure widely diffused education in childhood and encourage continuous education throughout life by means of social and industrial freedom, than under any other governmental institutions. Indeed, one of the best ultimate tests of the success of republican institutions will be the relative diffusion of good manners and bad among the people. Locke, in his "Thoughts on Education," gives very sensible directions "how to form a young gentleman as he should be. . . . It is fit his governor should be himself well bred, understanding the ways of carriage and measure of civility in all the variety of persons, times, and places, and keep his pupil, as much as his age requires, constantly to the observation of them. This is an art not to be learnt or taught by books. Nothing can give it but good company and observation joined together." These excellent directions for the bringing-up of a young gentleman by a well-bred governor suggest one explanation of the great difficulty which day schools have, even in the best urban school systems, in improving the manners of children who come from rude or coarse environments, and spend in school only a quarter of their time even during school-terms, and no time at all during rather more than one quarter of the year. They point also to the importance of securing, for all schools, teachers whose speech and manners are gentle, kindly, and refined.

WHAT THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS ARE DOING

In order to ascertain how much attention is now directed to instruction in manners in American public schools, The

CENTURY MAGAZINE sent to 1400 superintendents of public instruction two questions, to which 740 answers were received, with the following results: in 519 school systems there is incidental and discretionary instruction in manners; in 155, there is regular, systematic, and somewhat extensive instruction, for which definite periods are assigned in the school programs during several years; in 50, the teachers are required to give some instruction in manners, but the instruction is only partly systematic, no provision for it being made in the programs; in 16, there is virtually no instruction. The success of the incidental and discretionary instruction depends of course on the capacity of the individual teacher to draw lessons in manners from the happenings in the schoolroom, the reading assigned to the children, and the current events of the day. The regular, systematic instruction is carried on by means of primers or elementary manuals of ethics and manners, supplemented by the explanations and comments of the teacher. In some cities the superintendent had prepared for the use of the teachers a syllabus on manners and the ethics of manners, with numerous references to passages in recommended textbooks, these books being provided for the teachers, but not for the pupils. In some schools instruction has been given by means of lantern-illustrations, with running comments from the teacher. One superintendent reported through the principal of a large school in which more than half of the children came from bare homes, with only elementary notions of manners, and were destined to leave school by fourteen years of age or even earlier, a dramatic or representative method of teaching good manners which was used in addition to a ten-minute daily discussion in each room of the rules of politeness toward elders, teachers, visitors, and strangers, and of behavior at table and in the street, streetcar, shop, and school. Periodically all the children from the different rooms were called together in the assembly-hall, on the stage of which representations of correct behavior were given. This method takes advantage of most children's pleasure in "making believe" and acting. Selected children illustrate on the stage the proper way to speak to a lady or an old gentleman, and how to perform and acknowledge an introduction. Little table scenes are enacted, and a boy helps a lady from a carriage or a car. This is all done in an earnest, serious way; but the children are interested in the performance, and both actors and spectators enjoy it. Much instruction in manners can be given in schools by acting plays and charades which illustrate both good manners and bad. Although children often fail to discern or be interested in the real plot or subtle motives in dramas, they usually apprehend perfectly the manners depicted on the stage. The members of the school and their parents will always provide an interested audience for such plays, and by having several different casts for each play, the number of children who get the benefit of acting may be made considerable, and the number of interested relatives will be so great as to require several representations of each play. There are plenty of plays adapted to this school use; but the selection of those to be presented requires care on the part of the teacher and an understanding of both the capacities and incapacities of the children.[1]

MANNERS AND MORALS

SCHOOL instruction in manners necessarily mixes manners with morals and ethics, and this combination of teaching rules and the moral reasons for rules at the same time is in practice the inevitable way. To teach mere cleanliness and neatness of the body, clothes, and implements for individual use, it is necessary to go beyond the motive of personal hygiene to the altruistic motive of caring for the health and comfort of others. We cannot teach or illustrate gentleness or serenity in manners and speech without inculcating the duty of kindness. We cannot teach children to show deference to elders, parents, and teachers without explaining the debt of each succeeding generation to the preceding. One can hardly teach children who come from coarse environments to avoid profanity, obscenity, gossip, and slander, without expounding the moral principles on which social purity and justice are

[1] It is an incidental advantage of teaching schoolchildren to act, recite, read aloud, and declaim, that such exercises give the teachers opportunity to insist on agreeable tones of voice and distinct enunciation, points in good manners hard to inculcate in any walk of life, and not infrequently lacking in well-to-do families.

based. The teaching of good manners in school, whether from manuals or by example and oral exhortation, whether systematically in assigned periods or incidentally at the discretion of the teacher, involves giving ethical instruction on the authority of the teacher.

It should be no surprise, therefore, to find that in many public-school programs the heading "manners and morals" appears, and in the time assigned to this instruction the affirmative duties of kindness, truthfulness, fidelity to duty, honesty, and self-control are actively inculcated, and civic duties and patriotism are subjects of discussion and exhortation. Such a course of instruction is intended to lead the child gradually from its natural egoism to a reasonable altruism, and the measure of its success is the degree in which this object is attained in regard first to manners, and then to morals. Of course all well-conducted schools inculcate punctuality, order, quietness, and mutual accommodation, and these are all elements of good manners; but they can do much more than this. They can teach thoughtfulness for others, and the sense of obligation to make others comfortable or happy. They can train in many of their pupils some individual faculty or skill which will enable them to give pleasure to other people, such as a faculty or skill in reading aloud, reciting, singing, playing on some musical instrument, acting, story-telling, or playing sociable games. They can teach all their pupils that the surest way to enjoy oneself is to contribute to the enjoyments of other people. They can teach coöperation in sports or recreations, a kind of cooperation which later leads easily to coöperation in more serious matters. They can utilize emulation and competition as incitements not only to individual improvement, but to social progress.

There can be no doubt that the great majority of American public schools are actively contributing to-day to the diffusion and development of good manners among the people, and hence to the improvement of social conduct. Whoever learns to observe and respect, through manners firmly based on ethics, the lesser rights of others is likely to acquire increased respect for the larger rights of the neighbor and the citizen.

Since the safe conduct of democratic society on its bold voyage of philanthropic discovery depends on an unprecedented development of mutual good-will, manifested kindliness, and hearty coöperation, the function of the common schools in teaching manners and morals is plainly one of the most important parts of public education, and the main reliance of democratic optimism.

TRYING A DRAMATIST[1]

AN ORIGINAL SKETCH IN ONE ACT

BY SIR WILLIAM S. GILBERT

Author of "Pinafore," "Patience," "The Mikado," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERICK GARDNER

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MR. JUSTICE RHADAMANTHUS, *the learned judge*
MR. POPHAM } *counsel*
MR. COCKLE }
MR. JOHN JOPKINS, *a dramatist*
MR. JERMINGHAM, *a theater manager*
MR. JOHN JONES, *a plumber*
LORD REGINALD FITZACRE, *of the Household Cavalry*
MR. WILKINSON, *a medical student*
MR. JOSEPH SHUTTLEWORTH, *a clerk in the Home Office*
MR. JAMES JOHNSON, *a low comedian*
FOREMAN OF THE JURY
ASSOCIATE
MISS EMILY FITZGIBBON, *a leading lady*
MISS JESSIE JESSAMINE, *a singing chambermaid*
JURYMEN, MEMBERS OF THE PUBLIC, ETC.

SCENE: *A criminal court. The learned judge on bench, learned associate beneath him. Jury in box R. Prisoner in dock up C. Counsels' table C. Solicitors' table between counsels' table and dock. Witness-box down R. Miscellaneous public, about eight ladies L. Mr. Popham, counsel for the prosecution, and Mr. Cockle, counsel for the defense, are seated at farther side of counsels' table.*

Associate:

Gentleman of the jury, the prisoner, John Jopkins, is indicted for that he did, on the fourth day of the present month, produce or caused to be produced a tedious and unsatisfactory stage-play at the Pandemonium Theater, whereby a false pretense was created, tending to cause a breach of the peace. To this indictment the prisoner has pleaded not guilty, and you are to determine whether he be guilty or not guilty.

Mr. Popham:

(*Rises.*) May it please you, My Lud, Gentlemen of the jury, the prisoner is indicted, as you have heard, for having on the fourth instant produced a dull and tedious stage-play, which was then and there damned by the audience assembled. The play was put forward ostensibly as an entertainment which was worth the cost of admission, and the case for the crown is that it was, as a stage-play, absolutely worthless. The facts lie within a very small compass, and I believe that the evidence I shall call will make the prisoner's guilt so clear to you that you will have no alternative but to convict. Expressed shortly, the piece was put forward presumably as a good play, and the case for crown is that it is a bad play; thereby a false pretense was created. Call John Jermingham.

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(*John Jermingham enters witness-box, and is sworn.*)

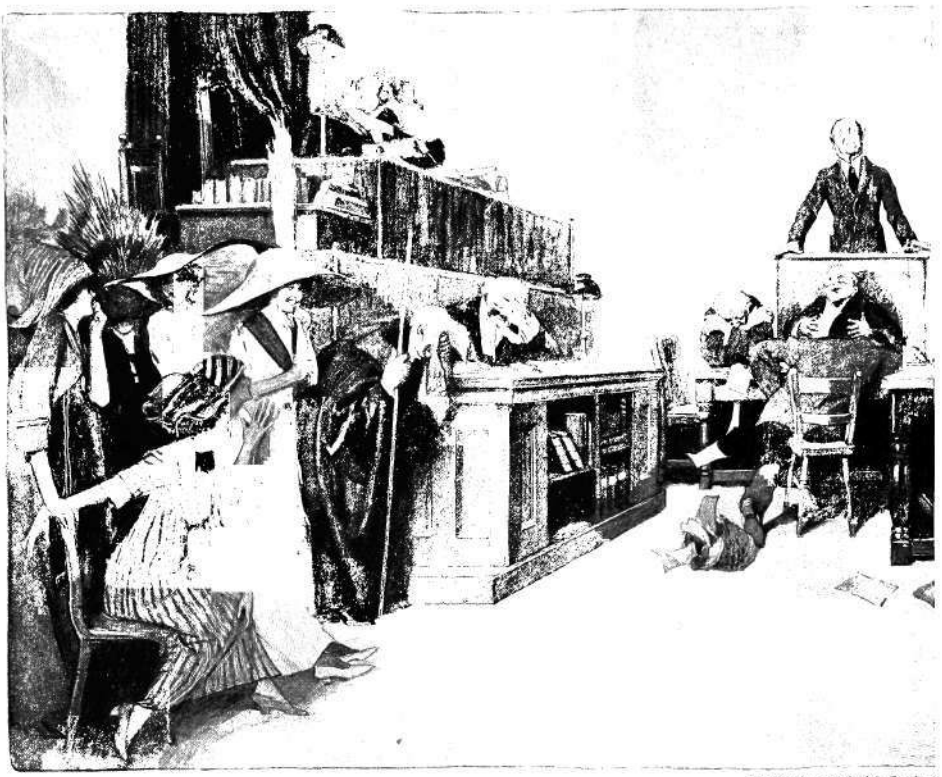
You are, I believe, the manager of the Pandemonium Theater, where the prisoner's play was produced?

Mr. Jermingham:

I am.

(*Cross-examined by Mr. Cockle.*)

I did not read the play before accepting it because I do not profess to be a judge of a stage-play. I accepted it because a French translation on which I had counted proved a failure. I was at my wit's end.



Drawn by Frederick Gardner

THE COURT-

Mr. Popham:

Please state to the jury how the play came under your notice.

Mr. Jermingham:

Six months ago the prisoner submitted his original play, called "Lead," for my approval, and I accepted it because I had nothing else ready. I did not read it because, if I had, it would have conveyed no idea to my mind. I expect that by its failure I shall be four or five thousand pounds out of pocket. (*Murmurs of sympathy.*)

Mr. Cockle:

Have you been there before?

Mr. Jermingham:

I have. I soon get there. It is quite a short journey.

Mr. Cockle:

Have you had any special training for the position of a manager:

Mr. Jermingham:

Training? Certainly not. I am not aware that any special training is required. It is a very easy profession to master. If

you make a success, you pocket the profits; if you fail, you close your theater abruptly, dismiss your company, and a benefit performance is organized on your behalf. Then you begin again.

Mr. Cockle:

Do you not think that you ought to be held responsible for the character of the entertainment you provide?

Mr. Jermingham:

What, I? Most certainly not. What have I to do with it? I am only the manager. (*Stands down.*)

Mr. Popham:

Call John Jones.

(*John Jones enters box and is sworn.*)

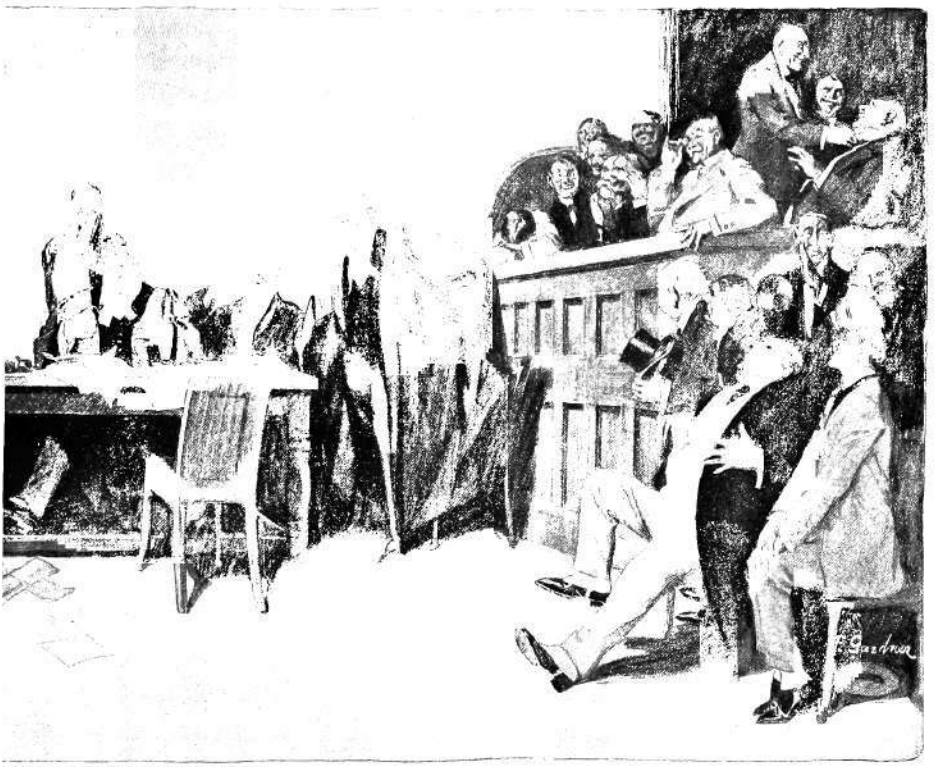
You are a journeyman plumber, and you were a member of the audience on the night of the production of the prisoner's play?

Jones:

I was.

Mr. Popham:

What is your opinion of that play?



Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

ROOM SCENE

Jones:

I think it a rotten play. It is full of very long and very tedious speeches. I was pleased with the scene between the small tradesmen in the plumber's back parlor as being remarkably true to nature, but I consider the scene between the duke and duchess highly improbable. The scene between the Home Secretary and the wicked member of Parliament is open to the same objection. I consider myself a judge of a play. I have written a play myself. It has not been acted—not yet.

(*Cross-examined by Mr. Cockle.*)

Mr. Cockle:

You are a journeyman plumber, Mr. Jones?

Jones:

I am.

Mr. Cockle:

Now, do you, as a journeyman plumber, consider yourself a judge of what dukes and duchesses would be likely to say to one another?

Jones:

Certainly I do—at least as good a judge as any author. I have plumbed in the very best families. I have supplied a ball-cock to a royal cistern. Dukes and duchesses talk quite unlike ordinary persons. They use much longer words. For instance, I consider it most unlikely that a duke would exclaim, "By Jingo!" I do not believe that duchesses ever ride in taxicabs.

Mr. Cockle:

Do you consider yourself a judge of metaphysics?

Jones:

I do not profess to be a judge of metaphysics, because I do not know what metaphysics are. I consider it very likely that I am a judge of metaphysics without knowing it. (*Stands down.*)

Mr. Popham:

Call Lord Reginald Fitzacre.

(*Lord Reginald sworn.*)

You were in the theater, Lord Reginald, when the prisoner's play was produced, and, if so, give us the benefit of your impression of that production.

Lord Reginald:

I was, and I was bored to my back teeth by it. I saw nothing to complain of in the scenes dealing with high life, but I consider the scene in the plumber's back parlor ridiculously improbable. For instance, small tradesmen always misplace their "h's." No "h" was misplaced on that occasion.

(*Cross-examined by Mr. Cockle.*)

Mr. Cockle:

What are you by profession, Lord Reginald?

Lord Reginald:

I am an officer of the Household Cavalry.

Mr. Cockle:

Have you had any practical experience of stage-plays?

Lord Reginald:

A very extended experience. I believe that nothing is easier than to write a good

Drawn by Frederick Gardner

THE PLUMBER

stage-play. I have written one myself. I found it extremely easy. Mounting guard is an intellectual exercise not to be mentioned in the same breath with it.

Mr. Cockle:

Has your play been produced?

Lord Reginald:

It has not been produced—not yet. I have shown it to several managers. They are all most anxious to produce it, but hesitate to do so on the ground that it is

too intellectual. I have no objection to bringing it down to the comprehension of an audience; but I do not see any way of making it less intellectual than it already is.

Mr. Cockle:

Have you any objection to state the name of your play?

Lord Reginald:

None whatever. It is called "The Gar-

Drawn by Frederick Gardner

MR. POPHAM

ter Girl, or Suspenders, What ho!" (*Stands down.*)

Mr. Popham:

Call Thomas Wilkinson. (*Wilkinson sworn.*) You are, I think, a medical student, Mr. Wilkinson?

Wilkinson:

I am.

Mr. Popham:

Did you hiss the prisoner's play?

Wilkinson:

I did. I hissed it vigorously because, as I believed, Miss De Vere had to die in Act I. I did not know at the time that she was not really dead, but only in a swoon, or I should not have hissed. I thought it bad art that a singularly beautiful and talented young lady, one of the brightest and most bewitching stars that ever sparkled on a London stage, should be disposed of finally at an early stage of the play. If the author allows an audience to suppose that a young lady of exquisite charm is dead while she is only insensible, he must take the consequences of the imposition he has practised on them.

(*Cross-examined by Mr. Cockle.*)

Mr. Cockle:

I believe, Mr. Wilkinson, that you are a professed admirer of that young lady?

Wilkinson:

I have no hesitation in saying that I am devotedly attached to her; but of course that fact does not affect my opinion.

Mr. Cockle:

Do you consider yourself a judge of a play?

Wilkinson:

Undoubtedly. I have written several plays. They have not been produced—not yet. (*Stands down.*)

Mr. Popham:

Call Joseph Shuttleworth.

(*Mr. Shuttleworth sworn.*)

Mr. Shuttleworth, I believe you are a clerk in the Home Office. Please give his lordship and the jury your opinion of the prisoner's play.

Mr. Shuttleworth:

I think it is distinctly a dull play.

Mr. Popham:

Did you hiss it, and, if not, why not?

Mr. Shuttleworth:

I did not hiss it simply because I do not see the necessary connection between a hiss and a bad play. We do not hiss bad

speeches in the House of Commons. We do not hiss a bad picture in the Royal Academy. We do not hiss a tainted chop in an eating-house. I would hiss indecency and profanity and even outrageously bad taste, but not mere dullness. I regard a dull author who has to depend on his pen for his livelihood as an object of pity, not of execration.

(*Cross-examined by Mr. Cockle.*)

Mr. Cockle:

Then am I to understand, Mr. Shuttleworth, that as a clerk in the Home Office you do not agree with the opinions of the witnesses who have already given evidence?

Mr. Shuttleworth:

On the contrary, I entirely concur with the general opinions which those witnesses have expressed, though I do not agree with them in detail. For example, I think the scene between the Home Secretary and the wicked member is very characteristic, and contains some capital hits at the maladministration of our home affairs; but I regard the scene between the duke and the duchess and that between the two small tradesmen as ridiculously untrue to nature.

(*Cross-examined by Mr. Cockle.*)

Mr. Cockle:

Are you aware that, owing to nervousness on the part of the actors caused by expressions of disapproval on the part of the audience, much of the dialogue was omitted and still more of it paraphrased?

Mr. Shuttleworth:

I was not aware of it.

Mr. Cockle:

Were you aware that, owing to imperfect rehearsals, many of the "situations" missed fire, that certain characters and scenes were omitted, and others were rewritten in opposition to the author's earnest entreaty?

Mr. Shuttleworth:

I knew nothing of that. The piece is advertised as having been written by the author, and of course I held him responsible for every word that was spoken on the stage.

Mr. Cockle:

Do you consider yourself a judge of plays?

Mr. Shuttleworth:

Most certainly I do. I have myself written many plays—everybody has.

Mr. Cockle:

Have they been acted?

Mr. Shuttleworth:

They have not been acted—not yet. (*Stands down.*)

Mr. Popham:

Call Miss Emily Fitzgibbon.

(*Miss Fitzgibbon enters the witness-box.*)

Miss Fitzgibbon, I believe you are an actress?

Miss Fitzgibbon:

I am. I played the part of *Constantia* in the comedy "Lead."

Mr. Popham:

What is your opinion of "Lead" as a play?

Miss Fitzgibbon:

I have a poor opinion of it as a play. The dialogue is scholarly, but it is not dramatic. I found it full of literary beauties, but wholly lacking in well-balanced story and effective action. A series of leading articles, even though they be written in blank verse, do not constitute a play.

Mr. Popham:

Do you consider that a play suffers materially for being written in blank verse?

Miss Fitzgibbon:

Unquestionably. The art of speaking blank verse is, to all intents and purposes, a lost art. *I* speak blank verse as it should be spoken, but I don't know any one else who does. As a play, "Lead" is as clever and as unpracticable as "Manfred."

(*Cross-examined by Mr. Cockle.*)

Mr. Cockle:

Then you consider "Lead" highly cred-

itable to the author as a literary production?

Miss Fitzgibbon:

Undoubtedly. It is a very thoughtful composition. In point of fact, it is too thoughtful.

Mr. Cockle:

Is it true that three minor parts were

Drawn by Frederick Gardner

THE LOW COMEDIAN

fused into one in order to improve your own?

Miss Fitzgibbon:

It is quite true. It was done to make the part worthy of my high reputation. I did not charge extra for playing the three parts added to my own. I did it entirely in the author's interests.

Mr. Cockle:

But against his wish?

Miss Fitzgibbon:

I dare say. That is not a circumstance that would be likely to dwell in my mind.

Mr. Cockle:

Were you hissed on this occasion, Miss Fitzgibbon?

Miss Fitzgibbon:

(*Indignantly*) Most certainly not. I have never been hissed in my life. The parts I have played have frequently been hissed. The part of *Constantia* was hissed. No one has ever hissed *me*.

Justice Rhadamanthus:

(*Blandly*) I am quite sure of *that*, Miss Fitzgibbon.

Mr. Popham:

Call Mr. James Johnson.

(*She stands down.*)

(*Mr. Johnson enters the box.*)

Mr. Popham:

You are a low comedian, Mr. Johnson?

Mr. Johnson:

I am (*Laughter*). I played the part of Joseph Wool in "Lead" (*Laughter*). It is not a good part (*Laughter*). The humor is too subtle and refined (*Laughter*). In point of fact, the part labors under the disadvantage of not being "low comedy" at all (*Roars of laughter, in which the learned judge joins*). I am sorry to have to say this (*Laughter*), as I have a personal regard for the prisoner (*Laughter*). I did my best with the part (*Laughter*). I bought (*Laughter*)—I bought a remarkably (*Laughter*)—a remarkably clever (*Laughter*)—a remarkably clever mechanical wig (*Laughter*)—for it (*Laughter*). In my zeal for the prisoner, I introduced much practical "business" that was not set down for me (*Laughter*). I did not charge extra for introducing practical business. I introduced it solely in the prisoner's interest (*Sympathetic murmurs*). The part was soundly hissed (*Laughter*), even the introduced scene with the guinea-pig and the hair-oil (*Roars of laughter, in which the learned judge joins*).

(*Cross-examined by Mr. Cockle.*)

Mr. Cockle:

Describe that scene, Mr. Johnson.

Mr. Johnson:

It is a scene in which I ignorantly attempt to convert a guinea-pig into a rabbit by rubbing it with Mrs. Allen's Hair-Restorer (*Roars of laughter*). I have never known this scene to fail before; its truth to nature insures its success (*Sympathetic murmurs*).

Mr. Cockle:

What was the part you played, Mr. Johnson?

Mr. Johnson:

A London butler (*Laughter*).

Mr. Cockle:

Do you not think it unlikely that a London butler would suppose that a guinea-pig could be converted into a rabbit by such means?

Mr. Johnson:

Most certainly not. In a London cook such a mistake would be highly improbable, but not in a butler (*Laughter*). These nice distinctions are the outcome of very careful studies on my part (*Sympathetic murmurs*).

Mr. Cockle:

Are you aware that the author protested against the introduction of this scene?

Mr. Johnson:

I am. I am accustomed to authors' protests (*Laughter*). I consider that authors should feel much indebted to me for the valuable interpolation suggested by my humor, experience, and good taste (*Hear! hear!*). I cannot say they exactly do (*Laughter*).

Mr. Cockle:

Were you hissed, Mr. Johnson, on this occasion?

Mr. Johnson:

Most certainly not. I have never been hissed in my life. The parts I have played have frequently been hissed. No one has ever hissed me (*Loud applause*).

Justice Rhadamanthus:

(*Blandly*) I can quite believe *that*, Mr. Johnson (*"Hear! hear!" and loud applause*).

(*Mr. Johnson stands down. A dozen ladies crowd round him to obtain his autograph for their books.*)

Mr. Popham:

Call Miss Jessie Jessamine.

(*Miss Jessamine enters witness-box.*)

What are you, Miss Jessamine?

Drawn by Frederick Gardner

THE OFFICER OF THE GUARDS

Miss Jessamine:

I am a singing chambermaid (*Laughter*).

Mr. Popham:

Have you heard the evidence of the last witnesses, and, if so, do you agree with it?

Miss Jessamine:

I agree with the general tenor of it.

Mr. Popham:

Are you on friendly terms with the prisoner?

Miss Jessamine:

Very. I have a strong regard for him,

and accordingly I devoted myself to making his play a success as far as it was in my power to do so. I introduced a song and a dance in order to give briskness to the part. I do not charge extra when I introduce a song and a dance. I introduced them entirely from motives of regard for the prisoner (*Murmurs of sympathy*).

(*Cross-examined by Mr. Cockle.*)

Mr. Cockle:

Are you aware, Miss Jessamine, that the author protested strongly against their introduction?

Miss Jessamine:

Certainly I am; but I considered that I knew best.

Mr. Cockle:

What was the part you played, Miss Jessamine?

Miss Jessamine:

That of a simple-minded young governess in a country rectory who is secretly in love with the Home Secretary. I did not see any reason why such a character should not sing and dance in the intervals between her pathetic scenes.

Mr. Cockle:

What was the name of the song you introduced?

Miss Jessamine:

"Father's Pants will soon Fit Brother."

Mr. Cockle:

Now, do you seriously consider that "Father's Pants will soon Fit Brother" is an appropriate song for a simple-minded governess in a clergyman's family?

Miss Jessamine:

Most certainly I do. It is merely an expression of simple joy on the part of a member of a humble household that her younger brother will soon be tall enough to wear his father's cast-off wardrobe. I should classify it as humble pathos of the Charles Dickens school.

Mr. Cockle:

But the "breakdown," Miss Jessamine—do you seriously defend the "breakdown"?

Miss Jessamine:

Distinctly. I see no reason why a broken-hearted governess should not endeavor to raise her spirits by dancing an occasional "breakdown." I would not dance one in every scene, because that would not be true to nature. A governess would probably have to teach her pupils to dance, and she would naturally practise occasionally to keep her hand in.

Mr. Cockle:

I presume, Miss Jessamine, you mean your foot?

Miss Jessamine:

(*Warmly*) No, I do *not* mean her foot. I mean what I say, her hand.

Mr. Cockle:

And I believe that, despite the author's protests, you wore short petticoats?

Miss Jessamine:

Certainly I did.

Mr. Cockle:

Very short?

Miss Jessamine:

(*Simpering*) *Tol-lol!* I wore them because the audience expected it of me. I see no reason why a governess in a country rectory should not wear short petticoats if she has good legs.

Mr. Cockle:

Then I suppose we may assume that you are tolerably well furnished in that respect, Miss Jessamine?

Miss Jessamine:

(*Simpering*) *Tol-lol!* I did not charge extra for wearing short petticoats. I wore them entirely in the author's interests. Besides that, I expect one song and two dances in every part I play. I expect this because I possess both accomplishments.

Mr. Cockle:

But, Miss Jessamine, let us assume that you can dance on a tight-rope. Would you insist on displaying that accomplishment in a country rectory?

Miss Jessamine:

Certainly not, except perhaps on some exceptional occasion, such as rejoicing on the rector's eldest son coming of age. Except on such an occasion, no governess in a clergyman's family would be likely to dance on a tight-rope. In point of fact, it so happens that I *can* dance on a tight-rope, and I did *not* insist upon being allowed to do so on the present occasion, as it would not be true to nature—so there!

Mr. Cockle:

You attach considerable importance to truth to nature?

Miss Jessamine:

The utmost importance. I consider that truth to nature is the dramatic artist's lode-star.

Mr. Cockle:

Then of course you know what a lode-star is?

Miss Jessamine:

No, I do *not* know what a lode-star is; but I am quite sure that "Lead" is a very dull play. Now, I know what you are going to say. Have I ever been hissed? No, I have never been hissed. My parts have often been hissed, but no one has ever hissed *me*.

Drawn by Frederick Gardner

MISS JESSIE JESSAMINE

Justice Rhadamanthus:

(*Blandly*) It is hardly necessary to give us *that* assurance, Miss Jessamine.

(*Miss Jessamine bows and leaves the box.*)

Mr. Popham:

That, My Lud, is the case for the prosecution.

(*Mr. Cockle rises.*)

Mr. Cockle:

May it please you, My Lord, Gentlemen of the jury, the prisoner is a dramatic author who supports himself, his wife, and a large family of children entirely by writing original plays. He is in the habit of doing his very best to please his audience, and when he fails, it is from no lack of careful thought and honest hard work. The unhappy play "Lead" has at least the negative merit of not being an adaptation from the French. Such as it is, it is an original play. It has cost him many months of devoted labor, and that labor has evaporated in one evening. I cannot pretend that the prisoner is an absolutely ruined man, for he could, no doubt, make a much larger or a much more certain income by translating French plays, but he has hitherto steadily resisted this very easy means of earning a handsome livelihood, partly from a not unworthy zeal on behalf of English dramatic literature, but chiefly because he would as soon think of drawing inspiration from the dramatic light literature of modern France as of drawing drinking water from a graveyard. Pray do not misunderstand me. I do not ask that you approve his play because it is original; I merely submit for your consideration whether the enormous difficulties with which a dramatist has to contend in endeavoring to write a high-class play that shall deserve to rank as original should be placed wholly out of the question in estimating the punishment to be awarded to him who fails in a worthy attempt. As regards this unhappy play, what is there to be said against it except that it is tedious and ineffective?

Is it blasphemous? Is it coarse? Is it indecent? Is there one word in it that a modest young girl should not listen to? If there be, my defense is at an end, and he deserves all and much more than he has received at the hands of his audience. As to how far the play, as presented, is a reflex of the author's intention, I submit that, on the showing of the very actors and actresses called for the prosecution, he has been exceptionally unfortunate. The monstrous liberties taken with his play would be impossible in such admirably conducted theaters as those controlled by Sir Herbert Tree, Mr. George Alexander, Mr. Herbert Trench, and Mr. Cyril Maude, and some others; but at ill-regulated and ignorantly conducted theaters such liberties are unhappily only too possible. In conclusion, while the author has no desire to make out that his play was otherwise than a tedious and ineffective production, he submits that the punishment that inevitably accompanies conspicuous failure is as severe as the offense deserves.

(*Mr. Cockle sits down.*)

Justice Rhadamanthus:

Gentlemen of the jury, you have heard the evidence for the prosecution, and the prisoner's appeal through the mouth of his able advocate, and I do not think it necessary that I should add anything of my own. Consider your verdict.

(*The jury consult for a moment, and indicate that they have arrived at a verdict.*)

Associate:

Are you agreed upon your verdict?

Foreman:

We are.

Associate:

How say you? Is the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?

Foreman:

We find him guilty, with a strong recommendation to mercy.

Associate:

You say that he is guilty, and that is the verdict of you all?

Justice Rhadamanthus:

Prisoner at the bar, you have been found guilty by a most fair and impartial jury of having written an exceedingly tedious and ineffective stage-play. They have, however, strongly recommended you to mercy, and, on the whole, I concur with that recommendation. The piece that has been played is not your own, and although your play may be a bad play, you are entitled to demand that it shall be played in its integrity. I am glad to believe that you are an exceptional instance of an ill-treated author. My own experience as a playgoer teaches me that at all well-conducted theaters pieces are placed upon the stage with excellent taste, and that the companies of such theaters contribute a most valuable element toward such success as the authors play may achieve. But you have not been so fortunate as to have your play produced at one of these admirably conducted establishments. You have had the misfortune to fall into the hands of a manager who is no manager, and of a company who are wholly disentitled by lack of taste and discretion to such latitude as the most experienced author would gladly concede to any actor who has reasonable claim to rank as an artist. In these circumstances, and having the recommendation of the jury strongly before my eyes, I shall permit you to go at large on your own recognizances, to come up for judgment when called on to do so. And I trust that this leniency will have its due effect, and that you will for the future exercise a direct and efficient control over all plays that may be put before the public in your name.

(*The prisoner is removed from the bar.*)

Justice Rhadamanthus:

Gentlemen of the jury, having regard to the extremely dull, tedious, and uninteresting character of the evidence in this case, to say nothing of the unduly labored speeches of counsel and my own rather desultory personal observations, you are excused from further jury service for a period of twenty-five years.

(*Jury bow and shake hands with one another.*)

CURTAIN

SAUCE ROSEMONDE

BY MARIE CONWAY OEMLER

WITH PICTURES BY HENRY RALEIGH

WALKING laggingly along a side street on a bright May morning, Jules-René-Théophile Charrier, out of tune with the green gaiety of a rejuvenescent world, was reflecting moodily that nothing eventful ever happened: everything was of a drab dullness, a sour sameness. Son of a Gascon mother and a Breton father, had he not the right to demand of life something romantic, exotic, unique? Should not his natural attitude smack somewhat of, say, a beatitude? And when he neither got what he wanted nor wanted what he got, was it not to repine? Of a truth, yes. Therefore Charrier repined, drooped, was of an unhappiness immense.

Ah, ah, he mused, suppose life only lived up to its possibilities! And just then, as if by the merest, barest chance,—as if it had been only the plain and pleasant case of an antiquarian "find"; as if the itching finger of Destiny were not knuckle-deep in the pie,—by one of those sheer, rare miracles of chance, of love, and of fate, his eye, darting lizardlike in and out of dusty doors of the dingy shops that honeycombed the street, fell, in front of the dingiest, dustiest door of all, upon an entrancing little desk.

Charrier paused, thrilled. The mania for possessing things seized him. Long and longingly he looked. Deliberately he entered the shop with the firm intention, although he could not in the least afford it, of purchasing that desk.

It was a trifle discolored and somewhat scratched and chipped, the dealer, brought to bay, grudgingly admitted. The price? Oh, a mere bagatelle. He would virtually *give* it to Monsieur—a frightful, an unheard-of sacrifice—for the miserable trifle of eighty francs. And Monsieur had better take it away at once before he, Nicolas, repented of his too great generosity to a chance buyer. As it was, he was virtually robbing his wife and nine children, all of them under ten, Monsieur, and all of them, he called St. Anne to witness, hungrier than winter wolves.

As one who extracts an eye-tooth, Charrier drew forth his lean and rusty wallet, and lingeringly handed over to Nicolas the eighty francs. Then calling a wagon, he had himself and his new-found treasure conveyed to the Café de l'Etoile, of which he was sole proprietor, and above which was the apartment of Madame, his wife.

This jewel of a desk, he exulted, salving his conscience for having gotten at least one of those things which he wanted and forgotten at least a score of those things which he needed—this adorable desk should grace a corner of the Café de l'Etoile, that alluring haunt to which the impecunious and delightful devil-may-cares of Bohemia, scenting from their attic aeries the aroma of celestial—and inexpensive—cookery, were pulled as by the nose.

Charrier the Breton adored, reveled in, those artists; it was as the breath of his nostrils to set before them meltingly delectable omelets, mysterious entrées, joy-bringing ragouts, heavenly hashes of salads, and then, placing an intimate hand upon their velveteen shoulders, inquire in an anxious voice:

"Aha, and how goes that charming painting of yours, my dear Armaignac? Truly, I am assured it will be exhibited." Or: "And you still work upon your group, your robust and astonishing group, Paret, my friend? An amazing conception! Ah, you are the divine terrorists, the august anarchists of art, you Rodinists!"

And when they lifted to him their friendly and vivacious faces, replying as to one sympathetic and enlightened, he inflated his chest, squared his shoulders, and surveyed those crowded small tables as

might a wise and benevolent monarch survey his kingdom, wherein the subjects were prosperous and happy.

But when Charrier the Gascon went over his books, audited his bills, *he* did not smile. A frown gathered between his brows —a frown of annoyance and perplexity. They might keep the café alive, these makers of things, lend it, so to speak, a *bouquet* flay off a section of his skin and sell it. But dear as they are to him, one thing is yet more so: as the apple of his eye is the little desk he picked up for eighty francs—the desk of Rosemonde.

It was, of a truth, such a find as one dreams of. Oh, but an enchanting little desk! All carved rosewood, of a satiny, browny-black, it stood upon legs of such

Drawn by Henry Raleigh

"CHARRIER PAUSED, THRILLED. THE MANIA FOR POSSESSING THINGS SEIZED HIM"

de Bohème, but the *Quartier* cannot enrich its chosen haunts. It does, by way of fair exchange, often beautify them. One may find in the Café de l'Etoile a sketch, an exquisite statuette, a bust or two, some bits of canvas, which men whose names are now famous declare better than their crowned and acclaimed latest work; for these were the gay and beautiful flowers of youth and hope, the efflorescence of genius and spontaneity. It is quite useless to offer for any one of them even the most extravagant price: Charrier would as lief shapely slenderness as might lend point and poignancy to the pirouetting personality of a *première danseuse.*

"Mon Dieu! But it is of a wonder, a delight, a ravishment, that bit of rosewood!" exclaimed Armand Moragné, the painter. He laid upon it his long, slender hand with a touch as delicately, caressingly tender as if it had been the wonder of a rose-and-marble shoulder—the ivory shoulder of Liane de Lys, the singer, whom he adored.

"To make perfect the *tout ensemble* of

this empress of little desks, only one thing is needed," he meditated. "There should hang above it a small painting of a blue-and-silver boudoir, wherein, upon a rosewood sofa hung with old brocade, a beautiful woman reclines. She holds in her white, delicate hand a letter from him she adores—a letter which fills her with love, with sorrow, and with longing. One sees in those pensive and downcast eyes these emotions; one divines the slight sigh expanding that enchanting bosom. A sweeping fold of her blue gown reveals a small and slippered foot, and upon her perfect shoulder falls a long, black curl—a curl which in its scented dusk ensnares the hearts of men."

With face flushed, eyes narrowed, the painter turned abruptly to Charrier.

"I will paint for you this picture, to hang above the little desk which has given me a vision of that woman whom I wear, as in a red and flaming casket, in my heart. It shall be as subtle, haunting, charming as Love and Genius and Misery, the terrible trinity of art, can make it."

The Breton listened, delighted, full of sympathy and understanding; but the Gascon, curling a fierce little mustache, remarked tentatively, with a shrewd and sidewise cocking of the eye:

"But you, Moragné, are of such a genius that what you do you can sell somehow even before you are dead. As for me, it is true, this that I say, that I am only a poor man, a *restaurateur*. How, then, am *I* to acquire this gem, this treasure of a painting? Tell me that."

"But it will be from me a present," remarked Moragné, with his Dionysiac smile, the sad, gay, and impenetrable smile of one who tastes deep of life. "It should be good, for I,"—he tapped himself lightly upon the breast,—"am of a great miserableness. I love." A shadow crept into his clear and candid eyes, and after a pause he remarked, as if to himself, in a low voice full of melancholy:

"Do you know that a Russian, a grand duke, one with the eye of the pig and the face of the ham, grovels before her, and that with her satin-shod foot she moves at her pleasure this swine? Therefore I am of a huge miserableness; I lie as upon thorns which draw from me tears and groans. At times it seems to me that of this misery I shall die, or it may be that in my despair I shall become so desperate as to marry, wed some obscure and virtuous female who of art knows no more than the bright labels upon tin cans. Well, it is all one, *hein?* But before either of these deplorable calamities overtakes me I shall paint for you that picture, which will show to you Liane as she appears to my heart. It shall be my farewell to her and to love."

Seizing the painter's hand, Charrier pressed it with feeling. The Breton's tender and amorous spirit grieved to see love depart from his friend; but the Gascon kept his eyes open, as it were, and shuddered to see a baleful matrimony approach him.

"Neither die nor marry," he counseled vigorously. "Avoid with wariness both these culs-de-sac of existence, these oubliettes of fate! What, holy saints! remains for him who falls into either? You die? Very well; you remain dead. You marry? Alas! my friend, you remain thus also. Listen. I who speak am a husband."

"But Madame—she is most estimable, *n'est-ce pas?*"

"Oh, even as the Madonna."

"A-h-h!" breathed the painter, with round eyes. "A-h-h-h!"

Charrier laid his hand upon his heart with a whimsical gesture, half gay, half sorrowful.

"One has the sentiment, the romance, the love of love and adventure, of those airy fantasies, those dazzling desires, which enrich and empurple life," he confided; "and then, my friend, one marries. Weds goodness of a seasoned age, a pickled, preserved, embalmed virtue, as it were—virtue which ties up the head in towels, to which beauty is immoral, which trudges off to mass on freezing mornings, and is enamoured of a large, black prayer-book, a fearsome manual, wherein are fine combings of the Commandments, painful penances, bewildering prayers, also entertaining lists of fascinating sins which one may *not* commit. Ah, *mon Dieu!* shall one, then, bring to a dried vestal, in whose icy grasp he would inevitably perish, the butterfly wings, the gauzy graces, the airy fingers of Love? Alas, no!"

And in a voice of gentle resignation he added:

"One, then, looks at life through the

eyelashes, glances at love over the shoulder, peeps at enchanting follies through the fingers. Moragné, lose, rather, one whom you adore than gain one whom you do not."

The painter gave the hairy jaw of Charrier a loud and admiring smack. "But you are of an eloquence! You speak even as that little St. John the Baptist—a voice crying in the wilderness of wedlock," he cried. "I listen, I hear with fear and with respect these words of the prophet and of the husband. Me, I shall remain unwed, the faithful lover of art."

"The celibate can retain illusions," said Charrier, sententiously.

Moragné began to laugh.

"It remains for me, then, to cast aside an infatuation which unmans me, since I am neither to die nor to marry," he said presently. His face grew serious. "Charrier, you are right; I will do so. When I again meet that disdainful and ungrateful woman, before whom I have groveled since she was an unknown and poverty-stricken girl, do you know what I shall do? I shall twirl with my thumb and forefinger my mustache; with a cool and level glance I shall meet her fatal eyes, and that glance shall say to her: 'See, Liane, this Moragné who has loved you, who for your sake slighted his divine art, is free of you. Your spell is broken.' That is right, *hein?* Well, we shall see what we shall see."

But Charrier said, with a gusty sigh:

"Me, I wish but that I had a Liane de Lys to love. It is this frightful never-loving which is *my* despair."

When the painter left him, the restaurateur glanced dismally enough about the almost empty little café; for, due possibly to the strikes agitating the city, business had of late been none too brisk. The soul of industry, this enforced idleness appalled him. Ha! he would use this time hanging so heavily upon his hands to polish, to restore to its pristine beauty, his rosewood desk!

Thus, thrust into a far corner of a jammed drawer, he discovered the copy-book—a small, soiled copy-book, such as young children cover with painful and laborious letters. But upon this one the writing was fine and jaunty, the frisky and ebullient writing of youth, full of shaded and tendril-like flourishes. Upon the cover, in graceful and girlish penmanship, appeared, "*The Diary of Rosemonde.*"

Charrier had the *flair,* the hound's scent, for tender adventure. He turned these few and yellowed pages eagerly, with nervous fingers, with glistening eyes; read burning and impassioned words penned by the unknown and darling hand of Rosemonde. And thumping with a frenzied fist an enamoured bosom, he said to himself that these words were the declaration, the secret and never-to-be-mistaken voice, of that other soul to which he knew his own was as the golden half-circle of a sundered ring.

Young, lonely, tender, impassioned, she who wrote wished to be loved, wept to be understood. "Why, oh, why is it," she wondered naïvely, "that no one seems to seek the secret and imperishable beauty of the heart? That having eyes only for one's *misleading exterior,* they blindly ignore those *inward perfections* which are of the soul and heaven?" And she asked: "Ah, shall I ever meet him, that other soul which will understand mine? Or shall I, miserable fate! be given by papa and mama to some perhaps mercenary being, a wretch without romance, with no heart save for gain and gold? Ah, *mon Dieu!* to be loved, just *loved!*"

Jules-René-Théophile Charrier read and wept; he gnashed his teeth, and with an enraged and despairing hand he tore his thick hair.

Alas! what scurvy trick had destiny played him! Rosemonde! That dear and exquisite name thrilled him, filled him with rapture. Madame's, good, plain, sensible, was Julie. Ah, why, why had he been as wax in the hands of that formidable woman, his mother, she who so strong-mindedly arranged his marriage with the daughter of an old school-friend, and then grimly shouldered him into it, to her own entire satisfaction, to his now unutterable despair?

True, to Mlle. Trezevant had been left by a miserly old grand-uncle a pretty *dot,* which, after her father's failure and death, had lifted her from actual poverty into comparative comfort. That dot of Julie's had, indeed, made possible the Café de l'Etoile.

And she was a good, good woman, Julie; with all one's heart one admitted that. A woman, too, with an almost un-

believable power of remaining silent; one smileless, religious, with a pale, still face, with down-dropped eyes, and hair combed into painful tightness of coiffure, such as made one wince. That heavy, smooth twist of black hair upon the extreme top of Madame's head seemed to Charrier ominously like a stout rope tying him to a forlorn and irrevocable fate.

But Rosemonde! *Ai!* that was something nearer the heart! Rosemonde, such as he knew she must have been, rose-lipped, flower-faced, passionately pure, innocently wise, pouring into a child's copy-book the utterance of a flaming heart. And such a one as this, he thought enviously, distractedly, lived in this same city with him; had, perhaps, passed him upon the streets, unknowing and unknown.

Charrier read again and again, thumbed over and over, the little journal. The rosewood desk in which he had discovered, and now concealed, it, became, as it were, the shrine of a secret and innocent passion. For he fell in love, irrevocably, sweetly, sorrowfully, stupidly, horribly, gloriously, miserably, madly in love, and with an unknown chit of a *demoiselle* called by herself Rosemonde, a scribbler of fine fustian, of jejune and stingless Sapphics. With the lovely lure of youth and mystery, Destiny, clapping upon her weazen lineaments the gay and smiling likeness of Romance, seized Charrier as by the ear and handed him bodily over to Love.

Ah, delicious woe, intoxicating and glorious glamour of a secret sorrow! Charrier, hugging his to his breast, would not have taken half Paris in exchange for it. And gazing upon the bristling countenance which confronted him in the glass of mornings, he addressed himself happily sad, sadly happy: "Ah, thou hast the appearance of a wild one of the hills, Charrier, my poor friend! But be of a comfort: in thy heart dwells in secret and solitude an angel, an adored one, who is Rosemonde. Yes, my friend, you love; at last you love. You suffer, you repine, you grieve, you are of a lonesomeness immense, but you love. It is fearsome and terrible, but also of a preciousness, this love."

In the meantime, Moragné, working in a frenzy of creative effort, finished the promised painting, and with his own hands hung it above the polished beauty of the rosewood desk. It was, as he had predicted, a gem. Alluring, it had a smiling and elusive charm, an atmosphere subtle, haunting, delightful. And Moragné, being a painter's painter, the Quartier came to view, to screw the eye, and criticize fluently, to applaud with enthusiasm. They told Charrier that the Salon had crowned pictures which had not a tithe of this one's merit. But Moragné, a cigarette between his fingers, smiled.

Upon a golden forenoon he drifted into the café, and, looking up from his absinthe, beckoned Charrier to his side.

"Is it not to smile? *Hélas!* but this world of ours is of a drollness unique!" he commented. "Charrier, stretch the ears, my friend. I ceased to seek Liane; she has sent for me! Women allow not that one shall cease to love them, although they will give nothing in return. Also she has heard that here, made ideal and fadeless by the art of me, Moragné, she has been lifted up for the worship of us who, unfed of cream, unstroked of dainty demoiselles, are the prowlers upon convention's back fences, the outlaws of social success and smugdom.

"She is curious to see this painting, of which she has heard. Therefore she will come here, and with her she will bring the Grand Duke Mikhailovitch. I, also I, am bidden to the feast. Once, Charrier, she and I dined on brown bread and onions and beer and hope. But that was years, thousands and thousands of years, ago, gone by and forgotten of her. To-morrow night, then,—Thursday,—you may expect us, the illustrious and me." Placing his hand upon Charrier's arm, he added seriously:

"Where Liane de Lys goes, fashion and gold follow. Serve, then, to her and to this grand duke one of Anatole's celestial spreads,—please Liane,—and the rest is easy."

Delighted, hopeful, alert, the Gascon saw his golden chance, and with nimble fingers prepared to seize it. He began to tell upon those fingers, as upon a rosary, the dishes of each course, while Moragné objected or approved.

But the Breton for a moment hung back. He did not altogether relish that change which the coming of the great singer presaged. Mutely he looked into Moragné's blue eyes; and the painter laughed.

"One escapes not one's luck, my friend,"

he said, with a shrug, tapping his fingers on the table. "In a kingdom, in a salon, in a café, it is of a oneness. Accept, therefore, whatever comes, good or evil, *sans bruit*. This is the secret of winning, without trumps, a trick from life."

"It is of a truth what you say," agreed Charrier, soberly. "Times are not so well with me, what with these high prices, and everything and everybody making the strike. Alas! my friend, they strike with the fiendish regularity, the raucous loudness, the insensate inevitableness, of the town clock! The *garçons* orate; the chef, —he of the genius of the pots,—do you know that he also thumps the breast, that he says his prayers of a socialist to M. Jaurès? Therefore I am of an apprehensiveness, a dismalness as of the abyss."

"To-morrow will, I trust, turn the tide in your favor," said Moragné, with cheerful hopefulness. "Her fashionable friends will follow Liane de Lys, and they also scatter gold."

Charrier took his hand. "I rejoice to see her come. Also, I rejoice that at last the good God has given her a glimmering of wit, so that she may begin to appreciate you, Moragné," he said briskly. "Come, then, with her and that grand duke, and you shall not be ashamed of us. These disturbances, these anxieties of me? *Pouf!* They are gone, vanished! Anatole shall give to you of his best—a best not to be surpassed."

But Anatole was of another mind. In an evil hour, presided over by malign influences, Charrier approached him. With his head thrust belligerently back, a carving-knife in one hand, a copy of *"Humanité"* in the other, Anatole was striding up and down that small galley of the kitchen wherein with ordinary foodstuffs he worked extraordinary miracles. Charrier's heart gave a sickening downward thump, but his confident and agreeable smile was as if engraved upon his lips.

"Do you know that we are trampled upon, downtrodden, stripped, robbed, pillaged, plundered, assassinated, we of the people?" Anatole bellowingly addressed the pacific smile. "And you remain calm, you are unmoved, you smile! Is it to you nothing that we are thus maltreated by these bandits of the government, these pirates of the police, these hogs of capitalists?" He thrust almost into Charrier's jaws his red and inflamed face, upon which the veins showed in purplish network.

Charrier's shoulders went up to his ears, his eyebrows disappeared in his hair, his outspread hands made gestures as of the humming-bird. He wagged his head deprecatingly.

"But one must expect the trouble, the upheaval, the dissatisfaction, foolishness of people, even foolishness of government," he placated. "Let us, then, who are wise seek rather to attend strictly to our own affairs. See, my cherished one, I have for you some news magnificent."

"I see that you uphold this government of brigands, that you espouse not the sacred cause of the people, you!" thundered Anatole. He asked menacingly: "Do you know that Camille—my brother Camille, who spoke with the eloquence upon street corners—is seized upon, is forced into the horrible uniform of the Reserves Nationales, that he parades the streets with the musket in his hands? *Nom d'un chien!* Shall these bandits make us, even *us,* soldiers of peace—a peace which we abhor and repudiate?"

"I regret, I weep, I am desolated because of those actions," Charrier protested, shaking his head still more deprecatingly. "For the love of God, my good Anatole! let us leave these brawlings, these bawlings, these ravings which parch the brains in one's skull even as coffee in an oven! Let us, rather, talk as men and brothers. Do you, my angel, know what comes to you, what test awaits your so great skill—a superlative test worthy even of *your* genius? It is nothing less than to prepare a dinner, such a dinner as might make even a stomachless saint himself overeat. And this dinner, it is for—Liane de Lys, M. le Grand Duc Mikhailovitch!" He pronounced in a hushed and reverent voice these two august names, as one who might say, "Quail for M. l' Archangel, manna for Mlle. la Sainte!"

Snorting, full of contempt, with a withering, annihilating glance, Anatole met the announcement. He folded his arms, advanced one leg grandly.

"I speak to you as a Frenchman, a socialist, a patriot, and you come to me with your Ma'amzelle de Lys, your Grand Duke Mikhailovitch!" he hissed. "Name of a pig! What to me is this Mikhailovitch that I shall employ my heaven-sent

genius for his satisfaction of a glutton? Aha! but I see through this plot, me! Charrier, you evade, you make the subterfuge, you conceal evil designs behind this animal of a Russian. It is that you have not the sympathy, that you also wish to trample upon the necks of the people! Name of a cow, Charrier, you are a traitor!"

Longingly Charrier glanced at a carving-knife, wistfully at a rolling-pin. Admirably he controlled his rising temper of a Gascon.

"You talk with the foolishness to make one weep, you," he said mildly enough, but swallowing until his Adam's-apple felt horribly like a hot potato in his throat. "Trouble not yourself and me with these vaporings as of the sick child, Anatole, but listen, my seraph, while I plan with you this dinner which we will offer those two dazzling ones to-morrow night. For this means much, very much, to us of the café."

Twirling the little black mustache, and stroking the little imperial, which lent to him a military and commanding air, Anatole, thrusting out a peevish lip, fixed upon his friend and employer a stubborn and mulish glance.

"I cook for no Mikhailovitch, me," he stated flatly. "Too long have these robbers been served, pampered, waited upon. I will be an example to the people. I go immediately, right now, this minute, upon the strike! Listen, you. What, then, is this Russian? Is this despot a better man than I, Anatole, a chef and a Frenchman, *hein?* Aha, animal, I have you there!

"What can he do of a usefulness? Tell me, can he make you the *potage,* the soup, the *soufflé,* the salad, the sauce? Can he mix you even that fearsome *coquetaile* which those copper-lined ones, the Americans, swallow at all hours? Can he broil you the *biftek?* I defy you to answer."

Full of rage, fiery of eye, in a shaking voice, Charrier gritted through his teeth:

"Ten thousand million devils, no! Blockhead, idiot, ass, no! But he *can* make the Café de l'Etoile prosperous, and you, imbecile, famous!"

"But he shall not make me, Anatole, infamous!" roared the chef in a mighty voice. "Regard me, wretch! I abhor, loathe, despise, trample upon you and your grand duke!"

"Ferme ta bouche!" screamed Charrier, stamping his feet. "Bull-mouthed brute of an anarchist! Bandit of a socialist!"

"Hog of a capitalist!" shouted Anatole, tearing off his apron and waving it gallantly. "But you shall suffer for this, oppressor; you shall be as a hissing. I go, I depart, I shake from my feet this detested dust of your café. I report you to the council of chefs, and no respectable chef replaces me. And I go not alone: I take with me François the waiter, he who is a bombmaker and a brother; also Alphonse, his disciple; and Onésime," he added, grinning malignly into the pale and stricken countenance of Charrier. "Serve, then, name of a cat, your hussy of an actress, your pig of a Russian! You have left to help you only one waiter, and he a dolt, a clod, an ass of a Picard."

With a strut that would have made Coquelin in his palmiest days weep with envy, he turkey-cocked through the Café de l'Etoile even to the front entrance; and there, pausing to place upon the nose of derision the thumb of contempt, departed. François, sliding into his coat as he fled; Alphonse, tearing off his apron and throwing it under a table; and Onésime, grinning vacuously, followed almost upon his heels. From the kitchen passageway only the vapid countenance of the loutish Picard lad confronted the wild and anguished stare of Jules-René-Théophile Charrier.

And the duke and the diva were coming to-morrow night! No, no, alas! they were *not* coming! He, Charrier, brought to shame by Anatole's fiendish defection, must put off, evade, refuse, let go by, that glittering golden button on freakish Fortune's cap! Blindly he staggered forward, sick, trembling, overcome with rage and disappointment; flung up his hands; and for the first and last time in his life fell upon the floor in a dead faint.

With open mouth and starting eyeballs the Picard gazed upon this terrifying spectacle, then howling with fright and anguish fled up-stairs, burst into the darkened and silent apartment of Madame, roaring that M'sieu was dying, that he was, alas! already dead!

Charrier struggled back into a miserable consciousness, with a clean, wet handkerchief upon his forehead, a strong scent of smelling-salts in his nose, and the kind and anxious face of his wife bent over him.

Her hands upon him were ministering and gentle.

"But he groans, he utters the oath, he is saved! My God, I thank Thee!" she exclaimed fervently. And as, still swearing feebly, he sought to rise from the divan to which he had been lifted, she gently forced him back, asking in an alarmed and pleading voice:

"Alas! my friend, what has happened? Why this fainting of you? Explain to me, I beseech you!"

"A frightful contretemps, an accursed and devil-sent complication, is upon me," he told her, grinding his teeth, and with a gesture of fury he clapped his hands to his wet forehead. "But it is of yours no fault, my good, my kind Julie," he added gratefully. "You can, therefore, do nothing more to aid me. I have to offer to you my thanks for your so prompt kindness, and to apologize for perhaps frightening as well as disturbing you." Staggering to his feet, he bowed to her, his shaking hands upon his heart.

Madame flashed over him a swift, strange, lightning-like glance. Her eyes fell. "I do but my duty, whatever it may be, Monsieur," she said in a subdued voice, concealing a sigh. She had turned to leave him when her eyes lighted upon the rosewood desk, and with a wild exclamation she rushed toward it. She embraced it, she caressed it with her hands, uttering little cries of pleasure.

"Ah, my dear little desk, my own little desk!" she exclaimed joyfully. "Truly, he *does* hear one's prayers, that amiable St. Anthony! See, Monsieur, I have made to him, oh, many, many novenas, beseeching that he would recover for me this little desk, which I have ever cherished! It descended to me from a great-grandmother, and when I was ill, after my poor father's failure and sudden death, it was sold, with the rest of our belongings. Almost I despaired of ever again seeing it. Yet, you behold? This is that desk!"

Charrier turned toward her, pale, his hands to his head. His voice, quivering with entreaty, broke:

"You mistake," he protested wildly, "you err, my poor Julie! It is true that I pray not to them, but not even a saint would play me such a trick. This desk, which I bought of Nicolas, the dealer, is not of you: it is the desk of Rosemonde."

Madame started. "But it is the desk of me, your wife," she said quietly. In her tone was finality. "You doubt, you disbelieve? Look, then, Monsieur, inside that third drawer; you will find, drawn in India ink, a tiny wreath inclosing two initials, J. T. These were the initials of me, Julie Trezevant, now Julie Charrier."

Feverishly the lover of Rosemonde tore open that third drawer. So small that he had to bend down to perceive it, discolored, faded, the little wreath was there!

For a long and anguished moment he stared at Madame before the thought occurred to him that, the desk having been undeniably sold, Rosemonde's ownership had begun after Julie's ended. His face cleared.

"Still, it remains *her* desk," he breathed, sighing with relief. "She vanishes not yet, that adored one! Here, before this little desk, she sat, and here with her hand of an angel she wrote that—"

"Diary?" wondered Madame, in a strangling voice, a flush staining her cheek. "Ah, the good God! and did that poor, foolish little copy-book escape destruction, to fall into the hands of you, Monsieur? Perhaps, too, it is that you laugh at her, that silly Rosemonde?"

But Charrier gripped her by the shoulders, as if he wished to shake from her the truth.

"You knew of this copy-book?" he demanded, with sparkling eyes. But, *mon Dieu!* he was upon her track, the track of Rosemonde! He would, perhaps, learn so much of her from Julie that he might even, glorious thought, look upon her, hear her speak. That was all he asked of fate. "Rosemonde was, perhaps, a friend to you, Julie?" he queried artfully.

But Madame hung her head upon her breast, hiding her eyes. The flush upon her sallow cheeks grew and spread; it stained her very brow. She clasped and unclasped her hands nervously.

"That poor Rosemonde!" she murmured. "I called her that: it seemed to fit the youth, the hope, the dreams of her, that young, young girl, that once was I. For I, too, had hopes; I, also, dared to dream."

She made bold to lift her head and face him. And her eyes, when one thus noted them, were of a soft, clear brown, with a

certain wistful appeal, a sweet and virginal shyness.

"They are dead now, Monsieur, those dreams and hopes, that youth. Afterward—" she sighed—"I learned to give to the good God the love which life had never asked of me."

With a swift, sly grimace, the Gascon murmured:

"That is all He usually gets from us. One hopes He is grateful, *hein?*" But the Breton, regarding the trembling woman with a kind and searching look, said gently: "But *you*, Julie, *you* dreamed that dream of Rosemonde, knew that the blossoming of the heart is in truth the Rose of the World, put into a child's copy-book those thoughts, fresh with the dew of youth?"

"I was young once, of a spring soul, which put forth little, young leaves of hope and of love," said Madame, beginning to weep softly. "There dwelt with me for a space a seraph, a celestial being, who sang joyously, who painted with rosy fingers pictures of air. I called that winged spirit of my youth Rosemonde. She is dead now; life has slain her. One may weep, Monsieur, but one has no need to blush for the young and the innocent dead. Alas! my husband, do not smile, do not mock, for this is the tragedy of women! And life has not given me anything to take her place—not the love, not even the understanding, of you who married me! I who longed for love, I who wept for motherhood, what have I now?"

Her heavy hair, bluish-black, escaped from that odious twist which irritated her husband, fell in softer lines about her brow. Brightened by her flush, her sallow face took on an unusual and tremulous vivacity, a feminine and poignant intensity of emotion; as through a heavy veil, her brown eyes, limpidly soft, shone through her tears.

She found favor in the man's astonished eyes, which, as one who gazes into a secret shrine, looked into his wife's bared heart, and saw there, as dew within a rose, the jewel of love and maternity. Timidly, almost with reverence, he drew nearer, looking upon her with admiration and affection. He ventured to place his hand, a consoling and friendly touch, upon her shoulder; and as, still weeping softly, she repeated:

"What, my God, have I?"

"You have Rosemonde's lover," he said whimsically. Acting upon one of those divine intuitions which come to men, he kissed her upon the mouth. With parted lips, breathlessly, they regarded each other as if for the first time. Charrier held out his arms, and then Madame was weeping upon his shoulder, good, wholesome, healthy tears, which washed away forever differences and misunderstandings.

"But, my cherished one, what of this evil, this trouble so lamentable that beneath it you collapse?" she wished to know presently, drying her eyes upon his handkerchief.

Through clenched teeth and with brandished fists Charrier explained.

"And is *that* all?" she derided lightly. "Pooh!"

"But you understand not the situation, which is of a desperateness," he protested excitedly.

"Regard me, my husband. I who speak assure you that to-morrow night I will send from this café that singer and that Russian with lickings of the lips." She asked abruptly, "Do you know why my father died?"

"Of an apoplexy?" Charrier wondered. "Me, I thought it would be of a broken heart, from the failure of his business and the so great losses he suffered," he finished delicately.

Madame shook her head. "He died of joy," she said deliberately. "You must know that, outside of his business, my father was a Michelangelo of gourmets, a Napoleon of epicures. He was yet more than this; he was a lover of humanity; his heart, his kind heart, yearned over his fellows, longed to be of a usefulness to them. 'What, then, shall they have of me?' he asked himself. *'Ohé!* I have it! This great gift of mine, this sublimated sense of eatables, this exquisite knowledge of cookery, this perception of tasting at once delicate and divine, I will put all this to use. It remains for me, Trezevant, to search for, to discover, invent, blend, a perfection of all those perfections I have eaten; this shall be of me the life-work.'

"Monsieur," continued Madame, after a pause, and with emotion, "it was. And after years of trial, of experiment, of disappointment, he at last discovered, he invented, he prepared, a sauce so perfect, so

Drawn by Henry Raleigh

"'AND I GO NOT ALONE: I TAKE WITH ME FRANÇOIS THE WAITER'"

wonderful, that with it one could cajole the holy saints from heaven. My father ate of this sauce. Overcome, he died of joy, although those doctors of their stupidity called it an apoplexy. But my father had given to me, his daughter, the recipe—a recipe which, like a jealous miser, I hid from a world none too kind to me. But my heart is changed; to-morrow, I myself will cook for those illustrious guests such a dinner as one remembers all one's life, and I shall serve to those epicures that sauce which I shall call,"—she smiled adorably, so adorably that Charrier kissed her again,—*"Sauce Rosemonde."*

Securing an apron and a cap, which lent to her a coquettish and decorative effectiveness, Madame sallied valiantly into the deserted kitchen, whence presently arose celestial odors. She pressed into nimble service a laundress's brother, a *bonne's* cousin, and under her alert eye it would seem that heaven lent even to the witless Picard an almost human intelligence; for he served the soup upon the table, not upon the bosom; the eggs upon the toast, not upon the legs and laps of diners; and for the first time it seemed to dawn upon him that the outside of the neck is not the safest and most satisfactory repository for one's salad or one's pudding.

Like a visitant from another and a more glittering sphere came Liane de Lys upon the morrow, accompanied by the stout, red Russian, the slim, fair Moragné. Upon the painter her eyes lingered with something of inquiry, of pique, and of a glimmer of anxiety. Spoiled, satiated with success and with adulatory applause, she could adore and fear one who withstood her, who smiled and left her without vociferous reproaches and regrets. Perhaps, she reflected, she would do well to pay more attention to this old friend of hers, this graceless painter who had about him an indefinable and perverse charm. Besides, Moragné, if he chose, could achieve for himself success, a Parisian success at that. The fact that Moragné did not so choose began to puzzle her. Was

Drawn by Henry Raleigh

"'ALAS! MY HUSBAND, DO NOT SMILE, DO NOT MOCK, FOR THIS IS THE TRAGEDY OF WOMEN!'"

there, perhaps, something Moragné had retained, something which she, Liane, had sacrificed to success? Of a truth she would be more gracious to him in future.

Then art and artists were alike forgotten. Women are not naturally epicures. That is an art purely masculine. But the singer's palate had been trained by past-masters, and she knew that here, in this small café, the ceiling of which showed the simple comeliness of bare, brown rafters, the food of the gods was being served to her. A soup which astonished, fish filched from Arcady, duck poached from paradisiac coverts, fruit from Edenic trees, entrées of magic, *zabiglione* of foamiest perfection, and, more than all, a sauce—a sauce which made her exclaim with joy!

Adoringly the grand duke hung over his plate. He ate in silence—a hushed and reverential silence, as of a high priest of the table. The grand-ducal fork chased down and caught the last lingering morsel. Solemnly, with large eyes, he looked up at Moragné.

"But this is pure genius," he exclaimed fervently. "And you were of a great goodness to bring us to this café. It has not its equal in Paris; its superior does not exist. I tell you, men have been knighted for less service than the making of this sauce. *Eh bien,* how I should love to seize upon this chef and carry him off to Russia!"

"You are charming, my friend," cried Liane, looking at the painter with dark and tender eyes. "We are in your debt. Plunge us still more into it by allowing us to see your picture—a picture of which one hears even from the actors."

She stood before it silently. *Mon Dieu!* did she appear to him so exquisite as this? She looked up at her old friend, who met her gaze with impenetrable eyes. He knew that he adored her beauty, adored what she should have been, disdained what she was.

She drew nearer, and, indolent, full of that perfect peace which is the result of a perfect dinner, she began to smile, showing between her scarlet lips her white and wonderful teeth. Oh, but yes, this picture was delightful, and Armand, her old friend Armand, was delightful also.

Strange that she had been so blind! Also, the grand duke was beginning to bore her. For they have about them too much of the *grand seigneur;* they are far, far too Oriental and exacting, those Russians.

Mikhailovitch studied that reclining woman, a spiritual and ideal Liane, with amused, cynical, but appreciative eyes. In his red beard he smiled; but with a new, fine respect, an aspect of friendliness and equality, he took the painter's arm. M. Moragné must paint for him two pictures, and later he must come to Russia and decorate the walls of the grand-ducal ballroom. That was settled. Pleased with themselves, the Café de l'Etoile, the world, the three went off together, satisfied, laughing, happy, to be whirled away into the night in the grand duke's car.

And in the tiled and shining kitchen Charrier embraced the flushed and willing Madame.

"They sing the hymn to thy sauce and to thee!" he jubilated. "Ah, my little carrot, even Moragné, used to l'Etoile, seized of me the hand. 'It is of heaven, this dinner!' he told me. 'Me, I wish I could paint a picture so perfect in all its details as that seductive sauce of thine!' And M. le Grand Duc he will eat nowhere else while he remains in Paris. Ah, he is a duke after one's heart, that one! *Ohé!* my angel, l'Etoile is about to become a fixed planet, about which other little stars must faintly twinkle."

A week or so later, exuding content, radiating happiness, Charrier stood in his doorway. In the glaring light of noon,—hot, dusty, blazing noon,—a company of reserves, heavy guns in their hands, heavy knapsacks upon their shoulders, marched laggingly by. They were helping the city keep law and order during the strikes. In an ill-fitting uniform which creased upon his rotund and rebellious shape, red-faced, thirsty, perspiring, with blistered heels, with a soul torn with rage, anguish, helplessness, Anatole marched among them. Thus had those bandits of government, finding him idle and too eloquent, made use of him to serve society, an example to the people, although not such a one as he had planned to become.

Among his potted plants, under the cool

Drawn by Henry Raleigh

"'MEN HAVE BEEN KNIGHTED FOR LESS SERVICE THAN THE MAKING OF THIS SAUCE'"

and grateful shelter of his green-and-white awning, Charrier stood, and fixed a mild and pensive gaze upon the fallen greatness. Anatole glanced up, grew pale, spluttered impotently, made a frightful grimace, even while uncontrollable tears washed white gullies down his dusty cheeks.

"*Pauvre enfant!*" murmured Charrier.

"It is a needed lesson, that," said Madame, shrewdly, when her husband told her. "You will see him come back cured, that one."

"And we will receive him even as the prodigal son was received," said the Breton. The Gascon added quickly, with a flirt of the eye, a glimmer of the teeth, "And I, good father that I am, will allow this prodigal son to cook for me the fatted calf." He took Madame's hand. "Also, Anatole can by himself manage the café for a week or two, while we, thou and I, take that too-long-delayed honeymoon of ours."

"I shall give to that amiable St. Anthony five pounds of pure wax candles, also a small brass lamp, for throwing in thy way my little desk," promised Madame, piously, gratefully.

Upon the tip of the Gascon tongue trembled the retort discourteous to all saints and their meddling in matters of men; but the Breton teeth came sharply down upon it. Hiding a grimace of pain, Charrier kissed Madame from a full heart.

Drawn by Henry Raleigh

"'*OHÉ!* MY ANGEL, L'ETOILE IS ABOUT TO BECOME A FIXED PLANET'"

IT was perhaps a year or two later that Charrier, grown in that time stouter, merrier, happier, called aside Moragné, just returned from Russia.

Smiling, mysterious, a finger to the lip, he said: "You come in a happy hour. I

wish from you a joyous service: it is to be a godfather! Ah, my friend, I shall be papa, Julie, mama! Such a happiness! I at times find myself weeping from the pure wonder of it. Anatole also is so overcome with joy at the thought of this delicious event that he studies day and night to prepare a cake which shall properly celebrate it, and I myself promise you such a wine as one rarely tastes this side of heaven. You know," he continued tenderly, with a dreamy and reflective smile, "that she is to be called Rosemonde?"

"But, but," stammered Moragné, touched, pleased, surprised, "I did not think—that is, I did not know, my dear, good fellow. When did this so happy event occur?"

"Oh, not yet," said Charrier, serenely. "We cannot say just when, either; but we are quite, quite sure that it will. You know, Moragné, that my Julie has many intimate friends among the good saints. She has besought their kind assistance, and she assures me that it will be granted, and as we both wish. Me, I believe everything Julie tells me; it is *so*. Our little adored daughter will in due time arrive, and she will be Rosemonde."

And is it not to rejoice? She did, and she was!

HIS ALLY

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

HE fought for his soul, and the stubborn fighting
Tried hard his strength.
"One needs seven souls for this long requiting,"
He said at length.

"Six times have I come where my first hope jeered me
And laughed me to scorn;
But now I fear as I never feared me
To fall forsworn.

"God! when they fight upright and at me
I give them back
Even such blows as theirs that combat me;
But now, alack!

"They fight with the wiles of fiends escaping
And underhand.
Six times, O God, and my wounds are gaping!
I—reel to stand.

"Six battles' span! By this gasping breath
No pantomime.
'T is all that I can. I am sick unto death.
And—a seventh time?

"This is beyond all battles' soreness!"
Then his wonder cried;
For Laughter, with shield and steelly harness,
Stood up at his side!

AMERICAN ART AND THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

WITH A REVIEW OF SOME OF THE CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN PICTURES IN ITS COLLECTIONS

BY KENYON COX

WITHIN the last few years the Metropolitan Museum has very greatly increased its usefulness in almost every department of its work, but in no direction has it shown a more complete revolution than in its apparent attitude toward American art and American artists. What that attitude was not many years ago, and what it is to-day, may be shown by typical incidents which came directly under my own observation.

In 1896 occurred the premature death of an artist much loved and admired by his fellows, Theodore Robinson. Cherishing his memory and believing his work to be of permanent value, a number of members of the Society of American Artists subscribed from their slender resources for the purchase of a picture which was selected as the best of those left in his studio. The picture was offered as a gift to the Metropolitan Museum, and the gift was declined. It was afterward asked for by the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, and now forms part of the collection of that institution. Within the last four years the Metropolitan Museum has acquired three pictures by Theodore Robinson, and a fourth, which is only loaned to it, is on exhibition in its galleries.

Just ten years later occurred the second incident. The National Academy of Design had secured for its winter exhibition of 1906–07 that masterpiece of the late Winslow Homer called "The Gulf Stream." Struck by the superb vitality of this work of the most original and most American of our painters, the artists composing the jury of the Academy ventured to address an official letter to the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum respectfully urging its acquisition "as a most notable achievement of American art." The communication was not only courteously received, but promptly acted upon, and the picture was purchased by the museum from the income of the Catherine Lorillard Wolfe Fund—the first American picture to be so purchased. It is safe to predict that the museum will never regret its action.

The present attitude of the museum authorities toward American art and artists, as revealed in the second of these incidents, is compounded of two parts: a desire to complete and make representative the museum's collection of native art, and a willingness to accept the advice of artists as in the nature of expert service. The museum has, indeed, always maintained some relation to the body of artists, as it has always had works of American art in its collections. From its foundation the President of the National Academy of Design, with the Comptroller of the City of New York and the President of the Department of Parks, was ex-officio a trustee of the museum, but this relation had become merely formal. Within recent years it has become the habit to place the President of the Academy upon important committees and to utilize to the full his professional knowledge. At the present time two other artists, Daniel Chester French and Francis D. Millet, are on the board of trustees and exercise a considerable influence upon the policy of the museum, while artists in no way connected

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

A YOUNG WOMAN

FROM THE PAINTING BY ABBOTT H. THAYER, IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK

Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

IN THE GARDEN

FROM THE PAINTING BY GEORGE DE FOREST BRUSH. (GIVEN TO THE MUSEUM BY MR. GEORGE A. HEARN, 1907)

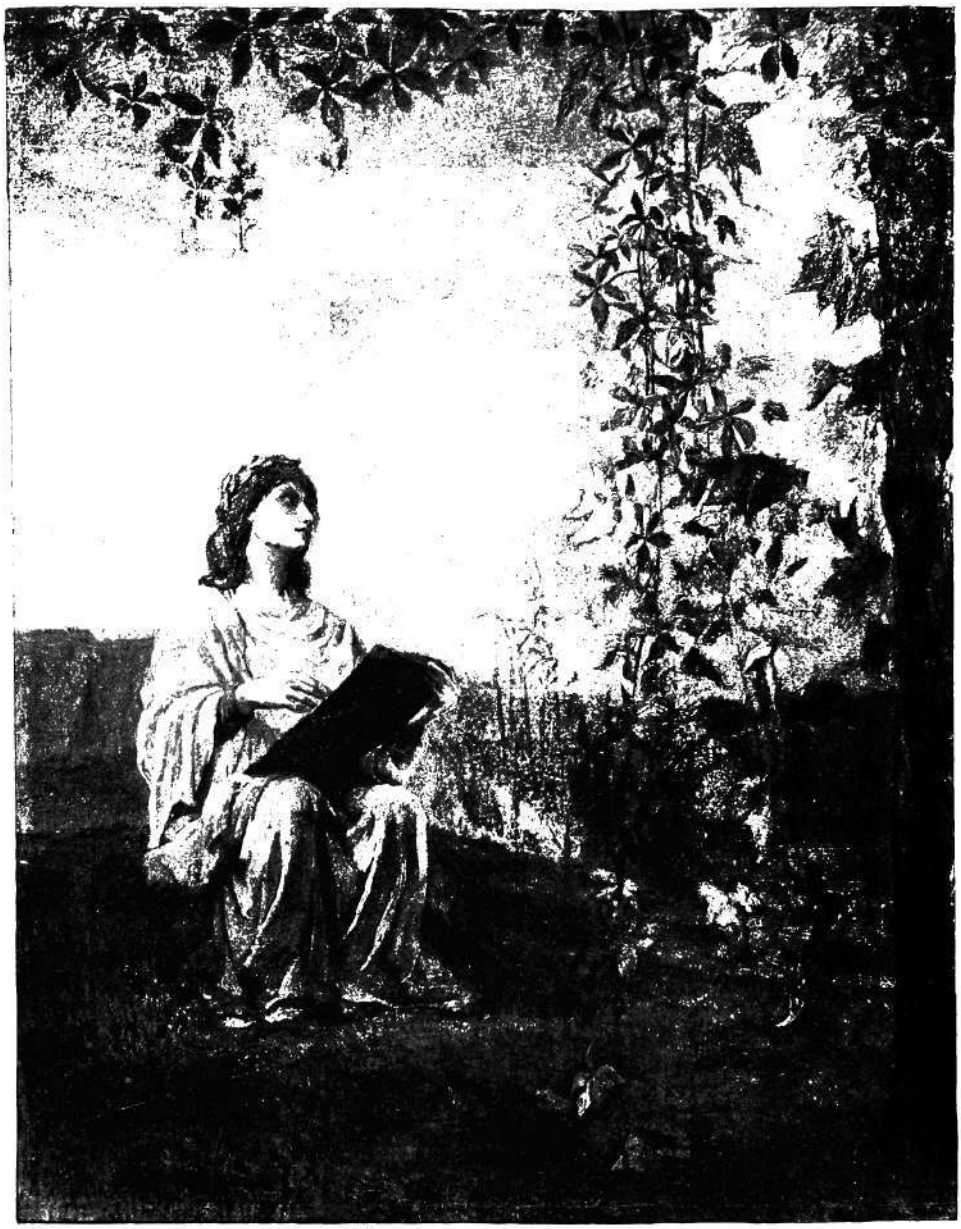
with the museum are not infrequently consulted, more or less informally, but none the less effectively, on matters within their competence.

The museum has long possessed a considerable number of works by American artists, principally of the earlier schools, and is endeavoring to fill out the gaps in this collection. Ever since 1905 it has printed lists of deceased American artists unrepresented or inadequately represented on its walls as an appeal to owners of the works of such artists, while, as occasion offered, it has added to the collection by purchase. It now possesses an admirable nucleus of a collection of contemporary American art, formed almost entirely within the last five years. Within that period one hundred and sixty-six pictures by American painters and sixty-one pieces of sculpture by American sculptors have been acquired by the museum. The magnificent gift of Mr. George A. Hearn is a very important part of this accession, forty-nine pictures having been given directly by him and twenty-one others purchased from the income of the fund he has created for the purchase of paintings by living American artists only.

Although the continuing nature of this benefaction might seem to provide sufficiently for the expansion of the museum's collection of American paintings, the trustees have not been content to leave its completion entirely to this source, but have purchased forty pictures out of other funds, while gifts and bequests have added forty-nine. Of the sixty-one pieces of sculpture added to the display of American art, fifteen are gifts, the other forty-six having been purchased by the museum. These pieces, mostly small bronzes, are at present not seen together, and it is therefore unfortunately not so easy to estimate the importance of this addition to the collections of the museum as in the case of the paintings. Something of this importance in either case may be gathered from the following incomplete lists of American painters and sculptors represented in the acquisitions of the museum from 1906 to 1910 inclusive. Among the painters are John W. Alexander, F. W. Benson, R. A. Blakelock (two pictures), George deForest Brush, William Gedney Bunce, Emil Carlsen, Mary Cassatt, William M. Chase (three), Elliott Daingerfield, Arthur B. Davies, Charles H. Davis, Henry Golden Dearth, Louis Paul Dessar, Thomas W. Dewing, George Fuller, Childe Hassam, Winslow Homer (five oils and fifteen water-colors), William M. Hunt (six pictures), George Inness (two), Eastman Johnson, H. Bolton Jones, William Sergeant Kendall (two), John La Farge (two), Homer D. Martin, J. Francis Murphy, W. McG. Paxton, W. L. Picknell, Henry W. Ranger (two), Robert Reid, Theodore Robinson (three), Albert P. Ryder (three), John S. Sargent (four), William Sartain, W. Elmer Schofield, J. J. Shannon, G. Gardner Symons, Abbott H. Thayer, D. W. Tryon (two), John H. Twachtman, Elihu Vedder, Douglas Volk, Horatio Walker (three), F. J. Waugh, J. Alden Weir, James McNeill Whistler (five), Frederick Ballard Williams (two), and A. H. Wyant (four). Among the sculptors are Paul Bartlett, the two Borglums, D. C. French, Edward Kemeys, Henry Linder, Charles A. Lopez, Frederick MacMonnies, H. A. MacNeil, Charles H. Niehaus, Bela L. Pratt, A. Phimister Proctor, Frederic Remington, F. G. R. Roth, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, and Bessie Potter Vonnoh.

The hospitality of the museum to the art of our own country is further shown in the exhibition of loaned works. A number of such works are to be found here and there in the galleries devoted to American pictures, while two walls of Gallery XIII are now occupied by American pictures loaned by Mr. Hearn, which form a valuable supplement to the permanent Hearn Collection. Several of the artists represented in that collection are here shown in other important examples of their work, while such men as Gaines Ruger Donoho, Frederick W. Kost, Leonard Ochtman, Henry B. Snell, and Irving R. Wiles are not elsewhere represented in the museum.

Add to these evidences of the museum's interest in American art the Memorial Exhibition of the work of Augustus Saint-Gaudens held in 1908, and the Whistler Exhibition in 1910, together with the probability that other such special exhibitions will be given from time to time, and the demonstration is complete that the authorities of the museum are now fully awake to the intrinsic importance of



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE MUSE OF PAINTING

FROM THE PAINTING BY JOHN LA FARGE. (GIVEN TO THE MUSEUM BY MR. J. P. MORGAN AND MR. HENRY WALTERS, 1909)

American art as art, and to its special local and historical importance to an American museum.

That a great deal of modern American art is indeed intrinsically of high quality and worthy, on its merits, of a place in any museum of art can be best shown by an examination of a few of the most accomplished works now exhibited in the galleries of the Metropolitan Museum. In attempting this I shall, for the purpose of this article, confine myself to the paint-

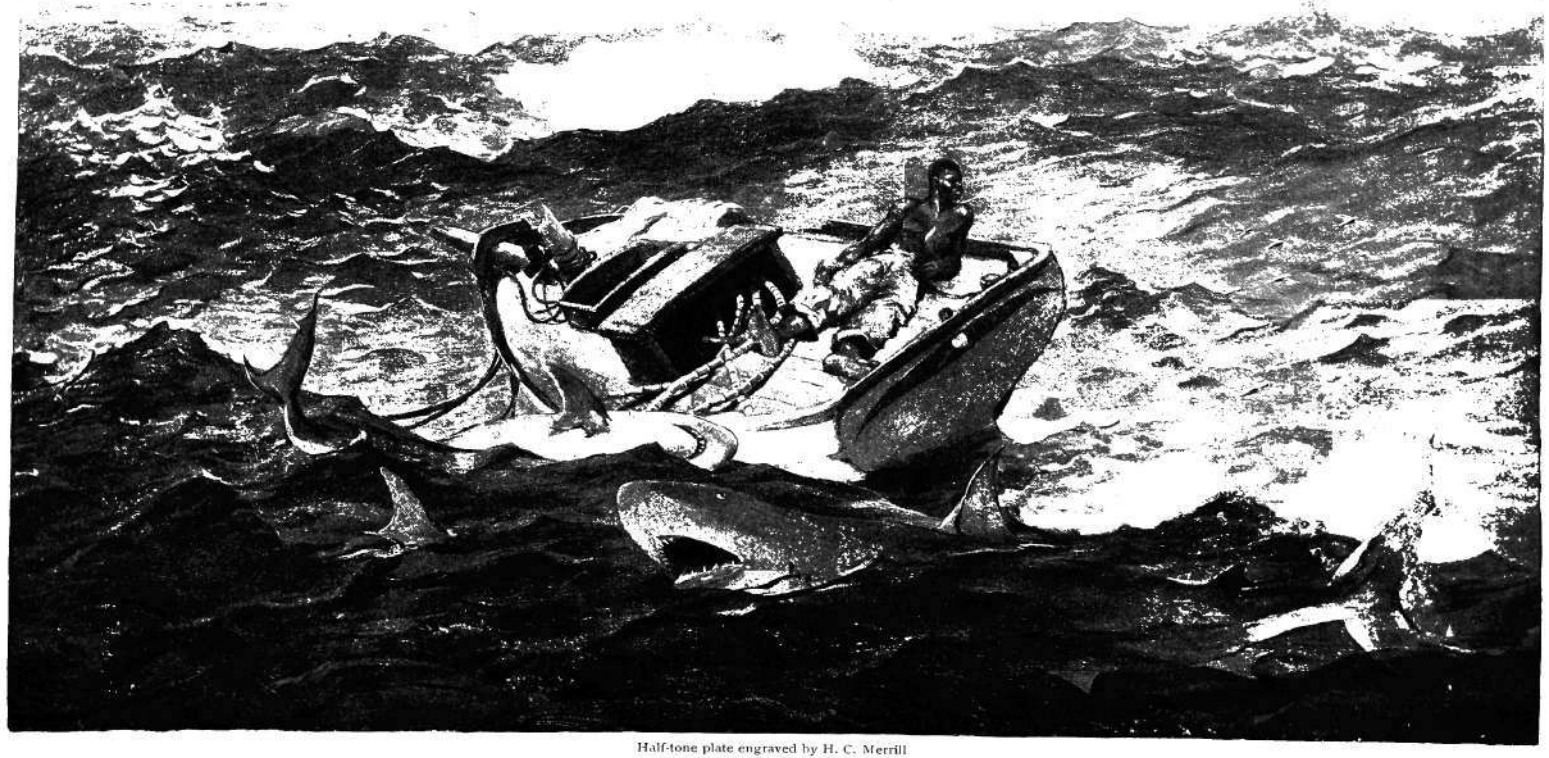
Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE LETTER

FROM THE PAINTING BY THOMAS WILMER DEWING. (PURCHASED FROM THE INCOME OF THE ROGERS FUND, 1910)

ings; for the works of American sculpture are not, under the present arrangement of the museum, easily studied, while their appraisal would involve a discussion of the nature of sculpture for which I have not now either time or space.

The merits of the three great American landscape-painters of the immediate past, Inness, Wyant, and Homer Martin, are so thoroughly recognized that it is unnecessary to do more than note their representation in the museum. The museum owns



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE GULF STREAM

FROM THE PAINTING BY WINSLOW HOMER. (PURCHASED FROM THE INCOME OF THE CATHERINE LORILLARD WOLFE FUND)

seven canvases by Inness, all of them fine pictures, though none of them belongs to his greatest period—the period of grandly synthetized vision and passionate color. They are enough to give the world assurance of an accomplished draftsman and an admirable painter, with a profound knowledge of natural forms and aspects, but not quite enough to make known the fiery soul which shone forth when the years of discipline were finally set behind him. Of the Wyants, the latest to be added is that peculiarly tender and beautiful work, "Forenoon in the Adirondacks," perhaps the loveliest thing he ever did. On that alone his admirers—and who is not his admirer?—may be content to rest his claim to remembrance. Proof of the painstaking study of which such a work was the outcome is to be found in a most interesting early work, loaned to the museum by Mr. Hearn, "The Mohawk Valley." It is a picture quite without charm, and heavy and brown in color, speaking not of poetic reverie, but of the grim determination to master difficult forms at whatever cost of hardness. The drawing of the stream, running sharply away from the spectator until it falls from sight over a rocky precipice, to appear again below, is altogether extraordinary. Among the paintings by Homer Martin the museum is fortunate in possessing so admirable an example as the "View on the Seine," or, as it has also been called, "The Harp of the Winds," a picture which shows all his beauty of tone and more than his usual felicity of composition.

Of the sober talent of Eastman Johnson the museum possesses capital examples in "Two Men," which used to be called "The Funding Bill," and in "Corn-Husking," grave and sincere works of solid merit. John LaFarge is represented by the blue and pale gold and dim green of "The Muse of Painting," the work of a true colorist and a powerful designer, and by the brilliant little landscape, "In Front of our House, Vaiala, Samoa." His greatest works are in churches and public buildings, and are not to be looked for in any gallery. Another of this generation who has just left us, Winslow Homer, is shown in five examples, all admirable. "The Gulf Stream," already spoken of, is masterly as a symphony of swinging lines, and is superb in color; "The Northeaster" is one of those marines in which the bulk and weight and crushing force of water are made evident as no other painter has made them. One could wish for one or more of those pieces in which this same drawing of mass and motion, rather than of precise form, is applied to the rendering of the human figure to complete, as far as a few pictures could, the representation of one of the most masculine, most original, and most varied painters of the nineteenth century.

On the same wall with Homer's "Northeaster," at the time of this writing, hang two other marines by American painters which have, each in its own way, great merit—Mr. Waugh's "Roaring Forties" and Mr. Carlsen's "Open Sea." Mr. Waugh is an objective painter, a cool observer, who draws his waves and foam-loops with great accuracy, and colors them with much truth, but does not quite succeed in conveying the illusion of force and motion. He tells us much about the sea, but he has not Homer's capacity for abstracting two or three essential qualities and expressing them with overwhelming vigor. Mr. Carlsen, though he too is an intense student of nature, is essentially a decorator. Beauty is his aim, and the facts and the force of nature are both subordinated to decoration. In the "Open Sea" it is the exquisitely varied blues and grays of sky and water that have charmed him, while in his "Surf" (loaned by Mr. Hearn) it is not the crash and roar that we are made to feel, but the bold pattern of black and white and blue. Still another marine, if it may be called so, is Childe Hassam's "Isles of Shoals." But with Mr. Hassam the subject matters nothing. Whether he paints the sea or the land, the cool nudity of white nymphs among rose-tinted laurel-blossoms or the cañons of lower New York, his art is of the same quality; and it is the freshness and vigor of his observation, the solidity of his design, his sparkling light and color, and the deft embroidery of his touch, that inevitably attract and delight us.

Among our landscape-painters represented in the museum there are contrasts of manner and of aim fully as great. What could be more different from the rich tones, the full impasto, the floating forms, the enveloping sentiment, of Horatio Walker's "Sheep Fold," than the

light, dry touch, the crisp precision, the delicate harmony of grays and blues, faint pinks and sharp, high greens, which give a sort of cold and intellectual gaiety to Theodore Robinson's view of "Giverny," seen from above, with its clustering roofs in steep perspective and its pale horizon high within the frame? What could be more unlike than the direct brushing and frank naturalism of Charles H. Davis's "August," with its white sunlight and flying shadows over rough moorland, and the romantic feeling and deep-golden tone of William Sartain's "Kasba"? The latter picture is a loan, and so is another that one would like to see a part of the permanent collection,—Gaines Ruger Donoho's "Marcellerie." Mr. Donoho is a painter who has produced too little, and exhibited too little of what he has produced, but this picture, decoratively designed and closely studied, shows us a talent at once robust and fine.

The importance of our landscape school has long been generally recognized; it is not so generally recognized that we have figure-painters, also, of great merit. Before dealing with them, however, we may consider the work of one who is both landscape- and figure-painter or neither landscape- nor figure-painter—one who is best characterized as painter simply, without qualification. Textures, surfaces, handling—these are the things that most interest Mr. Chase, and his greatest preoccupation is the making paint beautiful. He is never more enjoyable, and perhaps never enjoys himself more, than when he is dealing with subjects that require nothing else, and much of his best work is put into still life. His picture in the Hearn Collection, with its somber glow of copper in the dark background, its iridescent, gleaming fish, its one red apple, and its two wonderfully painted green peppers, is a masterpiece which no living painter could surpass in its own way.[1]

George deForest Brush is one of the few painters left to-day, outside the ranks of the mural decorators, who concerns himself primarily with line and a severe conception of form. He has often fine color, also, in a restrained key, and always a profound feeling for character and for the beauty of childhood. In its composition of long, flowing lines, its firm, clean drawing, its subtle modeling, and above all in the beautifully expressive heads and the radiant charm of blond infancy, his "In the Garden" is worthy of one of those fifteenth-century Florentines with whom Mr. Brush has much more affinity than with the average modern painter. Mr. Thayer is another draftsman, and if he has painted larger canvases and attempted more definite subjects, he has never done anything better or more essentially characteristic of his genius than the picture which he calls "A Young Woman"—characteristic both in its somewhat rude and apparently negligent technic and in its largeness of conception and vision. If the head is modern in character and in expression, there is something else that is Greek besides the costume in this majestic torso and these firmly rounded arms.

Altogether different, but equally distinguished, is the talent of J. Alden Weir. The paramount quality of his "Green Bodice"[2] is a perfection of tone and a delicate observation of the gradations of light which would make it hold its own in any company. Add to such technical merit a certain wholesomeness and purity of feeling which is peculiarly Mr. Weir's, and you have a picture to be loved as well as admired. Mr. F. W. Benson's "Portrait of a Lady" has much the same scheme of black and green and dull gold, and is nearly as fine in tone and color as Mr. Weir's picture; but instead of Mr. Weir's reticence of handling we have a noticeable freedom of touch, and in place of Mr. Weir's quiet masses a somewhat fantastic angularity of silhouette. True artist as he is, Mr. Weir's craftsmanship is not always impeccable; Mr. Benson is at all times a brilliant virtuoso.

If not all that is best of Mr. T. W. Dewing has gone into his little picture called "The Letter," it is yet a very welcome example of his eminently delicate and refined talent, and certainly no one but himself could better it in its own line. Its apparent simplicity and real sophistication; its muted harmony of widely varied grays and purples and ashy tints of rose; its tenuity of material and the minuteness of touch which is not finish, but mystery; its low-toned carnations, greenish or violet,

[1] For a color reproduction of a similar painting by Mr. Chase see THE CENTURY for January, 1911.

[2] Reproduced in THE CENTURY for April, 1899.

which yet, at a little distance, are blond flesh, living and palpitating—these are of the essence of Mr. Dewing's contribution to art. In sharpest contrast to them are the bright, clear color and frank directness of method of one of the few women who have ever earned for themselves a place among truly original artists. There is generally a superficial oddness about the work of Mary Cassatt which somewhat disguises its real humanity and its real relationship to the art of the past. She is fond of pea-green and light blue and orange, and of a certain wilful eccentricity of arrangement, derived, perhaps, from the Japanese, but her generous, matronly women and wholesome, firm-fleshed babies are descended from those of Titian.

If these are not enough, take for another contrast that helps us to realize the great variety of the present art production of America the careful, accomplished realism seen in William McG. Paxton's "Tea Leaves," a picture in the tradition of the Dutch genre-painters, and the strange somnambulistic intensity of Arthur B. Davies's "Dream," with its entire absence of color and its great beauty of tone, the sense of slow, continuous movement secured not by the drawing of the figure itself, but by the imaginative composition of the background.

I have said nothing about the work of Whistler because none of the pictures by him in the Metropolitan Museum seems to me of his best, and I confess to very little interest in the second best of Whistler. His finest things are better than almost any one's, but his poorer work is inferior to that of many men who have not a tithe of his present reputation. And there are other artists not adequately represented in the collection, as well as some of high rank not yet represented at all. It may suffice to mention such a painter as Edmund C. Tarbell, one of whose admirable genre-pictures should surely hang on these walls, and doubtless will when the right occasion offers. On the other hand, there are many more good pictures here, by good painters, than I have found room to mention—pictures, many of them, as good as those I have commented upon. One has to draw the line somewhere, if one is not to write a book rather than a magazine article, and I trust I have said enough to prove two things that I was desirous of demonstrating: that the museum is making strenuous and already largely successful efforts to secure a representative collection of the American school of art, and that that school is, by its originality, variety, and degree of attainment, as worthy the attention of a museum as any contemporary school whatsoever. If the reader entertains a lingering doubt of this statement, a walk through the Luxembourg Gallery in Paris, followed by another through the Metropolitan Museum, should serve finally to dispel it.

Drawn by F. R. Gruger. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"RENTIN' HENS"

BY FLORIDA PIER

WITH PICTURES BY F. R. GRUGER

MR. BARNABY was the type of man who called women angels and treated them as fools. He seemed to feel that by doing the former he had done all that could be expected of him, and with this once off his conscience, he could form his conduct more closely according to facts as he saw them. Mr. Barnaby's daughter felt the discomfort of this mode of procedure. It was she who kept their Maryland plantation from a state verging perilously on picturesque destitution, and there were moments when her indolent, oratorical parent proved very trying. He had a theory that he was fond of farming, though of course in a gentlemanly way, and that there was no reason why such a fine old estate as Barnaby Hall should not be made to pay. These were sentiments on which he would dilate with a good deal of grace at any time, and to anybody who would do him the honor to sit on the south gallery and share a glass of "really good whisky, sir."

His long figure, clad always in the same faded riding-clothes, occasionally might have been seen strolling with what was most gracious interest over the nearest fields; but he preferred to recline in a steamer-chair, where, looking down over a tangled box garden, he could keep an eye on the water, and watch the raked masts of the oyster-boats go skimming by. His daughter could watch him where he sat, for his sedentary habits made him more or less of a landmark, as she swabbed out the throats of ailing turkeys, built fences, berated lazy negroes, or rode about personally supervising the harvest. Her tireless activity was doubly necessary, as dilapidation seemed always gaining on her.

Her father, in order to encourage himself in the idea that he ran the farm, from time to time started a new industry that used up the money she had saved, increased her work, and added to the number of failures already visible about the place. He felt that the things she did were too usual. Their humdrum quality he regarded as another proof of that hampering conservatism too frequently displayed by women. Something more spirited would attract success, and it was on this basis that he had tried raising peacocks, with a result so tragic that the one peacock still going forlornly about the garden was an object avoided by the eyes of father as well as of daughter. The fact that it seemed perpetually to have only one feather trailing dismally in the rear was one of the details painful to implicated observers. Mr. Barnaby, blandly vague as he could be about the reason why his numerous schemes had failed, had never been able to

speak of, much less explain, why his rabbits had died. When rabbits, of all things, not only fail to increase, but actually decrease, and finally die miserably, it seems almost a personal reflection made by nature on one's ability to raise live stock. The story of Mr. Barnaby's rabbits was considered funny everywhere but on the south gallery of Barnaby Hall, and when it was told elsewhere, it was his daughter who grimly supplied the information that they had been of a fancy breed, costing heavily the pair.

These experiments, though not productive of the immediate financial ease which Mr. Barnaby had always prophesied, had nevertheless served to lull any disturbing ideas he may have had as to Joan's running the place with an over-high hand. With their help he had asserted himself, and if his attempts had failed, the fact that no one dared take him to task was doubly bracing to his sense of superiority. His own activity satisfied him that Joan's was a subservient puttering about easily shown up at its real value. Six months before, having reached the conclusion that the apparent prominence of women was not cause for serious concern, he had been comfortably relaxed ever since. It was consequently a shock for him to have hurled across a table laden with more food than either of the two diners could possibly eat the announcement that a woman's suffrage club had been started in the county.

"A suffrage club?" It went like a blow on an exposed nerve through Mr. Barnaby's whole body.

"Umm!" His daughter nodded her head with Southern slackness. "Ah 've been made vice-president."

"A fact which Ah attribute ratha to you' ignó'ance than to any ill intention on you' part. Eviden'ly you are not aware that Ah am against suffrage for women. You note Ah say women. Ladies would not go so far as to desiah it." Mr. Barnaby elegantly brushed his mustache upward with a much mended napkin, and looked at his daughter from under commanding eyebrows.

"But Ah do desire it, and so do the Hemingways and the Langdons and old Mrs. Cuthbert. She 's president."

"You don' tell me!" There was despair in his voice. "And on what grounds?"

"The grounds that we deserve it. Women help to make money in which they have no stated share. They take on responsibilities without being given accompanyin' autho'ity. They do men's work, and they have n't men's means to protect their labor." This Joan said firmly, but more to a spiced ham in front of her than to her parent, who at the word "protect" made a desperate effort to grasp what struck him as being rescuingly familiar.

"Protect? What need has a Southern woman of protection when the chivalry of the South—the chivalry—the chiv—" It died away in unhappy blowings from pursed lips.

Joan, well primed, continued to fire pitilessly at her unprotected father. "Every married woman should be regarded as a wage-earning citizen and receive a salary. Woman's work is as big an economic factor—"

Mr. Barnaby saw his daughter escaping to rampant reaches where he feared for her, and made a valiant effort to recapture her. He spoke with that blend of kindly patience and controlled condescension which is warranted to collapse any woman airing ideas in the presence of her family.

"All very interestin', ma dear, all very nice, indeed. Ah am glad to see that you are givin' more time to amusement. Ah believe in it. Man must work; woman must grace his labors." The vagueness of this pleased Mr. Barnaby, and his voice waxed more liltingly oratorical. "Ah like to see you take an interest in such matters. Ah am proud that Ah can discuss ma more serious ideas with you. Ah was just on the point, when you began, of tellin' you of a scheme Ah have which Ah hope will give us both more leisure, and perhaps enable you to have two months or so in Washin'ton this winter. Never forget, ma dear, that one time the Barnabys always spent at least two months of the season at Washin'ton."

"What is you' scheme, Pa?"

Mr. Barnaby winced. In his day women had not been so brutally direct. He considered irrelevancy ladylike.

"Well, it is a thing Ah have arrived at partly from ma meditations, partly from ma readin's. It has to do with hens. It is, Ah may say, an entirely new treatment of hens." The speaker was here forced to dodge a glance of such weighty accusation that a hasty swallow, a readjustment of

his napkin, and a pulling of his chair nearer the table, were necessary to cover his loss of balance and the difficulty of a fresh start. "Ah am intendin' to raise some white Orpington chickens, with the object of rentin' them out. The idea is entirely ma own. Ah send by express layin' hens to any part of the country, the lessee payin' for nothin' but the expressage and the eggs. Ah should require ten cents per dozen, and at the end of the stipulated time the hens would be returned to me. Thus the keep of the hens would always be bo'ne by some one else, yet Ah would retain ma capital,—that is the hens,—with, of co'rse, sufficient of the eggs for an increase. The money secured for the eggs would be clear gain. There 's somethin' very takin' in the idea, Ah find."

"Pa, you 're not goin' to do anythin' as mad as that?"

"Ah most certainly am, and Ah do not like you' adjectives, Joan."

"But, Pa, you would first have to raise the hens. Orpingtons are mighty delicate and expensive. This is the wrong time of the year. The hens are n't settin'; besides, how would you know how many dozen eggs a hen laid while it was away? It will only be another failure, and more work and worry for me. Pa, Ah can't have it."

"Ah don' know when Ah have been accustomed to you' tellin' me what Ah shall and what Ah sha'n't do. Higgins has Orpington eggs; Ah 'll call on Higgins this afternoon."

"Pa, no hen is goin' to sit on those eggs."

"Joan, Ah reckon that Ah have as much influence with the hens as you."

"Pa, Ah promise you those eggs will never hatch. It 's war between us, Pa."

"Ah regret it, Joan; but Ah fancy that Ah shall be the victor." Mr. Barnaby left the table with a military stride that made him look as if he were bracing himself by imagining a Decoration day parade at his back, the sounding brass of the band obviously ringing in his ears. He habitually wore his buttons like medals, and it was this long-established attitude of mind which enabled him, a few moments later, to pass the window in a sulky and turn down the grass-grown avenue with a brave swing that announced him as bound for Higgins's and launched full on his scheme.

Joan, watching him go, took in critically the bony horse between the shafts, and knew that her father would have a brush or two on the road with possessors of equally sporting but worn-out nags, and no one of a less established position than old Mrs. Cuthbert would presume to pass him, and then he would end up his morning in town with a chat at the stables over the various points of horses all nearing the grave. She continued to sit gazing at the table, meditating on her father's plan. She might frustrate it, but he would think of another. Always her work would be doubled, the authority his, and the labor and worry hers. He must be kept happy; it would be better if he could be kept employed.

She remembered her grandmother as being the busiest woman in the county, and all because of her love of litigation. She had been absorbed in a case that lasted forty years, and filled her time with letter-writing, long dissertations which her family never listened to, and visits to the court which satisfied her to the last need of her nature. Idly Joan thought, "If Ah could only get Pa a case of his own, it would so keep him out of mischief."

Then she gave up the thought with a smile at its impracticability, and turned to listen to the explanations of a negro woman who had come to work only two days out of the entire week because, as she said, Tuesday she had certainly thought it was going to rain; Wednesday she had been most wild with the misery in a place where a tooth used to be, and it looked to her as though that dentist had pulled the tooth and not the misery, which was only what a poor colored woman might expect from a city dentist; and Thursday—well she had certainly meant to come Thursday, but her last husband had been passing through town, and she had just walked the nine miles to the station to ask him if he saw any spectacles in Baltimore that he thought would suit her, would he send them along, because her eyes were n't what they used to be. On her beginning an explanation of Friday's absence, Joan interrupted her:

"Ah sat up all Tuesday night with the turkeys because you did n't mix their food as Ah told you. Three died."

"They did!" Ann was shrilly scandalized. "That 's enough to make you'

skin slip. You ain't goin' to make much out of them turkeys this yea', Miss Joan, Ah 's sure o' that."

"You 're not very encouraging, Ann. My father has just gone down to Higgins's place to get eggs for settin'.

"You' pa 's goin' to raise chickens?"

"He says so."

"Now, Miss Joan, don' you allow him to cut any capers. You 've got all the work you can do 's 't is. Mind what Ah say: when he puts those eggs under a hen, you take 'em out, quiet-like, an' you boil 'em hard. Ah tell you men has got to be circumnavigated."

"Boil them! Why, Ann!" Joan's face broke out in a series of little smiles that joined and became a laugh. "Boil them? Would you, really? It would waste the eggs. They 're to be expensive ones."

"But would n't those eggs be chickens, and would n't those chickens get the pip or the gaps or somethin', like they always do? And would n't you pester yourself to death about 'em? And ain't you got all you' time laid out to get you' turkeys off to the folks what buys them and pays for 'em? Ain't you, Miss Joan?"

Joan laughed again. "You promise not to tell on me if I do it?"

"Me tell? Ah never tell on Eve when she 's tryin' to get the better o' Adam."

"Then Ah 'll do it; but Ah hope nothin' dreadful happens."

Mr. Barnaby returned, defiantly carrying a dozen Orpington eggs. It had meant a trip to the bank. This was seen in the decision of Mr. Barnaby's manner and a certain "Ah-know-what-Ah-am-about" set to his shoulders.

He experienced some trouble in inducing a hen to set. She seemed to be prejudiced against Mr. Barnaby's scheme, and much averse to taking any part in it. These difficulties were undergone in the disused rabbit-run, and the squawkings, with an occasional word from Mr. Barnaby, reached Joan and Ann where they stood attentively listening inside the kitchen door. Joan was torn with misgivings, but Ann stood firm. The boiling must take place. Presently Mr. Barnaby issued from the rabbit-run and came toward the kitchen door. Both the women were busily working.

"Joan, do you know where that piece of blue chalk is that used to be lyin' round? Ah find Ah 've got to use strategy to make that white hen set."

"Why, Pa, she has n't clucked."

"Yes, she has; Ah heard her this mornin'."

"That was n't a cluck."

"Joan, Ah must ask you to let me be ma own judge of cluckin'. Where 's that chalk?"

"What you goin' to do with it?"

"Joan, Ah 'm not discussin' ma intentions; Ah 'm askin' for the chalk."

Joan searched in a pantry, found the thing wanted, and took it to the door. "Do tell me, Pa," she drawled coaxingly, and Mr. Barnaby melted.

"Ah 've always heard that if you put a hen's nose at the end of a bright line, it can't move. Ah 'm intendin' to draw a line right up to the nest, and arrange the rest of her when Ah get her nose placed."

He walked off, leaving the two women gaping at his back. Ann looked a little nervous. There was a suggestion of black art here that she did not like. Joan was torn between wild laughter and fear for her father's sanity.

When Mr. Barnaby retired to the south gallery to count up on paper how much he ought to make the first year and to draft different forms of advertisements, Joan slipped out to the rabbit-run. There was the hen limply setting, but setting undeniably, her eyes in a maudlin way contemplating a bright line. Now was the time to begin operations. Joan took observations, made sure that her father was engrossed in making out a really binding contract between himself and future lessees of his Orpingtons so that strict honesty would be observed as to the number of eggs laid, and convinced that this would employ him for some time, she started in to persuade Ann that, her hand being more deft, she must undertake to rob the nest.

Ann at first refused, but at last extracted two eggs, boiled them, reduced them to the proper temperature, and replaced them. Mr. Barnaby's anxiety sent him on half-hour visits to the rabbit-run, thus making Ann's work unexpectedly difficult. Joan kept watch, reconnoitered, gave signals, and by the end of the next day all the eggs had been boiled.

The relief Joan felt over the act was considerably lessened by guilty twinges

every time Mr. Barnaby expatiated on his future plans for the eggs. He contemplated heading his advertisements with "Transient Hens" in big letters, with a picture underneath of a running hen, carrying a suitcase under one wing and an umbrella under the other, and dropping a steady stream of eggs as she ran. At the bottom of the advertisement was to be "HERE TO-DAY, WHERE TO-MORROW?" The space between was to be filled in with breezily worded particulars.

As the time for the hatching approached, Mr. Barnaby hovered with almost maternal vigilance over that hen. On the twentieth day he often peeped under her wings, listened attentively to the tiny peckings which he knew should be audible. This continued in an exaggerated form during the twenty-first day, and on the twenty-second he added to his other employments a furtive sniffing.

Joan, in a voice so small that he might have ignored it if he had wished, asked if the eggs were hatching. An explosive monosyllable was her answer. She pressed the matter further. "It 's the twenty-second day, Pa. Are you goin' to throw those eggs out?"

"No, Ah 'm not."

"What are you goin' to do?"

"Ah 'm goin' to call on that fool Higgins." He went, and the pace at which he rattled down the avenue prophesied ill for Higgins.

During his absence Joan consulted with Ann. At any moment Mr. Barnaby might take out the eggs and discover their boiled condition. Her objection to the scheme from the beginning would point her out as the most likely person to be accused. She would never be forgiven, and for the rest of her days she would hear that she had ruined his great scheme. He even might take over the management of the farm, which would mean that nothing would ever be done, and desolation would close in on them. A way out of her difficulty was necessary, but what way was still a question when her father returned.

He stamped into the room, threw down his hat, and announced: "Ah 'll have the law on that man Higgins as sure 's you live. He says Ah don' know anythin' about eggs and that Ah 've done some fool thing to them. Ah say that when a hen has set for twenty-three days and nothin' 's happened, there 's somethin' the matter with the eggs. Ah 'll haul Higgins up to court if Ah have to give ma life to gettin' him there."

"Wait until to-morrow, Pa. Perhaps the eggs will hatch." Joan courted postponement.

"Ah can't wait; he 's goin' to have the law on me. Ah so far indulged myself as to call him a liar."

"Pa!"

"Well that 's what he is."

A light sparkled in Joan's eye. She had found her way. "Pa, Higgins never liked you, did he?"

"Ah don' know as he did or as he did n't. Why?"

"Well," she proceeded with a cautious drawl, "there was that time you had such bad luck with those rabbits. He used to tell that story pretty often and in a sort o' mean way. Ah don' believe he has ever forgiven you for firin' his sails full of buck-shot that night you caught him fishin' up you' creek."

"We were n't sure it was Higgins." Mr. Barnaby's wrath was smoldering, and while it smoldered he spoke with unnatural forbearance.

"We were as sure as there was any need of bein'. It 's ma opinion he would n't be beneath doin' somethin' to those eggs himself."

"If Ah thought he had, Ah 'd—" Mr. Barnaby's suddenly flaming anger made him inarticulate. He rose and started for the door. "Ah 'm goin' to find out; Ah 'm goin' to smash those eggs."

"Oh, not yet, Pa. Wait until to-morrow."

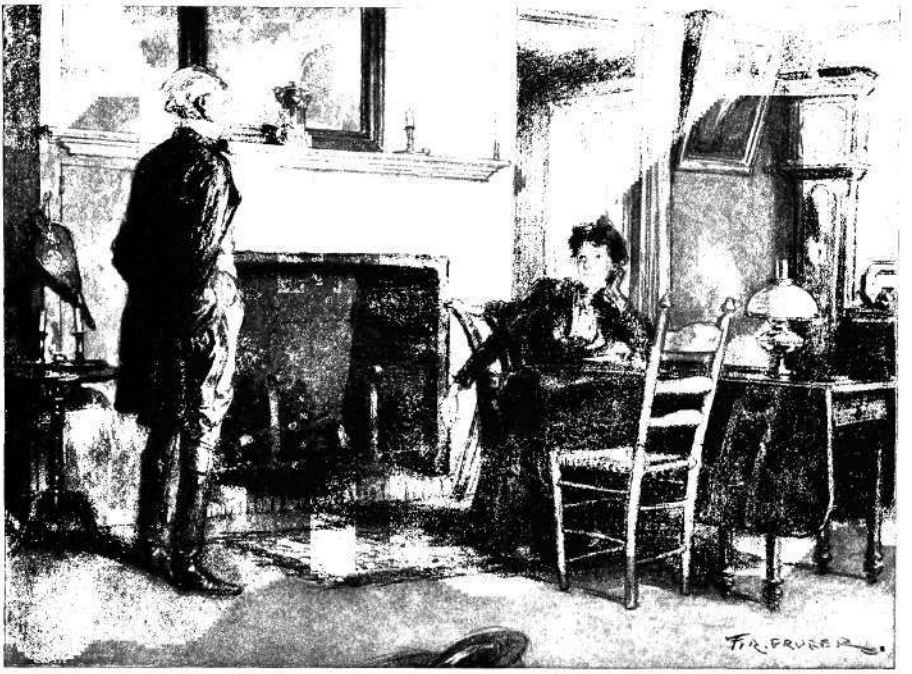
"Ah 'll do nothin' of the kind. You come along, and we 'll see what that lambasted possum has been up to."

Side by side they marched to the rabbit-run, Ann following by command. Taking the reluctant hen from her nest and putting her without ceremony out of the window, Mr. Barnaby picked up an egg and broke it in two. The halves fell from his hands, and he ejaculated in a hollow voice, "Boiled, by heavens!"

"Boiled!" came from Joan.

" 'Fo' the Lawd, boiled!" cried Ann.

Mr. Barnaby turned, stalked from the place, the women falling back before his mighty indignation; and when he reached



Drawn by F. R. Gruger. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"'AH CAN'T WAIT; HE 'S GOIN' TO HAVE THE LAW ON ME'"

the door, as from Olympian heights he declaimed: "Joan, from now on Ah shall expect you to relieve me of all care of this place. Ah am intendin' to devote ma time to gettin' justice for havin' been made a fool of. Ah expect Jim Higgins to go down to his grave as Boiled-Egg Higgins, and Ah will even go so far as to give you ma word that such shall be the case."

Mr. Barnaby went away in full cry, and Joan turned to the old woman at her side. "Ann, ma guilt 's weighin' on me already."

Ann began collecting the eggs in the skirt of her dress.

"Childie, don' you know that the way we skin through to happiness is by losin' mos' o' our skin? It 'll heal." She paused over the last egg with elegant hesitation. "Ah don' 'spose you-all min' ma takin' these here eggs. Ma present husband 's right fond o' curry."

MULTIPLYING THE PLEASURES OF THE TABLE

by Henry T. Finck

ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN PRICE AND STANLEY DAVIS

CARLTON ~ ILLUSTRATORS

IMPORTANCE OF VARIETY IN FOODS

KING PHILIP V of Spain engaged Farinelli, the most famous vocalist of his time, to sing four songs for him, without change of any kind, every evening for ten years. He was not in his right mind, "as a matter of course," one feels tempted to add, and yet are there not at this day, and in this country, many thousands of persons whose musical pabulum consists entirely of half a dozen tunes, which they sing, hum, and whistle decade after decade? For them the countless inspirations of genius given to the world in the last three centuries do not exist at all. And how much enjoyment they thus miss!

Vastly more surprising, since everybody eats, is the fact that the majority of persons are equally ignorant of the countless delicacies invented by ingenious cooks of the past and present. What Sir Henry Thompson wrote, more than a quarter of a century ago, regarding the average Englishman is quite as true to this day of the average American: "He cares more for quantity than quality, desires little variety, and regards as impertinent an innovation in the shape of a new aliment, expecting the same food at the same hour daily."

Breeders of fine animals have long since discovered that nothing is so conducive to health and other desirable qualities as variety in the food given. A monotonous diet soon palls on the appetite, fails to stimulate the digestive organs, and the result is dyspepsia, loss of pleasure, energy, and earning power, and the shortening of life. Think of the pallid victims of the everlasting hog and hominy in the South! "Hasty pudding and milk," as Artemus Ward sagely observed, "are a harmless diet if eaten moderately, but if you eat it incessantly for six consecutive weeks, it will produce instant death."

When the average American or Englishman travels, he is glad to see new cities, new scenery, new costumes, and new faces; but he is comically indignant if he cannot get the same food he has always had at home. It would be much better for him if he could be made to understand that Cowper's maxim, "Variety 's the very spice of life," applies to diet as much as to anything. Every country has something to give and teach us regarding the pleasures of the table. No other land yields such a lavish and varied supply of raw material as the United States, and all we need in order to become the leading gastronomic nation is to wake up to the importance of good and varied cooking and rational eating, and to learn all we can from nations famed for their culinary art. The methods of obtaining the diverse national food flavors can often be studied without traveling abroad, since in our cities we have cooks and restaurants of nearly every land under the sun. In New York one can make a gastronomic trip of the world.

FRENCH SUPREMACY

A GRUMBLER might ask, "What 's the use trying to learn new things from foreigners when so many of our families can hardly afford to buy the ordinary meats and vegetables for any kind of meal?" But it is precisely because food-stuffs are becoming expensive that we ought to look to the older and less extravagant nations of Eu-

Drawn by Norman Price. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

A FRENCH KITCHEN

rope for guidance. The Government is commendably alert in this matter. Last year the United States Department of Agriculture issued a valuable treatise by Dr. C. F. Langworthy and Caroline L. Hunt as Farmers' Bulletin 391. It is entitled "Economical Use of Meat in the Home," and it shows how, by expert cooking, the cheaper cuts of meat may be made to yield more nutrition and appetizing flavor than the choicest cuts as at present usually prepared in American households.

It is to France chiefly that the world owes this invaluable lesson, which gives to those of moderate means many of the advantages of the well-to-do. In that country the humblest peasant family enjoys palatable meals because the cook is an alchemist who knows how to transmute the baser metals into silver and gold.

Drawn by Stanley Davis

A FRENCH COOK

"The cook is an alchemist who knows how to transmute the baser metals into silver and gold."

The essence of good cooking lies in four things: the ability to preserve, develop, improve, and vary the flavor of foods. The French excel particularly in the art of varying the flavor. A small piece of meat suffices them to make a whole pot of vegetables redolent of it. Conversely, they use all sorts of vegetables to impart their unique flavor to meats—in soups, stews, sauces, and the water in which meat or fish is boiled. The combinations and variations are endless. An English epicure declares that the secret of the excellence of French cookery lies in the lavish use made of vegetables. "Where we use one kind, French cooks use twenty."

Dumas wrote that the French cuisine owes its superiority to the excellence of its bouillon—the product of seven hours of continuous boiling—for soups and flavoring vegetables. According to Theodore Child, the distinctive excellence of French cooking is due to the thorough comprehension of the methods of seasoning, while Ellwanger declares that the supreme triumph of the Parisian cuisine consists in its sauces, no fewer than 246 of which are described in Charles Ranhofer's "The Epicurean." Each of these experts hints at part of the truth. French cooking has more than one point of superiority.

HYGIENIC VALUE OF SALADS

PROBABLY no detail of the French menu is so important to us as the salad. Very few American families know what an invaluable delicacy a genuine French salad, with a dressing of *good* olive-oil and pure, *fragrant* vinegar, is—invaluable, because of its effect on the digestion and health. There is very little nourishment in salad leaves until the oil has been added, and the oil is what many of us need, according to the doctors, who deplore the insufficiency of fat in the average American's diet. It is excluded therefrom for the very good reason that the average American finds it difficult to digest it. But it is right there that the salad comes to the rescue. The vinegar in it, if genuine, excites by its fragrance and acidity the digestive glands not only in the mouth and stomach, but in the pancreas, which acts on all the constituents of food, particularly the fats. There would be vastly less intestinal indigestion in this country if every family followed the French custom of eating salad at least once a day.

Lettuce, the commonest kind of salad, is unfortunately somewhat indigestible to many, unless very carefully chewed. Those who find it troublesome should try the crisp, bleached hearts of the variety of endive known as escarole. This is still difficult to get, having been brought into our markets only a few years ago; but try

Drawn by Norman Price. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND"

it once, and you will surely follow the writer's example and make your grocer send it to you daily during its season of several months, after which there is time enough to devote yourself to the many other kinds of green and vegetable salads —or fruit salads, if you share the queer liking for them. More delicious still than escarole is the French, or globe, artichoke, the *fond* of which is among salads what diamond-backed terrapin and canvasback duck are among meats. It also makes a savory vegetable; but how any one can eat it, or asparagus, hot, when he might have it cold as a salad, with French dressing, is a mystery to me. The globe artichoke is unfortunately much too scarce in our markets, and inexcusably expensive. The American lobster and shrimp salads cannot be beaten; but we have much to learn of Europeans as to the possible varieties of fish, meat, green, and vegetable salads, by way of multiplying our pleasures of the table and banishing intestinal dyspepsia, for which salads are more remedial than "Fletcherizing."

DESIRABLE ITALIAN DISHES

CARÊME, prince of French chefs, denounced the cookery of the old Romans as too heavy. The same censure applied to the cuisine of other European peoples be-

Drawn by Stanley Davis. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

DINING OUT-OF-DOORS IN GERMANY

"They avoid monotony by frequently supping in restaurants or beer gardens."

fore the French began to create and emphasize the importance of lighter viands in the form of diverse entremets, ragouts, salmis, entrées, and other delicacies. However, they were not the earliest reformers by any means. Their first good cooks came from Italy. Even in the ancient days there was the Sicilian Archestratus, "the Attic Carême," who "traveled far and wide in quest of alimentary dainties of different lands," and who, 2241 years ago, wrote a poem on gastronomy. Montaigne expressed admiration of those Italian cooks, "who can so curiously temper and season strange odors with the savor and relish of their meats." Indeed, the Italians still hold their own among the leading gastronomic nations.

It is to them that we owe the best olive-oil for our delectable and sanitary salads, and from them we ought to learn the art of frying meats and fish in the same oil, which is more palatable than our lard or our dreadful "cooking butter." Next to this oil, the best edible thing Italy gives to the world is macaroni. We import four million dollars' worth of it yearly, and we have learned, by raising the durum wheat, to make macaroni almost as good as the products of a Gragnano factory; but most of it is probably eaten by the many Italians who have come to live with us. In the average American household macaroni is far too seldom served. It might advantageously replace potatoes at one of the three meals. Baked, fried, boiled, creamed, hashed, and browned—in all these and many other ways potatoes are good, and we could not well do without them; but macaroni is more digestible. The most familiar of its varieties are spaghetti and vermicelli, but the most delicately flavored, tagliatelli, is known only to Italians. A distinguished Italo-American, criticizing our overboiling of macaroni, declared that it should "resist de toot'."

A peculiarity of the Italian cuisine is the use of cheese not only with macaroni, but with soup and other dishes. Most persons, if asked what country supplies most of the cheese we import, would answer, "France." Seemingly our restaurants serve more Camembert, Brie, and Roquefort than any other kinds. As a matter of fact, however, the two countries which supply the greater part of the imported cheese are Italy and Switzerland.

Besides the three French varieties named, only about ten European sorts are generally known here: the English Cheddar, Cheshire, and Stilton; the German Limburger, Hand, and Münster; the Dutch Edam; the Swiss Emmenthaler; and the Italian Parmesan and Gorgonzola. The best of all Italian cheeses, Caciocavallo, is unknown to Americans, more 's the pity. How greatly we might diversify the pleasures of the table in this direction any one can realize by sending to the United States Department of Agriculture in Washington for Bulletin 105 of the Bureau of Animal Industries, which describes 242 varieties of cheese.

Our Government is certainly doing its best to advise and guide us gastronomically. In another of its free publications, Farmers' Bulletin 256, Maria Parloa calls the nation's attention to the fact, well known to epicures, that "much of the delicious flavor of French and Italian cookery is due to the skilful combination of several of the onion flavors." The atmosphere, about meal-time, of Italian, French, and Spanish towns tells of these culinary combinations, the results of which are undoubtedly pleasing to us, too, provided the cook uses a very light, pianissimo touch. Unfortunately we Americans cannot, as a rule, stomach solid onion, garlic, leek, shallot, or chives. If we had time for the 718 bites which, according to Fletcher, a mouthful of onion calls for to make it digestible, it would be different; but we have not. However, by using only the water seasoned with these ingredients, we can corral the flavors by themselves, and thus enrich and vary American cookery also in this direction.

SOME ENGLISH SPECIALTIES

THERE was a time when over-seasoning and over-saucing, so to speak, spoiled the French cuisine. In a letter dated 1779, Goethe complained that the cooks in this way so disguised viands that one hardly knew whether he was eating meat or fish, a roast or a boiled dish. Under the first Napoleon the cardinal principle was established that every vegetable and every kind of meat must be cooked in such a way as to retain its individual flavor. In England, so far as meats are concerned, this principle has long held sway: "The roast beef of old England," which long ago aroused the enthusiasm of Henry Fielding, and her broiled mutton-chops, and steaks, her fried soles, her Yorkshire and plum puddings, turtle and oxtail soups, whitebait, rabbit and other meat pies, deserve the flattery of imitation everywhere. In the matter of bottled condiments and pickles, and biscuits in endless variety, England is also preëminent; and what is particularly commendable is that English products for export are usually made as conscientiously as those for home consumption. You can buy them in a Japanese village, and be as sure of their excellence as if you got them in London.

GERMAN DELICATESSEN

APART from a limited number of national dishes, the best cooking in England is in the French style. The same is true in Germany. In the matter of cuisine the Germans are the most cosmopolitan of all peoples; they eagerly learn from all nations, and sometimes improve on the originals. They like variety; when traveling, unlike the English and Americans, they prefer things new to them, and it has been justly said that one of the Germans' chief objects in touring is to enjoy exotic pleasures of the table. At home they avoid monotony by frequently supping in restaurants or beer gardens, the whole family being taken there, including the dog, unless a great crowd is expected because of a special musical treat, in which case a sign is put up: *"Hunde dürfen nicht mitgebracht werden."* (Dogs, by the way, are benefited by variety.) And how enthusiastically these burghers discuss the diverse good things placed before them! A Berlin author maintains that three fourths of all Germans, and four fifths of their cousins, the Austrians, talk more about eating than about anything else, and that the most successful novels in their countries are those in which there are descriptions of banquets that make the mouth water. No need of preaching gastronomy to *them*.

While the Germans are assimilators, they also make, apart from their cheeses, beers, and Rhine wines, various good things peculiar to themselves, which deserve to be transplanted to other countries. Preëminent among these are their bread, their *Mehlspeisen*, their sausages, and diverse appetizers exhibited in their numer-

ous delicatessen stores. The best German and Austrian bread is quite as good as the best French, and there is a greater variety. German rye-bread is almost unknown in France, but of late the English have taken to it, having discovered, doubtless, that, with good butter, it develops a peculiarly rich and agreeable flavor. Then there is Pumpernickel, the best bread to eat with cheese, also worthy of adoption everywhere. As for the Mehlspeisen, or national farinaceous dishes, they are numberless and mostly excellent. If anything can beat the genuine American pie, over which Henry Ward Beecher waxed eloquent, it is the German-Austrian Mehlspeise, of which there is an endless variety, under the species Nudeln, Spatzen, Kipferl, Kuchen, Strudel, Nockerl, Flockerl, Knödel, Schmarren. Really the Kaiserschmarren and the Apfelstrudel ought to be made national American dishes by special act of Congress.

Drawn by Stanley Davis. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

ARRANGING THE TABLE

"Women naturally want the apples and oranges, the berries and vegetables and other viands on their table to look pretty and inviting."

The delicatessen stores we already have with us in abundance, with their dill and sour pickles, *marinirte* herrings, diverse fishes and fowls in meat jelly, all sorts of fancy groceries, and, above all, cold meats and sausages. The French, Italians, and English are also great sausage-eaters, and so, for that matter, are the Americans; but for variety and excellence in this line the Germans are supreme. There is a story of a wealthy Berlin butcher whose son had been promoted in the army by Moltke, and who, to show his gratitude, advised the field-marshal never to eat sausage. But those days of uncertainty are past. Inspection is now so strict in the fatherland that one can safely eat whatever is offered. There are sausages in endless diversity for every taste and purse; you can get a pair of Selchwürstchen for less than a dime, while a pound of Gänselebertrüffelwurst (goose-liver-truffle sausage) will cost you a dollar or more. Between these extremes there are hundreds of sorts; for, indeed, nearly every locality has its specialty. Nuremberg caps the climax with its Bratwurstglöckle, a place where they broil on stones pork-tenderloin sausages that melt in the mouth. A lunch-room serving exact duplicates of these in New York would be a gold-mine; in a large down-town restaurant you can see, on certain days, more than half the guests ordering "country sausages," which, although good, are not to be mentioned on the same day with those of the Bratwurstglöckle.

Our gastronomic survey might be profitably extended to many other countries, and not in Europe only. We shall probably never indulge to any extent in such delicacies as the Australian kangaroo-tail soup or the broiled elephant's foot

of the African gourmet, but we can have bird's-nest soup for our money, and the Chinese also have a great variety of kitchen plants in order that all classes of climate in their vast country may be made to yield their share of food; a fact which suggested to the United States Department of Agriculture the issuing of a special bulletin (No. 68), in which Walter S. Blasdell describes the vegetables (among them water-chestnut, taro, lotos-root and seeds, lily-bulbs, and diverse green vegetables and cucurbits) which we might profitably cultivate for our tables, and some of which may be seen in the markets of San Francisco and other cities where the Chinese congregate.

HOW THE GOVERNMENT HELPS

JAPAN erected a monument to the man who first introduced citrus fruits in that country eighteen centuries ago. We have no gastronomic monuments yet, but our Government has emphatically acknowledged the importance of securing variety in our foods and thus multiplying the pleasures of the table. It actually has a special Department of Plant Introduction, the object of which, in the words of David Fairchild, the agricultural explorer, is "forcing into public notice and encouraging the trials of foods that the people of other countries find excellent, and of which we are ignorant." This is true not only of foods entirely new to us, but of others with which we are partly familiar. For instance, we fondly, but mistakenly, imagine that we know dates as we know beans. There might be, and ought to be, as many varieties of dates in our markets as of apples. Five years ago, our Government had already introduced 170 kinds of dates. Search through the deserts of the world revealed the fact that the dates we buy are only one or two kinds of the host of sorts known to the Arabs, and that those we prize as delicious are regarded by these connoisseurs as by no means among their best. "The search has also brought to light," Mr. Fairchild says, "the hard, dry date, which Americans do not know at all, and which they will learn to appreciate as a food, as the Arab has."

Although we import bananas and pineapples by the ship-load, we know no more about their luscious possibilities than we do about dates. The plebeian, coarse kinds we eat would be scorned by the natives of the countries where they grow. In the Year-book of the Department of Agriculture for 1905, Herbert J. Webber relates that when the department's pineapple-breeding experiments were started, the question of what varieties to cultivate gave considerable trouble. Many growers insisted that the red Spanish was by far the best variety, because of its adaptability to open-field culture, freedom from disease, and *good shipping qualities.* Others contended that, "as varieties existed that were of *far better quality and flavor,* the market should be educated to demand these better so-called fancy fruits."

PENNYWISE DEALERS

THE words I have italicized indicate the difficulty that confronts us—a problem of vast and national importance, the chief impediment to our getting the best varieties of fruits, domestic as well as imported, and of vegetables, too, into our markets. While a few dealers are sufficiently astute to realize that sales are multiplied tenfold if the best fruits and vegetables are offered, the ruling majority are so pennywise as to think only of the shipping and keeping qualities. A leading seedsman admits that of the three things to be taken into account by market gardeners in raising tomatoes—appearance, keeping quality, and flavor—the flavor is usually least considered. Luther Burbank declares that "it is palatability that decides the permanence of a fruit"; but what if the dealers enter into a conspiracy to suppress the best because its greater delicacy and juiciness make it somewhat more perishable?

"There has for many years been a strong tendency in the American fruit trade to urge fruit-growers to reduce the number of varieties in their commercial plantations," writes a government expert. The result we all can see every day in our markets. Take grapes and peaches, for instance. Professor Bailey, in his interesting book on the "Evolution of Our Native Fruits," says that the American grape is essentially a table fruit, whereas the European is a wine fruit. He also states that "the American grapes have given rise to

eight hundred domestic varieties." Of these how many get into our markets? Barely a dozen. We might easily have a dozen more as delicious as the Delawares or as the Muscatels, which, by the way, are immensely superior in flavor to the other grapes that California sends across the continent.[1]

"Attractive diversity in appearance and quality stimulates a demand for fruit among consumers," says William A. Taylor, pomologist of the United States Bureau of Plant Industry. But the dealers are deaf and blind. The condition into which they have brought our peach market is a national disgrace and a gastronomic calamity. Most of the Southern peaches at present seem to be of one kind, and that not one of the best. But it really makes little difference what kind we buy, for all are equally spoiled by not being allowed to ripen on the tree. California peaches melt in the mouth like ice-cream—in California. In the East they used to contrast with Atlantic coast peaches by their leathery consistency and lack of flavor, due to the fact that they had to be picked unripe to stand shipment. To-day they contrast less, because Eastern peaches also are mostly picked unripe.

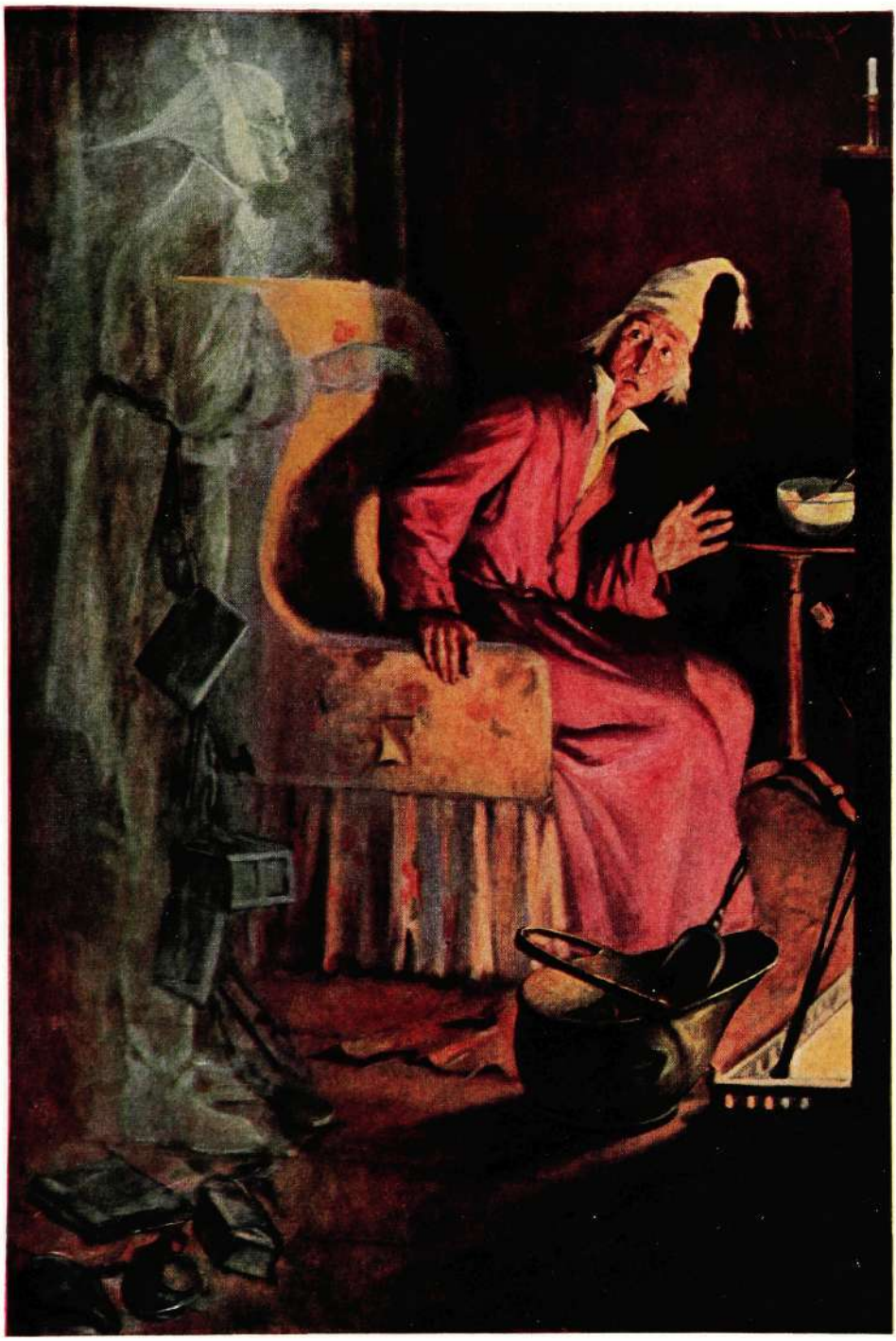
One grower has related how he compelled the dealers to be fair to the consumers. He allowed the sun to ripen his peaches on the tree, then sorted them into three grades, selling at different prices. He promptly disposed of his ten-acre crop for $9000. But the lesson seems to have been lost. Last October I spent an hour in New York markets trying to find a basketful fit for preserving. One dealer, to whom I remarked that his peaches were too hard, replied that that was the way he wanted them. "All right—then keep them," I retorted, and moved on. If all of us thus asserted the consumer's rights, reform would be sudden and thorough.

EATING WITH THE EYES

IT must be admitted that the public has to some extent aided and abetted the dealers in their sacrificing of variety and flavor for the sake of appearance and keeping qualities. Dr. Wiley has written trenchantly on the widely prevalent habit of "eating with the eyes"—of selecting articles of food for their size and color instead of their flavor; and another government official, George K. Holmes, Chief of the Division of Foreign Markets, contributed to the Year-book of the Department of Agriculture for 1904 an eighteen-page article on this same subject, entitled "Consumers' Fancies," which shows how, in the case of many articles, dealers are guided in what they offer by the fanciful preferences of the buyers. To cite one of his illustrations: "Although it may seem that it is positively not worth while, to say nothing of money, to buy a nut except to enjoy its delicious flavor, yet to taste is assigned only 25 per cent., while 50 per cent. is given to the eye, the remaining 25 per cent. going to the convenience of cracking the shells."

What aggravates the situation is that there is *something* to be said also in favor of buying for the eyes. Women naturally want the apples and oranges, the berries and vegetables and other viands on their tables to look pretty and inviting. This being the case, it seems as if there were no way out of the difficulty. But there is. We can reconcile the eye and the palate by breeding fruits and vegetables that combine good looks with good flavor. Luther Burbank has done the world a great service by originating new fruits and vegetables; but his greatest achievement is his demonstration that there is virtually no limit to obtaining fruits of any size, form, or flavor desired, and that the good looks and flavor can be combined at pleasure with shipping and keeping qualities. He himself is preparing many pleasant surprises of this kind besides the one just referred to, and hundreds of others are at work on the same problems, on which, indeed, the Government is at present spending millions. Every State has its Agricultural Experiment Station, where expert hybridizers and variety-makers are helping to multiply our pleasures of the table.

[1] In a letter, dated July 25, 1911, Mr. Burbank informs me that he is "at work on several of the California grapes to give them better flavors, thicker skins, and better keeping qualities, and," he adds, "I assure you that I am having good success. They are not yet ready to send out."



MARLEY'S GHOST APPEARING TO SCROOGE. FROM "A CHRISTMAS CAROL," BY CHARLES DICKENS

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY S. J. WOOLF

THE GREATER CALL

BY MARY KNIGHT POTTER

JOHN MARLBOROUGH, minister of All Souls', picked up his evening mail from his desk and sank into the big chair before the study-fire. Percival's letter was the topmost of the pile, but he eyed it languidly, too tired even to be interested in news from the old college. Besides, he guessed what it told, for the papers had already chronicled Percival's appointment as dean. The letter would only have the particulars, and somehow to-night he did not wish to read them. He was too exhausted to feel joy for his old chum, too hopeless himself to give him good cheer.

Hopeless—that was it. He had not said the word outright before, but now it loomed within his vision, dominating the days to come, as it had darkened the ones that had passed. With his head on his hands and his eyes shut to the flickering flames, he wondered heavily why he had taken so long to acknowledge his defeat. Why, indeed, could he have dreamed in the beginning that he was the man for such a place as Wellington?

And then his thoughts went back to those last graduate days in the divinity school when the two calls had come: one from the historic, cultivated New England society; the other from the raw, blatant, aggressive city sprung up about its factory chimneys with such incredible swiftness that only yesterday, it seemed, it was not. He could hear now the astonished dismay of professors and classmates at his choice. Half a night Percival had argued that a man with his training and instincts, not to mention his abilities, was throwing away the gifts the gods had bestowed to take them to such a place as Wellington. Even saintly old Dr. Howland had suggested gently that missionaries required the stuff of pioneers, a class hardly needing, nor usually possessing, great learning or exquisite refinements. Marlborough repeated cynically to himself his answer that "Those who knew the best could best get along without it. Until such as Wellington had been taught that best, how could there be any real hope for the republic's future?"

Ah, what an egregious egotist he had been to imagine that he was the man to rouse Wellington to that "best!" Not that he agreed with Percival and the others as to Wellington's necessities. He had failed only because he was not big enough; of that he was sure. If he had been stronger to grapple with its problems, if his ideals could have made his tongue and life more compelling; oh, if he had been other,—better, nobler,—what might he not have done? Instead of which, what was there to show for all his eight years? Had his influence made owners of mill or railroad less oblivious of the golden rule, or their laborers more willing to obey that precept on their side? It was only last year that the corporations had combined to cheat public and workmen alike of long-vested rights. The same year the employees had struck for unearned privileges. The scandalous deal between the railroad and the aldermen had occurred as late as last summer. The utter defeat of his anti-saloon efforts in his working-men's club was history only a few months old. Failure! Everywhere failure!

And yet how he had worked! It was only since his visit that autumn to his old college town that he had begun to realize what a strain he had been under. It was the first vacation he had taken—"like a fool," as Percival told him bluntly. But what a welcome the college gave him! And how he had reveled in the freedom, the quiet, the thought of the whole place! He had gulped it down as a starving man his first full dinner. Then finally on Sunday he had listened once more to Dr. West, just as he used to listen in student days.

That was when the first great tide of

regret had swept over him. As he had looked at the intent congregation, at the scholarly, refined faces, he saw as through an open window that other congregation that sat below his own pulpit. That was not an assemblage of one type. There was in it pretty nearly every human variety except that so general in this college town. Mill-hands, clerks, superintendents, proprietor, owners—all were represented. But, however differing in apparel, manner, or expression, in one respect at least they were alike: not even the searching eyes of their minister could find trace of the earnest thought or consistent ideals characteristic of those then about him. His spirit had groveled within him and cried bitterly. Surely it must be his fault that Wellington faces had changed so little for the better in all his eight long years of ministry. It was proof enough. He had known it that day, if he had never acknowledged it before. He was not the man for them.

The logs in the fireplace hissed sharply and broke asunder, and the glowing bed of coals threw strange shadows across the bent head of the man. Slowly he roused himself, and almost unconsciously he opened the letter from his college friend.

At first his own thoughts came crowding in between the lines so that he only half assimilated Percival's banter over his new dignities. Then, at the bottom of a page he had not read, a single sentence stood out before him with sharp isolation: "You are to have a chance for Dr. West's pulpit." Twice he read it, unbelieving. Then, while the blood rushed beating into his temples, his eyes raced over the paragraphs following:

"It is not yet public property, but the dear old man is to resign, and he himself has suggested you. Not being on the committee, I 've made no promises of secrecy, and so I 'm not perjuring myself to tell you their plans. Professor Barton intends being at Wellington next Sunday. If his decision is favorable, you are to be invited here for a *try*. They will supply at Wellington meantime. But if you get the first invitation, I 'm not afraid of the rest. And I am jubilating loud enough for you to hear me this minute.

"You well know how I felt about your ever going to such a hole. As the years have gone by and I have seen men with not half your ability making names for themselves, I have felt worse. By now, it seems to me, you must appreciate how much more tremendous an influence a man can wield in a position like Dr. West's than in one like yours.

"It is no use to remind you of what you yourself need. But has it occurred to you that your wife is being sacrificed along with you? Forgive my brutality, John, but how has she existed all these years? Is it a square deal to bury such a mind and nature as hers in the ruins of your quixotic undertaking? Again, forgive me, old fellow. It is partly my own selfish want, I know, that urges me on. I want you here; I need you. We all need you.

"But, now, what I am anxious about is that next sermon. For Heaven's sake! don't preach to the factory-hands or yet to the factory-owners for this once! Preach for thinking, intelligent, cultivated human-beings. Do your own mind justice, that 's all, and you will capture Barton."

"Is it a square deal to bury her beneath the ruins of your quixotic undertaking?" That phrase fairly reverberated in John Marlborough's mind. None but he knew how she had been buried—starved and buried. From the beginning his one fear in accepting the position had been dread for her. If she had not taken the initiative, he might, because of her, finally have refused the call. It was her radiant appreciation, her glad acceptance, of all it meant that had really precipitated his decision. What other woman could have done it so simply?

And never once had she shown even momentary regret or self-pity. John Marlborough's face flushed and his eyes filled. She had borne it long enough, he said to himself chokingly; far too long, since he had only made a failure of it all. His hand clutched the letter fiercely, and a sudden, swift light sprang into his eyes. Thank God! the escape had come in time! For he *would* write a sermon—one that should take Barton by storm. He had it all in mind. For months he had been vainly hunting time to write an article for the "Review," controverting Dr. Shane's "Necessary and Rational Submersion of Religious Faiths," with a triumphant showing of the imperative need of just such a belief as theirs. It certainly would hardly be a sermon for Wellington to appreciate. But already he could hear the

applause of Barton and the college. What a relief, what an incentive, to feel once more that one's best would find quick understanding and acknowledgment! Then suddenly his exultation dimmed. Was it because his pride was hurt that his failure in Wellington cut so deeply?

He forgot that unanswered question when he told Margaret of Percival's letter. He forgot everything but her first tremulous words:

"Back to the college, John! Back where there is something besides gossip and money! Where we won't be afraid every hour of the day of what 'Boy' may learn on the street!"

She tried to nullify them afterward, telling him that he must do what he thought best. It would be best for her and the boy.

His arms only held her with a more remorseful tenderness. He had not known, he scathed himself, he had not begun to know, the extent of her sacrifice. And for the next three days that was the underthought that spurred his pen to the sermon for Barton.

It was the habit of Wellington to expect to see its minister at any moment which was convenient or desirable for its own comfort. Sermons could be written when everybody else was abed. In ordinary waking hours a minister was public property. To its unbounded astonishment, for these days the study door was locked and Margaret barred the way of approach. At first she had wicked thrills of triumph over her barricade. But since a minister's wife can often, if regretfully, be substituted as burden-bearer, many of those that came proceeded to load Margaret with everything they could lay their tongues to. Till Thursday she kept the half-mocking shine in her eyes, the cheerful curve on her lips. But by Friday night she was so tired that Marlborough's report of progress hardly brought an illuminating ray. It was an added stab and an added incentive to him.

"I 've got to win," he told himself grimly. "Fool, not to have seen how this life is killing her!"

Saturday afternoon the task was finished. Spent, and yet flushed with victory, he ascribed the troubled uncertainty in her eyes to doubts of his success.

"It 's my very best," he assured her. "And if I know Barton at all, Margaret, we have won."

"Of course you 'll win. I 've never been afraid. If only they don't overwhelm you before you have a chance." With a gasp she tried to cover that last sentence with a cough, but he had heard.

"Overwhelm me? Who? How?"

She laughed lamely. "The people who have been after you. In spite of all my attempts to satisfy their insatiable demands, it would n't surprise me to see every one of them lined up between here and church to-morrow. You 'd never escape in time for service."

He did not laugh. Instead, he stroked her hair remorsefully. "Poor little woman! What a time you have had!"

She made a gesture of dissent. "It is not that. But there are such a lot of hard things. It made me feel,—" her breath caught again, and she shook her head,— "You sha'n't hear another word till after church to-morrow. I 've put a list of the worst into your sermon-case, and perhaps you had better take a look at it immediately after service."

"Nothing I ought to see about tonight?" Ministerial conscience insisted upon that.

"Nothing that can't wait. Though I suppose you will have to see Mrs. Tucker to-morrow. Nobody else is to come near you till Monday. Oh, I forgot. I promised to tell you; I could n't refuse him. It 's Jake. His brother came home from prison yesterday, and was here last night helping at the furnace. I did n't see him. He has n't seen anybody, and won't, Jake says. But he has agreed to go to church to-morrow." Margaret stopped a moment, and then went on hurriedly, "Jake seemed to think that hearing you preach would be enough to reform Dick forever."

A quick frown swept her husband's forehead. "To-morrow, of all Sundays!"

"It 's only Jake's idea, you know. You need n't worry. You 'll be able to see Dick, and a talk will do him more good than listening to a dozen sermons."

Though that was certainly probable, the next morning, as Marlborough stepped into the pulpit, he was hoping the boy was not in church. Generally Jake, in his gallery seat, was invisible to the minister; but to-day his glance almost instantly rested on the two brothers. Jake, who had worked

his way from newsboy to trusted man-of-all-work for the whole neighborhood, sat with his lips parted in a rather uncertain smile. His air of anxious eagerness contrasted sharply with the furtive, sullen manner of the other, doubled up into an indiscriminate heap beside him. Marlborough felt his face flushing. Those two would find very little in his sermon that day. It was such a pity. Then he shrugged his shoulders impatiently. It really could make no difference, since he would see them directly.

Thus reassuring himself, he looked down at his wife. At the moment Professor Barton was being shown into the pew. His heart bounded. How cool and critical that keenly intellectual countenance! How striking the contrast between him and the rest of the congregation! Heavens! how fortunate that Percival had warned him! Margaret, he saw, was a little nervous, despite the control that kept her lips steady and filled her greeting of the professor with exactly the right amount of pleasure.

After the first responsive reading, and while the choir was singing, his eyes strayed about once more. There was Mrs. Farren in her broad-aisle pew, alone as usual. She was not a cultivated body, this wife of the biggest mill-owner in town. She was a browbeaten, neglected little woman, and she bore with her brute of a husband like a saint. What did she say the other day? "If Sunday did not come once a week, I don't know how I could pull through the other six days." Marlborough stirred a bit uneasily. She had always been so grateful for the little he could give. Well, he must call to-morrow.

With a sigh he looked over into the transept. There in the corner sat MacGregor, the tightest-fisted old skinflint landlord in Wellington. He had been at the bottom of the failure of the anti-saloon league,—naturally, as he himself had said to Marlborough, with an ironical twist of his thin, dry lips, since he owned most of the saloons of the city,—and yet he had demolished one fertile source of income by tearing down a brace of rookeries where families swarmed like vermin. In its place he had built a group of decent tenements, which, with the same ironical twist of the thin, dry lips, he had called "The Minister's Folly." It was the only recognition he had ever given of Marlborough's influence, if recognition it were. As he looked at the hard face, Marlborough wondered what brought him to church. Was there not a report that a scapegrace son had just died somewhere off in China? Again he was vaguely sorry. The sermon was not precisely for such as MacGregor.

Opposite, where his eyes turned hurriedly, was Mrs. Tucker, whom his wife had promised he should see after service. Marlborough groaned. Why could n't she have stayed away? Even if she were perfectly innocent, as he believed, considering the scandal, one might suppose she would keep out of sight.

Then it was time for the first Scripture lesson, and he rose slowly. Somehow his elasticity of spirit had departed.

During the singing of the next hymn Margaret's list dropped out of his sermon-case. The mere length of it staggered him. Though he put it back at once, he had seen too much. He found himself going over the names half automatically. Mrs. Jones headed them, he had noticed. Probably she had learned finally that the doctors could give her no more hope. He well knew the fright and despair of that frivolous, vain, empty-headed creature. After all, she had not had a fair show. How could the daughter of such parents be different? It was pity, not censure, she needed.

Was n't Blackwell's name next? Most likely that indicated more trouble at the mill. Those smelterers were a turbulent lot. Fortunately their leader was a young Bulgarian whom Marlborough had befriended some years before in the Boys' Club. When they got beyond Blackwell he sent post-haste for the minister of All Souls' to argue with them. Marlborough smiled a trifle grimly. It was the only time the manager of the Skelton Mills ever found ministerial advice profitable.

And, yes, he had seen Miss Minton's name. The committee, then, had asked her to resign? Poor, little old maid! It was an outrage. She had certainly done better than most of the inefficient teachers in the Wellington schools. What was going to happen to her ninety-year-old mother if she lost the position?

Tom Blake was on the list, too; and Angeline Palmer, and Mr. Flint, and Heaven knew how many more. They were all in trouble of one kind or another;

no doubt about that, he thought wearily. It was always trouble when he was wanted.

Presently he became aware that the music had ceased and that the congregation was waiting for the second lesson. With an effort he pulled himself together and opened the Testament. To his own dazed surprise he could not remember what he had chosen to read. It certainly was not the fourth chapter of Luke, yet when the leaves separated at that, he felt impelled to read it. As he finished with the eighteenth verse, the words came back to him as if spoken by some one else:

> The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised.

In the prayer that followed, Marlborough scarcely realized what phrases he used. His mind was enveloped in a dull puzzle, and he was aware only of a great longing for some solution—of what he hardly knew.

While he waited for the next anthem, he sat with his head bowed in his hands, still with a desperate feeling of indecision and uncertainty. Then suddenly before his closed eyes rose the picture of his congregation, a definite, composite whole that filled his mental retina to the exclusion of every physical impression. In one sense there was nothing new in those faces as he now saw them. There were the narrow sordidness, the shallow satisfaction, the uneasy greed; there was bad taste everywhere, as there was flamboyant display of wealth. He had seen all that from the beginning. It was what had brought him to Wellington. And because it was still there, he had despaired. But now, as his closed eyes looked upon these, his people, he saw something else. He saw that every face, gray with care or flushed with complacence, was turned to him. And back of all their blindness, all their ignorance, and all their vanity, shone forth their belief in him. And as he felt their trust, Marlborough saw, as he had never seen before, how that very trust was expression of their overwhelming, if still half-unrecognized, need of what he had for them.

The last, low note of the anthem sank into silence, and the congregation settled back with the final rustle that precedes the sermon quiet. Slowly Marlborough rose, and while his eyes rested full on the lifted, watching face of his wife, he closed the open sermon-case before him and laid it aside. The color fled from Margaret's face, and with a half-audible gasp she leaned forward, her eyes meeting his with a questioning that came to him louder than shouted words. For a moment his lids wavered, and his hand moved toward the case. Then, with the quiet power that always filled All Souls' to its last seat in its farthest corners came his text:

> Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.
>
> For whosoever will save his life shall lose it.

As the low, vibrating words broke the hush of expectation, Margaret almost cried out. And yet, after that first shock, it seemed to her she had always known he would say them.

From his wife Marlborough's eyes lifted, slipped over Professor Barton, and rested upon the body of the church, a slight upward motion of his hands emphasizing the wide inclusiveness of his vision. Contrary to his usual upright, intensely quiet pose, he bent slightly over the pulpit, and now and again his hands reached out with an unconscious, but strangely compelling, gesture.

With only half-comprehending ears those before him listened while he urged a new definition of *cross* upon them; but little by little, as he went on, a mighty thrill of intentness, like a long-held breath that dared not break, possessed them, and they leaned toward him, drinking in his rushing torrent of words. The very things they prized most, he was telling them, were their crosses. Their wealth, their power over the forces of men and nature, their opportunities to acquire and to build for posterity—all these, which they took with such confident satisfaction, were the weights that bound them to an earth so deep there was no heaven above.

Probably only Professor Barton could have given afterward a succinct draft of the sermon. It was the man, not the ser-

mon, that Margaret was hearing, while all the others were listening too absorbingly to remember words or even matter. They only knew that their minds and hearts were being torn out into plain view of their own eyes, and the vision sent the shamed blood over them in waves.

Then he told them how those who saved their lives should indeed lose them. With vivid, stinging words he made them grasp to the full the inexorableness of the law. Finally, while they dared not look at one another, he taught them of that law's reverse. And from MacGregor the landlord to Dick the discharged convict, that congregation for once at least comprehended something of the joy that will come only to him who, losing his life for others, does in fact save it.

From his opening words John Marlborough forgot Barton and the college, forgot even the rights of the woman he loved. It was not till he had slipped into his study that there came the complete realization of what he had actually done —what it meant to him, what, above all, it meant to Margaret. With his robe still on, forgetting the waiting people, forgetting that in mere courtesy he should see Professor Barton at once, he dropped into a chair by the window and tried to think calmly.

But he could only remember that he had sacrificed Margaret—sacrificed her deliberately, too. For when he had stood looking into her eyes as he laid aside the prepared sermon he had made his choice. Afterward, the rushing words had obliterated her as it had obliterated himself and the college. But at the moment he had realized to the bitter full what he was forcing upon her. Yet even that knowledge had not had power to push aside the compulsion that was upon him. Now he wondered drearily if he had not been the victim of some strange hallucination. Why such urgent need? Would it have mattered if that once he had preached for Barton instead of for Wellington? He stared stupidly out of the window. There was no use; he was too exhausted to think. He wished he could get home quietly; especially he wished he might escape Barton.

When, a minute later, a tap came at the door, he did not answer. Perhaps the interrupter would go away if he kept still. But, instead, the door opened softly, and before he could turn, Margaret was kneeling beside him.

"My dear! my dear!" she said.

John Marlborough heard the tears in her voice and did not comprehend the shining in her eyes. And so, though he held her fast, his words halted brokenly.

"I could not help it," he said; "I had to do it."

Her hands slipped to his shoulders, and she drew back a bit from him. "Why, John!" she said. And now he began to guess the meaning of the shining eyes. "You are thinking of me," she whispered, "while I, oh, John! I am only thanking God He let me be your wife!"

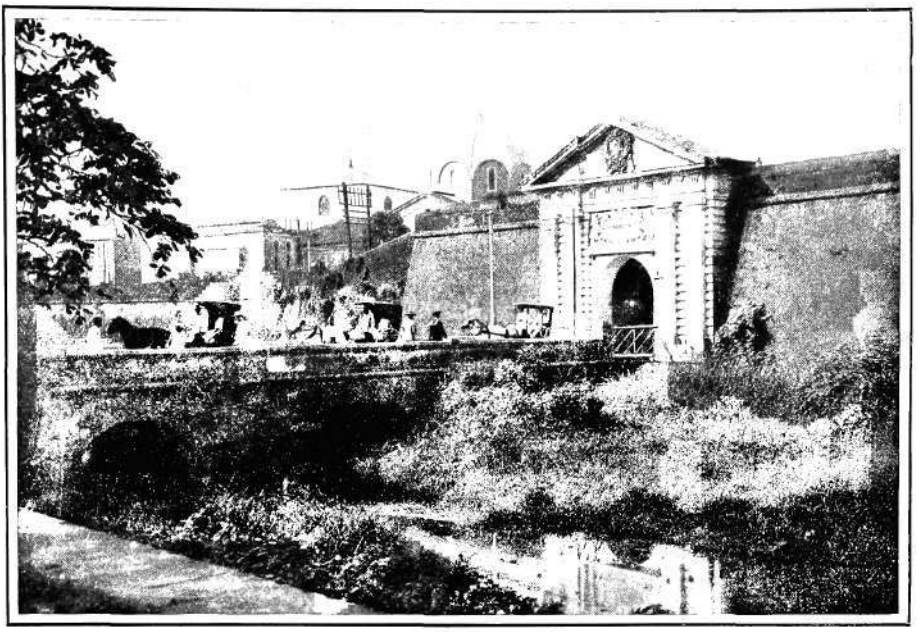
It was Professor Barton, who, a few minutes later, shaking Marlborough's hand as if he could not let it go, was saying words not unlike.

"My dear fellow, I 'm thankful I came to-day. You could n't always do it; no one could. But more than anything else in the world we need him who *can* reach that height."

John Marlborough's wife smiled proudly, but Marlborough lifted a startled face. Till that moment he had not dreamed that the sermon which renounced the college pulpit might bring it all the more within his reach. And though nothing could change his decision now, a wave of gladness that was strangely mixed with humility of spirit swept over him.

Professor Barton knew John Marlborough of old, and he had, besides, learned his own lesson anew that morning. He read something of the joy and the humility in the face before him, and he read, too, the unfaltering purpose behind. Once more he shook Marlborough's hand, but it was to Margaret he spoke.

"I never more than half believed he would come back to us. And now he has made it impossible for me to urge the request I bring from the old college. But don't believe, my dear lady,"—a whimsical look flashed through his keen, friendly eyes,—"don't believe I have been converted into thinking Wellington deserves either of you. I am only saying Amen, because—you deserve the Wellington which yet shall be."



THE PARIAN GATE TO THE WALLED CITY, OR "INTRAMUROS"

With the exception of a short section on the Pasig River, the walls and stately gates of the old city have been preserved.

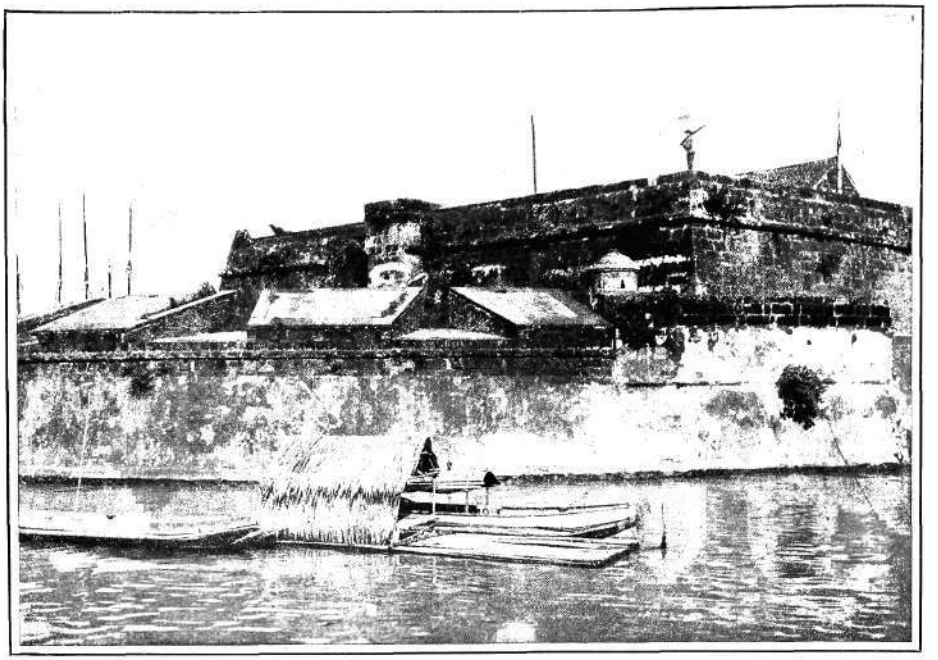
THE NEW MANILA

WHAT THE GOVERNMENT IS DOING TO BEAUTIFY THE CAPITAL OF THE PHILIPPINES

ON the thirteenth of last August the United States completed its thirteenth year of control at Manila. The American people are little aware of the march of improvements in that time, and especially in the last seven years. Perhaps the average well-informed American will be surprised to learn that the present administration of our far-Eastern possessions receives no appropriation from the United States treasury either for current expenses or for permanent improvements. It is true that a division of the army serves there as a garrison, but our army and transports must be maintained in any case.

Although the American government realized that the first object to be attained in the city of Manila was public health and order, and with that view installed during the years from 1905 to 1910 a modern system of sewage disposal, and brought down from the mountains east of Manila a supply of pure water, they were quick to feel the importance, as pointed out by Mr. Taft when he was Secretary of War, of making the old Spanish city of Manila a modern city, conveniently arranged for commerce, as well as attractive to residents and tourists. Under such conditions residents who have acquired wealth there are contented to remain and continue their interests. Of the cities under American rule to develop town-planning along systematic lines, Manila was one of the first to put extensive plans into execution.

Since 1904 the Philippines have been fortunate in having as one of the commissioners a man who has appreciated the advantage of attractive surroundings from the businessman's point of view, as well as "for art's sake." At the instance of the Hon. W. Cameron Forbes, now governor-



FORT SANTIAGO, A BASTION OF THE OLD CITY WALLS AT THE MOUTH OF THE PASIG RIVER

Parts of this fortification were built in the sixteenth century as a defense against Chinese and Moro pirates.

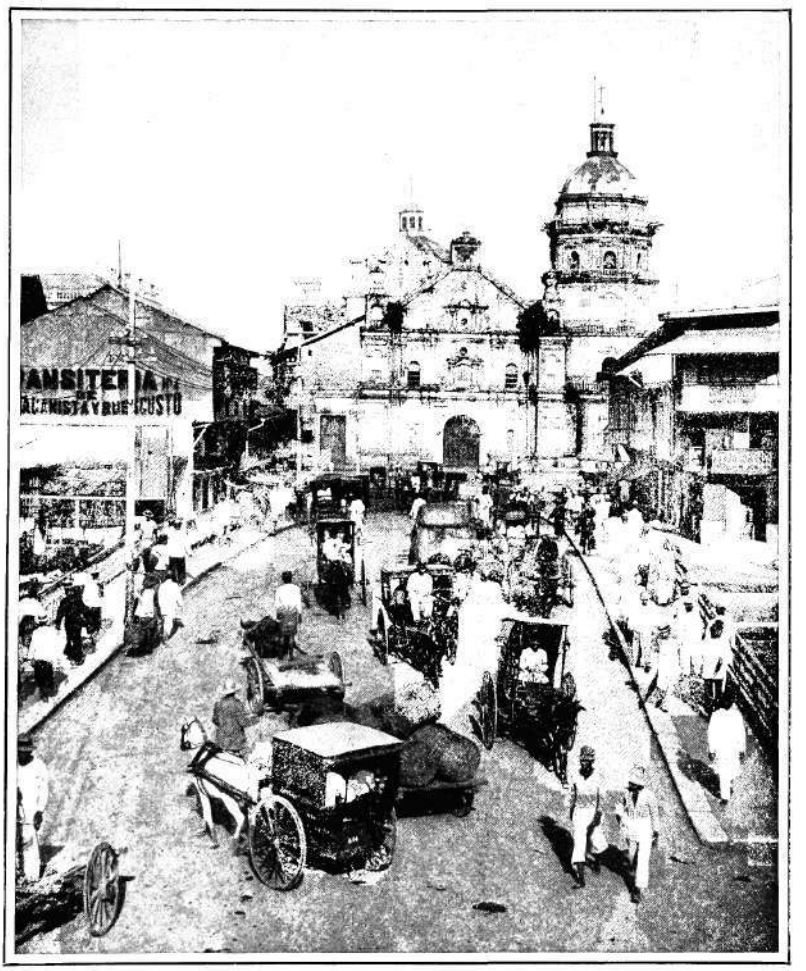
general, an architect of international reputation, Daniel H. Burnham, visited Manila in 1905, and, after studying its unique conditions, submitted a preliminary scheme for extensive improvements. Although later the plan was considerably modified for reasons affecting real estate and railways, the general lines of that scheme are now being carried out under William E. Parsons of New York City. Mr. Parsons was a student at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts during 1898–1901, and in 1905 was appointed consulting architect for the Philippines government. Under the present organization of the bureaus of government, he has official charge of the designing and building of all public edifices.

Manila has the appearance of an old Spanish city. While parts of the city walls, churches, and monasteries were built in the sixteenth century, structures built within the last century have the appearance of great age, due no doubt to the action of the tropical climate on the soft stone and the tile roofs. The oldest part of Manila, the "Intramuros" (within the walls), is at the mouth of the Pasig River, on its north bank. This region, about three quarters of a mile in length, is surrounded by fortifications, the oldest of which, Fort Santiago, at the mouth of the river, was built in the sixteenth century for protection against the Chinese and Moro pirates. The city walls were surrounded by broad moats and pierced by stately gateways of the best Renaissance architecture, reminding one of the gates at Verona built by the famous Sanmicheli.

Soon after the occupation of Manila by the American troops, the practical Yankee mind began to question the utility of these old walls and gateways, and there was a general disposition to remove them, either entirely or partly. One city engineer favored the use of the stones for road material. Fortunately such vandalism was checked, and with the exception of a short section along the Pasig River they have been preserved, and, wherever gradual but certain injury by vegetation was taking place, restored. Recently the city walls, together with the surrounding moats, have been made a part of the park system. The stagnant moats, foul with the drainage of several centuries, have been filled in with material taken up by the

hydraulic dredge in the port, and the areas are being graded in the form of sunken panels of greensward and converted into public gardens and playgrounds.

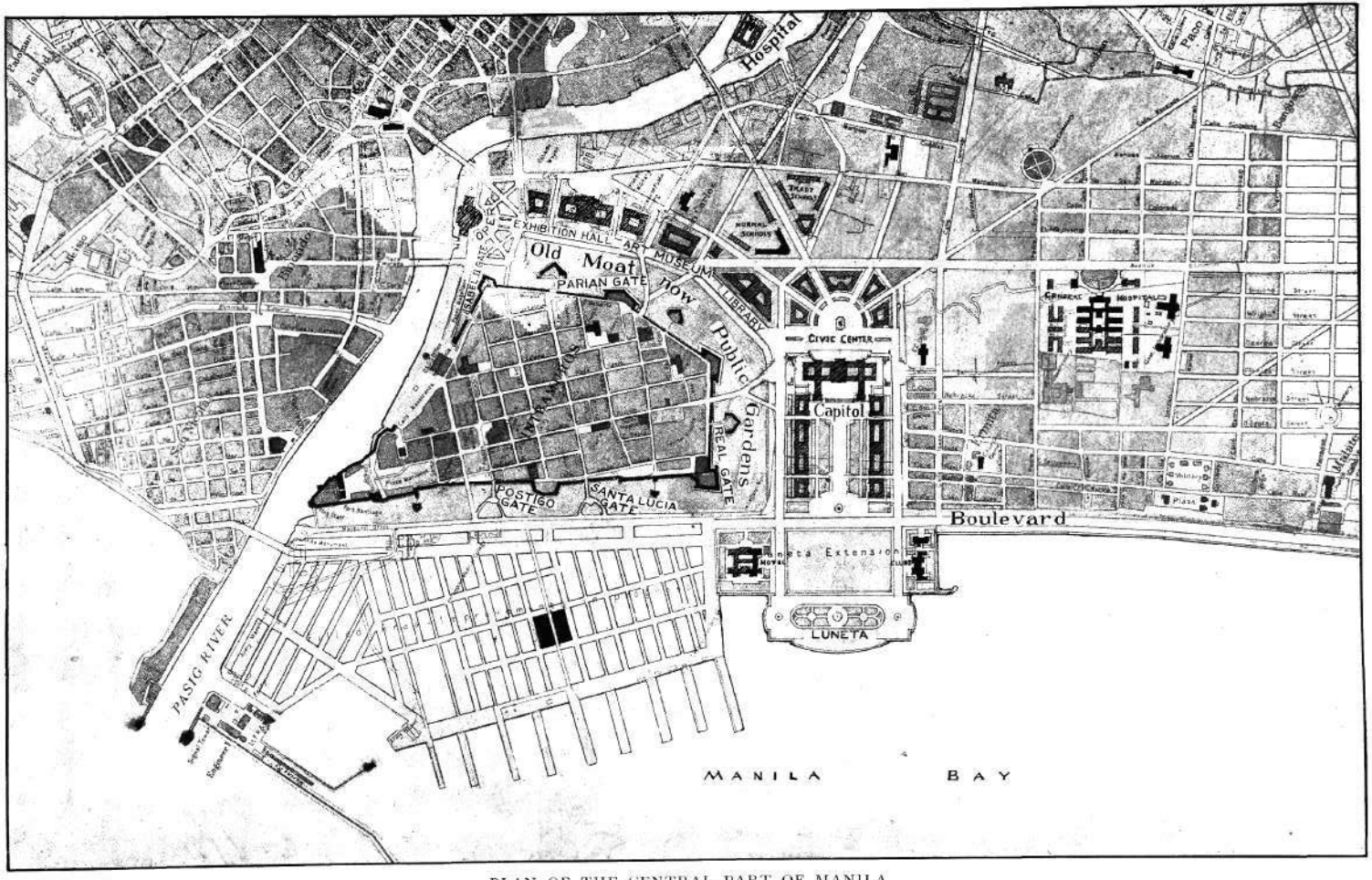
In the days of fortified cities, the space within the walls was so valuable that few large open spaces could be spared. In consequence, the prominent spaces of old Manila were occupied by churches, monasteries, convents, and public buildings, the towers and domes of the churches rising high above the walls. Spanish architecture in the Philippines is essentially Spanish Renaissance, modified by the tropical climate and other local conditions. Unlike the architecture of southern Italy, where thick stone walls, pierced with small windows, seem to have been the prevailing protection against heat, the Spaniards felt the necessity of ample ventilation. Consequently the windows, especially in the living quarters of the upper story, are wide and are shaded with projecting eaves and canopies. Sometimes galleries surround the entire building and form a passageway several feet in width as an insulation, as it were, against the external heat. Architecturally these projecting second stories produce street effects of very characteristic appearance. Another practical advantage of this treatment is that the rain, which under the



From a photograph, copyright by Underwood & Underwood

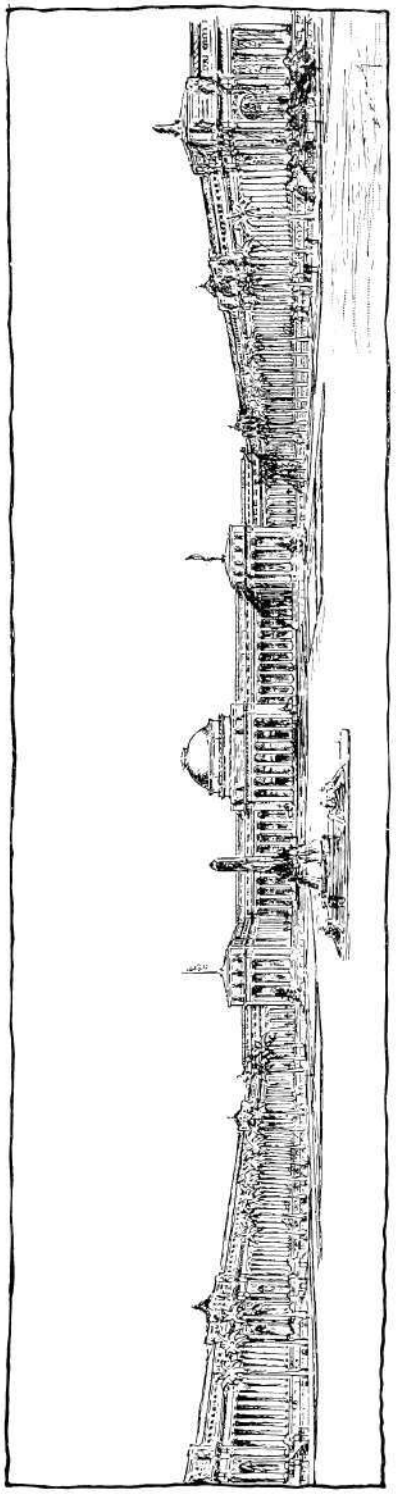
BINONDO CATHEDRAL, WITHIN THE WALLS

A typical example of Spanish church architecture in the Philippines.



PLAN OF THE CENTRAL PART OF MANILA

On the bay side of the Intramuros is shown the large area recently reclaimed from the bay in connection with the improvements of the port of Manila; the proposed civic center with the radial system of streets; the large hospital, recently completed, at the right of the civic center; and the new Luneta.



Drawn by the architect W. E. Parsons

A STUDY IN PERSPECTIVE OF THE PROPOSED GROUP OF GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS, AS SEEN FROM THE LUNETA

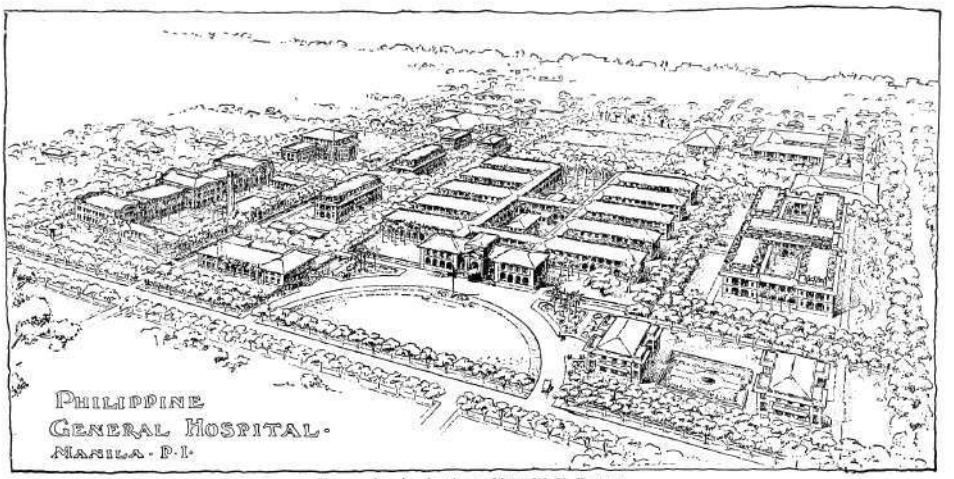
pressure of high winds is driven through the window-sashes, is allowed to drip through on the outside of the stone walls of the lower story instead of inside the building.

Perhaps in no other country in the world are conchas used as a substitute for window-glass. These shells are flat, nearly round, and average four inches in diameter. The edges are trimmed off, so as to leave panes about three inches square, and these are set in narrow strips of wood. The shells are of course translucent rather than transparent, and the result is a soft, opalescent light, very agreeable in a country where the glare of the sky would be intolerable if ordinary glass were used. To obtain the maximum window-openings, the sashes are made to slide horizontally on wide sills of hard wood in a manner similar to that adopted by the Japanese. By this means, openings as wide as twelve feet are obtained.

The ceilings of the interiors are high, as is usual in warm climates. The minimum height allowed by the building laws is three meters, or about ten feet. In buildings of the better class, ceilings of from fifteen to twenty feet are not uncommon.

To realize the splendid resources of the forests of the Philippines, one has only to see the hard-wood flooring in the public buildings and the residences of the better class. These consist of large slabs of mahogany, or, to use the local names, molave, narra, tindalo, and acle, these being of various colors and graining. Frequently the pieces, occasionally as much as forty inches in width and forty feet in length, are laid alternately in dark and light shades. Polished by the household *muchachos* (house boys) till they reflect like mirrors, they produce a magnificent effect.

Fortunately the physical conditions of the old Spanish Manila have not stood in the way of modern improvements. The city has been allowed to remain virtually intact. Improvements now in progress or proposed are confined to a large open tract adjoining the Intramuros, the reclaimed areas along Manila Bay, and some of the open fields not previously regarded as valuable real estate because of their being only slightly above sea-level. The first of these sites was left open by



From a drawing by the architect W. E. Parsons

THE NEW GENERAL HOSPITAL AT MANILA

the Spaniards for military reasons, the British having successfully attacked the Intramuros in 1762 by intrenching themselves in a stone church which in those days stood in this field.

According to the general scheme of improvement, this site has been reserved for the government center, and here will be grouped the capitol for the legislature, the executive offices for the governor-general, the supreme court, and buildings for the various departments and bureaus, which are now scattered about in different parts of the city. In composition this group takes the form of a vast quadrangle, open on one side, with an uninterrupted view of Manila Bay and Mount Mariveles, at the entrance to the bay, twenty-five miles to the west.

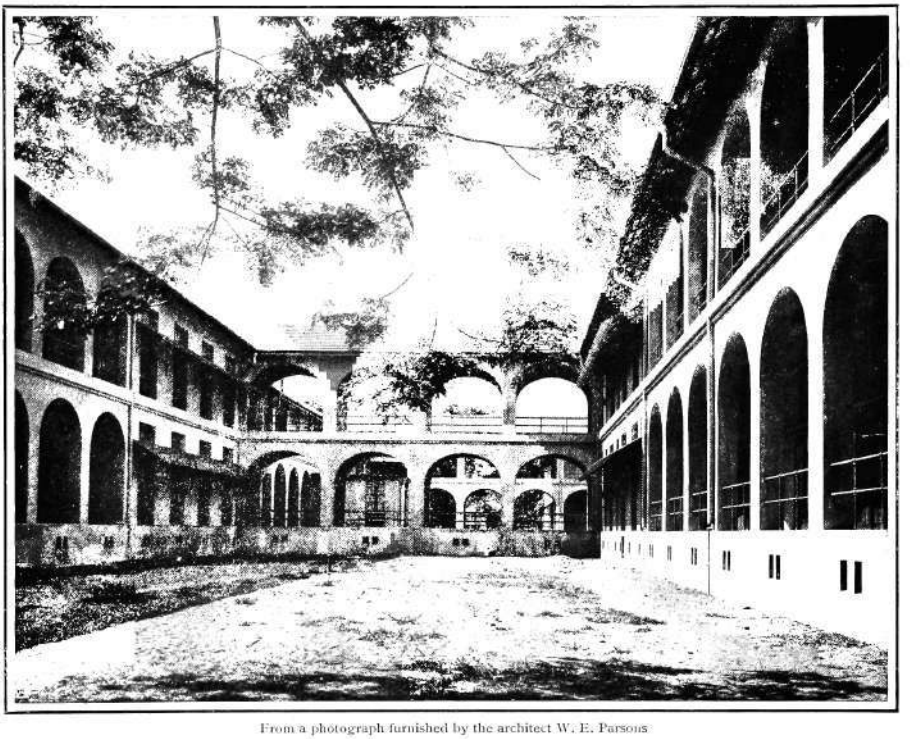
Between the capitol and the waterfront public gardens are being prepared on ground reclaimed from the shore at the time when, several years ago, the harbor was dredged to a depth of thirty-one feet, the material thus excavated being used to form the reclamation. At the same time suitable sites were obtained for city clubs and a large modern hotel now nearing completion. In January, 1912, Manila will no longer be subject to the reproach of inhospitality to the visitor from foreign shores.

The center of social activity in the early evening hour is the Luneta. This is a plaza, not in the form of a crescent, as the name might imply, but a long, oval-shaped area arranged with paths and lawns and surrounded by a wide driveway where hundreds of vehicles circulate or stand to hear the Constabulary Band. Painted in the glowing colors of the sun setting behind Mount Mariveles, while the lights

From a drawing by the architect W. E. Parsons

THE NEW HOTEL, NOW NEARLY COMPLETED, ON A SITE ADJOINING THE LUNETA

appear on the shipping in the harbor, this makes a gorgeous scene. Evidently the name Luneta is a shortening of the "Paseo de la Luneta," which in Spanish days existed inshore on a much smaller scale, the Luneta itself having been a crescent-shaped fortification detached from the main city defenses, and recently removed to make room for the government center. The location of the Luneta shore-front, a boulevard is being constructed along the shore south from the Luneta. Since the actual shore as far as Malate is occupied by villas and bungalows extending to the water's-edge, to avoid the expense of condemning valuable property, the Government is reclaiming a strip of land two hundred and fifty feet wide and a mile and a half in length. The riprap wall is now completed, and the



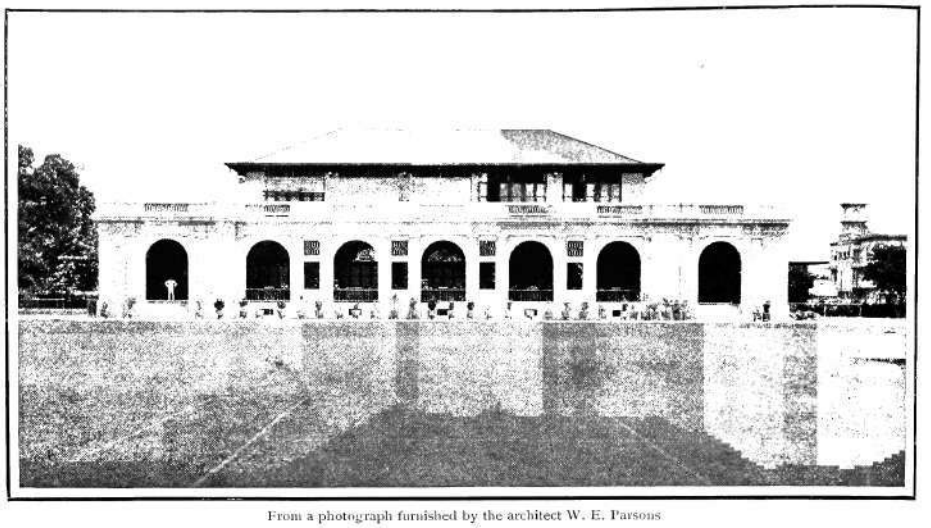
From a photograph furnished by the architect W. E. Parsons

A COURT-YARD BETWEEN TWO WARD PAVILIONS OF THE GENERAL HOSPITAL
The verandas are used by convalescents.

and its relation to the government center may be understood by referring to the general plan of the central part of Manila.

In Spanish times Manila had the Malecon, a pleasure-drive bordered with royal palms, in front of the Intramuros, and extending three quarters of a mile along the bay from the Pasig River to the Luneta. With the harbor improvements, however, was involved the reclamation of two hundred acres of valuable commercial property adjoining the port, and the Malecon ceased to be a shore-drive. To restore this indispensable feature of the filling behind it will be made by pumping up the sand and silt of the harbor by means of a hydraulic dredge. The width of two hundred and fifty feet will allow space for pleasure-drives, promenades, and bridle-paths, bordered with palms, mango-trees, and other brilliant tropical foliage, to form an extended bay-side park. This drive is destined to become one of the park wonders of the world.

Reference to the general plan of the central portion of Manila will show the proposed grouping of buildings, those indicated in black being of recent construc-



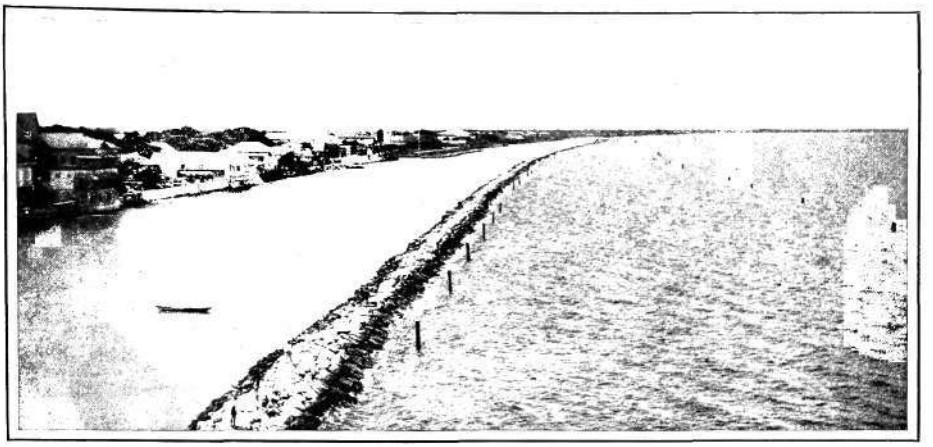
From a photograph furnished by the architect W. E. Parsons

THE MANILA CLUB, COMPLETED IN 1907

tion, and those with cross-hatching being projected for future erection. As the first to be built, the Government selected those of practical need, such as the general hospital and part of the group of insular school-buildings. The hospital was opened for occupancy in the presence of Secretary of War Dickinson during his official visit in September, 1910. That group includes, besides the hospital proper, a medical school, a laboratory for the special study of tropical diseases, a dispensary, nurses' home and training-school, and everything required in a modern hospital. The plan is of the pavilion type, similar to some of the recent hospitals in Germany, with the important difference, however, that the pavilions are connected by corri-

From a photograph furnished by the architect W. E. Parsons

THE LOGGIA OF THE MANILA CLUB



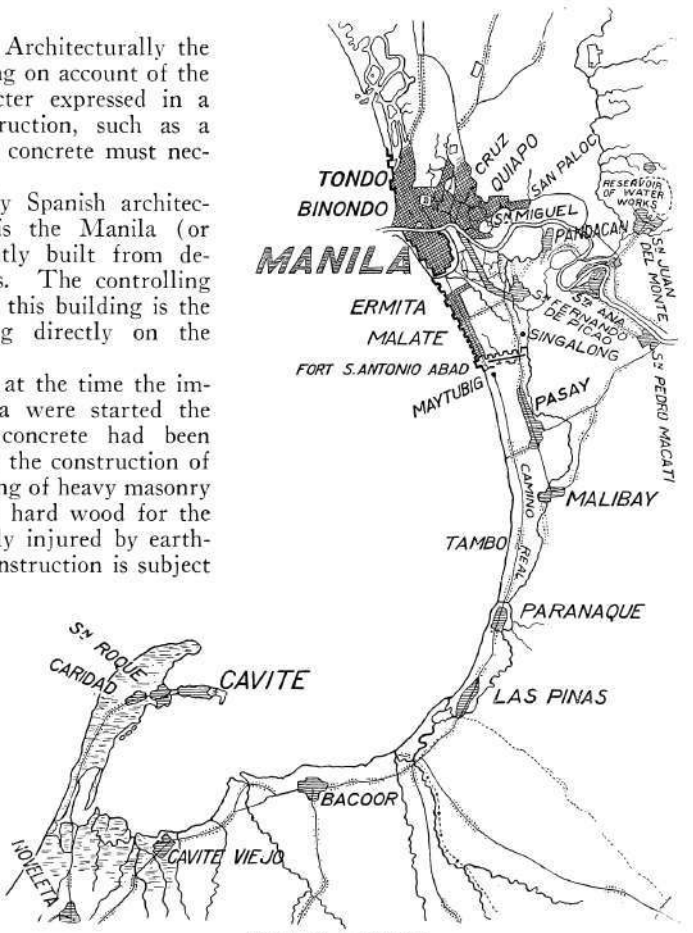
THE RIPRAP WALL OF THE PROJECTED BAY-SHORE BOULEVARD

The fill from this wall to the shore will form a boulevard two hundred and fifty feet wide, which is to be extended to Cavite. The material, gained in deepening the harbor, will be pumped over the wall by means of a hydraulic dredge.

dors on both stories. Architecturally the buildings are interesting on account of the strong Spanish character expressed in a purely modern construction, such as a building of reinforced concrete must necessarily be.

Strongly affected by Spanish architectural tradition also is the Manila (or English) Club, recently built from designs by Mr. Parsons. The controlling point in the design of this building is the spacious loggia facing directly on the club-grounds.

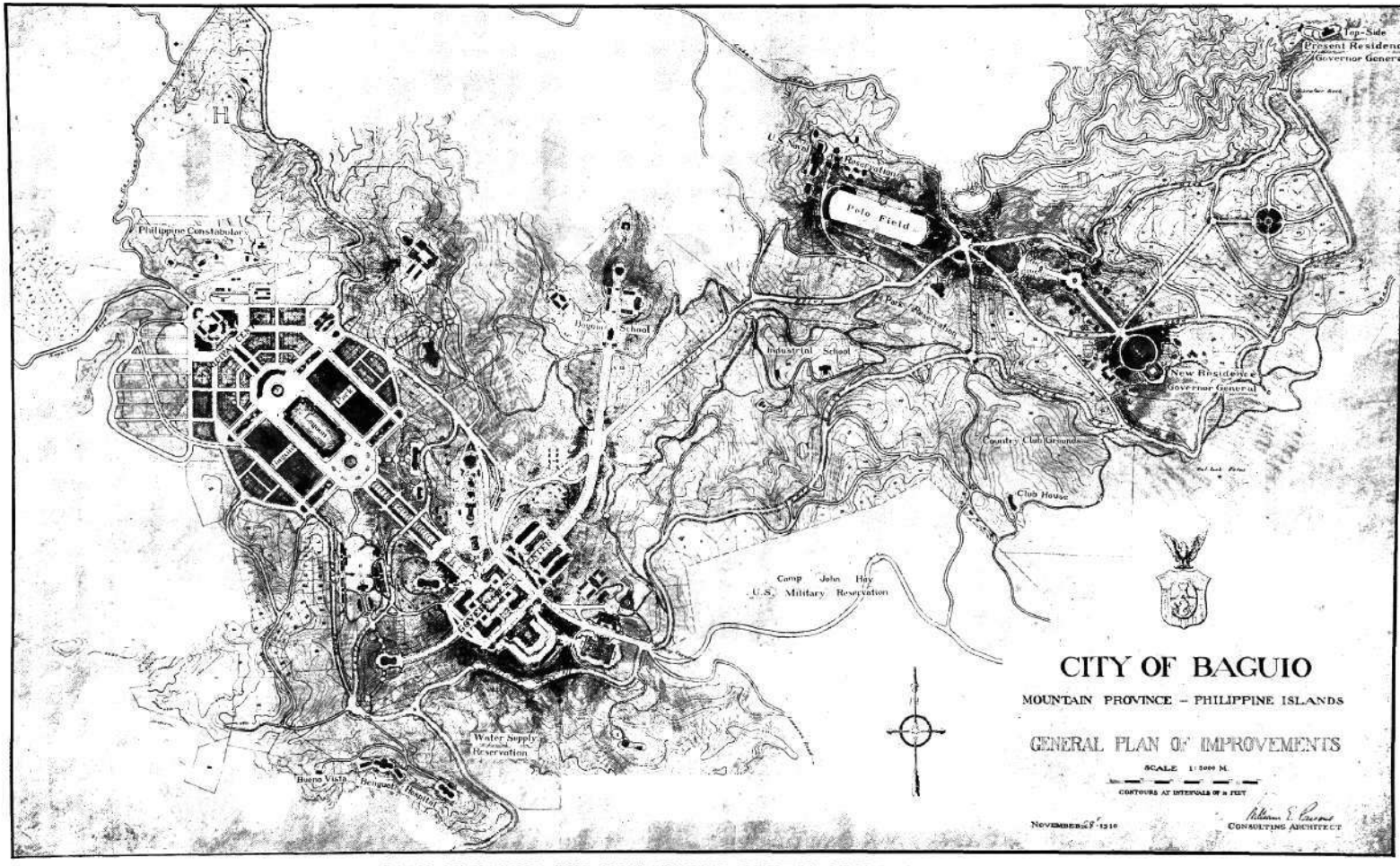
It is fortunate that at the time the improvements at Manila were started the value of reinforced concrete had been demonstrated. While the construction of Spanish times, consisting of heavy masonry for the first story and hard wood for the upper story, was rarely injured by earthquake, still, timber construction is subject to decay and to constant attack from white ants, which do their deadly work in the parts of a structure shielded from view. Of the classes of construction considered suitable in countries where seismic disturbances occur, reinforced concrete has the advantage of being incombustible, as well as comparatively light and not



Drawn by B. F. Williamson

MAP OF MANILA AND THE BAY SHORE TO CAVITE

This map was drawn shortly after the capture of Manila. It is shown here to indicate the extent of the boulevard the beginning of which is pictured above.



PLAN OF BAGUIO, THE NEW SUMMER CAPITAL OF THE PHILIPPINES

It occupies a plateau five thousand feet above the sea-level in the mountains of northern Luzon. Roads and buildings have been in course of construction since 1905, at which time the site was covered with pine forests.

subject to injury by white ants or moisture. Unlike structural steel, most of the work involved in reinforced concrete can be done by unskilled labor, a fact of great importance in a comparatively undeveloped country like the Philippine Islands. Moreover, the materials required are easily accessible, gravel and sand being

From a photograph furnished by the architect W. E. Parsons

"TOPSIDE," THE TEMPORARY RESIDENCE OF GOVERNOR-GENERAL FORBES AT BAGUIO

obtainable in most riverbeds, steel bars and cement alone being imported. Architecturally considered, concrete is well adapted to tropical countries, where simple wall surfaces, serving as backgrounds for masses of brilliantly colored foliage, and sometimes relieved with columns, pilasters, and other architectural motives, form a successful architectural treatment. A good example of such construction is the Manila Club as seen from the clubgrounds.

Manila was one of the first cities to have the commission form of municipal government. This was organized during the civil governorship of Mr. Taft. Consisting originally of three members appointed by him, it now has six, four of whom are appointed by the governor-general and two (up to the present time natives) elected by the popular vote. Under this form of administration Manila has been able to make rapid progress in practical, sanitary, and esthetic development.

Five years ago the areas recognized as public parks were confined to the Luneta and half a dozen comparatively small plazas. In accordance with plans and reports prepared by the committee on parks, the municipal board has not only converted the moats surrounding the Intramuros, in the heart of the city, into spacious parks and playgrounds, but has been acquiring areas in the suburbs at a rate which in five years more will make Manila, where large, open breathing-spaces are essential to public health and

From a photograph, copyright by Squires, Bingham & Co., Manila

COTTAGE OF AN AMERICAN IN BAGUIO

comfort, one of the best parked cities in the world. As a general policy, the areas desired for future parks are being acquired while the price of land is still low, and long before the expense of improvement and maintenance will be incurred. This will be accomplished little by little every year. Some of the lowlands, covered daily by the higher tides (the average tide being only three feet) and unsuitable for habitation without filling in at a cost greater than the value of the land, have

been acquired at an extremely low cost per acre. Under the administration of one of the municipal departments such land is used as a dumping-ground for street refuse, is raised to the required level, with due allowance for settlement, and the refuse is covered with fresh earth. Such soil becomes in time very rich and well adapted to the growth of grass and shrubs.

In developing the park system of Manila, more attention has been paid to providing sufficient areas for athletics than is usual in American cities. The garden spaces covering the broad moat surrounding the Intramuros will provide a score of fields for foot-ball, as well as base-ball, toward which Filipinos have already shown such an aptitude that many have been led to hope that our national game will follow the flag. Among Americans polo and tennis are popular forms of exercise, and ample provision for these games has been included in the park development.

In Spanish days little or no attention was given to lawns as a feature in landscape-gardening in either public or private work. The first attempts of the Americans to grow grass from seed resulted in failure, and transplanting sod for large areas was impracticable on account of the expense. The solution of this problem is interesting. The grass is transplanted in small furrows about ten inches apart and rolled. Under favorable conditions Bermuda grass will spread so rapidly as to cover the ground within a fortnight. Another method, rather less expensive, is to transplant by scattering the uprooted fragments of grass over the ground, and then covering with two inches of light soil. The grass soon takes root and appears on the surface, spreading rapidly. Apparently the reason why grass cannot be made to grow from seed is that red ants, with which tropical soils are infested, eat the seed before it has time to take root.

A description of the recent improvements in Manila would hardly be complete without mention of some of the resorts accessible from Manila, especially that of Baguio, in the mountains of northern Luzon. This resort, lying on a plateau at an elevation of five thousand feet above sea-level, became the summer capital of the government and the summer resort of Manila society. The temperature of Baguio is equable, varying from 40° to 80° Fahrenheit. While the official season there is during March, April, and May, which are the hot months at Manila, the temperature of Baguio is nearly always from twenty to twenty-five degrees lower than that of the lowlands.

In 1903, when Baguio was covered with a pine forest and accessible only after several days of horseback-riding, Mr. Taft, then civil governor, and his six colleagues forming the Philippine Commission, visited Baguio, and determined to push its development. There, in a cottage of bolo-hewn timbers, in the shade of lofty pines, the Philippine Commission enacted laws.

The first active steps toward the development of Baguio were taken early in 1906, after the opening of the Benguet Road. With the exception of a few acres, the site of Baguio was public domain. Starting with this asset, the Government was able to meet the first expenses in road construction by selling lots at public auction.

As can be seen from the general plan of development, the topographical conditions of Baguio are peculiar, and formal compositions of its landscape architecture have been adapted to the topography. The principal composition is developed on an axis connecting the highest hill, which becomes the government center, with a corresponding hill not quite so high, called the municipal center. The hillsides about the latter form the business section, and the level land in front is devoted to public gardens and playgrounds. At the end, toward the government center, the axis passes through a steep ravine. The only other large formal composition permitted by the topography is toward the east, near the small Igorrot village of Pakdal. This composition extends from the governor-general's residence to the polo-field, a level stretch of land inclosed by wooded hills. The points on the edge of the plateau, extending from "Topside," the beautifully situated stone bungalow of Mr. Forbes at the extreme east, and including the governor-general's residence, the Baguio Country Club, and Camp John Hay, where the United States army has a post for recuperation, command fine views of the deep cañon of the Agno River, with the distant mountain-ranges beyond. From points at the extreme west, such as Mount Mirador, on the summit of

which the Jesuits have recently built a meteorological station, the China Sea is visible on fair days, fifteen miles away and five thousand feet below.

The work already accomplished includes the construction of nearly all the drives shown on the general plan, first-class roads with Telford base and metaled surface. There is also a system of trails by means of which those proceeding on horseback may avoid meeting motor-cars on the main roads. The buildings already constructed include a large group of buildings for the bureaus of the insular government, a city hall, a well-equipped hospital of fifty beds, a mess-hall and dormitory for government employees, forty cottages for government officials, an assembly-hall and camp for the annual vacation assembly of teachers in the Philippines, conducted on the plan of the Chautauqua assembly, and a group of buildings for the constabulary headquarters, including a training-school for young American officers.

There is a municipal water-system and an electric-light plant owned and operated by the Government. There is a well-located country club, with a club-house commanding a fine view of the Agno cañon; a golf-course, tennis-courts, and a polo-field, where tournaments between the polo-teams of the civil government and the army and the Hong-Kong polo-team are held annually.

The railway which now reaches the foot of the mountains within twenty-two miles of Baguio, will soon be extended to the summer capital. In the meantime a motor-car service on the Benguet Road is maintained by the Government. During the long, arduous, and costly construction of this famous mountain road, there was bitter criticism of the project not only by the enemies, but also by the friends, of the insular administration. The Benguet Road and the Baguio idea were referred to as a "blunder." But even a brief period of usefulness has caused even its enemies to call it a "glorious blunder."

"SO I MAY KNOW"

BY EDITH MINITER

I WOULD that life would give to me
For fairy lore a little space,
Till that to lover's lore give place:
A time for laughter, and a time
When reason shall make way for rhyme;
A little toil ere I shall sleep
Forever in eternity.
Yet through the long, unchanging years
I think that I shall shed some tears,
So I may know why others weep.

ESTIMATES OF WELL-KNOWN MEN

(INCLUDING EMERSON, DARWIN, CARLYLE, KEATS, SHAKSPERE, BURR, HAMILTON, MAZZINI, GOETHE, BURNS, GLADSTONE, WEBSTER, MILTON, LINCOLN, GRANT, HAY, GILDER, BURROUGHS, MORLEY, BRYANT, AND TOLSTOI)

BY WALT WHITMAN

FROM HORACE TRAUBEL'S MEMORANDA

[FOLLOWING are continued extracts from Mr. Traubel's daily record of conversations with Walt Whitman in his later days in Camden, New Jersey, the first instalment of which appeared in THE CENTURY for November, 1905, and the second and third instalments of which appeared in THE CENTURY for September and October, 1907.—THE EDITOR.]

November 7, 1888.—W. said: "Emerson was a most apt, genuine story-teller. His whole face would light up anticipatingly as he spoke; he was serene, quiet, sweet, conciliatory, as a story was coming. Curiously, too, Emerson enjoyed most repeating those stories which told against himself—took off his edge, his own edge. He had a great dread of being egotistic; had a horror of it, if I may say so—a horror, a shrinking from the suspicion or show of it. Indeed, he had a fear of egotism that was almost,—who knows?—quite an egotism itself. Yet Emerson was on the square—always so. Who ever doubted it?" I quoted an anti-Emerson piece, written by a Presbyterian, in which Emerson was charged with being "egotistic and self-sufficient." W. took that up at once. "No, no, no, no; there never lived a sweeter, saner, more modest man—a less tainted man, a man more gently courageous: he was everything but self-sufficient, taking that word the way it was meant in this instance."

November 8, 1888.—"Emerson never fails; he can't be rejected; even when he falls on stony ground, he somehow eventuates in a harvest."

November 8, 1888.—Discussed the question, Should we set a limit upon ourselves to free expression? W. said: "Some one has said what some people regard as a profound bit of wisdom, 'It is important to say nothing to arouse popular resentment.' Have you ever thought of it? I have often asked myself, What does it mean? For myself, I have never had any difficulty in deciding what I should say and not say. First of all comes sincerity—frankness, open-mindedness. That is the preliminary—to talk straight out. It was said of Pericles that each time before he went to speak he would pray (what was called praying then—what was it?) that he might say nothing to excite the wrath, the anger, of the people." W. shook his head. "That is a doubtful prescription; I should not like to recommend it myself. Emerson, for one, was an impeachment of that principle—Emerson, with his clear, transparent soul. He hid nothing, kept nothing back, yet was not offensive. The world's antagonism softened to Emerson's sweetness."

November 9, 1888.—"Emerson always let it be clearly enough understood where he could be found." I said, "Emerson, like you, never would admit that the anti-slavery question was the only question." W. replied, "Yes, that 's true." Then I

asked, "Did Emerson take this view from more or less heart?" W. said, "From more, certainly." I said, "The antislavery men thought the labor question would be settled with the abolition of slavery, but they found"—W. finished the sentence for me—"a bigger question than that at once and ever since upon their hands." After a pause, he added: "Yes, many 's the thing liberty has got to do before we have achieved liberty. Some day we 'll make that word real—give it universal meanings: even ministers plenipotentiary and extraordinary will thrive under its wings."

November 10, 1888.—"And Darwin, the sweet, the gracious, the sovereign Darwin—Darwin, whose life was, after all, the most significant, the farthest-influencing life of the age."

He drifted back to Carlyle. "Poor Carlyle! poor Carlyle! the good fellow! the good fellow! I always found myself saying that in spite of my reservations. Some years ago Jennie Gilder wrote me in a hurry for some piece about Carlyle. I said then that to speak of the literature of our century with Carlyle left out would be as if we missed our heavy gun; as if we stopped our ears, refused to listen, resenting the one surest signal that the battle is on. We had the Byrons, Tennysons, Shelleys, Wordsworths,—lots of infantry, cavalry, light artillery,—but this last, the most triumphant evidence of all, this master stroke, this gun of guns, for depth, power, reverberation, unspeakably supreme —this was Carlyle. I repeat it now, have made no change of front: to-day, here, to you, I reaffirm that old judgment—affix to it the seal of my present faith."

November 12, 1888.—"How do you regard Keats, on the whole, anyway? You don't refer to him often or familiarly." He replied: "I have of course read Keats —his works; may be said to have read all. He is sweet—oh, very sweet—all sweetness; almost lush—lush, polish, ornateness, elegancy." "Does he suggest the Greek? He is often called Greek." "Oh, no; Shakspere's sonnets, not the Greek. You know, the sonnets are Keats and more—all Keats was, then a vast sum added. For superb finish, style, beauty, I know of nothing in all literature to come up to these sonnets. They have been a great worry to the fellows, and to me, too—a puzzle, the sonnets being of one character, the plays of another. Has the mystery of this difference suggested itself to you? Try to think of the Shakspere plays—think of their movement, their intensity of life, action; everything hell-bent to get along, on, on; energy, the splendid play of force, across fields, mire, creeks. Never mind who is splashed; spare nothing: this thing must be done, said. Let it be done, said, no faltering." He shot this out with the greatest energy of manner and tone, accompanying animated gestures, saying in conclusion: "The sonnets are all that is opposite—perfect of their kind, exquisite, sweet; lush, eleganted, refined, and refined, then again refined—again—refinement multiplied by refinement." Then he saw no vigor in them? "No; vigor was not called for. They are personal, more or less of small affairs: they do their own work in their own way. That 's all we could ask, and more than most of us do, I suppose." He regarded the plays as being "tremendous, with the virility that seemed so totally absent from the sonnets."

November 13, 1888.—W. gave me this John Hay letter, saying: "It properly belongs in your pigeonholes; it helps to show how we come on with the grandees—what we pass for in the upper circles. John don't call himself upper circle or anything of that sort, but he is in the elect pit—he belongs to the saved, to the respectables. John is first rate in his own way, anyhow —has always been simple enough to break love with me on occasions."

Washington, March 12, 1887.

DEAR WALT WHITMAN:

I have received your book and MS. and send, with my hearty thanks, a New York check for $30. It is a little more than your modest charge. You will pardon the liberty; I am not giving you anything like what the writing is worth to me, but trying to give a just compensation for the trouble of copying, simply.

My boy, ten years old, said to me this morning, "Have you got a book with a poem in it called 'O Captain! My Captain!' I want to learn it to speak in school." I stared at him, having you in mind at the moment, as if he were a mind-reader—and asked him where he had

heard of that poem. He said a boy had repeated it last year somewhere.

I made him happy by showing him the MS. and promising him it should be his, if he deserved it, after I am gone.

With love and good wishes and hope that the spring may bring healing in its wings to you

I am faithfully yours,
John Hay.

November 20, 1888.—He thought Burr "justly should be regarded as above the ordinary estimate of him—the school-book stories," as he called them. "I thought there had been a reaction from them; yet they crop up again and again, as if to say, 'Burr was a traitor, and that 's the end of him.' But that is not the end of him. Burr was an able man—one of the great men of that day. He had his bad spots; in the turns and twists of life"—W. indicating by a gesture of his right hand—"now and then a dark spot would appear. That spot has set itself in the public eye—that spot alone, as if there was nothing else. Yet the man was mainly good, mostly noble." He did not think Burr "was worse than the average great man of his day: none of them will bear inspection. Franklin, Washington, Hamilton, subject them to the standards of our time, the nice standards; none of them would shine." I asked, "But you justify our standards?" "Yes, yes; but I mean Burr should be judged by a standard applied to all, not to him alone. A century ago drunkenness was not necessarily a dereliction; now it means shame and reproach. Hamilton has come down to us almost deified; but was he exempt from criticism? Hamilton was an intellectualist, cold, dispassionate, calculating; yet he was truly a patriot, performed no inconsiderable part in the consummation of the American revolt. But Hamilton was a monarchist: there was nothing in him to appeal to our democratic instincts, to the ideals we hold so dear to-day."

November 20, 1888.—"Mazzini was the greatest of them all down there in Italy, infinitely the greatest, went deepest, was biggest around."

November 23, 1888.—W. himself spoke of Goethe. "I suppose humility should restrain me; it might be said I have no right to an opinion; I know nothing of Goethe at first hand—hit upon translations, pick up a poem, a glint, here and there. I have read 'Faust'—looked into it, not with care, not studiously, yet intelligently, in my own way." Now he "had an opinion of Goethe," and, having it, "might as well own up. Goethe impresses me as, above all, to stand for essential literature, art, life—to argue the importance of centering life in self, in perfect persons—perfect you, me: to force the real into the abstract ideal; to make himself, Goethe, the supremest example of personal identity—everything making for it in us, in Goethe; every man repeating the same experience." Goethe would ask: "What are your forty, fifty, hundred, social, national phantasms? This only is real—this person." While W. felt that "all the great teachers, the Greek, the Roman,—Plato, Seneca, Epictetus (I remember Epictetus says a very like thing),—in some respects placed a related emphasis on personality, identity," yet he observed a break in the fact that "all those eminent teachers were superbly moral (I confess they quite satisfy me as being so), while Goethe was not. Goethe seemed to look upon personal development as an end in itself: the old teachers looked for collective results. I do not mean that Goethe was immoral, bad; only that he laid his stress upon another point. Goethe was for beauty, erudition, knowledge, first of all for culture. I doubt if another imaginist of the first order in all literature, all history, so deeply put his stamp there. Goethe asked, 'What do you make out of your patriotism, army, state, people?' It was all nothing to him." Here W. stopped and laughed. "So, you see, I have an opinion while I confess I know nothing about Goethe." Further: "I do not think Burns was bad any more than I think Goethe was bad; but Burns was without morale, morality." Goethe always "looked askant" at patriotism. "Burns was as little a patriot in any large sense as any man that ever lived. You know it is very easy to get up a hurrah, call it freedom, patriotism; but none of that is patriotism in any sense I accept."

November 24, 1888.—He spoke tenderly of Darwin. Darwin is one of his loves

that will last. So of Clifford, so of George Eliot; "Darwin, simplest, greatest, however, of all."

November 25, 1888.—W. spoke of Gladstone: "Gladstone is one of the curiosities; his age, vigor, wonderful alertness, put together, excite respect." He spoke of Gladstone's "wide-awakeness," called him the "rarest among well-preserved human beings." Reference was made to Webster—Carlyle's impression of him. W. said: "I heard Webster often—heard him deliver some of the greatest of his political speeches. The effect he had on me was more of grandeur of manner, size, importance, power—the breathing forth of these—than of things said,—of anything said." I referred to Theodore Parker; remarked that Parker looked a bit like Webster. W. reflected. "Can that be so? If that is so, it may be an important thing to know, to have said. But the men are no way alike in essentials. Parker is 'way and beyond bigger, more expansive, sincerer; he leaves Webster in the lurch every how. Why, in pure intellectuality, where Webster shone, Parker was a brilliant luminary." I said, "I would rather say the godlike Theodore than the godlike Dan." W., fervently: "So would I. Good! good! So would I rather—a thousand times rather."

November 25, 1888.—[From a letter written July 30, 1865, by A. Van Rensselaer to Walt Whitman.] Mr. Lincoln asked who you [W.] were, or something like that. I spoke up and said, mentioning your name, that you had written "Leaves of Grass," etc. Mr. Lincoln did n't say anything, but took a good long look till you were quite gone by. Then he says (I can't give you his way of saying it, but it was quite emphatic and odd), "Well," he says, "*he* looks like a *man*."

November 26, 1888.—The reference to Heine was followed by W.'s question: "Have you read Arnold's essay on Heine? Matthew Arnold's?" Adding, after some interjected remarks, "It seems to me the best thing Arnold ever wrote; it gives me a vein in which I run companionably with Arnold." W. was surprised that Arnold so "thoroughly appreciated" Heine's "unique genius." "Arnold does not always stick to his point, like O'Connor, takes excursions, seems to get away from his subject; but that is no detriment. We discover that though it may go underground—subterranean—or dip into forests, or take unaccountable turns, it is always the same stream."

November 26, 1888.— . . . "Emerson is great, oh, very great; I have not attempted to decide how great, how vast, how subtle: but very, very. He was a far-reaching force, a star of the first, the very first, magnitude, maybe; without a doubt that." I spoke of the wariness of the writers. W. said: "That I noticed, too. They are too wary. Dropping out Shakspere, Byron, Shelley, perhaps,—some of them of the very topmost rank,—I am not afraid to say our fellows, the best of them, deserve an equal rank with the rest—I dare even say Milton." Then further: "I could never go Milton; he is turgid, heavy, over-stately." I said: "Take 'Paradise Lost'; does n't its vogue come mainly from a sort of Christian, theological self-interest rather than from pure delight in its beauty?" He responded at once: "Oh, an immense lot! Besides, it seems to me that Milton is a copy of a copy—not only Homer, but the Æneid; a sort of modern repetition of the same old story: legions of angels, devils; war is declared, waged. Moreover, even as a story it enlists little of my attention. He seems to me like a bird, soaring, yet overweighted—dragged down, as if burdened, too greatly burdened; a lamb in its beak; its flight not graceful, powerful, beautiful, satisfying, like the gulls we see over the Delaware in midwinter, their simple motion a delight, attracting you when they first break upon your sight, soaring, soaring, irrespective of cold or storm. It is true Milton soars, but with dull, unwieldy motion." Then, after a slight repetition of points accented above: "There 's no use talking: he won't go down me. I have sometimes questioned myself, Have I not been too hasty? Have I not rejected unfairly? Was it humor, whim, that stood in the way? Then I would reexamine my premises. Yet each attempt was fruitless. In this way I have gone back to the book repeatedly. Only the other day the same question returned." He pointed to the floor; a pile of books

were at his feet; he pulled out a Milton. "I have a volume here containing 'Paradise Lost'; I have had it about me for twenty years, but it never attracts or exalts me."

November 30, 1888.—"When Cleveland was being so sharply taken to task for having sent a present to the pope on his jubilee—I wrote a few lines in effect to this purport: I for one must go on record approving the President's action. More than that, I contended that, rather than having done too much, the President has done too little: my own impulse would have been to send—send to the pope; to send likewise to the queen,—to England's queen,—from whose forethought of those serious years so much of good came to us. I never sympathized with—always resented—the common American criticisms of the queen."

He said the subject of the war had come up while Donaldson was here yesterday. "Tom said John Brown, Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, were the five men out of that period, brought out by that period, assured of immortality." I asked, "Well, do you accept his selection?" He answered: "Some part of it, anyhow, I have no manner of doubt. I never enthused greatly over Brown, yet I know he is a great and precious memory. I don't deny but that he is to be ranked with the best; such devotion, such superb courage, men will not forget—cannot be forgotten." I referred to Lincoln's "balance, poise," arguing, "We can imagine the war without Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, but with Lincoln not there at that time, *what?*" W. responded: "We must not give too much importance to personalism. It is easy to overcharge it. Man moves as man in all the great achievements—man in the great mass; yet I, too, think of Lincoln much in that same way. As you say, his poise, his simple, loftiest ability to make an emergency sacred, meet every occasion, never shrinking, never failing, never hurrying—these are things to be remembered and things 'providential,' if 'providence' ever has a meaning in human affairs."

December 5, 1888.—Said this of Gilder: "Some of the hard-and-fast penny-a-liners on the poetic field affect to despise Gilder: they are a poor lot, most all of them: Gilder has written some poems which will live out the lives of most of the second-class songs of his day: genuine, fine, pretty big stuff; some of it almost free. I sometimes incline to believe that Watson wants to be free, but don't dare to. At any rate, he has my admiration for some things he has done—yes, admiration; and my personal love surely, always, always." He said of THE CENTURY: "Sometimes I get mad at it: it seems so sort of fussy, extra-nice, pouting; but then I turn about, have another way of explaining its limitations. I say to myself: those very limitations were designed—maybe rightly designed—therefore, it does not belong to me to complain."

December 7, 1888.—[From a letter from John Burroughs to Walt Whitman, July 24, 1879.] "I find I cannot read Whittier and Longfellow and Lowell with any satisfaction. Your poems spoil me for any but the greatest. Coming from them to you is like coming from a hothouse to the shore or the mountain. I know this is so, and is no predetermined partiality of mine."

When I stopped reading, W. said: "Now you probably know what I mean by come-out, unequivocal, as in the last passage, just before closing. He there makes a declaration, is unqualified, wholesale, final: that 's what I call come-out. Also back farther, where he speaks of our science—says he has so far not tripped me up, but that tripping me up is his game." I said: "Brinton has said the same thing to me—that he has tried his best to find flaws in your science, but has failed to do so." "Did Brinton say that?" he replied. "Well, Brinton ought to know; with John and with him on my side I am well defended. John's letter appeals to me because of its undemonstrative personal affection,—that first of all,—then because of its uncompromising red-blooded espousal of the book—of my code. I respond to John: I feel the eminent kindliness, love, of his declaration; John never slushes, but is always on the spot."

December 19, 1888.—"William talks about Grant turning back. When did he ever turn back? He was not that sort: he could no more turn back than time.

You can turn the clock back, but you can't turn time back. Grant was one of the inevitables: he always arrived; he was as invincible as a law; he never bragged; often seemed about to be defeated when he was in fact on the eve of a tremendous victory."

December 21, 1888.—W. liked what Burroughs said of Emerson: "To me Emerson filled nearly the whole horizon in that direction." W. said: "I guess I enjoy that; I guess I do." He had had me read the line over again. "John was right: Emerson *was* the whole horizon—Ralph Waldo Emerson, the gentle, noble, perfect, radiant, consolatory, Emerson. I think of something Emerson said in one of our talks. He said, 'I agree with you, Mr. Whitman, that a man who does not live according to his lights—who trims his sails to the current breeze—is already dead, is as many times dead as he is untrue.' Emerson lived according to his lights, not according to libraries, books, literature, the traditions. He was unostentatiously loyal: no collegian, overdone with culture: so gifted, so peculiarly tremendous, that, if I may say so, knowing too much did not, as it so often does with the scholar, hurt him." "Did n't you tell me that he expressed regrets to you face to face one day, saying some sort of apologetic thing about his book-learning?" I asked. W. nodded. "Yes, more than once: said he felt like athletes—some athletes—overtrained; that a scholar, like an athlete overtrained, is apt to go stale. He said he felt that culture had done all it could do for him—then it had done something for him which had better been left undone."

December 26, 1888.—Asked about Tolstoi's "My Religion and My Confession." Did not know but he "might read them"; at any rate, would "try." "If they are what they may be, I shall go definitely through them." W. thought "the just word" for Tolstoi to be "vraisemblance." T. is "not surpassed in that Sebastopol book by any of the giants in the history of literature."

December 30, 1888.—"Bryant was very nice to me generally: he seemed to follow my history somewhat—knew about me. He thought I had 'the whole wolf pack' on my heels, and he would say again, 'As you have challenged the whole world, I don't suppose you are surprised or resentful when you find the whole world out against you with its hounds.' It did not seem to me that Bryant was wrong: what else could I have expected? When John Morley came to see me that time he made some remarks of this same tenor. 'Criticism has isolated you here in America,' Morley said, which was true: but it would also have been true to say, 'You have isolated yourself.' I am not a squealer. I don't think that a man has any call to go out breaking heads and expect the people he attacks to bless him for it. In a case like mine it 's give and take: after I 'm on right foundations, no opposition can upset me; if I am falsely rooted, nothing can save me." No day passes now but W. hands over to me some document which he says is for my "archives." I said to-night to him: "You are giving me some great stuff nowadays. I will find real use for it; I 'll make a big story out of it all some day." He nodded. "That 's what I want you to do, if the world will stand it. In the final sense they are not records of my life,—of my personal life, of Walt Whitman,—but scripture material applying to a movement in which I am only an episode."

January 2, 1889.—Has at last started reading Tolstoi's "My Confession." He was "curiously interested"—interested "even in things" he "would seem to be naturally driven to protest against." "What does it all mean?" he asked. His cursory, original look into the book had been if anything unfavorable; now he was "alive with interest—in spite of myself," he first said. Then: "It is scarcely fair to use that term, since I have no desire not to like Tolstoi—only the earlier impression of repugnance, now rapidly vanishing. It is hard for me to explain the book. Is it not morbid? Indeed, may I not say *dreadfully* morbid?" I argued, "It would be morbid for us here in America; it is not morbid for him there in Russia." W.: "That is a better way to put it; yet I wonder to myself how a man can get into that state of mind. It is as though we should sit down to a meal—ask, why do I eat? Why is this good?

Why will it have such and such results? Or, on a hot day in summer, Why do I feel so good in the glory of the sun? Or, Why do I strip and souse in the water? Or, Why does the flowing river make me happy? Why? Why? Making that mood the talisman for all?" W. raised himself on his elbow as he spoke, then dropped back again. "Yet I realize that Tolstoi is a big, a genuine man; a fact, real, a power" —seeming to reflect in the interval— "Most of all, a fact—as a fact, adopting Frederick's saying, to be reverenced. I do not distrust him: I feel that he is a subject, a bit out of nature, yet to be grasped, yet to be understood. I am not denying, only struggling with, him." It was his "first encounter with the Tolstoi mystery." "While baffled still, still I am not all baffled: I must keep on. For instance, I feel that he is, as a fact, a different fact from Shakspere; a different order, we may describe it to be." I interrupted. "So are you." W. nodded. "I do not forget; I do not say for that to be any the less honored." Tolstoi is "strangely removed from the Shaksperian." How removed he did not seem disposed to define. "That is what 's to come yet." As to being "different" himself, "I feel that at many points, in essentials, I share the Shaksperian quality—except," he apologized, "of course" —here again a reflecting moment—"as to the last point, the highest flights, the latest plays, in which the breadth is so great, so unmistakably phenomenal." But he must still state his dissent even from Shakspere. "Shakspere, however, is gloomy; looks upon the people with something like despair; does so especially in these maturer plays; seemed to say: After all, the human critter is a devil of a poor fellow, full of frailties, evils, poisons, as no doubt he is if you concentrate your light on that side of him—consent that this, this alone, is the man; are determined to take the pessimistic view." But his own "deep impressions run counter to such lack of faith." He recognized Tolstoi's "faith and call." "Perhaps the strongest point with Tolstoi —this point that most fastens itself upon men, upon me, is this: that here is a man with a conviction—a conviction—on which he has planted himself, stakes all, invites assault, affection, hope. That would be a good deal if there was nothing more, not a hint more: whereas that there *is* more to Tolstoi I think no one can doubt." He "clearly perceived, as perhaps not before," that "however little Tolstoi might prove to be *his,* for *him,* his place and purpose, lofty, indeed, for some, perhaps for the modern world, that strange seething European world chiefly, is no longer to be questioned."

January 11, 1889.—In talking of W.'s early adherents, I mentioned Bryant. "Walt, you and Bryant were personal friends. Did he ever care for your work?" "I can't say he did. Bryant was trained in the classics, made no departures. He was a healthy influence, was not a closet man, belonged out-of-doors; but he was afraid of my work. He was interested, but afraid. I remember that he always expressed wonder that with what he called my power and gifts and essential, underlying respect for beauty, I refused to accept and use the only medium which would give me complete expression. I have often tried to think of myself as writing 'Leaves of Grass' in Thanatopsisian verse. Of course I do not intend this as a criticism of Bryant, only as a demurrer to his objection to me. 'Thanatopsis' is all right in Thanatopsisian verse. I suppose Bryant would fare as badly in 'Leaves of Grass' verse as I would fare in 'Thanatopsis' verse. Bryant said to me, 'I will admit that you have power—sometimes great power.' But he would never admit that I had chosen the right vehicle of expression. We never quarreled over such things. I liked Bryant as a man as well as a poet. He, I think, liked me as a man; at least I inferred so from the way he treated me. Bryant belonged to the classics, liked the stately measures prescribed by the old formulas; he handled them marvelously well. Breaking loose is the thing to do—breaking loose, resenting the bonds, opening new ways. But when a fellow breaks loose, or starts to, or even only thinks he thinks he 'll revolt, he should be quite sure he knows what he has undertaken."

Owned by Mr. H. C. Frick

LADY HAMILTON AS "NATURE." BY ROMNEY

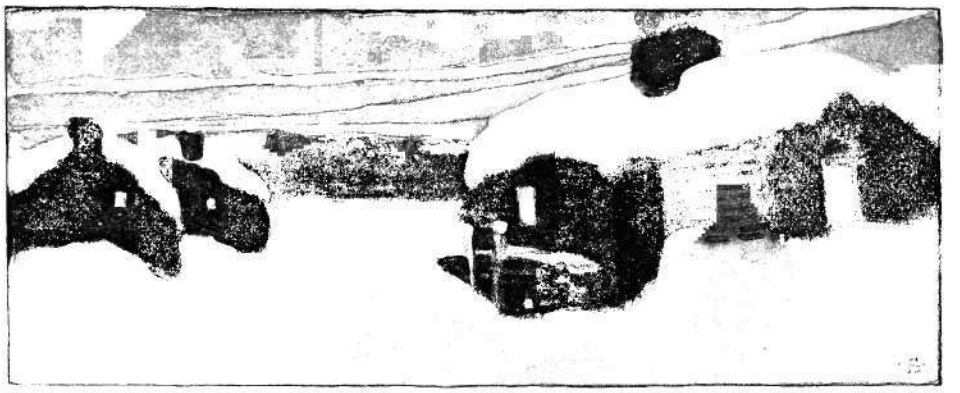
(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF MASTERPIECES IN AMERICAN GALLERIES—VI)

TIMOTHY COLE'S
WOOD ENGRAVINGS
OF
MASTERPIECES
IN
AMERICAN GALLERIES

LADY HAMILTON
AS "NATURE"

BY

ROMNEY



Drawn by F. E. Schoonover

CHRISTMAS SONG OF THE PURITANS

BY AMY HASLAM DOWE

(SEE THE FRONTISPIECE)

NOT feast do we twelve idle days
While foolish mummers dance and sing
Round boar's head, garlanded with bays,
And flaming pudding, impious thing.

No holly wreath and mistletoe,
No priestly and no pagan rite,
In our bare cabins banked with snow
Shall desecrate Thy holy night.

Instead, our heads we humbly bend,
And thank Thee that at last Thy light—
We use no senseless repetend—
Hath pierced the black of bishops' night.

Why need we feast who joyous bow
Before Thy Son, who came from Thee?
His Word, unchained from altar now,
Shall teach Thy people how to see!

SHAKSPERE HIS OWN STAGE-MANAGER

A NEW METHOD AND IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES IN PRODUCTIONS OF THE NEW THEATRE

BY JOHN CORBIN

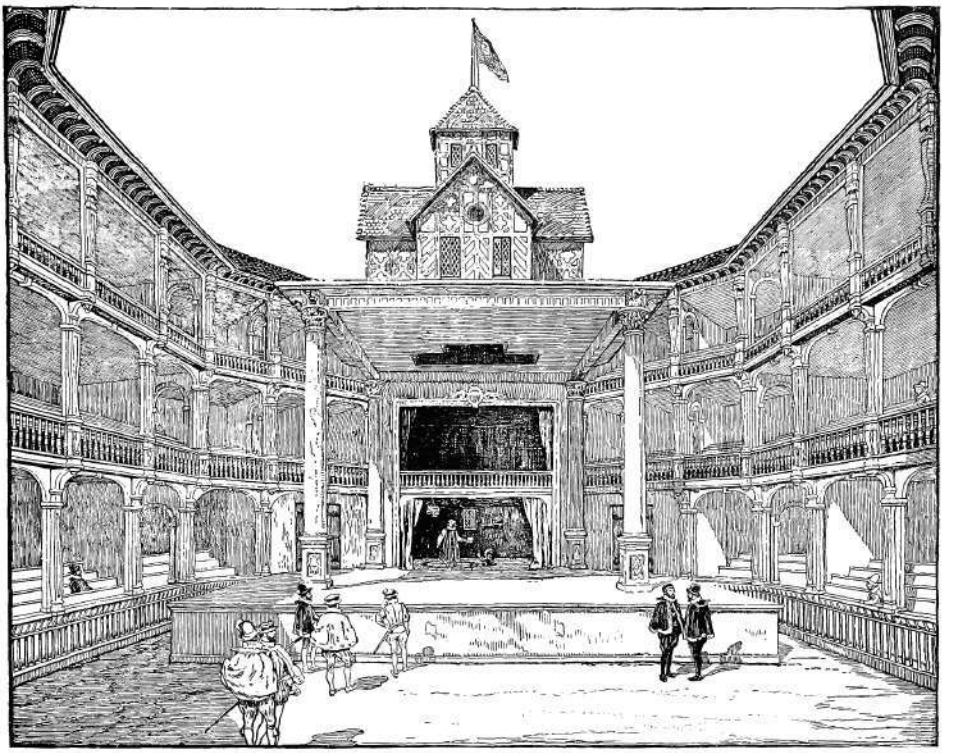
THE overwhelming awe with which we have regarded Shakspere as a poet, a figure in literary history, has resulted, as we are coming to realize, in a serious, indeed vital, injustice to his reputation as a dramatist. For centuries the world of scholars has sought out and sifted the minutest facts bearing on his life, has exhausted learning and ingenuity to restore the language of his plays; yet until the present decade it has assumed that the art of stage management as practised in his time was unworthy of his consideration or ours. Gross misrepresentations of his stage pass current in histories of the drama; the grossest misrepresentations of his stage-craft have been thrust into his text, and have been handed down from generation to generation unchallenged. Stage productions of his plays during all this time have been founded on these misrepresentations. The result has been a mangling and distortion, sometimes amounting to a nullification, of the greatest artistic heritage of our race, a stultification of Shakspere as a dramatist and of ourselves as playgoers. Startling as these statements may appear, all modern scholars admit them tacitly; one can scarcely expect them to proclaim the shortcomings of their kind from the housetops.

INTERIOR OF THE SWAN THEATER

The original drawing, preserved in the Library of Utrecht, was made by Van Buchell, about 1596, from a description by his friend Johannis De Witt, a priest of Utrecht. The accuracy of this drawing has been questioned, perhaps unduly. The Swan was of a different type from the Globe, and was mainly used for variety entertainments. (Reprinted from THE CENTURY for September, 1910.)

The case of Molière is in striking contrast. The Théâtre Français has religiously conserved the theatric practice of its founder even to minute and often archaic details. In France stage-craft has always been recognized as one of the finest of the fine arts. It is largely owing to this that the great public has a keen critical appreciation of the theater, and that the drama, classical and modern, has had a majestic history and an unbroken development.

How shall we



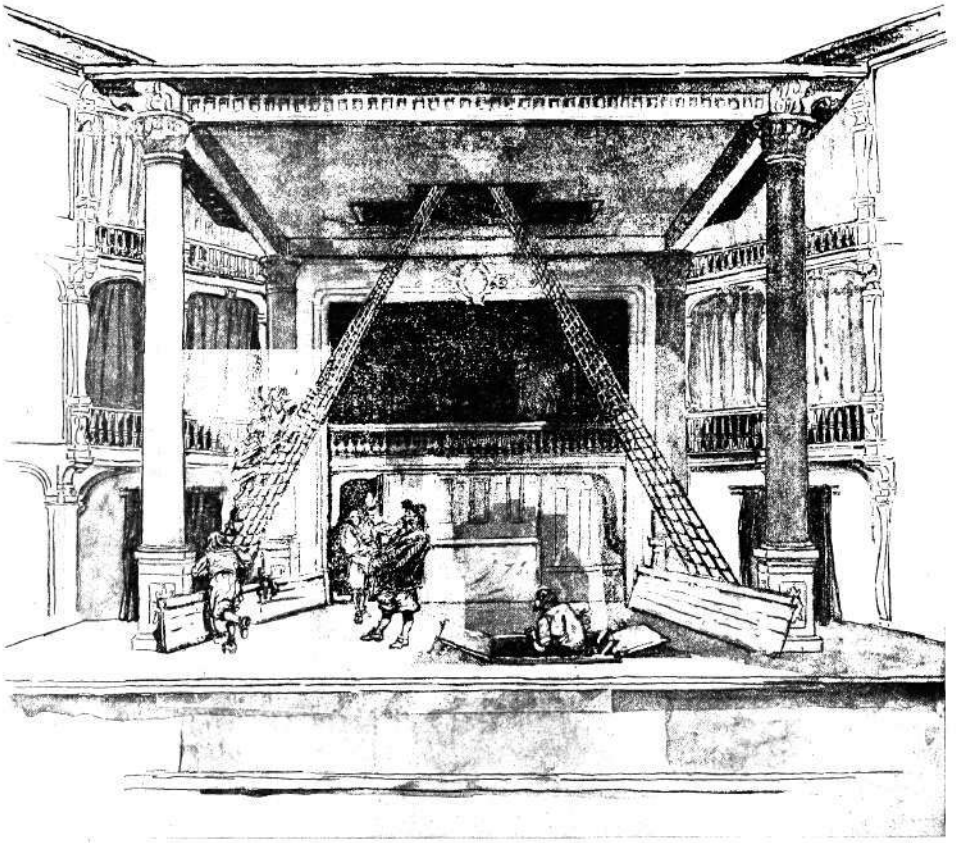
Drawn by George Varian

INTERIOR VIEW OF THE ELIZABETHAN THEATER

The structure of the hutch over the stage is suggested by the old drawing of the second Globe Theater (see the illustration on page 266). The loft hole under the hutch was required in the action of many plays (see the ship scene in "The Tempest," page 262). The scene on the inner stage is after a frontispiece of an old quarto of Marlowe's "Faustus." The doctor's study is furnished with a globe and book-shelf. The casement window is mentioned in the text of the play. From a conjurer's circle on the floor cloth, *Faustus* is raising *Mephistopheles* through a trap.

achieve a true stage tradition—a stage tradition worthy of our great dramatist? Thoughtful artists of the theater everywhere—in Germany and France, as in England and America—are attempting, and with more and more success, to reconstruct and restore the lost Shaksperian dramaturgy. They grant the importance of correcting linguistic errors, though no such correction has ever added an important trait in dramatic characterization, a single throb to the dramatic effect of a scene; but they insist that it is quite as important that an artistically complete version of Shakspere's text be spoken in the theater, that his dramatic action shall unfold in a consecutive and orderly manner, and that his scenes shall be given the form and the effect which he intended. The New Theatre of New York, with the launching of which I was officially connected, has felt the force of this movement, and its audiences throughout the country have responded to the new effectiveness of certain of its productions. Incidentally, in preparing texts for the stage, it has made discoveries which, valuable from the point of view of scientific scholarship, have had the practical result of placing whole scenes and plays before the public with a vitality and force, poetic and dramatic, which they have not had for almost three hundred years. The time is at hand when no playgoer, no student of Shakspere, can regard himself as well informed who has not a general knowledge of Shakspere's stagecraft and of the problem, by no means difficult or abstruse, of giving it due artistic effect in the modern theater.

With the origin of the difficulty most playgoers are familiar. The stage of the Globe Theater on the Bankside was radically different from that which so soon supplanted it. It used to be said that it



Drawn by Jay Hambidge

THE SETTING FOR THE SHIP SCENE IN "THE TEMPEST"

was bare and crude—"a naked room hung with a blanket," Coleridge called it. As recent and great an authority as Sidney Lee says, in his "Life of Shakespeare," that the stage was "bare of any scenic contrivance," though he has since admitted that the statement is radically misleading. As abundant contemporary records show, and as is manifest, in fact, in almost every extant play, Shakspere and his fellows made constant use of trap-doors; ropes or wires for raising and lowering fairies, gods, and goddesses; rocks, trees, and grass banks; wells and springs with water in them; doors, windows, shop fronts, and city walls.[1] His stage differed in only one principle from the modern stage, but this principle is vital. Being mainly composed of a platform projecting into the amphitheater, the action was witnessed not from a single point of view in front, but from three sides. Thus it did not have, and could not have, a proscenium-arch framing scenes painted in perspective.

The illustration appearing on page 264 will show better than any description what it was. *A* is the main stage. In many scenes this was "naked," or hung at the back with tapestry or arras. When it was left bare, it was a sort of no-man's land which, as Sir Philip Sidney graphically said, might be "Asia or Africk" or any under kingdom, so that "the player, when he comes in, must ever begin with telling where he is, or else the tale will not be conceived." "Well, this is the Forest of

[1] The diary of the Elizabethan manager Henslowe mentions many of these in a list of his properties. The rest, and many others, are called for in the stage directions, or essential to the action, of Elizabethan plays, notably those of Shakspere. See my "Shakspere and the Plastic Stage" in "The Atlantic Monthly" for March, 1906.

Arden," says *Rosalind;* and similar devices are used to give the locality of scores of scenes in all the old dramatists. Almost as frequently, however, the main stage was set to represent a definite place, such as used as balconies or second-story windows, and were often furnished with casements. *D* is a gallery which was often used to represent elevated localities, as the wall of a city or of a garden.

Drawn by Jay Hambidge, from the reconstructed model owned by the New York Yacht Club

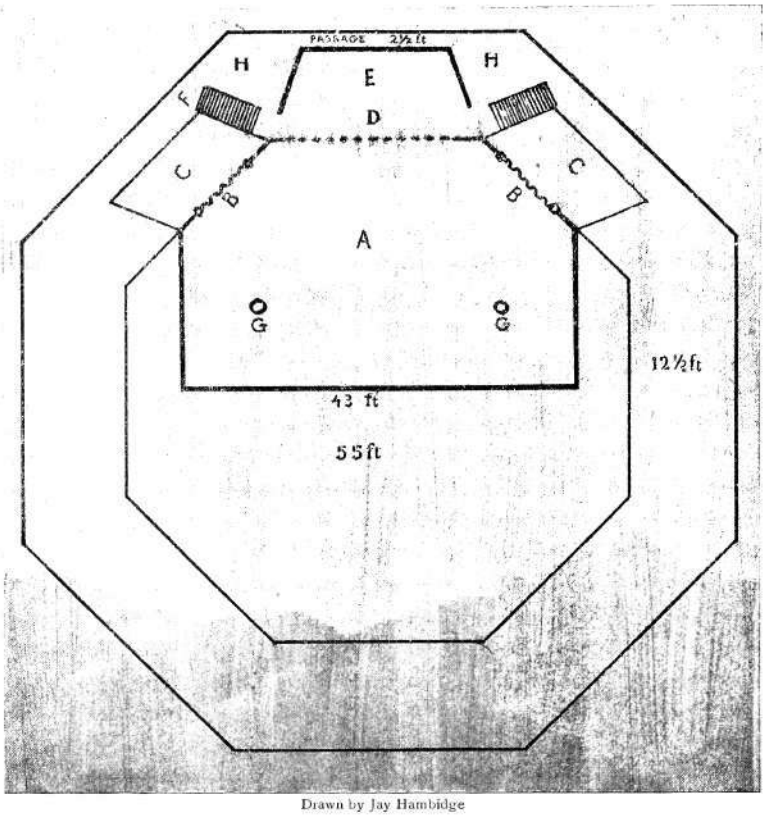
THE POOP-DECK OF HUDSON'S *HALF-MOON*

The general design of Hudson's ship (which was contemporary with the writing of "The Tempest") is almost precisely adapted to the needs of Shakspere's scene. It is probable that a ship carrying noble passengers would be larger and more ornamented. The space under the poop-deck would be inclosed and entered by doors, and the steps leading to the poop-deck would be less crude. This is the case in the model of a Spanish galley of about the same period, also owned by the New York Yacht Club.

Capulet's orchard, the arbor of *Beatrice,* and *Olivia's* garden.

But this main stage was only one member of the old stage as a whole. *BB* are curtained doors for entrance and exit; *CC* are second-story boxes, which could be

Beneath the gallery was the most interesting feature of all. This was the inner stage, *E,* in effect a proscenium-stage. Being only some twenty feet wide, or ten feet narrower than the smaller modern stages, it was too small for perspective



Drawn by Jay Hambidge

GROUND-PLAN OF THE ELIZABETHAN STAGE

The octagonal shape is that of the Globe; the dimensions are those of the extant contract for building the Fortune. The Globe stage was perhaps somewhat smaller, for the Fortune contract calls for "scantlings lardger and bigger in assize" than those of "the new erected howse called The Globe." When exact dimensions are lacking, as in boxes, inner stage, etc., the drawing is conjectural; but the presence of all details indicated is implied in the stage directions and action of countless scenes, and is now generally conceded.

A. Main stage, often used without properties and suggesting no definite locality; sometimes set with trees, furniture, etc., which symbolized a definite locality and were employed in the action.

B B. Doors for exit and entrance, probably hung with curtains. That they were set at an angle is implied in the action of numerous scenes in which actors entering on either side at once face each other, and is natural, moreover, in view of the octagonal shape of the building.

C C. Second-story boxes used to represent a balcony or window, and sometimes furnished with practicable casements.

D. Gallery on level of second story, used to represent walls, etc.

E. Inner stage, closed or disclosed by drawing an arras. Set with properties, it represented a room or cave; fronted with a "flat," it represented a cottage or shop.

F F. Stairs. G G. Columns supporting the loft, or "heavens over the stage."

scenery, which was apparently never employed; but it served very well for interiors—*Prospero's* cave, the cave of the *Witches* in "Macbeth," *Juliet's* tomb, the play within the play in "Hamlet," the hovel in "Lear," and scores of other such scenes. This inner stage, when the curtain was drawn, usurped the outer stage, so to speak, which was set with properties in keeping with it; so that inner and outer stage merged into a single locality. Thus in "The Winter's Tale," when the inner stage showed the *Shepherd's* cottage, the main stage represented the cottage yard, set for the feast and dance. We shall presently see how all these members were employed, and to what artistic effect.

The chief virtue of Shakspere's stage lay in the fact that an entire play could be run off with no pause except for the occasional shifting of properties. The great vice of the editors is that they assume a complete change of perspective scenery for every slight episode in the action. The sin of the theatrical producer is that, to make time for shifting so many heavy scenes, and also to reduce the number of shifts, he mercilessly cuts the text and rearranges the

scenes. The Sothern-Marlowe production of "The Taming of the Shrew" lasted three hours despite severe cutting and rearrangement. Yet the waits between scenes occupied over one hour of the three. And the essentials of effect in farcical comedy are speed and continuity in the action!

The modern method of preparing the text for production, or rather the advanced method, which will presently be modern, is to discard the texts of the editors and to ascertain as far as possible the precise manner in which Shakspere intended the scenes to be conducted—in short, to reëstablish Shakspere as his own stage-manager. This method does not assume that all plays, or any of them, should be given an archæologically correct Elizabethan production. The public of to-day is accustomed to perspective scenery; and the lack of it, as a rule, lessens the legitimate dramatic effect of a play. Practical man of the theater that he was, Shakspere would be the first to recognize such conditions. But the modern method does assume that the point of departure shall be not the editors' impertinent interpolations of scenic localities, but a study of Shakspere's own intention as a dramatic artist. This once clearly comprehended, the modern manager considers only what means will produce on the modern mind the fullest measure of the effect Shakspere intended. That does not seem a momentous innovation. But let us judge by results.

Perhaps the most striking example of the havoc wrought by following the editors is in the first orchard scene in "Romeo and Juliet." My attention was directed to this by the fact that without exception the editors have called for a change of scene between the lines of a rimed couplet. *Benvolio* and *Mercutio,* having followed *Romeo* to *Juliet's* orchard, taunt him with his former passion for *Rosaline.* Failing to discover him, *Benvolio* says as they go:

> 'T is in vain
> To seek him here that means not to be found.

Chagrined by their banter, *Romeo* retorts:

> He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

According to the editors, there is first a scene in which *Benvolio* and *Mercutio* are alone in "a lane by the wall of *Capulet's* orchard." Then follows a scene in which *Romeo* is alone within the orchard. Before he can make his retort and cap the rime, the audience has to wait some five minutes. If the audience understood the retort, which it does not, *Romeo's* wit becomes a fine case of *esprit d'escalier.* Even in reading the text, few can realize—I myself never did—that he is retorting in Scene II to a jest made in Scene I—that the scar he refers to is his old love and the wound his new. The shifting of the scene changes the line from repartee to an irrelevant abstraction.

Applying the new method, how could Shakspere have given effect to the retort? Obviously, both parties must be on the stage at the same time, the two scenes must be one, as, indeed, they are in the text of folio and quarto. Let the gallery *D* be the orchard wall; the opening of the inner stage, *E,* an iron gate; one of the side windows, *C, Juliet's* balcony; and the main stage the orchard, set with trees and shrubs. At the opening of the act, *Romeo* enters on the inner stage behind the gate, as if in the street without. He speaks two lines and, hearing the cries of his pursuers, climbs the wall, leaps down upon the main stage, and conceals himself among the trees. *Mercutio* and *Benvolio* climb the wall after him, railing at his inconstancy. Rightly concluding that

> He hath hid himself among these trees,

they launch a parting gibe at him and go. Meantime *Romeo,* unseen by his friends above, has been visible to the audience. As soon as they are gone, he steps forth and retorts to their railing, then turns and sees the light in *Juliet's* window.

The Sothern-Marlowe production of the play followed the scenic plan of the editors. The result was far worse than to obscure the pertinence of *Romeo's* retort. The production as a whole was so long and so interrupted by waits that the scene in the lane had eventually to be dropped, thus sacrificing a brisk episode of youthful rollicking, a passage of delicious comedy, and a very lifelike stroke in the development of *Romeo's* character as a lover. *Bottom,* as he was "translated," was scarcely more grotesque than Shakspere as he is produced. And the pity of

it is that in many a case, as in this one, the proper and authentic conduct of the scene is as natural to our stage as to Shakspere's. A later scene in this same play has been divided by the editors into three, with the result that two have to be omitted by the producer.

None of the plays can be produced entire with modern scenery in the limit of an evening's entertainment; but by means of a revolving-stage the comedies, which are comparatively brief, may be given an adequate representation. On the huge disk of the "revolver" two, three, even four scenes can be set at once, each being turned into the proscenium-opening as it is required, and then turned back, where it is "struck," and another set in its place while the action is progressing in front. For its production of "Twelfth Night" The New Theatre used its revolving-stage. There were "cuts," to be sure, and once or twice episodes had to be located in "sets" in which they were perhaps not wholly in keeping; but the text was presented with unprecedented completeness, and the scenes followed one another, as on the old stage, with virtually no pauses between.

THE SECOND GLOBE THEATER

The disproportion of the figures to the building is characteristic of the artistic convention of the time. (Reprinted from THE CENTURY for August, 1910.)

"The Winter's Tale" is so long, and its scenes at once so numerous and so brief, that it exceeds even the resources of a revolving-stage. The management decided that the best artistic effect would be achieved by presenting it as nearly as was artistically practicable in the Elizabethan manner. Only in this way could a full text be given; and it was felt that the romantic improbability of the action would be less apparent, less disillusioning, if it took place not in a series of definite and realistically detailed scenes, but among the simple, symbolic decorations of the elder stage, for which it was conceived.

The traditional idea that the Elizabethan stage was small, bare, and crude as an instrument for representing poetic drama had been pretty conclusively disproved. There is precise contemporary evidence that it was large—perhaps as large as the stage of The New Theatre—and that, whenever scenic properties were used, it was richly, if simply, decorated, as indeed it would naturally be in the flood-tide of the Renaissance. Personally I believed that it was by far the most powerful and flexible instrument of the poetic drama, at least for those accustomed to its conventions, which the world has ever known.[1] How a modern audience would respond to its methods was a question of very deep interest.

The New Theatre text of "The Winter's Tale" is probably the fullest which has been given in modern times, and its production the most accurate and beautiful reconstruction of the Elizabethan stage which has been achieved. As yet, however, our knowledge of many of the details of the methods of the old stage, and consequently our mastery of it as a means of reviving Shakspere's stage-craft, is very inadequate. A curious instance of this occurred during the rehearsal of the scene at the end of which the ancient *Antigonus* is directed to *"exit, pursued by a bear."* The scene is one of romantic pathos and of a certain wild grandeur of the elements. But when the savage beast (a stage-hand

[1] The reasons for this belief, and a description of "decorative" as opposed to realistic scenery, I have given in "Shakspere and the Plastic Stage." Subsequent studies by George F. Reynolds, Victor E. Albright, William Archer, Karl Wegener, and others have added much evidence.

swathed in a bearskin) lumbered across the stage, members of the company, looking on from the auditorium, roared with laughter. Clearly, to an audience that moment would be the death of all dramatic illusion. The obvious remedy was to darken the stage so that the animal would be only dimly visible. *Antigonus* himself says:

> The day frowns more and more:
> . . . . . .
> I never saw
> The heavens so dim by day.

But to Shakspere the resources of electric lighting were of course undreamed of. His light came from the sky above, and how could it be cut off?

In this crisis—and it was indeed a critical moment, for the first performance was only one day off—we recalled that Wegener, in his admirable monograph on Shakspere's stage management, has listed a number of scenes in the old dramatists which, if played in full daylight, would be so absurd as to be virtually impossible. The characters usually describe the scene as quite dark, and often appear with torches. Sometimes there are people and objects present on the stage which, if visible, would "give away" the dramatic situation or render it absurd. Wegener's list could be almost indefinitely extended. Many of the most effective, indeed, crucial, episodes in Shakspere would be robbed of all illusion if played in full daylight—the ghost scenes in "Hamlet," the witch scenes in "Macbeth," the storm scenes in "Lear," and the torch-lighted tomb scene in "Romeo and Juliet." Wegener is, however, at a loss to explain how the effect of darkness was produced.

The solution was suggested by another mystery, hitherto equally impenetrable. In the contract for building the Fortune Theater, which was mainly modeled after Shakspere's Globe, it is specified that there shall be "a shadow or cover" over the stage. Similarly, the contract for the Hope calls for "a heavens." The nature and function of this contrivance, and why the "heavens" were also called a "shadow," have remained unguessed at. If, however, the "heavens" were a cloud of canvas thrown out from the loft above the stage toward the top of the amphitheater, it would very effectually cut off the only source of light, the sky above, and so "shadow" the stage.

In the performance of "The Winter's Tale" the stage was darkened during the transit of the bear, and where the friendly handful at rehearsal had laughed outright, a first-night audience of two thousand critical spectators were manifestly held in the artistic illusion appropriate to the flight and death of the old courtier. Such evidence, to be sure, is not absolutely conclusive, but it at least gives it a strong lead toward solving the question of the lighting and darkening of Shakspere's stage.

The production as a whole succeeded beyond the wildest hopes; and the most remarkable fact was that critics of the most diverse temperament found delight in it. Previous Elizabethan productions, inspired by the old idea that Shakspere's stage was bare and crude, had pleased those who valued a fluent recital of the complete text in its proper sequence; but they had found little favor with the austerer order of mind which is not to be seduced by the lure of textual correctness and archæology. The following citations will indicate the degree of their present conversion. " 'The Winter's Tale' proved that Shakspere undrugged is very much more enjoyable than the painless marmalade brand. In fact, it is quite the best Shaksperian venture that this ornate establishment has yet offered. Its lack of scenery positively helped it." "If the immortal William were alive to-day, he would probably drop dead after one look at the richly beautiful production. Henceforth give me Shakspere in the Elizabethan-New Theatre manner. It puts 'magnificent productions' quite in the shade, and altogether out of the running time." A third critic was more tempered in his transports. "The 'Elizabethan manner' was an object-lesson in the futility of scenic elaboration. The simple, beautiful story held the audience fairly entranced by its human interest." The scholarly critic of "The Evening Post" wrote: "Only after seeing a representation of this kind is it possible to apprehend the full effect of the mutilation of the text demanded by the exigencies of modern spectacle. Last night the story which, improbable and involved as it is in itself, appears yet more wild and incredible in the

usual stage version, was perfectly intelligible in its nearly full recital. The text furnished all necessary details concerning the locality, the speakers, and the course of events, and imposed no hard task upon the imagination of the hearers. . . . It is to be hoped that The New Theatre, having once adopted the Elizabethan fashion of production with such emphatic success, will be encouraged to employ it in other plays of that classic period." Mr. Walter Prichard Eaton, in his recent volume, "The New Theatre and Others," gives an extended account of the performance. To him it "preserves all the rich, romantic glamour of the fable, while adding the immeasurable advantage of swiftness of movement, the illusion of verse rather than scenery, and textual completeness, so that the story seems almost for the first time on the modern stage unified and comprehensible. To a spectator with imagination Shakspere's pen was more potent than any scene-painter's brush. Here is the play substantially as Shakspere conceived it, and how much lovelier and more persuasive and simpler a thing it is than the usual traffic of the stage, where modern traffic in 'spectacle' holds sway!"

The time may come when the intelligent public will accept a full text and a properly ordered narrative in lieu of beautiful scenery; but it was decided, and very wisely, I think, to lead rather than push the advance. For the production of "The Tempest" the scenery was designed by no less an artist than Maxfield Parrish. The new method of basing the production on a study of Shakspere's own intentions was, however, continued, and with even more signal results.[1]

The opening scene on shipboard, ending with the wreck, is undoubtedly the most vivid and dramatic thing of its kind in the literature of the stage. Criticized by Dr. Johnson as containing nautical "inaccuracies and contradictory orders," it has been established as revealing a remarkable command of the technical language of the sea, and of the most modern procedure on the ships of the time. Kipling, himself a master of diverse technicalities, has written a most suggestive, if fanciful, account of the manner in which the poet, who, as far as is known, never put to sea, gained his nautical mastery by means of conversation with sailormen in the pot-houses of the Bankside. But even Kipling has had no thought of questioning Shakspere as to the equally interesting technicalities of his own stage.

In this scene, if anywhere, such an inquiry is needed. Our addiction to scenic realism has, as it seems, made it unplayable. When Beerbohm Tree revived the comedy, he had at his command the ample resources of His Majesty's stage. But his ship, represented side on to the audience, and surrounded by a storm-tossed sea, required obviously to be very little longer than the width of the proscenium-opening —some forty feet. Consequently, to keep things in scale, it was necessary to man it with infant sailormen. Shakspere's bluff boatswain was a lad of some seven years! And now behold the logical outcome of stage realism. To outvoice the noise of the storm the most powerful lungs were necessary; but the loudest sound of which that crew was capable was a juvenile squeak. How should the lines be given? There is no answer. The entire text of this matchless piece of dramatic writing remained unspoken. The British Sir Herbert was in the plight of Yankee Doodle, who "swore he could not see the town, there were so many houses."

Was it possible for Shakspere, with his "bare," "crude" stage, to present this scene? No one has ever inquired, and there are details in the action which might well daunt inquiry. Thus the *Master* of the ship exits after giving a single command; yet his whistle is heard from time to time blowing orders for the management of the ship. How could this be? Again, the *Mariners,* having been ordered by the *Boatswain* to take in the topsail, in accordance with specific directions from the *Master's* whistle, disappear from the scene and presently we read: *"Enter Mariners, wet."* Where did they go, and how did they get wet? The noble passengers enter from their "cabins," and return to them; and when the ship strikes on a rock, there is "a confused noise within." Within what?

Consider the old stage a moment, and all this nautical confusion becomes the plainest sailing. Its conformation, as it

[1] In the stormy times that fell upon The New Theatre, Shakspere's "Tempest" lost its attractions. It has still to be produced.

happened, was almost identical with the main deck and poop of a seventeenth century ship—as any one may see in the model of the reconstructed *Half-Moon,* built for the recent Hudson-Fulton celebration, or in the contemporary miniature of one of these craft presented by Mr. J. P. Morgan to the New York Yacht Club and reverently preserved in its model-room. In a storm, the place for the *Master* is up on the poop-deck, where he commands a view of the entire ship. Having ordered the *Boatswain* to his duty, the *Master* exits and, mounting to the gallery, takes his post there as if on the poop. The projecting platform stage represents the main deck. A mast could be set up in the center with shrouds ascending from the forward sides of the stage to the under side of the loft over the stage. Or, more probably, the shrouds were shown without the mast. Obeying orders, the *Mariners* swarm up the ratlines into the loft, in the obscurity of which they may most conveniently become "wet." The inner stage, behind the main deck and below the poop, becomes the cabin; and when the ship strikes, the "confused noise" issues from behind its doors. The only properties absolutely required by the scene are bulwarks and shrouds. To represent the breaking up of the ship, the shrouds would fall clattering to the deck; and, if the stage was appropriately dark, they could be drawn back into the tiring-house, together with the bulwarks, unnoticed by the audience. When the shadowing heavens were furled, and the curtain or woodwork before the inner stage withdrawn, the stage would be ready for the next scene, on the enchanted island before *Prospero's* cave.

All this assumes that only the stern end of the ship is shown, the bow being imaginary, and running out, so to speak, into the amphitheater. But even on the realistic modern stage this arrangement offers no obstacle. Wagner has a precisely similar scene in the first act of "Tristan und Isolde." The arrangement is, in fact, of the greatest advantage to the immediate and powerful effect of the scene. Whereas Sir Herbert's miniature ship labors with its muted crew of children far up stage, Shakspere's ship, so to speak, takes the audience aboard of its imaginary bow, making them present witnesses of the drama of the ship's struggle and ultimate wrecking. On the stage of The New Theatre the ship, like that in "Tristan und Isolde," will have to be a practicable stage-piece; but when wrecked it can be sunk into the cellar, or turned back on the "revolver," and the enchanted island, already partly set behind, disclosed with brief delay. Thus, even in a scenic production, this stirring episode will be restored to the stage and to the public almost without retarding the action of the play as a whole.

In many of the plays the case is not so fortunate. The production of "Antony and Cleopatra" with which The New Theatre opened its doors was highly, if sadly, significant of many things. As in "The Winter's Tale," the text is long, and cannot be extensively cut without becoming fragmentary and unconvincing. It is largely for this reason that it has seldom been given on the pictorial stage, and never with signal success. But, regarded as an artistic whole, what a broad and sweeping presentation it affords of that ancient world, what an impressive unfolding of great natures in dissolution! Many critics rank it as a tragedy next to "Hamlet" and "Lear." The original intention was to reduce the scenic investiture to a series of decorative backgrounds, each seen through a colonnade, a screen of trees, or what not, represented in "profile"—that is, without solid carpenter work. Each scene would thus consist only of two "drops," which could be raised or lowered, and the lights adjusted, in a few seconds. In the entire play, only two scenes require more solid construction—*Pompey's* galley and *Cleopatra's* monument. These could be set up in turn on the back of the revolver and swung into place when needed.

The task of designing the scenes was to be given to Jules Guérin, who began his artistic career as a scene-painter, and has maintained the liveliest interest in the theater. He was to do for the ancient world of the Mediterranean—Rome and Alexandria, Sicily and Athens, Actium and Syria—what he had already done with magnificent effect for the African desert and the châteaux of the Loire. And the splendid pageant of his decorative backgrounds was to unfold so rapidly as to give scope to an artistically complete representation of the play.

But the lure of stage realism was not to

be resisted. Mr. Guérin's drawing of *Cleopatra's* palace—an expanse of sea and shore seen through a towering Egyptian colonnade—was so splendid that it was decided to build up the columns in the round. They were some forty feet high, and the woodwork alone cost four thousand dollars. To shift them frequently during the play was impossible. So they were perforce allowed to stand, and subsequent scenes, mainly out-of-door perspectives, had to be dwarfed, back-drop and all, so that they could be set up inside the square of columns. Even at that the waits were so long that the performance lasted from half past eight until five minutes of one o'clock.

As a result, two of Mr. Guérin's scenes had to be sacrificed—though the text had already been cut to the bone. The dramatic loss was as great as the pictorial loss. One of the sacrificed scenes, that on *Pompey's* galley, is the only passage of comedy in the entire play, and was much needed to relieve the prevailing tragic gloom. Even at this the daily shifting of those gigantic columns (to make way for opera or for other plays in the repertory) necessitated a force of stage-hands whose weekly pay aggregated four thousand dollars. One morning, coming on the stage, Mr. Guérin found the columns gone, and the stage-hands on their backs panting.

"What is the matter?" he asked. "You fellows look as if you were dead."

"No, Mr. Guérin," answered the foreman, whose classical education had been enlarged by The New Theatre, "we are not dead. But we are dying, Egypt, dying."

In the end the solid columns were replaced with profile columns, lowered from the loft. But stage realism had long ago done its deadly work. The mangled play had given little scope to the actors and in itself had failed to make its due effect. The production was an artistic failure. Sothern and Marlowe, quite cast down, resigned from The New Theatre Company. Many people laid the blame on Shakspere and his tragedy. If he had come to life to discover that, he would have "dropped dead" long before the artistic delight of "The Winter's Tale" threatened his vitality.

Such instances could be almost indefinitely extended. If there is a single play which has not vitally suffered from realistic and spectacular production, I am not aware of it. The new method is making its way slowly but inevitably. In almost every New Theatre production it has revealed priceless knowledge of Shakspere's dramaturgy. As yet the discoveries are, in a measure, fragmentary, even conjectural. But when the new method has been practically applied to all the great masterpieces, our knowledge cannot fail to be measurably systematic and complete. When that time comes the craftsmanship of the great dramatist will for the first time have an adequate, a scholarly representation. Personally I believe that his plays will then for the first time become near and dear to us, a vital element in the life of the people.

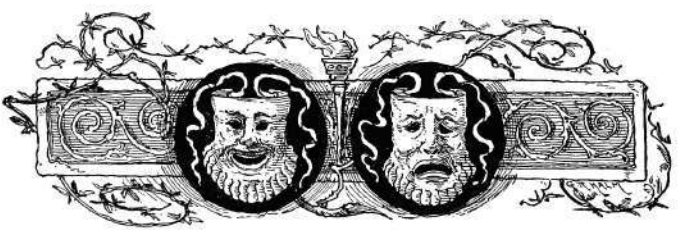


ILLUSTRATION OF HANDEL'S "MESSIAH"

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY NORMAN PRICE

"SLOWLY THE RAFTS SANK UNDER THE WEIGHT"

ACROSS SOUTH AMERICA

A NARRATIVE OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCE ACROSS THE ANDES TO THE AMAZON

SECOND PAPER: SHOOTING THE CAÑONS OF THE EASTERN ANDES

BY CHARLES JOHNSON POST

WITH PICTURES BY THE WRITER

A LONG line of half-naked Leccos trotted across the grass-covered bluff and disappeared over the edge and down the steep path to the river, where our clumsy rafts swung uneasily in the boiling current. They grunted and sweated and laughed as they threw the heavy packages of our outfit on their shoulders, for they could swing a hundred and fifty or two hundred pounds as carelessly as you could handle a valise; and steadily the raised platforms on the rafts piled higher with the accumulating baggage, while slowly the rafts sank under the weight, until the raft-logs were entirely covered by the muddy current. As the last package was put aboard, the Leccos began lashing the cargo in place with our spare rope and the long vines which they used for towing the rafts up-stream. They used as much care in throwing and tightening the lashings as though stowing the pack on a "bad" mule for a mountain-trail. It seemed absurd.

"Here, good," grunted a Lecco, waving a hand toward the mill-race current; "below, very bad, *patrón*—yes."

When later we struck the "bad places," and, waist-deep in the boiling, angry waters of the cañons, clung to those same lashings to keep ourselves from being washed overboard, the need of lashing for the baggage was plain.

The *intendente,* the *jefe politico,* and the only postmaster for many leagues of this virgin interior came down to tender us his farewell embraces; for as a strict matter of fact those three functionaries resided in the single person of one short, stocky Cholo half-breed, who had given all the hospitality in his power during the dreary weeks of waiting in his little palm-thatched domain. Officially he noted with approval that we had already complied with the Bolivian regulations in regard to navigation, and at the bow floated the green, yellow, and red flag of Bolivia, and with much curiosity he viewed our American flag fluttering at the stern. It was the first he had ever seen. It gained, too, much approval from the Leccos, its decorative scheme of stars and red and white bars drawing admiring comment, and we could have sold it many times over as dress goods or as strictly high-class shirting. As a special mark of favor the shrewish, leather-skinned Indian wife of the Cholo jefe came down to see us off, and while we patted her lord on the back in our mutually polite embracings, she fluttered in the background, clacking unintelligible, but cordial, Aymará farewells.

When first we had dismounted in this tiny settlement of Mapiri this Aymará woman had borne us a fierce dislike that was kept from literal and open war only

by the strong hand of her Cholo lord. A little later, unfortunately, one of our men, in making his offering of candles in the little mud-walled chapel, had ignited a saint. When I saw the saint shortly after, his vestments were charred shreds, he was as bald as a singed chicken, and his waxen features had coagulated into limp benevolence, out of which his sole remaining glass eye stared mildly. He had been placed on a little table up against a mud wall, and the Indian women were weeping and wailing before him in abject apology. They were hastily offering flowers, candles, and libations, but with this last straw the Aymará lady's dislike had become even a more fixed, fanatical hatred. Shrewish, unattractive, and savage though she was, she was devoted in her love for her Cholo husband. One night, some time after the burning of the saint, their son developed a difference with his father in which each tried to kill the other. The father had just reached his gun, and would have been successful, when, being thick-necked, violent, and full-blooded, he toppled over in a stroke of apoplexy. There being no doctor, not even an Aymará *yatari* within three hundred miles, the old lady turned to us in a panic, and, probably despite our amateur efforts, the Cholo pulled through. In the meantime the poor old Aymará woman fluttered about in an agony of helpless fear and love, eagerly hanging on the slow words of translation that came to her, for she spoke nothing but Aymará, and everything had to be translated first into Spanish and then into her own tongue. That very night she burned a box of candles before the charred saint, while in the morning we had for our breakfast a fine chicken apiece. Her gratitude endured, and in the quivering furnace heat she had come to see us depart, and as we waded aboard, she followed, and laid on the cargo a pair of live chickens as a final gift.

Drawn by Charles J. Post

"THE SHREWISH, LEATHER-SKINNED INDIAN WIFE"

The Cholo handed us a small sack of mail, asking us to distribute it on our way down the Rio Mapiri, these irregular trips being the sole means of mail communication with the rubber *barracas* of this far interior; the Leccos cast off the vine ropes that moored us, and a few strokes of their heavy paddles swung us out into the full, swift current of the river. As we struck it there was no feeling of speed or even of motion, but immediately the green walls on each side of the river began flitting past in a shimmering ribbon of confused green jungle. In a moment, far behind, came the crackling of rifle-shots. It was the Cholo and his Winchester in salute; and even while we were pulling our guns to reply, he and his Aymará wife had dwindled to tiny dots that the sound of our guns could have reached only as a faint echo. Then a bend in the river hid them from view, and my river voyage from the Andes to the Atlantic had begun.

For two months since landing on the Peruvian coast I had been slowly working toward the unknown and vague interior of South America. Arequipa, Puna, Lake Titicaca, and finally the gaudy, stuccoed walls of La Paz had been left behind. Slowly each village had become a little more primitive than the last, until here at last, in the struggling rectangle of cane

and palm-thatch that boasted the official title of Mapiri, we faced the *montaña*. Before me stretched the great interior basin of the upper tributaries of the Amazon, with all the lure, the mystery, and the charm of the unknown. Here at last, ankle-deep in water on the submerged raft, I was leaving behind even the last primitive civilization of the frontier. Vaguely I knew that somewhere there were the districts of the savages, the Paquaguarras, the Guarayas, the Chimanes, the Mojos, and the Tacanas, some of them as primitive and hostile as a jungle animal, and others semicivilized to a degree where they would furnish the river crews. Sometime I would emerge from this uncharted interior at the head of the Falls of the Madeira, and then civilization would come pleasantly again in a gradually ascending scale up to trolleys, paved streets, cafés, and a weekly band in the plaza Sunday nights; and then—home.

For four long, monotonous weeks I had waited in this straggling settlement of Mapiri; for the river was high with the rains, and the only rafts had gone down long before. Runners were sent to the Leccos, and for all those weeks of our monotonous delay they had been trying to drag their *balsas* up through the cañons and against the current to reach us.

The balsas were slender rafts of very buoyant logs spiked together with heavy pins of black palm; they had a rough bow made by the crooked middle log, which turned up in a snout-like projection, giving the affair a curiously animal-like and amphibious expression. For the return voyage three of these balsas are lashed side by side with cross-logs and strips of the inner bark of some tree. The *callapo*, as this combination is called, is entirely submerged except for the cargo-platforms and the turned-up snouts, and nothing else is visible above the muddy river.

As we disappeared around the bend in the swift current, the hills against the background seemed to close in upon us, and, as they narrowed, the muddy river snapped and crackled in little, peevish waves. The banks grew steeper, and the air damp and cool, and although directly overhead there was the glaring blue sky of the forenoon, yet we moved swiftly through the atmosphere of evening. Long, trailing creepers drooped from the overhanging trees into the current near the banks, and cut the water like a spray from the bow of a trim launch; the soft murmurs of rapidly moving water rose, and was broken only now and then by the shrill cries of parrots flying high overhead; sometimes a pair of macaws, with their gaudy plumage flashing in the high sun, flitted across the gorge. But though the river doubled and twisted among the hills, there were yet, according to Lecco standards, no "bad places," and they passed the bottle of *cañassa* sociably around among themselves, inspecting their passengers with interest, and chuckling over their own comments. They had never seen a man with eye-glasses before, and I was a matter of fine interest and guesswork. What were those panes of glass for? Cautiously they would make a little circle with their fingers and thumbs, and peer through it to see what effect of improvement might result. I received my name, "the four-eyed patrón," promptly.

The whole crew of Leccos was amiably drunk; it is the custom of the river, and it seems in no way to impair their efficiency. It has become their right by long custom, and one that it is not prudent to disregard; for a trader, being of a thrifty turn and not caring to buy the cañassa, decided to run the river on a strict prohibition platform. Every one of his callapos was curiously enough wrecked in the same rapids on the day after he announced his thrifty principles. The general allowance is about two quarts a day for three men, and perhaps, if the day has been a hard one, a small teacupful each in the camp. Money to them has no value compared with cañassa. Once, when trying to buy a fine bead neck-band from a Lecco, I offered him money up to a dollar, Bolivian, the equivalent of eight bottles of cañassa, and he refused, for his Lecco sweetheart had made it; then I began to barter all over again by offering him a bottle of cañassa, and at once he handed me the neck-band.

While the current was swift, from eight to ten miles an hour, we had not come to the bad rapids. Sometimes the river would open out into broad shallows, where the callapo would bump and scrape along over the bottom, and then would close up into another gorge that in its turn would merge into tortuous cañons with bluff walls of

A LECCO TYPE

Drawn by Charles J. Post

THE LECCO OF THE TWIG RAFT

"NAPOLEON," A LECCO CHIEF

rock. Drunk though the Leccos were, yet their river skill did not seem to be affected. When we floated along the quieter reaches, they would play like silly children. Occasionally one would be tumbled into the river, and would swim alongside in sheepish embarrassment until he decided to climb aboard, amid the pleased cackles of the rest.

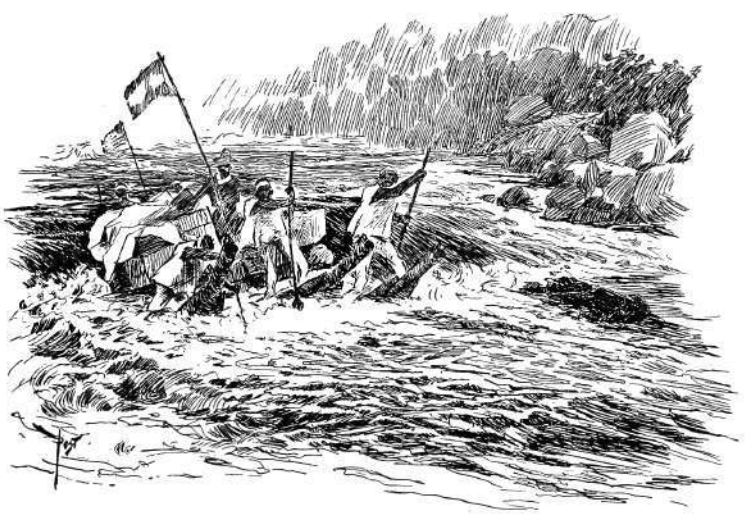
One, a young Lecco about seventeen or eighteen years old, who handled one of the stern paddles, accidentally stepped off backward into the river. The others shrieked with delight as the Lecco struck out for shore. We saw him land, pull his machete out from under his shirt, and start chopping down some saplings. Perhaps fifteen minutes later, in the next milder stretch of river, down came the Lecco like a cowpuncher on a pony, only his pony was a bundle of mere sticks lashed together with vine, and in place of a rope he swung a bamboo-pole, using it as a paddle. He was standing up like a circus-rider on his frail raft, shifting it with his pole over to where the current was swiftest; and he coasted down the inclined glissade between rocks, avoiding every little eddy and catching only the roughest and swiftest places, until presently he had worked his way alongside and stepped aboard again. His little bundle of sticks did not number ten, and not one was as thick as your wrist, while merely two bits of vine at each end held them together. I asked what would have happened had the vine-lashings broke. When that was translated to the Leccos, they roared with laughter. That, it was explained to me, was what they were hoping for, so that then he would have had to swim. Swim! A fine joke to swim rapids and whirlpools that looked like sure death or a worse mangling. But I found later that any one of them could have done it through even worse passages. If they are sure to be caught in a whirlpool, they will dive, and the fury of the rapid itself troubles them not the least. A Lecco once, to avoid a whipping by his rubber boss, threw himself into the river and swam six miles in the worst section of the river without a thought. A German later attempted to swim the mildest of these, and his broken body was picked up in an eddy three miles below.

These Leccos are among the finest Indians, or semicivilized savages, I have met. They are sturdy and muscular, with a distinctively Malaysian suggestiveness, and very superior to any of the surrounding savage tribes of the interior. Yet they have neither religion nor superstition; they have no legend or tradition, and their only historical recollection is from the time when quinine bark was the main river commerce instead of rubber,—the time of the "Great Quina" [1] they call it,—about half a century ago. They are brave and loyal, although not a fighting race, and have made but a poor showing against the neighboring tribes. Their life is on the river, chiefly this Rio Mapiri, and they stick close to its banks. Their sole work is transportation with these balsas and callapos up and down the river. For months in the year this river is virtually closed by reason of the rains and the impassable cañons. Down-stream is simple and finely

[1] From fifty to eighty years ago, when quinine was enormously valuable. At present it is a very minor interest and low in price compared with the great interest in rubber.

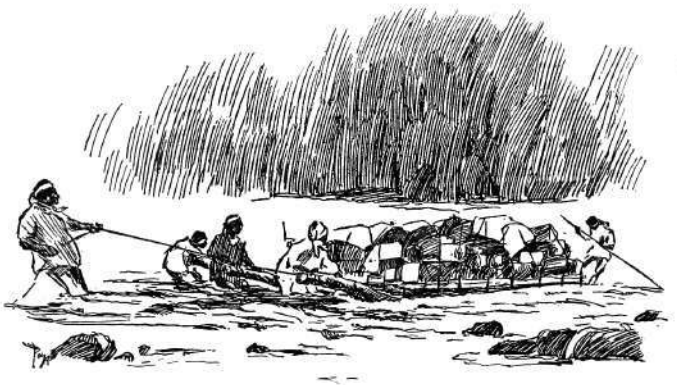
exciting, but against the currents up-stream, portaging or hauling the balsas through the cañons, where there is often barely a hand-hold on the naked walls of rock, and often vines must be lowered from above, drenched during the day and sleeping on the *playas* at night, is the hardest kind of labor. As had happened while they were trying to reach me on this trip, if the food gives out,—it is not a game country,—and unless they are near enough to the goal to live on nuts and berries, as they did for two days on this occasion, they have to go back, replenish, and start over again, with all the previous labor lost. And there is scarcely a free Lecco among them; they are always in debt to the rubber barracas, which by the sale and purchase of their debts pass them as veritable chattels. With thriftless, unthinking good nature, they accept this condition and at the end of each trip will squander their credit-wages on worthless trifles. A Lecco friend of mine once squandered the wages of a whole hard trip up-stream on a woman's straw hat and its mass of pink-ribbon bows that he wore for two days in great pride on the drift down-stream until it was lost overboard in one of the worst rapids. He watched it whirling off in the spray and foam with a childish pleasure and no sense of loss, but rather with the calm complacency of a man who had lost a trifle and could with easy labor earn another.

That night we made camp on a sand-bar in one of the more open reaches of water and close to the river's edge. With their short machetes the Leccos cut some canes, unlashed our tentage from the platforms, and rigged a rough shelter. In the balmy air of the sunset there was no indication that it was needed, but during this season a tropical rain comes up with the suddenness of a breeze, and pitching a tent in a driving downpour in the darkness of perdition is no light pleasure. For themselves, the Leccos simply threw a matting of woven palm-leaves on the sand, and their camp was made. The bank was lined with a fringe of driftwood, and Spanish cedar and mahogany make admirable fuel, and give one at the same time a sense of wanton, extravagant luxury that the humbler cooking fires of our North never obtain, and presently little fires crackled into life along the playa while gathering around each were little crews of Leccos in their loose, flapping, square shirts, or else stripped to the waist in the hot evening air, and intent on the small pots of boiling rice, *platinos,* and *chalona.* Quickly the velvet darkness of the tropics fell, and the high lights flickered on naked skins; slowly the moon rose above the purple hills of the background, transforming the muddy sur-



Drawn by Charles J. Post

"THERE WERE YET, ACCORDING TO LECCO STANDARDS, NO 'BAD PLACES'"



Drawn by Charles J. Post

LOWERING THE CALLAPO THROUGH SHALLOWS

face of the swirling river into a shimmer of molten silver. The smooth playa softened in the mellow light, while, in the foreground, the camp-fires threw in strong relief the easy play of naked muscles in the shifting groups of savage figures; and beyond were other figures silhouetted against the night or merged with the bulk of the callapos, gently swaying at the river's edge, to the low roar of the current. The subdued chatter of the Leccos, the crackling of the driftwood flames, the occasional cry of some morose tropical bird of the night, and once in a while the far-off, snarling howl of a jaguar in the hills beyond, blended like the carefully studied tones of some painting, and the peace that passeth the understanding of cities descended.

Somewhere back in the hills were the savages, the Chunchos and the Yungus; but they rarely come down to this river. It is too populous, according to their standards, and precautions against them are rarely needed. Farther on, when we got into the Rio Kaka and the Rio Beni, some care was essential; and it would be necessary to camp on the largest sand-bars and close to the water's-edge, where the camp could not be rushed in a sudden dash from the jungle.

The next morning, with the first faint trickle of dawn along the rim of purple hills, the camp was astir. A single fire was stirred into activity, and in the dim, gray light there was a hasty cup of tea and a raw platino, and again we waded aboard the callapo and swung out into the current. The cool gray-green of the early morning had faded to a delicate sapphire; the purple hills loomed nearer in the soft haze; above them shimmering waves of amethyst overspread half the skies. A faint glow as of soft coral flickered over the crests of a stray cloud, that, close after, flushed with the bolder brilliancy of the ruby and the topaz. There was no pause; one color after another, exquisite in its gorgeousness or delicacy, as though from the slowly opening door of a prismatic furnace—crimson, violet, deep-sea blues, and old-gold—shifted and coiled above the purple hills. A thread of silver tipped their crests, and then, at their centers, there was for an instant the gleam of molten gold, and a second more above the low morning mist there floated the glowing mass of the sun. The day had begun.

For hours we drifted down the swift current. Now and then a snake or perhaps an otter glided silently into the eddies as we drifted by. We seemed to drift with intolerable slowness, and yet, when we watched the jungle on each side slipping by, we could see the speed—six, eight, and sometimes ten miles an hour. The sun rose higher; it beat down on the unsheltered callapo like the hot blast from a furnace; the animal sounds in the forests ceased; the faint morning airs died away, and nothing broke the stillness but the occasional shrill flocks of parrots. The muddy surface of the river turned to a heated brazen glare, and the long breakfastless hours of the forenoon crawled past.

Presently as we swung around a bend there appeared a tiny cane-walled hut surrounded by a few platino- and yucca-trees.

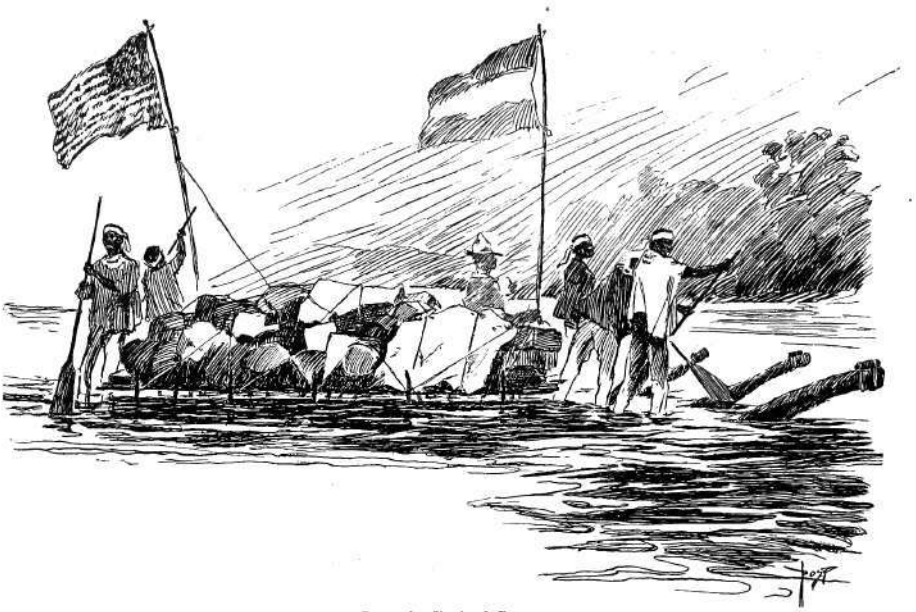
Splashing in the river were naked little babies, and as our Leccos set up a shout, a woman trotted down to the bank and waved back. We paddled out of the current, and made a landing, while the young Lecco who had run the river on the bundle of sticks took on a sack of clean clothes. The Leccos are very particular in these matters; each morning from out their home-woven cotton sacks they would don clean trousers and shirt, and at every opportunity, going up or down the river, they would stop and turn over to the Lecco wife the soiled ones and take aboard a clean supply. When a trip is too long for a complete outfit, they would get busy at each midday breakfast-time halt and wash their own. The sack they carried would hold about as much as a small keg, and it was always crowded to its capacity with their queer, square shirts and tight-ankled trousers. Their only other baggage was a plate, a spoon, and a tiny kettle for rice. Clean clothes every day is a peculiar hobby for a primitive tribe.

This Lecco woman, or, rather, girl, who trotted down to the water's-edge was about sixteen, wore only a single long garment, a *chula,* that came to above the ankles and had no sleeves. Some forest flower was in her black hair, and she was a beauty. Not by any of the savage standards alone or by the easy imagination that gives some youthful savages a certain attractiveness as a matter of pure contrast, but she was beautiful by any of those standards that obtain in our home countries. She had regular features, delicate nostrils, soft eyes, and regular, curving lips, with a soft, light-coppery, tawny complexion, so soft and light that the color came and went in her cheeks like a fresh-blown débutante. She had the carriage of a queen, though that was nothing to a race of women who carry burdens on their head from babyhood and who can swim like otters. I saw later very many Lecco women, and while all were superior in type to those of the neighboring tribes, there was but one that could compare with the features of this first Lecco girl, and the two might have been sisters, so close was the type of beauty.

More Lecco homes appeared, and at each some one of the crew received his new stock of clean clothes and packed his pouch with them. Then Guanai appeared, or, rather, we stopped under the river-bank close by, for the straggling collection of huts lies some distance back from the river. A few rubber-traders, half-breeds, and Cholos live here, and control the Leccos. Most of them, when I was there, were refugees from the other side of the Andes, and here were beyond the reach of the Bolivian authorities. Once in a while some one of them is caught and taken out in chains by the soldiers sent in for the special purpose, but as a rule that followed only as the result of internecine difficulty and resulting treachery. The head man came down to the bank to meet us with his neck stiff and awkward in some home-made bandage. He was still half drunk, but very hospitable. The night before, it seems, there had been a fight, and when the candles were stamped out in the little hut it became very confusing, he explained; hence the stab in the neck and somewhere a couple of men were nursing bullet-holes. We handed over the few letters from the Cholo at Mapiri, and he was eager to get

Drawn by Charles J. Post

"THESE LECCOS ARE AMONG THE FINEST INDIANS"



Drawn by Charles J. Post

"WE SEEMED TO DRIFT WITH INTOLERABLE SLOWNESS"

news of La Paz and the outside world. For years he had lived here, a refugee from the law, and unmolested; but some day he will meet with as sudden a death as he had often bestowed, and another head man will fill his uncertain shoes. A torn straw hat, cotton shirt, and Lecco trousers was his sole costume, and he hunts barefoot and runs the river as readily as any of the Lecco tribesmen.

Below Guanai the Rio Mapiri is reinforced by the Rio Coroico and the Rio Tipuani, clear, cold streams. All along little brooks and mountain torrents have also been adding to the volumes of our river, so that it had grown to a goodly size. Below this settlement of Guanai were the worst and most dangerous passages. Any of the rapids are bad, but they are less to be feared than the great whirlpools that form below each one of them. It is these *remolinos* that are more likely to catch the rafts and tear them apart. The rough water of the rapid can be watched, and the callapo can be kept head on in the current, but below there is no means of judging when a whirling vortex will form that will drag the callapo under and perhaps later throw it out farther down in scattered fragments.

For fifty miles the hills crowded in, and there were only rarely any open, slower reaches of river. Huge masses of rock had broken from above and had hurled themselves into the gorges, where the current was choked in masses of high-flung spray. The Leccos knew that on one certain side of these rocks there was disaster and with their heavy paddles they pried the raft in the proper currents. At first the water was smooth,—smoother than in the broader reaches,—but the banks moved past more swiftly, and from out of the water itself came a little rattling, crackling sound—the sound of the boulders on the river-bed crashing together as they were swept down-stream. Then the surface of the river broke up in snapping little ripples, while under our feet there was the feel of the raft straining in the eddying thrust of the current. But it is these parts of the river that the Leccos fairly love; their eyes sparkled and they laughed and chattered with excitement. Ahead there was a roaring smother of foam, which curled back in a crested wave; the paddles, with the callapo snouts as a fulcrum, swung the course to the right, and a second later there came a rush and a crash as a mass of boiling water climbed over the starboard cargo and we careened until the crew on the lower side were breast-deep in the smother. It was only for a second, and the raft drifted out

among the eddying whirlpools that formed below. One, a fairly small one, caught us at the stern, and we were drawn under as if caught by a submarine claw; the waters rose to the breasts of the stern crew, while they, braced against their paddles, grinned back at us cheerfully. Then the vortex broke, and very slowly the cargo rose dripping into view.

Every rapid, bend, or cataract in this port has its name, an honor denied the distances up the Mapiri of the day before. We passed the Conseli, and entered the Kirkana,—my spelling is phonetic,—a magnified mountain brook that boiled through the tortuous passages for miles. There was not a mile that did not have its channel choked with rock, through which we shot in a smother of foam, like a South Sea Islander on his surf-board. Then came a cañon, with walls of gray rock on which were stains or symbols that in a rough way suggested some of the old Inca forms, and to which the Leccos have given the name of the "Devil-Painted" Rapids. Beyond lie the rapids of the "Bad Waters," and then the Ysipuri Rapids, where there was a large rubber barraca in charge of an English superintendent. The rafts were swung in to the bank, and we paid a visit to the lonely place. It was a small village in itself, all the little huts centering in straggling lines about the chief office and store; the English patron was the law, and was supreme. There was only one bitterness in his cup, and that was the fact that during the hatching season—which, he complained, seemed to be most of the year—his point of land was infested with young boas just out of the egg. He rarely found any of the large parent snakes, although the sand at that particular point seemed to be just what they needed for their eggs, and on some days the newly hatched snakes would be hauled out of hammocks, bins, beds, kettles, and any refuge that had appealed to their infant instincts.

He fed us on cabbage-palm that went into the kitchen like a section of cordwood as large as a man's leg, and came out steaming and looking like a dish of boiled cabbage, though its flavor put cabbage back in the class of a mere stock food for steers. Moreover, he regaled us pleasantly with tales of shipwreck in the Ratama, the great rapids that still lay a short distance before us, and of feats by the Leccos in running it that will in time be legends. There was one of a Lecco who owned a mule that he had acquired after it had been broken down and abandoned at the end of the trans-Andean trail. This Lecco decided to move down the river, and he built on a single balsa a framework of cane for the mule; then he put on his few household affairs, his wife and baby, the latter lashed, so that the woman was free to help paddle, and he shot the cañon. He got through, mule and all, safe, and the feat is still held in highest regard by the Leccos, for it thrilled even their expert watermanship. Also there was another Lecco who, while drunk,—drunk even from the point of view of his Lecco neighbors, and that must be very drunk,—shot the Ratama on a bundle of sticks very much as our man had done the day before, except that by comparison our man had drifted through a mere riffle. And then there were many others who never got through, but were battered and crushed by the whirling logs of their own broken rafts. It was a pleasant thought

Drawn by Charles J. Post

A RUBBER-PICKER

to cheer us for the prospect. Then emptying our rifles in salute to his Winchester, we started on for the next rapids—the Ratama.

Two miles above the Ratama the walls of the gorge began to close in steep cliffs. Here and there shrubs clung on little niches, while from the high edges long vines hung down and were whipped taut in the swift, glassy current below. The air began to cool in the deep shadows, and there was a damp chill in it like the breath from a cavern. The Leccos were not chattering now, for this place may on any trip prove to be serious, and the silence of the smooth drifting was only broken by an occasional kingfisher, which clattered by like a flying watchman's rattle. Slowly a dull roaring, echoing from the distance, steadily obtruded itself; the current was still glassy, but as it moved, it snapped against the walls of the cañon in angry ripples. Every Lecco in the crew was poised, with his paddle, as tense as a strung bow. Now we knew who was the captain of the crew. It was the forward Lecco on the right; he was the only one who had anything to say. It was no childish joking now; there were his commands. Occasionally he grunted his order, and the paddles dipped as they held the raft true, bow on, in the middle of the current. With a grand sweep we swung round a bend between the walls of rock, and there far ahead the white waves of the Ratama were snapping like great fangs against the dusk of the cañon, while above them hung a heavy mist that blurred the outlines of the gorge beyond. The callapo increased its speed; the Ratama seemed to be springing toward us with each leaping wave; the roaring water deepened, and the voices were drowned. The Lecco captain dipped his paddle, and the rest followed the signal; and gently the callapo was held true, with the three upturned snouts headed straight for the foaming center. The cliffs had closed in like the walls of a corridor, and they flew past like the flickering film of a moving-picture; the spray from the trailing vines was whipped in our faces, and floated upward to form rainbows in the slanting sunlight high overhead. Then for a second we seemed to pause on the edge of a long slide of polished water, the edge of the cataract. The Leccos crouched for the shock, and we could fairly feel their toes gripping the submerged callapo logs, while their paddles were poised above their heads. Then came the brief coast down the smooth water and the plunge into the great wave that loomed above our heads, only to break with a drenching roar over us and the lashed freight. The Leccos dropped on their knees, gripping a hold as best they might; their eyes glittered with excitement, and I could see their wide-open mouths in a yell of wild joy, though every sound was drowned in the crash and roar of waters. The paddles swung in powerful circles, and at each dip the paddlers went out of sight, head and shoulder in the smother of foam. The water was above my waist, and somewhere below the surface I was hanging on to the cargo lashings, with my feet braced against the logs. Under the boiling smother of foam I could feel the callapo writhe and twist in the strain; a keg broke loose, and a Lecco lost his paddle in recovering it. His paddle was of no consequence, for he could whittle another, and he fondly believed the keg held the beloved alcohol,—cañassa,—though he was wrong, for it held nothing but pickled beef, and worthless, as I later found.

Drawn by Charles J. Post

A LECCO IN ROUGH WATER

Sometimes a Lecco's shoulder would rise

Drawn by Charles J. Post. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE RAFT IN THE RAPIDS

above the boiling smother, with the brown muscles playing in hard knots; sometimes we would slew side on to the current, and no power could hold us straight until a bursting wave would throw us back; sometimes for an instant the dripping snouts of the callapo would be flung high in the air, and fall back with a crash that made itself heard above the roar, and the raft would quiver and strain with the impact. One saw nothing; we might have been standing still. There was nothing but the lashing sting of the whirling spray and the thunder of the cataract. Then, in an instant, the roar and the tumult were behind, the waves calmed, and the callapo shot out into the calmer waters below, where the whirlpools and eddies shifted and coiled.

Vortices into which one might lower a barrel without wetting it whirled lazily past within paddle-reach, and sometimes they would suddenly form ahead and the Leccos would watch them intently as to their possible direction, and then paddle to shift our course. These they can generally avoid. It is when one forms or suddenly comes up from underneath that there is danger. A few did catch us this way, and the Leccos would stand with braced feet, reading by the straining logs the possible strength of the vortex, and the callapo would grind and slowly sink, until by sheer mass it broke the force of the whirl. Often we would go down by the stern until the after Leccos kept only their heads above the water, and even we, farther forward, would be submerged up to our shoulders. There was nothing to do but wait until the vortex broke of itself. In the Ratama the roar and excitement drowned any emotion, but this was slowly waiting in uncertainty and speculating on how far one could really swim before being drawn under like a chip. Not far, that was certain, and the Leccos watched this shifting, coiling passage in a silent gravity that they had shown nowhere else on the river. It is the breaking up of the logs and cargo that make the danger, at least to the Lecco,—greater than the power of the river itself,—and a white man would have no chance.

From the Ratama the river and the country back of it opened out, and the last of the eastern Andean foot-hills were almost passed. A few more rapids were left,—the Nube, the Incaguarra, the Beyo, and the Bala,—but after the Ratama they dwindled to harmless riffles. The Beyo Cañons resound with a deafening roar, but it is from the thousands of macaws that have their nests in the soft sandstone cliffs, and it is their clatter that carries for miles in the soft evening air. Down here signs of game began to appear, and the Leccos got out their bows and arrows and shot fish as we drifted slowly along. Sometimes a stray monkey or pig would get within range, and the steady diet of rice and chalona would be pleasantly interrupted. Sometimes a little palm-leaf shack would appear on the sand-bars, a remnant of some savage excursion to the river after fish, and then for hours nothing would break the long stretches of virgin, tropical desolation. And then came Rurrenabaque, the last village for many days, and where the Leccos turn back for their slow work up-stream. From here the big canoe, with its crew of Lacanas, would start down the Rio Beni through a virgin country in which the jungles and savages still held uninterrupted domain.

(To be continued)

UNDERNEATH that branching pine,
All amid that holly bough
(Look out!),
Lips are laughing, bright eyes shine—
Fairy-folk be with us now!

From the forests where they bide,
When our yuletide joys begin
(Look out!),
On the Christmas log they ride,
With the holly they flock in.

If a fairy you should find
Hiding 'mid the twinèd green
(Look out!),
If to hold her you 're inclined,
You must say a charm, I ween.

Once at Yule a fay was caught
By a charm an old wife knew
(Look out!),
And at loom and spindle wrought,
Singing, all a twelvemonth through!

BRER RABBIT

The awful fate of Mr. Wolf

FOUR PICTURES
DRAWN FOR THE CENTURY
by CARTON MOOREPARK
ILLUSTRATING 'UNCLE REMUS'

Drawn by Carton Moorepark. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

THE TAR BABY

"'Ef you don't take off dat hat and tell me howdy, I 'm gwineter bus' you wide open,' sezee."

Drawn by Carton Moorepark. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

BRER FOX TURNS LOOSE

"He rip, en he r'ar, en he cuss, en he swar; he snort en he cavort."

Drawn by Carton Moorepark. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

BRER FOX FEIGNS DEATH

"Mighty funny. Brer Fox look like he dead, yit he don't do like he dead. Dead folks hists der behime legs en hollers wahoo!"

A LOVE-SONG

BY JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

LOVE me for nothing time may take away,
But for my very self that must endure,
Fixed as the stars along the eternal way,
Strong for your strength and for your love's sake pure.

Then though this glowing force and frame decline
Through gradual changes to the withered worst,
Still through the veiled defeat you shall divine
The immortal soul that turned to you at first.

THE BLUE HANDKERCHIEF

BY GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN

Author of "Emmy Lou," "Letitia," etc.

I

SINCE mulatto Livy had been taught to regard the human chattel as transferable property, I can see now, looking back to that far time, how she doubtless considered that she was plainly within her rights when she gave away her child Susy, aged six.

In the phrase of the South, where this happened, Susy was termed "colored." Not for one moment of the years that I knew her did she herself accept this classification.

Forty years have passed since she lived that pitiable thing, her childhood. Pride of race is being preached, and has awakened among the people she was conceded to belong to. Under conditions such as these, a Susanna or a Miriam or an Esther might have been saved in her to that race.

As it was, since she herself fiercely repudiated the claims of this race upon her, and the other race to which the white blood in her answered repudiated her, she was driven back through the only escape offering the proud and fierce spirit which characterized her.

The story of Susy is worth the telling, or so it seems to me, who will tell it as faithfully as I can, because the history of the individual and its fulfilment of itself or not, according to the direction in which it has been impelled to go, sometimes seems to shed light upon other racial experiments.

To call Susy either white or black or both is only partly true. She was the child of Livy, a slattern mulatto woman who did washing for the soldiers at the barracks still maintained in our town in the early '70's. But her father was Injun John Smith, of the broad face, the wispy, long, coarse hair, the shawl, and the big, rolling hat, known to us as a camp-follower and hanger-on.

About the time that Susy was six, he and Livy had drifted in from no one ever seemed to know where. Soon after Livy proffered her to one Aunt Haggai Mount-

joy, a straight, spare black woman, cook in the kitchen of my parents.

Aunt Haggai, efficient, saving of words, and non-committal, as a servitor was hardly to be overvalued. As a proprietor in a piece of human flesh she was to prove hard and cruel, loving power for its own sake.

At the time of the transfer of Susy, Aunt Haggai came to my mother, bringing the matter. Slattern Livy, barefooted, in a calico dress and little else, and this sagging and open, exposing her person, followed.

Behind her, plainly a baffled, hounded, and impelled, yet fiercely alien, small creature, came Susy.

I can see her now. The bright hue of her watchful and fierce face was copper. Her cheek-bones were high, and the hair which hung in two small braids down the back of her tattered cotton dress, with a yellow ribbon known as cigar ribbon woven in with each, was straight and blue in its blackness.

I can remember, too, how her eyes roved about the room, with its canopy-bed, bureau, armoire, and little sewing-table, and came to a pause upon the lady in the muslin wrapper lying with a book upon the sofa—came to a pause there, and then swept on to me standing by the sofa's head beside that person, who was my mother.

And if I, the little daughter of the household, who was exactly of an age with Susy, looked back with some awe at this fierce, small creature, it was not without a degree of fascination, too. Indeed, I may say here that it was largely with these two emotions I continued to regard her to the end.

I am quite sure now that my mother from her sofa endeavored to do her duty and her part. The stress of the war was just over. Its personal toll and its heavy hand, laid upon every one, had left the emotions jaded and inelastic, at least in such a matter as any very active curiosity as to why mulatto Livy desired to transfer her child to Aunt Haggai, or as to why Haggai desired to burden herself with the child. There had been a too general and enforced readjustment among families, white and black, and a redistribution of responsibilities of all kinds, for that.

Still, a sense of responsibility toward the black in any and all matters, especially of appeal, was still ingrained and in the order of things. And I am sure that my mother must have been convinced that the transfer was wise before she became a part in it.

For it was then and there effected, and Susy's childhood and early adolescence from this hour when her mother gave her away were lived under the roof of my mother and my father, side by side, so far as the lines drawn allowed, with my own.

I was Isabel; she was Susy. I had a wax doll; she had a china one. And if I had toy dishes and other such matters, she played with them in equal sharing. And not only with them, but with the white children of the neighborhood who came and joined us in that scene of our play, the back yard.

The back yard! It is borne in upon me to repeat this. For it was the distinction belonging to the established order, before which we were as powerless as she, that Susy, the companion, and indeed the dictator, in our play in the back yard, might not be included in any way whatsoever in our games upon the front sidewalk.

She the born leader, and the dominant will in all our affairs up to that line of demarcation called the fence must stop there, and from behind its pickets, at that entrance known as the side gate, stand and watch us. Poor little peri, other side of the palings of a forbidden paradise!

As I recall her small copper-hued face as it used to look out upon the rest of us, fresh in our summer-evening array, I can see that the fierceness of a potential race hatred was awake in her even then. How cruel God's creatures are! We of the privileged race played on without conscious thought about it other than as its being the accepted thing.

In so far as Susy regarded me, both then and afterward, she was tolerably well disposed toward me as an individual; but as one of the race she hated she had no good for me. Her distinction between the two identities was curious. I enter into these things because they seem now to shed light on what comes hereafter.

As the little companion of her daily intercourse, she vouchsafed me occasional glimpses of what was passing in her mind. As a member of the race banded against her, she never once in all the years we were dwellers together, so far as I can re-

call, gave me the full measure of her real confidence.

As an instance of her distinction between my two identities, I remember this: we were both going to school by the time of which I speak, I with my race, she with that conceded for her to be hers.

I have spoken of the other children she and I played with in the back yard. Her attitude toward them was much the same as hers to me. Dominant from a sense of leadership and superior will with us in all our back-yard intercourse, she was alien and aggressive along all racial lines.

We would meet on the sidewalk on the way home from our two schools, I and my little coterie of whites, she and her tolerated band of colored. It brought Susy past her own gate and on up the street to effect this meeting, but what of that?

For linking arms in a line stretching from fence to curb, she and her myrmidons would come sweeping toward us. And when we broke and gave way, as before her leadership we always seemed to do, the chant of her band would come to us over their shoulders as they swept on up the street:

> Jus' as good as you are,
> We 're free, too;
> Jus' as good as you are,
> We 're free, too."

Yet by the time we had proceeded a hundred yards onward out that street, and I had reached my own gate, Susy would have scudded back past us, returning, and be waiting for me there, noncommittal and impersonal, with nothing of aggressiveness about her, nor anything of apology, either.

And we white children never once told. Why? I think because in our ways we must have felt something of Susy's side of it, have caught a glimpse of some aspect of her share in the tragedy.

But these instances were concerned with the less tangible matters that surrounded her. There were more direct things that had their part in making her fiercer and more alien than she was already by nature.

I have never been able to reason to my own satisfaction why Aunt Haggai took Susy. The amount of work she rendered in return was not of sufficient moment to explain it.

Susy cleaned the steel table-knives on a square of board with a bit of potato and bath-brick. She turned the coffee-mill sullenly. As she grew older she swept out the kitchen and set the breakfast table. I do not recall having seen her washing or wiping dishes, perhaps because her school-hours interfered.

She never appears to have been unjustly overworked, yet to us white children she seemed a little Israelite in Egypt, compelled to servitude and bondage.

True, she always dodged if compelled to pass within reach of Aunt Haggai's heavy hand, and, alas! not without good reason. And after one of these blows on the head or the cheek, or wherever it caught her and sent her reeling, I have seen her flash back upon the old woman who gave it such a baleful look of hatred as I believe held murder in it could it have killed.

More than once she disappeared, always to be returned to Aunt Haggai; and while nothing was ever said on the subject of these absences, it came to be commonly understood that on these occasions she had run back to her parents, who as regularly returned her.

She gave me glimpses, never confidences. She and Aunt Haggai went off at night to their sleeping-quarters of one room somewhere in a negro neighborhood, and returned at morning, and of these times she did at intervals speak.

Unhappy Susy! She would secretly pull up a sleeve or lower a stocking and show me scars and livid welts and bars. And furtive as she was of any actual confidence further than the showing of these, somehow I gathered they were put upon her by Aunt Haggai in an excess of cruelty altogether disproportionate to the offense.

Certainly there seemed no trace of the maternal to explain this person's ownership in the child. I have never been able to account for it on any ground other than that already mentioned—gratification in the lust and exercise of power. This may seem hard toward an otherwise faithful and efficient old woman, yet how else shall her undoubted cruelty be explained?

On the other hand, so far as material oversight went, Susy was scoured. I use the word advisedly. And she was combed. And also her few and simple garments, which came to her from the wardrobes of my elders and myself, were washed and

ironed with exactitude and regularity until such time came when she was stood on a box before a tub or ironing-board and told to do them for herself.

She was sent to school with scrupulous observance, and at home was made to take her stand upon the kitchen floor and read her book to Aunt Haggai. And if she faltered, Aunt Haggai, who herself could neither read nor write, took down the switch from behind the kitchen clock. Yet she also took Susy with her regularly at night to her church, and kept her a member in good and paid-up standing in a juvenile lodge.

It was a curious relationship, this between the old African-blooded woman and the mixed-breed Susy. The one explanation I ever heard made for the animosity that existed between them was made by old Haggai herself. It was on the occasion of a whipping I stumbled upon in the wood-shed, and reported, because of its terrible severity, to my parents. Aunt Haggai's defense, when summoned by them in account, was outspoken and not servile.

"I was whuppin' the Injun out er her," was her justification.

I have found since that my elders were easily vague about what really happened below stairs. Susy was fed and clothed at their expense, she was given occasional bits of money, and she was remembered at Christmas. If Aunt Haggai whipped her at times, no doubt she needed it. I have asked since if I never pleaded Susy's cause.

"Yes," they say; "but as a child you were given to a mere statement of fact. No doubt you did say, since you did come to us, that Haggai whipped Susy. But while your knowledge of all the circumstances made this graphic in your mind, it probably seemed to us nothing more than the simple statement of an ordinary act."

Well, it all happened so, and there is no help for it now. There were potential qualities for great leadership in Susy. We of her white blood failed her, they of her black blood maltreated her. I think I now have shown you why she was driven to escape through the third blood in her fierce veins.

The story of that ultimate return or self-elected atavism of this driven creature begins here, and also the story of the so-called blue handkerchief.

II

WHEN Susy could get away from her by no means overheavy tasks in the kitchen to us awaiting her in the back yard, I think she must have had her moments of satisfaction. I come now to one of her greatest holds over us. She was a baleful, occult creature when she wished to be, and used to scare the wits out of us by her grim recitals. And again she would hold us enthralled. She had imagery and she must have had some command of language. She was no mean creature, for hers was the gift of the born story-teller.

It was a long, narrow, and grassy back yard, with a pavement down the middle; a pleasant-enough place, with oleanders in tubs, a Madeira-vine and a cypress, and a gourd-vine running along the fence.

There were innumerable pleasant corners in that yard, too, as I remember—by the rose-bush, around the swing, or even by the tansy-bed. But, no; in the remote end of the yard against the stable the ground was dank and lowest. Here dock grew, with its rat-tail-like tongues of seed, and flesh-pink smartweed; and here, possibly because it seemed more remote and secure from Aunt Haggai in the kitchen, Susy would lead us.

Her procedure was always the same. Assigning us in her dominant way to our places in a circle about her, she would cast a warning and intimidating glance upon us, *shut her eyes,* fold her arms upon her lap, and begin.

"Why do you shut your eyes?" we asked her, and for a long time asked her in vain.

In time she told us—that is, told Geordie, the round-eyed little boy from next door, Ione from across the street, and me, the three whom she elected to honor beyond the rest.

"I read it off my lids," she told us.

"How do you know how, Susy?" we begged her.

"Injun John showed me. It 's written there. *I 'm a Manco Capac.* It 's always written there for them. Papa Manco Capac was my first father. Mama Oello was my first mother. Injun John would kill me if he knowed I 'd tol'."

Drawn by F. R. Gruger. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"SHE WOULD HOLD US ENTHRALLED"

Injun John! Ah, now you begin to understand what it was that Susy for so long ran back to!

Not to Livy, her half-negro, half-white mother, not to the blood which had delivered her into Aunt Haggai's hands. I went with her many a time on some trumped-up excuse, called an errand, to the shack behind the barracks where her parents lived. A one-roomed shanty it was, with a mud-and-rock built fireplace wherein swung a round-bellied black kettle. Its window boasted no glass, and its door hung on one hinge. Its bed was minus some of its slats, too, I graphically recall, so that the filthy mattress bulged through.

And oftentimes Injun John was there, sober, amiable, and disposed to take notice of us. At other times, black of mood and evil of eye, he would be there, true, but brooding over a pipe, or hunched together, gazing into the fire. And again, and then he was altogether drunk, he would be rolled in the tattered bed-quilt, and asleep on the bed or the earth floor.

At all times there was sullenness in his face; but there was a certain power, too. He was a muscular, catlike man rather than a powerful one. And his eyes were given to quick turns and glances, as with a person who fears surprise.

"He 's waiting," Susy once told us.

"Waiting for what?"

But she would not say.

Another time she spoke of herself in relation to him. "He would n't of let Livy give me away if I had n't been a girl."

"Why?" we begged her.

But she only shook her head.

And these stories she told us in the back yard, and which she had from him, had always to do with Papa Manco Capac or Mama Oello in some form. She was twelve years old before she stopped telling them.

Within doors we white children heard the usual tales of the nursery and the Bible; from the negro nurses of the other white children we met Br'er Fox and Br'er Rabbit and their kind: but I do not

think we ever confused the differentiations of any of these. To this day Papa Manco Capac and Mama Oello remain apart for me in their own stories and settings.

But the thing I cannot remember, curiously enough, is the diction or idiom of Susy. I can see her copper cheeks, with their high bones, and her straight hair, and her fiercely furtive and watchful eyes. I can even see the scar running from the edge of her temple back along her skull, supposed to be hidden by the hair combed over it, where her father in a drunken rage at her because of her sex had thrown her into the fire against the irons shortly before she came to us, or so we had gathered somehow.

But her language I cannot recall. I can only retell what she used to tell us in the fashion that it has remained in my mind.

III

PAPA MANCO CAPAC and Mama Oello were good. People were poor and used to run on all fours and eat roots before they came. They came from where? Why, stupid, from heaven, of course. From where else?

And Papa Manco Capac smiled, and his smile sank into the earth and warmed it. And Mama Oello stirred the ground with her finger, and things awoke in it and answered her and grew.

Papa Manco Capac took a stick and dipped it in tar and drew lines, this way and that, over earth and rock, from cliff to cliff and from river to river. And behold there were roads climbing and descending. And Mama Oello filled her lap with mighty spiders and went along those roads and tossed her giant spiders forward and back, from side to side of these rivers and these cliffs, spinning as they went. And behold, like cradles swung between, there were bridges.

And when Mama Oello stirred the ground with her finger, a plant came up. And Mama Oello twisted the snow of the blossom of that plant, and behold she had thread.

And Papa Manco Capac took seeds washed upon the sands of that land by the waves, and cast them upon the earth. And from the plants grown of these Papa Manco Capac made a dye of the sea's own blue, and dipped the threads therein. And Mama Oello wove the dyed threads to and fro into cloth of clear blue. And she taught the people.

And Papa Manco Capac walked forth high into the world of rocks among the clouds, and he came back bringing a creature by the horns. And its fleece was neither hair nor wool, and it shed water. And twisted into a thread, it glittered.

And Papa Manco Capac took of the countless creatures on the leaves of the tuna-plant, and made a color like the sun's own blood. And he dipped therein a strand of the fleece that was neither hair nor wool.

And Mama Oello wove these dyed strands from the horned sheep-creature into stuffs that were light and warm and shed water. And she taught the people.

And Papa Manco Capac went up again into the cloud-lands—even unto the highest rock known to all that world—to pray. So high was it that it took the dark of two moons and the light of the same to reach the spot which was nearer to heaven than any other. For Papa Manco Capac had taught his little children that the souls of men should draw near thus to heaven once in a lifetime at least.

And to show his people that he had been there, over the awful passes and rocks between, Papa Manco Capac brought back two feathers, black and white, one each from the wings of the cora bird, which dwells in pairs, one pair at a time, and only there. And Papa Manco Capac taught the people to pray.

And it was a mighty country. And its people were called the children of the country of the sun.

And Papa Manco Capac called for a three-days' fast for his people. It was the Fast of Thankfulness. And Papa Manco Capac came forth in the rays of the rising sun before his assembled people. And his head was dressed in this way: about his forehead, around his straight-cut hair in a band, was a blue head-cloth made of the woven thread that was dyed to the blue of the sea. From the blue head-cloth hung to his eyebrows a sun's-blood fringe of the fleece that was neither hair nor wool. And fastened in that sea's-blue band, above that sun's-blood fringe, were two feathers, black and white, from the wings of the cora bird, which of all creatures lives nearest to heaven. For of

these three things had the happiness of his little children come. And he and they kept the Fast of Thankfulness.

And when at last Papa Manco Capac came to die and go back to heaven, and when Mama Oello claimed she could not stay without him, and went too, they left their son, little brother Manco Capac, to stay and take care of the people in their place, and at the Fasts of Thankfulness to come out before them in the appointed head-dress.

And when in his time little brother Manco Capac came to die and go to be with them, he pointed with his finger to the one of his sons who was to rule and take care of the people and wear the appointed head-dress. And this son in his time pointed to the son he had chosen in the same way, and this one in turn to his. Thirty times the fingers on Susy's hands, she always told us at this point, it had come down from Papa Manco Capac, son to son—down to Injun John!

"And to me," said Susy. "I am a Mama Oello Manco Capac!"

But it was not a great country any more.

"The white people came," Susy told us, briefly. "Manco Capac's people had to work for these, to go again on all fours."

But Manco Capac was not forgotten, for all that. Unknown to the white people who came and took that country, he rules from chosen son to son among the Manco Capacs still.

Or did until now, when Susy was telling us, Injun John being the true Manco Capac, head of the children of the country of the sun. But bad big brother Huaco sought to kill him, and he, escaping, brother Huaco is the head of them instead. Until when? Until the call comes and Injun John will go back.

And will it come? The call? So far, over rivers and countries and sea? Of a surety. When bad brother Huaco can no longer prevent the three-days' fast of the people from being held again, it will come. For now the children of Papa Manco Capac sleep in their forgetfulness, and are content to go upon all fours. But every now and again some among them awake, and call for the long-forgotten fast. And then! When bad brother Huaco can no longer prevent that fast, then the call will come, and Injun John will go.

Why? Because the true ruler must be the possessor of the blue handkerchief head-cloth. And at the three-days' fast he must come out before the assembled people, with the rays of the rising sun upon him, and the banded cloth about his forehead.

IV

THIS was a story in itself. Susy often told it. When the white people came and took that country, their hunger was for gold. And the snow-blossoming plant died. For the children of Manco Capac had to work for these new masters in toil for gold. And the sea's-blue-dye plant died.

And there were none left, either young or old, to keep up the wall fences of rock, or the osier fences of twigs and branches. And the horned sheep-creatures escaped back to the rocklands of the clouds. And there was no more need for any sun's-blood dye.

And since Manco Capac's little children were slaves now and must go upon all fours, they could not climb up to the rock nearest heaven to pray. And so in time it came to be that the one square of blue cloth, and the one tasseled sun's-blood fringe, and the two feathers from the last Manco Capac's journey to that far prayer-peak, which were used to dress the head of their Manco Capac ruler, were all, of the things which had made their happiness and greatness, that remained to the children of the country of the sun.

And in time the two feathers fell away into dust, and none knew where to journey to the high peak for more. And in time the sun's-blood fringe frayed to rottenness and fell to nothing. And none knew how to card or dye or spin or knot it more.

But worn about Injun John's body that night he escaped from the hands of bad big brother Huaco was the square of blue cloth of the plant and the dye, and the thread and the weave, now lost to the little children of Manco Capac!

And Injun John had guarded it since with life itself, waiting for the call which would come when the people found the false Huaco did not have it.

V

SUCH in substance were the things which that strange child Susy used to tell us.

There were many more, but the story of the blue handkerchief, as she herself called it, came first and oftenest. Could this have been because Susy established her claims in telling it, and because we allowed these claims, as it were, in listening? And then came the dramatic happening which seemed to substantiate her claims.

There arrived a morning when she summoned us earlier than usual to our gathering-place in the back yard. There was Geordie, Ione, and myself. We must have been somewhere about eleven years old, the four of us. It is evident to me now that she was driven to tell us from the dire need in every human creature to tell somebody.

Susy still wore that badge of her youthful servitude, a high-necked and long-sleeved checked cottonade apron. Unrolling the front of this, in which her folded arms were wrapped, she held forth something to our gaze as we gathered about her. The very significance of her action made it clear: it was the blue handkerchief!

I can recall every aspect of it now. Somewhere near the clear blue of cobalt in color, in texture it was of a hard, clean, round thread, slightly metallic in the appearance of the fiber and the luster. The weave was diagonal and singular, and the whole worn to the grain and frayed at its edges by time to an irregular fringe.

And Injun John always slept with it beneath him by night and wore it upon his person by day, if we believed Susy!

"Oh, how did you dare?" we asked her.

"I 'm so scart for you," said Ione, our youngest.

"It 's mine," said Susy.

"What?" We stared.

"He 's dead—Injun John."

Then we saw that her small face was gaunt and fiercely set.

"Out on the common," she told us, "outside the barracks. Livy found him this morning, with a knife-blade in here."

She showed us where. Our hands doubtless stole there on our own small persons—below the breast, between the ribs.

"He knowed they were after him. He said so. There were three of them. They been playing in a band at the summer show at Woodland Garden. That 's the way they been traveling looking for him."

It proved to be true that there was such a strolling band in town. It called itself a Mexican orchestra. For Susy, with her story, had to be taken to our parents; we knew enough for that.

But the three mandolin-players on whom her unsupported accusation rested had disappeared, and nothing ever came of it. Whether the story of the blue handkerchief figured in the public airing of the matter, we white children never knew; but I fancy not. The gruesome happening and Susy's part in it were taken up higher into counsels of which we knew nothing, and we heard very little more until she was back among us.

"He knew they were here," then, on our solicitation, she told us. "And he knew what they wanted—the blue handkerchief. Bad brother Huaco had sent them hunting it. Injun John he tried to get away as soon as they come to town; but they were watching. So he come back to the barracks and hid; but they found him and killed him. But"—and she gathered us about her with a look as her voice fell—"they did n't get it. He knew what was going to happen. He 'd give' it to me."

Little by little she told us more. Wonderful and strange little creature, telling us, and yet hating us for what we were!

"Injun John never thought much of me because I was a girl; but when he come to give me the handkerchief, 'ca'se they should kill him, he tol' me a Manco Capac woman had been head of the people once before. And that I would be their Mama Oello Manco Capac when he was gone. And I am!"

It is curious that we seem to have confided so little of all this to our elders. It may be that Susy bound us, though I cannot remember it. Or it may be that we did talk more about it than they will allow. I have found concerning elders, since becoming one, that they all too often give a tolerant, good-humored ear to children, which listens, but does not always hear. And, again, it would have made a childish tale, with our poor powers of reproducing, to which they could scarcely have been expected to listen.

VI

SUSY and I were twelve, or possibly entering upon our teens, when she came to me one day with her geography. She was a

passably fair enough student when she wanted to be.

"Injun John come up through here," she told me, her finger sweeping across the pink area of Mexico.

About this time she showed me, too, a mark on her arm where Aunt Haggai had beat her. It was the last time that it happened so far as I know.

"I could kill her," said Susy with perfect calmness.

When she was fourteen they both left us. Aunt Haggai had saved enough to become the owner of a one-roomed house, and retired to take in washing. Almost immediately following this Susy left her.

The agreement was mutual, so we heard, Susy going to live with the colored sexton of one of the white churches and his wife, who was a teacher in the colored school. How this came about I do not know, except that Susy was fiercely scornful of any but the best among that race.

So far as Aunt Haggai's consent to this went, there were rumors that she had come to be afraid of her long-time victim, and was more than willing she should go.

Occasionally after this I would see Susy in the street, and we would stop and exchange a word. We were both fast-growing girls, she fiercely and sullenly handsome, with a promise of early womanhood. I remember that I proffered her various of my personal belongings, hats, dresses, and the like, if she wanted them; but she never came for them.

The year of the Southern Exposition given in our city Susy and I had achieved sixteen. I came on her here in a booth in the section given over to freak novelties. Her part seemed to be to keep in order the small inclosure, with its show-cases and wares, and to price the articles for customers.

The proprietor of the booth was a small, swarthily good-looking young Mexican, so-called. Working the tread of a machine with his foot, he turned out these articles from a vegetable ivory, while the spectator watched.

The last piece of confidence I had from Susy was in a brief word over this counter.

"He knows the people I belong to. He 's not Mexican," was what she told me.

Six months later when, at the close of the exposition, he departed, Susy disappeared. The sexton and his wife seemed to think there was no doubt she went with him.

And then I altogether and for many years forgot her except as a part of the background of a far-receding childhood.

VII

It was years later. I was a long-time married woman, and convalescing at the moment from an illness, when the events I am now to relate happened.

After a lifetime's intention to read a certain two-volumed book, I unexpectedly, even to myself, asked for it one evening during this convalescence. It at once enthralled me, as it has thousands before me. I marveled that I had so long delayed in knowing it. It was Prescott's "Conquest of Peru." Beyond what I read in it that evening I have not touched it since, waiting until this story might be written. I shall finish the volumes now.

I was on a couch under the light, reading. My husband was near by. Suddenly I exclaimed, passed the volume to him, and sat up. I was excited and incredulous.

"Take the book! Here, please, at the chapter I have just begun. I—I know it! I have heard it before. Let me tell it."

And I did know it in a way—knew the people of that country, their red-gold-tipped spears, their red-gold shields, their feather canopies and panoplies, their industries and agricultures. I knew crudely, and told of them.

And I knew more—of the gardens set with gold-and-silver-wrought flowers and maize; of the image on the wall of their temples facing the east, with its human countenance on the disk of gold, looking forth from innumerable rays, an image called Manco Capac.

And as I said this, I caught my breath as the clue came.

"Then it was Peru her father came from. She was an Inca—Susy!"

And thereupon, for the first time, I told my husband about the little servant child in our household.

And now comes the end. My husband, a colored driver, and a friend were with me when it happened.

Late one afternoon, in this company, I was taking my first drive after my ill-

ness. The carriage was an open trap, and the locality was near that same city where I had been born, and which is on a river tributary to the Mississippi, and so to the Gulf of Mexico and its outlets. We were well identified with the neighborhood, and it would have been perfectly simple to find us, and to be aware of our movements, had any one cared to inform himself of these beforehand.

We were turning at our club-house corner, there being only one main road to this point from our gate, when, presto, the macadamized highway we were turning into was a-glitter with a halting cavalcade of wagons and gaily trapped ponies, swarthy people, chatter, color, and bustle.

I became fixed in the idea that they were gipsies. I am not justifying this stupidity; I am setting down what actually happened.

It was a long train—six showy house-wagons with prosperous ponies and several outriders. These had halted at the side of the way, and a group of women, girls, and children on foot were in the road. One of these girls, a dark, smiling creature, with enormous earrings, as big as small oranges, that almost touched her shoulders, immediately detached herself from the others and came toward us, her teeth a-glitter, her smile gleaming, and, as she reached the carriage, a begging palm out.

As we stopped, the better to view the whole picturesque company and to give her a coin, a boy of not more than five approached on the other side. He wore long, fringed trousers, a beaded shirt, and a small sombrero on his flowing black hair. He was smoking one cigarette and wanting another and a match, as he made clear to my husband by cleverly impudent pantomime and a word or two of broken English. My husband, amused, supplied him.

Whereupon,—was it at a touch or a word or a presence?—I turned. At my side of the carriage stood a voluptuously and barbarically impressive woman.

Brazenly and indifferently, the red-and-black calico waist, the single garment on her upper person, fell apart as she leaned or swayed, showing the pendent breasts of oft-bearing maternity. And between these breasts dangled some charms on a leather string, of which I remembered later a tiny figure carved in turquoise and a scarlet, spotted bean. Silver buttons of a beautiful filigree pattern, strung on a cord, dangled at her throat.

When I turned, it was to find this woman's face so near that it startled me. I remember I thought it a smiling face, for all its heavy fleshiness, until on a second scrutiny I discovered, on the contrary, that it was passive.

She motioned to the mesh bag on my lap, extended her hand, then lifted her strange, meaningful eyes again to my face. Curiously affected, I put what was in it, a little small change, into her hand. She shook her head incredulously, with her steady look on me.

My husband had descended and came around to my side of the carriage. At my imploring eyes, he put a larger coin into her hand.

She said no word of the usual jargon at this, but leaned in, took my hand, and, carrying it in hers, laid it against the great bulk of her body between the loins; and, still with her eyes on my face, kept it there. Strange, strange were the warmth and pulsing that seemed to pass in comforting strength into me.

"Out of me to you," she said, and relinquished my hand, but only to lean across, take up the other, and study it.

"No children!" Alas! the scornful pity in that tone!

Dropping it, she pulled up a beaded pouch from within her waist somewhere, turning a big, voluptuous shoulder as she did so, so that it was between the carriage and what she was about.

Then she leaned in to me again, put a strand of fine string or thread in my fingers, and closed them upon it, the ends dangling.

"Evil, sickness—" These words among others we heard, and at each utterance she tied a knot in one or the other of the hanging ends. Then she closed the whole within my hand, and unsmilingly blew upon it.

"Open. They are gone."

So were the knots. In my hand lay a straight length of thread. Did I fancy her eyes were full of a gathering disdain? For me or for the artifice she used?

She searched again in the beaded pouch, this time with her eyes lifted to regard the movements of the rest of her company while she did so. Then she called abruptly

in a tongue my husband thought held some Spanish.

It had its instantaneous effect. The groups on foot climbed into the wagons, the outriders remounted, and the tiny and impudently handsome boy, smoking his achieved cigarette, came and held to her skirt.

Then having found what she was hunting for in the pouch, she leaned over and placed it in my palm. It was a bit of barked twig. I have it now, along with the piece of thread. It is indescribably bitter to the tongue, as I found when she motioned to me to taste it.

As I did, she spoke, with a motion of her head toward the cavalcade.

"As the taste of the twig, so is the life of these to you. The life one of these spat out of her mouth, so was that life to her." And lifting her gaze once more to me, she walked away with the child beside her.

She clambered into a wagon, the last to ascend, and the train started. Its huge vehicles turned one by one at the clubhouse corner, and presently were gone out on the road that led past my own gate.

We resumed our drive. But I was excited and talkative, and very shortly they took me home. It was after dinner before my husband would talk with me at all; but it had been an adventure, and talk of it then I would. I still thought of them as gipsies, and spoke of them so.

He set me right. They were South American Indians. He had been talking with the men, and they said so.

"They expect to take boat at Louisville to-morrow, to reëmbark on a fruit-steamer at New Orleans," he told me. "They are on their way from the exposition at Norfolk, where they formed an outside show. A smaller party of them came up fifteen years ago, they say, to the World's Fair. The woman who talked with you is their head. I asked them from what part of South America, and they said western Brazil. 'La Montaña, or Region of Woods,' the smiling girl with the gleaming teeth who had joined us called it. They spoke of themselves as Peruvian Indians."

I gave a cry, and caught up my mesh bag from the table near me. In it were my trophies, the piece of bitter twig and the bit of coarse thread. And the thread was of a clear blue, worn to the grain, and oddly metallic in its fiber and luster.

She had known me, possibly had come this way looking for me—Susy! She had talked to me, presumably had given me a fragment from the fabled head-cloth of her office for clue. Then fierce, chary, disdainful as always in her strange and alien pride, with no further word, had passed on in swift scorn at my soul's atrophied blindness.

No one believed me of course. They laughed at me, in fact. But the next morning I had my way. I sent my man on horseback to reconnoiter along the pike and its several tributaries to town. Speak again to that head-woman and convince myself I would, if it might be; but it was too late.

He had no trouble in following. It was twelve miles to the city, and their way was blazed by the track of their depredations. A gay and pilfering tribe they, of the family of Autolycus, they had swept forward, filching from hen-roost and nest, clothesline and orchard, too rapidly to make pursuit for their petty thievings worth while. Or perhaps so wholesale a stretch of night marauding was planned to precede the immediate embarkation for departure.

For they were gone, wagon-trains, plunder, and all, on a Cincinnati boat leaving Louisville for New Orleans that next morning by early day.

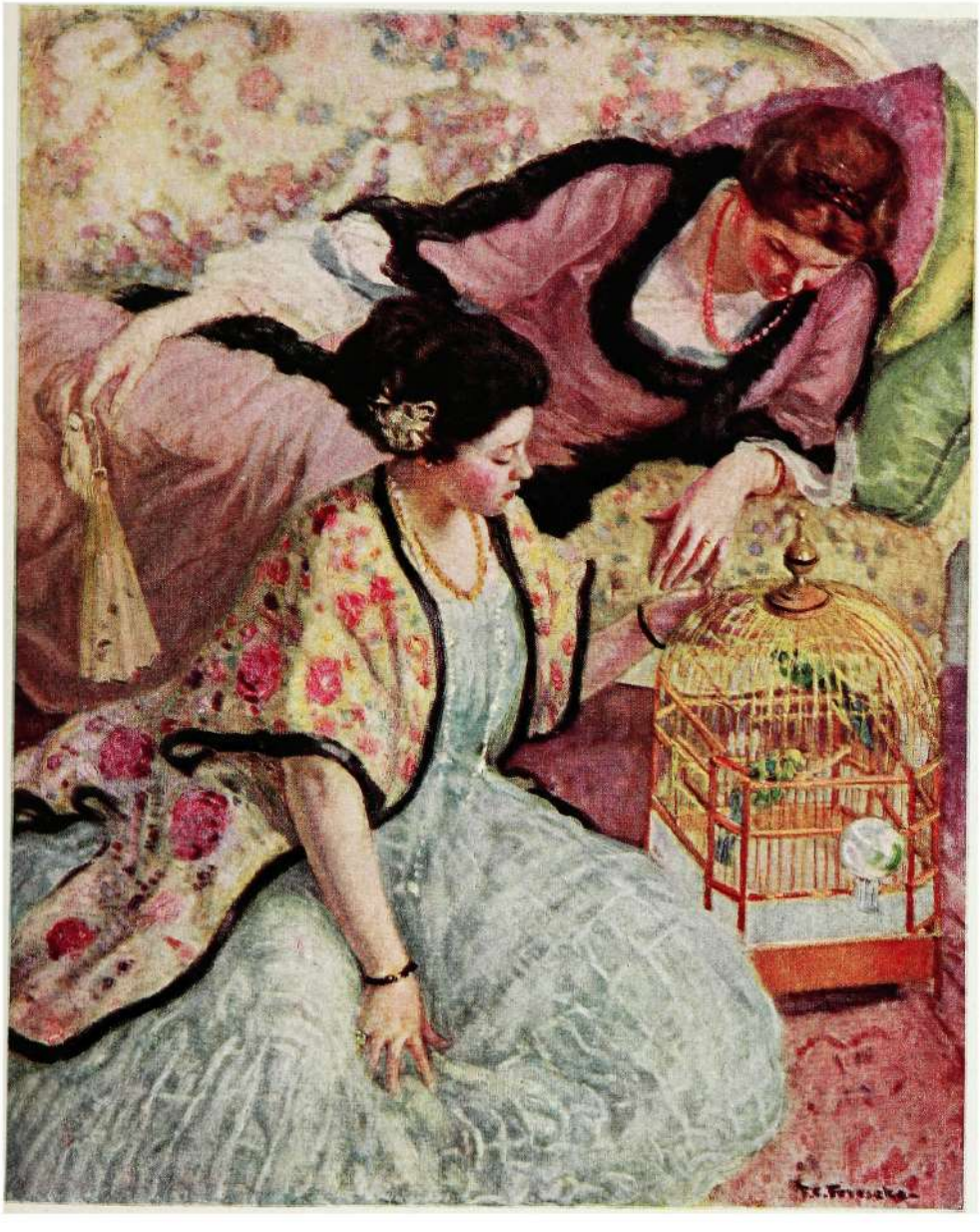
Wonderful, strange, and occult Susy, a personage, a leader, a Miriam, a Susanna, lost to two races; and in the stead, an abetting head to a thieving, pilfering, half-barbarous, petty people!

I had my chance at sisterhood, I and my race, at communion with a big soul seeking egress from its darkness into whatsoever light it might find its way to; and I failed to know it, and I lost it.

And those strange, hard eyes of this Susy, there on the roadside, told me so—told me so, and then in dumb symbol their owner gave me in big and scornful measure from what she had and I had not, and passed on.

Well, it all happened so, and there is no help for it. Yet in some place today, God will know where, there may be similar driven souls in darkness seeking egress to the light where light offers. For this reason I have set down this case of Susy.

As to her, I, Isabel Prevart, hold myself responsible.



THE PARRAKEETS

FROM THE PAINTING BY FREDERICK C. FRIESEKE

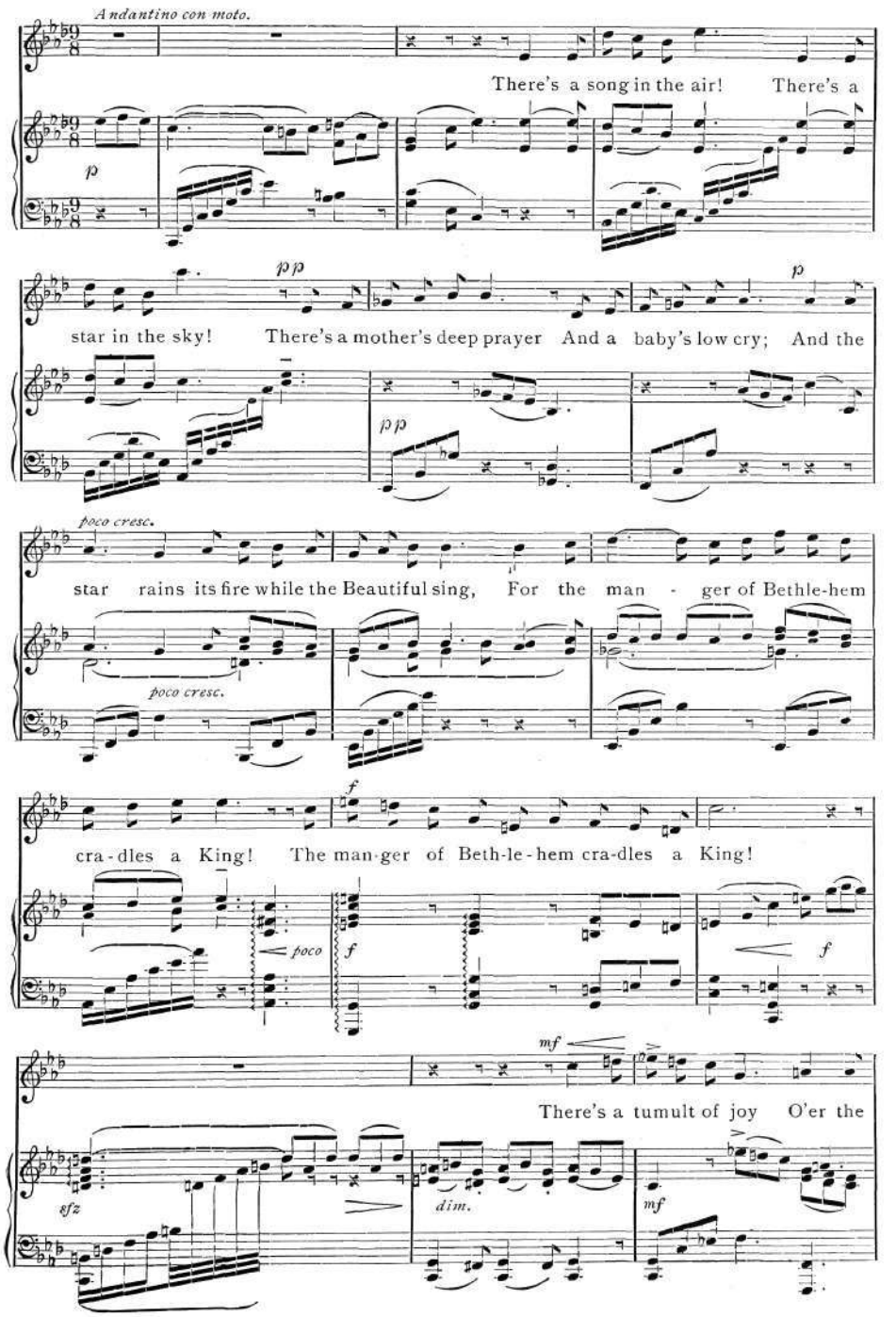
(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

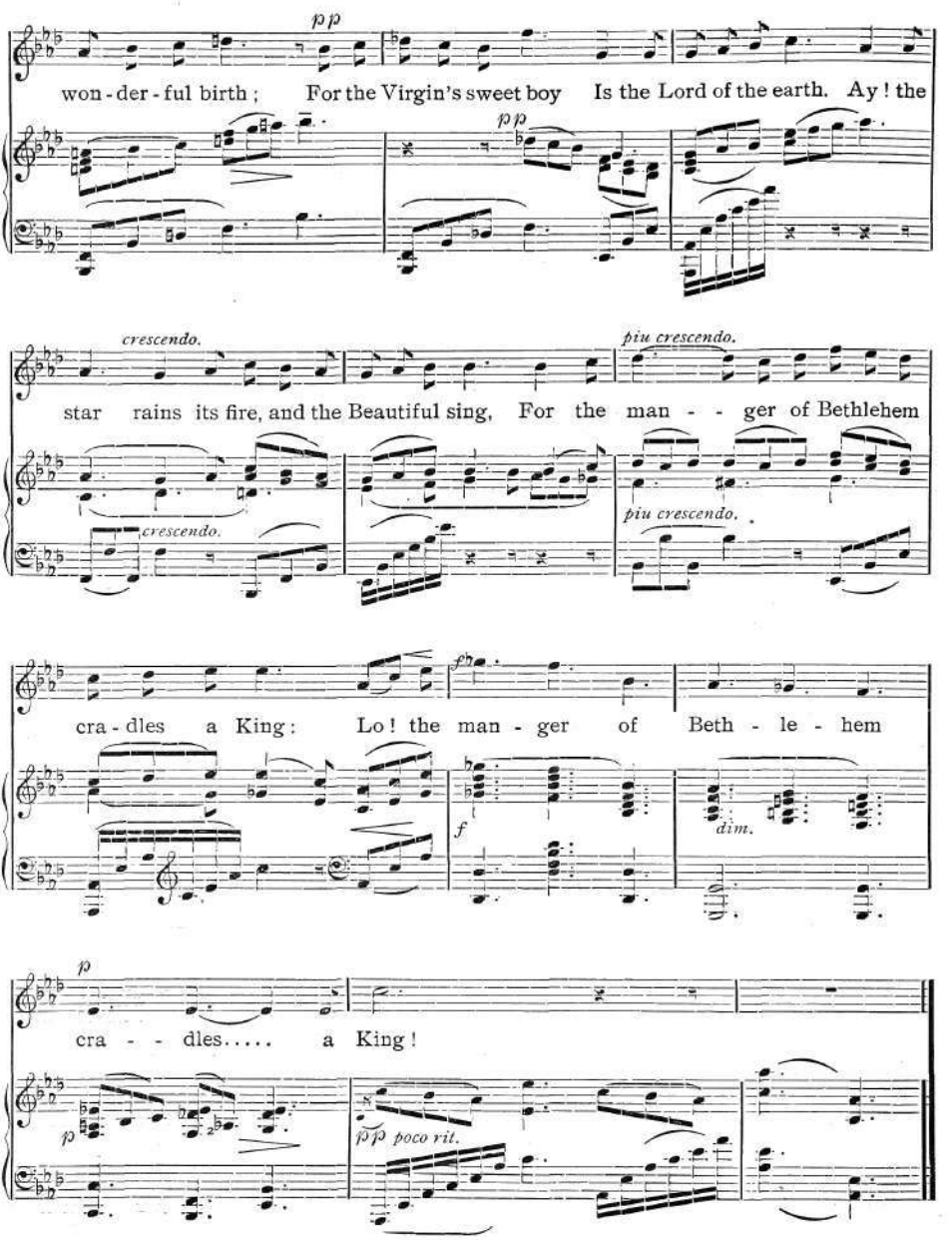
A CHRISTMAS SONG

BY HORATIO PARKER

Author of "Hora Novissima," "Mona," etc.

Composed for THE CENTURY, to the well-known words by Dr. J. G. Holland in this magazine for January, 1871





III

In the light of that star
Lie the ages impearled;
And that song from afar
Has swept over the world.
Every hearth is aflame, and the
Beautiful sing
In the homes of the nations that
Jesus is King.

IV

We rejoice in the light,
And we echo the song
That comes down through the night
From the heavenly throng.
Ay! we shout to the lovely evangel
they bring,
And we greet in his cradle our
Saviour and King.

"CHRISTMAS GIF'!"

A MEMORY OF THE OLD SOUTH

BY VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE

THEY were bringing in holly and mistletoe, heaping it in big piles on the front and back verandas, so that it could be handed in to Ole Miss, Miss Sallie, and Little Miss as they decorated the wide mantels in the dining-room and the drawing-room, and the arches in the hallway, not forgetting the big spray of mistletoe to be hung over the front door.

Everybody had entered into the joy of the season, from the quarters, where the piccaninnies were dancing in anticipation before the cabins, to the big house, where the young people were merrily planning surprises. For over two weeks mysterious odors had been wafted from the region of the kitchen, where Mam' Cicely presided like a bronze priestess, while Ole Miss smilingly held the balance of power between that domain and the big house.

Everybody smiled at everybody else, and everybody felt Christmas in his bones—everybody, that is, with the exception of Ole Marse. Those closest to him knew that he was troubled because he had not sold his cotton, and that very minute the warehouse was full to overflowing. But all the quarters knew that cotton must take a rise sometime, and then Ole Marse could sell at his price, and Ole Marse was "big, rich buckra"—rich enough to wait. Besides, Christmas came but once a year, and nobody could afford to be gloomy.

Ole Marse sat in his study and made figures on paper while they were laughing and joking over putting up the holly and mistletoe, and when Little Miss came in, after it had been tacked up everywhere else, and banked two big branches over the study mantel, Ole Marse shook his head, but Little Miss kissed him and ran away laughing. Only Ole Miss knew that there was a mortgage on the big house, with its teeming quarters, beautiful groves, and cotton-fields—a mortgage that would expire just after Christmas. Ole Marse had expected to raise it by selling the cotton long before that time. But Ole Miss knew that Christmas came but once a year, and she also knew how much it meant to those simple, dusky folk who were dependent upon the big house; so Ole Miss smiled and planned for their happiness, even though her heart was heavy. She had been to the city all by herself, and the day after she came back she gave to each of the girls a purse of gold pieces. Nobody knew where she got them save a certain jeweler in the city, and he was sworn to secrecy.

"Never mind," said Ole Miss to Miss Sallie and Little Miss; "we must have a merry Christmas on the place"; and Little Miss and Miss Sallie were ready for it when it came.

CHRISTMAS had come. In the night a light snow had fallen, which the dawn had frozen hard, powdering the ruts in the big road with white and making the high clay banks look like Mam' Cicely's loaf cakes, dusted over with sugar.

The quarters were early astir and ready to catch the big house "Christmas gift!" just as soon as it would be respectful. Even Uncle Parker, who had been in his cabin for a month with rheumatism, and Aunt Dilsy, who "had a mis'ry in her side," were going up to the big house before breakfast. Everybody who was "grown up" brought his tin cup, for the barrel of cider which always came from the city at Christmas was setting on the back veranda, and everybody knew that Uncle Ike, the overseer, would knock in the head just after he rang the big bell.

By seven o'clock the quarters moved on the big house, led by the house servants,

and such a Babel there was, with everybody laughing and talking all at once, even though Uncle Ike had not yet knocked in the head of the barrel!

The big house was ready for them, even though the young folks had danced all night; for what young folks would want to go to bed on Christmas day?

"Christmas gif', Ole Miss!" "Christmas gif', Little Miss!" "Christmas gif' ever'body!" "I cotch you! I cotch Ole Miss! Whar 's Ole Marse? I gwine cotch Ole Marse!" sang the chorus.

Ole Miss was ready, waiting with warm flannels and goodies for Uncle Parker, and a large red shawl and goodies for Aunt Dilsy, and goodies for everybody. Little Miss stood by a barrel of things for the piccaninnies, and everybody in the quarters got something. It kept Lush, the dining-room man, and Susanne, the loom-woman, and Patsy, Ole Miss's maid, busy handing them out. And now the big bell rang, and Uncle Ike knocked in the head of the barrel, and drank first, and then everybody drank to the health of Ole Marse, of Ole Miss, of Little Miss, and the health of the big house generally.

But for the first time in forty years Ole Marse was not there. There was momentary wonder, but Ole Miss smiled so sweetly on everybody—and she had not neglected a single one—that it was soon forgotten by the merry crowd that hurried, laughing and heavy-laden, back to the quarters. But there was one who did not forget. For forty years Jerry had been Ole Marse's head carpenter, and forty times Ole Marse had given Jerry a Christmas gift with his own hands. Jerry had lived on the pride of being singled out from the others. To-day he had waited to see the study door open and Ole Marse come out to give him his remembrance before them all; but there was silence within the study, and the door did not open.

He lingered about the veranda long after the others had gone, with a pained expression in his eyes, like that of a faithful dog whose feelings had been wounded. His Christmas cheer was still untasted in his cup. Suddenly he rose, and, hiding it under the edge of the veranda, knocked at the study door.

"Christmas gif', Ole Marse! Christmas gif'!" he called.

As he opened the door, Ole Marse raised his head, and Jerry saw that there were papers scattered over the table. "I come to cotch you Christmas gif', Ole Marse," he said, with his hand still on the knob.

"Did n't you have your dram?" asked Ole Marse.

"Yas, sah," said Jerry.

"And did n't your mistress give you something?"

"Yas, Ole Marse," said Jerry, softly; "but hit was wid all de others. *You* hain't give' me no Christmas gif', Ole Marse."

"I am not giving Christmas presents this year, Jerry. Don't you see that I am in trouble?" said Ole Marse.

"But you allus give me a Christmas gif', Ole Marse," said Jerry, tremulously. "Fur forty year' you allus give me er Christmas gif' all by myse'f, an' you allus say, 'Jerry, you is a faithful nigger.' "

"Never mind; I am bothered now. Go on and have a good time, Jerry," said Ole Marse.

"I 's dat 'shamed erfore de niggers, Ole Marse, dat I cain't raise dis ole haid. Hain't you gwine give me no Christmas gif', Ole Marse? Hain't you gwine say dat no mo'?" Jerry's insistence was almost a wail.

"You 'll have to wait until next year, Jerry. Go away and don't trouble me now." Ole Marse turned nervously to his papers again.

Jerry closed the door slowly, then taking his tin cup from its hiding, he poured its contents on the ground.

"Uncle Ike want you ter come hope 'em fix fer de dinner, Uncle Jerry," said Selim's Mady. "He done sont me, an' he 'low' fer you ter herry."

"Um! Um!" said Jerry. But instead of taking the path to the quarters, where the great dinner was being spread and where they were making ready for the Christmas breakdown, Jerry wended his way to his shop and unlocked the door. Turning a piggin which he had finished the day before, he seated himself on it disconsolately.

"Ole Marse done 'shame Jerry 'fore all de niggers," he moaned. "Hain't none of 'em gwine 'spect me no mo', 'ca'se Ole Marse done furgit me arter all dese yere Christmases done gone."

Across the road from the shop was the

"'I COME TO COTCH YOU CHRISTMAS GIF', OLE MARSE'"

gin, and next to it, with an iron door between, was the warehouse where was stored all of Ole Marse's cotton. Heretofore he had always sold it long before Christmas, and had always stood on the veranda to greet his black people on Christmas morning. For forty years Jerry had been specially favored, as Ole Marse favored his overseer. It had been glorious to be thought greater than the others, to have them hear Ole Marse say for forty years, "Jerry, you are a faithful nigger."

To-day Jerry had waited for it, and the negroes from the quarters, after they had filled their cups, had waited to hear it, too; but it never came. Jerry leaned his grizzled head on his big, brown, knotted arms and sobbed like a child. The joy had gone out of the day, the gleam had gone out of the sunshine; he would never be able to explain away his disgrace. He might go on making wagon-wheels and piggins forever, but the days would never be the same again. Uncle Ike did not care that Ole Marse had forgotten him, but Uncle Ike had not been with Ole Marse as long as Jerry had. With him it was different. He could hear the sound of merriment ringing through the quarters like an anthem set in many keys. He could single out the deep bass of Uncle Ike, the high soprano of Susanne, the tenor of Lush, and the rich alto of Mam' Cicely as she cleared the way before her on her brief visits from the kitchen; but Jerry had no part or lot with them.

Now it was time for them to be eating the big dinner in the quarters, but Jerry was neither hungry nor thirsty, for Ole Marse had forgotten him.

Jim, his old hound, came and crouched between his legs. Jerry rose and threw him the bones left from yesterday's dinner, but Jim would not touch them.

"He knows hit 's Christmas, too," said Jerry. "Go on ter de big house kitchen an' git your Christmas gif', Jim." But, instead, Jim laid his long, keen muzzle on Jerry's knee and whimpered. The old negro stooped and gathered the old dog in his arms.

"Dis is all de Christmas gif' I kin give you, Jim."

The wind blew up cold and bleak from

the river, rattling the dry stalks upon the bank and whirling the dead leaves in heaps against Jerry's shop; but with his head laid close upon his dog's, he slept his sleep of sorrow. Suddenly a gust creaked the door upon its hinges, and Jerry woke with a start.

"Um! I smells sumpen burnin'!" he muttered. Then the dog ran toward the gin-house and barked. "Sumpen 's wrong inside er dar; Jim never tole er lie."

Crossing over, Jerry tried to enter, but the door was locked, and Uncle Ike had the key. Throwing his weight forcibly against it, he broke the lock. From the lint-racks, which were filled to the top, came the stifling smell of smoke. Fearful lest the flames should break out from the fanning of the breeze, he barred the door and ran into the midst of the big dinner in the quarters.

"The lint 's on fire in the gin-house! Fire! Fire!" cried Jerry. Then he ran back toward the river.

The revelers were loath to believe the story, and loath to leave the half-finished dinner.

"He des mad 'ca'se Ole Marse hain't give' him no Christmas gif'," said Lush.

"He des want er spile our good time," said Susanne.

"Yah," said Uncle Parker, with his mouth full, "I 'low' I would n' go, Ike."

And Uncle Ike, once true and tried, but now with Christmas gone to his head, put his cup into the cider bucket again and drank deep and long.

As he rushed back to the gin-house, all the old joy of serving had come again upon Jerry: Ole Marse's cotton, *our* cotton, was in danger. Only when he had reached the gin did he look back, to find that not one of the revelers had followed.

Breaking in the door of the warehouse, and turning back the sleeves from his brawny arms, he began to roll out the bales.

"Ole Marse allus call' Jerry er faithful nigger, an' he know' what it mean'," he said. With all his strength, the bales were rolled out like magic; but still he scarcely missed what he had rolled.

"Dem niggers hain't gwine ter come! Des lack hogs, hain't look up ter see whar de acorns kim f'om," he muttered.

As he leaped upon the bales again, the smoldering flames burst out from the lint, their long, thin tongues licking greedily through the iron door, which was ajar. With a cry Jerry sprang to bolt it; but the big bolt was stiff with rust and would not draw.

Throwing himself against the heavy door, he closed the crack by his own weight, and held it.

"O Lord," he prayed, pitching his voice high in an old camp-meeting song, but not for a moment intermitting his work, "mek dem niggers come! Mek 'em choke wid dat good barbecue, and let de cider strangle ever' one of 'em! Mek de gingerbread what dey eat git sad in dey vitals, an' de dram what dey git dis mornin' burn dey insides like fire! An', O Lord, mek dis po', lone, lorn black man strong —strong like de man in de Good Book what hol' up de sun wid his arms. Mek dis nigger's es strong es him, an' let him hol' out twel dey comes ter put out de fire; 'ca'se we 's got ter save Ole Marse's cotton!"

Just then Jerry caught sight of a long, red tongue of flame bursting through the side of the gin-house, tossing the wisps of burning lint high up into the air.

Ole Marse, a lonely figure, walking up and down the veranda of the big house, caught the gleam of the burning lint, and knew too well what it meant. He ran to the rope and set the bell ringing.

"The gin 's on fire! Fire! Fire! Where 's Ike?" he called. And the revelers in the quarters, led by the sobered Ike, tumbled over benches, tables, and one another in their haste to answer.

"Roll out the cotton!" commanded Ole Marse, when they had reached the gin-house. "Send the orders down the line, Ike!"

But a terror had seized upon Uncle Ike, and his jaws seemed locked together.

Some one had heard, and quick as a flash the orders were shouted from the inside, and the negroes fell briskly into line. Only Ole Marse had recognized the voice.

"O my Gord!" The murmur ran along the line as the flames shot straight up through the roof; but the sturdy old back against the iron door only bore on the harder, as Jerry thundered the orders through the crackling of the flames. At last there were only two bales left on the inside, while the whole roof of the gin was burning.

"Dey 's comin' frough, dey 's comin' frough! We cain't go in again!" came the shout.

"Roll 'em out once more! Heave ahead!" shouted the voice on the inside, and the weary old back squared itself for the last time against the iron door. But the negroes did not "roll them out" again, for with a crash the burning roof fell in, dragging the warehouse over with it.

A wave of fear swept over the assembled negroes. "Dar was er black man inside, Ole Marse—de nigger what give de order!" they cried.

"He must be saved!" commanded Ole Marse. But not a negro stirred.

"Save him!" commanded Ole Marse. Then like one possessed, Ole Marse himself leaped into the smoke. In a few seconds he reappeared, dragging the unconscious Jerry by the shoulders and, assisted by the now penitent Ike, laid him out of the zone of the heat.

"Hit was Jerry, Ole Marse, what come an' told us, an' we did n't go 'ca'se we 'lowed dat he was mad," said Ike. "Hit was Jerry what roll' out de cotton what we find on de outside, den he hold de iron do' wid his ole back, an' give de orders twel de roof falls in! Hit was Jerry, Ole Marse, what save' de cotton!"

Ole Marse knelt beside the big slave and wiped the soot from his face with his own bandana. The touch of a hand and the cold of the frozen earth beneath him roused him from his stupor.

"Dey won't come, dey won't come," he murmured; "but Jerry got ter save Ole Marse's cotton!"

"Never mind the cotton, old nigger!" cried Ole Marse; "but live, Jerry! live! Live, old nigger, and to-morrow we 'll celebrate your freedom!"

The old negro turned restlessly, then drew a bleeding hand across his blistered face.

"I ain't want dat," he whispered; "I ain't know what hit is; I des wants Ole Marse ter give me er Christmas gif' erfore 'em all."

TOPICS OF THE TIME

THE SENATE AND THE LORDS

SECOND-CHAMBER government has been undergoing a strain both in the United States and England. With us its wrench upon an old institution was less severe than with the British. Yet, in a minor and less critical way, the American Senate was put to the test very much as was the House of Lords. Both these upper houses had to face questions affecting their own rights and privileges, and, above all, both had to make up their minds when and how much to yield to the growing and ineluctable pressure of a popular demand. Students of comparative politics will find interest in observing the way in which similar problems force themselves upon second chambers, whether they exist under what Mr. Bryce calls a "rigid" constitution, like our own, or a "flexible" one, such as the English.

With the Senate the issue came chiefly upon the question of its method of electing its own members. For at least twenty years the proposal to choose Senators by direct popular vote has been agitated. The movement has had its ups and downs, but throughout the whole period the Senate itself had remained apparently impassive before it. No matter how many times, or with what impressive majorities, the House might pass resolutions or constitutional amendments looking to the change; no matter what State legislatures might declare on the subject or party conventions assert, the Senate stood stolidly by the old order. Until this year, no bill or resolution relating to the matter was ever so much as reported, even adversely, from a Senate committee. The Senatorial policy seemed to be that of strangulation. But suddenly this year the waters burst through, and we saw the inert or resistant Senate come over in one session to the acceptance of direct election. The final details have yet to be worked out, but the policy may now be regarded as settled. The chief point of interest, for our present purpose, is that an insistent and continu-

ous demand by the people at last made a second chamber, of high privilege and historic stability, give way.

If the year's events in the British Parliament seem more startling and even revolutionary,—and constitutional authorities are agreed that no change so sweeping and significant has been seen in England since 1832,—it is partly because they were on a larger scale and were more directly involved in party struggles and passions. But in Great Britain, also, the essential question was that of making the second chamber responsive to the popular will, clearly expressed. We need only to refer to the series of political contests which led up to the final sharp crisis. It is safe to say, because the English Conservatives themselves now admit it, and the warmest apologists for the Lords do not deny it, that a huge tactical blunder was made in choosing the ground on which to fight the Liberals. When the peers nerved themselves to the point of throwing out the budget, they became as so many Philistines delivered into the hands of their enemies. What followed that fatal act was a series of inevitably succeeding steps. The Commons passed the bill to limit the veto powers of the Lords. That, in turn rejected, led to another general election, with the threat latent in it that if the upper house still resisted, the king would be advised by his ministers to use his prerogative to create enough new peers to overcome all opposition. With that defeat and dilution of their own order confronting them, at last the Lords sullenly gave way, and the new constitutional England came into being, in which the second chamber has only a suspensive veto, and the people know that they can make their will supreme in any matter of legislation after a delay not greater than two years.

This Lucifer-like fall of a proud and ancient legislative body, based on caste and wealth, will cause many to think that the great English democracy has become more powerful, because more unchecked, than ours. But nowhere are appearances so deceitful as in political institutions. They do not always work as expected, nor are the consequences of change in them severely logical. Walter Bagehot's thankfulness to high heaven that his countrymen were poor logicians, Englishmen may have frequent occasion to recall during the next few years. For, in case of need, we shall undoubtedly find that the English nation has still reserves of conservatism and resources of caution and deliberation wherewith to prevent a momentary and passionate impulse of the majority from writing itself into law. It may even be that the shearing away of political power from the House of Lords will give to individual peers greater weight with their countrymen than before. If they raise grave and reasoned voices in times of hot crisis, the very fact that they can no longer speak in the arrogance of an assured veto over legislation may cause their arguments and their counsels to be given the greater heed. It is still true, as it was in Plato's time, that forms of government are expressive of national character; and though Englishmen and Americans may make radical alterations in their governmental institutions, the qualities which have made their race and their history what we know them to be, abide as before. A practical, experimental rule-of-thumb people are not going to become infatuated doctrinaires overnight or wreck things in "one burst of liberty" just because some of the old checks upon precipitate action have been lessened or removed.

"MANNER IS A GREAT MATTER"

THERE are signs that we are in the preliminary stage of an era of better manners, namely, the stage of giving serious consideration to the subject. In this country the course of improvement runs somewhat like this: first, there is a general sense that something is wrong, then some one shows us a more excellent way, —thus the imagination is touched,—and after that our native candor directs into the proper channel first our judgment and then our conduct. Though the American imagination may long lie dormant, like the Sleeping Beauty, it awakens to the princely touch of ideality. We are good listeners, and say with Whitman:

Surely, whosoever speaks to me in the right voice,
Him or her I shall follow,
As the waters follow the moon,
Silently, with fluid step, anywhere around the world.

And, then, in most directions we are am-

bitious. And so, being ambitious, we ought to hold that in manners, as in other things, the best is none too good for us.

There is probably in no other country more genuine good-will to men or more indifference to the agreeable expression of this good-will. "Manners," said an American lady, "are only morals in bloom." Why, then, do we not more generally prize the delicacy, the refinement, the charm of this blossoming of good-will into manners? Why is there not more attention paid in the family, in the schools, and in the press to the inculcation of politeness, of outward consideration, of the grace of doing things? Dean Keppel of Columbia University, writing in the New York "Evening Post" of "Manners in College," ventures an explanation. He says:

> In these days, when everything pertaining to education is being reformed to within an inch of its life, it is remarkable that no one has taken for his theme the need of reform in this field. The reason doubtless is that if any accusation is more unbearable than that of having the attitude of being "holier than thou," it is that of being politer than thou, and a man may well hesitate before exposing himself to the charge. All that can be done in self-defense is to remind the reader of the uniform discrepancy between practice and preaching the world over.

We have already suggested in these pages a somewhat similar theory of the failure to grapple with this question, namely, that we are ashamed of the prominence which either the exhibition in ourselves or the exaction from others of any better standard than the average would impose upon us.[1] Again, our national sense of humor makes us sensitive to the ridicule of the paragrapher and the caricaturist, which, wholesome as it is when properly directed, is too often a foe to ideality. Moreover, the tradition of the best social procedure—and by this we do not mean the now over-formal procedure of the time of Washington—has lost its fine edge in the competition for material benefits. It survives individually in nearly every community and in certain large sections, but *the sense of its importance* is not strong either in city or country. It is perhaps strongest in the smaller and less feverish life of the towns about the large cities, our urbanity being somewhat less desirable than our suburbanity.

The idea that there is something unmanly or undemocratic in the cultivation of the best manners is part of the problem to be contended with. "The gentleman," says Emerson, himself our *preux chevalier,* in his delightful essay on "Manners,"—"The gentleman is a man of truth, lord of his own actions, and expressing that lordship in his behavior, not in any manner dependent and servile either on persons, or opinions, or possessions. Beyond this fact of truth and real force, the word denotes good-nature or benevolence; manhood first and then gentleness." Is there anything in this definition at variance with the conception of the true democrat?

A distinguished superintendent of schools in a large Western city, to whom we sent the circular letter concerning the teaching of manners referred to in Dr. Eliot's paper in the present number, holds that the manners of the time have not deteriorated. Fortunate indeed has been her experience. Discounting our own tendency to overpraise the past, which we share in common with every elder generation, we think she will find few candid observers who will agree with her. Most acknowledge the deterioration and blame the immigrant. But one who knows the immigrant as working-man or servant knows that one of the notable facts concerning him or her is the sudden shedding of politeness in the first six months after setting foot on Ellis Island. In a sense everybody has to be keyed up to his best, but in this respect we are too lax in our sense of duty to ourselves, to our employees, and to society. We need not be solicitous, however, concerning the kitchen so much as the drawing-room. Again, Dean Keppel says, with what justice let the reader's experience determine. "The boys whose grandfathers were aristocrats are frequently the worst-mannered and the most inconsiderate." If this be true, the saying that it takes three generations to make a gentleman may have a counterpart: that it takes only two generations to unmake one.

What is the practical thing to be done? Obviously, to found new traditions, or, better, to revive the old; for fiction and memoirs and the history of American society are full of records of fine man-

[1] "Are We Ashamed of Good Manners?" Topics of the Time, THE CENTURY for December, 1909.

ners. This can be done in the family, individually. But if society is to resume the functions and the service to the happiness of mankind that it has had in America as well as elsewhere, it is high time that there should be some sort of coöperation to that end. Obviously this is the duty of women, especially of mothers. We respectfully renew our suggestion that there could be no more appropriate subject for consideration by the Federation of Women's Clubs. It is a topic for press and pulpit and platform. Who, if not these agencies, shall arouse us to the fundamental importance of good manners?

NO SUBSTITUTE FOR INDIVIDUAL VIRTUE

IN the boyhood of the writer of these lines he presented an autograph-album to Wendell Phillips with the request for his signature. Phillips, turning over the leaves, came upon the phrase: "Let justice be done, though the heavens fall," and quick as a flash wrote opposite: "If justice be done, the heavens will not fall."

There have been times in this country when it seemed that the heavens were about to fall upon the republic; but with that resilience which is both our hope and our danger, the people have risen to a realization of our destiny, and that storm has passed by. Such crises have been passed so much not through new laws as through the courage, sacrifice, and patriotism of individuals, and by the reassertion and revivification of the old codes of justice.

It is natural that those who have been sorely oppressed through the instrumentality of law should wish to make an end of the specific statute by which the wrong is accomplished. That is the mark upon which their fire is concentrated. Often such action demolishes a line of intrenchments of the enemy, but it rarely destroys his forces or even puts an end to his activities. We are always clamoring for "law to heal our bruises," but law does not heal automatically. It is only an agency through which the public sentiment of a community may be made effective. In Coatesville, Pennsylvania, and in some other parts of the country, the law against murder is, doubtless, perfect, but it is powerless to punish the barbarous and cowardly lynching of a prisoner.

In certain regions of the West where political freebooters or railroad corporations have driven the people to despair, new weapons of defense have been devised in the initiative, the referendum, and the recall. These not only give much promise of a better state of affairs, but, notably in Seattle, some of them have already accomplished remarkable results and have given the people a new feeling of hope. So successful has been the use of the recall that the tendency is to go too far, and in the case of an offending judge to substitute for the sober-minded processes of impeachment and punishment the whimsicalities of popular prejudice.

This change of procedure is of course a virtual revolution against representative government, a tendency to relinquish a republic for a democracy, and sooner or later, in the States which are trying it, it will be justified by success or discredited by failure. Its warmest advocates would probably admit that it is an experiment. One can only hope that it will work well and that it will not break down by overweighting. Surely something is to be gained by processes in which the people have shown confidence.

Yet it must not be forgotten that all such expedients are in the nature of means, and that the virtue of the people must be relied upon for the proper utilization of the new devices. Nay, more: had the virtue of the people been active and single-minded, it would have expressed itself adequately and effectively through the former system. It was while the people slept that the spoilsmen sowed the tares of graft.

And who are the people? Some abstract, intangible, mysterious force, the *zeitgeist,* ruling us without our consent? Not at all. It is the aggregation of individuals, for the most part honest, well-meaning, law-abiding, liberty-loving, who need only to be stirred to a realization of the force of the common homely virtues, one of which, and a very inclusive one, is *to be sure that we do not get our happiness at the expense of others.*

In this season of the great feast of goodwill toward men, it is well to remember that the world advances by the faith and works of the individual, and that while instrumentalities must be made effective, the largest contribution one can make to the progress of his country is to be himself a just man and a good citizen.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK

THE rumor that Maeterlinck is to visit America emphasizes two pointed facts: first that the age of Herbert Spencer and Edison and the great "Captains of Industry" has enrolled among its guides and leaders a veritable mystic; and, second, that the deaths of Ibsen and Tolstoi and the recession of Hauptmann have raised this mystic to the virtual headship of Occidental literature. In an age of noise the least resonant voice has proved the most penetrative. Maeterlinck, who has scarcely courted even the few, was overtaken by popularity at a time of life when most prophets are facing obscurity or braving contempt. Able to meet and surpass his age on its own ground in a radical discussion of social problems, as in "Monna Vanna," he has sternly renounced the exercise of this power. He has not even paid his age the compliment of disputing its pretensions. He has rejected nothing of modern science except the prevalent estimate of its value. He has refused to admit in either scientific or religious dogmatism any barrier to the quiet but inflexible pursuit of the supreme end of spiritual self-fulfilment. His greatness lies in the fact that he has sought high ends with an almost child-like unconsciousness of the presence of an alternative; in a commercialized epoch he has written works from which a supramundane reader could hardly infer the existence of money on the planet. By some rare fortune or rarer endowment, his remoteness from mankind has never taken the form of estrangement; his latent humanity, his veiled fellowship, have made a half-comprehending public tolerant even of his eccentricities, his tenuities, and his murkinesses. Mr. Maeterlinck would find in America a host who have been touched by the depth, the imagination, and the sympathy of his studies of human life.

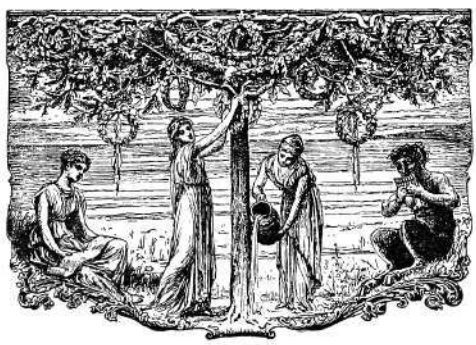
OPEN LETTERS

ON THINGS CHILDREN LEARN WITH EASE

From a Veteran Observer to a Mother in Doubt

Dear Mrs. Colgate:

When we met the other afternoon at Mrs. Brownson's tea, and talked about your children, and what you were doing for their education, I told you that I meant to give you some notions of mine upon that subject. Here they are.



There are certain things which children learn with ease and grown people learn with difficulty. I would have a child taught these. They are languages, riding, dancing, and perhaps music. I would not force any of these upon a child against nature. But almost any child can be taught any of them.

As to languages: by the use of governesses very early in the child's life, he should be able to know French and German almost as well as English. He ought to be able to read story-books in those languages almost equally well and to be able to speak and write them. The child I know best is my niece, seven years old. If this child has a French nursery governess, she is very soon as glib with French as with English. When the French governess leaves and a German governess takes her place, the child is soon as glib with German as with English, and forgets her French, which, however, she picks up quickly when another French governess is employed. I am quite sure that this child at twelve ought to be able to read, speak, and write these languages almost equally well. When I speak of writing,

I mean that she ought to be able to write in French and German such letters as she can write in English. She is a clever child, and she has an unusually nice ear for the delicacies of speech. But almost any child could be taught to do the same. When it comes to the teaching of writing as a serious art, only one language, of course, should be taught, and that should be the native one.

Speaking of French governesses, many of them are very intelligent—much more so than those of other nationalities. A friend tells me of one who returning to a former mistress found her library in some confusion of house-cleaning. When the lady said something deprecatory, the maid replied in the gracious way of her countrywomen: *"Mais, Madame, comme dit Boileau, 'Un beau désordre fait l'effet d'art.'"* Fancy an American nurse-maid quoting Emerson!

You said you preferred a school to governesses. Well, a child may learn languages in school. I have known a young German girl who had never been out of Germany, and who had learned her English in school, and who spoke it perfectly. But a child might have the advantage of both governesses and schools. Governesses are particularly useful when children are very young. There is no doubt something in what you said of the danger of teaching the child a bad speech and accent. I have indeed known many instances where this has happened. The wife of a Spanish diplomat who had an English governess drops her h's, which however, she does in a very pretty manner. But in selecting governesses, it should not be difficult to avoid this danger. Even where such faults have been communicated to children, however, a language may be well worth having. A Greek young lady of my acquaintance, who knew English, told me that she had learned it in Athens. She looked very Greek, having a nose that joined her forehead in a straight line, as in the picture of Briseis in my old Anthon's "Homer." This young lady spoke English perfectly, but with a Scotch accent. I asked her if she had not had a Scotch governess, and she replied that she had. Of course, it would have been better if she had been without the Scotch accent. But even with that drawback, to have the language was a great advantage. She had a use of it for the purposes of conversation, very valuable to the daughter of a diplomat, and the treasures of English literature were open to her, as I could see from the spirit and the correct emphasis with which she repeated the lines:

> For, standing on the Persian's grave,
> I could not deem myself a slave.

So much for the modern languages. Of course I should like a boy to know Greek and Latin also, and to know them as they are taught in Europe. What elegance that instruction gives a boy's mind! But it does not seem possible to have quite that in this country.

The way we Americans learn Greek and Latin cannot be right. We spend from eight to ten years learning two languages, at the end of which period we cannot read at sight a page of either. There is no doubt these languages are better taught in Europe. There the young are taught not only to read, but to speak Latin. This is done not only in the higher education, but in some cases even in schools for the working-classes. A young woman, a Swiss peasant, once told me, as I sat in her kitchen while she cooked a steak for me and at the same time minded her baby, how she was taught to speak and write Latin in the public schools in Zurich. Zurich is Catholic, and the priests wish children to be taught Latin. She said that she and her classmates translated a book into Latin. I asked her what the book was, and she said it was a German translation of "The Lady of the Lake." I am sure that the members of my class at college at the time of graduation would have found that a difficult undertaking.

What a great thing it is to a boy to have those five languages! It does seem a lot of words to a very few things, but then the boy has them and he has got them with far greater ease than he could acquire them later. Most things he can learn afterward, and with more ease than he could as a child. Geography, for instance, he can learn when he comes to the study of literature, and wishes to know where certain places were or are. As I remember my school geography, I knew the countries chiefly by the colors on the map. I believe I thought these were the actual colors of the countries. Prussia was red; Austria deep green; that fine-sounding country, Ecuador, was purple; Uruguay a bright pink; and so on. I should think that if a map, colored like Easter eggs and with very clear lettering, were hung up in the house in a conspicuous place, it would be difficult for a child to get away from the study of geography. If that handsome and polite object, a globe, were placed in one of the living-rooms of the house, a child would be sure to take much notice of it.

History, too, might be postponed until it was apropos of some subject in which the child was interested. All teachers find that one of their great difficulties is that the interest of the child's mind in the things taught is so remote. The education of chil-

dren suggests the woman in "Toodles," who brought home from an auction a door-plate with "Thompson" on it, and defended her action with the plea that her daughter might marry a man named "Thompson, with a *p*," in which case it would come in handy.

I suppose it is necessary to teach English spelling. This, however, is painful work for many children. Such at least was the opinion of a friend of mine, who used to say sadly of his own children that

> *Orthography* repressed their noble rage
> And froze the genial current of the soul.

Most children will learn to spell as soon as they begin to write letters. Pride will make them do that. I remember, when a child, my father telling, in the presence of a superior young miss of my own age, who sat with her feet on the rung of a chair and regarded me scornfully, that he had seen a letter of mine to my aunt, beginning, "Dear Ant." I am sure I never addressed my aunt in that way again.

But there is one kind of instruction in English which cannot be begun too early: I mean instruction in speech, the teaching of English pronunciation, and the right way of using the voice. It is in childhood that people should be taught this, and it is very difficult to teach. Speaking our language is that art in which we Americans do worse than we do in anything else. It is sometimes said that our nasal speech is the result of climate. I do not believe it. It is the result of unconscious imitation: people catch it from one another. It is almost impossible to live among people and not catch to some extent their way of speaking. I believe that we nearly all have a way of speaking more or less nasal. Edwin Booth, who had a beautiful voice, acquired toward the end of his life a speech that was occasionally nasal. I remember hearing him once upon a London stage when you could see that he was himself shocked at the sound of his own voice; this would be when his speech became especially nasal, as it would now and then in spite of him. And we have many other faults of speech besides this, the worst of which are perhaps the rough *r's* and the *o* for *a*, and then the flatness and sharpness in speech.

Our faulty speech, I may add, is no doubt partly the result of democracy. There is no class among us whose example is authoritative. Even those who ought to be in a position to set an example often do not speak well. Thus, the profession whose example ought to be more efficacious than that of any other, the clergy, are not so careful in the matter of speech as they should be. (Here is a hint for the theological seminaries.) How are children to learn to speak if their parents do not speak well? It is not easy for them to learn to speak at school, for many teachers do not speak well. The best way out of it that I see is for the teachers to set to work to learn to speak.

I am a great admirer of the mental qualities which are the results of an English classical education, particularly of that peculiar elegance which is the characteristic of the mind of an English scholar. I doubt if you will ever meet one of our countrymen who has just that quality. Our scholars have elegancies of their own, but not quite that, I think. It does not come from the English universities, for I have met with Oxford and Cambridge men who did not seem to me to have it. It comes from certain of the public schools, such as Eton, Winchester, and Harrow. It is an elegance purely mental and easily distinguishable from that which is the result of a gentle birth and bringing up. I have seen it in a boy who dropped his h's. There is no reason why the same methods of teaching should not produce the same results in this country, and it may be that we can work out something even better.

A child ought to learn to ride at eight or ten or earlier, if he is fond of horses and naturally courageous. All children may be taught to ride. This is evident from the fact that there are countries where riding on horseback is the only way of getting about, and where it is merely a question between riding and shank's mare. It was so formerly in my own native region of West Virginia. The country was too rough and the roads too bad for vehicles, so of course everybody rode. But there is a great deal of difference among children in their natural fitness for riding. Children who have a marked natural gift for riding do not need to be taught at all. The best riders I see among children are the little white or colored grooms about the stables, who have never had a lesson in their lives. They have learned to ride by riding. Give a horse to a boy who has a natural gift for riding, and he will himself "shake into" a good style. But most children do not have this resource, and such as do not should be sent to a riding-school. This should be done early, but in the case of a timid child not so early as in that of a courageous one. Care should be taken that a timid child is not hurt or frightened and so given a distaste for riding. But in any case a child should begin young. A rider who has learned as a grown man never has the easy, natural seat of one who has learned as a child. I do not remember to have seen any exception. George Borrow, indeed, in "Lavengro," in a passage

which seems autobiographical, gives an account of a youth of seventeen who gets on an Irish trotting cob, having never been on the back of a horse before, and goes for a five-mile ride and comes back at near a three-minute gait, an accomplished horseman, riding like a storm, and joyously aware that he is master of this delightful art. It is conceivable that a natural horseman, such as Borrow no doubt was, might have had such an experience. But Borrow was certainly an exception. As a rule, boys and girls should have their first lessons in riding before they are ten years old. That would be the general opinion among horsemen. I used sometimes to meet in Rotten Row that charming old man, Kinglake, author of "Eothen," riding a white horse, upon which, notwithstanding his advanced age, he was evidently at home, and I would remember the passage in "Eothen" in which he says of his mother, "The most gentle and pious of women was yet so proud a mother that she could teach her first-born son in earliest childhood no less than this,—to be at home in the saddle and to love old Homer."

Children can be taught dancing earlier than riding. They should all learn to dance. It is not only that those who are taught dancing in childhood will be better dancers when they grow up than those who have not had this advantage. That is a small part of it. Its general effects upon the manners and even upon the dispositions of children are beneficial, and these effects they will retain as men and women. Dancing, it seems to me, should be an exception to what is now received as the true rule of education. The old idea in education was compensation, that is, the strengthening of the minds of the young in the qualities in which they are deficient. The modern notion, on the contrary, is that life is too short for this kind of vague struggle against nature, which probably, after all, will turn out to be of little avail, and that the best way is to make the most of the qualities in which children are strong and to let the rest go. In the matter of dancing, I should act upon both these principles. I should, of course, send to dancing-school a child who was physically clever and enjoyed dancing and had a natural gift for it. (I may remark that dancing and riding are alike in this respect, that the qualities which make proficiency in both are much the same; a child who can do the one well ought to be able to do the other well.) But I should also wish to send to dancing school a shy or an awkward child. He will learn ease of demeanor and the even more important qualities of confidence and friendliness.

I may add that there is one particular in which teachers of dancing may do a great deal of good, that is, in teaching the right carriage of the shoulders and head. I see many good-looking young people whose figures are spoiled, and spoiled for life, by stooping shoulders and a head bent forward, faults which might have been corrected in childhood. They are, no doubt, faults difficult to cure. Braces, I am told, are worse than useless. An eminent surgeon informs me that the reason people's shoulders go forward is that the muscles of the chest are stronger than those of the back; braces deprive the muscles of the back of exercise, which thus become weaker through want of use, with the result that the shoulders, as soon as the braces are removed, go forward worse than before. Apparently the only thing to do is to "keep at" children about it both at home and at school. I should think that proficiency in dancing would help to prevent or to correct this fault.

As to music, it seems to me that singing is one of the most desirable gifts that one can have. But I am told by experts, like Mr. Frank Damrosch, that it should not be seriously attempted before sixteen years of age. There ought, however, to be no danger in teaching a child enough of singing to interest him in it and to make him wish to learn to sing and to accustom him to sing when in company without timidity. It is said that almost any child can be taught to sing. An acquaintance of mine who has a boarding-school in Massachusetts with about a hundred boys, and who is himself an excellent singer, told me that he wished to find out whether there were boys who could not be taught to sing. He accordingly picked out the four boys in the school who seemed to have the least natural aptitude for singing and set to work upon them, with the result that he taught them all to sing. Instrumental music a child can be taught earlier than singing, but that is hard work.

The above scheme would not apply to a child who showed early a strong bias toward mathematics or natural science or mechanics or the fine arts. You remember, too, that we were agreed that we should be chiefly careful that the pursuit of any scheme of education should not interfere with the health of children or even with the happiness of their youthful lives.

Whew! what a disquisition I have made of it! But perhaps you will excuse this long letter in view of the importance of the subject. And perhaps, again, you may not agree with me.

Sincerely yours,
Bayard Norton.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Drawn by G. J. Perrett

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

WILLY GIRAFFE: Mama, may n't I let Doxie take a pair of my stockings to hang up for his Christmas?

A MODEL LETTER FROM A CONTRIBUTOR

May ninth.

DEAR SIR:

Observing that occasionally the dominant note of humor is subordinated to a pleasing bit of quaintly phrased philosophical reflection in your unparalleled and inimitable department devoted to speculations in the more or less Lighter Vein of human experience, and having acquired in my later years a very decided predilection toward those diversions of the pen which serve to while away the laggard hours of the senile day,—and which it were selfishness to withhold from general publication in a day when the more thoughtful products of the vagrom fancy seem tinged with a lamentable puerility of purpose, if not of expression, feeling that some of the fruits of those hours might not be unreasonably supposed to be unwelcome to you, it has seemed to me appropriate that I, with no inconsiderable diffidence be it confessed, and yet not without hope that you may find in them certain qualities that shall fortuitously differentiate them from that great mass of impossible, or at least improbable, material which I doubt not provides a daily influx of torrential proportions to submerge your staff in an ocean of manuscript with all the whelm and roar of a tidal wave, should send them to you at your regular rates of compensation, which I am told are not altogether illiberal by those who in past seasons have been or are reputed to have been more or less regular contributors to those columns with which you have in countless Centuries past delighted those who, caring for good reading, have chosen to devote those hours of leisure which these strenuous days permit to a perusal of your pages, rather than waste the few and precious moments thus vouchsafed to them on the pernicious fulminations of a yellow press, pandering to depraved appetites, and catering to a public of which it may be said without fear of contradiction that in the larger and more important aspects of modern life, viewed impersonally, their influence is comparable only to a vacuum alongside of which space itself is of infinitesimally small proportions.

Very respectfully yours,

John Kendrick Bangs.

Drawn by J. R. Shaver

"DOOTY CALLS ME, AGONESS"

THE WEEK BEFORE CHRISTMAS

A TRAGEDY OF THE CALENDAR

BY CAROLYN WELLS

WITH PICTURES BY REGINALD BIRCH

"WHY, goodness me!" said Percy Gunn,
"Christmas is just a week from *SUN!*

"This present business is no fun."
Then he sat down to count his *MON.*

But after paying what was due,
His surplus dollars were but *TUE.*

Then Percy sadly shook his head,
Thinking of one he fain would *WED.*

The weather was depressing, too;
For first it friz, and then it *THU.*

And presents also he must buy
For sisters, aunts, and smaller *FRI.*

No answer could he find to that.
He sat and thought and thought and *SAT.*

And sitting still was Percy Gunn
When Christmas came, and it was *SUN!*

LIMERICKS

TEXT AND PICTURES BY OLIVER HERFORD

Drawn by O. Herford

II—THE PROVIDENT PUFFIN

THERE once was a provident puffin
Who ate all the fish he could stuff in.
Said he, "'T is my plan
To eat when I can:
When there 's nuffin' to eat I eat nuffin'."

Drawn by J. R. Shaver

CAUGHT!

TIME-TABLES

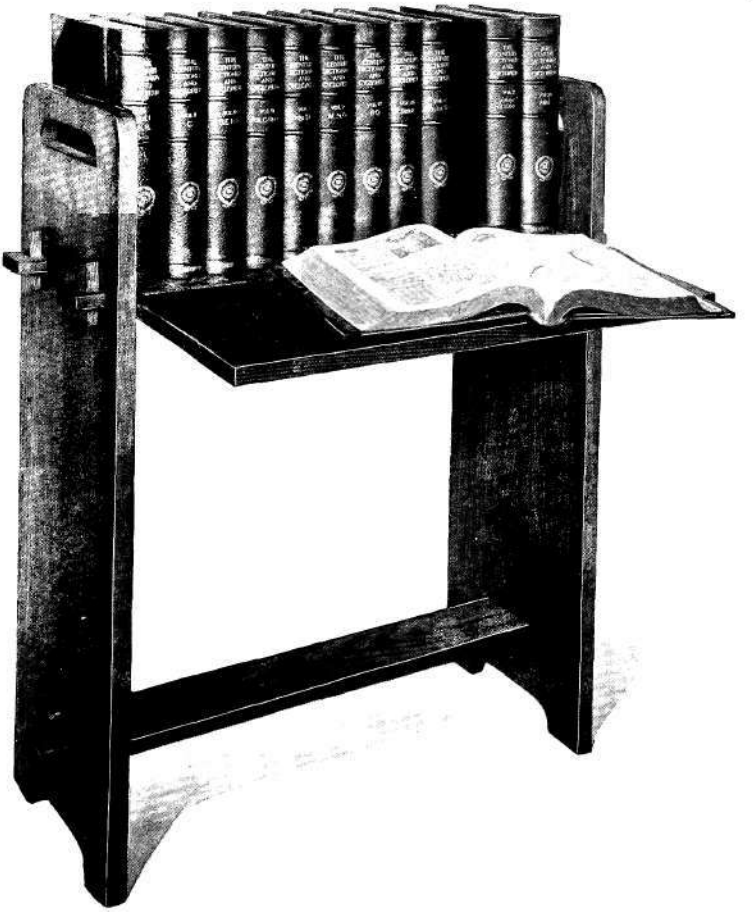
BY F. H. P.

I AM up in astronomics, and in figures neat and clerical
The orbits of the planets I 've reduced to the numerical,
The paths of all the comets and the other bodies spherical—
It 's really just as simple as can be.
I can figure to a parasang by methods mathematical
The route of any hoplite who has made a march grammatical,
And stopped till "Ho Clearchus" passed a few remarks emphatical—
There 's nothing any easier for me.

But a minus logarithm is a model of lucidity,
The nebular hypothesis, a bit of mere vapidity
Incapable of causing me a jot of the timidity
I feel for railway-folders of the day.
Though "Central Time" and "Eastern Time" means something, undeniable,
And reading up in place of down is never justifiable,
And type that 's black and light-faced is essential, still, I 'm liable
To board a train that goes the other way.

As to modern railway-folders, I admit an inability
For grasping why the data which I 'm seeking with agility
Are always contradicted and reduced to mere futility
By microscopic foot-notes down below.
For "making close connections" I confess an incapacity,
A folder's "A. and P.M.'s" only foster my pugnacity,
And though perhaps I 'm lacking in apparent perspicacity,
I never find the thing I want to know.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK



ANNOUNCEMENT
OF THE PUBLICATION OF
THE NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION OF

THE CENTURY DICTIONARY CYCLOPEDIA AND ATLAS

IN TWELVE VOLUMES

THE CENTURY CO.

THE NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION OF THE CENTURY DICTIONARY CYCLOPEDIA AND ATLAS

(IN TWELVE VOLUMES)

The revision of The Century

THERE is no book so good that it does not have to be revised. To this rule even the English Bible has been no exception. In fact, the better the book—the greater its permanent value—the greater the need of keeping it abreast of the advance of time. Whenever The Century Dictionary, Cyclopedia, and Atlas has been sent to press thousands of changes have been made in the plates in order to bring its material up to date, and now, in the twenty-fifth printing of this great work of reference, such thorough revision and enlargements have been effected as to make it almost a new book.

Not desired by the publishers, but a necessity

THE CENTURY CO. had no desire to add a quarter of a million dollars to the million that had been expended upon the original edition; but a conscientious publisher of such a work as The Century Dictionary feels that he is, in a way, a trustee for the public,—that he is not simply the owner of a set of plates from which he can print and sell as many editions as the plates will bear, but that he has set up in the market-place a fount of knowledge which not only must be kept pure and undefiled, but must also be increased at its sources as the need of it increases. So once more The Century Co. called on specialists in every branch of knowledge to bring up to date the reference book which since its issue twenty years ago has more and more grown to be the standard authority.

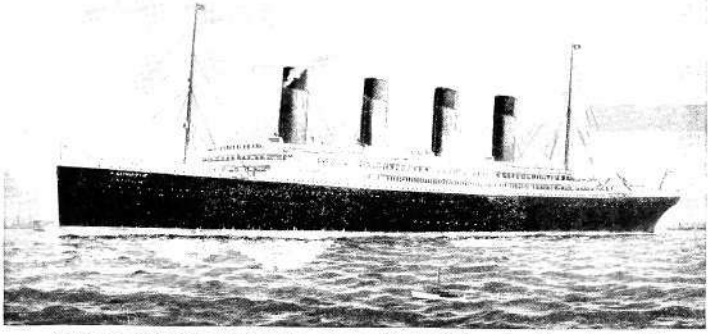
The specialists who made it

Anglo-American Pottery. Plate with dark blue print of Captain McDonough's victory on Lake Champlain, 1814. (In the Pennsylvania Museum, Philadelphia.)

To what extent this specialization has been carried in various editions of The Century may be seen in such important subjects as *aëronautics* (three specialists—a Harvard professor of meteorology and two practical aëronauts); *anatomy* (two specialists in human anatomy, two in comparative anatomy, and one in osteology); *archaeology* (four, covering Greek and Roman archæology, medieval, North American, South American, etc.); *art* (five, covering painting, sculpture, decoration, lace-making, engraving, etching, pigments, etc.); and so on indefinitely. Each specialist is responsible for all the definitions, sometimes many thousands in number, in his subject.

100,000 new entries

WHEN The Century Dictionary was issued in 1889–91, after nearly ten years of preparation, it contained upward of 120,000 more entries than any of its predecessors. To these 100,000 have been



One of the illustrations in the group covering Wireless Telegraphy. General view of the S S Olympic, showing wireless receiver, or aerial, stretched between the masts.

A total of about 530,000

added by the new revision. The reason for this notable enlargement is the amazing progress that has been made in all departments of science, of the arts, and of practical life during the past twenty years. New sciences have been created; invention has been astonishingly fertile; exploration has brought to light almost numberless things,—and all of them have been named. The "common" words and proper names defined or otherwise described in the new edition of The Century Dictionary, Cyclopedia, and Atlas reach the enormous number of about five hundred and thirty thousand.

It is only necessary to mention the automobile, the aëroplane, the wireless telegraph, for the increase of "common" words to be understood. The word "appendicitis," common enough now, was unrecorded when the first edition of The Century Dictionary was issued. Radium was not discovered until nearly ten years (1898) after that edition appeared. The word is now fully treated in the new revision in an article of 1800 words.

The corps of revisers larger than the original force

The scholars and men of science who have been editors of special departments in this revision, or contributors to it, are actually more in number than those employed on the original work. Every word has been subjected to critical examination by them, and in this revised edition have been incorporated the changes and additions which they recommended.

The Century greatest of all dictionaries

WHEN The Century was issued it was at once recognized as the greatest of completed English dictionaries. Its editor, Professor William Dwight Whitney, of Yale University, was the most eminent philologist America had produced, known and honored by all scholars as the foremost exponent of the principles of the growth of language and of linguistic study. While The Century was first of all a dictionary, its broadly encyclopedic treatment of words and things made it much wider in scope and vastly more useful than any mere lexicon.

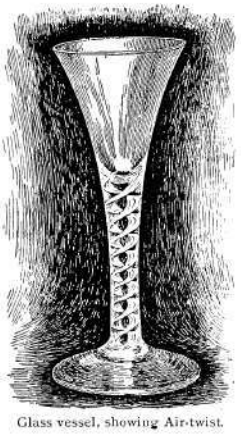
For example, under the common word *case* one found in The Century not only full definitions of that word as used in medicine, law, grammar, and logic (with explanatory quotations), but also descriptions of more than thirty celebrated *cases*, such as *Bradlaugh's case* in the House of Commons; *Burr's case*, the trial of Aaron Burr for treason; the *Dartmouth College case*, which established the vested rights of corporations; the *Dred Scott case*, which had much to do with the bringing on of our Civil War;

the *Tichborne case,* also called the *case of the claimant;* and the *Tweed case,* for frauds perpetrated against the municipality of New York. In each instance it gave all the facts which the average reader would require. In the new edition such encyclopedic definitions have been greatly increased, and now under *case* one may find the *Standard Oil case* and the *American Tobacco case,* decided during the present year.

The new encyclopedic matter in the enlarged edition includes an addition of 100 per cent. to the article on *wheat;* 100 per cent. to that on *cancer;* nearly 300 per cent. to the definition of *turbine;* 200 per cent. to the article on *sculpture;* etc., etc.

An encyclopedia with hundreds of thousands of entries as well as a dictionary

Thousands of words were thus treated, and as a result The Century Dictionary was rightly recognized and valued as an encyclopedia. No other American dictionary can justly claim that character. Its method of subdividing its encyclopedic information into a vast number of articles under separate headings makes it its own index, and places any item that may be desired at once at the command of the consulter.



Glass vessel, showing Air-twist.

The Century Cyclopedia of Names

IN 1894 The Century Cyclopedia of Names was issued in one volume and became a part of the dictionary. It is a lexicon of proper names, containing brief articles upon virtually every kind of thing to which a proper name has been given,—names of famous persons, dead and living, of all periods, nations, and vocations; of characters in fiction; of races and tribes; of countries and places, ancient and modern; of rivers, seas, lakes; of battles, wars, treaties; of buildings, statuary, paintings; of books, operas, and plays; of clubs, noted vessels, famous race-horses, the great streets of the world; etc., etc. No such book was ever issued (it is considered the most useful reference volume in the English language); each name is pronounced, its various spellings are recorded, and in many cases its derivation is given. It comprises about sixty thousand titles —more than the titles, *of all kinds,* comprised in any other cyclopedia.

Its thorough revision

With every printing, changes have been made in the plates of The Century Cyclopedia of Names—for new people spring into prominence, wars and revolutions occur, and deaths must be noted. In the present revision the entire volume has been thoroughly revised, and 3000 entries have been added to the original edition, including the names of persons who have come into notice and events which have occurred as late as September, 1911.

The Century Atlas

IN 1897 The Century Atlas of the World was added to the set and at once took its place as one of the most complete and beautiful atlases ever produced. It, too, has been thoroughly revised, brought down to date, and enlarged. The whole force of the best map-makers in America has been engaged for a year in incorporating into the Atlas the most recent geographical information. Entirely new maps of the South Pole (and Peary's discovery of the North Pole has, of course, been noted), of Oklahoma, of Alaska, of Western Canada, and of the Panama Canal, have been made, and new railroads

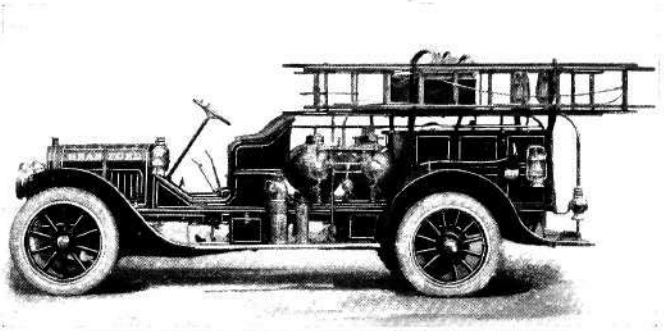
FURNITURE

GOTHIC AND RENAISSANCE TO THE BEGINNING OF THE PERIOD OF LOUIS XIV.

Reproduction, in miniature, of one of the large quarto pages (four times the size of this) of the new revision of The Century Dictionary, Cyclopedia, and Atlas, showing a group of illustrations. This is one page of an insert of four pages facing the word "furniture."

Its complete revision

and new boundaries have been shown on the old maps. There are also maps showing the interurban electric lines of parts of the United States—a decided novelty in an atlas. The great geographical index



One of the group illustrating Automobiles. Combination Fire Wagon.

has been entirely reset, and now gives the most recent figures for populations, including those of the United States Census of 1910 and of the latest European censuses. It contains about 180,000 entries.

It was hoped to have the new revision of The Century Dictionary, Cyclopedia, and Atlas ready for issue several months ago, but publication was impossible until all of the latest figures of the United States census were received and tabulated for entry both in the Cyclopedia of Names and in the Atlas.

The illustrations

THE ORIGINAL EDITION of this great work was unapproached by any other reference book in the number and beauty of its more than 7500 illustrations. Nearly half of them were engraved on wood by skilled artists whose craft itself is one of the arts. The artists who drew the pictures were chosen from among those who had made The Century Magazine famous for its art work. Ernest Thompson Seton furnished about five hundred of the illustrations of animals and birds. In the new edition 1900 pictures have been added; and a novel feature is the inclusion of a number of full-page plates, many of them in color and all of them edited by experts.

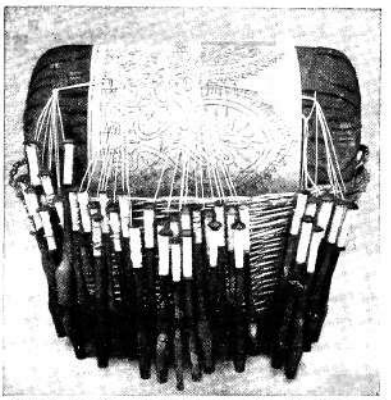
Additions to the illustrations

For instance, opposite the word *furniture* will now be found a four-page insert containing nearly fifty pictures of furniture, covering the periods most admired by collectors and connoisseurs, beginning with the Gothic and ending with the early part of the nineteenth century. These pictures not only show examples of the best European schools, but also include the work of American cabinet-makers such as Duncan Phyfe. This was prepared under the editorship of Miss Esther Singleton, whose work on furniture is well known. Mr. John Kimberly Mumford, the expert on rugs, is responsible for an insert in which exquisite Persian and other rugs have been reproduced in the colors of the originals. Full-page groups of illustrations cover the subjects of dogs, automobiles, lace, ordnance, flying-machines, architecture, fishes, insects, signal-flags, seals of the States, etc., etc.

Additions to the revision

OTHER ADDITIONS to the new edition comprise a colored chart illustrating the emigration from Europe to the United States and the immigration into the United States from all countries; four

pages of charts showing the cost of living in the United States and Europe in recent years, with the rate of wages; a chronological table of the chief events of history (over 2000 entries), so arranged that any one may see at a glance the most important happenings all over the world at any given time; a chronological chart covering the makers of European and American literature from the days of Sophocles and earlier to Maeterlinck and Weir Mitchell; a list of rulers from Menes to George V; and a genealogical chart of European royal houses.



One of the illustrations in the group covering Lace. Pillow for making Bobbin Lace. (From the Metropolitan Museum, New York.)

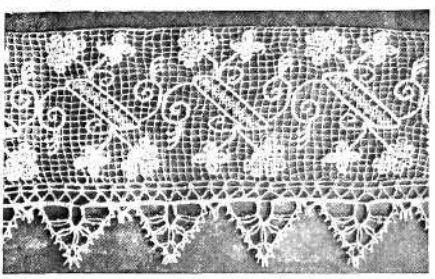
The typography

WHEN The Century Dictionary was first planned it was determined that in beauty of typography and convenience of form it should stand without a peer. An entirely new font of type was designed and manufactured especially for it. In this respect no improvement can be made; but the new edition is far superior to the old in the matter of paper, printing, and binding. Fifteen years ago the question of the use of thin India paper was considered thoroughly, and sample volumes on that paper were printed, bound, and tested by use. Again it has been tried, but rejected as before, because, while India paper is admirably suited to a book which must be made light for *reading*, it is not suited to one made for hasty reference where instant information is desired and the pages must be turned over in the shortest possible time. Nor is it suited to our exquisite wood-engravings, needing a fine surface for their printing.

Why India paper cannot be used

The tests for paper

THE PAPER chosen for the new edition of The Century was subjected to the most rigorous tests, including microscopical analysis of fiber composition, chemical analysis, breaking strength, bursting strength, and folding endurance.

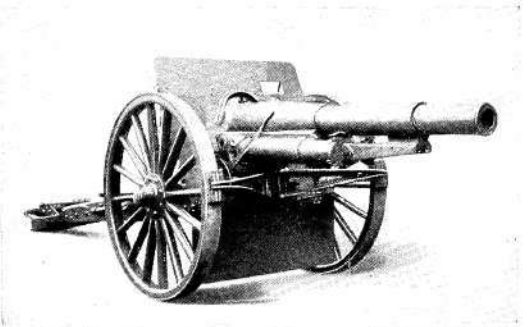


Cut under Lace. Italian; Network, 16th century.

The last was considered the most important of all, and a special machine was devised for the purpose of folding a sheet backward and forward until it showed a rupture. Out of twenty-eight samples of paper tested, eleven of the most promising were printed with sample pages of the dictionary and bound into volumes which were subjected to further tests for strength and endurance. The paper finally chosen is made by the Warren Mills at Cumberland, Maine, which have made paper for The Century Magazine for forty years.

The presswork "the finest of any large reference-book."

THE PRESSWORK of the new edition is the most perfect possible. Estimates were received from eight of the leading printers of America, and a contract was finally made with The De Vinne Press —although its estimate was twice as high as some received—which provided that "the printers shall make the presswork of this new edition the finest of any large reference-book now in existence, and in keeping with the best traditions of both The De Vinne Press and The Century Co." In its rich, black impression, perfect clearness, and even register, The Century is unrivaled.



One of the illustrations under the group Ordnance. 4.7 field gun and carriage. Weight of explosive shell, 60 pounds. Charge, 6.5 pounds of smokeless powder. Range, 11,000 yards. Will fire 20 rounds per minute

The best leather for binding that can be found

THE NEW BINDING is the result of continuous and exhaustive experiment. In almost all books bound to-day the binding soon deteriorates,—leather, in a few years, sometimes becomes yellow dust. Search was made for a leather which should prove as durable as the famous Spanish leather of the Middle Ages. Authorities in Europe and America were consulted, and the relative merits of the skins of seals, kangaroos, calves, sheep, pigs, and goats (the latter is called "morocco") were scrutinized and tested. As a result both pigskin and goatskin were chosen—the skins not to be split, no injurious acids to enter the tanning process, the dyes to be pure and fast, and the entire treatment to be by methods reproducing as nearly as possible the old hand-tanning processes.

The specifications for leather used on the new revision were indorsed by the Department of Agriculture, U. S. A., the London Society of Arts, the Sound Leather Committee of the Library Association of London, the British Museum, the Boston Public Library, and other authorities.

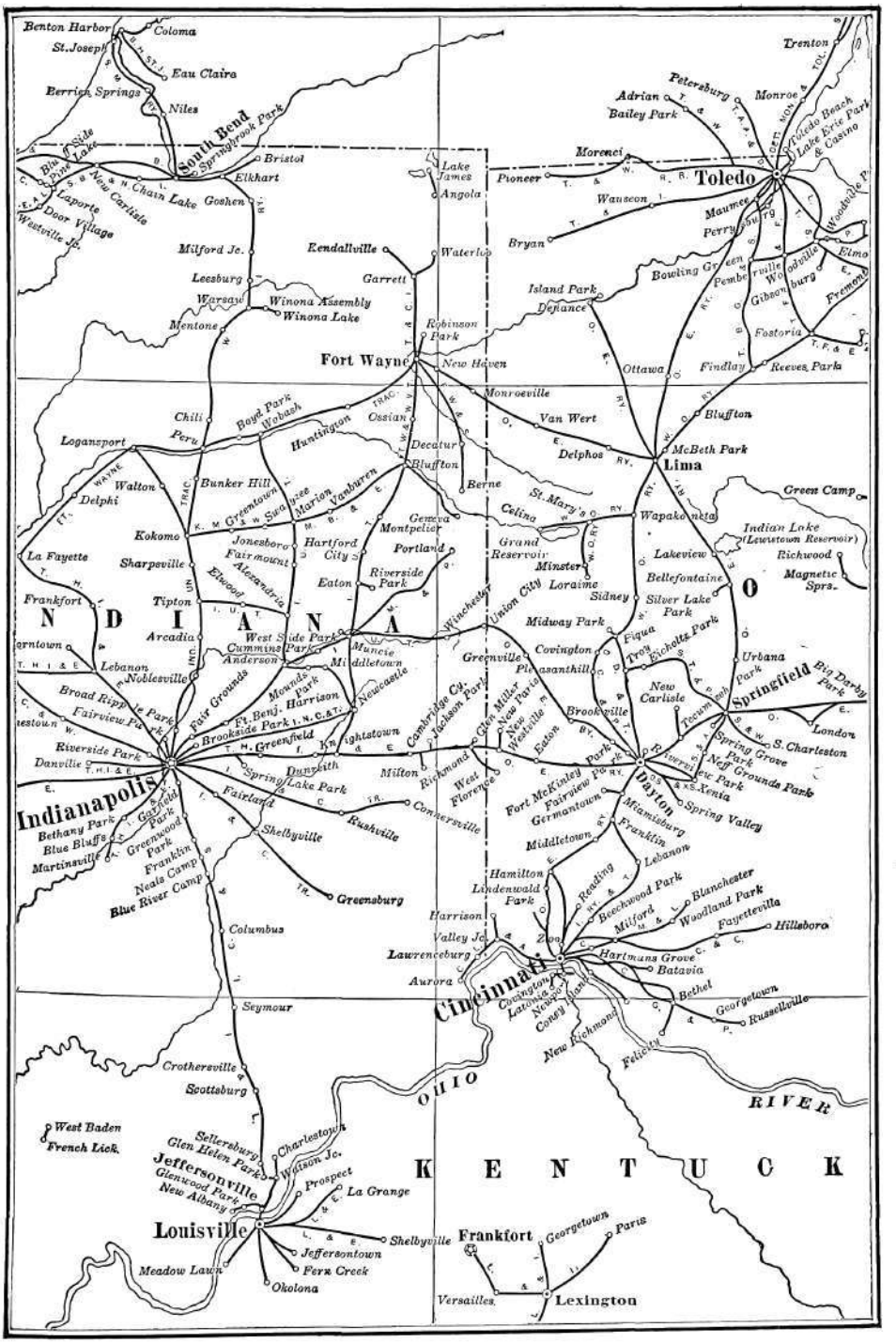
"Library buckram" for the cloth books

For the cloth-bound edition a "library buckram" has been selected, made according to specifications laid down by the United States government and adopted by the Library Associations of England and America.

Chytra.

The unusual safeguards

In the binding every known precaution has been taken, all of the sheets being sewn on tapes which are placed *between* the boards of the covers instead of being merely pasted down on the outside of an unsplit board, as had been the custom hitherto; special guards have been placed on each insert; muslin guards and joints reinforce the first and last sections. No



One of the novel features of the new revision of The Century Atlas—a section of a map of interurban electric lines in the Central States.

reference-book was ever printed and bound with the care which has been given to this new revision of The Century Dictionary, Cyclopedia, and Atlas.

The growth of The Century

THE CENTURY DICTIONARY originally was issued in six volumes. Later, and with the addition of The Century Cyclopedia of Names and The Century Atlas, the set became ten volumes. The additions to the new revised and enlarged edition have increased this to twelve volumes. As already stated, the cost of the editorial work and plates has been about a million and a quarter of dollars. When asked whether so great an expenditure has been justified by the financial return, we reply in the affirmative. Up to date two hundred thousand sets of the work, in its various editions, have been sold, for which the public has paid many millions of dollars. Even when the large cost of production, manufacture, advertising, selling, and distribution is deducted, the result is gratifying. But beyond any money profit is the consciousness that The Century is *an achievement*—the greatest reference-book ever made and the most useful book in the world.

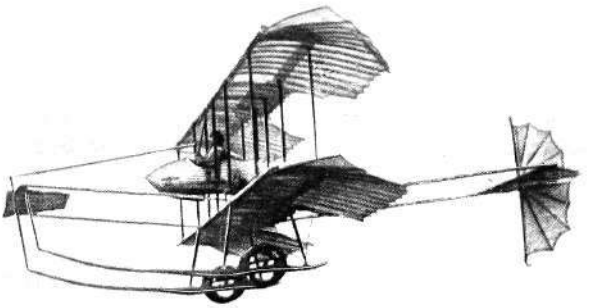
One of the illustrations in the group of Dogs. Boston Terrier. Medium height, 14 inches (to top of shoulder); weight, 18 pounds.

We want you who read this page to own it.

THE CENTURY CO.

A SECTION OF ONE OF THE CHARTS IN THE REVISED EDITION SHOWING AVERAGE YEARLY ACTUAL WHOLESALE PRICES, 1890-1910

Year.	FARM PRODUCTS.						FOOD.				
	Cattle: steers, choice to extra. Average price per 100 pounds.	Corn: cash. Average price per bushel.	Cotton: upland, middling. Average price per pound.	Hogs: Heavy. Average price per 100 pounds.	Oats: Cash. Average price per bushel.	Wheat: Cash. Average price per bushel.	Butter: Creamery (Elgin Market). Average price per pound.	Coffee: Rio No. 7 Average price per pound.	Eggs: new-laid, fancy, near-by. Average price per dozen.	Flour: wheat, spring patents. Average price per barrel.	Potatoes: fresh, white. Average price per bushel.
1890	$4.87	$0.39	$0.11	$3.95	$0.31	$0.89	$0.22	$0.18	$0.19	$5.19	$0.60
1891	5.89	.57	.09	4.42	.39	.96	.25	.17	.22	5.31	.77
1892	5.09	.45	.08	5.15	.30	.79	.25	.14	.22	4.35	.45
1893	5.52	.40	.08	6.55	.28	.68	.26	.17	.22	4.01	.67
1894	5.16	.43	.07	4.97	.31	.56	.22	.17	.18	3.59	.61
1895	5.48	.40	.07	4.28	.24	.60	.21	.16	.20	3.64	.43
1896	4.60	.26	.08	3.36	.18	.64	.18	.12	.17	3.80	.20
1897	5.23	.25	.07	3.59	.18	.79	.18	.08	.17	4.59	.33
1898	5.38	.31	.06	3.81	.25	.88	.19	.06	.18	4.73	.51
1899	5.99	.33	.07	4.04	.25	.71	.21	.06	.20	3.77	.42
1900	5.78	.38	.10	5.08	.23	.70	.22	.08	.20	3.84	.37
1901	6.12	.50	.09	5.96	.32	.72	.21	.06	.21	3.81	.56
1902	7.47	.60	.09	6.97	.40	.74	.24	.06	.24	3.81	.60
1903	5.57	.46	.11	6.06	.35	.79	.23	.06	.24	4.33	.52
1904	5.96	.50	.12	5.15	.36	1.04	.22	.08	.26	5.38	.73
1905	5.97	.50	.10	5.29	.30	1.01	.24	.08	.27	5.42	.40
1906	6.13	.46	.11	6.24	.33	.79	.25	.08	.26	4.28	.55
1907	6.54	.53	.12	6.08	.45	.91	.28	.06	.28	4.88	.49
1908	6.82	.68	.10	5.80	.51	.99	.27	.06	.28	5.42	.71
1909	7.34	.67	.12	7.57	.48	1.20	.29	.08	.31	5.76	.69
1910	8.19	.62	.15	10.61	.45	1.19	.31	.09	.26	5.59	.32



One of the illustrations in the group covering Aëroplanes. Paulhan Biplane.

To Those Who Own The Century In One of Its Earlier Forms

THE NEW REVISION is an absolute necessity for you if you wish to keep abreast of the times and to have in your home a work of reference to which you may turn for information with the assurance that it will be forthcoming. As we have said in this article, we had no wish to revise the work—to make so many changes and additions—but it seemed absolutely necessary. New words have come into the language—at least a hundred thousand strong—and they must be noted and defined. New writers, musicians, statesmen, diplomatists, men of science, have come on the world's stage, and The Cyclopedia of Names must report them. New towns have sprung up, new railroads have been built, new boundaries fixed; the North Pole has been discovered, the region of the South Pole is being explored; new censuses have changed the figures for populations, —all of these must be noted in The Century Atlas.

If you will write to us we will advise you of just what we can afford to allow you for your old set toward the purchase of a set of the new revision in twelve volumes. We will offer a liberal allowance, and we believe that the value of the enlarged edition of the work is so great that you will be glad to make this exchange.

To Those Who Do Not Own Any Edition of The Century Dictionary, Cyclopedia, and Atlas

WE ARE CONFIDENT that the present revised edition of The Century Dictionary, Cyclopedia, and Atlas is so complete and so useful that you will no longer be able to resist becoming its possessor. It is the result of the labor of masters of human knowledge. It has become a standard in universities, in printing-offices, in courts of justice. It should be in your home, easily available to every member of your household. Its use stimulates the intellect of the child and satisfies the curiosity of the adult.

May we send you a pamphlet descriptive of the treasures of this revision, giving you prices on the different bindings and telling you of our easy and gradual plan of payment, the set being delivered to you AT ONCE? Is there any more useful gift possible for your household at the coming Christmas season—or for the household of some relative or friend—than the new revision of The Century Dictionary, Cyclopedia, and Atlas?

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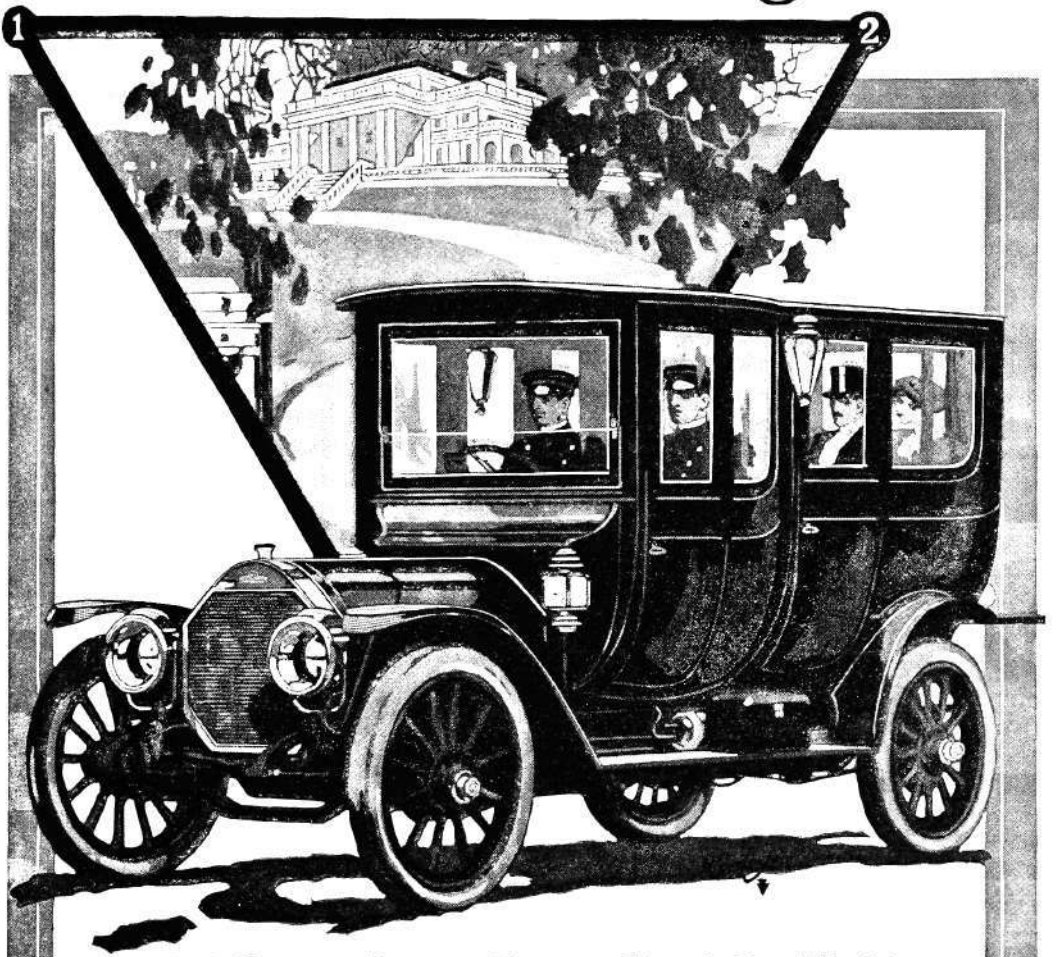
Stevens-Duryea



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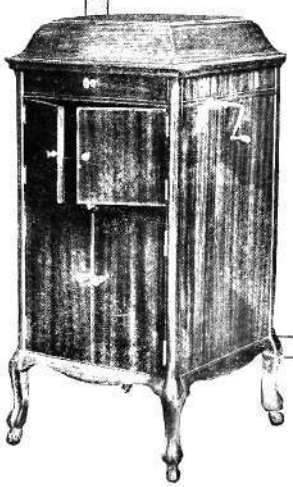

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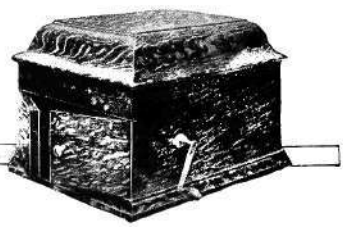

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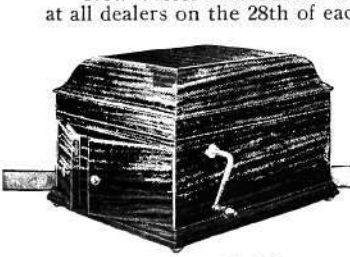
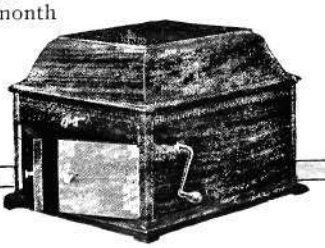
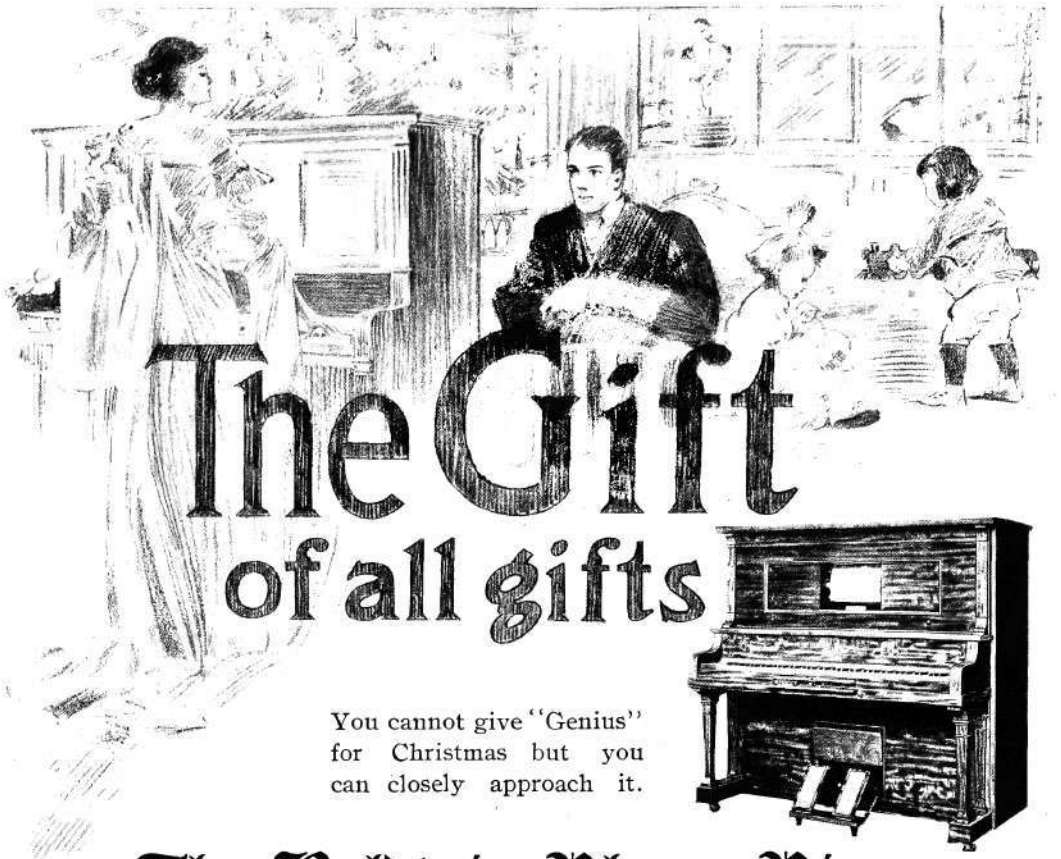


Victor-Victrola IX
Mahogany or oak $50



Victor-Victrola X
Mahogany or oak $75

Victor-Victrola XVI
Circassian walnut $250
Mahogany or quartered oak $200



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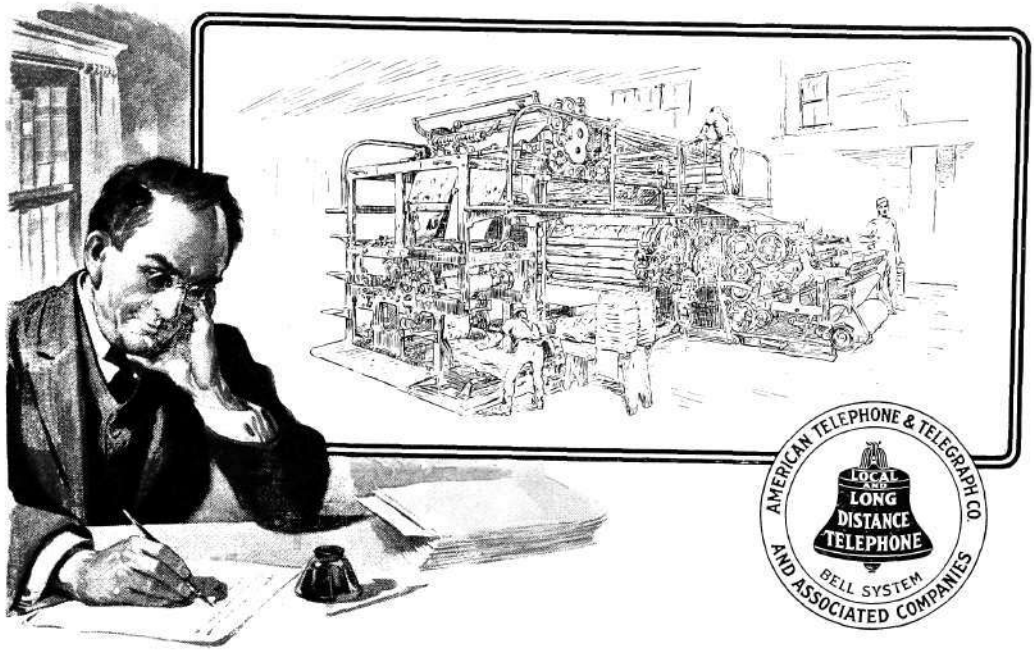

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The power of the individual writer is multiplied by the printing press. In the same way the power of the individual telephone is multiplied by the Bell system. In both cases, increased usefulness comes from progress towards universal service.

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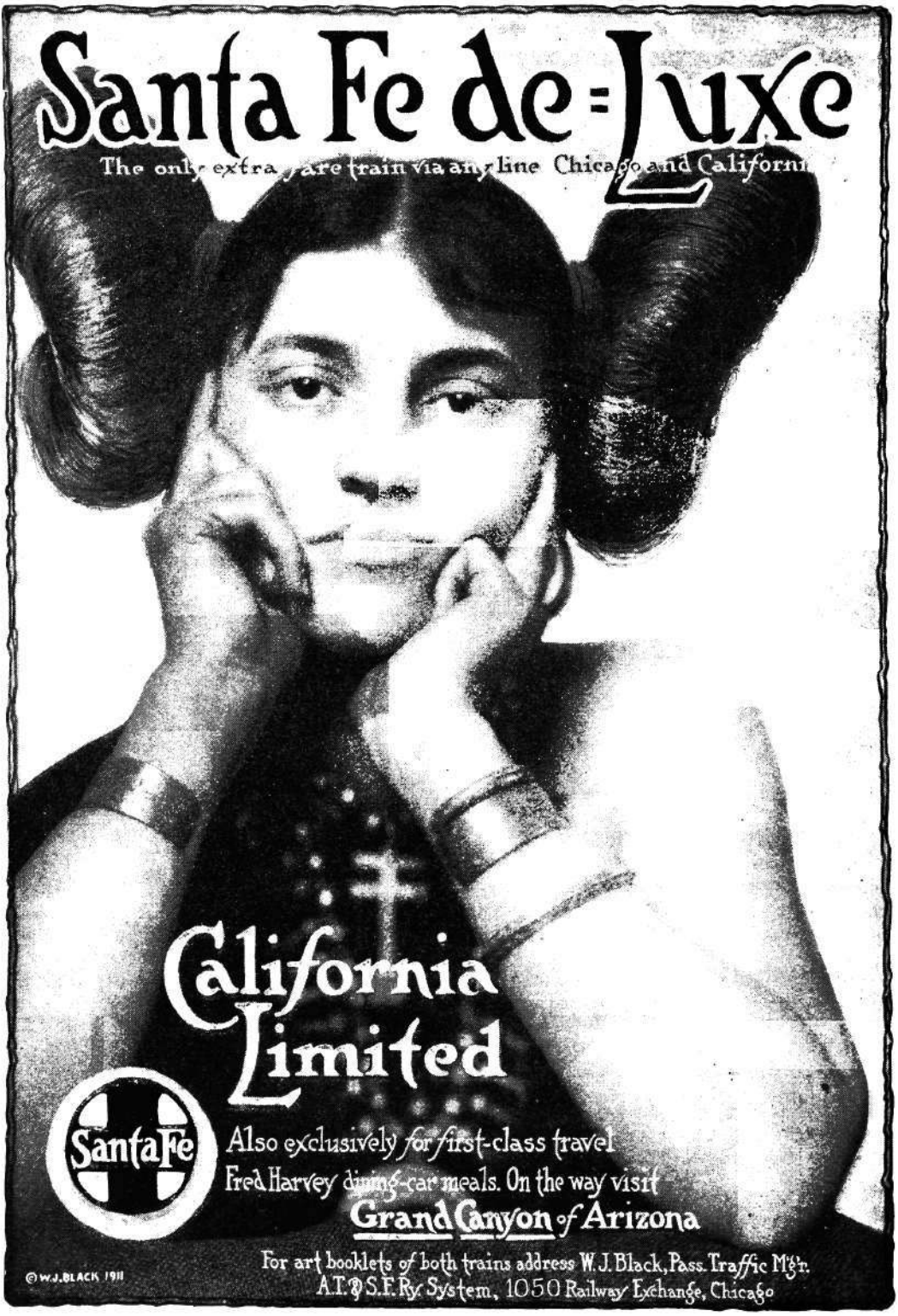
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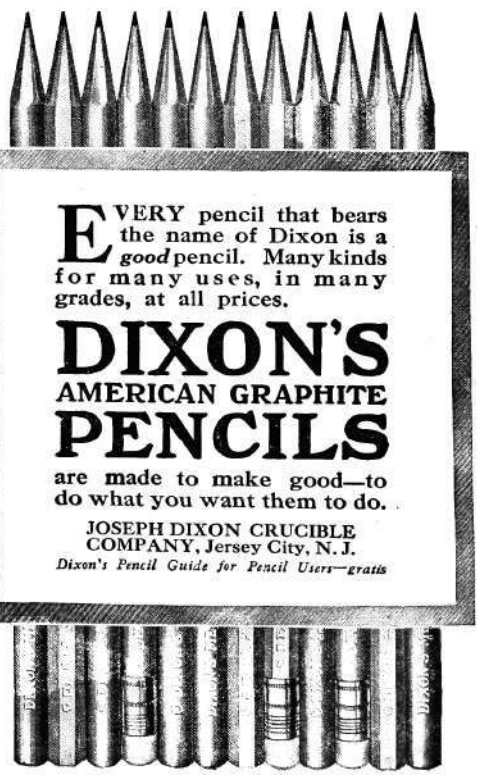

EVERY pencil that bears the name of Dixon is a *good* pencil. Many kinds for many uses, in many grades, at all prices.

DIXON'S
AMERICAN GRAPHITE
PENCILS

are made to make good—to do what you want them to do.

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY, Jersey City, N. J.

Dixon's Pencil Guide for Pencil Users—gratis

Add to your own pleasure this year by presenting a gift that conveys the value of intrinsic merit as well as the thought of personal sentiment.

Globe-Wernicke
Sectional Bookcases

in Sheraton and other art styles of real mahogany and beautifully figured oak are always acceptable as holiday gifts, being as decorative as they are useful in the home.

Art catalogue containing many clever suggestions for Individual Christmas Libraries mailed on request. Also copy of Hamilton W. Mabie's new booklet *"The Blue Book of Fiction."* Such publications will help you solve the holiday problem. **Prompt Shipments—Freight Prepaid Everywhere.**

Address Dept. W.

The Globe-Wernicke Co., Cincinnati

Branch Stores { New York - - 380-382 Broadway; Philadelphia - 1012-1014 Chestnut Street; Chicago - 231-235 So. Wabash Avenue; Boston - - 91-93 Federal Street; Washington - 1218-1220 F St., N. W.; Cincinnati - 128-130 Fourth Ave., E.

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Velvet Grip

Recommended by every wearer—it has made its way all over the world because of its superior quality, ease, and wear value. The preference of men who dress with care.

These two types sold everywhere by dealers,
Lisle, 25 Cents. Silk, 50 Cents.
Sample pair postpaid on receipt of price.

GEORGE FROST CO.,
Makers, Boston.

THE STANDARD FOR THIRTY YEARS

Coming from a hot room into the cold

after the ball, from the opera, or any evening function, the immediate cold chill has no terrors for those who wear

COOPER'S
"Spring-Needle" Fine Winter Weight Worsted Underwear.

The fineness of the yarn, the Cooper patented "Spring-Needle" method of making the non-irritating, elastic fabric that makes possible the perfection of a clinging fit, give protection at every point—keeping *out* the chill—keeping *in* the warmth. The Underwear for persons of fine habits in dress.

Cooper's is made in union and two-piece suits, in Fine Worsteds, Silk Lisle and Cotton in all the popular weights and colors. Union Suits $1.50 to $5; Shirts and Drawers $1 to $2.50 each.

FREE:—Samples of "Spring-Needle" Fabric and Illustrated Booklet of styles and prices. Write for them today.

COOPER MFG. CO., A. J. Cooper, President
Bennington, Vermont

COOPER'S DERBY RIBBED DE LUXE UNDERWEAR

BENNINGTON, VT.

Packard

¶ No—you can't invest $500 where it will give you more lasting satisfaction than in a Packard standard piano, style FF. The better dealers everywhere sell Packard pianos and player pianos—on terms. Get catalogue HH from The Packard Company, Fort Wayne, Indiana — to-day.

Wanamaker's

Christmas Catalog is Ready

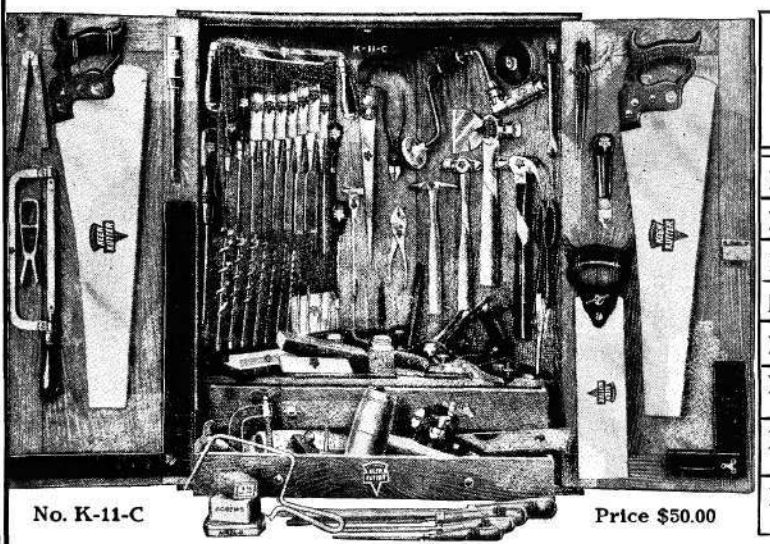
Wonderful Christmas merchandise, and 1000 toys and games. Let the kiddies see the pictures and you'll know instantly what will please them most.

Over 50 pages of our General Winter Catalog are devoted to Christmas suggestions. Ask for that, too.

Both are free on request.

Write us today: "Send Christmas Catalog No. 56."

JOHN WANAMAKER, New York



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Your Dealer Has These Cabinets	
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K-1 containing 17 Tools,	$8.50
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K-11-C Corner Cabinet, 85 Tools	$50.00
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K-15 with Work Bench. 115 Tools	$125.00

KEEN KUTTER
TOOL CABINETS

The Only Complete Set of Tools Under One Name, Trademark and Guarantee

Every home needs a collection of really good tools for emergency repairs. If boys are in the home there is all the more reason for having serviceable tools in easy reach.

To get just the tools you will need go to your dealer to-day and select a Keen Kutter Tool Cabinet. Each tool has a place of its own, so there is no chance of its becoming dull through contact with the others. The cabinet illustrated contains a set of tools adequate for any home or shop work. All bear the Keen Kutter trademark — the mark of highest tool quality for over 45 years. It stands for highest quality material, temper unparalleled, and finish that lasts.

Keen Kutter Tool Cabinets vary in price according to the number and kinds of tools they contain. The $8.50 size contains enough tools for any ordinary work about the house. The $125.00 cabinet is complete with tools, workbench, vises, etc., for the highest class cabinet or carpenter work. Between these two there is a wide range of choice. Take a look at your size to-day.

E. C. SIMMONS KEEN KUTTER TRADE MARK REG. CUTLERY AND TOOLS U. S. PAT. OFF.

"The Recollection of Quality Remains Long After the Price is Forgotten."
—E. C. SIMMONS

Trademark Registered

If not at your dealer's, write us.

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY (Inc.), St. Louis and New York, U. S. A.

Red Rough Hands Made Soft and White

By Cuticura Soap and Ointment

For red, rough, chapped and bleeding hands, itching, burning palms, and painful finger-ends, with shapeless nails, a one-night Cuticura treatment works wonders. Directions: Soak the hands, on retiring, in hot water and Cuticura Soap. Dry, anoint with Cuticura Ointment, and wear soft bandages or old, loose gloves during the night.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold throughout the world. A liberal sample of each, with 32-p. booklet on the care of the skin and hair, post-free from nearest depot: Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., sole props., 133 Columbus Ave., Boston, U. S. A.; F. Newbery & Sons, 27, Charterhouse Sq., London; R. Towns & Co., Sydney, N.S.W.; Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town; Muller, Maclean & Co., Calcutta and Bombay.

MENNEN'S

"FOR MINE"

Mennen's Borated Talcum Powder

keeps my skin in healthy condition.

Sample Box for 4c. stamp.

GERHARD MENNEN CO.
Newark, N. J.

Trade Mark

Vapo Cresolene

(ESTABLISHED 1879)

for Whooping Cough, Croup, Asthma, Sore Throat, Coughs, Bronchitis, Colds, Diphtheria, Catarrh.

"Used while you sleep:"

A simple, safe and effective treatment avoiding drugs.

Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves Croup at once.

It is a **boon** to sufferers from Asthma.

The air rendered strongly antiseptic, inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights.

Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 36 years of successful use. Send us postal for Descriptive Booklet.

For Sale by All Druggists

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c. in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York, or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

Have you tried Educator Wafers?

You remember I told you last month that you would enjoy them.

Every day my friends write me that they are buttering these whole wheat **Wafers** and serving in place of bread. They all agree that **Educator Wafers**—buttered—taste like the thing you like best.

Now I want you to get acquainted with them, too. I want you to know how crisp, how delicious, how satisfying they really are. And I assure you that once you do, you will never be without them in your home.

I know that **Educator Crackers** are absolutely pure and good. Twenty-six years ago I helped my father, Dr. Wm. L. Johnson, make the first **Educator Crackers.** I continue to make them today.

EDUCATOR CRACKERS

The Cracker of Character and Economy

My father's great aim in life was to give to the world a cracker containing all the nourishment that Nature put into the grains—a cracker to suit the taste, need and purse of every man, woman and child.

The flour I use is freshly stone-ground in the good old-fashioned way. This conserves the full food value of the grains.

Then I bake in the same old ovens, in the same old way my father originated. This method of baking, plus the unique process of grinding, plus my father's idea, is the real secret of the goodness of **Educator Crackers.** That's the reason for that crisp, delicate texture—that sweet nut-like flavor found in no other crackers.

Here's another thing. I personally sample each day's baking. I absolutely insist upon those qualities which have distinguished **Educator Crackers** ever since their beginning.

But remember, please, that **Educator Wafers** are only one of many varieties of **Educator Crackers.**

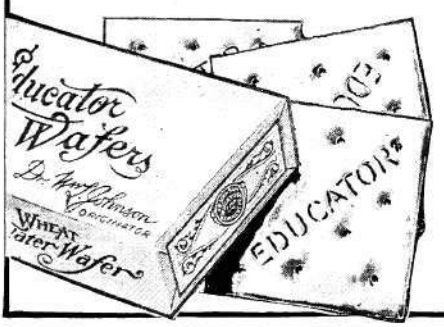
I ask you to try the **Toasterette,** a perfect salad cracker—the **Fruited,** a sweetmeat of wholesome nourishment—the **Water Cracker,** delicious with cheese and coffee—and the **Almonette,** a unique biscuit for dainty luncheons and teas.

And, mothers, don't forget the **Baby Educator,** a food ring for teething infants. 25 cts. a tin by mail, if your dealer hasn't it.

Then there's the pretty metal **Educator Ark,** an ideal Christmas gift that can be used all the year as a cracker box for the nursery. Filled to the roof with nourishing **Educator Animal Crackers,** the price is 50 cents at your grocer's. Sent prepaid on receipt of 75 cents.

At any rate, ask your grocer for a tin of **Educator Wafers** today. If he cannot supply you, order from us direct. I'll give your orders my personal attention.

Send ten cents in stamps and your grocer's name for assorted samples of **Educator Crackers.**



JOHNSON EDUCATOR FOOD COMPANY
33 Batterymarch St., - - - - Boston, Mass.

CONGRESS CARDS

For Social Play - Art Backs - Exquisite Colors - High Quality.
New Designs — Club Indexes — Ideal for Bridge.
Gold Edges - Air-Cushion or Ivory Finish.

50¢ per Pack

OFFICIAL RULES OF CARD GAMES — HOYLE UP-TO-DATE
ISSUED YEARLY — SENT FOR 15 CENTS IN STAMPS
THE U. S. PLAYING CARD CO., CINCINNATI, U.S.A.

BICYCLE CARDS

In Use Throughout the World for General Play
The Most Durable 25 Cent Card Made.
Club Indexes — Air-Cushion or Ivory Finish.

25¢ per Pack

DURING 1910, 2,623,412 CHICLETS WERE SOLD EACH DAY

Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

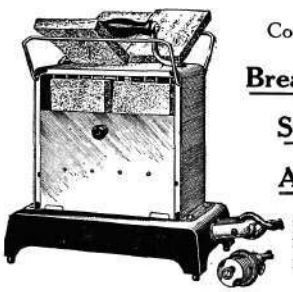
The singer's tones are more dulcet, the speaker's voice more clear, when Chiclets are used to ease and refresh the mouth and throat. The refinement of chewing gum for people of refinement. It's the peppermint—the *true* mint.

For Sale at all the Better Sort of Stores

5¢ the Ounce and in 5¢, 10¢ and 25¢ Packets

SEN-SEN CHICLET COMPANY, METROPOLITAN TOWER, NEW YORK

SIMPLEX
Electric Toaster



Convenient in the

Breakfast Room

Sick Room

Apartment

or wherever there is an electric-light fixture.

Toasts bread an even brown, crisp and hot when you eat it. The only toaster that does not curl the slices or scatter crumbs. The "Keep Hot Rack" increases its capacity.

Most durably made of brass, finely finished in nickel or silver plate. Uses less current for the work than any other.

Send for Illustrated Booklet. It tells all about it.

Have you seen our folder describing the new

Simplex Table Range?

SIMPLEX ELECTRIC HEATING CO., Cambridge, Mass.

Chicago, Monadnock Block. San Francisco, 612 Howard St.
or your local Electric Lighting Company.

Walpole
Hot Water Bottle

Absolutely one piece of moulded Para Rubber—no cement, seams, joints or wire—nothing to give way under the action of hot water.

That's why it is sold to you under a strict guarantee—instead of a **"Caution"** against boiling water.

Best of all, it costs you no more than other bottles cemented together, yet will outlast any three of them.

2 qts., $2.00—3 qts., $2.25—4 qts. $2.50
Fountain Syringe, 2 qts., $2.50
Combination Water Bottle and Fountain Syringe, 2 qts., $2.75—3 qts., $3.00

Insist upon the Walpole of your druggist. If he cannot supply you, order from us direct, giving his name, enclosing an express or money order, and we will send it prepaid.

WALPOLE RUBBER CO.,
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Canadian Office.—Eastern Township Bank Building, Montreal.

Get the light you pay for.

Shades and globes make a big difference in your bills for electricity or gas. Also, in the usefulness of your illumination. You might as well have the full value of your light.

Alba is the right glass for most purposes —home or business. It sends the light where you want it. It furnishes a soft, agreeable, and beautiful light, with the least possible waste, and without changing the color of the illuminant. *Alba* is highly reflective and stays clean.

Alba is attractive in every form and extremely handsome in many shapes.

Iridile, the new iridescent glass, is highly decorative. Gives a wonderful touch of exquisite color to a room. Handsome by day or night.

Your dealer can supply *Alba* or *Iridile*, or any Macbeth-Evans shade or globe. Our catalogue tells all the facts about different kinds of shades, globes, etc., and shows the various shapes. Send for it; then order from your dealer.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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Pittsburgh

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Downtown, 1 Hudson Street

Boston: 30 Oliver St. Chicago: 172 W. Lake St.
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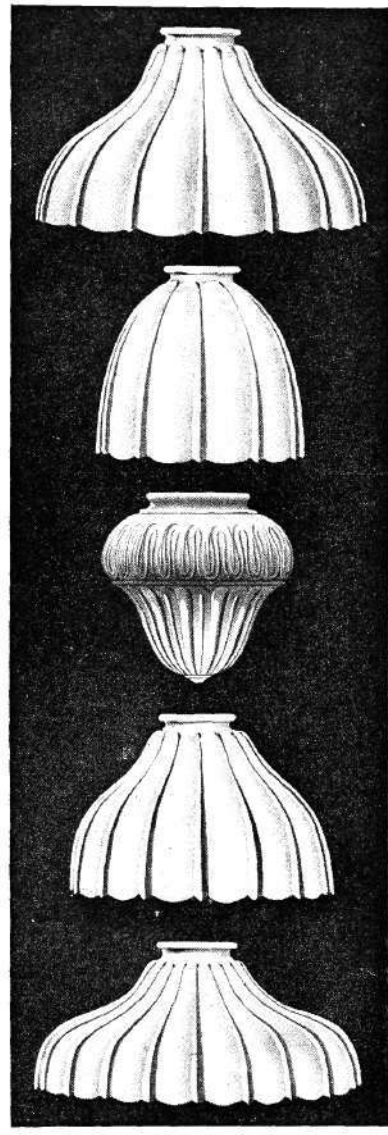

The Ostermoor Smile

OSTERMOOR Mattress

Write for 144-page Book, with Samples, Free

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Don't buy a mattress on hearsay or mere "claims"; don't think because the outside looks good the inside *is* good; get proof and facts about mattresses by writing at once for the instructive and entertaining Ostermoor Book.

The Ostermoor is sanitary, dust-proof, moisture-proof; never mats nor packs and never needs remaking. Over half a century of service and *proven quality* back of every mattress.

Built—Not Stuffed

Avoid "just as good" imitations. Our trade-mark is your guarantee. When necessary, we ship mattress 4 ft. 6 in. wide by 6 ft. 3 in. long, weighing 45 lbs., express prepaid on 30 nights' free trial, same day we get your order. Money back if you want it.

OSTERMOOR & CO., 122 Elizabeth Street, New York

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ATWOOD GRAPE FRUIT

NO OTHER GRAPE FRUIT IN THE WORLD EQUALS IT IN FLAVOR

A well-known physician writes: "I prescribe grape fruit for all my patients, and tell them to be sure and get ATWOOD Grape Fruit as *other grape fruit to the Atwood is as cider apples to pippins.*"

The Journal "American Medicine" says: "Realizing the great value of grape fruit, the medical profession have long advocated its daily use, but it has only been within the past few years that the extraordinary curative virtues of this 'king of fruits' have been appreciated. This dates from the introduction of the ATWOOD Grape Fruit, *a kind that so far surpasses the ordinary grape fruit that no comparison can be made.*"

Says E. E. Keeler, M.D., in the "Good Health Clinic": "In all cases where there is the 'uric acid diathesis' you will see an immediate improvement following the use of grape fruit."

We have arranged for a much wider distribution of ATWOOD Grape Fruit this season than has heretofore been possible. If you desire, your grocer or fruit dealer will furnish the ATWOOD Brand in either bright or bronze. Our bronze fruit this season is simply delicious.

ATWOOD Grape Fruit is always sold in the trade-mark wrapper of the Atwood Grape Fruit Company.

If bought by the box, it will keep for weeks and improve.

THE ATWOOD GRAPE FRUIT COMPANY **290 Broadway, New York**

THE ATWOOD GRAPE FRUIT COMPANY. MANAVISTA, FLA. TRADE MARK.

NO Brighton METAL TOUCHES THE SKIN

Brighton Garters

COMFORT SERVICE

25c AND 50c AT THE BEST SHOPS, OR WE MAIL THEM

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO., PHILADELPHIA

Jaeger SANITARY GOODS

AUTOMOBILISTS

With the approach of colder weather you are peculiarly liable to chill. This you can avoid by wearing a Jaeger Automobile Coat of pure Camel-Hair. You will make protection doubly assured by wearing also the famous Jaeger Underwear.

Particulars and Samples on request.

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You can wear a better glove than Queen Elizabeth wore

Better in fit; more sightly and more comfortable—even if not so elaborately embroidered as her majesty's. Any pair of

FOWNES GLOVES

which you may secure today from your dealer, will surpass in style and fit the finest production of Elizabethan glove makers,—because progress in the art of making good gloves is really contemporaneous with the progress of Fownes Bros. & Co. founded 134 years ago.

All lengths, sizes and shades at good dealers.
Always stamped with the name "Fownes".

"It's a Fownes—that's all you need to know about a glove."

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"Reeco" Water Supply System Backed by 70 years' Reputation

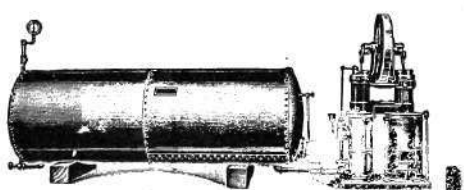
Nearly 50,000 "Reeco" Rider and "Reeco" Ericsson Hot Air Pumps are now in operation.

Some of these have been in constant use for 25 years without any important repairs.

The "Reeco" system is the most efficient, most dependable and safest made. No noise, no complicated parts—no gasoline with its attendant dangers. So simple a child can operate it.

The "Reeco" system delivers water, fresh and clean to all parts of house, barn, and garden. Ample fire protection.

Write for descriptive catalog R to nearest office.



RIDER-ERICSSON ENGINE CO.

New York. Boston. Philadelphia. Montreal, P.Q. Sydney, Australia.
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TRADE B BEST VALUE V MARK

The Only Five Drawer Correspondence Section

This Baker-Vawter Steel Correspondence Filing Section Has From

35% to 40% More Filing Capacity Than Any Other Standard Make

Low Price Per Filing Inch

Note the Convenient Height of This Section

It Requires Less Floor Space & Accommodates More Papers

Any Combination of Sections Requires But One Pair of End Panels

Let us tell you why Baker-Vawter Steel Filing Sections lessen drudgery in the Filing Department. ¶ Each drawer contains a new and remarkable follower block that always keeps papers vertical—that means 100% efficiency.

Many Varieties to Choose From—All of Steel
All Fire-Retarding—Rent Savers

MADE BY

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY

Designers and Manufacturers of Accounting Systems

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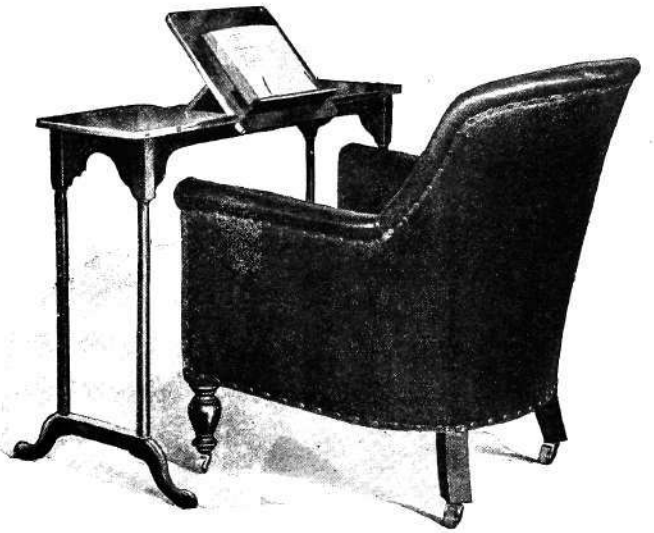

Solid St. Jago Mahogany Reading Stand, as illustrated —in Wood, Workmanship and Finish a Representative Example of TOBEY HAND-MADE FURNITURE—$25

Few persons, comparatively, appreciate the wide difference in the qualities of mahogany in the market today; or realize the superiority of the finest hand-workmanship over the best factory grades; or know the possibilities in finishing fine woods in such a way as to bring out the full beauty of their grains and colorings.

It is for these reasons that we submit for present consideration the moderate-priced Tobey Hand-Made Reading Desk shown above, in the hope that it may go into many American homes, and that by it we may be able to demonstrate what we believe to be the highest standard of furniture making the world has yet known.

We are willing and anxious that your opinion of TOBEY HAND-MADE FURNITURE shall rest upon the comparison which this reading stand sustains *with any other article of furniture in your home.*

THE TOBEY FURNITURE COMPANY

CHICAGO—Wabash Avenue and Washington Street
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An Inter-phone in the kitchen will keep the help happy.

Telephone to the Cook with

Western-Electric

TRADE MARK

Inter-phones

These private home telephones can be installed in every room of your house. When you wish to talk up-stairs or down-stairs simply step to the Inter-phone, press a button, and talk. No operator—no central switchboard—Inter-phones are entirely automatic in operation.

You can do away with nine-tenths of the stair climbing by installing Inter-phones at a cost ranging from $6.00 per station up. Cost to maintain will be no more than for your door bell.

Write to-day for Booklet No. 7501

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Manufacturers of the 6,000,000 "Bell" Telephones.

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Address the House Nearest You.

EQUIPMENT FOR EVERY ELECTRICAL NEED

"SAVE TIME AND FREIGHT"

"TELEPHONE OUR NEAREST HOUSE"

The Vacuum Cleaner Made by Sturtevant

THESE facts lie at the very root of simplicity, thoroughness and ease in household vacuum cleaning. Unless you consider them you can never know the *best things* that vacuum cleaning should accomplish in your home:

The Sturtevant cleans as no vacuum cleaner ever cleaned before because its high-pressure fan is the most powerful principle ever introduced into vacuum cleaning.

It does not injure the fabrics it cleans because it has no trace of the "*jerking*" suction which bellows or pumps produce at every stroke.

It does not wear out because its cleaning power does not depend on rubber diaphragms or leather bellows.

It does not get out of repair because it has none of the ordinary gears, valves and complex mechanism.

It will do perfect work for years beyond the life of the ordinary vacuum cleaner because it is built of steel and aluminum.

Sturtevant
Electric Vacuum Cleaner

consists of a dust collector, a motor, ten cleaning tools and its wonderful high-pressure fan — nothing more. Yet it is the machine that carried household vacuum cleaning from an experimental state to something very like perfection. *Send for Booklet 125.*

B. F. STURTEVANT COMPANY, HYDE PARK, MASS.

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Machines may also be seen and purchased at offices of

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A Catechism

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Are you aware that it is the best thing in America?

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Did you know that you could, by filling out the attached coupon, have it sent to you for three months for one dollar?

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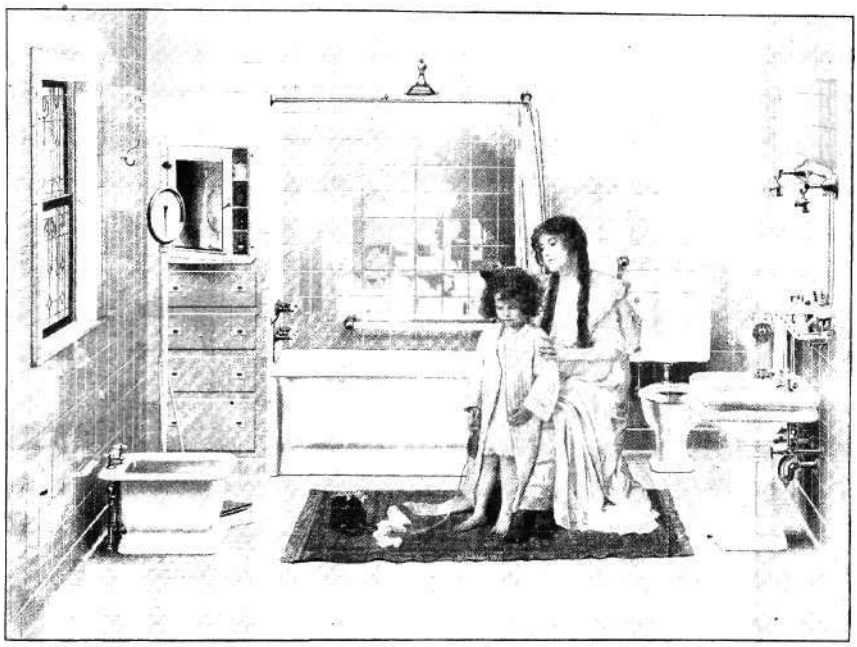
On all News-stands Every Tuesday Ten Cents

"Standard" GUARANTEED PLUMBING FIXTURES



YOUR BATHROOM equipment should be selected with the same thought as you give to the design of the house itself. Sanitary assurance, attractive designs and long service are all serious considerations. Every bathroom should be beautiful as well as serviceable. No equipment offers so complete and satisfactory a solution of every phase of the bathroom problem as "Standard" plumbing fixtures.

Genuine "Standard" fixtures for the Home and for School, Office Buildings, Public Institutions, etc., are identified by the Green and Gold Label with the exception of baths bearing the Red and Black Label, which, while of the first quality of manufacture, have a slightly thinner enameling, and thus meet the requirements of those who demand "Standard" quality at less expense. All "Standard" fixtures with care will last a lifetime. And, no fixture is genuine *unless it bears the guarantee label.*

Send for a copy of our beautiful catalog "Modern Bathrooms." It will prove of invaluable assistance in the planning of your bathroom, kitchen or laundry. Many model rooms are illustrated, costing from $78 to $600. This valuable book is sent for 6 cents postage.

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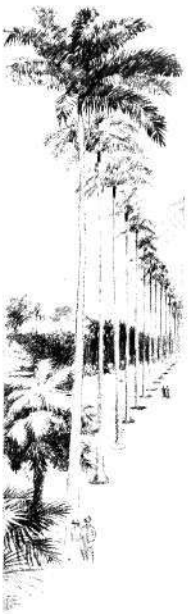

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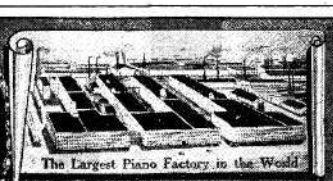

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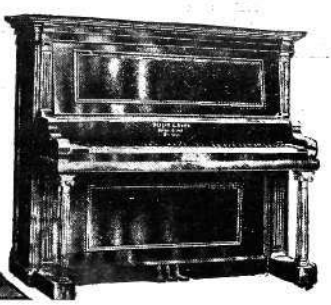

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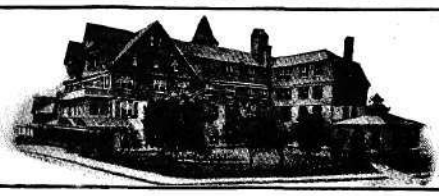

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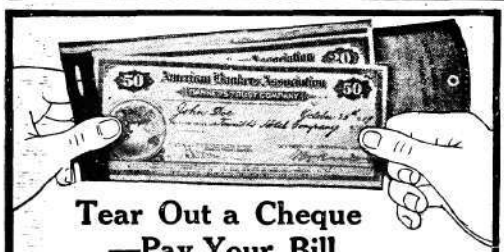

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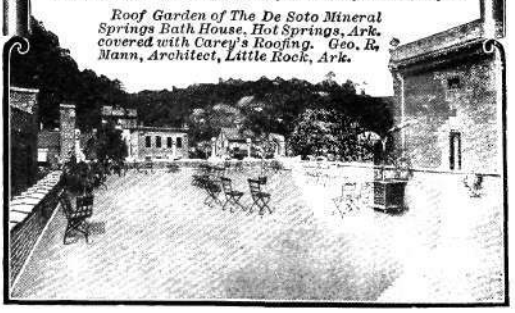

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Sold by the Leading Stationers, Jewelers, etc.

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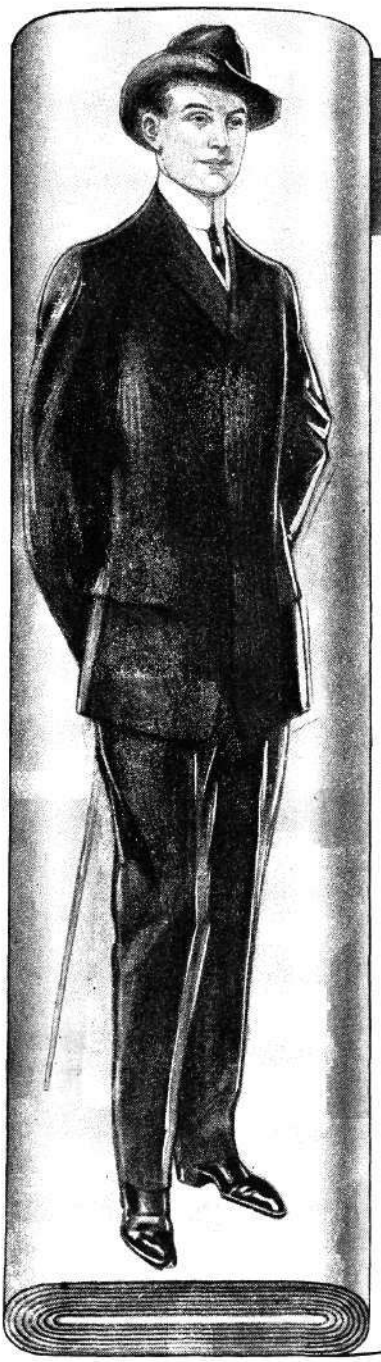
8 School St., Boston — 115 So. Clark St., Chicago — Kingsway, London
17 Stockton St., San Francisco — 107 Notre Dame St., W., Montreal — 6 Rue de Hanovre, Paris

OSWEGO SERGE—the accepted style-fabric of universal wear for the man who cares



A weave that serves well both tailor and wearer

No suit becomes you like a serge of blue. And of all ***good*** serges, ***OSWEGO SERGE*** is ***best*** of all. Whether this suit of yours be custom-made or ready-to-wear, it is your right to demand the cloth by name.

When you order, specify ***OSWEGO SERGE.***

This is what your money buys:

Sixteen ounces of pure wool to every yard; a blue, rich in tone, that favors the boy of six to the man of sixty; a fabric that has body, quality and feel; that holds its shape, drape and appearance. Not only a style-fabric — but economical, because of its price and durability.

American Woolen Company

Wm. M. Wood, President.

In order to be sure of the cloth when ordering a custom suit from your tailor, or a ready-to-wear suit from your clothier, insist on ***OSWEGO SERGE*** — the cloth for now. Samples furnished on request.

If unable to obtain OSWEGO SERGE, send us the name of your tailor or clothier, accompanied by money-order or check for quantity desired at $3.00 per yard, and we will see that you are supplied. (3½ yards to a suit.)

Order the Cloth as well as the Clothes

American Woolen Company of New York

J. CLIFFORD WOODHULL, Selling Agent

American Woolen Bldg., 18th to 19th St. on 4th Ave., New York

The Charm of Refined Beauty

is not altogether as undefined as some poets would have us think. The freshness and health which come from the use of

Pond's Extract
Company's
Vanishing Cream

Insure a beautiful skin

It is the finest face cream manufactured. Only the purest emollients and highest grade of perfumes are used in its production, and these are compounded with the same skill that has made the Pond's Extract Company known the world over for its high-class products.

This Vanishing Cream, applied with the tips of the fingers, literally vanishes, sinks into the skin, beautifies it, and gives to it that healthy glow that all women desire.

That You May Be Convinced by an Actual Trial

we will send you a liberal sample without charge, on receipt of your name and address and the name and address of your dealer. If you desire a larger sample send 4c in stamps.

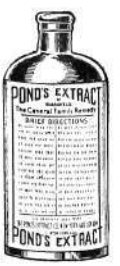
Test for yourself this cream's wonderful qualities, its delicious Jacqueminot rose fragrance, and its delightful effect on your skin.

POND'S EXTRACT

"The Standard for 60 Years"

The old family standby for cuts, burns, and bruises, is something that should be found in every household.

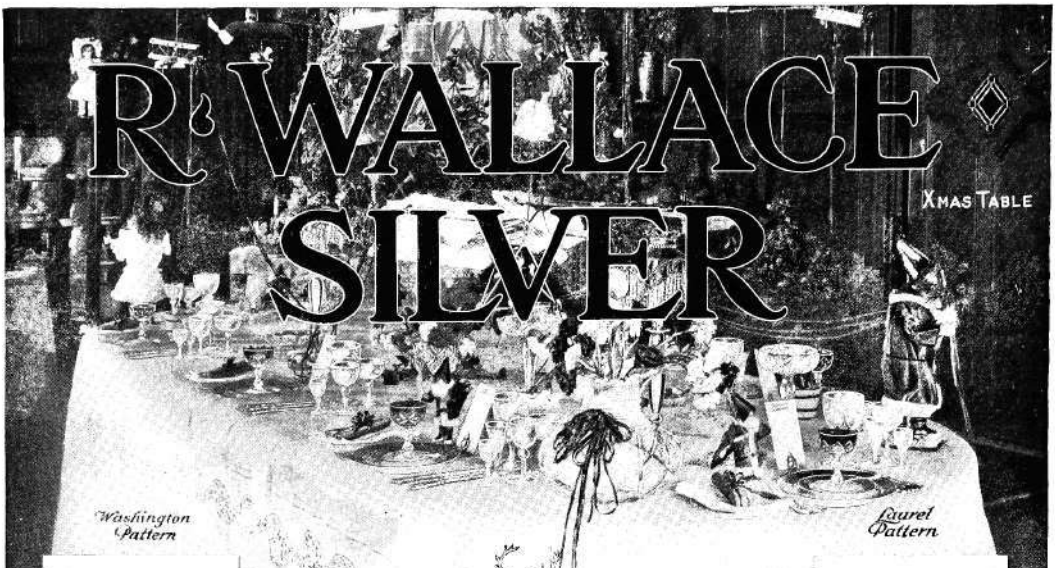
The Pond's Extract Company is also producing a very fine Talc Powder and Toilet Soap, which are worthy of your careful attention. Samples of any of these articles will be sent on request. Mention your dealer's name and address.

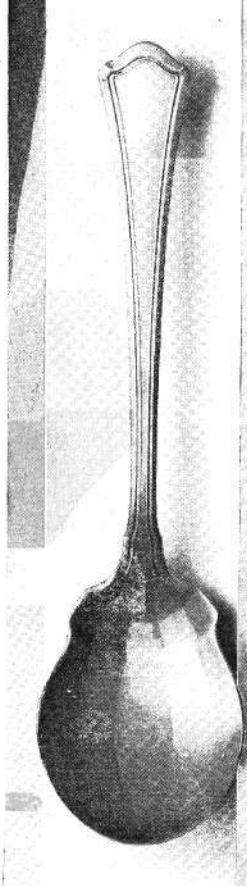


Pond's Extract Company

140 Hudson St. **New York**

R. WALLACE SILVER





TRADE MARK R.W. & S. STERLING

FOR the Christmas dinner table, our new Sterling Silver Service, The Washington, is ideal. It makes, too, an ideal Christmas gift.

This simple, graceful pattern is redolent of the spirit of the Colonial period. All the expert genius of our craftsmen has been lavished on its production. It embraces all the features that characterize the best Sterling Silver.

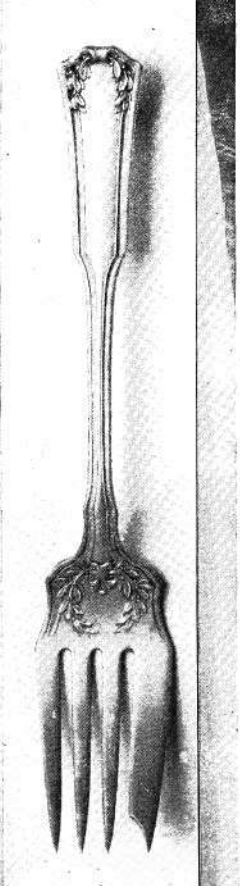
TRADE "1835" MARK R. WALLACE"

Silver Plate That *Resists* Wear

Besides bearing the *Sterling* character, 1835 R. WALLACE Silver Plate has an additional plating on the parts exposed to wear, thereby increasing the wear resistance three-fold. The pieces *last.*

Any piece bearing our trade-mark which does not give positive satisfaction in any household will be replaced.

A post card brings our interesting book "The Dining Room, Its Decorations and Entertaining," including "How to Set the Table," by Mrs. Rorer.



R. WALLACE & SONS MFG. CO.
Box 26 Wallingford, Conn.

R.W. & S. STERLING

New York Chicago San Francisco London

"1835" R. WALLACE Silver plate

"Even Santa Claus could n't give us any candy that we like better than Peter's Chocolates."

The Children's Candy

GILLETTE "POCKET EDITION" PRICE $5.00

What to give *HIM* this Christmas—

This yearly recurring question has a very simple solution. Thousands answered it to the complete satisfaction of both parties last Christmas.

Give Him a

Gillette Safety Razor

It's a gift a man really prizes, for it's more than a souvenir. He'll use it with enjoyment every day of the year, and it will last him a lifetime.

The GILLETTE is distinctive. It possesses many unique features. It is simple, strong, safe, adjustable to individual faces, and ready for instant use. Then, there is the great GILLETTE feature of NO STROPPING—NO HONING, and that's a great saving to a man who values his time.

Why not give a present of several packets of Gillette Blades to those of your men friends who already use the GILLETTE? These blades are keener, harder, better than ever. Sold everywhere, 50 cents and $1.00.

Before selecting presents for men this Christmas, go to your dealer and look over the GILLETTE line. There are numerous styles, ranging in price from $5.00 to $50.00.

If your dealer does not carry the GILLETTE line, send us his name and we'll mail you catalog.

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY
32 West Second Street BOSTON, MASS.

NO STROPPING ~ NO HONING

TRADE Gillette MARK
KNOWN THE WORLD OVER
King C. Gillette

GILLETTE STANDARD SET, PRICE, $5.00

"If its a Gillette—It's The Safety Razor"

Madison Square, New York

Copyright, Hart Schaffner & Marx

FOR a storm overcoat, our ulsterette is ideal; the adjustable collar looks well three ways; and feels comfortable always.

Any dealer in our goods can show it

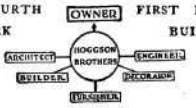
Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

KNOW the cost *before* you build—not after. ¶ There is but one means by which you can be sure that your contemplated building operation can be completed within the amount you propose to spend. ¶ This means is a single contract, guaranteeing the cost limit and proper performance of the entire operation, including design, construction, decoration, and furnishing. ¶ The Hoggson Method is based on such a contract. ¶ Shall we send you particulars?

HOGGSON BROTHERS

7 EAST FORTY-FOURTH STREET, NEW YORK



FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING, CHICAGO


The BOSS of the Road
The PRIDE of the Boulevard
Ask the man who owns one
Packard
'SIX'
Packard Motor Car Company, Detroit

Winter Cruises

Under Perfect Conditions To

South America

Take a Delightful Cruise to South America, by the **S. S. Bluecher** (12,500 tons), the largest cruising steamer sailing from one America to the other. Offers every luxury and comfort. **Leaving New York, January 20, 1912.** Ports of call: PORT OF SPAIN, PERNAMBUCO, SANTOS, BUENOS AIRES. (Across the Andes), PUNTA ARENAS, (through the STRAITS of MAGELLAN,) VALPARAISO, RIO DE JANEIRO, BAHIA, PARA, BRIDGETOWN, and ST. THOMAS. Optional side trips everywhere. Duration of cruise 80 days. Cost, **$350** and up.

West Indies

Five Delightful Cruises to Panama Canal, Venezuela and Bermuda, leaving New York by the Palatial Twin-screw Steamers

S. S. Moltke (12,500 tons), 28 days, January 23, February 24, 1912 . . **$150** and up.
S. S. Hamburg (11,000 tons), 21 days, February 10, March 7, 1912 . . **$125** and up.
S. S. Moltke (12,500 tons), 16 days, March 16, 1912 . . . . . **$85** and up.

Around the World

November, 1912, and February, 1913, by the Large Cruising Steamship **"Victoria Luise,"** (16,500 tons).

Grand Annual Event

A few accommodations available on **S. S. Cleveland,** from San Francisco, February 6, 1912.

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE

Grand Annual Cruise to the Orient

By the most palatial cruising steamer afloat, **S. S. "VICTORIA LUISE"** (16,500 tons). Sailing from **New York, January 30, 1912,** on a **78-Day Cruise** to **Madeira, Spain,** the **Mediterranean,** and the **Orient.** Cost, **$325** and upward. The **"Victoria Luise"** is equipped with modern features providing every luxury and comfort on long cruises.

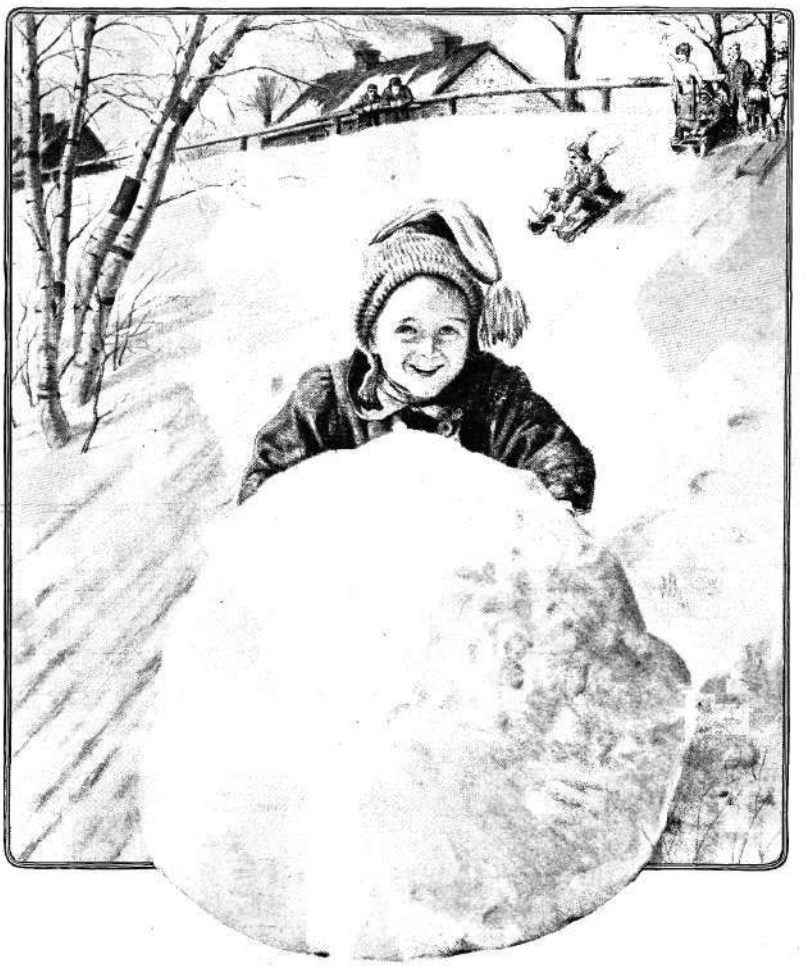
Italy and Egypt Special Trip by the **superb** transatlantic liner **"Kaiserin Auguste Victoria,"** the largest and most luxurious steamer of the service. **Equipped with Ritz-Carlton Restaurant, Palm Garden, Gymnasium, Electric Baths, Elevators. Will leave New York, February 14, 1912, for Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Villefranche (Nice), Genoa, Naples and Port Said.** Time for sight-seeing at each port. To or from Port Said, **$165** and up. To or from all other ports, **$115** and up.

Your comfort and pleasure assured.

Send for booklets, giving information, etc.

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE - - **41-45 Broadway, New York**

Boston Philadelphia Pittsburgh Chicago St. Louis San Francisco



This is the time of year when most youngsters suffer from chapped hands and rough skins.

It is easy to understand why.

The average American boy is full of life. He is always doing something or going somewhere. He will wash his hands and face —when you tell him. But he is apt to waste very little time in drying them.

That is what causes all the trouble —that and the use of soaps containing "free" alkali.

You should use a pure, mild soap —Ivory Soap. You should see, also, that, in winter, the younger members of your family thoroughly dry their hands and faces before venturing out of doors.

For bath, toilet and fine laundry purposes, Ivory Soap is in a class by itself. It contains no "free" alkali. It floats. It is pure. It lathers freely, rinses easily and leaves the skin soft, sweet, smooth and exquisitely clean.

Ivory Soap . . . 99 44/100 Per Cent. Pure

Libby's

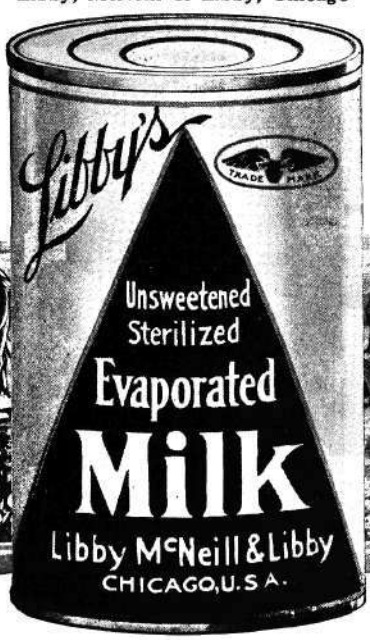
Evaporated Milk

—a most convenient necessity. Keep a supply of Libby's Milk in the pantry and you are prepared for any emergency where milk or cream is required.

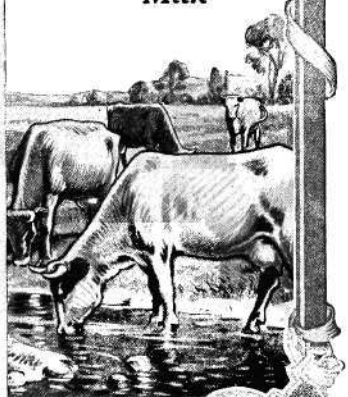
Gives a fine rich flavor to tea, coffee, and all cooking

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

Ask your grocer for Libby's Milk



Absolutely Pure Milk



BAKER'S BREAKFAST COCOA

is of Unequaled Quality

For delicious natural flavor, delicate aroma, absolute purity and food value, the most important requisites of a good cocoa, it is the standard.

Trade-Mark On Every Package.

53 Highest Awards In Europe and America.

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WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD.

DORCHESTER MASS.

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