·VOL. LVII NO. 5 MAY 1915 PRICE 25 CENTS·

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

The Look of Paris In War Time

by

Edith Wharton

✿

General Goethals's own story of The Panama Canal

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY. PRICE, 25 CENTS A NUMBER; $3.00 A YEAR

Subscriptions to SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE may begin with any number. The subscription price is $3.00 a year. Remittance by draft, express or postal money order, or in currency if sent by registered mail. No extra charge for Canadian postage. For other countries in the postal union, single subscriptions $4.00.

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EDITOR: Robert Bridges . . . . . 597 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
MANAGING EDITOR: None
BUSINESS MANAGER: J. R. Mix . . . . . 597 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
PUBLISHERS: Charles Scribner's Sons . . . . . 597 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
OWNERS: Charles Scribner's Sons, Inc. . . . . 597 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
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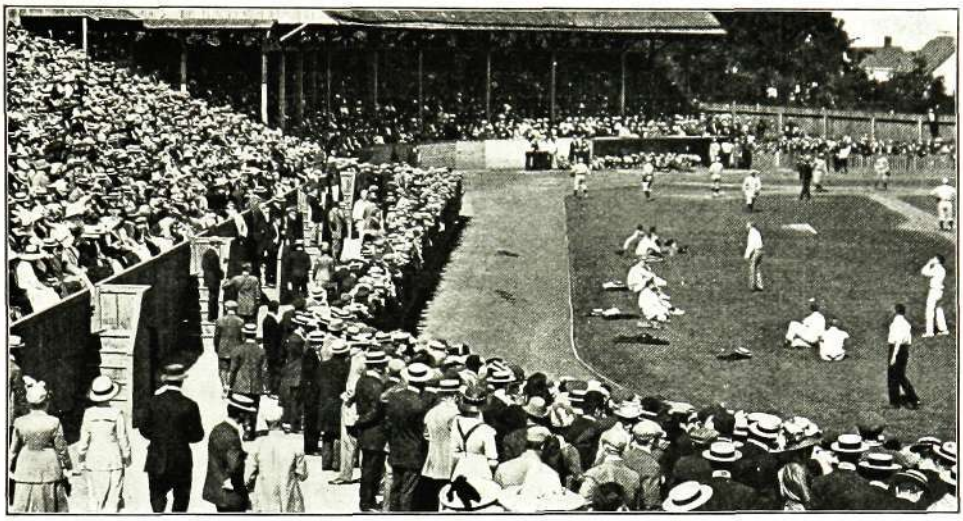

College baseball—one of the big commencement games.

MAGAZINE NOTES

SOME of the most desperate fighting of the war has been in the Argonne, and Edith Wharton, whose graphic and very human "Look of Paris" appears in this number, has been at the front there. She motored by way of Châlons and Verdun; visited the second-line hospitals; saw the beginning of the great battle at Vauquois—with a clear view of a charge by French infantry; was within ten miles of St. Mihiel, where the Germans have so long held their place; and visited many of the towns ruined by the great German sweep in August. In the June number she will give her impressions of the fighting "In Argonne."

GENERAL GOETHALS'S record as the builder of the Panama Canal will be more often spoken of, probably, for his masterly administration, his genius for handling men, keeping them at work, than for his engineering achievements. And from his own story it would appear that this will be the way he'd prefer to be remembered. There are no engineering problems any more, apparently, that seem beyond accomplishment, given capital and labor. At Panama an army of over 40,000 men had to be kept at work, to be fed and housed and governed, and the happiness and social life of those with families considered. There were clubs for women and various kinds of entertainment provided. It was a little nation in itself, a nation composed of various races, black and white, whose welfare, physical and moral, were in a large measure dependent upon one man's judgment. In the June number General Goethals concludes his *own* story by an article on "The Human Element in Administration."

"BATTER UP!" Every college in the country is playing baseball, and on every vacant lot in the land schoolboys, who later on may become famous members of a Yale or Princeton or Harvard nine, are having disputes with the umpire. If college baseball lacks the machine-like precision of professionalism it makes up in enthusiasm and dead-in-earnest sport. The big universities have been adding to their baseball grounds until at many of them every young man who cares to swing a bat can go out and play some sort of an old game on one of the scrub or class teams. "Fair Play," Lawrence Perry, the *New York Evening Post's* authority on college sports, has written an article for the June number on "Baseball, the Ideal College Game." He tells of what is being done to bring more students into the game, of the new additions to playing-grounds, and of the general feeling that

(Continued on page 10.)

MAGAZINE NOTES

baseball is a beneficial sport for all hands. He gives a graphic description of one of the great commencement games when old grads and new classes get themselves up for the "peerade." In his recent article on the Stadiums he told about the great structures that have been built for football. The article is illustrated.

THERE won't be any need of talk about seeing America first this summer, and, thinking of the conditions in Europe, the words are written in no spirit of exultation. No one can even think of what has happened in many places (think of Belgium!) that some who may not have seen hoped to see, without a mood of regret. But, since we must stay at home, thousands will become better acquainted with their own land and find it a mighty good land to travel in, a wonderful land to look upon. And with the expositions in San Francisco and San Diego, at the end of the journey westward, hundreds will take the opportunity, either going or coming, of visiting the great national parks that lie on the way. Dwight L. Elmendorf, the famous world traveller and artist-lecturer, has permitted the Magazine to publish sixteen full-page reproductions of his exclusive views made in the Grand Canyon, the Yosemite Valley, Mount Rainier Park, and the Yellowstone Park.

The Yosemite Falls from the road.

THE short stories in the June number are widely varied in character. One of them by Katharine Fullerton Gerould, "Martin's Hollow," makes a powerful appeal to the imagination. It is one of those stories of strange experiences, of haunting memories, for which this author is famous. Her "Vain Oblations" is one of the best-remembered short stories of recent years. Sarah Barnwell Elliott tells a story of an old Confederate soldier in "The Last Flash." "The Freedom of Edith," by Mary Guérin, the wife of Jules Guérin the painter, who is responsible for the beautiful color scheme of the Exposition at San Francisco, is the story of an American girl's attempt to introduce new-woman ideas into a Turkish home and of the way a romance in her own life ended. Temple Bailey's "Made in Germany," the scene of which is a little toy-shop, is marked by both sentiment and pathos.

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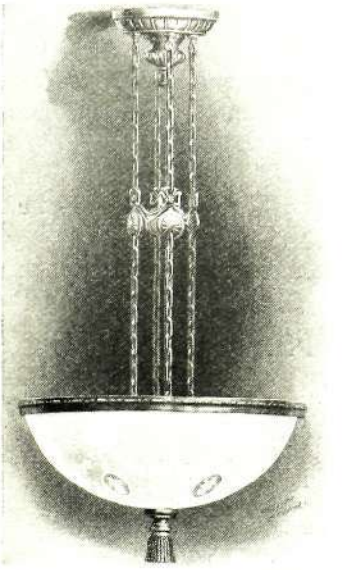

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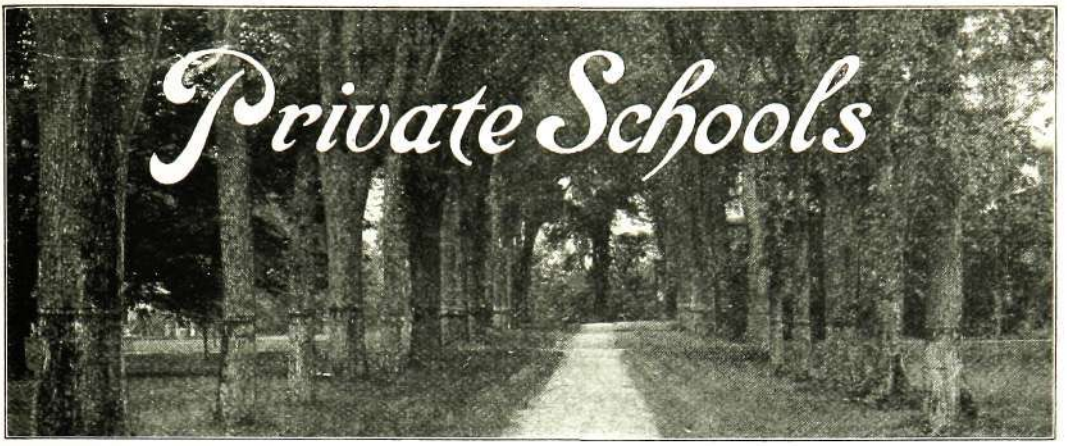

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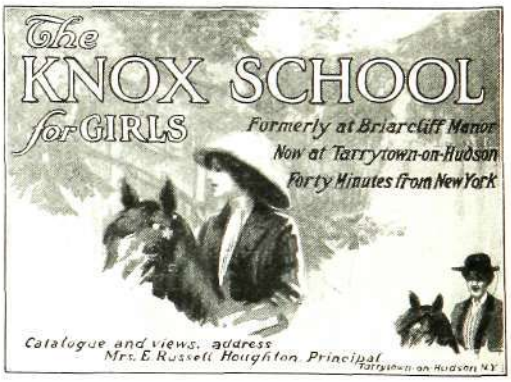

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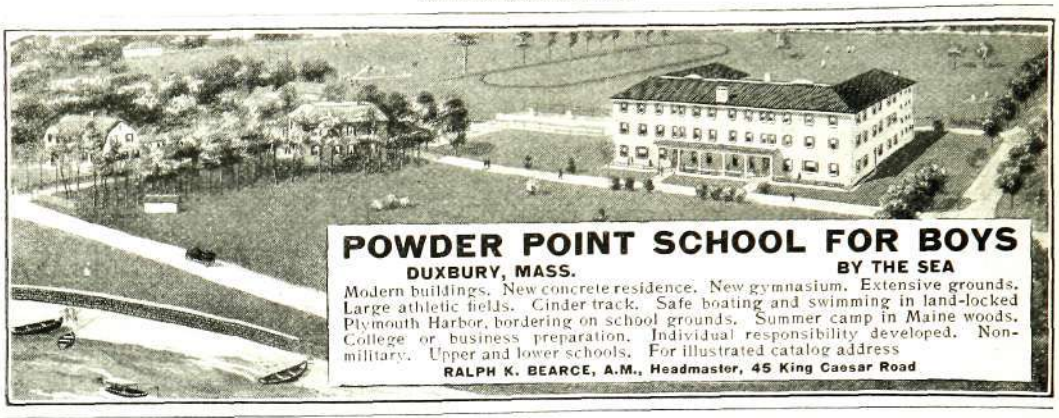

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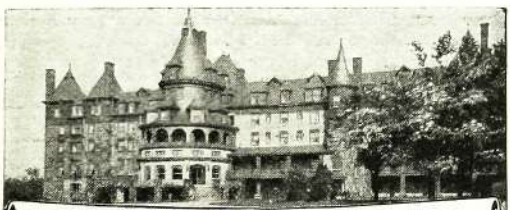

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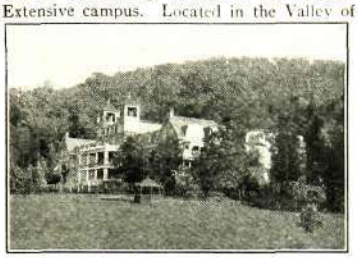

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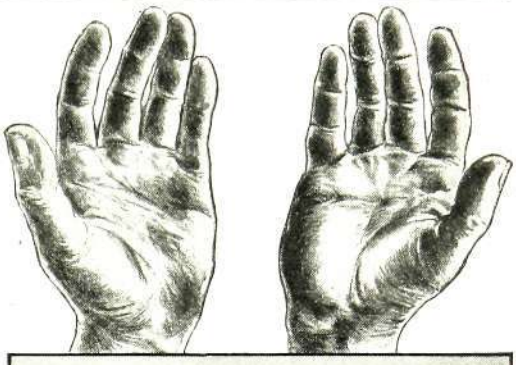

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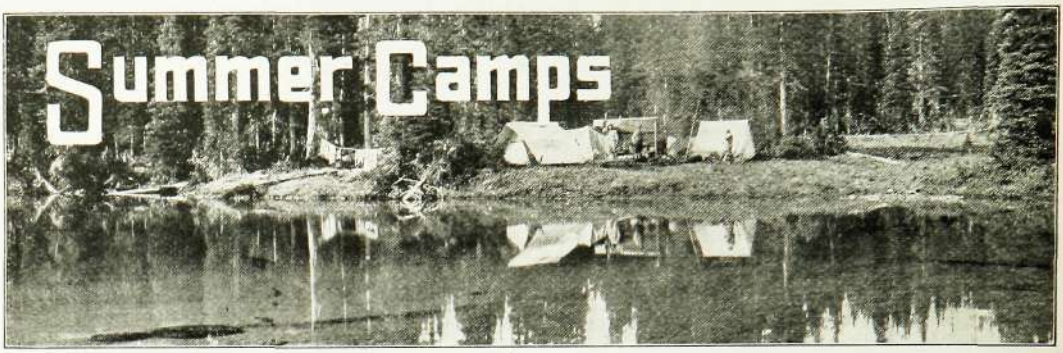

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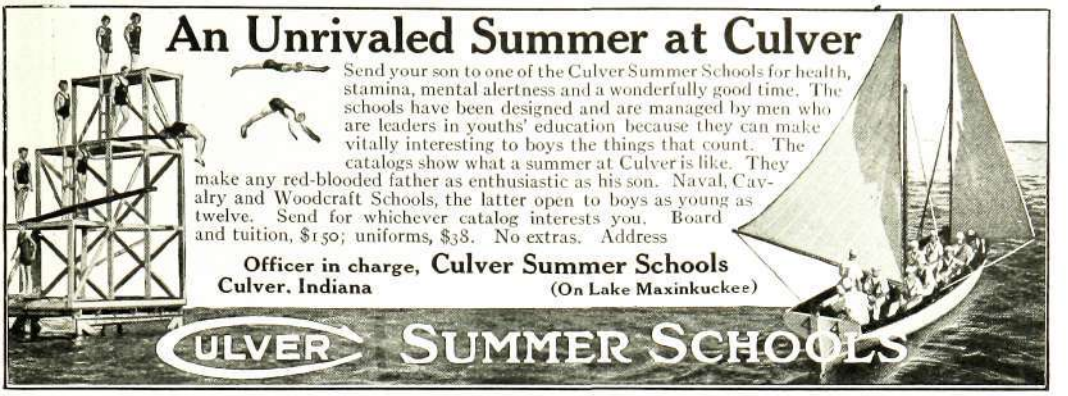

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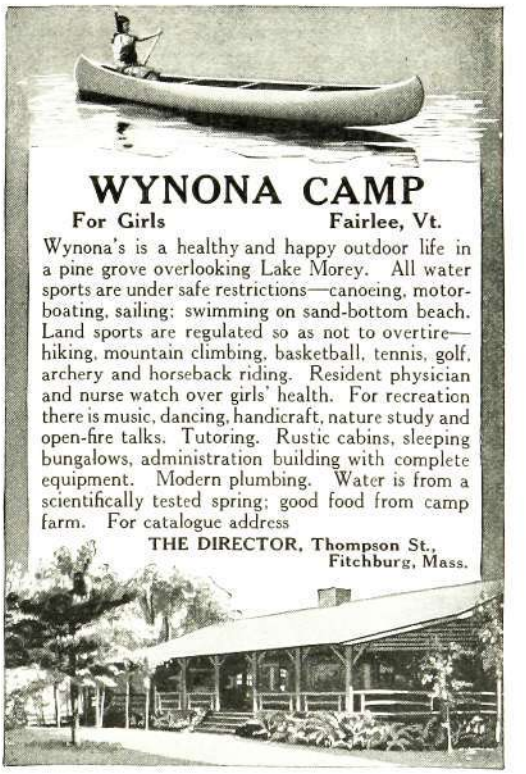

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—"The Field of Art," page 647.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LVII MAY, 1915 NO. 5

THE LOOK OF PARIS

(AUGUST, 1914—FEBRUARY, 1915)

BY EDITH WHARTON

I

AUGUST

ON the 30th of last July, motoring north from Poitiers, we had lunched somewhere by the roadside under apple-trees on the edge of a field. Other fields stretched away on our right and left to a border of woodland and a village steeple. All around was noonday quiet, and the sober disciplined landscape which the traveller's memory is apt to evoke as distinctively French. Sometimes, even to accustomed eyes, these ruled-off fields and compact gray villages seem merely flat and tame; at other moments the sensitive imagination sees in every thrifty sod and even furrow the ceaseless vigilant attachment of generations faithful to the soil. The particular bit of landscape before us spoke in all its lines of that attachment. The air seemed full of the long murmur of human effort, the rhythm of oft-repeated tasks; the serenity of the scene smiled away the war rumours which had hung on us since morning.

All day the sky had been banked with thunder-clouds, but by the time we reached Chartres, toward four o'clock, they had rolled away under the horizon, and the town was so saturated with sunlight that to pass into the cathedral was like entering the dense obscurity of a church in Spain. At first all detail was imperceptible: we were in a hollow night. Then, as the shadows gradually thinned and gathered themselves up into pier and vault and ribbing, there burst out of them great sheets and showers of colour. Framed by such depths of darkness, and steeped in a blaze of midsummer sun, the familiar windows seemed singularly remote and yet overpoweringly vivid. Now they widened into dark-shored pools splashed with sunset, now glittered and menaced like the shields of fighting angels. Some were cataracts of sapphires, others roses dropped from a saint's tunic, others great carven platters strewn with heavenly regalia, others the sails of galleons bound for the Purple Islands; and in the western wall the scattered fires of the rose-window hung like a constellation in an African night. When one dropped one's eyes from these ethereal harmonies, the dark masses of masonry below them, all veiled and muffled in a mist pricked by a few altar lights, seemed to symbolize the life on earth, with its shadows, its heavy distances and its little islands of illusion. All that a great cathedral can be, all the meanings it can express, all the tranquillizing power it can breathe upon the soul, all the richness of detail it can fuse into a large utterance of strength and beauty, the cathedral of Chartres gave us in that perfect hour.

It was sunset when we reached the gates of Paris. Under the heights of St. Cloud and Suresnes the reaches of the Seine trembled with the blue-pink lustre of an early Monet. The Bois lay about us in the stillness of a holiday eve-

ning, and the lawns of Bagatelle were as fresh as June. Below the Arc de Triomphe, the Champs Elysées sloped downward in a sun-powdered haze to the mist of fountains and the ethereal obelisk; and the currents of summer life ebbed and flowed with a normal beat under the trees of the radiating avenues. The great city, so made for peace and art and all humanest graces, seemed to lie by her river-side like a princess guarded by the watchful giant of the Eiffel Tower.

The next day the air was thundery with rumours. Nobody believed them, everybody repeated them. War? Of course there couldn't be war! The Cabinets, like naughty children, were again dangling their feet over the edge; but the whole incalculable weight of things-as-they-were, of the daily necessary business of living, continued calmly and convincingly to assert itself against the bandying of diplomatic words. Paris went on steadily about her midsummer business of feeding, dressing, and amusing the great army of tourists who were the only invaders she had seen for nearly half a century.

All the while, every one knew that other work was going on also. The whole fabric of the country's seemingly undisturbed routine was threaded with noiseless invisible currents of preparation, the sense of them was in the calm air as the sense of changing weather is in the balminess of a perfect afternoon. Paris counted the minutes till the evening papers came.

They said little or nothing except what every one was already declaring all over the country. "We don't want war—*mais il faut que cela finisse!*" "This kind of thing has got to stop": that was the only phrase one heard. If diplomacy could still arrest the war, so much the better: no one in France wanted it. All who spent the first days of last August in Paris will testify to the agreement of feeling on that point. But if war had to come, then the country, and every heart in it, was ready.

At the dressmaker's, the next morning, the tired fitters were preparing to leave for their usual holiday. They looked pale and anxious—decidedly, there was a new weight of apprehension in the air. And in the rue Royale, at the corner of the Place de la Concorde, a few people had stopped to look at a little strip of white paper against the wall of the Ministère de la Marine. "General mobilization" they read—and an armed nation knows what that means. But the group about the paper was small and quiet. Passers by read the notice and went on. There were no cheers, no gesticulations: the dramatic sense of the race had already told them that the event was too great to be dramatized. Like a monstrous landslide it had fallen across the path of an orderly laborious nation, disrupting its routine, annihilating its industries, rending families apart, and burying under a heap of senseless ruin the patiently and painfully wrought machinery of civilization. . .

That evening, in a restaurant of the rue Royale, we sat at a table in one of the open windows, abreast with the street, and saw the strange new crowds stream by. In an instant we were being shown what mobilization was—a huge break in the normal flow of traffic, like the sudden rupture of a dyke. The street was flooded by the torrent of people sweeping past us to the various railway stations. All were on foot, and carrying their luggage; for since dawn every cab and taxi and motor-omnibus had disappeared. The War Office had thrown out its drag-net and caught them all in. The crowd that passed our window was chiefly composed of conscripts, the *mobilisables* of the first day, who were on the way to the station accompanied by their families and friends; but among them were little clusters of bewildered tourists, labouring along with bags and bundles, and watching their luggage pushed before them on hand-carts—puzzled inarticulate waifs caught in the cross-tides racing to a maelstrom.

In the restaurant, the befrogged and red-coated band poured out patriotic music, and the intervals between the courses that so few waiters were left to serve were broken by the ever-recurring obligation to stand up for the Marseillaise, to stand up for God Save the King, to stand up for the Russian National Anthem, to stand up again for the Marseillaise. "*Et dire que ce sont des Hongrois qui jouent tout cela!*" a humorist remarked from the pavement.

As the evening wore on and the crowd

about our window thickened, the loiterers outside began to join in the war-songs. "*Allons, debout!*"—and the loyal round begins again. "La chanson du départ!" is a frequent demand; and the chorus of spectators chimes in roundly. A sort of quiet humour was the note of the street. Down the rue Royale, toward the Madeleine, the bands of other restaurants were attracting other throngs, and martial refrains were strung along the Boulevard like its garlands of arc-lights. It was a night of singing and acclamations, not boisterous, but gallant and determined. It was Paris *badauderie* at its best.

Meanwhile, beyond the fringe of idlers the steady stream of conscripts still poured along. Wives and families trudged beside them, carrying all kinds of odd improvised bags and bundles. The impression disengaging itself from all this superficial confusion was that of a cheerful steadiness of spirit. The faces ceaselessly streaming by were serious but not sad; nor was there any air of bewilderment—the stare of driven cattle. All these lads and young men seemed to know what they were about and why they were about it. The youngest of them looked suddenly grown up and responsible: they understood their stake in the job, and accepted it.

The next day the army of midsummer travel was immobilized to let the other army move. No more wild rushes to the station, no more bribing of concierges, vain quests for invisible cabs, haggard hours of waiting in the queue at Cook's. No train stirred except to carry soldiers, and the civilians who had not bribed and jammed their way into a cranny of the thronged carriages leaving the first night could only creep back through the hot streets to their hotels and wait. Back they went, disappointed yet half-relieved, to the resounding emptiness of porterless halls, waiterless restaurants, motionless lifts: to the queer disjointed life of fashionable hotels suddenly reduced to the intimacies and makeshifts of a Latin Quarter *pension*. Meanwhile it was strange to watch the gradual paralysis of the city. As the motors, taxis, cabs and vans had vanished from the streets, so the lively little steamers had left the Seine. The canal-boats too were gone, or lay motionless: loading and unloading had ceased. Every great architectural opening framed an emptiness; all the endless avenues stretched away to desert distances. In the parks and gardens no one raked the paths or trimmed the borders. The fountains slept in their basins, the worried sparrows fluttered unfed, and vague dogs, shaken out of their daily habits, roamed unquietly, looking for familiar eyes. Paris, so intensely conscious yet so strangely entranced, seemed to have had *curare* injected into all her veins.

The next day—the 2nd of August—from the terrace of the Hôtel de Crillon one looked down on a first faint stir of returning life. Now and then a taxi-cab or a private motor crossed the Place de la Concorde, carrying soldiers to the stations. Other conscripts, in detachments, tramped by on foot with bags and banners. One detachment stopped before the black-veiled statue of Strasbourg and laid a garland at her feet. In ordinary times this demonstration would at once have attracted a crowd; but at the very moment when it might have been expected to provoke a patriotic outburst it excited no more attention than if one of the soldiers had turned aside to give a penny to a beggar. The people crossing the square did not even stop to look. The meaning of this apparent indifference was obvious. When an armed nation mobilizes, everybody is busy, and busy in a definite and pressing way. It is not only the fighters that mobilize: those who stay behind must do the same. For each French household, for each individual man or woman in France, war means a complete reorganization of life. The detachment of conscripts, unnoticed, paid their tribute to the Cause and passed on. . .

Looked back on from these sterner months those early days in Paris, in their setting of grave architecture and summer skies, wear the light of the ideal and the abstract. The sudden flaming up of national life, the abeyance of every small and mean preoccupation, cleared the moral air as the streets had been cleared, and made the spectator feel as though he were reading a great poem on War rather than facing its realities.

Something of this sense of exaltation seemed to penetrate the throngs who streamed up and down the Boulevards till late into the night. All wheeled traffic had ceased, except that of the rare taxi-

cabs impressed to carry conscripts to the stations; and the middle of the Boulevards was as thronged with foot-passengers as an Italian market-place on a Sunday morning. The vast tide swayed up and down at a slow pace, breaking now and then to make room for one of the volunteer "legions" which were forming at every corner: Italian, Roumanian, South American, North American, each headed by its national flag and hailed with cheering as it passed. But even the cheers were sober: Paris was not to be shaken out of her self-imposed serenity. One felt something nobly conscious and voluntary in the mood of this quiet multitude. Yet it was a mixed throng, made up of every class, from the scum of the Exterior Boulevards to the cream of the fashionable restaurants. These people, only two days ago, had been leading a thousand different lives, in indifference or in antagonism to each other, as alien as enemies across a frontier: now workers and idlers, thieves, beggars, saints, poets, drabs and sharpers, genuine people and showy shams, were all bumping up against each other in an instinctive community of emotion. The "people," luckily, predominated; the faces of workers look best in such a crowd, and there were thousands of them, each illuminated and singled out by its magnesium-flash of passion.

I remember especially the steady-browed faces of the women; and also the small but significant fact that every one of them had remembered to bring her dog. The biggest of these amiable companions had to take their chance of seeing what they could through the forest of human legs; but every one that was portable was snugly lodged in the bend of an elbow, and from this safe perch scores and scores of small serious muzzles, blunt or sharp, smooth or woolly, brown or gray or white or black or brindled, looked out on the scene with the quiet awareness of the Paris dog. It was certainly a good sign that they had not been forgotten that night.

II

We had been shown, impressively, what it was to live through a mobilization; now we were to learn that mobilization is only one of the concomitants of martial law, and that martial law is not comfortable to live under—at least till one gets used to it.

At first its main purpose, to the neutral civilian, seemed certainly to be the wayward pleasure of complicating his life; and in that line it excelled in the last refinements of ingenuity. Instructions began to shower on us after the lull of the first days: instructions as to what to do, and what not to do, in order to make our presence tolerable and our persons secure. In the first place, foreigners could not remain in France without satisfying the authorities as to their nationality and antecedents; and to do this necessitated repeated ineffective visits to chanceries, consulates and police stations, each too densely thronged with flustered applicants to permit the entrance of one more. Between these vain pilgrimages, the traveller impatient to leave had to toil on foot to distant railway stations, from which he returned baffled by vague answers and disheartened by the declaration that tickets, when achievable, must also be *visés* by the police. There was a moment when it seemed that one's inmost thoughts had to have that unobtainable *visa*—to obtain which, more fruitless hours must be lived on grimy stairways between perspiring layers of fellow-aliens. Meanwhile one's money was probably running short, and one must cable or telegraph for more. Ah—but cables and telegrams must be *visés* too—and even when they were, one got no guarantee that they would be sent! Then one could not use code addresses, and the ridiculous number of words contained in a New York address seemed to multiply as the francs in one's pockets diminished. And when the cable was finally despatched it was either lost on the way, or reached its destination only to call forth, after anxious days, the disheartening response: "Impossible at present. Making every effort." It is fair to add that, tedious and even irritating as many of these transactions were, they were greatly eased by the sudden uniform good-nature of the French functionary, who, for the first time, probably, in the long tradition of his line, broke through its fundamental rule and was kind.

Luckily, too, these incessant comings and goings involved much walking of the beautiful idle summer streets, which grew idler and more beautiful each day. Never

had such blue-grey softness of afternoon brooded over Paris, such sunsets turned the heights of the Trocadéro into Dido's Carthage, never, above all, so rich a moon ripened through such perfect evenings. The Seine itself had no small share in this mysterious increase of the city's beauty. Released from all traffic, its hurried ripples smoothed themselves into long silken reaches in which quays and monuments at last saw their unbroken images. At night the fire-fly lights of the boats had vanished, and the reflections of the street lamps were lengthened into streamers of red and gold and purple that slept on the calm current like fluted water-weeds. Then the moon rose and took possession of the city, purifying it of all accidents, calming and enlarging it and giving it back its ideal lines of strength and repose. There was something strangely moving in this new Paris of the August evenings, so exposed yet so serene, as though her very beauty shielded her.

So, gradually, we fell into the habit of living under martial law. After the first days of flustered adjustment the personal inconveniences were so few that one felt almost ashamed of their not being more, of not being called on to contribute some greater sacrifice of comfort to the Cause. Within the first week over two thirds of the shops had closed—the greater number bearing on their shuttered windows the notice "Pour cause de mobilisation," which showed that the "patron" and staff were at the front. But enough remained open to satisfy every ordinary want, and the closing of the others served to prove how much one could do without. Provisions were as cheap and plentiful as ever, though for a while it was easier to buy food than to have it cooked. The restaurants were closing rapidly, and one often had to wander a long way for a meal, and wait a longer time to get it. A few hotels still carried on a halting life, galvanized by an occasional inrush of travel from Belgium and Germany; but most of them had closed or were being hastily transformed into hospitals.

The signs over these hotel doors first disturbed the dreaming harmony of Paris. In a night, as it seemed, the whole city was hung with Red Crosses. Every other building showed the red and white band across its front, with "Ouvroir" or "Hôpital" beneath; there was something sinister in these preparations for horrors in which one could not yet believe, in the making of bandages for limbs yet sound and whole, the spreading of pillows for heads yet carried high. But insist as they would on the woe to come, these warning signs did not deeply stir the trance of Paris. The first days of the war were full of a kind of unrealizing confidence, not boastful or fatuous, yet as different as possible from the clear-headed tenacity of purpose that the experience of the next few months was to develop. It is hard to evoke, without seeming to exaggerate it, that mood of early August: the assurance, the balance, the kind of smiling fatalism with which Paris moved to her task. It is not impossible that the beauty of the season and the silence of the city may have helped to produce this mood. War, the shrieking fury, had announced herself by a great wave of stillness. Never was desert hush more complete: the silence of a street is always so much deeper than the silence of wood or field.

The heaviness of the August air intensified this impression of suspended life. The days were dumb enough; but at night the hush became acute. In the quarter I inhabit, always deserted in summer, the shuttered streets were mute as catacombs, and the faintest pin-prick of noise seemed to tear a rent in a black pall of silence. I could hear the tired tap of a lame hoof half a mile away, and the tread of the policeman guarding the Embassy across the street beat against the pavement like a series of detonations. Even the variegated noises of the city's waking-up had ceased. If any sweepers, scavengers or rag-pickers still plied their trades they did it as secretly as ghosts. I remember one morning being roused out of a deep sleep by a sudden explosion of noise in my room. I sat up with a start, and found I had been waked by a low-voiced exchange of "Bonjours" in the street. . .

Another fact that kept the reality of war from Paris was the curious absence of troops in the streets. After the first rush of conscripts hurrying to their military bases it might have been imagined that the reign of peace had set in. While

smaller cities were swarming with soldiers no glitter of arms was reflected in the empty avenues of the capital, no military music sounded through them. Paris scorned all show of war, and fed the patriotism of her children on the mere sight of her beauty. It was enough.

Even when the news of the first ephemeral successes in Alsace began to come in, the Parisians did not swerve from their even gait. The newsboys did all the shouting—and even theirs was presently silenced by decree. It seemed as though it had been unanimously, instinctively decided that the Paris of 1914 should in no respect resemble the Paris of 1870, and as though this resolution had passed at birth into the blood of millions born since that fatal date, and ignorant of its bitter lesson. The unanimity of self-restraint was the notable characteristic of this people suddenly plunged into an unsought and unexpected war. At first their steadiness of spirit might have passed for the bewilderment of a generation born and bred in peace, which did not yet understand what war implied. But it is precisely on such a mood that easy triumphs might have been supposed to have the most disturbing effect. It was the crowd in the street that shouted "A Berlin!" in 1870; now the crowd in the street continued to mind its own business, in spite of showers of extras and too-sanguine bulletins.

I remember the morning when our butcher's boy brought the news that the first German flag had been hung out on the balcony of the Ministry of War. Now, I thought, the Latin will boil over! And I wanted to be there to see. I hurried down the quiet rue de Martignac, turned the corner of the Place Sainte Clotilde, and came on an orderly crowd filling the street before the Ministry of War. The crowd was so orderly that the few pacific gestures of the police easily cleared a way for passing cabs, and for the military motors perpetually dashing up. It was composed of all classes, and there were many family groups, with little boys straddling their mothers' shoulders, or lifted up by the policemen when they were too heavy for their mothers. It is safe to say that there was hardly a man or woman of that crowd who had not a soldier at the front; and there before them hung the enemy's first flag—a splendid silk flag, white and black and crimson, and embroidered in gold. It was the flag of an Alsatian regiment—a regiment of Prussianized Alsace. It symbolized all they most abhorred in the whole abhorrent job that lay ahead of them; it symbolized also their finest ardour and their noblest hate, and the reason why, if every other reason failed, France could never lay down arms till the last of such flags was low. And there they stood and looked at it, not dully or uncomprehendingly, but consciously, advisedly, and in silence: as if already foreseeing all it would cost to keep that flag and add to it others like it: foreseeing the cost and accepting it. There seemed to be men's hearts even in the children of that crowd, and in the mothers whose weak arms held them up. So they gazed and went on, and made way for others like them, who gazed in their turn and went on too. All day the crowd renewed itself, and it was always the same crowd, intent and understanding and silent, who looked steadily at the flag, and knew what its being there meant. That, last August, was the look of Paris.

III

FEBRUARY

FEBRUARY dusk on the Seine. The boats are plying again, but they stop at night-fall, and the river is inky-smooth, with the same long weed-like reflections as in August. Only the reflections are fewer and paler: bright lights are muffled everywhere. The line of the quays is scarcely discernible, and the heights of the Trocadéro are lost in the blur of night, which presently effaces even the firm tower-tops of Notre-Dame. Down the damp pavements only a few street lamps throw their watery zig-zags. The shops are shut, and the windows above them thickly curtained. The faces of the houses are all blind.

In the narrow streets of the Rive Gauche the darkness is even deeper, and the few scattered lights in courts or "cités" create effects of Piranesi-like mystery. The gleam of the chestnut-roaster's brazier at a street corner deepens the sense of an old adventurous Italy, and the darkness be-

yond seems full of cloaks and conspiracies. I turn, on my way home, into an empty street between high garden walls, with a single light showing far off at its farther end. Not a soul is in sight between me and that light: my steps echo endlessly in the silence. Presently a dim figure comes around the corner ahead of me. Man or woman? Impossible to tell till I overtake it. The February fog deepens the darkness, and the faces one passes are indistinguishable. As for the numbers of the houses, no one thinks of looking for them. If you know the quarter you count doors from the corner, or try to puzzle out the familiar outline of a balcony or a pediment; if you are in a strange street, you must ask at the nearest tobacconist's —for, as for finding a policeman, a yard off you couldn't tell him from your grandmother!

Such, after six months of war, are the nights of Paris; the days are less remarkable and less romantic.

Almost all the early flush and shiver of romance is gone; or so at least it seems to those who have watched the gradual revival of life. It may appear otherwise to observers from other countries, even from those involved in the war. After London, with all her theatres open, and her machinery of amusement almost unimpaired, Paris no doubt seems like a city on whom great issues weigh. But to those who lived through that first sunlit silent month the streets to-day show an almost normal activity. The vanishing of all the motor-buses, and of the huge lumbering commercial vans, leaves many a forgotten perspective open and reveals many a lost grace of architecture; but the taxi-cabs and private motors are almost as abundant as in peace-time, and the peril of pedestrianism is kept at its normal pitch by the incessant dashing to and fro of those unrivalled engines of destruction, the hospital and War Office motors. Many shops have reopened, a few theatres are tentatively producing patriotic drama or mixed programmes seasoned with sentiment and mirth, and the cinema again unrolls its eventful kilometres.

For a while, in September and October, the streets were made picturesque by the coming and going of English soldiery, and the aggressive flourish of British military motors. Then the fresh faces and smart uniforms disappeared, and now the nearest approach to "militarism" which Paris offers to the casual sight-seer is the occasional drilling of a handful of *piou-pious* on the muddy reaches of the Place des Invalides. But there is another army in Paris. Its first detachments came months ago, in the dark September days—lamentable rear-guard of the Allies' retreat on Paris. Since then its numbers have grown and grown, its dingy streams have percolated through all the currents of Paris life, so that wherever one goes, in every quarter and at every hour, among the busy confident strongly-stepping Parisians one sees these other people, dazed and slowly moving—men and women with sordid bundles on their backs, shuffling along hesitatingly in their tattered shoes, children dragging at their hands and tired-out babies pressed against their shoulders: the great army of the Refugees. Their faces are unmistakable and unforgettable. No one who has ever caught that stare of dumb bewilderment—or that other look of concentrated horror, full of the reflection of flames and ruins—can shake off the obsession of the Refugees. The look in their eyes is part of the look of Paris. It is the dark shadow on the brightness of the face she turns to the enemy. These poor people cannot look across the borders to eventual triumph. They belong mostly to a class whose knowledge of the world's affairs is measured by the shadow of their village steeple. They are no more curious of the laws of causation than the thousands overwhelmed at Avezzano. They were ploughing and sowing, spinning and weaving and minding their business, when suddenly a great darkness full of fire and blood came down on them. And now they are here, in a strange country, among unfamiliar faces and new ways, with nothing left to them in the world but the memory of burning homes and massacred children and young men dragged to slavery, of infants torn from their mothers, old men trampled by drunken heels and priests slain while they prayed beside the dying. These are the people who stand in hundreds every day outside the doors of the shelters improvised to rescue them, and who receive, in return for the loss of everything that makes life

sweet, or intelligible, or at least endurable, a cot in a dormitory, a meal-ticket—and perhaps, on lucky days, a pair of shoes. . .

What are Parisians doing meanwhile? For one thing—and the sign is a good one—they are refilling the shops, and especially, of course, the great "department stores." In the early war days there was no stranger sight than those deserted palaces, where one strayed between miles of unpurchased wares in quest of vanished salesmen. A few clerks, of course, were left: enough, one would have thought, for the rare purchasers who disturbed their meditations. But the few there were did not care to be disturbed: they lurked behind their walls of sheeting, their bastions of flannelette, as if ashamed to be discovered. And when one had coaxed them out they went through the necessary gestures automatically, as if mournfully wondering that any one should care to buy. I remember once, at the Louvre, seeing the whole force of a "department," including the salesman I was trying to cajole into showing me some medicated gauze, desert their posts simultaneously to gather about a motor-cyclist in a muddy uniform who had dropped in to see his pals with tales from the front. But after six months the pressure of normal appetites has begun to reassert itself—and to shop is one of the normal appetites of woman. I say "shop" instead of buy, to distinguish between the dull purchase of necessities and the voluptuousness of acquiring things one might do without. It is evident that many of the thousands now fighting their way into the great shops must be indulging in the latter delight. At a moment when real wants are reduced to a minimum, how else account for the congestion of the department store? Even allowing for the immense, the perpetual buying of supplies for hospitals and work-rooms, the incessant stoking-up of the innumerable centres of charitable production, there is no explanation of the crowding of the other departments except the fact that woman, however valiant, however tried, however suffering and however self-denying, must eventually, in the long run, and at whatever cost to her pocket and her ideals, begin to shop again. She has renounced the theatre, she denies herself the tea-rooms, she goes apologetically and furtively (and economically) to concerts—but the swinging doors of the department stores suck her irresistibly into their quicksand of remnants and reductions.

No one, in this respect, would wish the look of Paris to be changed. It is a good sign to see the crowds pouring into the shops again, even though the sight is less interesting than that of the other crowds streaming daily—and on Sundays in immensely augmented numbers—across the Pont Alexander III to the great court of the Invalides where the German trophies are displayed. Here the heart of France beats with a richer blood, and something of its glow passes into foreign veins as one watches the perpetually renewed throngs face to face with the long triple row of German guns. There are few in those throngs to whom one of the deadly pack has not dealt a blow; there are personal losses, lacerating memories, bound up with the sight of all those evil engines. But personal sorrow is the sentiment least visible in the look of Paris. It is not fanciful to say that the Parisian face, after six months of trial, has acquired a new character. The change seems to have affected the very stuff it is moulded of, as though the long ordeal had hardened the poor human clay into some dense commemorative substance. I often pass in the street women whose faces look like memorial medals—idealized images of what they were in the flesh. And the masks of some of the men—those queer tormented Gallic masks, crushed-in and squat and a little satyr-like—look like the bronzes of the Naples Museum, burnt and twisted from their baptism of fire. But none of these faces reveals a personal preoccupation: they are looking, one and all, at France erect on her borders. Even the women who are comparing different widths of Valenciennes at the lace-counter all have something of that vision in their eyes—or else one does not see the ones who haven't.

It is still true of Paris that she has not the air of a capital in arms. There are as few troops to be seen as ever, and but for the coming and going of the orderlies attached to the War Office and the Military Government, and the sprinkling of uniforms about the doors of barracks, there would be no sign of war in the streets—no

sign, that is, except the presence of the wounded. It is only lately that they have begun to appear, for in the early months of the war they were not sent to Paris, and the splendidly appointed hospitals of the capital stood almost empty, while others, all over the country, were overcrowded. The motives for this disposal of the wounded have been much speculated upon and variously explained: one of its results may have been the maintaining in Paris of the extraordinary moral health which has given its tone to the whole country, and which is now sound and strong enough to face the sight of any misery.

And miseries enough it has to face. Day by day the limping figures grow more numerous on the pavement, the pale bandaged heads more frequent in passing carriages. In the stalls at the theatres and concerts there are many uniforms; and their wearers usually have to wait till the hall is emptied before they hobble out on a supporting arm. Most of them are very young, and it is the expression of their faces which I should like to picture and interpret as being the very essence of what I have called the look of Paris. They are grave, these young faces: one hears a great deal of the gaiety in the trenches, but the wounded are not gay. Neither are they sad, however. They are calm, meditative, strangely purified and matured. It is as though their great experience had purged them of pettiness, meanness and frivolity, burning them down to the bare bones of character, the fundamental substance of the soul, and shaping that substance into something so strong and finely tempered that for a long time to come Paris will not care to wear any look unworthy of the look on their faces.

THE BUILDING OF THE PANAMA CANAL*

III.—ORGANIZATION OF THE FORCE

BY GEORGE W. GOETHALS, U. S. A.,
Governor of the Panama Canal

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

THE organization through which the Canal was constructed was the result of a process of development, and a clear understanding of it can best be conveyed by outlining, as briefly as possible, the steps which led to its adoption. This outline will include, necessarily, an account of the conditions which existed at the time the work was transferred, in 1907, and the impediments to progress which developed subsequently. As noted in a previous article, Major Gaillard and I arrived on the Isthmus in March of that year in company with a party of congressmen. During their visit we accompanied them on the sightseeing trains supplied by the officials for inspection of the work, thereby getting a general idea of what was being done, what was contemplated, and the methods employed. After the departure of the congressmen time was devoted to going over the work in greater detail, looking particularly into the organization, for upon this factor success in such enterprises always depends.

There were in operation at the time departments and divisions covering all phases of the work, the chief of which were

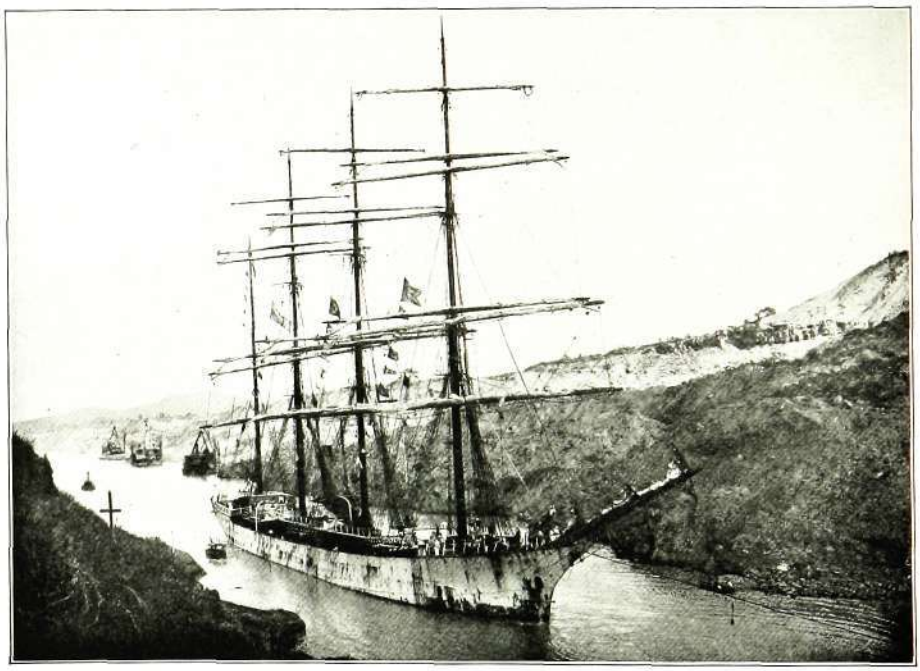
engineering and construction, directly under the chief engineer in charge of the construction of the Canal; sanitation, in charge of the sanitation of the Canal Zone, the cities of Panama and Colon, hospitals and quarantine; law and government, in charge of courts, schools, police, fire, postal affairs, customs, and public works; labor, quarters, and subsistence, in charge of recruiting skilled and unskilled labor, assignment and care of quarters, and management of hotels, messes, and kitchens; building construction, engaged in the erection of quarters; mechanical, in charge of shops; municipal engineering, in charge of streets, sewers, and water-supply; material and supplies, in charge of equipment and construction materials of all kinds; meteorology and river hydraulics; and others in charge of map-making and lithography.

Sidney B. Williamson.

Division Engineer of the Pacific Division of Canal work, in charge of the construction of locks and dams and all other work at the Pacific end of the Canal.

With the settlement in June, 1906, of the question that had been pending for some time as to the type of canal, a designing force had been organized to prepare the plans for the locks, lock-gates and their appurtenances, and the spill-ways with their operating mechanisms. This force was located in Washington and was under the direction and supervision of a committee composed of the engineer members of the commission who were stationed in the United States.

The chief element in the organization was, of course, the Isthmian Canal Commission of seven members, which constituted the

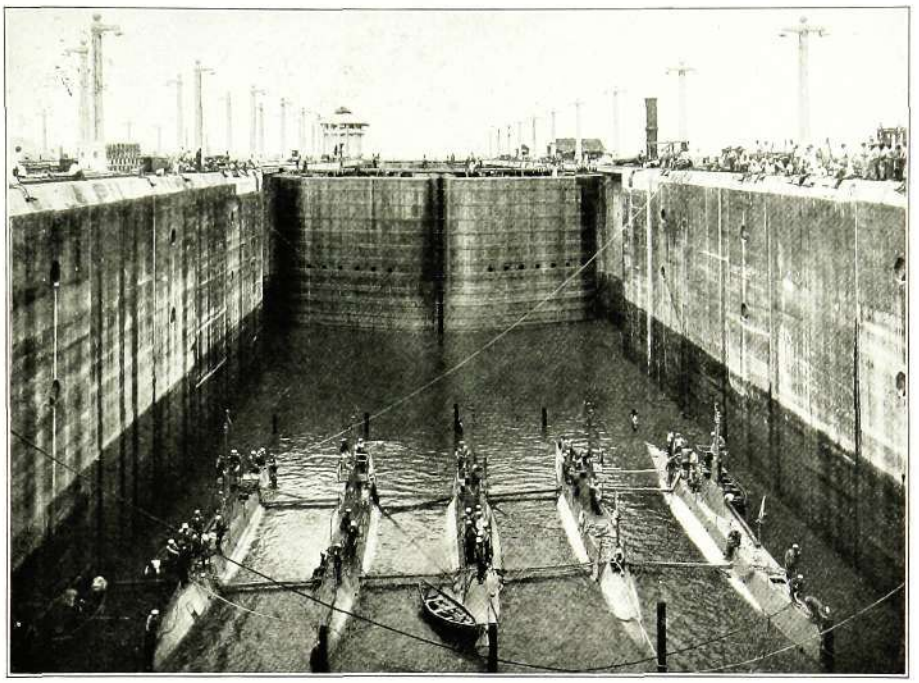


Barkentine *John Ena*, first large sailing vessel to pass through the Canal, under tow, on January 24, 1915

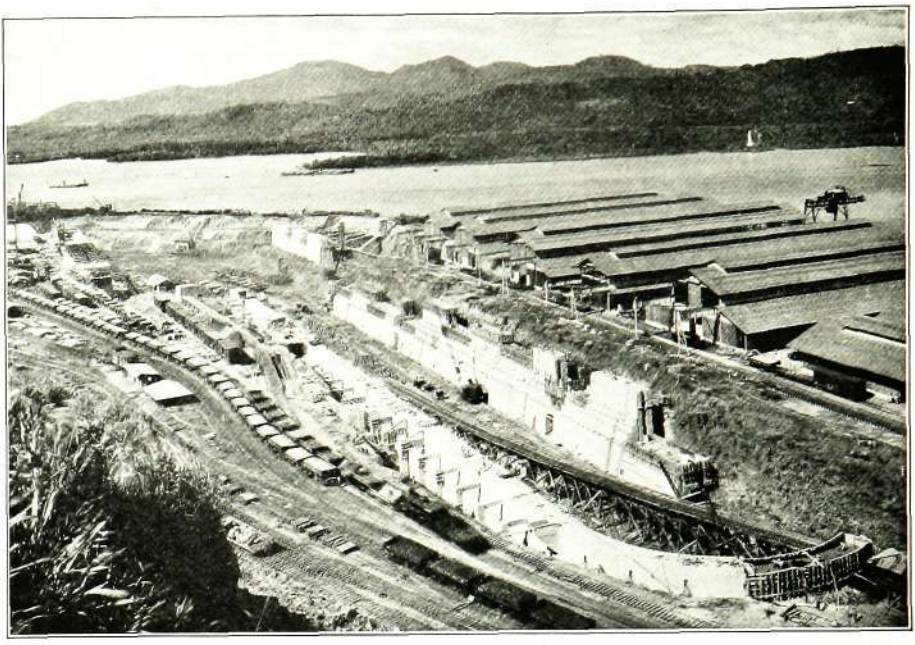
Photograph represents her passing the foot of the slide on the north side of Gold Hill. The Cucaracha Slide is on the south side of the same hill.

executive control. There had been, as stated in the first article of this series, considerable friction and trouble in previous commissions because of this seven-headed authority. Mr. Stevens maintained that the commission system had never been given a fair trial, and that its ineffectiveness was due, not to the system itself, but to the way in which it had been handled. He claimed, in the case of the one with which he had been connected, that its members had been practically ignored, since their services were called for only when a quorum was necessary for a vote on a proposition. He believed that with a proper personnel, under intelligent leadership, the work could be subdivided among the members in such a way as to secure better results than had been obtained, but this could be hoped for only in case the chairman was vested with the direction of the various subdivisions and with final approval or veto power. I had not given the matter any thought, for this form of executive control had been provided by law, and that settled the matter. Still, there could be no question that in any undertaking there must be a directing and controlling head; and this would be accomplished were the veto power vested in the chairman of the commission.

In common with other visitors to the Canal, I was strongly impressed by the magnitude of the work, which seemed to grow greater the more closely examination was made. Whether the new régime would be able to carry the burden remained to be seen: there were times when I had a feeling of doubt; but certain it is that we were fortunate in falling heir to the organization that had been perfected for excavating Culebra Cut, for no one not thoroughly familiar with railroad transportation and not possessed of organizing ability could have succeeded in this part of the work—the one part for which our previous training had not fitted any of us. The lock type of canal had been adopted only the previous June, so that the organization for other portions of the construction work was in a more or less tentative stage. The period of preparation was



In March, 1914, one of the locks at Gatun was used as a dry dock for the overhauling of five submarines. The photograph shows them resting on cradles placed on the lock floor before the water was withdrawn.



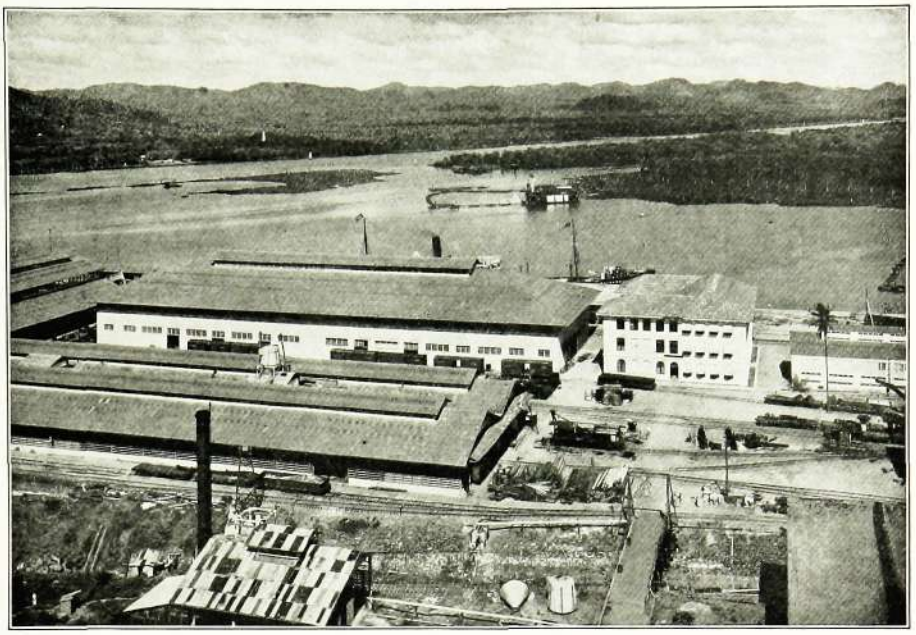
Dry dock in process of construction at Pacific entrance to Canal.

It will have an inside capacity of one thousand feet length and one hundred and ten feet width, same dimensions as the locks. Photograph shows also new machine-shops on water-front of inner harbor.

practically completed, however, and the success subsequently attained is indicative of the thoroughness and clear-sightedness displayed in the preparatory work. Recalling the President's desire to continue intact the existing organization, I could not but feel that it would be madness to attempt any change; such a course, had it been taken, would have resulted in nothing short of chaos.

Because of his familiarity with the work in all its ramifications, I took counsel with Mr. Stevens as to the manner in which he would so subdivide it as to utilize to the fullest extent the services of the other members of the commission and at the same time carry out the views of the President by placing each in charge of a department. Three of them fell into place naturally—Colonel Gorgas at the head of the department of sanitation, Mr. Jackson Smith at the head of the department of labor, quarters, and subsistence, and ex-Senator Blackburn as governor. For the other three, who were engineers, there must be found departments, and necessarily they must form part of the department of construction and engineering, which remained with the chief engineer. Following the suggestions of Mr. Stevens, I decided to organize the department of excavation and assign to it Major Gaillard, with supervisory charge of all excavation both dry and wet, and Major Sibert to the department of lock-and-dam construction. Instead of placing Mr. Rousseau at the head of the division of material and supplies, as had been suggested, I combined the divisions of municipal engineering, building construction, and motive power and machinery into one department and assigned him to the head of it. In this way each of the engineers was given charge of engineering work.

Mr. Stevens retired from the service at the end of March, 1907, and on April 1 the management of Canal affairs passed into the hands of the third commission that had been created since construction was undertaken. The Secretary of War (Mr. Taft) was on the Isthmus at the time and various questions concerning the organization were taken up with him. The Canal Commission maintained its



Quartermaster's storehouse (long white building) and office building of machine-shops at Pacific entrance.

headquarters in Washington, which for a time were in charge of the Bureau of Insular Affairs of the War Department. Soon after the creation of the second Canal Commission, Mr. Shonts, chairman of that commission, took charge of the office. He, as well as the other members of the commission, spent most of his time in Washington, making only occasional visits to the Isthmus. When Mr. Shonts resigned, on March 4, 1907, Mr. Stevens, who had been appointed a member of the commission in July, 1906, was appointed chairman as well as chief engineer; this was the first move in the direction of concentrating authority. He designated Mr. Joseph Bucklin Bishop, who was secretary of the commission, to act as the head of the Washington office, which action was approved temporarily by the Secretary of War. Mr. Taft preferred to have the office placed again under the Bureau of Insular Affairs, but for various reasons this could not be accomplished. I desired to have Mr. Bishop on the Isthmus. All the members were there and the secretary should be also.

From the committees of the labor organizations I had learned that the members of the working force had been given little opportunity for a hearing in case any of them had grievances and complaints. While I had promised hearings in all such cases, I was assured that it would not be possible for me to attend personally to matters of this kind; if this should prove to be the case, then there was great need for some one to look after them, and it seemed to me that Mr. Bishop, by reason of his position, would not only be useful but the proper person in this field. How pending labor questions would be settled was unknown at the time, for the formal hearing by the Secretary of War had not been held, but there had been instances of complaints and grievances being taken direct to the President, so that more were likely to be, and if the commission side could be presented as such cases occurred our authority would be strengthened materially. If Mr. Bishop lived on the Isthmus he would be familiar with local conditions and would be of much assistance in making such presentations.

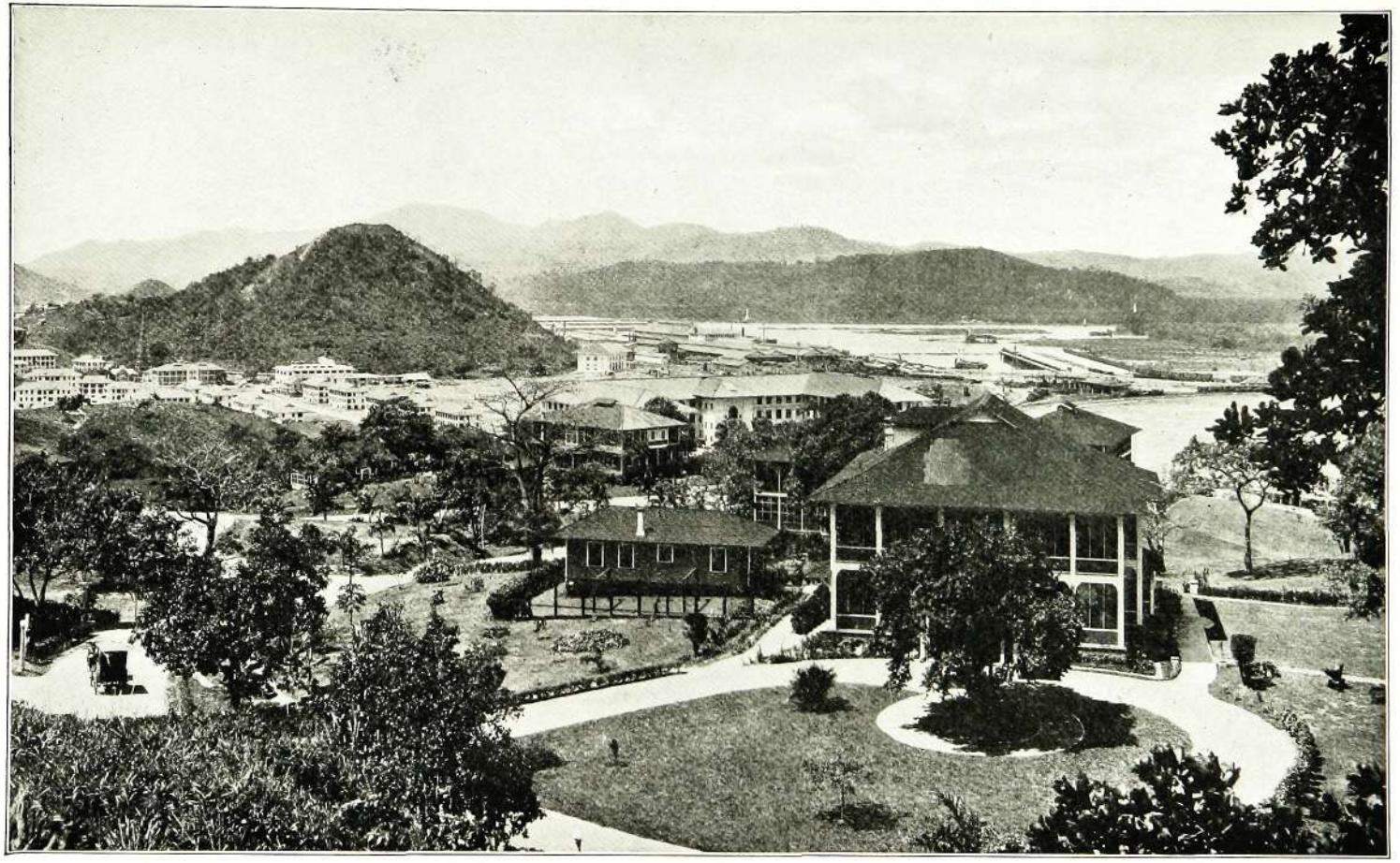
I had a further reason for desiring his presence with the commission. In my

interview with the President on February 18, as mentioned in a previous article, I suggested that the Canal work be placed under the Chief of Engineers of the army, in order that I might have a "friend at court." Having failed in this, I realized that Mr. Bishop would be much more valuable on the Isthmus than in Washington, for that the President had confidence in him was indicated clearly in what he said about him at that time. Mr. Taft expressed doubt about the President sending Mr. Bishop down, but suggested that I write to him after his return to Washington and make the necessary application.

Toro Point, or West Breakwater in Colon harbor, about two miles in length, fifteen feet wide at the top, surface ten feet above mean sea-level.
It contains about three million cubic yards of rock and is armored with specially hard rock.

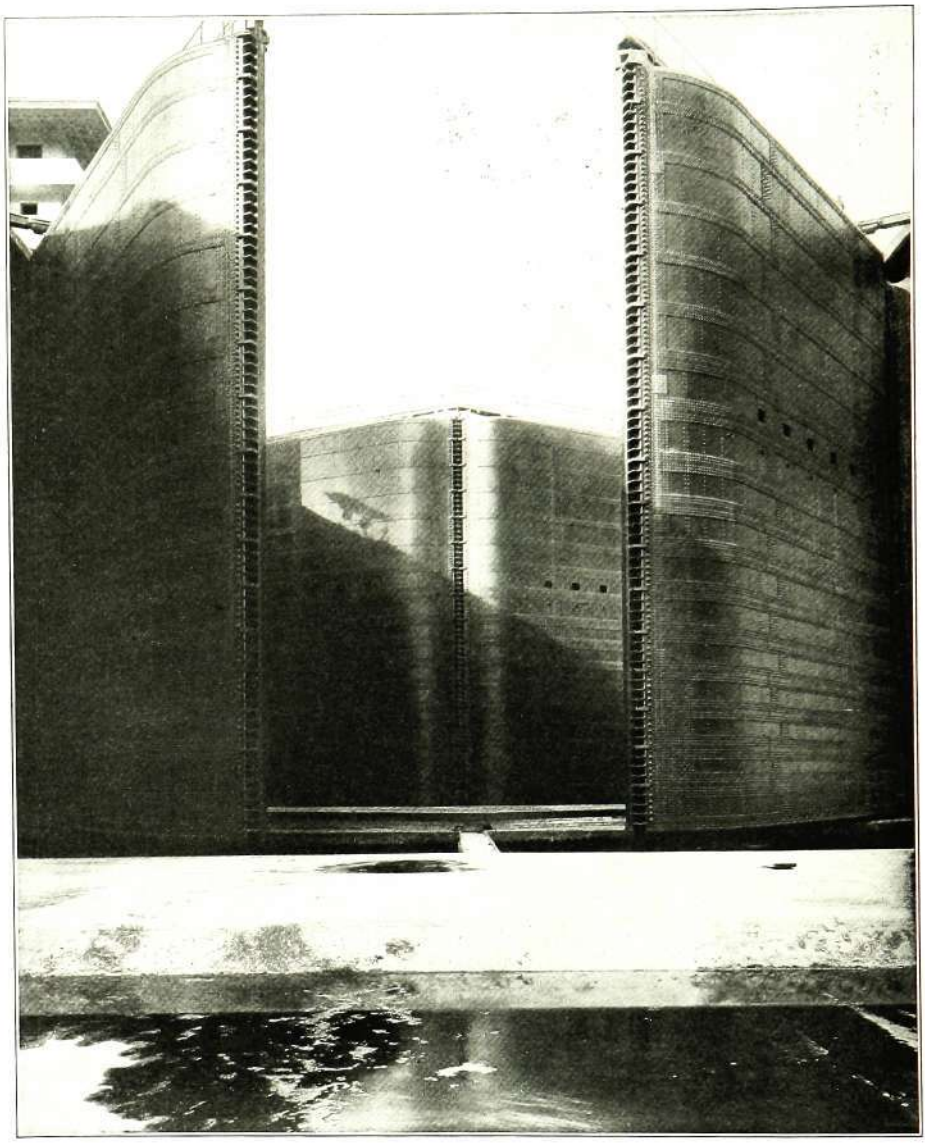
In regard to the Washington office, while it served many useful purposes, there was no doubt that its most important duty was to contract for supplies and purchase and inspect them. Officers of the Corps of Engineers had experience in such matters, and, furthermore, if through the Chief of Engineers inspections could be made by his local officers distributed over the country, usually in commercial and manufacturing centres, in connection with river and harbor work, some economy would result. I therefore advocated that an army engineer be placed in charge of the Washington office, acting under the Chief of Engineers.

Previous to the advent of the new commission there had arisen some friction between the head of the department of law and government and the chief engineer, due to lack of proper co-operation, for there was the seeming impression on the part of the former that the *raison d'être* of the presence of the Americans on the Isthmus was not primarily to construct a canal but to set an example in government to the republics of Central and South America. Referring to this subject, Mr. Stevens was said to have remarked: "It is a case of the tail wagging the dog." Mr. Taft concluded, after examining the situation, that in order to subordinate everything to the construction work the chair-



Balboa Heights.

In the foreground is the Governor's house, which was formerly the Chief Engineer's house at Culebra, removed and reconstructed. In the centre is shown the long roof and part of the rear façade of the new Administration Building. Beyond this roof appear the machine-shops on the inner harbor-front at Balboa. In the upper left-hand corner is seen a portion of the new town of Balboa, composed of reinforced-concrete houses.



First and second lock-gates at Gatun.

man of the commission should have direction over the civil functions, and on April 2, 1907, he issued an Executive Order, by direction of the President, decreeing that the "authority of the governor or chief executive of the Canal Zone, under existing laws, regulations, and Executive Orders, shall be vested in and exercised by the chairman of the Isthmian Canal Commission." This put an end to that source of friction and also to the idea which had been the cause of it. In view of this order I was instructed that when Senator Blackburn arrived on the Isthmus he should be assigned to duty as "governor" but designated as head of the department of civil administration. The official designation —"governor"—thus passed out of existence until revived by the Panama Canal Act of August 24, 1912.

I brought up with Mr. Taft the question of giving me the veto power over any action of the commission, and in discussing the matter he expressed the hope that as all the members of the commission were on the Isthmus things would work more smoothly under the seven-headed system. I explained to him the views of the President, who had said he would give me such power, and suggested that, while occasion for use of the power might not arise, it might be advisable to issue an order conferring it. This he did not think it advisable to do, for the law contained no such provision but apparently contemplated the settlement of all questions by majority rule; he preferred not to reduce the bestowal of the power to writing, and suggested that should it prove to be desirable or necessary to exercise it I take such action and report the facts to him. In this connection I learned from him that a man's usefulness in the public service is determined by the abuse and criticism he can take without complaining.

As Secretary of War, Mr. Taft was the principal stockholder of the Panama Railroad Company, which was operating under its corporate charter from the State of New York; consequently, he directed its policy. The board of directors was composed of thirteen stockholders, and he proposed to divide the board into two parts—seven members on the Isthmus and six in the United States. He had instructed the New York board that the members of the Isthmian Canal Commission should be elected directors and that I should be selected as the president of the company, so that the interests of the railroad on the Isthmus and those of the commission could be adjusted on the ground.

Subsequent to Mr. Taft's return to Washington, I made application for the transfer of Mr. Bishop to the Isthmus, and recommended that the policy outlined above relative to the Washington office be made effective. The outcome was that Major H. F. Hodges, of the Corps of Engineers, was placed in charge of the Washington office, for which duty he could be spared, apparently, though a few months earlier this was not possible, and Mr. Bishop was transferred to the Isthmus, arriving there on August 7. In the interval that had elapsed since assuming charge I had become convinced that some kind of newspaper was greatly needed in order that information about the various phases of the work might be disseminated among the members of the force, and I discussed the matter with Mr. Bishop as a part of his duties. He proposed the publication of a weekly official paper, under the authority and supervision of the commission, which should set forth the progress of the work, together with incidents and general developments of interest to the men, with the view, primarily, of keeping them informed, and, secondarily, of affording to the public of the United States means of obtaining accurate and unquestionable information on the subject. He drew up a plan for such a publication, which was approved by the commission, and in September, 1907, the first number of *The Canal Record* was issued. Its publication continued throughout the construction period. It served a very useful purpose in many ways. It supplied a medium for communicating all official orders to members of the force, furnished a complete file of progress in all sections, and aroused a spirit of wholesome rivalry by publishing the records made by steam-shovels, concrete plants, and dredges.

One source of the complaints made to Secretary Taft by the labor committees of the men in April, 1907, was that the men were dismissed or disciplined for some infraction of the rules without a hearing. I had agreed that when complaints were made they should be investigated; that when of sufficient importance investigation should be conducted by a committee composed of three members, one representing the commission, another the order to which the complainants belonged, and a third the department against which the complaint was lodged. This task of investigation was also assigned to Mr. Bishop, and, although a large number of minor grievances were investigated, only one of sufficient importance to call for the services of a committee was presented. To Mr. Bishop's office Giuseppe Garibaldi was assigned to investigate complaints and grievances among Spanish, Italian, Greek, and other laborers from European countries.

With the commission residing permanently on the Isthmus, it was deemed ad-

visable to move the force of designing engineers to the Isthmus also; this was not regarded favorably by certain members of the force, resulting in separations from the service, and was modified to the extent of permitting those in charge of designing the lock-gates to remain in Washington, on the ground that they should have the advantages of and access to machine-shops and rolling-mills so that the design of the gates might be made to conform to commercial practice and shapes. Following the example of the previous commission, an engineering committee was established for the consideration of such engineering matters as might be referred to it, and Majors Gaillard and Sibert and Mr. Rousseau were designated as constituting the committee. By naming them in this order, I expected that Major Gaillard, as the senior or ranking member, following the usual custom in the army, would become its chairman.

An incident which occurred soon after the announcement of this committee will serve to illustrate how small a matter may create friction or annoyance. In the Executive Order announcing the appointment of the engineer members of the commission the name of Major Sibert was placed ahead of Major Gaillard. While I noted this reversal of their rank in the army, I paid no attention to it. They were classmates at West Point and had roomed together there; Major Gaillard had been graduated No. 5 and Major Sibert No. 7. I had concluded that the reversal of rank in the order had been unintentional, but Major Gaillard spoke to me about it, saying that Major Sibert felt that by virtue of the order he should be the senior member of the engineering committee. I said I thought that the arrangement in the Executive Order was merely an error in making out the list, but he was sure Major Sibert would bring up the question for decision, and if so he had no objection to stepping aside, for it made no difference to him. It did make a difference to Major Sibert, apparently, for when he brought up the subject he assumed that it was no error but deliberate action taken by the President because the President had probably been advised of the work he (Sibert) had done in the way of lock and dam construction, maintaining that if rank had been taken into account the order would not have been arranged as it was. I did not think it was advisable, so early in the game, to take up the question with Washington, as it might create the impression that friction had already developed, and, as Major Gaillard had volunteered to give way, I arranged the committee in accordance with the order until I could have the question decided. Subsequent investigation showed that the arrangement of names in the order had been fixed by a clerk without regard to rank, of which he knew nothing, and the matter was finally put to rest when the annual message of the President appeared containing an announcement of the appointment of the commission, in which Major Sibert's name followed that of Major Gaillard.

The seven-headed commission system worked very smoothly for the first few months, but toward the fall of 1907 a combination was formed against me for the purpose of securing special privileges for certain employees in whom one of the commissioners was interested, which privileges I had told him I would not consent to grant. Much discontent existed in the clerical force because the compensation in some departments was greater than in others for similar services. A scheme was prepared removing discrepancies and making a uniform system of salaries. This was objected to by the heads of departments in which the larger salaries were paid. An anomalous condition existed in the commission, for three members were in charge of departments which were embraced in the department of construction and engineering, and on all questions submitted to the commission for action each of these three had a vote which counted equally with that of the chief engineer, who was its head. As personal feeling and association usually have influence on people's views, especially when, as in this case, three of the members of the commission knew little or nothing about engineering, the result of a vote was doubtful. The only method by which an adverse vote on questions of any importance could be avoided was to bring up the doubtful ones toward the end of a session and, when failure seemed assured, withdraw them without submitting them to a vote.

This was a situation of affairs which might become intolerable, since four members of the commission could, by combining, defeat any proposed action that was objectionable to them for personal or other reasons, and thus make impossible the execution of a uniform and effective policy designed for the sole purpose of expediting the building of the Canal. However, this condition of affairs never arose, due to a change which was effected shortly after.

Ex-Senator Blackburn spoke to me of the commission form of control on several occasions and expressed the opinion that, notwithstanding the general feeling of good will which existed, there was no doubt in his mind that there should be a single responsible head rather than a head of seven executives. Whether or not he expressed such views to President Roosevelt I do not know, but undoubtedly some one did. When I reached Washington in December, 1907, and called at the White House to pay my respects, Mr. Blackburn had preceded me. The President began his conversation by expressing gratification at the progress which was being made, and after this expressed his conviction that from what he had heard and from the experience already gained the commission form of organization could not secure the best results; he then announced his intention to concentrate authority in my hands and to hold me responsible for the work. With this in view he desired me to draw up an Executive Order which should accomplish the purpose. I discussed the matter with Mr. Richard Reid Rogers, the general counsel of the commission, who prepared such an order. As the Secretary of War was my immediate superior, I submitted it to him. The general counsel accompanied me and remarked that it was the best he could do without squeezing the law too much. Mr. Taft read the order, laughed, and said that it was not entirely in accordance with law, but, as it had been prepared under the President's direction, he drew up a note of transmittal, suggesting that I take it with the order to the President and see what he thought of it. I took the order to the White House and handed it to the President. After reading it he reached for a pen, asking if it was satisfactory to me. I replied affirmatively, but explained that Mr. Taft thought it was not exactly in accord with the law. To this the President replied that he would take the chances on the law, adding that he wanted the Canal built. He then signed the order and passed it over to me.

The order was dated January 6, 1908, and under its provisions I assumed complete control of the work in all its branches. It left the assignment of the other members of the commission to such duty as I deemed proper, and the commission ceased thenceforth to be an executive body. The veto power was not conferred in terms, but under the new conditions this was not necessary. Measures governing salaries and kindred questions were not submitted to the commission but were put in force by official order of the chairman and chief engineer.

When I reached the Isthmus from Washington in February I found that the new Executive Order was accepted universally and that no question was raised about the authority it conferred upon the chairman. This condition of affairs continued until April, 1913, when some of the members of the commission found that their consciences, which apparently had been sleeping for five years or more, required them, under their oath of office, to perform certain duties specified by the Spooner Act, but the awakening came too late to overthrow the power which it was claimed I had usurped, for the Panama Canal Act had ratified and confirmed all Executive Orders previously issued, so that the one of January 6, 1908, had been enacted into law. Failing in this, the press spread the news that there was friction in the commission; that the commissioners had been instructed by President Roosevelt that they were to carry out my orders without question or be relieved; and that, since there was a change in administration at Washington, this condition would be remedied. This was a press sensation of short duration, however, for the management continued to the end of the construction period without modification. Now that the Canal is in operation, I doubt if this result could have been accomplished in any other way than by a single responsible head. This President

Roosevelt realized the first time I met him, and I have consequently felt that to this order and to the support given to me in carrying it out are due the results that have been attained.

The organization for the construction of the Canal, adopted in 1907, did not work satisfactorily. There was an overlapping of work between the departments which resulted not only in friction but in placing subordinate officials under two heads, making it difficult at times to fix responsibility; the departments which formed part of the department of construction and engineering were undertaking work and issuing instructions of which the chief engineer had no previous knowledge, and the latter was not in as close touch with the work as his position warranted and required. There were too many heads, with the usual accompaniment, under such situations, of unnecessary expense. The designs for the locks and their appurtenances were not keeping pace with the work, for it was difficult to get anything definitely decided or adopted.

While in Washington in January, 1908, I divorced the lock-gate designing force from the authorities on the Isthmus and placed it under Colonel Hodges (he had received his promotion to lieutenant-colonel Corps of Engineers on August 27, 1907), for I found that the distance from the Isthmus prevented proper supervision of the work and also was causing delays; furthermore, Colonel Hodges was peculiarly fitted for the work through his previous experience and training. When, in 1907, the Chagres River division was created to excavate the channel between Gatun and Culebra Cut, Mr. L. K. Rourke, at that time assistant division engineer, Culebra division, suggested putting all the excavation work between the Atlantic and Pacific locks under one head. From this suggestion came the thought of reorganizing the department of construction and engineering, for, as the proposition of Mr. Rourke seemed feasible, by dividing the work along the lines of territorial subdivision a consolidation could be made which would eliminate several of the existing divisions of the work. The recent Executive Order would enable me to do it, and the plan was very materially assisted by a change in the personnel of the commission which was made in 1908.

Secretary Taft arrived on the Isthmus on May 6, 1908, and informed me that one purpose of his visit was to relieve Mr. Jackson Smith, who had been made a member of the commission in 1907 in recognition of the work that he had done previously. There was no question of Mr. Smith's ability. To him probably more than to any other one man was due the system of collecting both skilled and unskilled laborers and of housing and feeding the force. I doubt if any one could have secured better results in a tropical country which produced nothing and was so far removed from the United States, our only reliable market. He had begun his task under great disadvantages, for not until the summer of 1907 had an adequate cold-storage plant been established and ample refrigeration on the Panama Railroad Company's ships for transporting meat, fruit, and vegetables been installed. I did not believe that there was any dishonesty in Mr. Smith's management, but I did not feel that I had his confidence and support. To him was attributed a published attack on the new or third commission in the spring of 1907, which predicted failure, and because of this and other indications I was not sure of his loyalty. These views I expressed to Mr. Taft, who catechised separately each member of the commission in regard to Mr. Smith. Apparently two members straddled the fence—had no opinion or views, pro or con, though there seemed to be little doubt in the minds of the others about his disloyalty.

One, if not the chief, cause of Mr. Taft's visit was the receipt at Washington of numerous complaints about general conditions on the Isthmus, especially in regard to quarters, food-supplies, and hours of labor. An official from the Civic Federation had been down, and had made an investigation of foodstuffs, hotels, messes, and kitchens, quarters and their furnishings, amusements for the men, and general treatment of employees, and had made a report severely criticising the management of the department of labor, quarters and subsistence. This investigation instigated another, which was made by a reputed expert in food-supplies and

their preparation for consumption. He made various criticisms concerning the quarters, hotels, and food-supplies, and I suggested that he take them up with Mr. Smith, which he did, reporting conditions as he found them at various places along the line of the Canal at the times of his inspection. While a reading of a statement or report that he prepared tended to create a rather unfavorable impression, this in great measure was palliated, if not removed, by the closing paragraphs, in which he complimented Mr. Smith on what he had accomplished with the means at his disposal. Consequently, I was not prepared for a cable message from Washington, followed by a letter from the President, in which were suggested the relief of Mr. Smith and the creation of a new department combining the subsistence features with the commissary department of the Panama Railroad. This was one of the details of the reorganization that I had in mind, but could not carry out until I was in a position to divorce the subsistence from the department of labor, quarters, and subsistence, having relieved Mr. Smith in 1907 from charge of the commissary because he said he could not carry on the business except by a method of accounting which I could not approve. I never learned just what report was made to the President and the Secretary of War, but it was serious enough to make them both fear that unless a change was made, and at once, a scandal might result.

After making a thorough inquiry in regard to Mr. Smith, the Secretary of War decided to allow him to resign, which he did, his resignation taking effect at the expiration of his annual leave of absence, September 15, 1908. The question of a successor was then taken up. Mr. Taft decided to appoint Major C. A. Devol, of the quartermaster's department of the army. This was agreeable to me. I had served with Major Devol on the general staff for a short time and was very favorably impressed with him. He had handled work in many respects similar to that required on the Isthmus, both in the Philippines and at San Francisco after the fire, in each instance with much credit to himself. So far as the vacancy on the commission was concerned, I urged the appointment of Colonel H. F. Hodges. General Mackenzie would be retired from service as chief of engineers by the time Mr. Smith's leave of absence expired, and the reasons which interfered with Colonel Hodges's selection in 1907 no longer obtained. He was pre-eminently fitted to take up the designing work and push it. I had more confidence in Colonel Hodges's ability to act in my place during absences or in case I should be relieved than in that of either of the two army members of the commission; in the latter contingency, though I regarded Mr. Rousseau as the one, of those available, best fitted temperamentally and professionally to be the chairman and chief engineer, there was no possibility of his advancement to the post if the existing policy of having an army engineer in charge was to continue. I therefore urged the selection of Colonel Hodges on these grounds. He ranked the two army engineer members, and his appointment would permit the reorganization of the work along the lines I had laid down in a way more satisfactory than any other that could be devised. Mr. Taft would have preferred to relieve one of the army engineers and appoint Major Devol in his place, but such a course would have discredited the officer suggested for relief by the secretary, and this I wished to avoid. A cable message along these lines was sent to the President, and Colonel Hodges was selected for a place on the commission *vice* Mr. Jackson Smith.

Colonel Hodges was to report for duty on July 15, 1908, in advance of his appointment on the commission; and in the meantime, with the assistance of Mr. Benj. L. Jacobson, the details of the reorganization were worked out to be made effective in such a way that the changes could be accomplished gradually, thus avoiding confusion and consequent delay to the work. The objects sought by the reorganization, and which were accomplished by it, were: concentrating authority; expediting the transaction of business; securing better co-operation and co-ordination of the various parts of the force; fixing more definitely the responsibility in any particular case; enforcing a more uniform wage scale, the lack of which was a source of much complaint; and reducing the cost of administration.

The plan was to divide the Zone into

three construction divisions, one extending from deep water in Limon Bay to Tabernilla, but later reduced so that it did not extend beyond Gatun locks and dam, called the Atlantic division; one extending from Gatun to Pedro Miguel, called the Central division; and the third extending from Pedro Miguel to deep water in the Pacific, called the Pacific division.

Each division was placed in charge of a division engineer, and to him was assigned all work of construction within the territorial limits, including building construction and municipal engineering work, to which was added at a later date sanitary engineering work. To each division was also assigned an assistant division engineer who shared the work with the division engineer in such a way that one of these officials was in charge of the field work of the division, the other in charge of the office work and such designing as was assigned to the division. The work in the divisions was subdivided and placed in charge of resident engineers, superintendents, general foremen, and foremen in such a way that responsibility could be definitely fixed. Major Gaillard was assigned to duty as division engineer of the Central division, Major Sibert to the Atlantic division, and Mr. S. B. Williamson to the Pacific division.

The publication of steam-shovel records in *The Canal Record* had stirred up a rivalry in Culebra Cut to the advantage of the work; and by placing the army engineers in charge of the work in the Atlantic division and civilian engineers in charge of the work in the Pacific division, the construction in both divisions being similar in character, I hoped to arouse a wholesome rivalry between these two divisions and secure better results both in time and money in building the locks and dams. The three resulting construction divisions were formed by the consolidation of nine divisions that had previously existed, and the division engineers reported directly to the chief engineer, who consequently was more closely in touch with the work than formerly.

The office of the chief engineer was divided into three divisions. Colonel Hodges, after his arrival on the Isthmus, was assigned to duty as assistant chief engineer and put in charge of the first division, under which was placed the design of the locks, including valves, lock-gates and protection devices, operating machinery, movable dams, and spillways. Later he had charge of the inspection and erection of the lock-gates and the installation of the operating machinery. Mr. Rousseau, the remaining engineer member of the commission, as assistant to the chief engineer was placed at the head of the second division and had charge of all mechanical matters, preparation of estimates, some of the civil-engineering matters that arose, and later the dry docks and coaling-stations, both design and construction. Colonel Hodges and Mr. Rousseau were my advisers, and I have always referred to them as my right and left bowers. To the faithful and loyal support of these two men is attributed in large measure the satisfactory progress of the work.

The third division was put under Mr. Caleb M. Saville, in charge of meteorology, hydrography, surveys, and special investigations, the most important of which was the examination of the material underlying Gatun Dam. The relocation and construction of the new Panama Railroad was placed under the chief engineer of the Panama Railroad Company, Mr. Ralph Budd, acting through the general manager, Mr. Hiram J. Slifer, until the latter resigned, when the head of the work reported directly to the chief engineer of the commission. Lieutenant Frederick Mears succeeded Mr. Budd and completed the road.

This, in brief, was the organization of the construction forces that resulted from the changes made in 1908, and which was continued, with minor changes to suit new conditions as they arose, until the water was admitted into Culebra Cut on October 10, 1913. In addition to definitely fixing the work in charge of each subordinate, an effort was made to give him full authority and hold him responsible, thus securing the best that was in him. As a consequence, each individual took a personal interest and pride in the work, feeling that the particular work on which he was engaged was *the* important piece; it therefore became *our* Canal and *we* were doing it.

When, in 1910, it was decided to fortify the Canal, involving the construction of

gun and mortar batteries for its defense against naval attack, I took the position that the Isthmus was too small for two separate and independent construction organizations and that all work of this character on the Isthmus should be under one head. This policy was adopted so that the Canal forces and plant were utilized for the purpose. In the same way the construction of quarters for the army is now in charge of the Canal authorities with resulting economy in both instances. The additional work was taken care of by the creation of units reporting to the chief engineer.

The department of labor, quarters, and subsistence was subdivided into the quartermaster's department, under Major C. A. Devol, and the subsistence department, under Major Eugene T. Wilson. The former had charge of the recruiting of labor, skilled and unskilled, care and assignment of quarters, together with furnishing them, distributing fuel, commissary supplies, and distilled water. On September 1, 1908, the division of material and supplies was merged with the quartermaster's department. To the subsistence department was assigned the operation and care of the hotels, messes, and kitchens, and to secure the proper and economical management of the commissaries the commissary department of the Panama Railroad was transferred from the control of the general manager and placed under Major Wilson as commissary of the railroad. Thus he had charge of the purchasing of food-supplies and their inspection and care after receipt on the Isthmus.

After explaining to the Secretary of War, during his visit in 1908, the changes in the organization that were under consideration, he called attention to the expenses of sanitation, which had brought forth considerable criticism from members of the Committee on Appropriations which visited the Isthmus in the fall of 1907, and asked me to look into the matter, suggesting that when Major Devol came down it might be possible for him to take over the work in much the same way as post quartermasters perform the work for hospital authorities at military posts. He expressed the belief that economies might be effected, and if so, a change should be made. I had paid little attention to sanitary work other than to attempt to have grass cut by scythes and mowing-machines instead of machetes, for the estimates that had been submitted for constructing the Canal were exclusive of sanitation and civil administration. After examining the work being done, the methods of its doing, and discussing the matter with Major Devol, I felt that a reduction in the expenditures could be made and better co-ordination secured if the grass-cutting and garbage and night soil collection were turned over to the quartermaster's department and the drainage work turned over to the construction divisions. By this arrangement the sanitary department would prescribe what should be done in the various localities requiring improvement, but the actual work would be executed by the forces of other departments, thereby doing away with the duplication of supervisory forces that existed. The health statistics were prepared by Colonel Gorgas, and on looking into them I felt that there were some grains of truth in Lindon W. Bates's charges in his "Retrieval of Panama"; and I hesitated about ordering the change, for, if this course were taken, an unfavorable change in statistics might force me to return to the existing system, which would have been awkward.

I discussed the matter with Colonel Gorgas, and, though I failed to convince him that the work could be done just as well if not better, I finally secured his consent to have the scheme tried; he was to prescribe the areas where grass and brush were to be cut; and, as he held that, as a rule, engineers were not competent to drain lands for sanitary purposes, I agreed to have his engineer prepare such plans and to carry them out if they conformed to future construction work. The change was put into effect September 1, 1908. There was considerable friction for some time, but this was finally eliminated. I watched the statistics carefully for some months, but, finding that the percentage of sick continued to drop, I felt that the new method of doing the work was producing the results expected, and the cost was less, notwithstanding that greater areas of grass and brush were cut. In 1910 Colonel Gorgas stated that the work was not being done so well as formerly

and requested a return to the old system, but, as economies had been effected and the statistics continued to show a constantly decreasing percentage in the sick-rate, I declined to comply. I laid the facts before President Taft, who visited the Isthmus shortly afterward.

The organization of the sanitary department was top-heavy, and this was overcome by abolishing some of the existing positions. The general policy of concentration was made applicable to the hospitals. In 1907 the health branch of the department consisted of seven hospitals, located one each at various settlements along the line of the Canal, in addition to the main hospitals at Ancon and Colon, while in 1909 the line hospitals had been eliminated, with the exception of the one for the treatment of inmates of the penitentiary located at Culebra; the sick were carried to the terminal hospitals on hospital cars attached to passenger-trains.

The method of accounting for property was not satisfactory, and steps were taken to change the existing system, resulting in a corresponding change in the organization. The method in use was modelled, it is believed, after that in common use by the railroads, the records being prepared from the monthly abstracts of receipts and issues by the division of material and supplies, which therefore were duplicates of the record kept by the chief of that division; yet the latter was the responsible officer. The system proposed for substitution was to have the chief quartermaster take up on returns all property as it arrived or was purchased on the Isthmus. The property would then be transferred to the various divisions or departments for which ordered, or turned over to the main storehouse, which was to be in charge of an accountable officer. All officials having property were to render returns for that in their possession to be checked against the records. A change in the personnel of the accounting branch of the work brought to the Isthmus Mr. W. W. Warwick as examiner of accounts, whose thorough familiarity with government accounting, by reason of his service under the Treasury Department in an important position and knowledge of commission methods dating almost from the start, made him of great assistance in reorganizing this essential element of the work. The method of advanced audit was introduced, and the reorganization of the property and accounting branches was made effective October 1, 1908.

Very little change was made in the organization of the department of civil administration. An Executive Order abolishing the existing municipalities was issued before the third commission took charge, though it became effective subsequent to that date. The Canal Zone was divided into five municipalities, each with its mayor, municipal council, secretary, treasurer, and judge. These were replaced by four administrative districts, to each of which a tax-collector was assigned. The municipal judges were replaced by district judges, and the public works and improvements of the several districts were placed under a superintendent of public works for the Zone. The enactment of ordinances, previously vested in the municipal councils, was assigned to the Isthmian Canal Commission, but such ordinances required the approval of the Secretary of War to be effective. With the organization of the three construction divisions, the municipal engineering required by the superintendent of public works was performed by the various division engineers.

Ex-Senator Blackburn, who had served as the head of the department of civil administration from April 1, 1907, severed his connection with the work by resignation effective December 4, 1909, and by this I lost one of my supporters. His long public service, his knowledge of men and public affairs, made him a very valuable adviser and counsellor, and his method of handling matters with the Panama officials in cases affecting the interests of the Canal Zone and the neighboring republic has never been equalled. The vacancy on the commission was filled by the appointment, on May 6, 1910, of Mr. Maurice H. Thatcher, of Kentucky, who occupied the position until August 9, 1913. When I was in Washington in the summer of 1911 President Taft asked me about the satisfactoriness of Mr. Thatcher's services as head of the department of civil administration, and, after telling him frankly the opinion I had formed, I could not refrain from quoting his formula for determining

a man's usefulness in the public service, and brought forth a laugh when I claimed some credit for not complaining. Mr. Thatcher was succeeded by Mr. Richard L. Metcalfe, of Nebraska, who continued in office until April 1, 1914, when the commission was abolished and the organization provided by the Panama Canal Act was made effective.

In the winter of 1909 Mr. Taft, then President-elect, made an effort to secure the passage by the Senate of the bill passed by the House of Representatives which provided for abolishing the commission and establishing the one-man control for completing the work and for operating and maintaining the Canal. While the one-man control was already in effect, it rested upon the Executive Order of President Roosevelt, and it was deemed advisable to have it founded on law; but his efforts were unavailing. The House of Representatives of the next Congress again passed such a measure, and, while it was reported favorably by the Senate Committee on Interoceanic Canals, it failed to be taken up when it was reached on the calendar, because, as I understood, of the provision in the measure which discriminated against ships owned by the transcontinental railroad lines. I was amused to learn, from gossip extant on the Isthmus, that if the bill became a law ex-President Roosevelt, after his return from Africa, would be sent to take charge of the work, and that I was aiding and abetting this plan; it was also asserted that I wanted the measure enacted in order to get more power. No bill could have given me more power than had already been vested in me by the Executive Order of January 6, 1908. Whether the bill passed or not made little difference to me, for I always had the right to quit, and this I would have been obliged to do if there had been any abridgment of my authority, for time had not bettered the relations existing between myself and some of my colleagues, and I could not have carried forward the work satisfactorily except as it was being done. However, the time was approaching when some action was necessary.

The Spooner Act provided for the construction of the Canal but made no provision for its operation and maintenance. As the work advanced and there seemed every reasonable prospect of having a canal usable by shipping, commercial interests had to be informed of the rules and regulations governing its use as well as the tolls that were to be charged, and nothing could be done until Congress determined the policy; naturally, this involved the consideration and settlement of the whole subject, including the organization for operation and maintenance. The committees of both houses of Congress having charge of Canal legislation visited the Isthmus during the winter of 1911–12, made examinations of the existing conditions, held hearings for taking the testimony of the heads of the various departments and divisions, and continued them later in Washington; as the result of which the Panama Canal Act received the approval of the President on August 24, 1912.

This act is similar in some respects to the Spooner Act, in that it authorizes the President of the United States, after abolishing the commission when the services of that body were no longer necessary, "to complete, govern, and operate the Panama Canal, and govern the Canal Zone," while the Spooner Act authorized the President to construct it. In short, full authority in both cases was vested in the President. The Panama Canal Act differs from the Spooner Act in that, while the latter imposed a commission of seven as the instrumentality for construction, the former provides a governor, or one-man control, for completing, operating, and governing the Canal. The designation "governor" for the head of the enterprise has been regarded as unfortunate, as tending to give an erroneous impression of the duties and scope of the office, but the framer of the bill, Judge W. C. Adamson, M.C., chairman of the Interstate Commerce committee of the House, explained to me that he had fixed upon this title so as to prevent the creation of a position to look after civil affairs, which must of necessity be of relatively small importance, to be used for political purposes as theretofore had been the case.

With the Canal advanced sufficiently toward completion to permit of its use, its operation and maintenance became the first considerations, and the organization

to be adopted should be such as to subordinate everything to these two objects—in exactly the same way as was done with the building of the Canal during the construction period. As between operation and maintenance, the former would be relatively easy were the Canal properly maintained. Under such conditions, in order that proper subordination might be secured, the most effective, and therefore most economical, organization would be secured by placing an engineer in control—one who had the technical ability to solve the various engineering problems that were likely to arise and who was at the same time a good administrator. This suggestion or recommendation was adopted, which enabled the governor to place the department of operation and maintenance in such relation to the other branches of the organization as to bring about the cooperation necessary to secure the best results from all. The governor is assisted in the management of the department of operation and maintenance by an engineer of maintenance, whose title indicates his duties, and by a naval officer in charge of shipping through the Canal together with all other marine matters and questions that may arise. The work under each is subdivided into divisions the work and authority of which are definitely fixed.

The conduct of civil affairs is vested in the governor, who exercises this function through an executive secretary. The other portions of the work are administered through the supply department—in charge of all food and construction supplies and the management of hotels, messes, kitchens, cold-storage plants, and laundries; the health department—in charge of sanitation, hospitals, and quarantine; accounting department—charged with the collection and disbursement of all funds, together with auditing the Panama Railroad and Canal Zone accounts and the administrative examination of the expenditures and collections whose final audit rests with the auditor for the War Department.

By the Panama Canal Act specific provision is made for the courts and their officials, making an independent judicial system for the Canal and the Zone. The remaining construction work is executed either through the engineer of maintenance or by separate divisions reporting to the governor, the latter to exist only so long as may be necessary to complete the work, which includes dry docks, coaling-stations, and terminal facilities, not authorized until 1912 and therefore not yet completed, fortifications, and some dredging, which could not be completed with the rest of the Canal because of the necessity for using the plant on the slides.

During the construction period each department administered its own affairs, but with the reorganization under the Panama Canal Act began a gradual concentration of administrative functions, including the Canal proper, the Canal Zone government, and the Panama Railroad; so that all accounting is done now by one force instead of three; the records of all departments and divisions are consolidated under one head, as are all correspondence, property, and drafting.

The reorganization is completed and follows that which existed during construction as closely as the new conditions permitted. The same results are sought—economy of administration and the concentration of authority in such a way as not only to enable the fixing of responsibility but also to allow such scope as to arouse an individual interest in the work. The reorganization was begun on April 1, 1914, and was completed in September following: it has, therefore, been in operation but a relatively short time, yet the team-work already secured promises for it the same success as that attained by the construction organization.

[General Goethals's fourth article, "Questions of Administration," will appear in the June number.]

A BROTHER OF THE ANGLE

By Willis Boyd Allen

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST

IT seems strange that in these days of bustle and business, of commotion over tariff and income tax, of unsuccessful and successful war; of flying over the ground at the rate of a mile a minute, and through the air even more swiftly; of "progress" and muck-raking and "boom"; of materialistic tendencies and activities whose watchwords are, in the vernacular, "push" and "punch," and whose slogan is "Get a move on!" that in this era of restless energy and change there should exist one civilized, full-grown man who cares for fishing: an occupation which, as our honest Izaak Walton assures us, "invites to contemplation and quietness." He adds naïvely, "I, sir, am a Brother of the Angle."

Contemplation and quietness! Will these words soon be labelled in our dictionaries "obsolete"? It would seem so; yet there will be some use for them, among old-fashioned folk, as long as the word "angling" holds its place. I have read somewhere, in an interesting letter of bygone days, that when the writer became a man, he put away childish things. But bound up in the same volume is another pamphlet, wherein we are told of an august Form who addressed the multitudes by the seashore; whose chosen companions were fishermen; and who bade his hearers become as little children, if they would inherit the kingdom of heaven.

With a good conscience, then, and supported by the highest Authority, one may yield to the delights, however childish, of that innocent recreation which "Piscator" so well defended nearly three centuries ago. When we are confused and harried by the turmoil of modern life, our heads and our hearts aching with its complex problems, its exigent demands, its rebuffs and its bitter disappointments, let us turn once more to the forest and meadow, the peaceful stream, with the fleecy clouds or overhanging boughs kindly tempering the rays of the summer sun; let us drop our pens, abandon for the nonce our manuscripts, our ledgers, or the stock reports of the day, and "go a-fishing."

I was ransacking a long-unopened chest the other day, when I picked up a little tin flask, unscrewed the stopper abstractedly, and took a sniff. What a transformation! The walls of my room, and of the brick and stone dwellings on the other side of the way, vanished as if at the touch of an enchanter's wand. They were replaced by the drooping branches of pine and hemlock, "bearded with moss." The roar of the city street died away in the murmur and rush of a mountain brook. The arrogant, coughing shriek of a passing automobile became a thrush's flute-note, calling from the thicket. In the dark, foam-flecked pool before me a trout had just shown a golden flash as he rose for a floating insect. Quick—let me select a fly, a modest one, for this small stream—say, a brown hackle or a dark Montreal—but the moment passed, and I was again a hurried, dusty, fussy man of business, hunting for an old deed in my musty chest. Such had been the magic, only too fleeting, of that one whiff of the few drops of pennyroyal-and-tar which the little flask still contained!

When the actual scenes of his loved pursuit are inaccessible, your true fisherman tries to find a temporary solace in looking over his tackle; and when that diversion palls, in the pages of his books. The "Compleat Angler," it need hardly be said, is first choice; and its Appendix, by "Charles Cotton, Esq.," is not to be neglected. Of modern writers we turn to Doctor van Dyke, with his "Little Rivers" and "Fisherman's Luck"; or to an author who is in danger of being forgotten

nowadays, William C. Prime. His "I Go a-Fishing" is fragrant with the odor of balsam fir and arbor vitæ. In his delectable pages I have gloated over the old fisherman's defense of his tobacco-pipe. His favorite indulgence, he declares, is harmless compared with the pernicious doughnut habit of rural New England; and then follows that delightful description of the butterfly that doted on tobacco smoke—which was enough to settle the whole question, once for all! It is Doctor Prime who tells us of the results of his observations of trout rising to natural flies. The crafty fish, he soberly asserts, invariably strike the insect first with their *tails*, knocking it over into the water and snapping it up with a lightning dart, which can hardly be distinguished from the original movement, so quickly does one succeed the other! The good doctor may be right, for all I know. Would that I could at this moment hear the splash of the rising beauty, and see the widening rings on the sunset-illumined surface of the forest lake! I must confess, right here, that of late years I have often had misgivings lest, from my sympathy with the S. P. C. T. A., and the modern nature-study movement, I should become too tender-hearted to enjoy fishing; as I long ago abjured hunting as a sport. But with every returning season I am devoutly thankful to find my passion for angling unimpaired, and my conscience in the matter as clear as ever. The suffering inflicted upon these dully organized creatures is, science assures us, comparatively light; and it is invariably reduced to its lowest terms by all true sportsmen. I have seen people who sincerely mourned over the violent death of a mosquito. So easy is the descent from genuine thoughtfulness to sentimentalism. With which comforting reflection we may dismiss the subject.

I was spending a few August days at Crawford's, some twenty years ago, and had amused myself, as had others, in whipping the dark little lake at the head of the Notch, with no results beyond a sun-scorched face and draggled flies. One afternoon Doctor Prime arrived. Within a half-hour after he had left the train he was on the lake. It was a treat to see him cast, his sixty or seventy feet of line gently floating through the air in exquisite curves, and the flies dropping like thistledown at their farthest range. A little later the gray-bearded fisherman paddled back to the landing, his net sagging with the weight of a pound-and-a-quarter trout—the very one, we all declared, that we had been trying for a week to catch! From which it may be deduced that what W. C. Prime did not know about fishing, and the habits of *salmo fontinalis*, was a negligible quantity. As old English Jack, the Crawford hermit, once said of a local fisherman, "Why, sir, he c'd ketch trout off'n a fir-tree!"

Then there is "Charley" Stevens, with his book on fly-fishing in Maine; and gallant "Captain" Farrar, who wrote that series of jolly camping-out stories for boys a generation ago, and whom old habitués of the Middle Dam and Parmachenee remember right well and right pleasantly. The child-hearted captain commanded no battleship nor ocean liner, but his little thirty-foot launch bravely ploughed the waters of those beautiful mountain-encircled lakes of Maine, and many an expert fisherman and mighty hunter has he conveyed—anæmic, weak-muscled, brain-fagged—to their camps in the wilderness; to bring them out, a few weeks later, bronzed, hearty, and once more ready for the world's work. How the wild Indian names of those blessed lakes stick in the memory—Umbagog, Welokennebacook, Mooselucmeguntic, Mollychunkamunk, Cupsuptic, and Oquossuc! To whisper them softly is to hear again the sough of the wind in the pines, the mocking laugh of the loon, the "light drip of the suspended oar," the purr and crackle of the flames of the evening camp-fire.

There are some writers—adventurous fellows, too, and full of outdoors spirit—who show plainly enough in their books that they have no genuine love for fishing. I do not now recall a single instance in Clark Russell's glorious sea-stories, or in Rider Haggard's tales of the African veldt and jungle, of the legitimate capture of a fish, either for sport or for food. The wrecked crew break open biscuit-boxes, the lost adventurer brings down game by wonderful shots; they do everything to procure food, except fish. The characters

The trout-stream was a brook hardly larger than the home of the shiners.—Page 553.

of these novelists have the instinct of the sailor, the hunter, not of the fisherman; and so are the more truly drawn, I suppose. How surely one can deduce from Dickens's stories that piscatorial pursuits were utterly outside his world! Mr. Snodgrass, Mr. Winkle, and Tracy Tupman might toy with shotguns—to the trepidation of the keeper and his boy—but they never touched rod or line; and Mr. Pickwick himself, although represented on the first page of the original parts of the immortal history which bears his name as sitting asleep in a punt, while a hooked fish pulls down the end of his rod, was not, I believe, once betrayed, in the varied course of his adventures, into a trial of Walton's "genial art."

Novelists there are, indeed, whose hearts are plainly in the highlands, a-chasing not the wild deer, but the wilder and more elusive trout and salmon, while they

scratch away with their pens and burn midnight oil over their manuscripts. What would be left of William Black's romances, if you expurgated them of salmon-catching scenes? One of the most fascinating accounts of fishing I know occurs in a book of travel and exploration, now almost completely forgotten by the public, Sir Samuel Baker's "Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia," published in 1868. He was encamped on the banks of the Atbara, which had fallen far below its rainy-season level; and started to try his luck without the least idea of the kind or size of fish that the turbid waters might furnish. A "terrific strike" at his minnow bait carried away the hook and half the line in a moment. "'Well, that was a monster!' I exclaimed, as I recovered my inglorious line. 'I replaced the lost hooks by a still larger set, with the stoutest gimp and swivels, and once more I tried my fortune.'" This time he had better luck, and "quickly landed a fish of about twelve pounds, known to the Arabs as a *bayard*." Afterward, fishing in the same river, he caught a bayard weighing a little over sixty pounds. A few days later, using a one-pound fish as bait, he hooked a great, perch-like creature, which several times leaped above the surface of the water and took out a hundred yards of fresh line. The monster was finally played into the shallows, and a native attendant landed him *vi et armis*. This fish was salmon-colored, and tasted like trout. It weighed about fifty pounds. The Arab name for it was "baggar," or "cow-fish." The next notable capture was a baggar of eighty pounds—but here we will leave the doughty sportsman, whose fish stories I should well like to have heard, before a camp-fire. One cannot help being reminded—although no doubt has been thrown on these thrilling accounts—of the occasion when a committee-man was examining a class of boys in the South. "Can any of you," he asked, "tell me what 'amphibious' means, and give a sentence to illustrate?" A bright little darky held up his hand. "I know, sah! It's lying! Mos' fish stories am fibious!" Baker, who will always be remembered as one of the great African explorers of the nineteenth century, was knighted on his return from the Sudan in 1866. He commanded one more expedition to Africa in 1869, wrote several books of travel, and died at his home in England on the last day of 1893, at the age of seventy-two. After all, his experiences were no more wonderful than those of tarpon fishermen in our own Florida. It was the weird stage-setting, the constant imminence of the unexpected, the *ex Africa semper aliquid novi*, that gave them their unique charm. Who is there that does not recall one more instance of wonderful fishing in Lower Egypt? This time it is a queen who speaks:

"Give me mine angle—we'll to the river: there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawney-finned fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, 'Ah, ha! you're caught!'"

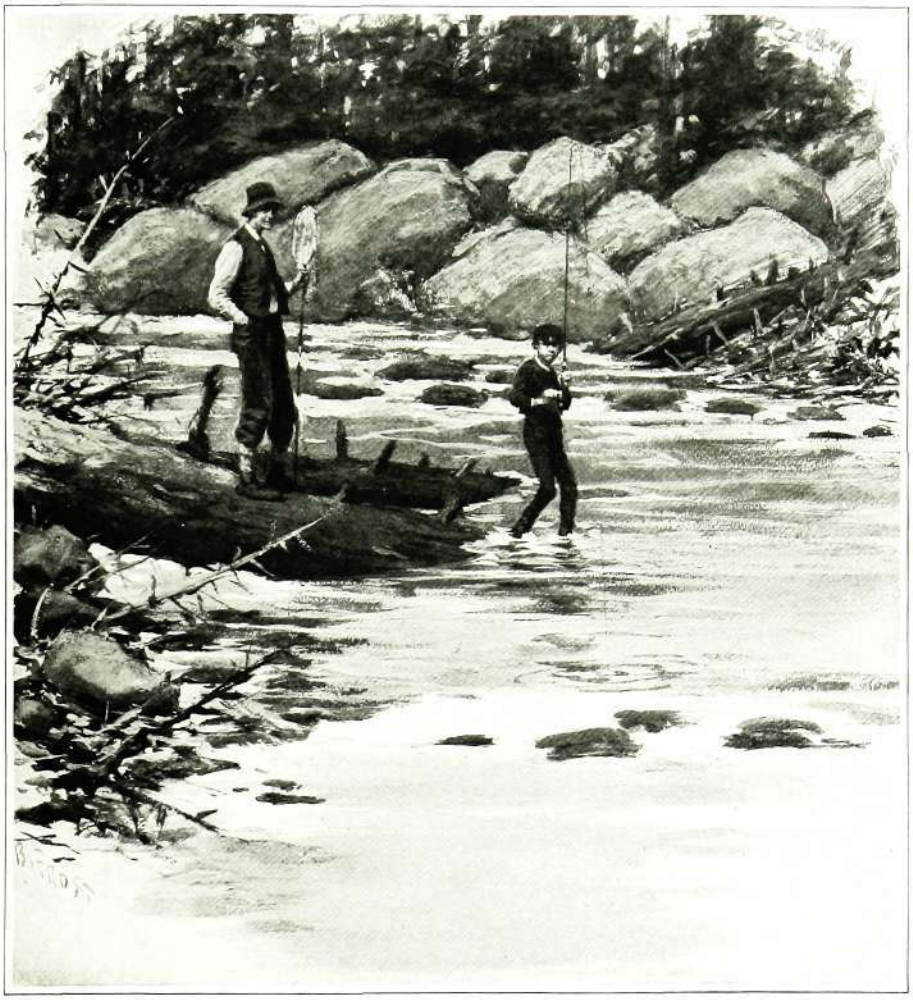
Whereupon Charmian, the saucy attendant, replies:

"'Twas merry when
You wagered on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up!"

What a vivid touch is that "with fervency"! One can see the real angler's expression in Antony's face as he hauls in his strangely submissive captive; and hear the silvery laugh of the queen, leaning forward and clapping her little hands, as the head of her guest's "salt-fish" appears above water. She was no haughty, unscrupulous, crafty monarch at that moment, but a mischievous girl. I am glad we have had that one wholesome glimpse of Antony and Cleopatra.

It is a far cry from Africa to Maine. My own piscatorial experiences, I admit, have been of a far less sensational order than those of the famous traveller or the infatuated Roman of ancient days. I was early initiated into the peaceful art by my father, himself an enthusiastic, though not fanatical, disciple of Walton. I well remember when, at the age of seven or thereabouts, I was promised an excursion to a stream where real trout were occasionally caught. Thitherto my exploits had been limited to the capture of small shiners; and even now I can recall the visions I had of a great, sweeping river,

something between the Mississippi and the Amazon, in whose foaming flood sported gigantic fish, gleaming like silver, and flecked with scarlet and gold. It was

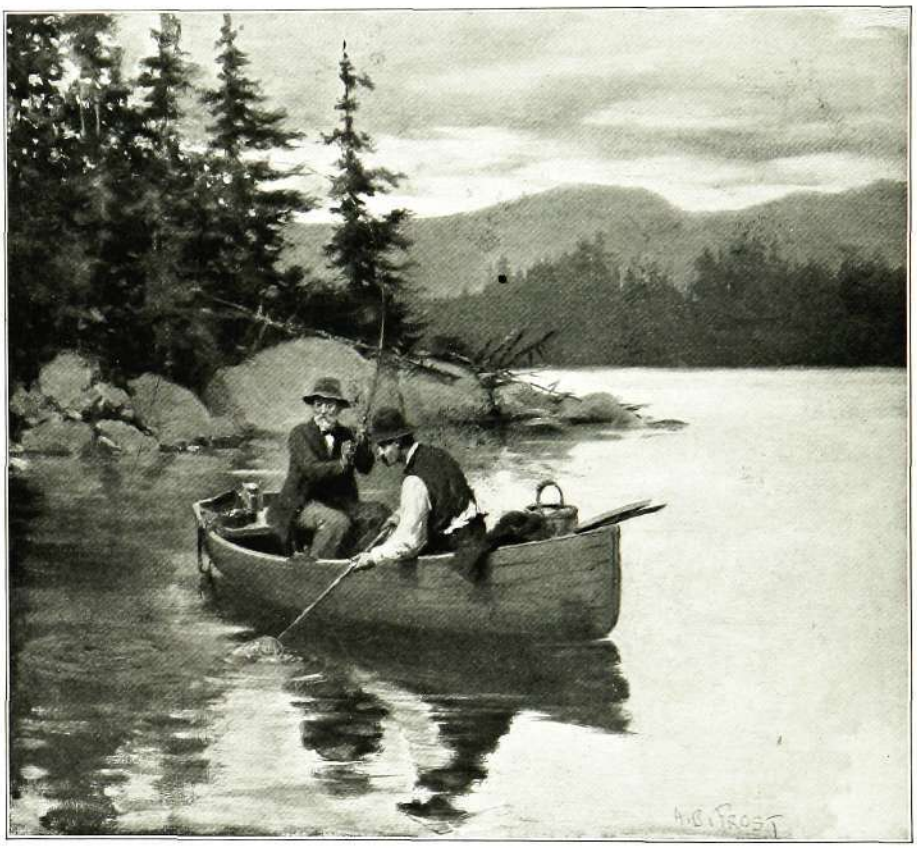


That first fight with a three-pound trout.—Page 554.

a great disappointment to find that the trout-stream was a brook hardly larger than the home of the shiners, flowing sleepily through a cow-pasture and lingering in sunny meadows. With the landing of my first trout, however, all dissatisfaction vanished. Even the disillusionment as to the real size of the fish—a few ounces in weight—could not balance the joy of the capture; and the coloring, at any rate, of the beautiful creature was fully up to my fondest expectations. After that there was always good-natured rivalry between my loved preceptor—the truest type of sweet and noble fatherhood I have ever known—and myself, as to the number and size of our respective catches. As long as my father lived, each of us was first choice to the other as companion in our woodland tramps.

In the old farmhouse which was our home for a few weeks each year, during the fishing season, we used to lay out the largest fish upon birch-bark or brown

paper, and trace his outlines, filling in with various artistic touches afterward. The sketch was then labelled with data as to the weight of the fish and time of capture, signed by the successful fisherman, and pinned to the wall of the living-



I have taken them—one, two, three, or more pounds' weight.—Page 559.

room, which is still adorned with many such trophies—mute and touching reminders, to me, of the dear comrade who is no longer in visible presence beside me as, at long intervals, I escape from my work in the city, loiter on the banks of that little country brook, and listen to its soft murmur blended with the sighing of the pine.

My next promotion in the art of angling was to fly-fishing, in the wild, forest-nurtured waters of the upper Androscoggin. I shall never forget that first fight with a three-pound trout. Standing on a projecting and swaying log, over which the water rushed ankle-deep, I played the fellow for twenty minutes—minutes fraught with a lifetime of excitement and anxiety lest I should slip off the log and be swept down-stream; or, far worse, the trout should succeed in warping the line around a bowlder and free himself. My rod was bent into an inverted U, the taut line dripped and wandered hither and thither in the rapids, with the buried end always drawing a little nearer as I gained notch after notch in my reel: until at last the Upton guide, anxious to please my father as well as me, skilfully slipped his net under the fish and lifted him from the foaming water.

I wonder that I did not then and there lose my footing on that slippery, submerged log. It seemed impossible to balance myself, in the delirious flush of tri-

In a pool five or six feet deep.—Page 559.

umph, and creep slowly back to shore, to walk on two ordinary, soaking-wet feet. I wanted to fly, to soar above the tree-tops like an osprey, clutching my booty. Instead, I followed the guide, speculating eagerly and vocally as to the weight of our catch, and recounting to willing ears the trepidations and thrills of various critical moments of the fight. We were below the old "Middle Dam," on the upper side of which was my father, who, absorbed in his own fishing, had known nothing of the battle royal. I clambered up the rocky face of the dam. The guide followed, still carrying the trout in the net. The fish was so big that his huge square tail actually projected above the brass rim. A moment more, and the exploit would be complete. I shouted to my father to come and see what I had caught. The guide, climbing rather awkwardly, and holding the long-handled net in his left

hand, was just surmounting the cap-piece of the dam when the trout gave an unexpected flop, threw himself out of the net, flashed through the air, caromed off a mossy log—and was gone in the foaming, roaring torrent of the river! *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

Let us draw the kindly veil of silence over the guide's remarks, chiefly addressed to himself and the trout, during the next few minutes. It was noticeable that the weight of that fish had increased perceptibly since he was netted, that he already weighed at least half a pound more than at first. He has been gaining ever since. I am not positively sure that originally he would have tipped the scales at over two pounds and three-quarters. No sooner had he escaped than he was "a little better than a three-pounder." I speak of him carelessly, nowadays, as "something under four pounds."

I sometimes wonder whether that disappointment of my boyhood days is not responsible for the fact that in my dreams I am never quite successful in landing a fish; or that the trout, genuine enough in the dream river, becomes a minnow, or even a bloated sculpin, when brought to shore. The impression then made seems to have scored deeply on the mysterious brain tissues, like the "recorder" of a graphophone; and in the unconscious night visions the "reproducing cylinder" is fitted to its place and set running, so as to re-enact, in distorted fashion, that scene of long ago. I take a good deal of pleasure in dreams, and have had my share of interesting ones: darting about on invisible wings, like a swallow; singing like Caruso; swimming with the speed of a bluefish; trundling over hill and dale in a horseless wagon, long before the world gaped at the sight of the first automobile. But there is no fun for me in my fishing-dreams, which are not infrequent. Somehow I am never successful in my sport, and start up, after one of them, as from a nightmare.

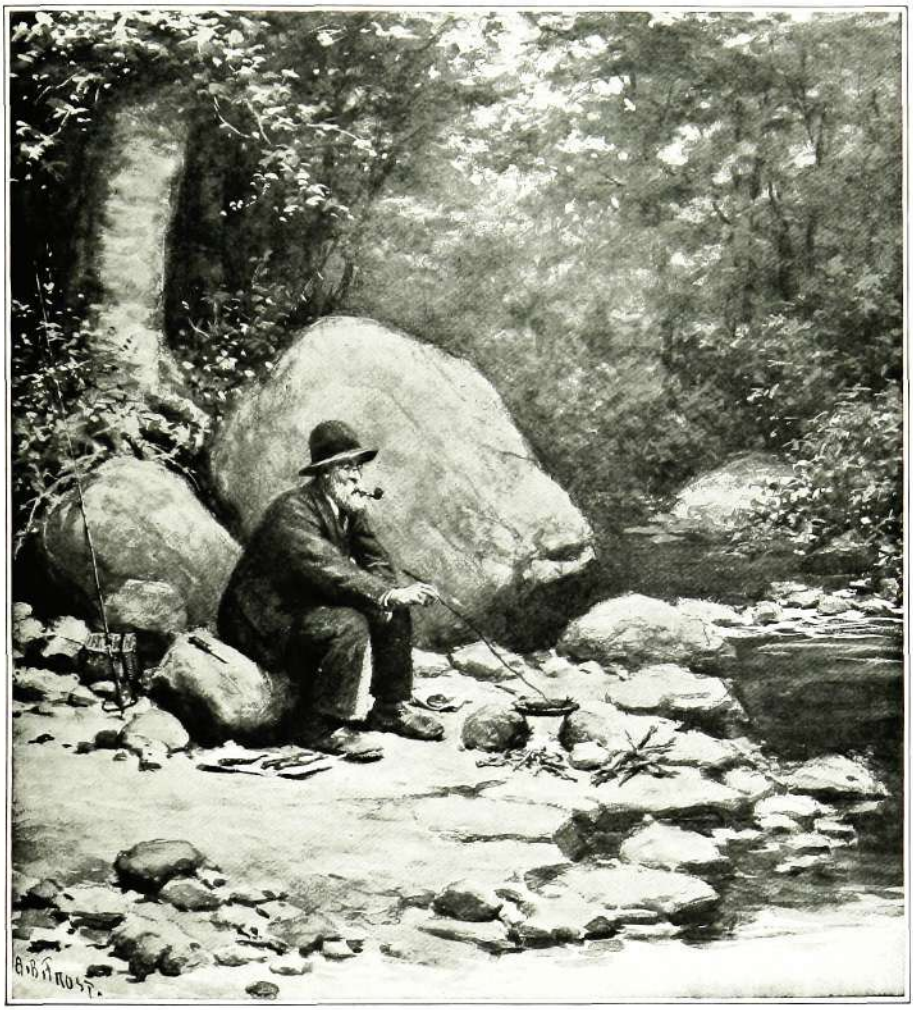
Once or twice I have had actual experiences, in my waking moments, which left exactly the same impression. Not long ago I was in Fredericton, N. B. Seeing a couple of men fishing off the end of a wharf, I felt the attraction of "a brother of the angle," and strolled down to say, "What luck?" and see what they were catching. As I drew near, my words of cheery greeting died away. The men—they were huge negroes of the lowest type, with intensely black, brutal faces—were bobbing for eels, and several of these never too agreeable objects were squirming on the wharf. They were about two feet long, of a sickly, greenish yellow (when they turned upon their backs), and were thicker than my wrist. It was evident from what source these abominable, bloated creatures of mud and slime, frequenting the water-front of the city, obtained their sustenance. Even then I might have spoken, but the men turned their backs on me sullenly and silently, as I approached, and I hastened to retrace my steps.

One other scene, in this connection, recurs to me vividly. As I was crossing Boston Common on a cold day early in November I noticed a small group of idlers lining the curb of the western portion of the Frog Pond. There was a "fly-casting contest," it seemed, in progress. A platform had been built out into the pond, and upon this the contestants took position in turn, as they cast for accuracy or distance. Nobody spoke: a dull, depressing silence hung over the gathering. The gray sky, the naked branches of the elms, the stolid and rather squalid crowd, hands in pockets; the far-cast fly settling into the sour, murky, stagnant water, or entangling itself among sodden leaves and floating rubbish, as the voiceless wielder of the rod slowly reeled in—it was a veritable dyspeptic dream of trout-fishing.

It is curious to note purely local predilections for special sorts of fish found in various districts. Very likely I was oversqueamish about those eels. In the colored colony at the little New Brunswick capital, eels—overfed and overgrown but decidedly cheap and easily procured—are no doubt as popular on the table as they were in ancient Rome. The country folk in many parts of New England are very fond of pickerel, as a breakfast dish. In Boston they are a rather expensive luxury, almost ranking with trout; but in northern Maine, especially in the vicinity of the great trout streams and lakes, the idea of using them as food is abhorrent. "I'd as

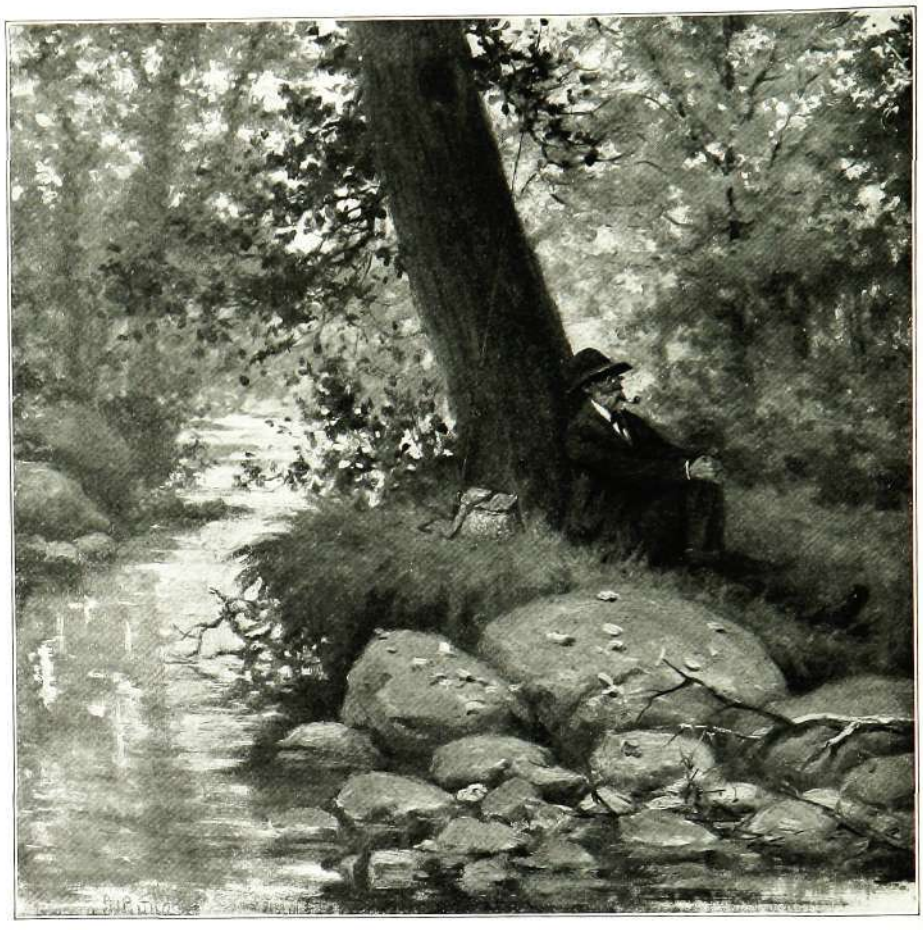
soon eat snake!" said a guide to me. Brook trout, crispy and brown from the frying-pan, had made an epicure of him.

Most of the fish that abound in the Sea of Galilee nowadays, as they did two thousand years ago, are a species of bream and chub. A canning-factory, I am told, is now in process of erection on the shore not far from Capernaum! These fish were formerly taken almost wholly in nets, though fish-hooks seem to have been known and used more or less throughout the East from very early times. Wilkinson tells us that angling was a favorite pursuit of the wealthy in Egypt, as well as of the poor who could not afford a net. Something like our modern weirs were also in vogue; but in Gennesaret they were expressly forbidden by law, in Bible times. Fly-fishing was unknown until a comparatively recent period.



And soon the fish are sputtering and sizzling.—Page 560.

But the word "fly-fishing" recalls us from Egypt and Palestine with a snap, as the trailing fly is jerked from the surface of the pool where it rippled a moment, a dozen fathoms distant from the canoe; to be cast over the shoulder, it may be, by a deft turn of the wrist, to an inviting spot



My pipe of peace.—Page 560.

in the opposite direction. Once again memory reverts to serene and blithesome scenes of long ago, when life itself seemed but a joyous stream, from which we had but to take the choicest of fish, at our liking. The taste for reminiscence grows by indulgence, and may easily become boresome to one's friends, pernicious to oneself. At what age, I wonder, does a man begin to walk backward? The tendency, which, of course, varies with the temperament of the individual, is a subtle and deplorable habit. After fifty most of us look over our shoulders a good deal, to say the least; and before long, turning slowly, like Mr. Pickwick on the ice at Dingley Dell, we are but too apt to set our faces almost wholly toward the past. When I revisit the scenes of earlier travel and adventure I find myself inevitably reverting to those days in which I, too, was young and hopeful; and, what is worse, boring my youthful companions by calling their attention to incidents long forgotten, and to biographical anecdotes of friends who once, as these do now, made the forest ring with their laughter and merry voices, long since silent. "Twenty"—"thirty"—"forty years ago," I hear myself saying, over and over. It is, indeed, an insidious fault, apt to result in a habit of mind, and consequent reiteration of reminiscence, which might be termed "agoism." Many of my friends are afflicted with it, and I find my own mood and conversation but too often glaring ex-

amples of the failing. Heavens! if all of us who yield to Lot's wife's temptation were to be summarily visited with that unhappy lady's punishment, every highway would soon be but a pergola, for the white pillars upreared along its course!

But what, pray, would become of fish stories, were reminiscence tabooed? Hardly less enjoyable than the actual scenes recalled are the mutual accounts of fishermen's adventures, as the campers gather around the blazing fire in the log hut, or under the stars, and stories are "swapped," amid the curling wreaths of smoke from brier-wood and meerschaum. It is all the cosier if the gathering must be under shelter, with the rain-drops pattering on the bark roof. The guide shuts the low door of the cabin and makes all snug. "I don't want no b'ars creepin' 'raound on *my* feet to-night," he soliloquizes. The clergyman, in flannel shirt, corduroys, and heavy brogans, takes out his fly-book, to illustrate his day's adventures, and proves the story of the big trout he lost by producing the "silver doctor," draggled and torn by the monstrous fish. The tired lawyer leans upon his elbow, on a fragrant heap of fir boughs, blows a few circles of blue smoke, and matches the minister's story with one of his own experiences in the Adirondacks. The rest smoke in silence, their eyes fixed on the glowing brands of the fire in the huge, rudely constructed fireplace. The wind moans outside the tiny, four-pane window, and the call of a loon is heard, far off on the lake.

"He'd weigh six pounds, if an ounce!" exclaims the reverend camper, smiting his knee as he supplements his story.

Every fisherman has heard of certain mysterious runs, or "holes," stocked with fabulously large and gamy trout. In a little bay near the northwest extremity of Umbagog is a quiet bit of water, suggesting pickerel, but one of the last places in which to look for trout. Casting, indeed, would be futile. The wary monsters hidden under that smooth surface will not rise to an artificial fly. At the bottom of the lake, nearly sixty feet deep at that point, is a cold spring, where these splendid fellows congregate. It needs some courage to confess how I have taken them—one, two, three, or more pounds' weight, with bait, at the end of a tremendously long line. It did seem like cod-fishing—until the fish was fairly hooked; then it became rather exciting. Now, a hundred feet away you might fish all day, with bait or fly, without seeing or feeling a sign of trout.

There is a tradition that somewhere far up on the side of Mount Willard, near the White Mountain Notch, a fisherman once came upon a deep pool half-hidden under moss and shrubbery, and by skilful manipulation of his hook and line extracted therefrom a basketful of fine trout. The brook which supplied the pool was, as often happens in the mountain districts, mostly concealed underground, and the casual tramper, so the story goes, would never discover its existence. I have hunted for that wonderful fish-pool myself, and have succeeded so far as to find the tiny stream, gurgling under the roots of gnarled firs, and beneath moss-covered bowlders; but the magic reservoir itself, if it ever existed, remained unseen. There is, however, a spot within a mile of its supposed location, where I am perfectly sure I could go at any time when the ice is out of the stream, and take from half a dozen to a dozen fine trout. The brook—I shall be forgiven, I trust, if I do not specify *which* brook of the many in the district—rippling hardly two inches in depth over a bed of golden pebbles, makes a sudden turn behind a thick clump of scrub trees, and gathers itself, unsuspected by the uninitiated, in a pool five or six feet deep under a huge rock. The top of that bowlder, densely overgrown with moss and bushes, is the only point from which the pool can be fished; and from its appearance no one would guess the harvest below. I am always careful not to leave traces of my scramble, in broken twigs or displaced moss! The last time I was there I took sixteen good trout in about as many minutes.

By these open and shameless references of mine to bait-fishing the reader may see that I am not one of those sportsmen who despise "ground hackle." That fly-fishing is clean, and free from the muscular efforts of mountain-climbing; that it is usually rewarded with larger fish than those taken with a worm; that it has a freedom, a jollity, a certain broad, wide-

spaced exhilaration, I willingly admit. But the humbler, old-fashioned method has a charm of its own which I am not ready to forego.

With no impedimenta but a creel (even that is not an absolute necessity; its place being often taken by an alder twig, a "string," cut from the nearest bush), a bait-box strapped in my belt, and a small tin frying-pan in my pocket, I start up a mountain path which crosses the brook a mile or two above the valley. There, after a brief rest from my steep climb, I proceed to cut a slender rod—alder, birch, or moosewood—about eight feet from butt to tip; attach six or seven feet of dark-green silk line, with a gutted "Limerick" hook: and I am ready for business.

Creeping up to the pool below the first rapid (the brook is so narrow, or its bed so strewn with bowlders, that it can be crossed with dry feet at almost any point), I crouch low, and let the bait sink under a projecting rock, keeping the hook gently in motion and floating naturally with the current. I use no sinker, beyond, sometimes, a single shot. Presently the tip of the little rod goes down with a wabbling tug. A moment's pause, then a deft "strike," and out comes my first trout, flashing through the air. One by one the number in the basket increases as I make my way slowly down-stream, clinging to roots of huge, overhanging trees, wriggling over mossy ledges, dropping from low-drooping boughs to point after point of vantage. After a couple of hours of this, I deem it time for a halt.

The stream just here broadens out into a shallow sheet of water, singing and dancing between moss-covered rocks and over stretches of tawny-gleaming sand. I take off my creel, which has grown pretty heavy, gather a few dry sticks, and start a little fire on a broad ledge where there is no danger of its spreading. Then I proceed to dress three or four of the smallest trout; lift the close-fitting cover from my tiny pocket frying-pan, which contains an ounce of corn-meal and two small squares of pork wrapped in oil-paper; and soon the fish are sputtering and sizzling in most appetizing fashion over a bed of hot coals. I have brought in another pocket, it may be, a buttered roll, or some fruit. The trout, brown and crisp, are served on a square of birch-bark; and what a feast is mine!

After lunch is finished, débris burned, pan sand-scoured, dried, and again pocketed, I lean back against my moss-upholstered couch, and smoke my pipe of peace. Peace, indeed! There is a sense of uplift, mental and spiritual as well as physical, in these high places, far removed from the cares, the grosser demands of life, the petty anxieties and limitations of every-day existence in the busy world we have left behind and below us. The air breathes softly down from the near-by mountain summits, following the course of the little stream which, owning the same birthplace, seems hardly less translucent than the golden atmosphere. I take a cupful from the swift current, and quaff the essence of the white vapors, the errant winds, of the lofty peaks. It is like drinking music. On the mossy forest floor all about me the pools of sunshine shift and shimmer in ever-changing succession. The silence of the deep wood, broken only by the dreamy song of the brook, rests upon the fir-clad mountain slope. Not a bird-note punctuates the stillness.

Far overhead, through an opening in the boughs of maple and yellow birch, I see a dot, growing to a thin black line, moving slowly across the field of blue: a solitary eagle, soaring through space as far over me as I am above the restless life of man in the valley below. Now he has passed out of my vision, and I am alone again with the brook, the forest, the golden sunlight, the long, bright summer day.

BAYTOP

BY ARMISTEAD C. GORDON

Author of "Maje," "Ommirandy," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER BIGGS

"UNC' JONAS, he say it look ter him like things ain't gwine on right on dis here plantation, somehow," observed Delphy to the assembled company in the kitchen at Kingsmill.

"Unc' Jonas, he furdermo' say it look ter him like Mars' Jeems dunno how ter han'le Kingsmill like Ole Mars' useter han'le it in his time. He say de gulleys, dey gittin' bigger, an' de broom-swadge, it takin' a closeter holt on ter de groun', and de stake an' rider fences, dey all fallin' down fur lack o' new rails. Dat what he say. Unc' Jonas, he say, times is done been change' pow'ful some, 'bout Kingsmill, sence he furs' knowed it."

"Dat been a long time," ventured Evadne timidly. "Unc' Jonas, he done been here all his life."

It was fifteen years after the close of the war—the only war that ever was or ever could be for the old-timers of Kingsmill. They had been lean and strenuous years, thronged with the mutations and privations and hardships that were but vaguely recognized or indifferently understood by the untutored black population, to all of whom the struggle's close had brought freedom, and to many a propensity to wander from the home places, in order to show that they were really free.

The Kingsmill freedmen, with an affection generally characteristic of the race, had promptly agreed in practical unanimity that they would "stay wid Mars' Jeems"; and they had stayed, evincing a constant and inherited loyalty.

In the kitchen at Kingsmill, even more than at Old Town, whose dilapidated whitewashed cabins faced one another in a long street, set with ragged aspen-trees, strenuous discussions involving the fortunes of the "white folks" at "de Gre't House" were of more or less frequent occurrence.

Ommirandy, when she deigned to participate at all in these gossiping and inconsequential talks, was always the unfailing upholder of the cause of the owner of the place, and the stanch defender of all things that she considered part and parcel of the illustrious past.

From the moment when the almost incomprehensible news had come to the slaves on the plantation that they were free, the old woman's dominating personality had impressed upon them a sense of their own inconsequence and helplessness, and of the unabated dignity and power of young Mars' Jeems.

"You-all thinks you's free," she would say to them scornfully. "But you ain't. Dat ain't nothin' but talk. Is you free ter go away f'om here? Den, whar you gwine? Who gwi' take keer o' you ef you go? What kin you do for yo'se'f? I tell you, you ain't free. You niggers, hear me! I'm preachin' ter you!"

"Amen!" responded Delphy, the cook; and Evadne and Ariadne, the chambermaids, and Astarte, who looked after the dairy, each echoed "Amen!"

When Delphy on this notable day proclaimed to the assembled kitchen company the frank and outspoken criticism of young Mars' Jeems by Uncle Jonas, things came to a climax in the old woman's contemplation.

"He say! Jonas, he say!" she ejaculated with infinite scorn. Her large gold ear-hoops trembled with her voice as she arose from her seat where she had been nervously smoothing the creases from her apron while Delphy was talking. "Philadelphy, I'se upsot to hear a respect'ble 'oman like you is, comin'-over dat ole man's foolish talk. You done been here sence I remembrance you, when you was a teeny bit o' nigger-gell, totin' de hot baddy-cakes an' de buttered waffles f'om de kitchen ter de house. Ole Mars', he useter say dat you was de spryes' little

nigger on de place, beca'se how come you always fetched in de cakes de hottes'. Ole Mars', he thought a pow'ful lot o' you, Philadelphy. It werries me fur ter hear you noratin' ter dese here gells what Jonas say 'bout young Mars' Jeems."

A sombre shadow gathered over the harsh and buccaneer features of Ommirandy, that was indicative of her hurt feelings.

"Lor', Ommirandy," said Delphy, who regarded her with an admiration that was not devoid of fear. "Is I done anything wrong? I jes' hear him say what I tell you he say, when he come in here yistiddy at dinner-time fur ter git his meal's vittles. Dat what he say, sho'."

"Umhum!" she snorted, still standing in the attitude of Cicero in the Senate accusing Catiline. "Umhum! I ain't doubtin' dat he said it. I ain't doubtin' it. But he ain't nuver dahred ter say nothin' like dat ter me. I been hear him 'buse de place, an' I tuk it. But I ain't nuver yit heerd him 'buse young Mars' Jeems ter *my* face."

She paused a moment, and continued:

"Dat ole man an' me was born de same night down dar at Ole Town on dis here very plantation. I done knowed him all his life. He always is been makin' a row 'mongst de niggers, an' he ain't nuver furgive Ole Mars' yit fur havin' me at de Gre't House, whilst he stay at Ole Town, an' work in de fiel's. It ain't been so pow'ful many years sence I tole him right in dis here kitchen: 'Jonas, I knows you. You was born on one side o' de road at de Quarters an' me on de t'other side de same night, some years back, now. Jonas,' I says, 'you was raisin' a debble of a racket dat night, an' 'fo' Gord, you done been keepin' on raisin' it uver sence!'"

The assembled company greeted this sally with complimentary laughter. Astarte, who was sitting on the wooden bench near the fireplace, next to Evadne, poked her companion in the ribs, and exclaimed:

"You sho' was talkin' ter him, Ommirandy! You sho' was!"

The next evening Uncle Jonas, gray and patriarchal, with the appropriate stoop and the appropriate walking-stick, came to the kitchen, as was his frequent custom, to get his supper.

He had never been a man of very vigorous frame or constitution, and when the war ended young Mars' Jeems had permitted him to continue in the possession of his cabin and his garden-patch at Old Town rent-free, and had fed and clothed him, and allowed him to work or not, as he pleased.

"Jonas," said Ommirandy, eying him sternly as he entered, "I got a crow fur ter pick wid you. I been hearin' 'bout you."

The vague accusation aroused his apprehension. He paused for a moment before taking his accustomed seat in the corner opposite the bench by the fireplace, where the pot-hooks and spit of a Colonial era still swung in the huge and gaping chimney.

"'Bout me, Sister M'randy?" he questioned, settling himself rheumatically in his chair. "What de martter wid you now? What I done fur ter make you quo'ill wid me? Dey ain't no crow 'twixt you an' me, marm."

"Yes, dey is," the old woman said tartly. "Delphy, here, done tell me you been 'busin' young Mars' Jeems."

He looked very miserable, sitting with his hands clasped over the handle of his dogwood stick, and regarding Ommirandy with an expression of alarm.

"Whar Delphy?" he asked desperately. "What dat de 'oman say I say?"

"Here me! You sees me!" replied Delphy, aroused, and with a note of defiance in her voice. "How come you ask dat queshtun, Unc' Jonas? Don't you be callin' me no 'oman, nuther."

She held a double handful of corn-dough in both hands, shifting it nervously from one to the other. She was "patting a pone" to wrap in the green collard-leaves on the kitchen-table and cook in the ashes on the hearth. She knew that Ommirandy was very fond of ash-cake and buttermilk for her supper.

"Philadelphy say you done been flingin'-off on young Mars' Jeems," interposed Ommirandy. "She say you claim he dunno how ter keep up wid Ole Mars' on de Kingsmill place."

The accusation struck a momentary terror to Uncle Jonas's heart.

"Well, den, it's gospel," he replied, driven into a corner and turning at bay.

Ommirandy's face became tense with

anger. If she had been white the color of her countenance would have seemed scarlet. Being after a fashion copper-hued, it took on an appearance to Uncle Jonas of an indescribable and alarming gray-blackness that he had never seen before.

"De 'oman look like she gwi' fling a duck-fit," he said to himself.

She strode across to where he sat, and shook her knuckled fist in his face.

"'Fo' Gord!" she threatened. "You dunno what you talkin' 'bout. I gwi' eben up wid you fur dat, ef it takes me a hunnerd years. Dey ain't no black, gizzard-footed, low-down scrub of a free-nigger gwi' say anything 'gin dese here white folks dat is been here sence 'fo' de flood, an' me stan' by an' keep my mouf shet! Jonas, don't you b'lieve it!"

Uncle Jonas's grip on the head of his stick was such as the old dogwood had never known before. All of his injured self-esteem, his pride of opinion, his stubborn and jealous dislike of Ommirandy's dominating position and power on the place, came over him in a wave of emotion. But he was foxy in his day and generation. He knew her torrential volubility when aroused, and he was conscious of his own inferiority to her in debate. He dissembled and held his peace.

For the first time in many months he went back from the Kingsmill kitchen to his cabin in Old Town unfed. He was too mad to eat the tempting victuals that Delphy grudgingly set before him.

Young Mars' Jeems was wont to say to Mis' Nancy and to Mr. Sinjinn that Jonas and Baytop had each grown old, and were now turned out to graze together, after their time of service had ended. But he always added, smilingly, that the pasture was green in the sunshiny summer weather, and that there was no lack of corn in the trough and fodder in the rack when the grass went with the first frost. It was his metaphorical way of stating that he would always take care of the old man and the old horse without ever again requiring any serious work of either.

Uncle Jonas's heaviest task was to go to the wharf for the mail when the steamer came in every other day on its way up and down the river. So, too, this was Baytop's easy stint of work, save that his fellow "grazer" had permission to drive him, on Sundays, hitched to the spring-wagon, to the colored church a mile beyond the Quarters at Old Town.

"Baytop, he been a good hoss in his day," Uncle Jonas would boast to his grandson, Tiberius, a lad of fifteen years, as they sat together on the front seat, with an invited guest or two in the back part of the little wagon, on these red-letter Sabbath days, when the other colored members, including the parson himself, walked to "preachin'."

"He been a good hoss, but he done work hisse'f out. He like me an' Mars' Jeems an' de place. He done kinder run down, Baytop is."

"Gran'pap," asked Tiberius one Sunday when they were alone together in the wagon, "how ole is Baytop, nohow?"

"Baytop, he older'n you is, son. Mars' Jeems, he rid dis here hoss three year endurin' o' de war, arfter he done got shot in de leg an' cudden march wid de infant'y no mo'. He jined de caval'y den, an' dis here was his hoss. Baytop, he mons'ous nigh eighteen year ole.

"Giddup!"

Baytop, after his acquired wont during many easeful years last past, moved with a sedate walk that evinced no kinship to the gait that had been his in the old times.

"Baytop, he a blooded hoss, son. He was a racer in his prime, same ez dey tells me Mars' Jeems was when he was a boy at college. But de bofe on 'em is done pars' dey prime now."

Uncle Jonas sighed deeply and clucked to Baytop. This intimation of his to his steed was a fixed custom no longer productive of results, but he still clung to it through habit.

"Gran'pap," said Tiberius, turning on his seat and looking at his grandfather in order to note the effect of his communication, "I done seed him run."

"Look-y here, boy!" exclaimed Uncle Jonas, giving the reins an involuntary pull that caused Baytop to stop still in the road. "You ain't done uver hit dis here hoss, is you? 'Case ef you is, an' Mars' Jeems gits holt on it, yo' mammy gwi' have ter give you a breshin' dat you'll remembrance 'twel you won't furgit it!"

He glared at his grandson with gathering suspicion.

Tiberius grinned.

"Don't you know," his grandfather continued, "dat Mars' Jeems is done gin orders long ago dat dey ain't no whup ter be laid on his army hoss by nobody on dis here plantation?

"Is you hit him?"

"Nor, sir. I ain't hit de hoss, an' I ain't seed nobody what is hit him. But I is done seed him run, all de same."

Uncle Jonas clucked again, and Baytop stood motionless. Then he gave the "lines" a jerk, and said:

"Giddup!"

Baytop got up, after his fashion.

The old man began to catechise the boy. He wanted to know about this unusual event in the horse's later history. He suspected Tiberius of trying to "fool him," and yet his credulity inclined him to credit the truth of his grandson's assertion.

For quite a while Tiberius, who delighted in nothing more than in teasing his grandparent to the point of frantic exasperation, avoided making any further disclosure of his knowledge. He evaded the questions propounded to him, or answered them irrelevantly with chuckles and grins. At length, by dint of mingled threats and promises Uncle Jonas succeeded in breaking down the boy's barrier of what he called "bafflin' " with him, and Tiberius told him a strange tale.

It had happened one day in the preceding winter, when Uncle Jonas, with Mars' Jeems's consent, had permitted his grandson to drive Baytop in the spring-wagon alone to the wharf, to get a bucket of oysters that were coming to the kitchen on the up-river boat. Tiberius, according to his yarn, had just gone through the yard-gate and reached the point in the lane leading to the river, where the lane meets the main county road from Yellowley's store, when a man in the road, with a big gripsack in his hand, called to him.

"He say, 'How long 'fo' de steamer?'" narrated Tiberius. "I say, 'She done whistle fur de wharf.' He look at his watch an' he say, 'Can I git him dar in three minutes?' I say, 'Dis here hoss is a ole army hoss, an' he can't go out'n a walk.' He say, 'How fur is it?' I say, 'Mighty nigh onter a mile.' He say, 'Army hoss?' I say, 'Yas, sir.' Dat man tuk' n' flung his big gripsack inter de hine part o' de wagon, an' jump in up here on dis seat whar you is. He tuk de lines, an' he call one word ter Baytop. Baytop, he r'ared his head up, like he hear sump'n. He flung his ears back, he did; an' den, sir, dat man, he call another word, an' Baytop he tuk out down de lane ter beat de ban'! Gran'pap, you ain't nuver seed no hoss on dis place run like dis here hoss run dat time. When we got ter de wharf, de steamer she done put off de oysters, dat was all de freight dat day, an' you could see her startin' ter swing herse'f off inter de ribber. De man, he say one mo' word ter Baytop, whilst Baytop was runnin', an' Baytop stop at de wharf like a cannon-ball done hit him. De man he jump out o' de wagon an' grab his gripsack, an' run thoo de shed, almos' samer'n Baytop run. I spec' he tuk de boat, 'case I ain't nuver seed dat man afo' or sence."

"Ah-h-h-h!" snarled Uncle Jonas contemptuously. "Giddup!"

"I 'clar 'fo' Gord, it's de trufe," protested Tiberius.

"Den how come you ain't done tell me nothin' 'bout it befo'?" demanded his grandfather, visibly impressed by the boy's earnestness.

"I ain't been huntin' fur no trouble 'long o' Baytop," he replied sagely.

"What was dem words, Tibe?" said Uncle Jonas.

"Unh-unh!" responded the boy with emphasis. "I ain't gwineter. I ain't nuver gwineter."

"How come you ain't?" demanded the old man sternly.

"Fus' thing Mars' Jeems 'ud know, you'd be a-racin' his ole hoss ter meetin' on Sundays, fur ter show off ter de wimmen folks, an' he nuver knowin' nothin' 'bout it," said Tiberius impudently.

"'Fo' Gord, I got a mine ter smack you out o' dis here wag'n, you ornery brat," retorted Uncle Jonas, while Tiberius hitched away from him as far as the narrow limits of the seat would permit.

For weeks a private controversy was waged between the two over Tibe's persistent declination to give his grandfather the words that the old man cudgelled his brain in vain to imagine. By every wile

and device that his aroused fancy could suggest he sought in vain to win from Tiberius a recital of the magic utterance that had restored to Baytop that fire and speed which had been his in the vanished days when young Mars' Jeems bestrode him in the cavalry, and he scented the battle afar off.

It was only the day before Ommirandy had wounded Uncle Jonas to the quick, and humbled his pride before the audience in the kitchen, that he had at length succeeded in accomplishing by dint of a bribe what all his cajoleries and threats had utterly failed so long to effect.

"Tibe, I gwi' give you dis here money ef you tell me dem words," he said. "Mr. Sinjinn, he give it ter me dis mornin', when I tuk a letter ter de boat fur him."

He exhibited a shining silver half-dollar which Tiberius regarded with eyes of avarice.

"Dat look ter me like pewter money," said the boy, drawing nearer and critically inspecting the coin in his grandfather's hand.

"Go 'way f'om here, you Tibe!" ejaculated Uncle Jonas. "What you talkin' 'bout, nigger? Duz you reck'n any white gen'mun gwi' gimme a pewter fifty-cent?"

"Lemme feel it fus'," demanded Tiberius, vanquished by the prospect of such wealth, and stretching forth a grimy and eager paw.

"You low-down roscal!" chuckled Uncle Jonas jocosely. "Duz you think yo' ole gran'daddy gwi' try ter fool ye, chile? I dunno what's gwine ter become o' you little new-issue free-niggers, nohow."

"Gimme de money fus', gran'pap," said Tiberius warily. "Dis here ain't no pig in a poke dat I'se a-sellin' you. You knows what you gwi' git. I gwi' tell you dem words, but I gotter feel de feel o' dat 'ar money fus'."

"Tibe, ye ain't done tole 'em ter nobody else, is you?" inquired Uncle Jonas.

He wished the assurance of an absolute monopoly in the commodity for which he was bargaining.

"Nor, sir. I ain't done menshun 'em ter a soul," responded his grandson.

"An' ef I give you dis here money, is you gwi' sw'ar an' cross yo' heart dat you ain't nuver gwi' tell 'em ter nobody else but me?"

Tiberius grinned, and the old man's horny fingers closed over the coin and shut it from sight.

"I 'clar 'fo' Gord, an' cross my heart," said Tiberius, as the half-dollar disappeared from view.

Uncle Jonas unclosed his fist and handed the boy the piece of money.

Tiberius took it. With the inevitable instinct of the plantation negro to hide the state of his finances from an inquiring world, he turned his back on his grandfather, and drawing a small and greasy leather bag from his trousers-pocket, deposited the coin in its recesses and restored the "puhss" to its accustomed place.

Then he turned and faced Uncle Jonas with a quizzical expression on his uninfantile face.

The old man regarded these antics of his grandson with a countenance that indicated a struggle between wrath and grave suspicion.

"What de matter wid you now? Ain't ye gwi' tell 'em ter me, son?" he inquired.

"Hole yo' head down here, gran'pap," said Tiberius. "I gwi' whisper dem words ter you. I don't want none o' dese here house niggers ter git holt on 'em. Dey's pow'ful partick'lar words!"

"Dat's right, son, dat's right!" said the old man. "Nobody but me an' you. Nobody but me an' you."

Uncle Jonas bent forward, and Tiberius put his right arm about his grandfather's neck and held it in a stalwart grasp. The boy had played so many tricks at times on his ancestor that Uncle Jonas became momentarily alarmed.

"He's a pow'ful smart-ellick," he thought, as Tiberius's grasp grew tighter. "Gorddlemighty knows what he gwi' do ter me now."

But Tiberius's good faith was justified of his subsequent performance.

"Jes' a leetle closeter, gran'pap," he murmured, and the old man stooped farther forward. The boy brought his mouth very near to his grandfather's ear, and his warm breath tickled Uncle Jonas's cuticle. The old man drew back with involuntary laughter, but Tiberius hung on. The boy was having the time of his life.

"Looky here, Tibe," said his grandfather, "don't you go put yo' blame' mouf so dern close ter my ear. Yo' bref's

hotter'n a fritter, an' I ain't no deef somebody, nohow."

"All right, gran'pap," said Tiberius. "Come agin!"

Once more they resumed their former attitude.

"Um-*huh!*" responded Uncle Jonas, smiling, as Tiberius whispered. "An' de nex'——"

Tiberius gave it to him.

"Um-*huh!*" said the old man with emphasis, and his face was wreathed in smiles.

"An' now de t'other one?" he queried.

"Dis here one de one what stopped him," said the boy aloud, grinning at his grandparent's palpable pleasure. "Git it good, gran'pap?"

Grandpap got it good, and immediately demanded permission to whisper the words in turn to Tiberius, to assure himself that he had them right.

The youth reluctantly consented.

Now that the trade was over and ended, and he had the money, he suspected his grandfather of some sinister purpose of revenge for the annoyance he had given him.

"He jes' lief bite my ear off, ez not, fur pesterin' uv him," thought Tiberius.

But he finally yielded to Uncle Jonas's whispering, with such grace as he could command; and after the "words" had all been correctly repeated he amiably added a brief and final sentence of instruction.

"You gotter holler 'em out loud fur ter make him go. Don't ye furgit dat, gran'pap."

This conversation, apparently for the most part in pantomime, took place near the corner of the smoke-house some twenty yards from the Kingsmill kitchen.

"Name o' Gord!" exclaimed Ommirandy, who unobserved had been watching the pair from the door-step. "What *is* you-all doin'? Tiberius, is you havin' a rastlin' match wid yo' gran'pa? You is sutny been actin' foolisher 'n any niggers I done seed on dis place sence de Revun' baptize Eva-Adny."

On the morning after his humiliation by Ommirandy in the Kingsmill kitchen, the patriarch sat in the doorway of his whitewashed cabin at Old Town, and watched the bee-martins, and smoked his corn-cob pipe, that was filled with a strong and redolent "nigger-twis'" tobacco, which he had raised himself in the little garden-patch at the back of the house, and "cured" amid the strings of onions and dried apples that adorned the cobwebbed joists of his domicile.

The aroma of the curling smoke dispelled for the moment his unpleasant memories of the preceding evening. Under its nicotian influence he had little sense of life and time and space, save a vague consciousness of the flight of the bee-martins through the air, and a physical feeling of the goodness of his "smoke"; and little thought of self, save the satisfaction that came from his being free and fed and warm in the sun that was shining down on him beyond the shade of the aspens.

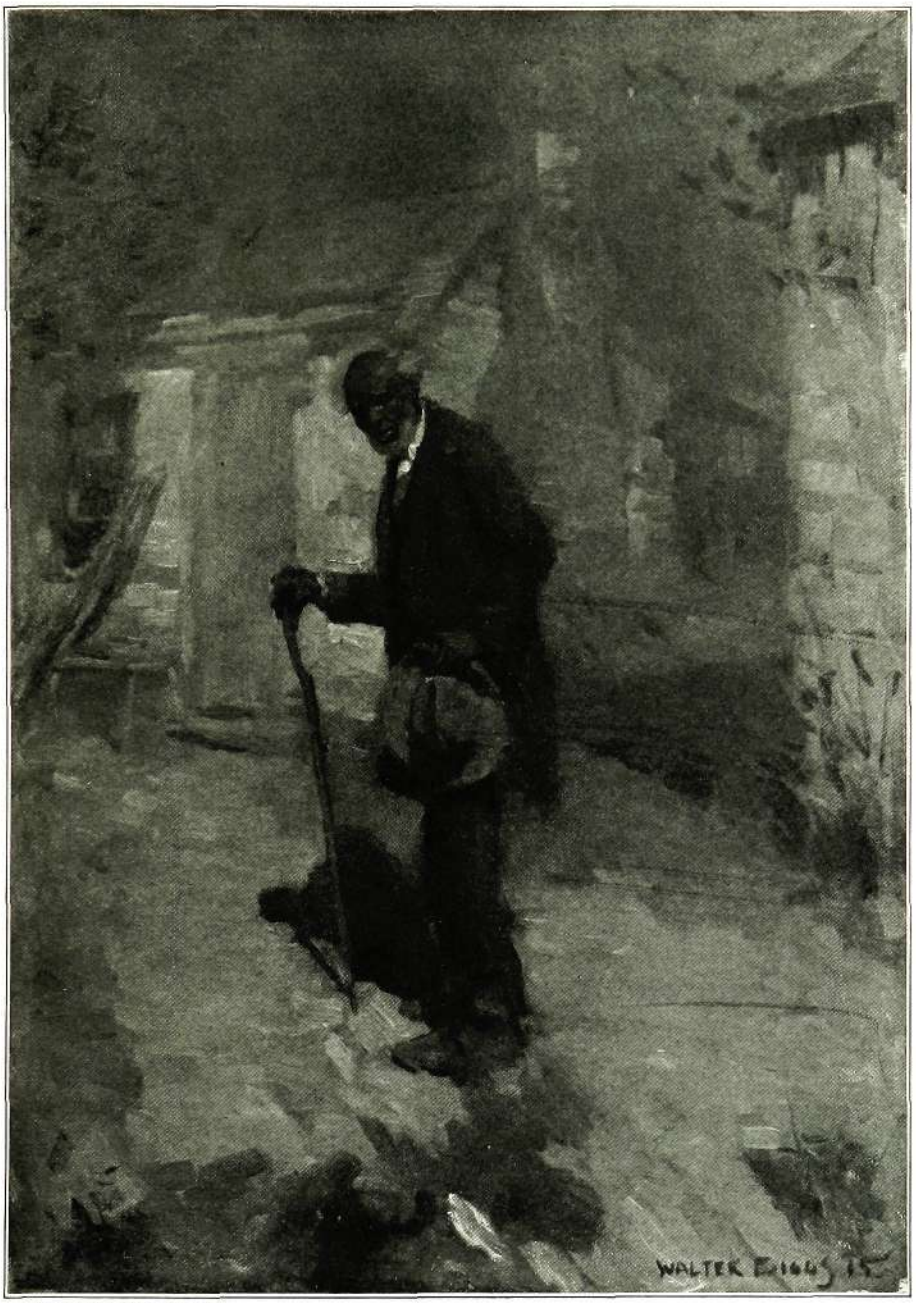
When he had finished his pipe and knocked its ashes into his hand, he remembered the boat and the wharf and the mail, and then he thought triumphantly of Baytop.

In the circumstance of life the evil and the good crowd close on each other's heels alike for the lofty and the lowly; and out of the faded fumes of Uncle Jonas's home-cured tobacco emerged, like the winged things that came from Pandora's opened box, bitter memories of his encounter on the previous evening with Ommirandy.

"She scorn' me befo' all on 'em," he communed with himself. "I could 'a' stood it 'fo' Delphy. She middlin'-age. But dat ole M'randy 'oman had'n' oughter say what she say 'bout me 'fo' dem young gells. Dey's all likely young wimmen folks, an' dey's always been good ter me, 'speshly Eva-Adny."

Uncle Jonas was a widower of thirty years' standing. He lived alone, and his daughter Janey, Tiberius's mother, whose cabin was three doors away down the row, did his infrequent cooking, when he was too tired to go to the "Gre't House," and his cleaning and his washing for him. He had no purpose ever again to adventure his humble fortunes on the uncertain sea of matrimony; but masculine vanity still remained a burning passion in the old man's heart, although he had come to the days of the burdensome grasshopper.

"Dat's a vicious ole hussey," he soliloquized. "She scandalige' me befo' dem



Drawn by Walter Biggs.

For the first time in many months he went back to his cabin in Old Town unfed.—Page 563.

young nigger gells; an' I gwi' git eben wid her. She think she de top o' de pot, 'case Mars' Jeems an' Mis' Nancy lets her do jes' like she wanter up yonder. She don't know it, but I done *re*quired de fixin' uv her now, an' I gwi' fix her, too."

He chuckled in high feather.

On the following Saturday evening Uncle Jonas, who had conspicuously absented himself from the kitchen at Kingsmill since his encounter with Ommirandy, appeared again among the women folks of the kitchen company.

He entered the room with such an air of humility, and the deference of his demeanor toward his late adversary was so marked, that her heart softened toward him in her capacious bosom, while the others were almost overwhelmed by their surprise and pleasure at the old man's apparently contrite demeanor.

"Sister M'randy," he said, after saluting them all in turn, "I'se pow'ful troubled in my mine 'bout you thinkin' hard o' me. Furdermo', I gwi' expashiate ter you, marm, dat you ain't no mo' detached ter Mars' Jeems an' de Kingsmill fam'bly dan Jonas is. Ef I went an' say what was wrong, I wants ter make my apollygises, right here an' now."

He looked from one to another to observe the effect of his fine language, which he had rehearsed beforehand at the Quarters.

The old woman sat in her chair as straight as a poker. The gold earrings were as motionless as a sloop's sail in a dead calm, and her face remained as immobile as that of a wooden Indian in front of a provincial cigar-store.

"Sister M'randy," pleaded Uncle Jonas with soft, insinuating intonation, "you an' me b'longs ter de meetin', an' is members o' de same chu'ch an' cong'egation, ain't we?"

She nodded a grim assent, while Delphy and the others, interested and silent, sat listening.

"Well, den," he said, "dat bein' de case, what gwi' hender us f'om gittin' tergether agin, like we useter be? Jes' fur ter show you I ain't got no hard feelin's, marm, I come here dis ebenin' fur ter make up by axin' you ter 'comp'ny me ter preachin' ter-morrer mornin' behine Baytop."

Ommirandy knew that young Mars' Jeems permitted Uncle Jonas to drive Baytop to the meeting-house on Sundays, and she knew, too, that it was regarded by the plantation as a special distinction to be his guest in the spring-wagon on such occasions. She was pleased and flattered.

"Ef you's got repentunce fur what you is done said, Jonas," she replied with Spartan fortitude, "I don't see how I gwine ter git out o' goin' wid you."

The stern features relaxed into a semblance of kindliness, and the gold earrings trembled visibly.

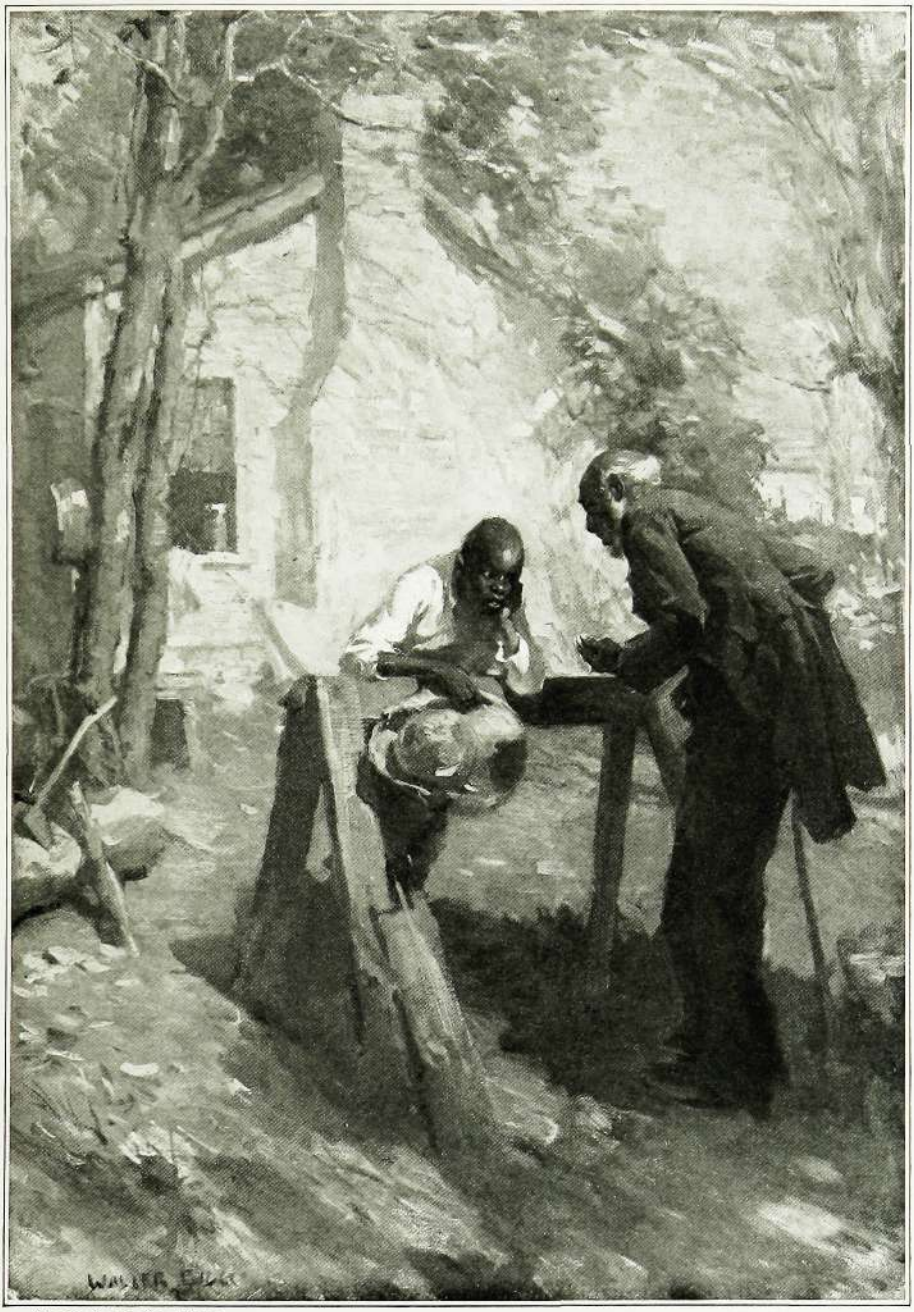
The younger women hearkened in admiration. Delphy, older and wiser, gave a scarcely audible grunt.

"Dey ain't neither o' dem two ole creeturs foolin' me," she said to herself. "Dey bofe on 'em up ter sump'n; an' I bets on Ommirandy."

Ommirandy was at peace with herself and all the world on the shining summer morning when she awaited the coming of Jonas and Baytop to take her to "preachin'." In the old days of slavery her predilections had been Episcopalian, due to her not infrequent attendance with Mis' on the services at Christ Church, where from Colonial times a gallery had been set apart for the house-servants of the neighborhood. But after the war a dearth of horses in the Kingsmill stables had rendered the means of travelling thence to Christ Church inadequate, and the old woman had become a "perfessin' member" of the colored Baptist congregation that worshipped in the rickety little meeting-house beyond the Quarters. Her attendance on the "meetings," however, had grown less frequent of late years. She had protested to the inquiring minister that her legs were too short and her bones too achey to walk so far, and when he intimated that a suggestion to Br'er Jonas would doubtless be immediately and gladly acted on by that worthy, Ommirandy had replied:

"Ef Jonas want me ter ride ter meetin' wid him, he kin ax me. I don't hint ter no nigger fur favors."

Arrayed in her Sunday's best of checked gingham dress, white cape, and a huge turban of an unusually vivid turkey-red hue, she sat by the kitchen-door on a



Drawn by Walter Biggs.

"Lemme feel it fus'," demanded Tiberius, vanquished by the prospect of such wealth.—Page 565.

chair which Evadne had brought out for her, holding in her hands the little prayer-book that Mis' had given her before the war.

The breeze that came up from the river was soft and sweet, and stirred the leaves of the ancient oaks in the Kingsmill yard into a faint susurrus, that, alike for young Mars' Jeems, smoking his pipe under the trees, and for Ommirandy, was full of happy if elusive memories. A tranquil silence lay over everything, which was typical of the day of rest.

"He pow'ful long time comin'," she said at length to Evadne, looking up beyond the shadow of the maple-tree to where the sun was mounting toward the zenith. "It mus' be mighty nigh ten o'clock; an' dey begins over dar at half pas' ten. De Rev'un' Simpson he don't wait fur time nur tide, nur fur no man nur fur no 'oman nuther, white nur black."

"Yondah he come, now, Ommirandy," said Evadne, relieving the tension. "He jes' turnin' de cornder at de stable."

In a few moments Uncle Jonas drew rein near the kitchen-door, and descended from his perch in the spring-wagon. He had a smile on his face, but the evil in his heart was invisible. He wore a long-tailed black coat and a pair of striped trousers which had belonged to Mr. Sinjinn in the earlier years of his sojourn at Kingsmill. His broad-cut waistcoat, from the middle buttonhole of which a huge brass watch-chain swung ostentatiously to the left-hand pocket, displayed an ample expanse of one of young Mars' Jeems's pleated-bosomed shirts, surmounted by a very high standing collar, over which the old man's thin and crinkled gray beard, in uneven fringes, impinged on a voluminous blue cravat. But the crowning glory of Uncle Jonas's Sabbath-day adornment was a silk hat, moth-eaten in places and of a size too large, with wads of paper under the sweat-band; yet in every shifting position which its wearer from time to time gave it, unmistakably illustrative of an aristocratic genesis and association.

Young Mars' Jeems had presented the "beaver" to him many years before.

"It is of the vintage of 1860, Jonas," he had said, "but I reckon it is still fashionable enough for you to wear on Sundays at Kingsmill."

Older even than Baytop, the perennial "beaver" had long continued to be Uncle Jonas's proudest possession, and no king's heir ever wore a crown at coronation with more pride and dignity than he wore his silk hat on the morning that he came for Ommirandy.

With a grace derived from persistent private practice in his cabin at Old Town, for it seldom went abroad save on most important occasions, he doffed the hat on this fair June day with a sweep that included in its recognition both Ommirandy and Evadne. To the former, the beaver spoke, at once, reverence, recognition of the compliment implied in her acceptance of his invitation, delight to be her host and escort. To the latter, it proclaimed admiration and regret that the occasion afforded no larger opportunity for its wearer's expression of his profound regard.

"Br'er Jonas," said Ommirandy, with woman's unfailing intuition of man's immemorial conceit, while her visitor stood bowing and scraping and waving his "beaver," "you looks pow'ful spry dis mornin' in yo' Sunday-go-ter-meetin's. I always did admire ter see you wid dat beaver on."

"Thanky, Sister M'randy, thanky, marm," he replied, dissembling the deceit in his heart, and genuinely pleased with her compliment.

"Br'er Jonas," continued Ommirandy, "you gwi' ter have ter set dis here cheer by de wheel, fur me ter git in. No duck-leg ole 'oman like me was uver built fur ter clime inter a spring-wagon at my time o' life, nohow. I been useter ridin' ter Christ Chu'ch in de white folks' carriage wid Mis', what let down de folded steps. Dat's de way me an' Mis' useter git in and out, dem days."

Uncle Jonas regarded the remark as gratuitous, and a "fling-off" on him and his equipage. But he gave no sign of annoyance.

"No trouble fur ter git in at all, Sister M'randy," he assured her. "None at all, marm. De hoss, he gentle. He gwi' stan'."

With the asseveration of Baytop's gentleness he replaced his hat at a rakish angle on his bald head.

Drawn by Walter Biggs.

On and on went Baytop, while Ommirandy, with shut eyes, began to murmur, "Now I lay me down to sleep."—Page 573.

His last speech, or else something grotesque in Uncle Jonas's appearance and demeanor, was too much for Ommirandy. She had known the old horse nearly all his life. Jonas surely did look funny.

She broke out into an unaccustomed and hilarious laugh that was fiercely resented by Uncle Jonas.

"Ha! ha!" she laughed; and Evadne, turning her face away and holding her mouth with her hand, echoed:

"Ha! ha!"

" 'Fo' Gord, Br'er Jonas," said the old woman, puffing from her exertions, as she achieved the seat in the wagon, "don't you tell me nothin' 'bout Baytop stan'in'. I done seed dat hoss stan' so still Gab'el's horn wudden 'a' removed him. Ef he gits us dar 'fo' de Rev'un' come ter lars' hymn, I gwi' be saterfied."

Uncle Jonas mounted to his seat beside her in silence, and gathered up the "lines" with an expression on his ancient countenance that was an inadequate index of his overwrought feelings.

"Sister M'randy," he said at length, after clucking and calling "Giddup!" to Baytop, "I 'spec' you ain' 'quainted wid dis here hoss like I is. You done furgit Baytop is a blooded war-hoss."

"I ain't furgit," she retorted, adjusting her skirts and clinging to her prayer-book. "Dat how come I say what I duz say. I know he's a war-hoss. But dese here ain't no blooded war-hoss times, Jonas."

Uncle Jonas made no utterance in reply. He was beginning to grow a little weary of being, as he thought, "sawed off." Yet everything was coming his way. Why should he disquiet himself about the small matters of tithe, anise and cummin?

"Mebbe so! mebbe so!" he communed with himself. "But I 'spec' you gwine ter find out what sort o' war-hoss Baytop is in de nex' couple o' hours, honey. Yes, Lord!"

The ride of Uncle Jonas and Ommirandy to "meetin'" was placid and uneventful. They overtook other members of the congregation trudging warmly along on foot, some of the women fanning themselves with turkey-wing fans, and many of the men with their Sunday coats hung over their arms under the hot June sun. Ommirandy greeted them in passing with a smile of accustomed superiority.

After the meeting was over, and a short corner-bench had been fetched from the meeting-house by two of the obsequious deacons to facilitate her return to the spring-wagon, the journey back to Kingsmill was begun. Baytop walked slowly, and Uncle Jonas had clucked and said "Giddup!" twenty times between the place of worship and Old Town. The horse's placid movement seemed to Ommirandy to grow even more leisurely and sedate and irritating than usual as he passed along the road between the whitewashed cabins of the Quarters, under the faintly rustling aspen-trees, while the little children paused in their play to marvel at the patriarch in his Sunday raiment and his silk hat, driving the old woman back home. She grew impatient.

When they reached the three white oaks, standing by the roadside something over a hundred yards west of Old Town, Uncle Jonas moved nervously in his seat.

"Dis here hoss do 'pear kinder slow dis mornin', Sister M'randy," he said. "I gwi' stir him up."

"I wush you would stir him up," she replied. "Mis' Nancy want me 'fo' dinner."

"Giddup!" said Uncle Jonas to Baytop, hardening his heart.

The horse walked on.

"Attention!" the old man suddenly yelled in a stentorian voice that might have been heard by the playing children back at the Quarters.

Ommirandy flashed on him a glance of swift suspicion.

"What de matter wid you, Jonas?" she demanded. "Is you done gone plum crazy? What you holl'in' at de hoss data-way fur?"

He made no reply, but gathered the reins in both hands and crouched in his seat. His "beaver" hat took on a new and grotesque angle.

"Charge!" he shouted, arising and standing up in the spring-wagon, while Ommirandy dropped the prayer-book and grabbed him by the leg.

At the first word of command the horse had laid his ears back and raised his head. With the order "Charge!" Baytop struck out in a gallop that in a few moments developed into a stiff run. The light wagon swayed and swung from side to

side of the road, and Ommirandy, arising also, transferred her grasp from Jonas's leg to his arm, and drew him back to his seat.

The old man resumed his crouching attitude, with a vague fear of what might happen. But he was in for it now at all hazards, and over his apprehension triumphed the exultant thought that he was "scaring Ommirandy stiff."

She planted her feet against the dashboard and held on to the wagon-seat with one hand and to the driver with the other.

"'Fo' Gord! He done resurrected! What you done ter him, Jonas?" she muttered.

Jonas made no reply.

A dominecker rooster and two hens flew from the road, where they had been feeding, with a squawk. Old Jonas was vaguely conscious that they were his daughter Janey's fowls escaping a premature violent death.

On and on went Baytop, while Ommirandy, with shut eyes, began to murmur, "Now I lay me down to sleep," and the old man vainly cudgelled his memory to recall the elusive word that Tiberius had told him would make the horse stop. For his life he could not remember it.

"What did Tibe say? What did Tibe say?" he kept repeating audibly, until his companion paused in her prayer, and opened her eyes to look at him.

"Crazy nigger an' crazy hoss!" she said aloud. "I dunno which de crazies'."

"I done furgit de word," said Uncle Jonas despairingly at the sound of his companion's voice. "I done furgit it!"

"What word you talkin' 'bout?" demanded Ommirandy with reviving courage, as she caught a glimpse in the distance of young Mars' Jeems sitting under the trees in the Kingsmill yard reading his newspaper. "What sort o' word, you old idjut? You nuver did have no sense, nohow!"

"De word fur ter stop him, Sister M'randy," murmured Uncle Jonas miserably. "Duz you know it? I 'clar ter Gord I done furgit it!"

"I ain't knowed nothin' 'bout none o' dis here foolishness," she responded. "You better think it up quick, 'fo' bofe on us gits our necks broke."

The owner of Kingsmill looked up from his paper at hearing the rattle of the spring-wagon and the subdued thud of Baytop's hoofs in the sandy roadway. They were coming toward the yard from the stable-corner. The old horse was on a run.

He threw down his newspaper and jumped to his feet.

"By heaven!" he exclaimed. "The horse thinks he's with the Laurel Brigade at Trevillian's!"

On came Baytop with ancient and mighty stride.

"Halt!" called young Mars' Jeems, as Baytop, with his scared human freight, approached him.

The old horse stopped within twenty yards of where his former rider stood wondering.

So sudden was his halt that Uncle Jonas went head foremost over the "spatter-board." Ommirandy, however, with firmly planted feet and clinging hands, forgetting "Now I lay me" in her faith in young Mars' Jeems, sat firm in her seat when the war-horse stopped. But she was visibly shaken.

"I 'spec' ef dese here duck-legs o' mine had 'a' been longer, I'd 'a' gone out, too, like dat ole vilyun!" she confided next day to Evadne.

Young Mars' Jeems hastened to the rescue of Uncle Jonas.

"Are you hurt, old man?" he queried anxiously, as he lifted the discomfited Jehu to his feet from the soft greensward.

"Whar my hat, Mars' Jeems?" said Uncle Jonas, as he looked about him ruefully.

They found it some feet away, untouched save of the antique moths that long ago had corrupted it.

"Thank de Lord!" he exclaimed as he brushed it lovingly with the sleeve of his coat.

Then he continued, stooping and rubbing his leg:

"Mars' Jeems, so he'p me Gord, dat was de fus' an' de onlies' time. I ain't nuver gwi' do so no mo'. But, marster, would you mine tellin' me what dat rabbit-word was? It got away f'om me like a hyar out'n a gum-trap."

Ommirandy, still seated in the spring-wagon, while Baytop, quivering as a racer that has run his course, stood with heaving flanks and distended nostrils, heard Uncle Jonas's question and answered it.

"Rabbit, nuthin'!" she exclaimed. "It was de word o' Gorddlemighty an' de word o' young Mars' Jeems. Dat's what word it was. Ef it had depen'ed on yo' word, de debble would 'a' had you on a toastin'-fork dis minute, you pomponious ole hippercrit!"

Young Mars' Jeems fetched the chair from the place where he had been reading, and helped Ommirandy to the ground.

As she stepped down she caught a glimpse of Tiberius turning the corner of the smoke-house, and heard a note of shrill and derisive laughter.

LAIS TO HER DOG

By Emma A. Opper

You're a droll flower that lifts its face in meek
Obeisance to the skies;
You cannot smile, poor wight! you cannot speak,
But love yearns from your eyes.

I have blenched white under the cruel blaze
Of scorning glances bent;
Never was blame in your adoring gaze—
You hold me innocent.

Lovers that lightly come as lightly go,
Forget me and forsake;
Should you be torn from me, comrade, I know
Your little heart would break.

And if I whispered to you how I fought,
Shrinking with fear and hate,
The Doom that dragged me down and made me naught,
The ruthless, grinning Fate—

And how to see a white rose smites me sore,
Sets me to brood and grieve,
Because they grew beside my mother's door—
You'd listen; you'd believe.

You joy with me, you sorrow when I sigh;
I am your shining star.
O little wistful friend! And when I die
And creep to heaven's bar,

If then some angel, kinder than the rest,
Shall say, "Forgive her sin;
It is a tired soul, a fevered breast;
Forgive her; let her in"—

And if I cannot hide you 'gainst my heart
And somehow take you through,
And if they chide me, thrusting us apart,
I'll stay behind with you.

THE FREELANDS

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

"Liberty's a glorious feast."—*Burns.*

XVIII

THE anxieties of the Lady Mallorings of this life concerning the moral welfare of their humbler neighbors are inclined to march in front of events. The behavior in Tryst's cottage was more correct than it would have been in nine out of ten middle or upper class demesnes under similar conditions. Between the big laborer and 'that woman,' who, since the epileptic fit, had again come into residence, there had passed nothing whatever that might not have been witnessed by Biddy and her two nurslings. For love is an emotion singularly dumb and undemonstrative in those who live the life of the fields; passion a feeling severely beneath the thumb of a propriety born of the age-long absence of excitants, opportunities, and the æsthetic sense; and those two waited, almost as a matter of course, for the marriage which was forbidden them in this parish. The most they did was to sit and look at one another.

On the day of which Felix had seen the dawn at Hampstead, Sir Gerald's agent tapped on the door of Tryst's cottage, and was answered by Biddy, just in from school for the midday meal.

"Your father home, my dear?"

"No, sir; auntie's in."

"Ask your auntie to come and speak to me."

The mother-child vanished up the narrow stairs, and the agent sighed. A strong-built, leathery-skinned man in a brown suit and leggings, with a bristly little mustache and yellow whites to his eyes, he did not, as he had said to his wife that morning, 'like the job a little bit.' And while he stood there waiting, Susie and Billy emerged from the kitchen and came to stare at him. The agent returned that stare till a voice behind him said: "Yes, sir?"

'That woman' was certainly no great shakes to look at: a fresh, decent, faithful sort of body! And he said gruffly: "Mornin', miss. Sorry to say my orders are to make a clearance here. I suppose Tryst didn't think we should act on it, but I'm afraid I've got to put his things out, you know. Now, where are you all going; that's the point?"

"I shall go home, I suppose; but Tryst and the children—we don't know."

The agent tapped his leggings with a riding-cane. "So you've been expecting it!" he said with relief. "That's right." And, staring down at the mother-child, he added: "Well, what d'you say, my dear, you look full of sense, you do!"

Biddy answered: "I'll go and tell Mr. Freeland, sir."

"Ah! You're a bright maid. He'll know where to put you for the time bein'. Have you had your dinner?"

"No, sir; it's just ready."

"Better have it—better have it first. No hurry. What've you got in the pot that smells so good?"

"Bubble and squeak, sir."

"Bubble and squeak! Ah! Good stuff!" And with those words the agent withdrew to where, in a farm wagon drawn up by the side of the road, three men were solemnly pulling at their pipes. He moved away from them a little, for, as he expressed it to his wife afterward: "Look bad, you know, look bad—anybody seeing me! Those three little children—that's where it is! If our friends at the Hall had to do these jobs for themselves, there wouldn't be any to do!"

Presently, from his discreet distance, he saw the mother-child going down the road toward Tod's, in her blue 'pinny' and corn-colored hair. Nice little thing! Pretty little thing, too! Pity, great pity! And he went back to the cottage. On his way a thought struck him so that he well-nigh shivered. Suppose the little thing brought back that Mrs. Freeland, the lady

who always went about in blue, without a hat! Phew! Mr. Freeland—he was another sort; a bit off, certainly—harmless, quite harmless—but that lady! And he entered the cottage. The woman was washing up; seemed a sensible body. When the two kids cleared off to school he could go to work and get it over; the sooner the better, before people came hanging round. A job of this kind sometimes made nasty blood! His yellowish eyes took in the nature of the task before him. Funny jam-up they did get about them, to be sure! Every blessed little thing they'd ever bought, and more, too! Have to take precious good care nothing got smashed, or the law would be on the other leg! And he said to the woman:

"Now, miss, can I begin?"

"I can't stop you, sir."

'No,' he thought, 'you can't stop me, and I blamed well wish you could!' But he said: "Got an old wagon out here. Thought I'd save him damage by weather or anything; we'll put everything in that, and run it up into the empty barn at Marrow and leave it. And there they'll be for him when he wants 'em."

The woman answered: "You're very kind, I'm sure."

Perceiving that she meant no irony, the agent produced a sound from somewhere deep and went out to summon his men.

With the best intentions, however, it is not possible, even in villages so scattered that they cannot be said to exist, to do anything without every one's knowing; and the work of 'putting out' the household goods of the Tryst family, and placing them within the wagon, was not an hour in progress before the road in front of the cottage contained its knot of watchers. Old Gaunt first, alone—for the rogue-girl had gone to Mr. Cuthcott's and Tom Gaunt was at work. The old man had seen evictions in his time, and looked on silently, with a faint, sardonic grin. Four children, so small that not even school had any use for them as yet, soon gathered round his legs, followed by mothers coming to retrieve them, and there was no longer silence. Then came two laborers, on their way to a job, a stone-breaker, and two more women. It was through this little throng that the mother-child and Kirsteen passed into the fast-being-gutted cottage.

The agent was standing by Tryst's bed, keeping up a stream of comment to two of his men, who were taking that aged bed to pieces. It was his habit to feel less when he talked more; but no one could have fallen into a more perfect taciturnity than he when he saw Kirsteen coming up those narrow stairs. In so small a space as this room, where his head nearly touched the ceiling, was it fair to be confronted by that lady—he put it to his wife that same evening—"Was it fair?" He had seen a mother wild duck look like that when you took away its young—snaky fierce about the neck, and its dark eye! He had seen a mare, going to bite, look not half so vicious! "There she stood, and—let me have it?—not a bit! Too much of a lady for that, you know!—Just looked at me, and said very quiet: 'Ah! Mr. Simmons, and are you really doing this?' and put her hand on that little girl of his. 'Orders are orders, ma'am!' What could I say? 'Ah!' she said, 'yes, orders are orders, but they needn't be obeyed.' 'As to that, ma'am,' I said—mind you, she's a lady; you can't help feeling that—'I'm a working man, the same as Tryst here; got to earn my living.' 'So have slave-drivers, Mr. Simmons.' 'Every profession,' I said, 'has got its dirty jobs, ma'am. And that's a fact.' 'And will have,' she said, 'so long as professional men consent to do the dirty work of their employers.' 'And where should I be, I should like to know,' I said, 'if I went on that lay? I've got to take the rough with the smooth.' 'Well,' she said, 'Mr. Freeland and I will take Tryst and the little ones in at present.' Good-hearted people, do a lot for the laborers, in their way. All the same, she's a bit of a vixen. Picture of a woman, too, standin' there; shows blood, mind you! Once said, all over—no nagging. She took the little girl off with her. And pretty small I felt, knowing I'd got to finish that job, and the folk outside gettin' nastier all the time—not sayin' much, of course, but lookin' a lot!" The agent paused in his recital and gazed fixedly at a bluebottle crawling up the window-pane. Stretching out his thumb and finger, he nipped it suddenly and threw it in the grate. "Blest if that fellow himself didn't

turn up just as I was finishing. I was sorry for the man, you know. There was his home turned out-o'-doors. Big man, too! 'You blanky-blank!' he says; 'if I'd been here you shouldn't ha' done this!' Thought he was goin' to hit me. 'Come, Tryst!' I said, 'it's not my doing, you know!' 'Ah!' he said, 'I know that; and it'll be blanky well the worse for *them!*' Rough tongue; no class of man at all, he is! 'Yes,' he said, 'let 'em look out; I'll be even with 'em yet!' 'None o' that!' I told him; 'you know which side the law's buttered. I'm making it easy for you, too, keeping your things in the wagon, ready to shift any time!' He gave me a look—he's got very queer eyes, swimmin', sad sort of eyes, like a man in liquor—and he said: 'I've been here twenty years,' he said. 'My wife died here.' And all of a sudden he went as dumb as a fish. Never let his eyes off us, though, while we finished up the last of it; made me feel funny, seein' him glowering like that all the time. He'll savage something over this, you mark my words!" Again the agent paused, and remained as though transfixed, holding that face of his, whose yellow had run into the whites of the eyes, as still as wood. "He's got some feeling for the place, I suppose," he said suddenly; "or maybe they've put it into him about his rights; there's plenty of 'em like that. Well, anyhow, nobody likes his private affairs turned inside out for every one to gape at. I wouldn't myself." And with that deeply felt remark the agent put out his leathery-yellow thumb and finger and nipped a second bluebottle. . . .

While he was thus recounting to his wife the day's doings, the evicted man sat on the end of his bed in a ground-floor room of Tod's cottage. He had taken off his heavy boots, and his feet, in their thick, soiled socks, were thrust into a pair of Tod's carpet slippers. He sat without moving, precisely as if some one had struck him a blow in the centre of the forehead, and over and over again he turned the heavy thought: 'They've turned me out o' there—I done nothing, and they turned me out o' there! Blast them—they turned me out o' there!' . . .

In the orchard Tod sat with a grave and puzzled face, surrounded by the three little Trysts. And at the wicket gate Kirsteen, awaiting the arrival of Derek and Sheila—summoned home by telegram—stood in the evening glow, her blue-clad figure still as that of any worshipper at the muezzin call.

XIX

"A FIRE, causing the destruction of several ricks and an empty cowshed, occurred in the early morning of Thursday on the home farm of Sir Gerald Malloring's estate in Worcestershire. Grave suspicions of arson are entertained, but up to the present no arrest has been made. The authorities are in doubt whether the occurrence has any relation with recent similar outbreaks in the eastern counties."

So Stanley read at breakfast, in his favorite paper; and the little leader thereon:

"The outbreak of fire on Sir Gerald Malloring's Worcestershire property may or may not have any significance as a symptom of agrarian unrest. We shall watch the upshot with some anxiety. Certain it is that unless the authorities are prepared to deal sharply with arson, or other cases of deliberate damage to the property of landlords, we may bid good-by to any hope of ameliorating the lot of the laborer"—and so on.

If Stanley had risen and paced the room there would have been a good deal to be said for him; for, though he did not know as much as Felix of the nature and sentiments of Tod's children, he knew enough to make any but an Englishman uneasy. The fact that he went on eating ham, and said to Clara, "Half a cup!" was proof positive of that mysterious quality called phlegm which had long enabled his country to enjoy the peace of a weedy duck-pond.

Stanley, a man of some intelligence—witness his grasp of the secret of successful plough-making (none for the British market!)—had often considered this important proposition of phlegm. People said England was becoming degenerate and hysterical, growing soft, and nervous, and towny, and all the rest of it. In his view there was a good deal of bosh about that! "Look," he would say, "at the

weight that chauffeurs put on! Look at the House of Commons, and the size of the upper classes!" If there were growing up little shrill types of working men and Socialists, and new women, and half-penny papers, and a rather larger crop of professors and long-haired chaps—all the better for the rest of the country! The flesh all these skimpy ones had lost, solid people had put on. The country might be suffering a bit from officialism, and the tendency of modern thought, but the breed was not changing. John Bull was there all right under his mustache. Take it off and clap on little side-whiskers, and you had as many Bulls as you liked, any day. There would be no social upheaval so long as the climate was what it was! And with this simple formula, and a kind of very deep-down throaty chuckle, he would pass to a subject of more immediate importance. There was something, indeed, rather masterly in his grasp of the fact that rain might be trusted to put out any fire—give it time. And he kept a special vessel in a special corner which recorded for him faithfully the number of inches that fell; and now and again he wrote to his paper to say that there were more inches in his vessel than there had been "for thirty years." His conviction that the country was in a bad way was nothing but a skin affection, causing him local irritation rather than affecting the deeper organs of his substantial body.

He did not readily confide in Clara concerning his own family, having in a marked degree the truly domestic quality of thinking it superior to his wife's. She had been a Tomson, not one of *the* Tomsons, and it was quite a question whether he or she were trying to forget it the faster. But he did say to her as he was getting into the car:

"It's just possible I might go round by Tod's on my way home. I want a run."

She answered: "Be careful what you say to that woman. I don't want her here by any chance. The young ones were quite bad enough."

And when he had put in his day at the works he did turn the nose of his car toward Tod's. Travelling along grass-bordered roads, the beauty of this England struck his not too sensitive spirit and made him almost gasp. It was that moment of the year when the countryside seems to faint from its own loveliness, from the intoxication of its scents and sounds. Creamy-white may, splashed here and there with crimson, flooded the hedges with breaking waves of flower-foam; the fields were in buttercup glory; every tree had its cuckoo, calling; every bush its blackbird or thrush in full even-song. Swallows were flying rather low, and the sky, whose moods they watch, had the slumberous, surcharged beauty of a long, fine day, with showers not far away. Some orchards were still in blossom, and the great wild bees, hunting over flowers and grasses warm to their touch, kept the air deeply murmurous. Movement, light, color, song, scent, the warm air, and the fluttering leaves were confused, till one had almost become the other.

And Stanley thought, for he was not rhapsodic: 'Wonderful pretty country! The way everything's looked after—you never see it abroad!'

But the car, a creature with little patience for natural beauty, had brought him to the crossroads and stood, panting slightly, under the cliff-bank whereon grew Tod's cottage, so loaded now with lilac, wistaria, and roses that from the road nothing but a peak or two of the thatched roof could be seen.

Stanley was distinctly nervous. It was not a weakness his face and figure were very capable of showing, but he felt that dryness of mouth and quivering of chest which precedes adventures of the soul. Advancing up the steps and pebbled path, which Clara had trodden once, just nineteen years ago, and he himself but three times as yet in all, he cleared his throat and said to himself: 'Easy, old man! What is it, after all? She won't bite!' And in the very doorway he came upon her.

What there was about this woman to produce in a man of common sense such peculiar sensations, he no more knew after seeing her than before. Felix, on returning from his visit, had said, "She's like a Song of the Hebrides sung in the middle of a programme of English ballads." The remark, as any literary man's might, had conveyed nothing to Stanley, and that in a far-fetched way. Still,

when she said: "Will you come in?" he felt heavier and thicker than he ever remembered feeling; as a glass of stout might feel coming across a glass of claret. It was, perhaps, the gaze of her eyes, whose color he could not determine, under eyebrows that waved in the middle and twitched faintly, or a dress that was blue, with the queerest effect of another color at the back of it, or perhaps the feeling of a torrent flowing there under a coat of ice, that might give way in little holes, so that your leg went in but not the whole of you. Something, anyway, made him feel both small and heavy—that awkward combination for a man accustomed to associate himself with cheerful but solid dignity. In seating himself by request at a table, in what seemed to be a sort of kitchen, he experienced a singular sensation in the legs, and heard her say, as it might be to the air:

"Biddy, dear, take Susie and Billy out."

And thereupon a little girl with a sad and motherly face came crawling out from underneath the table, and dropped him a little courtesy. Then another still smaller girl came out, and a very small boy, who, after staring, followed the first little girl out.

All these things were against Stanley, and he felt that if he did not make it quite clear that he was there he would soon not know where he was.

"I came," he said, "to talk about this business up at Malloring's." And, encouraged by having begun, he added: "Whose kids were those?"

A level voice with a faint lisp answered him:

"They belong to a man called Tryst; he was turned out of his cottage on Wednesday because his dead wife's sister was staying with him, so we've taken them in. Did you notice the look on the face of the eldest?"

Stanley nodded. In truth, he had noticed something, though what he could not have said.

"At nine years old she has to do the housework and be a mother to the other two, besides going to school. This is all because Lady Malloring has conscientious scruples about marriage with a deceased wife's sister."

'Certainly'—thought Stanley—'that does sound a bit thick!' And he asked: "Is the woman here, too?"

"No, she's gone home for the present."

He felt relief.

"I suppose Malloring's point is," he said, "whether or not you're to do what you like with your own property. For instance, if you had let this cottage to some one you thought was harming the neighborhood, wouldn't you terminate his tenancy?"

She answered, still in that level voice: "Her action is cowardly, narrow, and tyrannical, and no amount of sophistry will make me think differently."

Stanley felt precisely as if one of his feet had gone through the ice into water so cold that it seemed burning hot! Sophistry! In a plain man like himself! He had always connected the word with Felix. He looked at her, realizing suddenly that the association of his brother's family with the outrage on Malloring's estate was probably even nearer than he had feared.

"Look here, Kirsteen!" he said, uttering the unlikely name with resolution, for, after all, she was his sister-in-law. "Did this fellow set fire to Malloring's ricks?"

He was aware of a queer flash, a quiver, a something all over her face, which passed at once back to its intent gravity.

"We have no reason to suppose so. But tyranny produces revenge, as you know."

Stanley shrugged his shoulders. "It's not my business to go into the rights and wrongs of what's been done. But, as a man of the world and a relative, I do ask you to look after your youngsters and see they don't get into a mess. They're an inflammable young couple—young blood, you know!"

Having made this speech, Stanley looked down, with a feeling that it would give her more chance.

"You are very kind," he heard her saying in that quiet, faintly lisping voice; "but there are certain principles involved."

And, suddenly, his curious fear of this woman took shape. Principles! He had unconsciously been waiting for that word, than which none was more like a red rag to him.

"What principles can possibly be involved in going against the law?"

"And where the law is unjust?"

Stanley was startled, but he said: "Re-

member that your principles, as you call them, may hurt other people besides yourself; Tod and your children most of all. How is the law unjust, may I ask?"

She had been sitting at the table opposite, but she got up now and went to the hearth. For a woman of forty-two—as he supposed she would be—she was extraordinarily lithe, and her eyes, fixed on him from under those twitching, wavy brows, had a curious glow in their darkness. The few silver threads in the mass of her overfine black hair seemed to give it extra vitality. The whole of her had a sort of intensity that made him profoundly uncomfortable. And he thought suddenly: 'Poor old Tod! Fancy having to go to bed with that woman!'

Without raising her voice, she began answering his question.

"These people have no means of setting law in motion, no means of choosing where and how they will live, no means of doing anything except just what they are told; the Mallorings have the means to set the law in motion, to choose where and how to live, and to dictate to others. That is why the law is unjust. With every independent pound a year, this equal law of yours—varies!"

"Phew!" said Stanley. "That's a proposition!"

"I give you a simple case. If I had chosen not to marry Tod but to live with him in free love, we could have done it without inconvenience. We have some independent income; we could have afforded to disregard what people thought or did. We could have bought (as we did buy) our piece of land and our cottage, out of which we could not have been turned. Since we don't care for society, it would have made absolutely no difference to our present position. But Tryst, who does not even want to defy the law—what happens to him? What happens to hundreds of laborers all over the country who venture to differ in politics, religion, or morals from those who own them?"

'By George!' thought Stanley, 'it's true, in a way; I never looked at it quite like that.' But the feeling that he had come to persuade her to be reasonable, and the deeply rooted Englishry of him, conspired to make him say:

"That's all very well; but, you see, it's only a necessary incident of property-holding. You can't interfere with plain rights."

"You mean—an evil inherent in property-holding?"

"If you like; I don't split words. The lesser of two evils. What's your remedy? You don't want to abolish property; you've confessed that property gives you your independence!"

Again that curious quiver and flash!

"Yes; but if people haven't decency enough to see for themselves how the law favors their independence, they must be shown that it doesn't pay to do to others as they would hate to be done by."

"And you wouldn't try reasoning?"

"They are not amenable to reason."

Stanley took up his hat.

"Well, I think some of us are. I see your point; but, you know, violence never did any good; it isn't—isn't English."

She did not answer. And, nonplussed thereby, he added lamely: "I should have liked to have seen Tod and your youngsters. Remember me to them. Clara sent her regards"; and, looking round the room in a rather lost way, he held out his hand.

He had an impression of something warm and dry put into it, with even a little pressure.

Back in the car, he said to his chauffeur, "Go home the other way, Batter, past the church."

The vision of that kitchen, with its brick floor, its black oak beams, bright copper pans, the flowers on the window-sill, the great, open hearth, and the figure of that woman in her blue dress standing before it, with her foot poised on a log, clung to his mind's eye with curious fidelity. And those three kids, popping out like that—proof that the whole thing was not a rather bad dream! 'Queer business!' he thought; 'bad business! That woman's uncommonly all there, though. Lot in what she said, too. Where the deuce should we all be if there were many like her!' And suddenly he noticed, in a field to the right, a number of men coming along the hedge toward the road—evidently laborers. What were they doing? He stopped the car. There were fifteen or twenty of them, and back in the field he could see a girl's red blouse, where a little group

of four still lingered. 'By George!' he thought, 'those must be the young Tods going it!' And, curious to see what it might mean, Stanley fixed his attention on the gate through which the men were bound to come. First emerged a fellow in corduroys, tied below the knee, with long brown mustaches decorating a face that, for all its haggardness, had a jovial look. Next came a sturdy little red-faced, bow-legged man in shirt-sleeves rolled up, walking alongside a big, dark fellow with a cap pushed up on his head, who had evidently just made a joke. Then came two old men, one of whom was limping, and three striplings. Another big man came along next, in a little clearance, as it were, between main groups. He walked heavily and looked up lowering at the car. The fellow's eyes were queer, and threatening, and sad—giving Stanley a feeling of discomfort. Then came a short, square man with an impudent, loquacious face and a bit of swagger in his walk. He, too, looked up at Stanley and made some remark which caused two thin-faced fellows with him to grin sheepishly. A spare old man, limping heavily, with a yellow face and drooping gray mustaches, walked next, alongside a warped, bent fellow, with yellowish hair all over his face, whose expression struck Stanley as half-idiotic. Then two more striplings of seventeen or so, whittling at bits of sticks; an active, clean-shorn chap with drawn-in cheeks; and, last of all, a small man by himself, without a cap on a round head covered with thin, light hair, moving at a 'dot-here, dot-there' walk, as though he had beasts to drive.

Stanley noted that all—save the big man with the threatening, sad eyes, the old, yellow-faced man with a limp, and the little man who came out last, lost in his imaginary beasts—looked at the car furtively as they went their ways. And Stanley thought: 'English peasant! Poor devil! Who is he? What is he? Who'd miss him if he did die out? What's the use of all this fuss about him? He's done for! Glad I've nothing to do with him at Becket, anyway! "Back to the land!" "Independent peasantry!" Not much! Shan't say that to Clara, though; knock the bottom out of her week-ends!' And to his chauffeur he muttered:

"Get on, Batter!"

So, through the peace of that country, all laid down in grass, through the dignity and loveliness of trees and meadows, this May evening, with the birds singing under a sky surcharged with warmth and color, he sped home to dinner.

XX

But next morning, turning on his back as it came dawn, Stanley thought, with the curious intensity which in those small hours so soon becomes fear: 'By Jove! I don't trust that woman a yard! I shall wire for Felix!' And the longer he lay on his back, the more the conviction bored a hole in him. There was a kind of fever in the air nowadays, that women seemed to catch, as children caught the measles. What did it all mean? England used to be a place to live in. One would have thought an old country like this would have got through its infantile diseases! Hysteria! No one gave in to that. Still, one must look out! Arson was about the limit! And Stanley had a vision, suddenly, of his plough-works in flames. Why not? The ploughs were not for the English market. Who knew whether these laboring fellows mightn't take that as a grievance, if trouble began to spread? This somewhat far-fetched notion, having started to burrow, threw up a really horrid mole-hill on Stanley. And it was only the habit, in the human mind, of saying suddenly to fears, Stop! I'm tired of you! that sent him to sleep about half past four.

He did not, however, neglect to wire to Felix:

"If at all possible, come down again at once; awkward business at Joyfields."

Nor, on the charitable pretext of employing two old fellows past ordinary work, did he omit to treble his night-watchman. . . .

On Wednesday, the day of which he had seen the dawn rise, Felix had already been startled, on returning from his constitutional, to discover his niece and nephew in the act of departure. All the explanation vouchsafed had been: "Awfully sorry, Uncle Felix; mother's wired for us." Save for the general uneasiness which attended

on all actions of that woman, Felix would have felt relieved at their going. They had disturbed his life, slipped between him and Nedda! So much so that he did not even expect her to come and tell him why they had gone nor feel inclined to ask her. So little breaks the fine coherence of really tender ties! The deeper the quality of affection, the more it 'starts and puffs,' and from sheer sensitive feeling, each for the other, spares attempt to get back into touch!

His paper—though he did not apply to it the word 'favorite,' having that proper literary feeling toward all newspapers, that they took him in rather than he them—gave him on Friday morning precisely the same piece of news as it gave Stanley at breakfast and John on his way to the Home Office. To John, less in the know, it merely brought a knitting of the brow and a vague attempt to recollect the numbers of the Worcestershire constabulary. To Felix it brought a feeling of sickness. Men whose work in life demands that they shall daily whip their nerves, run, as a rule, a little in advance of everything. And goodness knows what he did not see at that moment. He said no word to Nedda, but debated with himself and Flora what, if anything, was to be done. Flora, whose sense of humor seldom deserted her, held the more comfortable theory that there was nothing to be done as yet. Soon enough to cry when milk was spilled! He did not agree, but, unable to suggest a better course, followed her advice. On Saturday, however, receiving Stanley's wire, he had much difficulty in not saying to her, "I told you so!" The question that agitated him now was whether or not to take Nedda with him. Flora said: "Yes. The child will be the best restraining influence, if there is really trouble brewing!" Some feeling fought against this in Felix, but, suspecting it to be mere jealousy, he decided to take her. And, to the girl's rather puzzled delight, they arrived at Becket that day in time for dinner. It was not too reassuring to find John there, too. Stanley had also wired to him. The matter must indeed be serious! The usual week-end was in progress. Clara had made one of her greatest efforts. A Bulgarian had providentially written a book in which he showed, beyond doubt, that persons fed on brown bread, potatoes, and margarine, gave the most satisfactory results of all. It was a discovery of the first value as a topic for her dinner-table—seeming to solve the whole vexed problem of the laborers almost at one stroke. If they could only be got to feed themselves on this perfect programme, what a saving of the situation! On those three edibles, the Bulgarian said—and he had been well translated—a family of five could be maintained at full efficiency for a shilling per day. Why! that would leave nearly eight shillings a week, in many cases more, for rent, firing, insurance, the man's tobacco, and the children's boots. There would be no more of that terrible pinching by the mothers, to feed the husband and children properly, of which one heard so much; no more lamentable deterioration in our stock! Brown bread, potatoes, margarine—quite a great deal could be provided for seven shillings! And what was more delicious than a well-baked potato with margarine of good quality? The carbohydrates—or was it hybocardrates—ah, yes! the kybohardrates—would be present in really sufficient quantity! Little else was talked of all through dinner at her end of the table. Above the flowers that Frances Freeland insisted on arranging—and very charmingly—when she was there—over bare shoulders and white shirt-fronts, those words bombed and rebombed. Brown bread, potatoes, margarine, carbohydrates, calorific! They mingled with the creaming sizzle of champagne, with the soft murmur of well-bred deglutition. White bosoms heaved and eyebrows rose at them. And now and again some Bigwig versed in science murmured the word 'Fats.' An agricultural population fed to the point of efficiency without disturbance of the existing state of things! Eureka! If only into the bargain they could be induced to bake their own brown bread and cook their potatoes well! Faces flushed, eyes brightened, and teeth shone. It was the best, the most stimulating, dinner ever swallowed in that room. Nor was it until each male guest had eaten, drunk, and talked himself into torpor suitable to the company of his wife that the three brothers could sit in the smoking-room together, undisturbed.

When Stanley had described his interview with 'that woman,' his glimpse of the red blouse, and the laborers' meeting, there was a silence before John said:

"It might be as well if Tod would send his two youngsters abroad for a bit."

Felix shook his head.

"I don't think he would, and I don't think they'd go. But we might try to get those two to see that anything the poor devils of laborers do is bound to recoil on themselves, fourfold. I suppose," he added, with sudden malice, "a laborers' rising would have no chance?"

Neither John nor Stanley winced.

"Rising? Why should they rise?"

"They did in '32."

"In '32!" repeated John. "Agriculture had its importance then. Now it has none. Besides, they've no cohesion, no power, like the miners or railway men. Rising? No chance, no earthly! Weight of metal's dead against it."

Felix smiled.

"Money and guns! Guns and money! Confess with me, brethren, that we're glad of metal."

John stared and Stanley drank off his whiskey and potash. Felix really was a bit 'too thick' sometimes. Then Stanley said:

"Wonder what Tod thinks of it all. Will you go over, Felix, and advise that our young friends be more considerate to these poor beggars?"

Felix nodded. And with 'Good-night, old man' all round, and no shaking of the hands, the three brothers dispersed.

But behind Felix, as he opened his bedroom door, a voice whispered:

"Dad!" And there, in the doorway of the adjoining room, was Nedda in her dressing-gown.

"Do come in a minute. I've been waiting up. You *are* late."

Felix followed her into her room. The pleasure he would once have had in this midnight conspiracy was superseded now, and he stood blinking at her gravely. In that blue gown, with her dark hair falling on its lace collar and her face so round and childish, she seemed more than ever to have defrauded him. Hooking her arm in his, she drew him to the window; and Felix thought: 'She just wants to talk to me about Derek. Dog in the manger that I am! Here goes to be decent!' So he said:

"Well, my dear?"

Nedda pressed his hand with a little coaxing squeeze.

"Daddy, darling, I do love you!"

And, though Felix knew that she had grasped what he was feeling, a sort of warmth spread in him. She had begun counting his fingers with one of her own, sitting close beside him. The warmth in Felix deepened, but he thought: 'She must want a good deal out of me!' Then she began:

"Why did we come down again? I know there's something wrong! It's hard not to know, when you're anxious." And she sighed. That little sigh affected Felix.

"I'd always rather know the truth, Dad. Aunt Clara said something about a fire at the Mallorings'."

Felix stole a look at her. Yes! There was a lot in this child of his! Depth, warmth, and strength to hold to things. No use to treat her as a child! And he answered:

"My dear, there's really nothing beyond what you know—our young man and Sheila are hotheads, and things over there are working up a bit. We must try and smooth them down."

"Dad, ought I to back him whatever he does?"

What a question! The more so that one cannot answer superficially the questions of those one loves.

"Ah!" he said at last. "I don't know yet. Some things it's not your duty to do; that's certain. It can't be right to do things simply because he does them—*that's* not real—however much one loves."

"No; I feel that. Only, it's so hard to know what I do really think when there's such a lot trying to make me feel that only what's nice and cosey is right!"

And Felix thought: 'I've been brought up to believe that only Russian girls care for truth. It seems I was wrong. The saints forbid I should be a stumbling-block to my own daughter searching for it! And yet—where's it all leading? Is this the same child that told me only the other night she wanted to know everything? She's a woman now! So much for love!' And he said:

"Let's go forward quietly, my pret-

ty, without expecting too much of ourselves."

"Yes, Dad; only I distrust myself so."

"No one ever got near the truth who didn't."

"Can we go over there to-morrow? I don't think I could bear a whole day of Bigwigs and eating, with this hanging over——"

"Poor Bigwigs! All right! We'll go. And now, bed; and think of nothing!"

Her whisper tickled his ear:

"You are a darling to me, Dad!"

He went out comforted.

And for some time after she had forgotten everything he leaned out of his window, smoking cigarettes, and trying to see the body and soul of night. How quiet she was—night, with her mystery, bereft of moon, in whose darkness seemed to vibrate still the song of the cuckoos that had been calling so all day! And whisperings of leaves communed with Felix.

XXI

WHAT Tod thought of all this was, perhaps, as much of an enigma to Tod as to his three brothers, and never more so than on that Sunday morning when two police constables appeared at his door with a warrant for the arrest of Tryst. After regarding them fixedly for full thirty seconds, he said, "Wait!" and left them in the doorway.

Kirsteen was washing breakfast things which had a leadless glaze, and Tryst's three children, extremely tidy, stood motionless at the edge of the little scullery, watching.

When she had joined him in the kitchen Tod shut the door.

"Two policemen," he said, "want Tryst. Are they to have him?"

In the life together of these two there had, from the very start, been a queer understanding as to who should decide what. It had become by now so much a matter of instinct that combative consultations, which bulk so large in married lives, had no place in theirs. A frowning tremor passed over her face.

"I suppose they must. Derek is out. Leave it to me, Tod, and take the tinies into the orchard."

Tod took the three little Trysts to the very spot where Derek and Nedda had gazed over the darkening fields in exchanging that first kiss, and, sitting on the stump of the apple-tree he had cut down, he presented each of them with an apple. While they ate, he stared. And his dog stared at him. How far there worked in Tod the feelings of an ordinary man watching three small children whose only parent the law was just taking into its charge it would be rash to say, but his eyes were extremely blue and there was a frown between them.

"Well, Biddy?" he said at last.

Biddy did not reply; the habit of being a mother had imposed on her, together with the gravity of her little, pale, oval face, a peculiar talent for silence. But the round-cheeked Susie said:

"Billy can eat cores."

After this statement, silence was broken only by munching, till Tod said:

"What makes things?"

The children, having the instinct that he had not asked them, but himself, came closer. He had in his hand a little beetle.

"This beetle lives in rotten wood; nice chap, isn't he?"

"We kill beetles; we're afraid of them." So Susie.

They were now round Tod so close that Billy was standing on one of his large feet, Susie leaning her elbows on one of his broad knees, and Biddy's slender little body pressed against his huge arm.

"No," said Tod; "beetles are nice chaps."

"The birds eats them," remarked Billy.

"This beetle," said Tod, "eats wood. It eats through trees and the trees get rotten."

Biddy spoke:

"Then they don't give no more apples."

Tod put the beetle down and Billy got off his foot to tread on it. When he had done his best the beetle emerged and vanished in the grass. Tod, who had offered no remonstrance, stretched out his hand and replaced Billy on his foot.

"What about my treading on you, Billy?" he said.

"Why?"

"I'm big and you're little."

On Billy's square face came a puzzled defiance. If he had not been early taught

his station he would evidently have found some poignant retort. An intoxicated humblebee broke the silence by buzzing into Biddy's fluffed-out, corn-gold hair. Tod took it off with his hand.

"Lovely chap, isn't he?"

The children, who had recoiled, drew close again, while the drunken bee crawled feebly in the cage of Tod's large hand.

"Bees sting," said Biddy; "I fell on a bee and it stang me!"

"You stang it first," said Tod. "This chap wouldn't sting—not for worlds. Stroke it!"

Biddy put out her little, pale finger but stayed it a couple of inches from the bee.

"Go on," said Tod.

Opening her mouth a little, Biddy went on and touched the bee.

"It's soft," she said. "Why don't it buzz?"

"I want to stroke it, too," said Susie. And Billy stamped a little on Tod's foot.

"No," said Tod; "only Biddy."

There was perfect silence till the dog, rising, approached its nose, black with a splash of pinky whiteness on the end of the bridge, as if to love the bee.

"No," said Tod. The dog looked at him over yellow-brown eyes dark with anxiety.

"It'll sting the dog's nose," said Biddy, and Susie and Billy came yet closer.

It was at this moment, when the heads of the dog, the bee, Tod, Biddy, Susie, and Billy might have been contained within a noose three feet in diameter, that Felix dismounted from Stanley's car and, coming from the cottage, caught sight of that little idyll under the dappled sunlight, green, and blossom. It was something from the core of life, out of the heart-beat of things—like a rare picture or song, the revelation of the childlike wonder and delight, to which all other things are but the supernumerary casings—a little pool of simplicity into which fever and yearning sank and were for a moment drowned. And quite possibly he would have gone away without disturbing them if the dog had not growled and wagged his tail.

But when the children had been sent down into the field he experienced the usual difficulty in commencing a talk with Tod. How far was his big brother within reach of mere unphilosophic statements; how far was he going to attend to facts?

"We came back yesterday," he began; "Nedda and I. You know all about Derek and Nedda, I suppose?"

Tod nodded.

"What do you think of it?"

"He's a good chap."

"Yes," murmured Felix, "but a firebrand. This business at Malloring's—what's it going to lead to, Tod? We must look out, old man. Couldn't you send Derek and Sheila abroad for a bit?"

"Wouldn't go."

"But, after all, they're dependent on you."

"Don't say that to them; I should never see them again."

Felix, who felt the instinctive wisdom of that remark, answered helplessly:

"What's to be done, then?"

"Sit tight." Tod's hand came down on Felix's shoulder.

"But suppose they get into real trouble? Stanley and John don't like it; and there's mother." And Felix added, with sudden heat, "Besides, I can't stand Nedda being made anxious like this."

Tod removed his hand. Felix would have given a good deal to have been able to see into the brain behind the frowning stare of those blue eyes.

"Can't help by worrying. What must be, will. Look at the birds!"

The remark from any other man would have irritated Felix profoundly; coming from Tod, it seemed the unconscious expression of a really felt philosophy. And, after all, was he not right? What was this life they all lived but a ceaseless worrying over what was to come? Was not all man's unhappiness caused by nervous anticipations of the future? Was not that the disease, and the misfortune, of the age; perhaps of all the countless ages man had lived through.

With an effort he recalled his thoughts from that far flight. What if Tod had rediscovered the secret of the happiness that belonged to birds and lilies of the field—such overpowering interest in the moment that the future did not exist? Why not? Were not the only minutes when he himself was really happy those

when he lost himself in work, or love? And why were they so few? For want of pressure to the square moment. Yes! All unhappiness was fear and lack of vitality to live the present fully. That was why love and fighting were such poignant ecstasies—they lived their present to the full. And so it would be almost comic to say to those young people: Go away; do nothing in this matter in which your interest and your feelings are concerned! Don't have a present, because you've got to have a future! And he said:

"I'd give a good deal for your power of losing yourself in the moment, old boy!"

"That's all right," said Tod. He was examining the bark of a tree, which had nothing the matter with it, so far as Felix could see; while his dog, who had followed them, carefully examined Tod. Both were obviously lost in the moment. And with a feeling of defeat Felix led the way back to the cottage.

In the brick-floored kitchen Derek was striding up and down; while around him, in an equilateral triangle, stood the three women, Sheila at the window, Kirsteen by the open hearth, Nedda against the wall opposite. Derek exclaimed at once:

"Why did you let them, father? Why didn't you refuse to give him up?"

Felix looked at his brother. In the doorway, where his curly head nearly touched the wood, Tod's face was puzzled, rueful. He did not answer.

"Any one could have said he wasn't here. We could have smuggled him away. Now the brutes have got him! I don't know that, though—" And he made suddenly for the door.

Tod did not budge. "No," he said.

Derek turned; his mother was at the other door; at the window, the two girls.

The comedy of this scene, if there be comedy in the face of grief, was for the moment lost on Felix.

'It's come,' he thought. 'What now?'

Derek had flung himself down at the table and was burying his head in his hands. Sheila went up to him.

"Don't be a fool, Derek."

However right and natural that remark, it seemed inadequate.

And Felix looked at Nedda. The blue motor scarf she had worn had slipped off her dark head; her face was white; her eyes, fixed immovably on Derek, seemed waiting for him to recognize that she was there. The boy broke out again:

"It was treachery! We took him in; and now we've given him up. They wouldn't have touched *us* if we'd got him away. Not they!"

Felix literally heard the breathing of Tod on one side of him and of Kirsteen on the other. He crossed over and stood opposite his nephew.

"Look here, Derek," he said; "your mother was quite right. You might have put this off for a day or two; but it was bound to come. You don't know the reach of the law. Come, my dear fellow! It's no good making a fuss, that's childish—the thing is to see that the man gets every chance."

Derek looked up. Probably he had not yet realized that his uncle was in the room; and Felix was astonished at his really haggard face; as if the incident had bitten and twisted some vital in his body.

"He trusted us."

Felix saw Kirsteen quiver and flinch, and understood why they had none of them felt quite able to turn their backs on that display of passion. Something deep and unreasoning was on the boy's side; something that would not fit with common sense and the habits of civilized society; something from an Arab's tent or a Highland glen. Then Tod came up behind and put his hands on his son's shoulders.

"Come!" he said; "milk's spilt."

"All right!" said Derek gruffly, and he went to the door.

Felix made Nedda a sign and she slipped out after him.

XXII

NEDDA, her blue head-gear trailing, followed along at the boy's side while he passed through the orchard and two fields; and when he threw himself down under an ash-tree she, too, subsided, waiting for him to notice her.

"I am here," she said at last.

At that ironic little speech Derek sat up.

"It'll kill him," he said.

"But—to burn things, Derek! To light horrible cruel flames, and burn things, even if they aren't alive!"

Derek said through his teeth:

"It's I who did it! If I'd never talked to him he'd have been like the others. They were taking him in a cart, like a calf."

Nedda got possession of his hand and held it tight.

That was a bitter and frightening hour under the faintly rustling ash-tree, while the wind sprinkled over her flakes of the may blossom, just past its prime. Love seemed now so little a thing, seemed to have lost warmth and power, seemed like a suppliant outside a door. Why did trouble come like this the moment one felt deeply?

The church bell was tolling; they could see the little congregation pass across the churchyard into that weekly dream they knew too well. And presently the drone emerged, mingling with the voices outside, of sighing trees and trickling water, of the rub of wings, birds' songs, and the callings of beasts everywhere beneath the sky.

In spite of her suffering because love was not the first emotion in his heart, the girl could only feel he was right not to be loving her; that she ought to be glad of what was eating up all else within him. It was ungenerous, unworthy, to want to be loved at such a moment. Yet she could not help it! This was her first experience of the eternal tug between self and the loved one pulled in the hearts of lovers. Would she ever come to feel happy when he was just doing what he thought was right? And she drew a little away from him; then perceived that unwittingly she had done the right thing, for he at once tried to take her hand again. And this was her first lesson, too, in the nature of man. If she did not give her hand, he wanted it! But she was not one of those who calculate in love. So she gave him her hand at once. That went to his heart; and he put his arm round her, till he could feel the emotion under those stays that would not be drawn any closer. In this nest beneath the ash-tree they sat till they heard the organ wheeze and the furious sound of the last hymn, and saw the brisk coming-forth with its air of, 'Thank God! And now, to eat!' till at last there was no stir again about the little church—no stir at all save that of nature's ceaseless thanksgiving. . . .

Tod, his brown face still rueful, had followed those two out into the air, and Sheila had gone quickly after him. Thus left alone with his sister-in-law, Felix said gravely:

"If you don't want the boy to get into real trouble, do all you can to show him that the last way in the world to help these poor fellows is to let them fall foul of the law. It's madness to light flames you can't put out. What happened this morning? Did the man resist?"

Her face still showed how bitter had been her mortification, and he was astonished that she kept her voice so level and emotionless.

"No. He went with them quite quietly. The back door was open; he could have walked out. I did not advise him to. I'm glad no one saw his face except myself. You see," she added, "he's devoted to Derek, and Derek knows it; that's why he feels it so, and will feel it more and more. The boy has a great sense of honor, Felix."

Under that tranquillity Felix caught the pain and yearning in her voice. Yes! This woman really felt and saw. She was not one of those who make disturbance with their brains and powers of criticism; rebellion leaped out from the heat in her heart. But he said:

"Is it right to fan this flame? Do you think any good end is served?" Waiting for her answer, he found himself gazing at the ghost of dark down on her upper lip, wondering that he had never noticed it before.

Very low, as if to herself, she said:

"I would kill myself to-day if I didn't believe that tyranny and injustice must end."

"In our time?"

"Perhaps not."

"Are you content to go on working for an Utopia that you will never see?"

"While our laborers are treated and housed more like dogs than human beings, while the best life under the sun—because life on the soil might be the best life—is despised and starved, and made the plaything of people's tongues, neither I nor mine are going to rest."

The admiration she inspired in Felix at that moment was mingled with a kind of pity. He said impressively:

"Do you know the forces you are up against? Have you looked into the un-

fathomable heart of this trouble? Understood the tug of the towns, the call of money to money; grasped the destructive restlessness of modern life; the abysmal selfishness of people when you threaten their interests; the age-long apathy of those you want to help? Have you grasped all these?"

"And more!"

Felix held out his hand. "Then," he said, "you are truly brave!"

She shook her head.

"It got bitten into me very young. I was brought up in the Highlands among the crofters in their worst days. In some ways the people here are not so badly off, but they're still slaves."

"Except that they can go to Canada if they want, and save old England."

She flushed. "I hate irony."

Felix looked at her with ever-increasing interest; she certainly was of the kind that could be relied on to make trouble.

"Ah!" he murmured. "Don't forget that when we can no longer smile we can only swell and burst. It *is* some consolation to reflect that by the time we've determined to do something really effectual for the ploughmen of England there'll be no ploughmen left!"

"I cannot smile at that."

And, studying her face, Felix thought, 'You're right there! You'll get no help from humor.' . . .

Early that afternoon, with Nedda between them, Felix and his nephew were speeding toward Transham.

The little town—a hamlet when Edmund Moreton dropped the *e* from his name and put up the works which Stanley had so much enlarged—had monopolized by now the hill on which it stood. Living entirely on its ploughs, it yet had but little of the true look of a British factory town, having been for the most part built since ideas came into fashion. With its red roofs and chimneys, it was only moderately ugly, and here and there an old white, timbered house still testified to the fact that it had once been country. On this fine Sunday afternoon the population were in the streets, and presented all that long narrow-headedness, that twist and distortion of feature, that perfect absence of beauty in face, figure, and dress, which is the glory of the Briton who has been for three generations in a town. 'And my great-grandfather'—thought Felix—'did all this! God rest his soul!'

At a rather new church on the very top they halted, and went in to inspect the Morton memorials. There they were, in dedicated corners. 'Edmund and his wife Catherine'—'Charles Edmund and his wife Florence'—'Maurice Edmund and his wife Dorothy.' Clara had set her foot down against 'Stanley and his wife Clara' being in the fourth; her soul was above ploughs, and she, of course, intended to be buried at Becket, as Clara, dowager Lady Freeland, for her efforts in regard to the land. Felix, who had a tendency to note how things affected other people, watched Derek's inspection of these documents and marked that they excited in him no tendency to ribaldry. The boy, indeed, could hardly be expected to see in them what Felix saw—an epitome of the great, perhaps fatal, change that had befallen his native country; a record of the beginning of that far-back fever, whose course ran ever faster, which had emptied country into town and slowly, surely, changed the whole spirit of life. When Edmund Moreton, about 1780, took the infection disseminated by the development of machinery, and left the farming of his acres to make money, that thing was done which they were all now talking about trying to undo, with their cries of: "Back to the land! Back to peace and sanity in the shade of the elms! Back to the simple and patriarchal state of feeling which old documents disclose. Back to a time before these little squashed heads and bodies and features jutted every which way; before there were long squashed streets of gray houses; long squashed chimneys emitting smoke-blight; long squashed rows of graves; and long squashed columns of the daily papers. Back to well-fed countrymen who could not read, with Common rights, and a kindly feeling for old 'Moretons,' who had a kindly feeling for them!" Back to all that? A dream! Sirs! A dream! There was nothing for it now, but—progress! Progress! On with the dance! Let engines rip, and the little, squash-headed fellows with them! Commerce, literature, religion, science, politics, all taking a hand; what a glorious chance had money, ugliness, and ill will! Such

were the reflections of Felix before the brass tablet:

"To the Loving Memory of
EDMUND MORTON
and
His Devoted Wife
CATHERINE.
At Rest in the Lord. A. D., 1816."

From the church they went about their proper business, to interview a Mr. Pogram, of the firm of Pogram & Collet, solicitors, in whose hands the interests of many citizens of Transham and the country round were almost securely deposited. He occupied, curiously enough, the house where Edmund Morton himself had lived, conducting his works on the one hand and the squirearchy of the parish on the other. Incorporated now into the line of a long, loose street, it still stood rather apart from its neighbors, behind some large shrubs, and trees of the holm-oak variety.

Mr. Pogram, who was finishing his Sunday after-lunch cigar, was a short, clean-shaved man with strong cheeks and those rather lustful gray-blue eyes which accompany a sturdy figure. He rose when they were introduced, and, uncrossing his fat little thighs, asked what he could do for them.

Felix propounded the story of the arrest, so far as might be, in words of one syllable, avoiding the sentimental aspect of the question, and finding it hard to be on the side of disorder, as any modern writer might. There was something, however, about Mr. Pogram that reassured him. The small fellow looked a fighter—looked as if he would sympathize with Tryst's want of a woman about him. The tusky but soft-hearted little brute kept nodding his round, sparsely covered head while he listened, exuding a smell of lavender-water, cigars, and gutta-percha. When Felix ceased he said, rather dryly:

"Sir Gerald Malloring? Yes. Sir Gerald's country agents, I rather think, are Messrs. Porter of Worcester. Quite so."

And a conviction that Mr. Pogram thought they should have been Messrs. Pogram & Collet of Transham confirmed in Felix the feeling that they had come to the right man.

"I gather," Mr. Pogram said, and he looked at Nedda with a glance from which he obviously tried to remove all earthly desires, "that you, sir, and your nephew wish to go and see the man. Mrs. Pogram will be delighted to show Miss Freeland our garden. Your great-grandfather sir, on the mother's side, lived in this house. Delighted to meet you; often heard of your books; Mrs. Pogram has read one—let me see—'The Bannister,' was it?"

"'The Barrister,'" Felix answered gently.

Mr. Pogram rang the bell. "Quite so," he said. "Assizes are just over, so that he can't come up for trial till August or September; pity—great pity! Bail in cases of arson—for a laborer, very doubtful! Ask your mistress to come, please."

There entered a faded rose of a woman on whom Mr. Pogram in his time had evidently made a great impression. A vista of two or three little Programs behind her was hastily removed by the maid. And they all went into the garden.

"Through here," said Mr. Pogram, coming to a side door in the garden wall, "we can make a short cut to the police station. As we go along I shall ask you one or two blunt questions." And he thrust out his under lip:

"For instance, what's your interest in this matter?"

Before Felix could answer, Derek had broken in:

"My uncle has come out of kindness. It's my affair, sir. The man has been tyrannously treated."

Mr. Pogram cocked his eye. "Yes, yes; no doubt, no doubt! He's not confessed, I understand?"

"No; but——"

Mr. Pogram laid a finger on his lips.

"Never say die; that's what we're here for. So," he went on, "you're a rebel; Socialist, perhaps. Dear me! Well, we're all of us something, nowadays—I'm a humanitarian myself. Often say to Mrs. Pogram—humanity's the thing in this age—and so it is! Well, now, what line shall we take?" And he rubbed his hands. "Shall we have a try at once to upset what evidence they've got? We should want a strong alibi. Our friends here will commit if they can—nobody likes arson. I understand he was sleeping in your cottage. His room, now? Was it on the ground floor?"

"Yes; but——"

Mr. Pogram frowned, as who should say: Ah! Be careful! "He had better

reserve his defence and give us time to turn round," he said rather shortly.

They had arrived at the police station and after a little parley were ushered into the presence of Tryst.

The big laborer was sitting on the stool in his cell, leaning back against the wall, his hands loose and open at his sides. His gaze passed at once from Felix and Mr. Pogram, who were in advance, to Derek; and the man's soul seemed suddenly to look through, as one may see all there is of spirit in a dog reach out to its master. This was the first time Felix had seen him who had caused already so much anxiety, and that broad, almost brutal face, with the yearning fidelity in its tragic eyes, made a powerful impression on him. It was the sort of face one did not forget and might be glad of not remembering in dreams. What had put this yearning spirit into so gross a frame, destroying its solid coherence? Why could not Tryst have been left by nature just a beer-loving serf, devoid of grief for his dead wife, devoid of longing for the nearest he could get to her again, devoid of susceptibility to this young man's influence? And the thought of all that was before the mute creature, sitting there in heavy, hopeless patience, stung Felix's heart so that he could hardly bear to look him in the face.

Derek had taken the man's thick, brown hand; Felix could see with what effort the boy was biting back his feelings.

"This is Mr. Pogram, Bob. A solicitor who'll do all he can for you."

Felix looked at Mr. Pogram. The little man was standing with arms akimbo; his face the queerest mixture of shrewdness and compassion, and he was giving off an almost needlessly strong scent of gutta-percha.

"Yes, my man," he said, "you and I are going to have a talk when these gentlemen have done with you," and, turning on his heel, he began to touch up the points of his little pink nails with a penknife, in front of the constable who stood outside the cell door, with his professional air of giving a man a chance.

Invaded by a feeling, apt to come over him in zoos, that he was watching a creature who had no chance to escape being watched, Felix also turned; but, though his eyes saw not, his ears could not help hearing.

"Forgive me, Bob! It's I who got you into this!"

"No, sir; naught to forgive. I'll soon be back, and then they'll see!"

By the reddening of Mr. Pogram's ears Felix formed the opinion that the little man, also, could hear.

"Tell her not to fret, Mr. Derek. I'd like a shirt, in case I've got to stop. The children needn' know where I be; though I an't ashamed."

"It may be a longer job than you think, Bob."

In the silence that followed Felix could not help turning. The laborer's eyes were moving quickly round his cell, as if for the first time he realized that he was shut up; suddenly he brought those big hands of his together and clasped them between his knees, and again his gaze ran round the cell. Felix heard the clearing of a throat close by, and, more than ever conscious of the scent of gutta-percha, grasped its connection with compassion in the heart of Mr. Pogram. He caught Derek's muttered, "Don't ever think we're forgetting you, Bob," and something that sounded like, "And don't ever say you did it." Then, passing Felix and the little lawyer, the boy went out. His head was held high, but tears were running down his cheeks. Felix followed.

A bank of clouds, gray-white, was rising just above the red-tiled roofs, but the sun still shone brightly. And the thought of the big laborer sitting there knocked and knocked at Felix's heart with a mournful, miserable sound. He had a warmer feeling for his young nephew than he had ever had. Mr. Pogram rejoined them now, and they walked on together.

"Well?" said Felix.

Mr. Pogram answered in a somewhat grumpy voice:

"Not guilty, and reserve defence. You have influence, young man! Dumb as a fish. Poor devil!" And not another word did he say till they had re-entered his garden.

Here the ladies, surrounded by many little Pograms, were having tea. And seated next the little lawyer, whose eyes were fixed on Nedda, Felix was able to appreciate that in happier mood he exhaled almost exclusively the scent of lavender-water and cigars.

(To be continued.)

Hole in the Wall. Bank of the Skeena River.

THE NEW CANADIAN NATIONAL TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILWAY

By Duncan MacPherson

Member Canadian Society of Civil Engineers; Member Institution of Civil Engineers; former Assistant to the Chairman in Charge of Operation.

MOST people on the American continent know more or less about Canada's pioneer transcontinental railway, the Canadian Pacific, but probably not many, outside railway men, in the United States know very much about her latest creation in that line which has just culminated in the completion of what has been called, during construction, the Transcontinental Railway on the eastern half and the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway on the western half. Joined together, these halves constitute the new National Transcontinental Railway, to be operated by and called the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

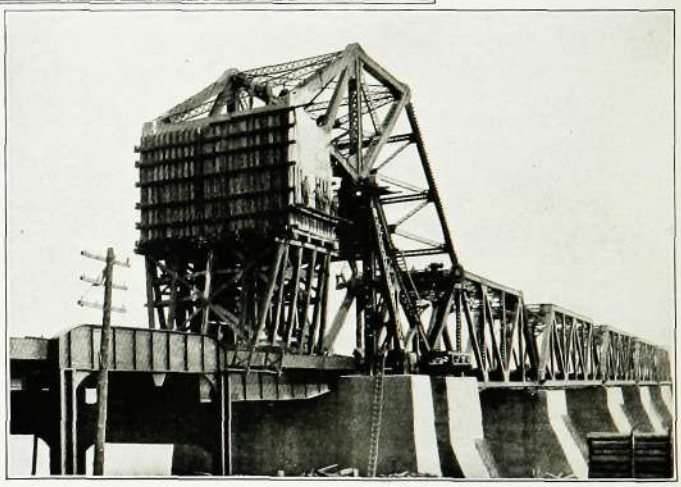
It might be considered that the building of a trunk-line railway between 3,000 and 4,000 miles long is no great feat in these days of high explosives and gigantic steam-shovels; but when it is understood that a large part of this line runs through rugged and comparatively unknown northern latitudes, where the summers are short and the winters long and cold; that scores of mighty rivers had to be spanned, the Rocky Mountains crossed, and the whole line constructed on lower gradients and easier curves than had hitherto been thought practical, the accomplished fact becomes more interesting.

A few words as to its inception.* It was

*See "Canada's New Transcontinental Railway," by Hugh D. Lumsden, and "The Grand Trunk Pacific," by Cy Warman, in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, July, 1906.

only natural that the Canadian Pacific Railway, having been so successful, should in due time be emulated by rival lines, as, although that infant of the early eighties had been much decried at birth, and even early bankruptcy and death freely predicted by able men, it had grown to sturdy manhood before the end of the last century, and still continued to wax stronger as its new trunk lines and branches were extended into all promising territory in the early years of the new century.

Quebec Bridge.



Bridge over Red River, at Winnipeg.

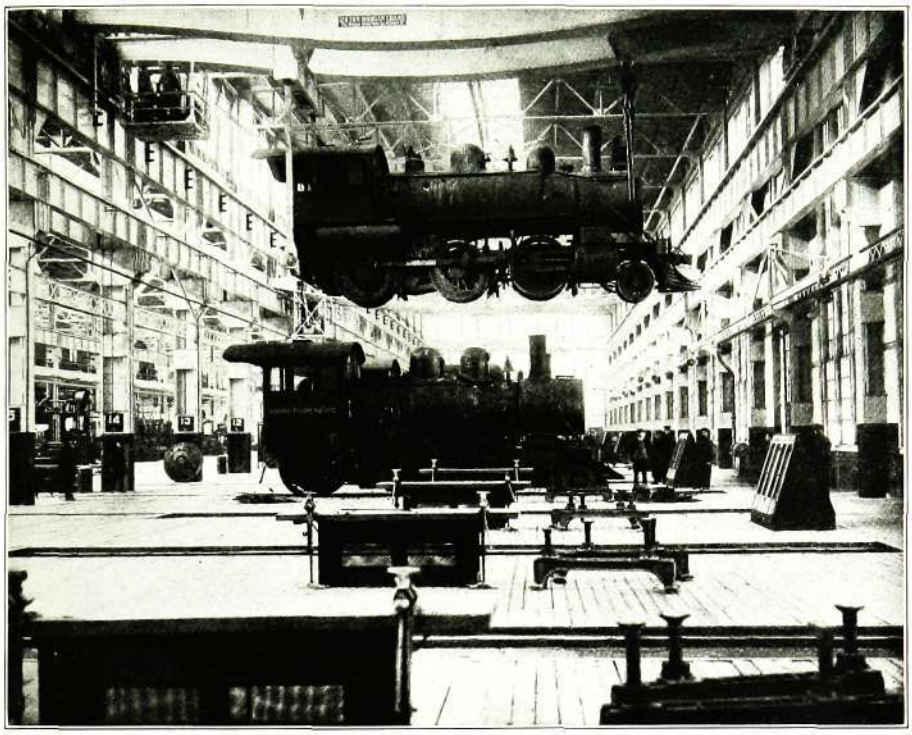
A glance over the successive annual reports of this company, from 1885 onward, is like reading a fairy tale, so swiftly but surely do the millions pile up from year to year. Great was the jubilation at the end of the year 1892, when the gross receipts first crossed the $20,000,000 mark, which was practically double what they had been five years previous. In 1903 their earnings were approximately $44,000,000, and in 1913 over $128,000,000.

Is it any wonder that emulating rivals brought forward many schemes from time to time, more or less well supported by enterprising men, until, in 1903, the proposition began to assume concrete shape under the auspices of the Grand Trunk Railway, which company had been the only serious rival of the Canadian Pacific Railway in eastern Canada up to that time.

There were, of course, divers opinions held by prominent railway men and others both as to the present necessity for another transcontinental railway and as to the organization and financial arrangements for its construction. It was, however, generally agreed that no private corporation could be induced to carry through such a stupendous undertaking, involving the construction of many hundreds of miles through an unsettled wilderness, difficult of access, requiring very expensive work and with little local traffic in sight.

The government of the day, therefore,

decided to construct the eastern division, from Moncton, N. B., to Winnipeg, Manitoba, themselves, by means of a commission, and afterward to lease it to the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company, which had entered into an agreement with them to construct the line from Winnipeg to the Pacific coast, and to operate the whole line from the Atlantic to the Pacific, when it was completed.



Shops at Transcona for building and repairing cars and locomotives.

Accordingly, an act respecting the construction of the National Transcontinental Railway was assented to by the Dominion Parliament on the 24th of October, 1903, which provided for the construction of a line to be operated as a common railway highway across the Dominion, from ocean to ocean, and wholly within Canadian territory.

Much importance was attached to the words "wholly within Canadian territory," as hitherto the only other transcontinental line, the Canadian Pacific Railway, although it is entirely in Canadian territory between Vancouver, on the Pacific Ocean, and Quebec, on tide-water of the Atlantic, passes through the State of Maine to really reach the ocean at Saint John.

It was decided to build an air-line, as nearly as possible, consistent with due economy, and to make the maximum gradient, east bound, or against the major traffic, 0.4 feet, and west bound, 0.5 feet per hundred, and to limit curvature to a maximum of 6 degrees, these maxima to be used sparingly. Bridges and culverts were to be of concrete and steel and of the most modern description.

These specifications—especially the low gradients—meant much heavier expenditure than for existing roads having one-per-cent grades; but, as most roads were busy cutting down one-per-cent grades, the higher standard set by the National Transcontinental Railway was considered justifiable.

There are no special hardships involved in building a railway through settled regions where other railways, highways,

Union Station at Winnipeg, the junction of the Canadian Northern Railway and the Grand Trunk Pacific. Fort Garry Hotel at the right, erected on the site of old Fort Garry.

and rivers furnish easy and rapid means for transporting men from point to point at all stages of the work, from the preliminary survey to the driving of the last spike; but it is an entirely different matter when, in the initial stages, the only means of transportation for hundreds of miles is by canoe in summer and dog train in winter.

Canoeing is very pleasant at times, when done for recreation, in fine weather, but when it becomes a necessity every day, without regard to weather conditions, the pleasure very often becomes a pain, after one has paddled a laden canoe many weary miles, with frequent intervals of portaging it and contents over the roughest of trails from lake to lake.

Travelling by dog train may also be considered grand sport when taken in homœopathic doses, or travelling light over a good trail, but when done every day for a week or more, over the worst of trails, or no trail at all, in deep snow, where you have to walk ahead of the dogs to tramp down with your snow-shoes a sufficiently firm trail for the dogs to haul the toboggans, there are more pleasant forms of exercise.

In 1904–5 the Transcontinental and Grand Trunk Pacific had some seventy-five surveying parties in the field, consisting of about eighteen men each, not counting the men engaged in transporting supplies by canoe and dog train, in the manner above described, though, of course, there were many accessible parts of the line where such primitive transport was unnecessary.

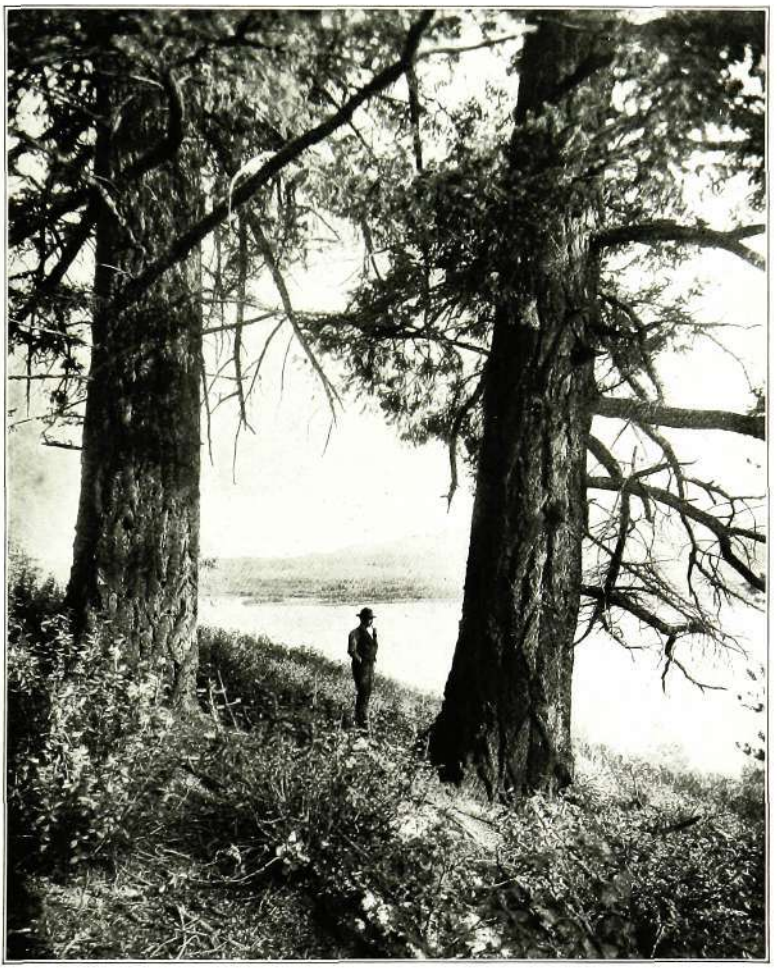
These men were mostly under canvas, and in the farthest-north locations the thermometer seldom ranged above zero for months at a time, in winter, and often fell to over 50° below zero. Living in tents is scarcely a picnic under such conditions; but the men kept well and cheerful, owing to the fact that no pains were spared to keep them well supplied with a good variety of canned soups, vegetables, and fruits, in addition to the usual rations of flour, bacon, and beans.

Active construction began on the eastern division in the summer of 1906, when a few hundred men, steam-shovels, etc., started in to burrow through the hills and fill the valleys, to construct the latest of

man's scientific trails across the North American continent.

From time to time new contracts were let until, in 1908, the whole line was let of 1914. The ballasting, etc., was practically completed by November, 1914.

The quantities of the most important items of material moved and placed in the



The Fraser River from Stellaqua Mountain.

and something like 35,000 men were actually engaged on the work, not including officials and their office staffs. On the eastern division alone, which is 1,805 miles long, there was at one time an army of over 21,000 men employed.

The last link of the main track of the eastern division (except for the Saint Lawrence River bridge) was connected in November, 1913, and on the western division, 1,745 miles long, in the early summer

work, on the eastern division, were, in round figures, as follows:

	Cu. yds.
Solid rock	19,000,000
Loose rock	18,500,000
Common excavation	21,000,000
Train-hauled filling	33,000,000
Ballast	7,000,000
Concrete	700,000

Steel bridges, 11 miles, containing about 61,000 tons of steel.

The cost of this division was, approx-

Potato field at Fraser Lake.

imately, $160,000,000, including shops, etc., complete.

The cost of the western division was, approximately, $130,000,000 for 1,745 miles, and the quantities of material moved less per mile than on the eastern division, owing to the comparatively long stretch of prairie country from Winnipeg west.

The total length of line from Moncton to Prince Rupert is 3,550 miles.

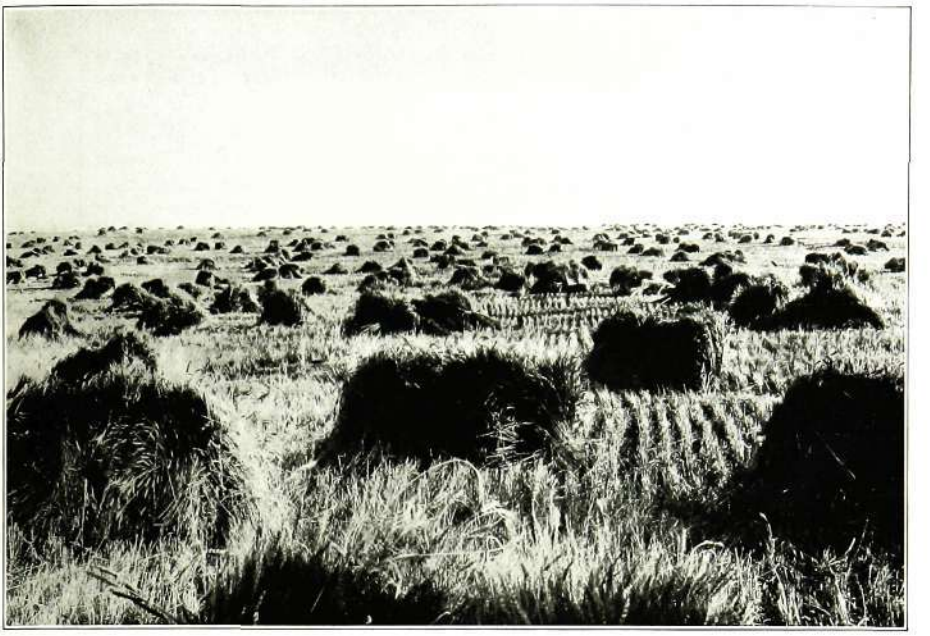
The ordinary tourist or business man, as he rolls smoothly along at 75 miles per hour, whilst enjoying a meal in a well-appointed dining-car or sitting at ease in a comfortable smoking or library car, watching the ever-changing landscape roll past the window, has seldom much appreciation of all the foresight, mental and physical labor, and often real privation incidental to the building of a railway through long stretches of hitherto unexplored rugged country in a cold climate.

The pioneer engineers could tell such travellers many truthful tales of interesting experiences connected with nearly every mile of this line he may now be passing so smoothly over.

For example, that abandoned camp just passed beside the line, on the bank of a beautiful lake, brings back no memories to the ordinary passenger; yet two hardy exploring engineers reached that camp one bitter night, in December, 1904, when the temperature was 40° below zero, expecting to find an emergency supply of provisions that had been cached there for their use; but the storehouse and provisions had been burned, and it was too late to go farther that night. They had to satisfy, as best they could, on dry bread and tea, the ravenous hunger induced by a weary tramp of twenty miles on snowshoes over an unbroken trail, then dig a hole in the snow, make a bed of pine boughs, roll up in blankets, and take turns at trying to sleep, whilst the other kept a roaring fire going as near as was safe to the bivouac.

In the night a howling blizzard came on which lasted two days, during which it would have been suicide to start for the nearest camp, twenty-five miles distant; but, as soon as it cleared, they started the weary tramp through the new-fallen snow, having consumed the last of their bread and tea before starting.

They, however, reached camp late at



A field of bearded wheat in Saskatchewan.

night, footsore, weary, and ravenous. Fortunately the camp was occupied and well provisioned, so that no time was lost in satisfying the cravings of the inner man, after which they literally fell into bed and slept the sleep of the exhausted for twenty-four hours on end. They had good cause to remember the burned cache, which was facetiously christened "Shortbread Cache."

The occupant of a luxurious sleeping-car passing through the scene of such adventures may well ponder over the wide gap between dog-train and steam-train locomotives, though he will never fully appreciate the difference without a real test of the dog train.

That wildly beautiful rapid glinting through the trees as the train rounded the last bluff; what a superb picture, and framed by a harmonious landscape!

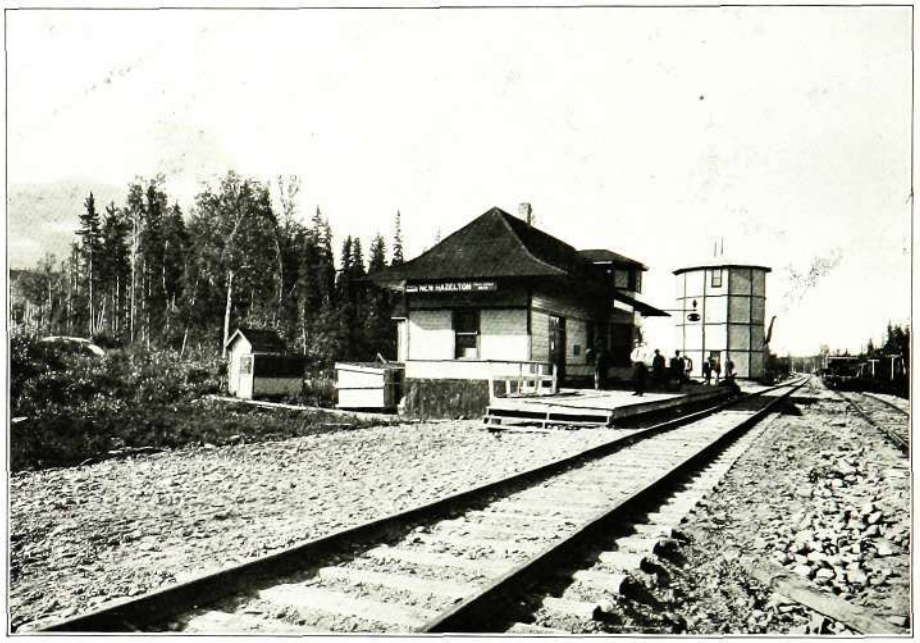
"Yes," but the pioneer replies, "I hate the sight of that picture. It was there, in those treacherous rapids, a wrecked canoe snuffed out in a moment the brightest life in our party. Dear old Harry! the cheeriest, the truest, and best of companions on many a weary trip by trail and canoe."

That seems a perfect terrace formed by nature for a railway, some thirty feet broad, with a steep bluff towering on the left and a sparkling lake some hundreds of feet below on the right! Yes, it looks as if made on purpose for a railway; and so it was, but by the hand of man instead of nature. Men were lowered by ropes from the cliffs above, to locate the line along that cliff, where nature had left scarcely a foothold for man; and now, behold the solid, seemingly natural roadbed, over which thunder in safety ponderous locomotives, hauling thousands of human beings, oblivious to the hardships of those who blazed the trail along a seemingly impassable barrier in order that the traveller might have several miles less to go on his journey across the continent than if the line had been put in a more accessible location! This also at the cost of several valuable lives, one due to falling over the precipice; several others to premature explosions when blasting off the mighty hillside.

Thus the toll was taken at every stage, from the early days of exploration to the final completion of construction, even though every possible precaution was

taken to guard against accidents to life and limb.

The understanding reader will not only appreciate the comfortable train all the more by knowing of the hardships which preceded it, but he will value at their full worth the hardy pioneers who have toiled and suffered that others might enjoy the results thereof. To such an appreciative person, then, the writer would say: Step with me on board the Transcontinental Limited, leaving Moncton for Prince Rupert, some fine day in June, and let us glance at the moving panorama as we speed toward the setting sun!



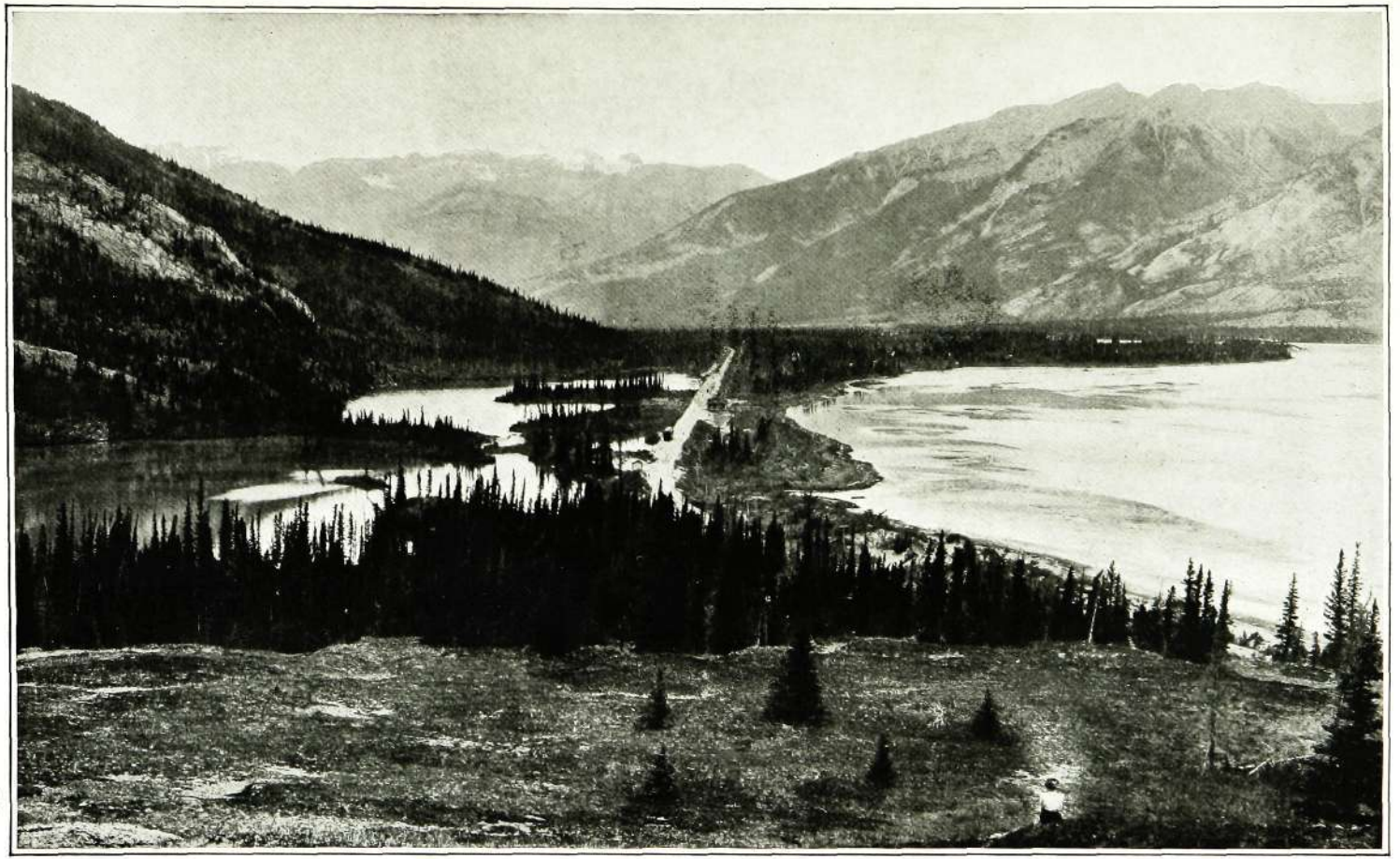
Station at New Hazelton, 180.7 miles east of Prince Rupert.

Before leaving Moncton one has, of course, seen "The Bore," that solid wall of water, six feet high, as it literally bored its way up the river. Moncton is one of the few places in the world where such a phenomenon can be seen in maximum volume, due to the excessively high tides in the Bay of Fundy and the formation of the bed and banks of the river Petitcodiac.

The terminus at Moncton being only fifty-seven feet above sea-level, the general trend of the grade is rising for some distance after leaving this point, though at some of the larger river crossings it has been necessary to run down and up again to minimize the cost of the bridging, which cost is large even after every legitimate economy has been practised.

For the first few hours there is nothing very special to note, from a scenic point of view; simply an undulating, more or less fertile farming country, with here and there a town, always located on one of the many rivers which form the natural highways here as elsewhere.

Most of these rivers are of very considerable size, and the Transcontinental crosses them all on modern and substantial structures of concrete and steel. The river names, Big and Little Salmon, etc., carry the sportsmen's thoughts back to the keen delight of his many struggles with that king of sporting fish; and, as the train speeds along, through and over tunnels, gorges, and bridges, between which the cultivated farms are giving place to dense forests, tales of the famous moose hunting of New Brunswick are brought to mind. Indeed, the moose is still to be found there in plenty by those



Jasper Lake in Jasper Park.

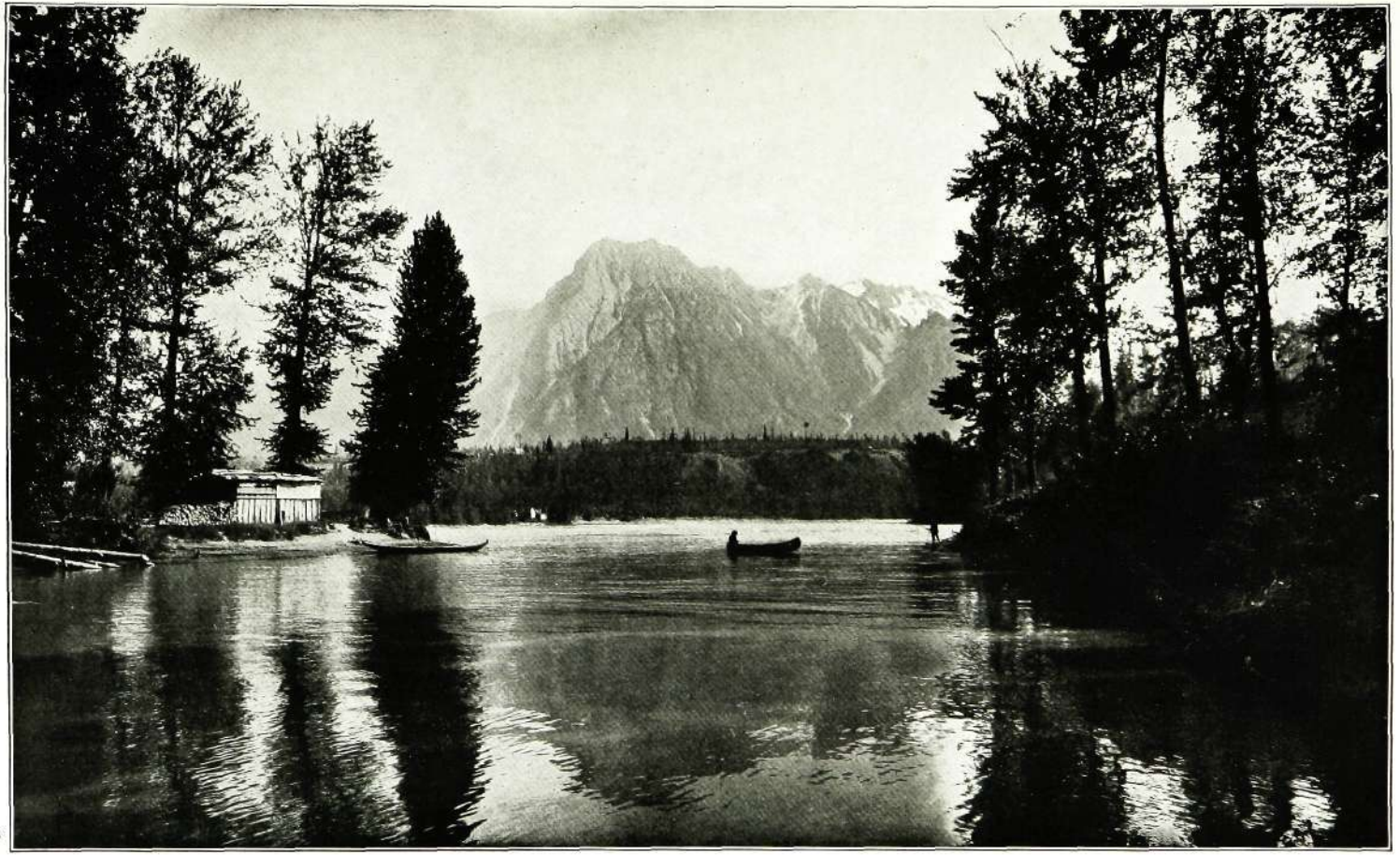
who are alive to his wily ways. As a rule, he is shy and keeps well away from the railway, but he has been known to get on the track and run for some distance ahead of a train. The writer can vouch for one such case in his own experience.

Mount Robson, from the north, 13,700 feet high.

The highest summit in New Brunswick, 1,195 feet above the sea, is 146 miles west of Moncton; and at Mile 185 is the Little Salmon River steel viaduct, 3,918 feet long, 200 feet high, containing 6,995 tons of steel. This is the largest of sixteen large steel bridges crossed within a distance of 125 miles, and gives one some idea of the magnitude of the work required to overcome such obstacles on a railway 3,550 miles long.

At Mile 256 the boundary line between the province of New Brunswick and the historical province of Quebec is crossed, and as we gradually surmount the summit, elevation 1,284 feet, between the watersheds of the Saint Lawrence and the Saint John Rivers, and as gradually descend to the crossing of the former river, just above and in view of the picturesque old city of Quebec, we pass through many typical old French hamlets and towns, with their glistening white cottages and substantial churches. Invariably the church is the most prominent feature of the works of man, until Quebec city is reached. There even the churches, which are many and conspicuous, are dominated by the frowning old citadel, on Cape Diamond, near which, on the plains of Abraham, the gallant General Wolfe fought the equally gallant Montcalm, and won Canada for the English on that memorable day in 1759.

Just above Cap Rouge, where Wolfe landed his force to scale the hitherto inaccessible heights, is being erected the Saint Lawrence River-Quebec Bridge, having the longest single span of any bridge



Junction of the Skeena and Bulkely Rivers.

in the world—1,800 feet, or over one-third of a mile. This bridge, when completed, will close the last link in the steel band of the Transcontinental Railway. The gap is at present crossed by a modern steel steam ferry capable of carrying a fully loaded train and engine on its three parallel tracks. The bridge is not expected to be finished until some time in 1917; but it is, even at present, a most interesting thing to see in the actual making what will be one of the wonders of the world when completed.

Some idea of the dimensions of the many gigantic members which will make up its colossal whole may be conveyed to the untechnical mind by the bald statement that there will be 65,000 tons of steel compressed within the whole length of 3,236 feet; whereas, about 61,000 tons of steel were sufficient to build 11 miles of heavy modern bridges, one of which, 3,918 feet long, only contained 6,995 tons, on this same Transcontinental Railway.

The crossing of the Saint Lawrence River is at Mile 460; thence northwesterly the way lies through some of the oldest French settlements in Canada, where the language, customs, and manners are practically the same as in the days of Champlain and Frontenac. Tradition and authentic writing establishes the association of these and other famous names with many points of interest in this part of the country, which are readily accessible from the railway.

A short distance west of Quebec the road crosses the Jacques Cartier River, and one's thoughts fly still further back, to 1535, when that intrepid explorer, Cartier, first sailed up the Saint Lawrence and discovered this New France.

It might be interesting to note that on the bank of the Jacques Cartier River, on a sunny plateau, stands the new historical camp site of Valcartier, now practically deserted, but recently echoing with the thunder of artillery and the many minor noises incidental to the training of 33,000 soldiers who have gone to the firing-line to assist in the defense of Jacques Cartier's native land—mayhap even of his home town of Saint Malo—against spoliation and devastation by the Germans. One wonders if the spirit of grim old Cartier is cognizant of the titanic struggle and inspiring his descendants to heroic deeds.

West of the Jacques Cartier River begins the long climb up the valley of the Saint Maurice River, which has been for many years a great highway for large lumbering interests and for centuries before that one of the routes down which the savage redskin descended to the Saint Lawrence, and thence to Quebec, on his forays against the paleface.

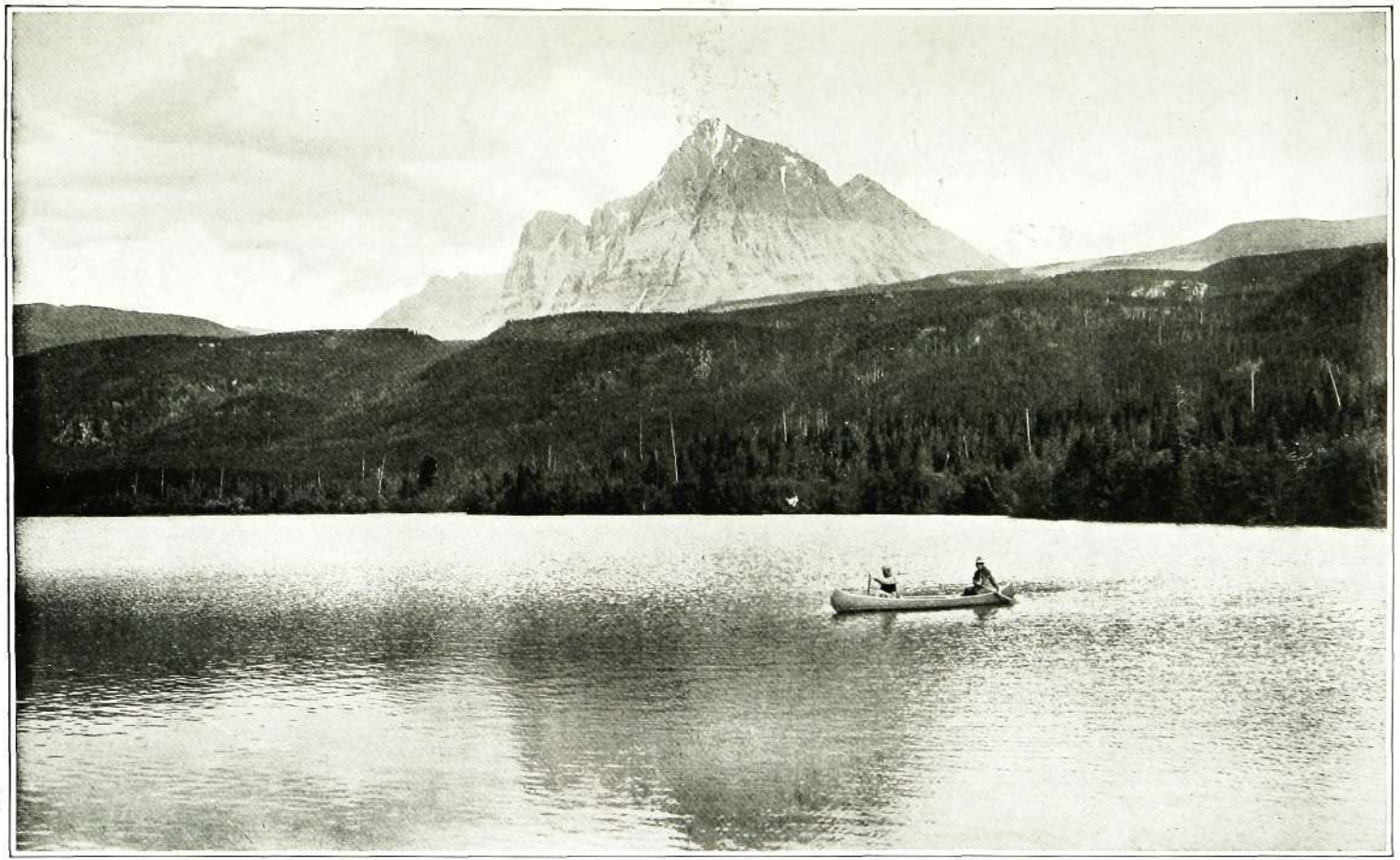
The Saint Maurice River is crossed three times by the Transcontinental Railway within a distance of 67 miles, and the size of the river may be judged by the fact that at the third crossing by the railway, 150 miles above where it flows into the Saint Lawrence, it requires a bridge of three spans of 200 feet each.

Near its headwaters, Mile 758, the height of land between the Saint Lawrence and Hudson's Bay watersheds is crossed, at an altitude of 1,494 feet above sea. The valley of the Saint Maurice is said to contain 3,000,000 acres of arable land, all of which will now be readily accessible to settlers. The sporting features of this region are well known to Canadian and American sportsmen, who have hunting and fishing clubs established at the numerous points of vantage.

The well-known Shawenegan Falls and many others are in this vicinity, some of them developed by large manufacturing interests and others being held for future developments.

After crossing the height of land the railway runs for some distance on the Hudson's Bay watershed, and soon enters the great clay belt, which extends some 450 miles westerly with a width of from 50 to 100 miles. The Transcontinental traverses approximately the centre of this belt, and will give easy access to its immense area of virgin soil, awaiting the right kind of settlers, who are already coming in in ever-increasing numbers.

At Mile 956 the road passes out of the province of Quebec into Ontario, and soon reaches Cochrane, Mile 1,028, where there is a junction with the Temiskaming & Northern Ontario Railway from North Bay. About 150 miles south of Cochrane the Temiskaming & Northern Ontario passes through the celebrated silver-min-



Yellowhead Lake. Mount Fitz William in the background.

Prince Rupert, the western terminal

ing district of Cobalt. Cochrane is one of the divisional points of the Transcontinental, of which there are fifteen on the eastern division and fifteen on the western division, selected approximately 125 miles apart. Winnipeg, one of these points, is common to both divisions.

At the divisional points are located railway offices, engine-houses, machine-shops, coaling and watering plants, and other usual accessories, and, even where located in the wilds, towns have quickly sprung up around them.

At Mile 1,157, the next divisional point west of Cochrane, called Hearst, is a junction with the Algoma Central & Hudson's Bay Railway.

The Grand Trunk Pacific branch line from Fort William joins the National Transcontinental Railway at Mile 1,547, about six miles east of Graham, which is another divisional point beautifully situated on one of a chain of lakes which have many interesting Indian traditions.

Near Graham is Sioux Lookout, a bold promontory, from which the warlike Sioux were wont to keep watch and ward against their enemies, whose movements on the lakes could be observed for long distances from that rocky eminence still called after those Indians.

The Fort William branch line gives an outlet to Lake Superior for the golden wheat stream from the prairies.

From Graham westerly, about 175 miles, the country is a succession of rocky ridges, with numerous lakes and streams, through which many lines were run before it was possible to get a practicable low grade at anything like reasonable cost. These lakes and rivers are full of fish and the woods abound in game.

Manaki, 114 miles east of Winnipeg, is already established as a summer resort,

of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

and has considerable attraction for those who love nature and are content with comfortable though perhaps not luxurious surroundings.

Winnipeg, 1,805 miles from Moncton, is on the great wheat plain and is the railway centre of western Canada, from which numerous lines radiate in all directions. It is the western terminus of the eastern division of the National Transcontinental Railway, which has been built by the government under a commission, and the eastern terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific proper, which has been built by that company from there to Prince Rupert. Winnipeg, located on the level prairie, at the junction of the Assinaboine and Red Rivers, though possibly not a beautiful city, is arrogantly prosperous, and its streets and business places fairly hum with life and enterprise.

It owes much to the fact that Lake Winnipeg, jutting down from the north, leaves such a narrow belt between its southern end and the international boundary that all transcontinental railways must pass through, or near, Winnipeg. That in itself establishes the importance of the city and helps to account for the steady and rapid growth of the population—from about 40,000 in 1901 to 250,000 in 1914.

In the business heart of the city the Grand Trunk Pacific has modern joint terminal facilities with the Canadian Northern Railway and a handsome, commodious station and general office building on Main Street. Adjacent thereto, on the historical site of old Fort Garry, is the new hotel, appropriately named The Fort Garry.

At convenient intervals along the line, where business or pleasure will surely attract crowds of travellers, are other similar hotels, built or in process of construc-

tion, viz., at Saskatoon, Regina, Edmonton, Prince Rupert, etc.

The Canadian Pacific Railway having made such a success of their comfortable hotels from coast to coast, the Grand Trunk Pacific wisely followed suit, so that travellers are not only made comfortably at home en route but much more so at all points of interest where they may elect to spend a few days or months.

Hazelton.

About six miles east of Winnipeg are the Transcona Shops for building and repairing cars and locomotives. These shops are extensive and of the latest and most efficient design both as regards buildings and equipment. Adjacent are commodious holding, sorting, and forwarding yards for through freight business. There are over 50 miles of sidings at present, with room enough to extend to several hundred miles. These yards are all on the level prairie, which begins about 70 miles east of Winnipeg and extends over 900 miles west of that point. On this prairie, in harvest-time, may be seen the golden wheat-fields extending to the horizon on all sides.

The prairie section of the railway is, of course, the least interesting from a purely scenic point of view, but the potential wealth of the millions of acres of deep black soil is almost incalculable, therefore of much interest to present and future settlers and incidentally to the general public.

Engineering difficulties might seem absent from the level prairies, but the many large rivers which have in time burrowed

wide and deep channels for themselves through the rich, fertile soil, leaving precipitous banks, have to be spanned by gigantic bridges from 100 to 300 feet high and of great length. The largest one on the western division, over the Battle River, is 1¼ miles long, 185 feet high.

At all the divisional points new towns are springing up where older ones were not in existence, and all of them are centres of activity and progress. The principal older cities are Portage la Prairie, Saskatoon, Regina, Battleford, and Edmonton. The newer ones, Wainwright, Fort George, Prince Rupert, etc.

Edmonton, near the eastern foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains, 793 miles west of Winnipeg, has increased from about 3,000 to 70,000 population in ten years. It is beautifully situated on the banks of the North Saskatchewan River and forms the gateway to the great and as yet almost unsettled Peace River country, with its countless acres awaiting the plough and its great undeveloped resources of timber, coal, petroleum, and gas.

Edmonton is served by the three railways, the Grand Trunk Pacific, the Canadian Pacific, and the Canadian Northern, and is bound to be a city of importance, rivalling even Winnipeg for first place in the west.

In the vicinity of Edmonton coal is mined by the settlers from the banks of streams in the most primitive fashion, and between that point and the Rockies there are unlimited coal-beds, many of which are being profitably mined.

West of Edmonton begins the steady ascent of the eastern slope of the mighty Rockies, the summit of which is crossed through the Yellowhead Pass, at an altitude of 3,718 feet above sea-level, the location being 1,045 miles west of Winnipeg. This is the lowest altitude of any transcontinental railway Rocky Mountain summit in America, being about 1,280 feet lower than the Central Pacific Railway summit and much lower than that of any other North American railway.

This valuable desideratum is attained with much easier grades than on any other line, the eastern approach being surmounted with the normal 0.5-per-cent grade and the western by a comparatively short stretch of 1-per-cent grade. This latter is only a temporary grade and can be replaced later on, when the expense will warrant it, by the standard lower grade.

As the balance of the line has ruling grades of only 0.4 per cent rising east and 0.5 per cent rising west, the tonnage rating of trains will be practically double that of other lines, which will be an important economical factor in the operation of this most important and modern trunk-line railway.

On the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains the railway traverses Jasper Park for over fifty miles. This great national park comprises 5,000 square miles, in which vast expanse torrential rivers and waterfalls, pine-clad slopes and ice-bound peaks in endless procession combine in wonderful scenery the most tempting fields of endeavor for mountain climbing.

Five mighty rivers, the Athabaska, Saskatchewan, Thompson, Columbia, and Fraser, all have their sources in this great national playground. The railway follows the valley of the Athabaska for many miles on the eastern approach to the Great Divide and the valley of the Fraser, on the western slope, for a long distance beyond the boundaries of Jasper Park.

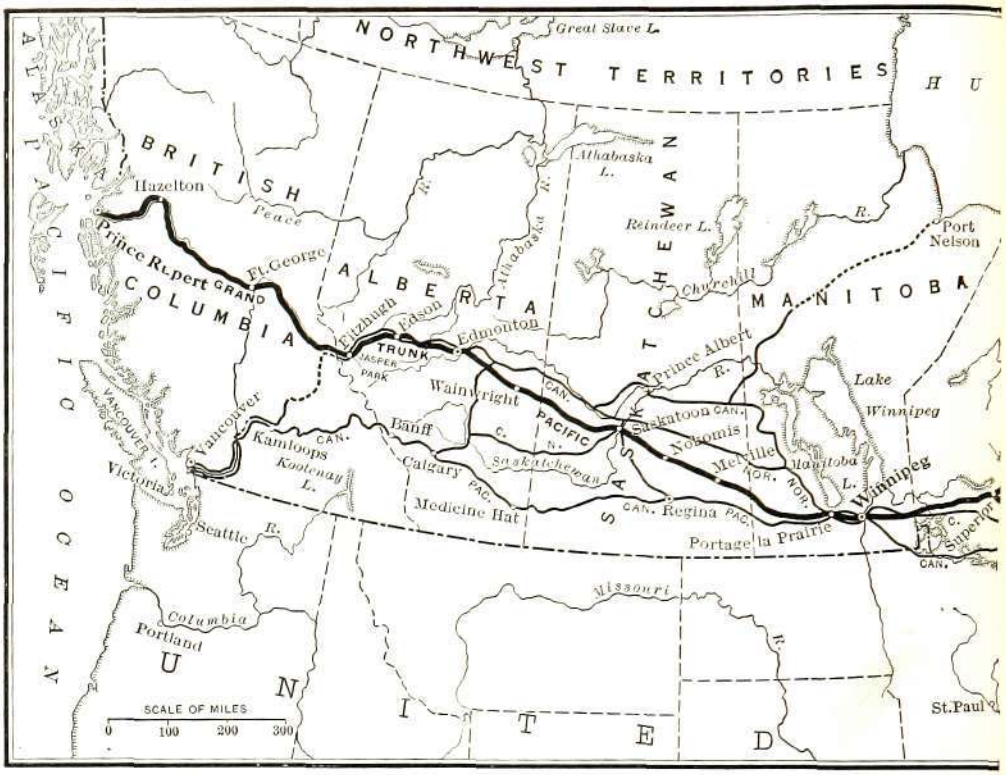
On each side of these magnificent rivers rise the overshadowing giant mountain peaks, and already hardy members of different alpine clubs have conquered a few of the mightiest.* There still remain hundreds of virgin peaks to conquer, and doubtless many will be attracted to this new tramping-ground next season.

At Prince George, 1,279 miles from Winnipeg, a branch line is projected down the Fraser River valley to Vancouver.

The main line, after leaving the Fraser and Nechako Rivers, strikes down along the precipitous sides of the Skeena River, through Smithers, Hazelton, etc., on to the coast and Prince Rupert, that pearl of the Pacific, fitly called after the dashing Prince whose very name is synonymous with heroic deeds.

The city is beautifully situated on Kaien Island, with a spacious, deep-water harbor bordering which capacious docks

*See "A New Field for Mountaineering," by Elizabeth Parker, in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for May, 1914.



Route of the New Canadian

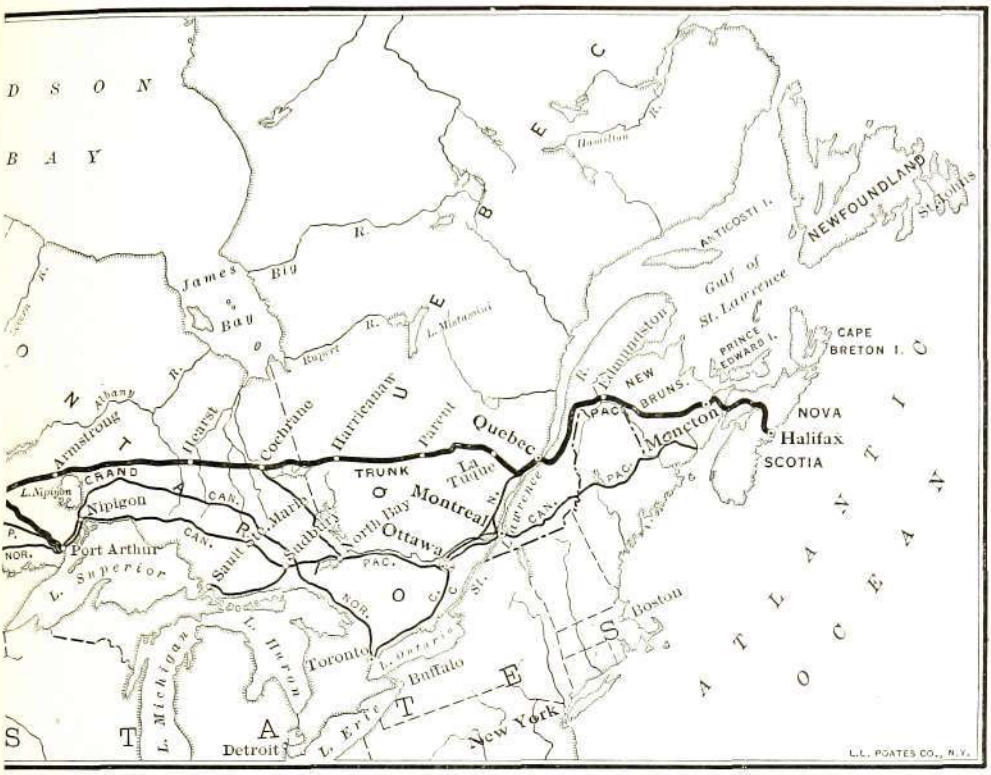
The Transcontinental Railway on the eastern half and the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway

and warehouses have arisen as if by magic. The hotel, stores, banks, schools, and private residences are already worthy of a city ten times its age, and all bid fair to a rapid and dashing advance befitting its princely namesake, until within a few years a great and thriving city will have replaced the primeval forest, and Prince Rupert, the new Pacific gateway to the continent, some 500 miles nearer to the Orient than Vancouver, may well rest assured of its future.

Dwellers in the great American republic might fairly question whether Canada, with its 8,000,000 of people, could give remunerative business to a second transcontinental railway when they, with their 100,000,000, have nothing like a proportionate number of such railways, and when those which they have are strenuously insisting upon permission to raise their rates in order to earn even a modest return on the many millions invested in the properties and at the same time provide for the rapidly increasing cost of materials and also meet the clamor for better services and the even more insistent demands of employees for higher wages. As an almost identical situation obtains in Canada, the query is pertinent whether the time was ripe for the second transcontinental line in that country.

The question can, perhaps, be truthfully answered both in the negative and affirmative.

In the negative, in so far that as a commercial proposition from the start it was quite impossible for any private corporation to finance its construction and operation until such times as the earnings would pay a reasonable return on the enormous necessary outlay. This applied more especially to a great part of the eastern division through an undeveloped country, where the local traffic will be comparatively meagre for many years.



National Transcontinental Railway.

on the western half, to be operated by and called the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

An affirmative answer can, however, be given, with some assurance as to the eventual satisfactory earning powers of this great undertaking and its present necessity, when it is borne in mind that the Canadian Pacific Railway also passes through a long stretch of sparse level traffic north of Lake Superior; yet the meagre earnings of its early years have grown with steady and increasing rapidity, even when the average increases of population and cultivated areas of the western wheat-fields have been comparatively small.

The government having undertaken to guarantee the financial end of the construction on the grounds that it was a present necessity for the development of vast areas hitherto without railway facilities, let us glance at the present condition and future possibilities of agricultural development in the new western provinces served by the transcontinental railways.

The provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta contain, in round numbers, 171,000,000 acres of wheat-lands, of which in 1912 less than 9,000,000 acres, or about 6 per cent, were under cultivation; yet in that year they produced 189,585,000 bushels of wheat in addition to many million bushels of other grains.

The total arable land in these same three provinces is over 357,000,000 acres, and again less than 6 per cent is cultivated.

That the first transcontinental railway has proved a national and financial success before 6 per cent of the available land was producing crops cannot be questioned, the earnings having risen from a little over $20,000,000 in 1892 to over $128,000,000 in 1913, during which time the population of the three provinces above mentioned had only increased from about 200,000 to 1,500,000 and the acreage under wheat had increased at the same time from about 1,000,000 to 9,000,000 acres.

Surely no more need be said to prove that the second transcontinental railway was a national necessity, that the government was justified in financing it, and that the people who have put their money into it will eventually receive fair returns on its seemingly enormous cost.

Let us summarize the salient facts and some of the possibilities, or probabilities, which seem almost certainties, inherent in a railway tapping the greatest potential wheat-fields in the world, only a small percentage of which has yet been cultivated.

The line has been well and permanently built, so that maintenance or renewal charges on structures should be light. The grades and curves are so easy that similar locomotives can haul about double the tonnage for the greater part of the mileage and for the mountain section about four times the tonnage as compared with other lines.

The distance from Winnipeg—the common wheat centre—to the nearest available seaport—Quebec—is 1,350 miles via the Transcontinental, or 215 miles shorter than the shortest rival railway. Assume twelve daily trains, six each way, over this 1,350 miles and the cost of operation at $1.50 per train mile. This would give a yearly operating cost of $8,869,500.

As a liberal estimate, assume that existing lines with 1-per-cent grades could haul as much in twenty trains as the Transcontinental could haul in twelve. Then the operating cost for the ten daily trains each way, on a line 1350 + 215 miles long, would be $17,136,750, or nearly double the cost that it would be to haul the same tonnage on the low-grade line, not taking into account the fact that each individual freight-train on the shorter line would cover the distance in about twenty-four hours less time.

Again, let us compare the new line with existing combined rail and water routes between Winnipeg and the Atlantic. The distance from Winnipeg to Quebec, via rail to Fort William, thence via lake, canal, and Saint Lawrence River, is, in round figures, 1,770 miles, involving five transshipments of grain.

On the Transcontinental grades an ordinary locomotive can haul a gross load of 3,000 tons, say 2,000 net, equal to 66,666 bushels of wheat, in one train.

The combined rail and water rate, Winnipeg to Quebec, is 15 cents per bushel. At this 15-cent rate the earnings on a train-load of 66,666 bushels over the 1,350 miles of the Transcontinental would be $10,000, or $7.40 per train mile.

Assuming the same class of locomotive could haul 1,200 net tons over 1-per-cent grades, on lines 215 miles longer the earnings of such a train, at 15 cents per bushel, would be $6,000, or $3.83 per train mile,—or just over half the earnings per train mile on the Transcontinental Railway. The earnings per train mile on the Canadian Pacific for the year 1913 were approximately $3.00.

Surely the above establishes the ability of the new Transcontinental Railway to make profitable earnings, even with a conservative estimate of the volume of business which is bound to develop from an agricultural district containing 357,000,000 acres, of which 336,000,000 acres are as yet unbroken. Every additional settler cultivating the soil or living in town and earning his living indirectly from the soil means so much more traffic for the railway, and as the wheat provinces, with a present population of 1,500,000, prospering on the cultivation of 6 per cent of the available land, have so well supported one of the most successful railways on the continent, the present need of another such railway seems apparent; also that more than two transcontinental railways will in the future be required to accommodate the 25,000,000 of people who will, doubtless, in time, occupy the whole of this vast treasure-house opened up by the railways, of which the National Transcontinental is by no means the last or least.

City election at the State-House, Philadelphia.

From the original water-color by John Lewis Krimmell, in the hall of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

FRENCH MEMORIES OF EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY AMERICA

EDUCATION, COLLEGES, AND NEWSPAPERS

By Charles H. Sherrill

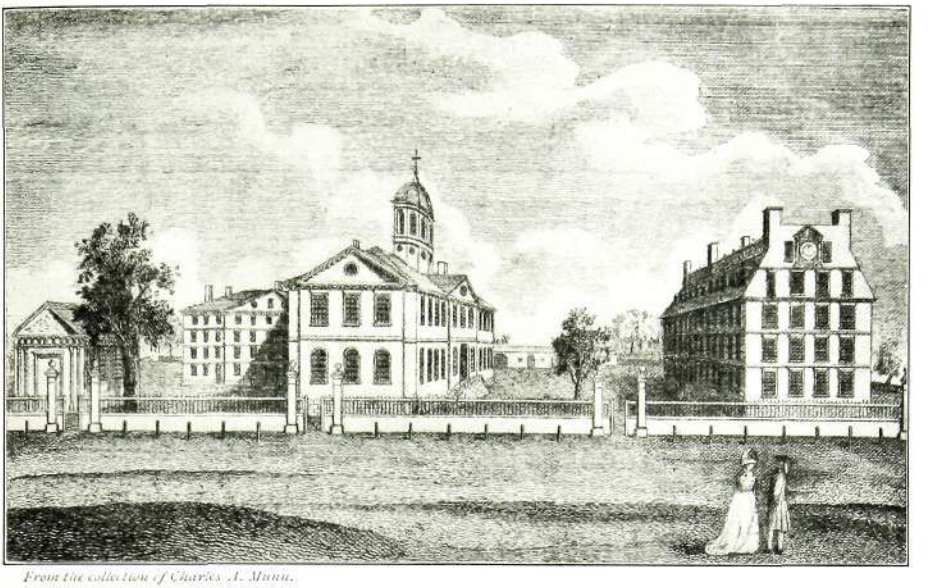
ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PAINTINGS AND ENGRAVINGS

SUPPOSE that some French traveller, who spoke no English, should find himself in the Grand Central Station, New York City, with no interpreter at hand, and suppose he tried, by speaking Latin, to make himself understood by some one of the passing throng, how long do you suppose he would have to wait to accomplish his purpose? It makes one hungry and thirsty and sleepy to think upon the hours and the endurance such a task would necessitate. And would this not be equally true in any part of the United States except in certain learned university circles? Yet during Revolutionary times the ability to speak Latin was not uncommon among our educated classes. Blanchard, quartermaster of the French forces, tells of a trip to a garden two miles out of Providence with General Varnum, commander of the local militia, to play at bowls, and incidentally to partake of punch and tea; although he knew only a few words of English, he got on famously, because "General Varnum spoke Latin." On another occasion a hussar who spoke Latin acted as his interpreter while purchasing supplies. Nor were incidents of that nature reported only by this erudite quartermaster, whose interesting narrative shows his enthusiasm for things American tempered only by his disgust at American bread, and the constant difficulty of procuring sufficient for Rocham-

beau's troops, even on one occasion bringing down on his perplexed head the wrath of that exacting commander. Times have changed, and that many of our college-bred folk could then converse in Latin may or may not have been a fine thing, depending on one's point of view. But there can be no difference of opinion as to the wide enjoyment of a common-school education by the contemporaries of those early linguists, which was as surprising to foreigners as is to us the facility in Latin speech just cited. Saint Méry was only one of many to be amazed that "everybody in the United States can read and write, although almost no French sailor is able to do so," and Michaux agrees that "it is very rare to find an American who does not know how both to read and to write." Even the ever-critical Beaujour admits that "primary instruction is widely spread in the different States, and especially in those along the Atlantic, where almost every one knows how to read, write, and figure." The acquisition in youth of this general boon was apt to be a painful and somewhat harrowing experience, if Bayard is to be believed: "The schoolmasters employ a system better suited for training slaves than forming citizens. An English or American schoolteacher is the most dreary and pedantic personage that limited knowledge has ever produced. Doctor Benjamin Rush has in vain recommended the humane methods of J. J. Rousseau. The pedants have unanimously rejected them, and continue to purchase a very modest amount of information with blows of the whip. Their chief argument in favor of that method is that their dignity might be compromised by the pranks of a bright and lively child, that the discipline of their school runs this terrible risk. 'But you should dismiss the insubordinate,' you answer them. 'A detestable plan,' replies the vender of knowledge, 'there goes my pay for a whole quarter right out of my pocket. It is better to whip scholars than to let them go.' The unfortunates who toil under the direction of these pedants soon lose that sweetness of character which they took to school, and you see them emerging from their torture-chamber tormenting and beating each other." As balm for our aroused sympathies, and as antidote against a too confiding belief in youthful torture as depicted by Bayard, it is refreshing to read of Blanchard's experience, who, a few days after his landing, visited a school in Newport and, remarking upon the handwriting of a little girl of nine years, whose beauty and modesty he admired and whose name he kept (Abigale Earl), puts down in his journal, "She is what I would like to see in my little girl when she reaches her age," and he writes in her copy-book, at the end of the little girl's name, "very pretty." "The schoolmaster," he added, "had neither the air of a pedant nor of a missionary, but of a father of a family."

Mercy Warren, General Warren's wife.
From the painting by Copley.

It was a sore trial to several of the Frenchmen that we did not promptly decide to discard the English language at the same time that we threw off their authority. Even the wildest optimist of them all could not have foreseen a day when the fringe of colonies along the Atlantic would have grown into a nation



From the collection of Charles A. Munn.

The colleges at Cambridge.
After the engraving by S. Hill.

with twice the population of the British Isles, thus becoming much the largest English-speaking power, and therefore there were then some grounds for the French desire that we should renounce the language of as well as our allegiance to our English foes. But which tongue was to be adopted as our national language? Here was a puzzling problem. Two suggestions in this regard then advanced deserve notice because they came from such thoughtful and acute observers as Brissot and Chastellux. The former holds that nothing abrupt should be attempted, as a change in our speech was already commencing and would inevitably develop; "they should, if possible, seek to obliterate their origin, and remove every trace of it, and, since their language will always give them the lie, they should make such innovations in it as they have attempted in their Constitution. What should prevent their adopting certain terms from the French? The Americans are coming nearer to other peoples, and they are moving further away from the English. They are developing a language which will be theirs alone, and there will be an American language." Chastellux, on the other hand, discusses a proposition that we should adopt Hebrew in its entirety as a substitute for English. If he were to return in the flesh and see how numerous are the Hebrew signs displayed in New York shop-windows, he would conclude that the general esteem enjoyed by our Hebrew fellow citizens must have made the adoption of their language a more serious proposal now than it was when he wrote of it so flippantly. Neither of those writers took so gloomy a view as Beaujour, who, while despondently submitting to our continued use of English, regretfully points out that "they will never have, or at least not till very late, a literature of their own, because they lack a national language and because English literature will take the place of their own."

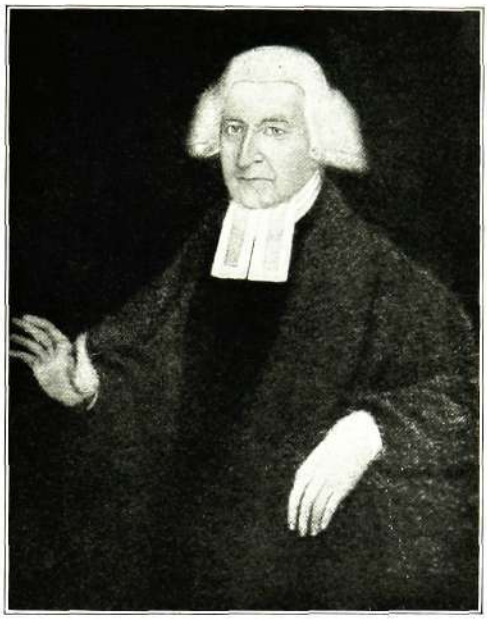
Chastellux has already told us of his astonishment that Mrs. Meredith, a Philadelphia lady, should know as much of French history as he himself, but even greater was his surprise when, turning from the realms of society to the humbler sphere of a public inn, he finds on the parlor table at Courtheath Tavern, "Milton, Addison, Richardson and several other books of that sort," the property of the tavern-keeper's two young sisters, and read by them when not busy waiting on travellers. Another glimpse at the education

Buildings of Yale College, New Haven.
From the engraving by A. P. Doolittle, 1807.

then enjoyed by American women is furnished by that distinguished exile, the Duc de Rochefoucauld Liancourt, who travelled extensively in the United States during 1795, 1796, and 1797. He noticed at the house of old General Warren that "his wife, of the same age as he, is much more interesting in conversation. Contrary to the custom of American women, she has been busy all her life with all sorts of reading. She has even printed one or two successful volumes of poetry, and has written a history of the Revolution which she had the modesty and good taste not to wish published until after her death. This good lady of seventy is amiable, and has lost none of her activity, nor of her sensibility, for she still mourns a son whom she lost in the War. They assured me that the literary occupations of this estimable dame have not diverted her attention from the duties of housekeeping." All of which makes out an excellent case for the adequacy of the education of our women, whatever their walk in life.

As forecasters of the future, upon anything except the generality of a glorious growth for the United States, the French were distinctly unsuccessful; upon any details of that growth they usually guessed wrong: Chesapeake Bay did *not* become the great centre, we did *not* grow steadily more lazy and lymphatic, etc., etc. One successful prophecy by Beaujour about our advance in the mechanical arts therefore deserves especial attention: "Although the Americans have made little progress in science and the arts, they carefully cultivate the more usual branches of learning, and one may judge from results that they have no less aptitude for them than other nations. They have very learned men in medicine and natural history, such as Doctor Rush, Wistar, Muhlenburg, Michel, Barton, and some very distinguished amateurs of agriculture like President Jefferson, Chancellor Livingston, and Humphries. In inventions they have had Franklin, Rittenhausen, Gould, and they now have Fulton. They even pretend that the squaring of the circle, attributed to the Englishman, Hadley, is the invention of their compatriot, Godfrey. While Americans show a marked inclination for science and the mechanical arts, they show less for literature and the fine arts. Nevertheless, they have had some writers who merit distinction, such as Ramsay, Franklin, Jefferson, Barlow; the latter's poem, 'The Columbiad,' although lacking animation and grace, still shows some originality and is full of liberal ideas and generous sentiments. One may therefore predict for Americans the greatest success in science and the mechanical arts, but not the same successes in the fine arts."

That our colleges were performing a great and a patriotic service for the rising generation, and therefore for the future of the nation, was the unanimous opinion of our observers, who realized how potent was their agency for good. Chastellux, in one of his quaint moods, even goes so far as to credit the College of William and Mary with a "miracle, that is to say, that it made me a Doctor of Law!" An agreeably modest way of saying that on May 1, 1782, they presented him with an honorary degree. Before further consideration of colleges and college life, there is a serious admission to make, which to some readers will prove a disheartening one, viz., that, except for Brissot's comment that Harvard's "surroundings are charming, open, and extensive, with space for the young men's exercise," there is absolutely nothing in all these memoirs to indicate that athletic sports even existed in American colleges. What a dreadful exposition of the inadequacy of early college life! How much times have changed can be seen by reflecting that in order to fill the sixty-seven thousand seats of the new stadium at Yale University (locally styled "the Bowl") it would have taken more than the combined population of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, which were then respectively twenty thousand, twenty-five thousand, and twenty thousand, according to Robin, Pontgibaud, and Mandrillon. This is not the place to set out what the French thought of our boxing, the only athletic game they deign to mention, but at the best only brief excerpts could be used, as the descriptions are far too untidy with gore for quotation in full anywhere but in a butcher's shop.

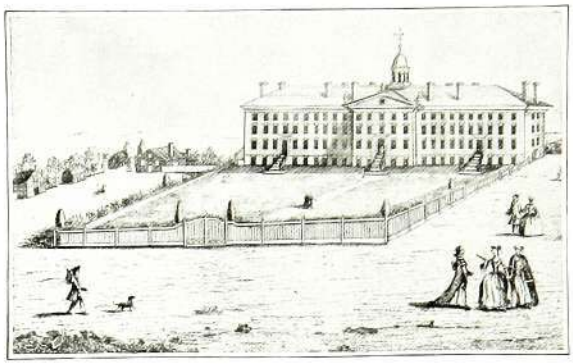


Ezra Stiles, President of Yale.
From the portrait by Reuben Moulthrop, 1794.

To the patriotic stand taken by all our colleges many glowing tributes are paid, and in these encomiums the students share equally with their instructors. No finer type of college-bred patriot can be cited than Captain Nathan Hale, Yale 1773, who died with the glorious regret on his lips that he had but one life to give for his country. The colleges strove for the cause with brain as well as brawn, as appears from more than a few appreciations of the excellent political pamphlets of President Stiles, of Yale, and other collegians like him. They taught with their lives as well as their voices, did these early instructors: "living books," Chastellux calls them, of a "country already so distinguished for academies and universities equal to those of the Old World."

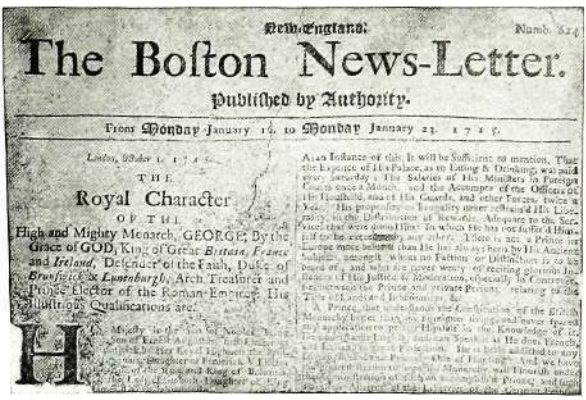
Warm approval of the system of removing colleges from the influence of large cities is accorded by Abbé Robin, a chaplain in Rochambeau's army, whose memoirs are of more than usual interest, so mellow are his appreciations of men and things: "There has been shown us in Europe the physical and moral danger of education in large cities. The Bostonians have done more; they have prevented it. Their university is at Cambridge, four miles from Boston, on the banks of the River Charles, in a delightful and healthy situation." Its site is also approved by Brissot for the same reason: "This university is far enough from Boston so that the tumult of business does not at all in-

terrupt study. There one can give oneself over to that meditation which solitude alone permits. It is also sufficiently removed so that the arrival of strangers and



Nassau Hall.
From "An Account of the College of New Jersey, 1764."

that sort of license which is carried on in a commercial city (even in a free State) shall have no influence upon the habits of the students." Of another institution, which had been located in a city, we read: "One regrets only that this new academy



New-England: Numb. 824

The Boston News-Letter.

Published by Authority.

From Monday January 16. to Monday January 23. 1715.

London, October 1. 1715.

THE
Royal Character
OF THE
High and Mighty Monarch, GEORGE, By the Grace of GOD, King of Great *Britain, France* and *Ireland*, Defender of the Faith, Duke of *Brunswick* & *Lunenburgh*, Arch Treasurer and Prince Elector of the Roman Empire. His illustrious Qualifications are.

H

Fragment of an issue of the Boston *News-Letter*.
From the copy at the New York Public Library.

had not been erected far from the city, in some rural retreat, where the scholars would have been farther removed from the tumults of business and the dissipations and pleasures so numerous in large cities." Thus wrote J. Hector Saint John de Crèvecœur, the most widely read of all these French writers, member of learned societies on both sides of the Atlantic, friend of Washington and Franklin, and for some time French consul at New York. He sold for thirty guineas his famous "Letters from an American Farmer," a book that Washington declared would "afford a great deal of profitable and amusive information"; neither of them foresaw the great vogue it was destined to enjoy, both in its English and French forms.

The individual universities and colleges of our country elicited frequent comments and general praise from the French. Of Harvard we learn from Brissot that "Boston has had the glory of giving the first university to America. The building in which the students and professors assemble is situated in a superb plain four miles from Boston in a place called Cambridge. The building is divided into different parts very well distributed. As the students, who arrive from all over the United States, are numerous, and the number is constantly increasing, additions will have to be built. The course of study is almost the same as at the University of Oxford." He gives an account of Mr. "Beaudouin," the president, and of the distinguished professors who assist him, and then goes on to describe how patriotic is the solemn festival celebrated the third Wednesday of July in honor of learning: "This festival which takes place in all the American colleges, but on different days, is called the 'Commencement.' It is similar to the exercises and distribution of prizes in our colleges. It is a day of joy for Boston; almost all the inhabitants, with all the government officers, set out for the beautiful plain of Cambridge. The most successful students there display their talent in the presence of the public, and receive prizes, and these academic exercises, of which patriotic subjects form the principal

part, end with an entertainment out-of-doors at which frankness, gayety, and the most touching fraternity reign." In these days of constant increase in the cost of living, it is disheartening, not to say exasperating, to read in Rochefoucauld that the Harvard undergraduates "are subject to the modest tax of sixteen dollars for each one of the four years that they stay there, and six dollars per month pays for their food. If after their four years of residence, they desire to prolong their study to take degrees, they no longer pay the sixteen dollars, but only the rent of their rooms."

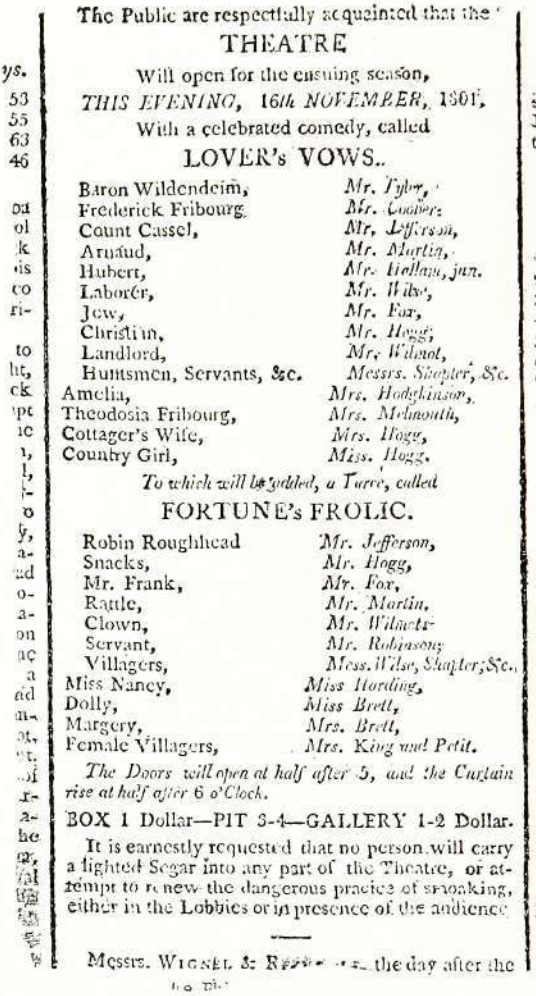
Of Yale there are numerous and favorable accounts. Rochefoucauld reports that "there is in New Haven a college of an already ancient foundation, where they assure you that the instruction is as good as in any other of the United States," and Mandrillon agrees that in New Haven "the instruction of youth is very carefully conducted, and to that end they have founded a college which is largely attended." It is comforting to learn that "the young students, who are there in great numbers, are subjected to very wise regulations." That same city so highly appreciated the value of the services the French were rendering our country, not only by their swords but also their pens, that they voted the freedom of the city to sundry soldiers and littérateurs of that friendly nation. This act enabled the Marquis de Condorcet, when adding four letters to Mazzei's book, to use the *nom de plume* of "A Burgess of New-Heaven" (*sic*).

Because of the long sojourn of the French army in Rhode Island, there are frequent complimentary references to Brown University, although Rochefoucauld ranks it after Yale and Harvard: "The college is maintained at Providence by legacies, gifts and private subscriptions, and as it is incompletely kept up, families who wish to give their children a more careful education send them to Massachusetts or Connecticut. The principal gifts to the college have been made by a Baptist. He has imposed the condition that the chief posts, and most of the others also, must be filled by men of that persuasion, and that fact has drawn to this State a greater number of that sect than of any other."

A Columbia College diploma of 1788.
(The first year of work after the name was changed from King's College.)
From the original at Columbia College.

Because of the sedate reputation which Princeton has earned and long enjoyed, the author does not hesitate to discharge his duty as historian by quoting in full Saint Méry's remarks concerning that distinguished institution: "Princeton has one college, with a brick wall around a dirty courtyard, which is a bad example to set the students. There is also an old cannon which is in bad condition. In Nassau Hall are forty-two bedrooms, each for three students. Although there is room for one hundred and twenty students, there are generally only about eighty in residence, mostly from Virginia

and the two Carolinas. The life there is too easy-going. Gaming and loose living occupy the students more than study." Chastellux was a most discriminating observer, so that over against those just quoted shall be set his remarks upon what he calls "Prince-Town": "This town is situated on a sort of slightly elevated plateau sloping off on every side. It has but one street, which is formed by the highway. The houses are to the number of sixty or eighty, all pretty well built, but they are hardly noticed because one's attention is at once called to an immense building easily seen from a distance. It is a college that the State of New Jersey built several years before the War. As this building is remarkable for its size alone, it is useless to describe it. I dismounted for a moment to go through the vast edifice. I was joined almost immediately by Mr. Withersporn [*sic*], President of the University. He is a man of at least sixty years of age, a Member of Congress, and very highly esteemed in his country. In meeting me he spoke French, but I easily perceived that he had acquired the use of this language rather by reading than by conversation, which did not prevent me from replying to him in French, for I saw that he was very pleased to show that he knew it. With an annual expenditure of forty guineas, parents can keep their children in this college. Lodging and the teachers take up half of this sum, and the rest is for food, either at the college itself or in boarding-houses in the town. Since the War this useful institution has fallen into decay. They had gotten together a great number of books, most of which had been dispersed. The English had even taken from the chapel the portrait of the King of England, but the Americans were easily consoled for this loss, saying that they did not want a King, —not even a painted one."



The Public are respectfully acquainted that the

THEATRE

Will open for the ensuing season,

THIS EVENING, 16th NOVEMBER, 1801,

With a celebrated comedy, called

LOVER's VOWS.

Baron Wildendeim,	*Mr. Tyler,*
Frederick Fribourg,	*Mr. Cosher;*
Count Cassel,	*Mr. Jefferson,*
Arnaud,	*Mr. Martin,*
Hubert,	*Mr. Hallam, jun.*
Laborer,	*Mr. Wilde,*
Jew,	*Mr. Fox,*
Christian,	*Mr. Hogg;*
Landlord,	*Mr. Wilmot,*
Huntsmen, Servants, &c.	*Messrs. Shapter, &c.*
Amelia,	*Mrs. Hodgkinson,*
Theodosia Fribourg,	*Mrs. Melmouth,*
Cottager's Wife,	*Mrs. Hogg,*
Country Girl,	*Miss. Hogg.*

To which will be added, a Farce, called

FORTUNE's FROLIC.

Robin Roughhead	*Mr. Jefferson,*
Snacks,	*Mr. Hogg,*
Mr. Frank,	*Mr. Fox,*
Rattle,	*Mr. Martin,*
Clown,	*Mr. Wilmot;*
Servant,	*Mr. Robinson;*
Villagers,	*Mess. Wilse, Shapter, &c.*
Miss Nancy,	*Miss Harding,*
Dolly,	*Miss Brett,*
Margery,	*Mrs. Brett,*
Female Villagers,	*Mrs. King and Petit.*

The Doors will open at half after 5, and the Curtain rise at half after 6 o'Clock.

BOX 1 Dollar—PIT 3-4—GALLERY 1-2 Dollar.

It is earnestly requested that no person will carry a lighted Segar into any part of the Theatre, or attempt to renew the dangerous practice of smoaking, either in the Lobbies or in presence of the audience

Messrs. WIGNELL & [illegible] the day after the

Facsimile extract from New York *Evening Post* of Monday, November 16, 1801.

Of far wider scope than the educational influences exercised by our universities and colleges is and always has been that wielded by our newspapers, and from the very beginning of our republic the character of those educating and enlightening publications has been of an excellence unsurpassed in foreign lands. One has only to recall that Benjamin Franklin, our first and greatest diplomat, was a member of that worthy guild, to realize the high type of many of the men concerned in the presentation of current events to our public thirsty for

information. No wonder Robin remarks that "almost all take the newspaper which is printed in their neighborhood" or that "all, from the Congressman to the workman, read one or another of the thousands of newspapers which appear." Brissot realizes that "these newspapers are the channel of information in America, and that is why they are kept so generally informed." The great political usefulness of these numerous public prints especially appealed to La Fayette: "In this happy country, where every one hears of and follows the course of public events, newspapers prove of great assistance to the Revolutionary cause." In Boston, says Bourgeois, "there are printed, just as in London, not only books but also daily sheets called 'papers,' which have encouraged both credulity and fanaticism among them—what a curious collection it would be if there were gotten together all the different gazettes published in Boston, and circulated thence throughout the United States!" He seemed to think the editors capable of sometimes coloring the news to suit their own wishes, and General Moreau also thought "the newspapers of this land do not always tell the truth, when it is a question of their own interests." Even in the then most sparsely settled regions the newspapers' educating influence was constantly exerted. "In the province of Main [*sic*] they only print one newspaper twice a week, but that is an important one," says the Duc de la Rochefoucauld. "It is widely circulated in the country districts and read with interest. Newspapers are more numerous in New Hampshire, three of them are printed at Portsmouth, two at Dover and one at Darmouth [*sic*] on the Connecticut River where the state college is located." Saint Méry tells us that in Norfolk, Va., there were two printing-offices, two newspapers, and a loan library, but he gives the palm to Philadelphia, with its thirty-one printing-offices and thirteen newspapers. In this conclusion several other writers agree, among them Brissot: "There is no city on this continent where they print so much as in Philadelphia. The printing-offices, the newspapers, and the booksellers are as numerous there as the booksellers are throughout the State." While speaking of Lexington's two presses, each printing a biweekly gazette, Michaux comments that "some of the paper is made in this country and costs a third more than in France; writing-paper is imported from England."

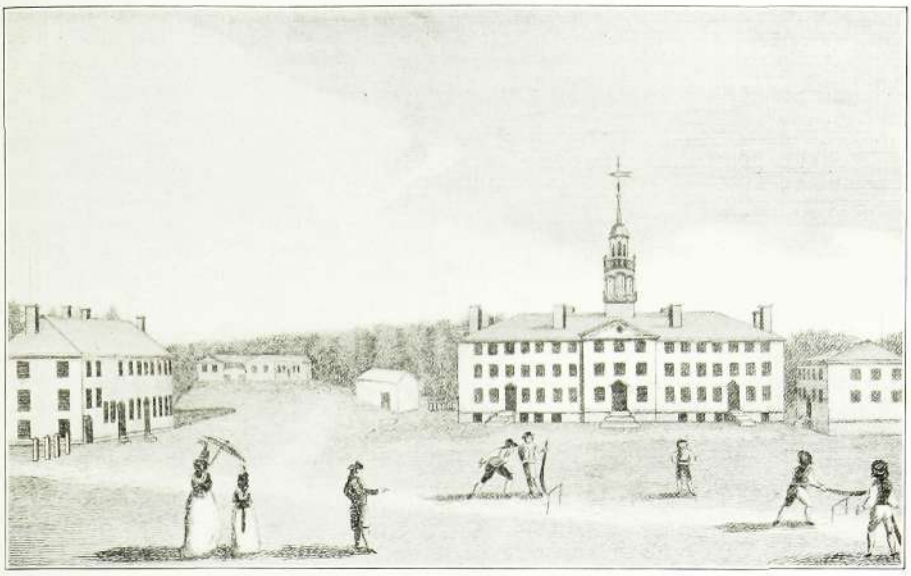
Sarah Bache, daughter of Benjamin Franklin.
From the painting by John Hoppner, 1793, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

It is perhaps surprising to learn that the early American gazettes did not confine themselves to neighborhood or even to American news. It was from a Boston newspaper that the Marquise de la Tour du Pin learned that her father, Colonel Arthur Dillon, had been guillotined in Paris, April 13, 1794, and she adds: "Indeed, all the news from France was printed in the American papers as soon as received." While dining at General Schuyler's in Albany she learned from a local newspaper of the overthrow of Robespierre, and she comments on the personal satisfaction this news gave to Talleyrand and Beaumetz, who were also present on that occasion. Brissot records that "Salem, like all American cities, has a printing-press and a newspaper which copies the newspapers of other States. While waiting for supper there I read a newspaper in

which was the speech delivered by Monsieur de l'Etremesnil when he was arrested in open Parliament (in Paris). What an admirable invention is the printing-press! it puts all nations into touch. It electrifies one by the recital of fine actions in one country that will soon become common to all."

In view of what we have just learned of how large was the reading public enjoyed by the numerous American newspapers, we are quite prepared to find the Frenchmen encountering a wide-spread interest in political affairs. Ségur had hardly landed and started for Philadelphia when he mentions that, "as all took a great interest in public affairs, before allowing me to go, I had to reply as best I might to countless questions which they asked." Even more forcibly is this evidenced in the episode of Rochambeau's vehicle breaking down on the road near Windham, Conn., necessitating the services at night of a carter, whom they found already in bed. The man was sick, and though they offered to fill his hat with guineas he would not work at night, but when he heard who it was he did so. Called out a second time, he still asked further political questions, and ended by saying: "'Well, you are brave men, you shall have your wagon by five o'clock in the morning,—but before setting to work and without wishing to pry into your secrets,—are you pleased with Washington, and was he with you?' We assured him that we were. His patriotism was satisfied, and he kept his word." "All the agricultural people in the interior," said Rochambeau, who recounts the foregoing anecdote in his memoirs, "and almost all the landholders of Connecticut are animated by this public spirit, which should serve as a model for many others." Beaujour remarks, "The conversation of the men generally turns upon politics"; and Chastellux adds, "Every American conversation has to wind up with politics." Bayard evidently agrees with the two foregoing: "After the ladies withdrew, we talked politics. The liberality of the sentiments of these two Americans as well as their education encouraged me to hazard some reflections on the mode of elections adopted in the United States." Mazzei concludes that "they seek to inform themselves upon public affairs because they find it to their interest. The progress made by the American people, since the beginning of the Revolution till now, in the matter of reasoning upon this sort of affairs, is really astonishing." This same Mazzei was the indiscreet person who, by quoting Jefferson in his letter of April 24, 1796, to the Directory, which it hastened to publish in the *Moniteur* of January 25, 1797, was (according to Robert de Crèvecœur, biographer of his distinguished progenitor) the means of causing the estrangement between Jefferson and Washington which persisted so long. That Jefferson cherished no ill feeling against Mazzei for this indiscretion is clear from the friendly tone of a subsequent letter from the former to the latter.

Nor did the interest in public affairs, everywhere noticeable in the United States, evidence itself in speech alone. Baron De Kalb, that intelligent investigator of the French Government, who died so gloriously at the battle of Cowpens, reported to his Foreign Office that even while it was still peace "Boston has suspended all commerce with the port of London. The people are no longer willing to use anything brought from or made there." The women even denied themselves their cherished solace of tea in order to injure the English tea trade, and the men, on the occasion of the "Boston Tea Party," changed this passive resistance into an active one by turning Boston harbor into a stronger infusion of the costly herb than the English authorities could stomach! Our early women-folk were as sturdy as their consorts in practical demonstrations of their keen interest in public affairs, as appears from La Fayette's letter of October 7, 1780, to his wife: "The women have made and are still making subscriptions to aid the soldiers. When this idea was broached I made myself your ambassador to the ladies of Philadelphia, and you are down for one hundred guineas on their list." Chastellux's account of a call upon "Mrs. Beach" (*sic*) (Franklin's daughter) gives a pleasant picture of how practical was the women's patriotism: "Simple in her manners as was her respected father, she has also his benevolence. She led us into a room filled with recent handiwork of Philadelphia ladies. This work was nei-



From the collection of Charles A. Munn.

Dartmouth College, showing chapel and hall.
From the engraving by S. Hill.

ther embroidered waistcoats nor sets of lace, nor even gold embroidery—it was shirts for the Pennsylvania soldiers. These ladies had provided the cloth at their own expense, and had taken real pleasure in cutting and sewing them themselves. On each shirt was marked the name of the lady or girl who had made it, and there were 2,200 of them!"

Connecticut was not behind Maryland in setting patriotism before thrift when her interest in public affairs was appealed to, for, after the victory at Yorktown, Rochambeau says that on his way to his transports at Boston "the French Army, in its march, crossed Connecticut, and Governor Trumbold [*sic*] and his Council issued a proclamation requesting all their fellow citizens not to increase prices during the march of the French Army. Everybody conformed thereto so generously that each soldier's mess obtained daily at a very low price all sorts of food to add to their ordinary rations." Beaujour believes our zest for politics was due to our English origin: "They get their political opinions from those nations from which they spring, and as most of them are of English origin, they have carried to America all these elements of discord which agitate England. In every State they are divided into two great parties like those of the Whigs and Tories, and what is most tiresome is that neither of those parties knows exactly what it wants, or at least takes no steps to obtain it." Then follow four pages of what he understands to be American politics, but he can hardly be said to unravel the mysteries thereof.

A little time ago a friend of the author remarked to him that the worthies of the Revolution and the times in which they lived had become so idealized as to seem to him no more human than a steel engraving. As a protest against this use of denatured alcohol for preserving the memories of our glorious past, and by way of proving that our worthy sires were quite as human as their descendants, it seems well to conclude this article with Bayard's description of scenes on election day, which, for real human nature, rivals those which Mr. Pickwick and Samuel Weller witnessed: "Your election days are days of debauch and quarrels. Candidates publicly offer drinks to whomsoever will give them his vote. Those who would excuse everything reply that the intention of the candidates is only to offer refresh-

ments to those who abandon their work and come from a distance. It is a great scandal that these candidates are charged with this entertainment, and another that the voters should live so far away from the place of election. The taverns are occupied by party adherents. The citizens take their stand under the banners of the candidates, and the voting-place is often surrounded by men armed with sticks, who push back and intimidate the voters of the opposing party. Therefore, it is not the people who register their decision, but the factions which fight about it. After the candidates have published their platforms in the public prints, their adherents start the campaign, and give drinks to those they wish to win over. To get the recruits all together, the public is often notified to assemble on such a day at such a tavern in order to clarify the opinion of the voters. If the candidate has oratorical talent, he is to be found there haranguing his friends and awaiting with security the day of election. The country people come on horseback, and in troops of two by two. Drums beaten by hirelings who cry out 'Huzza' at the top of their lungs, complete the martial confusion on election day. Women solicit votes, running from shop to shop to get them." "This is a true picture of what happens in the maritime cities," replied Mr. Smith, "but it is overdrawn if you are trying to depict election days in the interior cities."

OLD KING COLE

By Edwin Arlington Robinson

In Tilbury Town did Old King Cole
A wise old age anticipate,
Desiring, with his pipe and bowl,
No Khan's extravagant estate;
No crown annoyed his honest head,
No fiddlers three were called or needed;
For two disastrous heirs instead
Made music more than ever three did.

Bereft of her with whom his life
Was harmony without a flaw,
He took no other for a wife,
Nor sighed for any that he saw;
And if he doubted his two sons,
And heirs, Alexis and Evander,
He might have been as doubtful once
Of Robert Burns and Alexander.

Alexis, in his early youth,
Began to steal—from old and young.
Likewise Evander, and the truth
Was like a bad taste on his tongue.
Born thieves and liars, their affair
Seemed only to be tarred with evil—
The most insufferable pair
Of scamps that ever cheered the devil.

The world went on, their fame went on,
And they went on—from bad to worse;
Till, goaded hot with nothing done,
And each accoutred with a curse,

The friends of Old King Cole, by twos,
And fours, and sevens, and elevens,
Pronounced unalterable views
Of doings that were not of heaven's.

And having learned again whereby
Their baleful zeal had come about,
King Cole met many a wrathful eye
So kindly that its wrath went out—
Or partly out. Say what they would,
He seemed the more to court their candor;
But never told what kind of good
Was in Alexis and Evander.

And Old King Cole, with many a puff
That haloed his urbanity,
Would smoke till he had smoked enough,
And listen most attentively.
He beamed as with an inward light
That had the Lord's assurance in it;
And once a man was there all night,
Expecting something every minute.

But whether from too little thought,
Or too much fealty to the bowl,
A dim reward was all he got
For sitting up with Old King Cole.
"Though mine," the father mused aloud,
"Are not the sons I would have chosen,
Shall I, less evilly endowed,
By their infirmity be frozen?

"They'll have a bad end, I'll agree,
But I was never born to groan;
For I can see what I can see,
And I'm accordingly alone.
With open heart and open door,
I love my friends, I like my neighbors;
But if I try to tell you more,
Your doubts will overmatch my labors.

"This pipe would never make me calm,
This bowl my grief would never drown.
For grief like mine there is no balm
In Gilead, or in Tilbury Town.
And if I see what I can see,
I know not any way to blind it;
Nor more if any way may be
For you to grope or fly to find it.

"There may be room for ruin yet,
And ashes for a wasted love;
Or, like One whom you may forget,
I may have meat you know not of.
And if I'd rather live than weep
Meanwhile, do you find that surprising?
Why, bless my soul, the man's asleep!
That's good. The sun will soon be rising."

SINEWS OF WAR

By Annie Eliot Trumbull

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. T. BENDA

IT was haymaking time in Gnadenfest. The valley lay at the foot of the Karer Pass, and upon its near horizon rose the peaks of the Dolomites. About the scattered houses of the tiny village stretched the fields of harvest, warm in the sunlight—a sunlight so warm in the Austrian Tyrol that it would seem to make the very snows of the glaciers glow into incandescence. These fields were flecked with the color of the haymakers—men and women, but for the most part women—flushed with labor, laughing in the sun, gay with the gladness of accomplishment. In their white bodices, their bright-colored petticoats, and their brighter-colored aprons, their heads bound with brilliant kerchiefs, the girls and women spread and tossed the hay, or even swung a scythe with that swiftness of strength and achievement which makes a field of mowers as stirring as a march; dressed for the harvest-home of light opera, they were vital with the concentration of purpose. It was all so sunny that it seemed impossible that it could ever be overcast, so gay that it could never be saddened, so warm and alive that there could be no such things as cold and death.

From the hard, white road came the sound of approaching hoof-beats. There were many passers along this white road: villagers to and from the town, strangers—decorous English and rich Americans, for were not all Americans rich as all English were decorous?—on their way through the mountains. Work was not so pressing in the hay-fields but that one could pause an instant, handsome, brown, and unwearied, to look up, smiling, from beneath a scarlet kerchief; one woman, her bodice of black satin, her petticoat more gayly embroidered than those of the others, was a Madonna della Sedia, with a touch of the allegro of sun and laughter. She stood leaning on her fork while the hoof-beats sounded nearer, and was the first to recognize the horses trotting into view with their stalwart driver. This time it was no peasant on his way to market, nor any Auslander touring the country: it was Anton Huttebach, driving his own two splendid horses, strong and gentle like Anton himself, which drew the comfortable, low-hung carriage as lightly as if it had been a racing sulky. He reined into the field and beckoned to the Madonna della Sedia, who dropped her fork and went over to him. The other haymakers nodded, and either went on with their work or stood watching the interview with that placid, rustic curiosity which is satisfied with its own exercise and does not demand significant results.

"Elsabetta," said Anton, the reins lying loosely in his careful hands as he leaned from his driver's seat to smile down into her uplifted eyes. "Two Amerikanerinnen have engaged me for the three days' drive. We go over the pass this afternoon, and it is best that we start within the hour. Get in, and I will take you home to give me a bit of Mittagsessen."

"Schön!" said Elsabetta, and she turned back to call out a word of explanation. "And do they pay you well, Anton?" she asked as she turned again toward him.

"They pay me well," he assented. "And they are freundlich. I think," he added, "that usually the Americans have friendliness—they are like that."

Still Elsabetta paused, her foot on the step of the carriage.

"And they, Anton," and she gave a little nod toward the horses. "It is not too soon? They are not tired from the last time? They are rested?"

"Tired!" exclaimed Anton proudly. "That they are not. Get in and you will see! I will but say the word and we are there."

"I know they are strong—but it was a long way yesterday," she said apologetically as she sprang to his side, and the horses, released from their immobility, broke into a long, swift gait which certainly betokened no fatigue.

"You see," said Anton. But it was a moment only before he checked their speed. They had a long pull before them, and what mattered a minute or two more before they reached the low, white house with the odd eaves and the many windows? "But you are right, Elsabetta—yes—to think of the horses as always. You think about as much of Hans and Gretel as of Anton, is it not true?" he concluded, laughing, as she sprang down as lightly as she had stepped in.

"Why not?" she asked, with a lift of the brown Italian eyes from under the smooth white brow. "Are they not part of Anton, and were they not his dearest before I was?" Then she walked to their heads and petted them, while Gretel whinnied and Hans put his nose in her brown hand.

"Well, after all, they are good horses, hein?" said Anton, smiling broadly, unashamed of his commingled sentiments.

An hour later, his own snack partaken of, he was again taking up the reins, fodder for Hans and Gretel in the carriage, rubber blankets stowed, and everything ready.

"Auf Wiedersehen, Elsabetta," he said for the last time.

"Ade, ade, Anton!" and again she paused, the laughter of her eyes giving place for a moment to a faint shadow of anxiety as she reached up and laid her hands on his. "We shall not have war?—it is not true—all the talk—it will not be?"

"War!" he answered, "Nein, nein. A little lesson, perhaps, some time to Servia—who knows?—she is not polite, Servia. He was not much—the archduke"—and he gave a little shrug by way of tribute to the slain—"but it was not polite that which they did. But war!—no, I do not believe it—our Franz Josef, has he not seen enough war?—and the German Kaiser, he is a man of peace, too—does he not always say it?—nein, nein, my Elsabetta, no war this time!"

"But," and her hand did not leave his, "if they mobilize—they say even now, in Deutschland——"

"Ach ja, Deutschland! When is it not mobiliziert—Deutschland! And Austria perhaps—a little—but war!—no. And if there is war, Elsabetta, Hans and Gretel, will they not bring me back to you safe and sound? Hans and Gretel and I, we will not forget thee—ade!"

This time she let him go, and he snapped his whip as he waved it in farewell, and the little plume in his Jaegerhut danced gayly down the road. She was still thoughtful as she went back into the house. Anton knew even better than she what he was to do and where he was to go in case war was declared—though he was not to go on the first call—and as for Hans and Gretel—they were so wise, perhaps they knew, too—it is true that they were very wise! But it could not be—it was as Anton said—the Emperor he was too old and too sad to want war again in his day—and as for the German Kaiser, was he not always talking of peace?—natürlich, there would be no war!—and, throwing back her pretty head in a long breath of pure enjoyment of the sunny, perfumed air of noon as she came out of the house again, she closed the door behind her and went back trippingly to the hay-field for the afternoon.

Meanwhile Anton had picked up the Amerikanerinnen, and they were climbing the road to the pass. For hours they mounted toward the sky—a sky which hung over them in a sort of breathlessness of beauty and lucidity. It was so lovely that one felt as if the slightest jar must shatter something precious, that some detail of the vision might slip or tremble from its place, that the foaming waters might be arrested in the perfection of their swirl and plunge, that the shining duskiness of the green forests might thin and scatter, that the glorious white of the glaciers might tarnish, that the blue and purple and pink of the hillsides and fields might droop and dull, that the splendid road itself, as it bridged cataracts and lost itself in rock galleries and emerged again into blinding sunshine, might suddenly yawn into a chasm or lose itself upon a brink. It was a vision of that perfection which makes the human heart stand still in fear of its eclipse.

At the first long ascent Hans and Gretel had settled themselves steadily to their work and Anton had swung himself off the box and tramped beside them.

"He begins early to save his horses," said one of the Americans.

"And it is not a very heavy load, either," responded the other.

Once, that first day, they came to a bit of road that was nearly level. It skirted a magnificent wall of rock, while on the other side the mountain fell steeply to the stream—for ever about them was the sound of rushing waters, rivers green and rivers gray, rivers almost colorless—snow-waters from the neighboring glaciers, pallid with the cold—all hurrying madly as only Alpine rivers hurry. Here, where the stream lifted its voice from far below, steep precipices shut them in; before and behind them the road seemed abruptly to begin and end—end at a bridge beneath which a cataract plunged and whitened in the dimness of the daylight—a daylight tempered almost to gloom by the high hilltops. On this comparative level Anton climbed to the box and rode for a half-mile, regarding with unwinking satisfaction the easy stride of his bays. It was then that Hans took a slight advantage, accruing from the fact that he had succeeded in getting his tail over the reins, and proceeded to kick a section off the dashboard. For a moment it looked as if the incident might result in something like permanent distrust. To the Amerikanerinnen it seemed prophetic of possible disaster and indicative of too much temperament on the part of Hans. But Anton, after the first moment of prompt activity, took it so calmly, he so swiftly and so securely mended the subordinate strap that Hans's inadvertence had broken, and surveyed the splintered dashboard in such absence of bitterness, that they at once fell into what was evidently his own opinion, that it had been, to be sure, a little careless of Hans, but that no great harm had been done in the present and that it held absolutely no dark presage for the future. In fact, save for the rift, and consequently revelation of the unpainted wood of the dashboard, an incongruity which gave Anton opportunity to play at diplomatic negotiation at several rest-houses on the route, the incident was closed. They soon got to know Hans so well that they estimated his carelessness at its true value; as for Gretel, she had never flickered into mutiny for an instant. Anton smilingly proffered what was undoubtedly a perfectly adequate explanation, but, like all the spoken communication between the members of the party, considered from the point of view of a document in the case, it lost something, through a difference in tongues, of the more elusive niceties of expression, though from the first there had been between the three that entire understanding of both the physical and mental moods of the moment which goes deeper than the exigencies of speech and makes clear any clumsiness of verbal statement. This gentle-voiced Anton, with his ready smile, his quick perception of inclination, his prompt measures, and his patient execution—why was it necessary that he should find English at his tongue's end? And Anton, on his part, soon found a certain swiftness of realization and an ungrudging delight in his country's beauty, with a flexibility in adjustment to circumstance, which made for the easy establishment of an *entente cordiale*.

"You see, Hans did not understand," he explained; "he does not always understand, Hans. But there is no evil in him. Gretel, she is different—and she holds back—because she sees," and as he walked beside him he petted the brown flanks of the somewhat confused Hans as if to make up to him for that slight social lapse and consequent embarrassment which sometimes betray the most well-meaning. Indeed, from that moment it appeared that the three had entered upon a tacit compact to entirely overlook, for the complete reassurance of Hans, the slip and its consequences. No one alluded to, or even glanced at, the rough aspect of the dashboard, and if, during a rest, one happened to come upon Anton engaged in the labor of emergency repairs, both parties ignored his occupation as though it were a thing superfluous and uncalled for. Thus was the charm of confident personal intercourse preserved intact.

More than once they halted at small, isolated inns, between the larger villages with their post hotels, and at each one of them there were exchanged a few words,

at least, about Hans and Gretel—words which never failed to redound, directly or indirectly, to their credit. Proprietors all along the Dolomite highway knew them, as they knew and liked Anton, and so when the distant mutterings of war—so distant and so incredible—had died out of the conversation there was admitted a note of peace and understanding. Once they paused for mid-morning refreshment at a little osteria planted in the midst of the forest. Under a primitive pergola of vines, by the side of the white road, the Americans sat at a round table and ate strawberries and cream brought them by a bright-eyed, bright-clad girl—those tiny wild strawberries that have the perfume of sun-warmed flowers!—while Anton within, in the Gastzimmer, smoked a cigarette, drank his foaming beer, and gossiped with the landlord.

"There is talk of war, is it not so?" said one of the Americans to the pretty Fräulein. She nodded.

"They are mobilizing," she said without enthusiasm, as she half-shrugged her shoulders, as Anton had done.

"Austria mobilizes, does she?" said the American. "Yes—but it is impossible that there should be war."

She had said it a number of times already, her mood remaining quite detached. Of course there would be no actual war—that was out of the question in this age—but mobilizieren—yes, perhaps—that seemed to be part of the game. Europeans were always playing at hostilities. It was so absolutely apart from hostilities, really, this sunny peace under dancing leaves—*sousligné* by strawberries and cream. This was the real thing—and talk about war was the artificial fever of diplomats.

"And the Amerikanerinnen, do they like Hans and Gretel?" asked the landlord good-naturedly, as he came out with Anton and helped with a buckle.

"Ja, ja, they understand," nodded Anton. "They have seen—why should they not have seen?" he exclaimed with justifiable pride. "Have they not come over the Karer without a stumble and without delay?"

"Ja wohl," agreed the landlord, "and they are not even breathed," and he slipped the Trinkgeld into his pocket and settled the travelling-rugs more securely in their places. The carriage went on into the wonders, the exquisite, serene wonders, of the way, and ever before them, drawing nearer and nearer in their isolation, were the Dolomites themselves, castles and towers, monoliths and turrets, strange, inaccessible, unresponsive, white with snow; gray, as if covered with gray velvet of a heavy pile; soft, seamed, and fissured, touched with saffron and with rose, shadowed and accented with violet—dominant, serrated, fantastic.

On their way they passed other fields where other bright-skirted, bright-kerchiefed women were harvesting the hay, for it must be the women who gather into barns. Mobilizing—that hitherto somewhat unfamiliar word, beginning to be uttered with unconscious familiarity as of long acquaintance—mobilizing evidently meant something practical. Was it a fancy that the faces of the haymakers were a shade less glad than they had been the day before?—even though they still looked up and smiled? Perhaps. But it would be but a transient shade. It would all be over with the precaution of mobilizing. The civilized world would never go to war.

"There are moments," said one of the Americans meditatively, "when it seems to me that it is upon childhood that the shadow of mature anxiety has fallen with the most obvious effect. Did you ever see such funny little old children? Do you suppose they have aged in a single night?"

"They are certainly funny," returned the other, "but I don't believe it is the war. It is more apt to be father's coat and trousers, cut down, but not remodelled. Not to mention father's hat."

"Mother's cap and apron also add," agreed the first speaker. "And their cheeks are unblanched as yet."

Crimson-cheeked and solemn-eyed, the little Dolomite girls and boys stood in turns of the road or within the confines of garden fences and watched the strangers drive past, unchallenging and unwinking babies, dressed like burgomasters and burgomasters' wives.

"Give them some chocolate," said one of the strangers, "and see if they smile. They are eating it, silver paper and all,"

she added a moment later as she looked back; "but they have not smiled."

They were charming, these little children, weighed down as they were by the traditions and responsibilities of adult garments.

The day they went over the third pass one said to the other, as she looked, half-absently, at Anton, a sturdy figure with the usual cigarette in his mouth, as he forged steadily ahead by the side of Hans: "Do you realize that he has practically walked the whole distance over all three passes?"

"So he has," returned the other. "Anton," she said, "why do you always walk? You must be more tired than the horses."

"Nein, nein," he smiled. "I am not tired—nor is Hans, either," he added jealously, "nor Gretel. But they have to go back, you see," and again he patted the warm flanks as if to assure Hans that there was always some one near to see that justice was done and considerations taken into account.

Always climbing, they were drawing nearer to the summit of the pass. They had left the fields of flowers, the lovely, swift rushes of color which dyed the reticence of the unshaded meadows below the glaciers; above them the white-walled fastnesses of the road bulwarked the last of the mounting curves, which lost itself in the echoing chambers of a tunnel, only to emerge, after mysterious convolutions in the semi-dark, upon the highest level. Beside them the curious cattle, cropping the short herbage, hardy as themselves, wandered to the road to see them pass. Finally, they left behind them the last of the climbing curves, and their breath coming a little shorter in the rarefied air, they looked out, with a new thrilling sense of exultation, over the superb, outlying mountains of strange, tinted rock and glistening glaciers, and down into green valleys where the trees stood magnificently dense and the pale streams broke from their recesses.

After they had eaten luncheon in the dazzling chill of the summit, where a good-natured and unhurrying German Frau distributed hot soup and eclectic stew to the guests of all nations, sitting about the bare Speisezimmer, and where a glassful of sour wine borrowed the intoxicating glow of the true Falernian, they dropped down into the last valley. Anton was on the box now—the journey was nearly over, and Hans and Gretel were permitted a discreet trot down the gentler declivities of the descent.

"They know, is it not true?" Anton said, with a confident nod toward Hans and Gretel. They knew perfectly, there was no doubt of that. The hard part of the journey was over, but there were other passes and other journeys before them—had they not spent their lives in going over passes?—and this was no place for an abuse of privilege, at once perilous and premature.

Even upon the pristine calm of this remote valley there seemed to lie an unusual peace. As the sun dropped down to the mountain-tops, which rose so high to shield its disappearance, and which threw their long shadows athwart the warm dusk of the forests and the declining activities of the twilight, it was as if the very dove of peace were folding her soft wings to brood above its rest. And when, later on, the moon rose over the enchantment—when the village slept and the valleys dreamed in the dark, and only the mountains waked and watched in the serenity of everlasting strength, while the flood of the moonlight bathed their shoulders and flowed down to their feet, still the world was wrapped in a vision of perfect peace.

Early the next morning was the awakening. Before the moon had set, while yet the darkness lay dense in the depths of the mountains, at three o'clock of the dawn, rushing like the whirlwind of war itself, came into the courtyard of the inn an automobile, bringing the news that peace was at an end, and that the nations were arming themselves for battle.

"War! War! War!" it panted, as it paused a moment among the peasants of the inn. "War! War! War!" it shrieked like a modern Valkyr as it tore out of the courtyard, and, as it plunged into the night and the mountains, from the far distance came its humming monotone: "War! War! War!"

Anton was very apologetic when the Americans came out after their hasty breakfast, served by red-eyed women—five of the men had already left. He had had to rouse the Herrschaften an hour

earlier than had been agreed upon, because, you see, they must be carried to their destination, and then he must get back at once to Gnadenfest with Hans and Gretel. Hans and Gretel were *angemeldet*—they must be in readiness should they be called for. No, he should not have to go himself, this time, but Hans and Gretel—yes—if they were called out. But they would not be—no, he did not think it—only—and he leaned over to pat Hans—they must be ready. And truly Hans and Gretel had much to do to-day, and must do it quickly. Their hoofs rang more noisily and more swiftly on the hard road, and the carriage bowled along with fewer delays for rest and good-fellowship.

The same beauty waited upon their steps, still an unshattered vision, but if it was not jarred it was charged with something new—something anticipatory though undefined—the trail of that automobile which had rushed over that road a few hours earlier. There were groups of gray-coated soldiers about the inns; there were sharp-eyed sentries on the frontier who scanned the carriage and its occupants; there were stolid peasants trudging along with their bundles of clothing; and there were anxious women, their gay kerchiefs not much alleviating the terrors of their solicitude.

"Yes," said Anton, as he turned and leaned toward his passengers, "Hans and Gretel have been listed for long—with their stable and their owner—every good horse in Austria was known and stood waiting conscription—naturally Hans and Gretel would be—such horses, would they not be very useful in time of war? To draw cannon? Well, perhaps," and he paused an instant as if to grasp the possibility—"yes, or perhaps supplies—meat and bread. But, after all, it would soon be over—yes, Servia would have her lesson—ja, ja—perhaps she needed it; if Russia had not eingetreten there would not have been much trouble," he thought—"but Russia would see—yes—she would see."

There was nothing of the braggart in Anton's quiet manner and words; evidently he cared very little whether Servia had her lesson or not—or if Russia saw—but in the depths of his kind eyes, as he watched Hans and Gretel cover the mountain spaces, there was lurking a great fear.

Early that afternoon they came to the end of their journey. Anton left the Americans at their hotel—a hostelry which preserved a forced air of comfort and adequacy, a would-be placidity, as of an existence something supernal, above the disturbing currents of war, by means of a force reduced to the portier and two unaccomplished bell-boys, with a rapidly waning visitors' list.

Anton's drive back was by a shorter route than that by which he had brought his passengers, and it was pricked by haste—the awful, ruthless, calculated haste of war. Hans and Gretel must now put forth those reserves which had been undrawn upon on the way over. Armed men stopped Anton, made inquiries, and passed him on. He paused voluntarily only for food and rest necessary for man and beast, and in the inn-yards soldiers tossed grim jests from one to another, or shouted peremptory orders, and there was no dallying over beer and cigarette. The tremors of hostility were troubling the crystalline beauty of the woods and fields, and only the mountains seemed to draw farther away from the tumult of quarrel, and, flushed with violet and with pearl, to turn the shoulder of their strange, barren, dream-like inaccessibility to the clamor of the wrath of man. One wonders if to the limited equine intuitions of Hans and Gretel there penetrated any sense of a coming struggle. Did their instinct tempt them to start and swerve at the presence of the wild beast lurking unleashed, but unseen, in the forest that bordered their path? In all probability they caught nothing of the melancholy of farewell to the sunny road over which they had fared so gayly. The war-horse, like the militarist, snuffs the battle from afar, and recks little of present happiness in the prospect of the fierce contest of the brute.

Through his village of Gnadenfest Anton drove, without a word of parley on the way, straight to his own door. Indeed, there was little for which to pause; there were no gay groups of haymakers; only here and there a lonely figure raking listlessly in the late afternoon. It was as if, in the brief interval, a veil of something

filmy yet constricting had settled down upon the land, something that muffled and shrouded without darkening or obliterating. War had come into the quiet valley, not as a stimulant, but as an anodyne.

Elsabetta saw him coming and ran out to the stable to meet him.

"They have been sent for, Anton," she cried, throwing her arms about him, "but, Gott sei dank, not you, not you!"

"They have been sent for?" he repeated dully. "Already?" And he looked at Hans and Gretel as if for explanation, as they stood shaking their heads, gently impatient to be rid of the harness they had carried long enough for one day.

"Yes," sobbed Elsabetta, "already," and she laid her head on Hans's brown coat while her deft fingers unbuckled a strap with a touch that was a caress.

"So—o!" breathed Anton, in a long, low exclamation. "And they must go at once—hein?"

"To-morrow," sighed Elsabetta. "It is within—the order. You will see." Slowly Anton walked about the splendid creatures, unharnessing, petting, admonishing, as if for the first time examining every buckle, testing every strap, mute under the magnitude of the blow that had fallen. Elsabetta watched him, her eyes brimming still with tears, murmuring now and then a fond word to Hans or Gretel.

"But not you, Anton," she said at last.

"Ach, nein, not I!" he replied half-impatiently. All his anxieties were concentrated upon the two grateful animals, whinnying in pleasure, their smooth coats tended to glossiness, their strong limbs scarcely wearied by the long drive. He had thought only for them—none to spare even for Elsabetta, just now. "Not already. Time enough for that," he added.

"Nein! nein!" cried Elsabetta in her turn, but in a different note—a sharp cry of protest. "Thou hast told me that this time thou art not called out—that——"

"And so I tell thee again," he answered with what was not meant for brusqueness. "But Hans and Gretel—yes! Aber," and he turned back as he led Gretel into her stall, "they will come back! I tell thee they will come back!"

"Yes, yes," assented Elsabetta gladly, "they will come back," and Hans docilely followed her to his appointed place as she spoke, "and without a scratch—well, perhaps—it may be, a little scratch—to show that he has fought for Austria, like our Colonel Austerburg—but that is all—is it not true, Hans?"

Never had Hans and Gretel looked better than the next morning when they were ready to be driven to the rendezvous. As Elsabetta stood waiting to see them start, they turned their heads and looked at her, as if in conscious demand for an acknowledgment of their beauty—of how satin were their coats, how scrupulously combed their manes, and how polished the shoes that were to ring upon the hard, white road. As for Anton, he walked round and about them, searching in vain for a shabbiness or a flaw.

"The general himself, he will ride one, I think," said Elsabetta, wiping away with her apron a tear which had snatched a moment's inadvertence to course down her brown cheek.

"I wish it would be the Kaiser von Deutschland!" said Anton, with a sudden flash of anger such as seldom illumined the calm resourcefulness of his temperament. "Then Hans, he would be quite safe!"

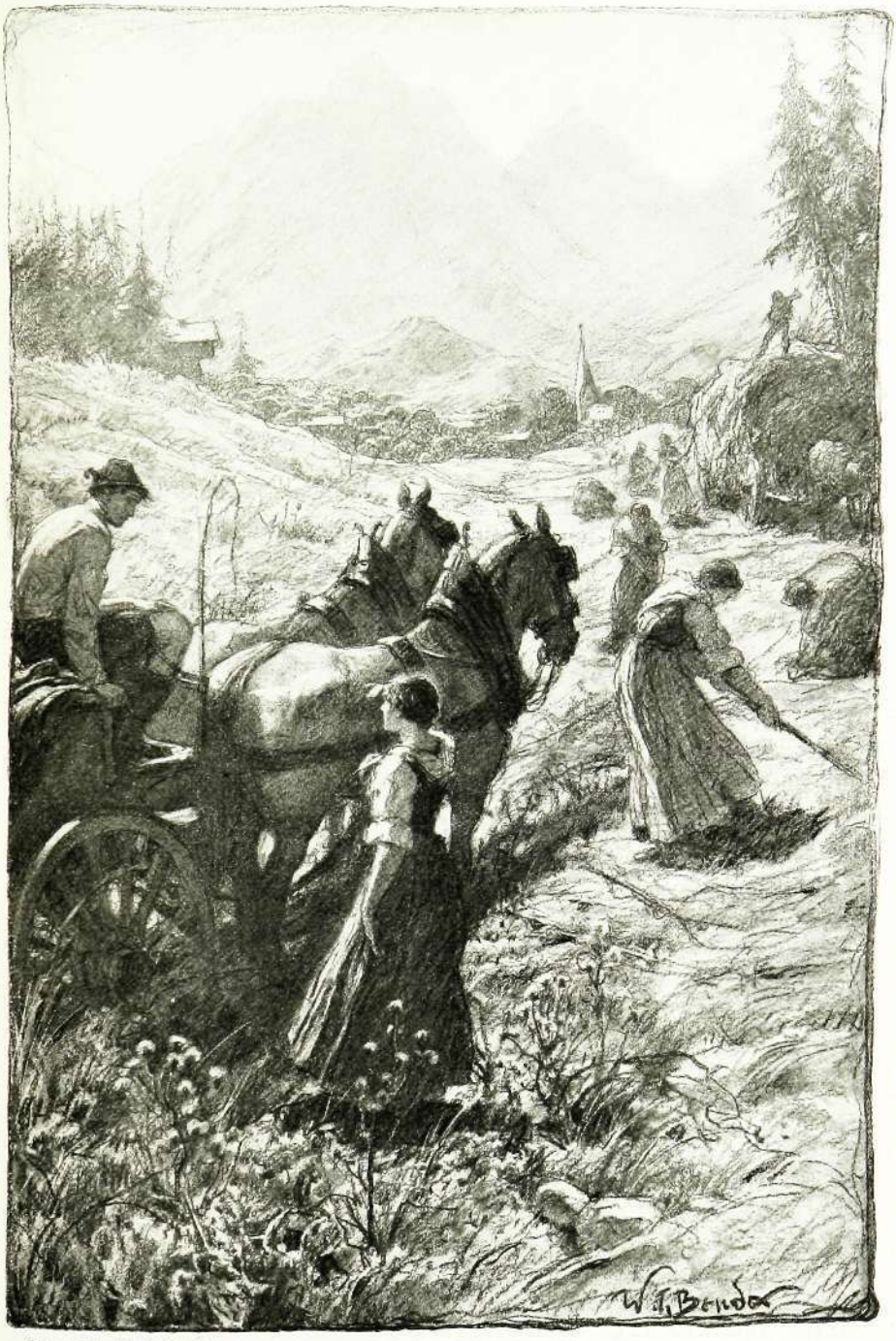
"Aber, Anton," said Elsabetta with alarmed compunction. "The German Kaiser—he is a brave man."

"Ja, ja, freilich," muttered Anton. "Brave! for others—yes. But I have not said that he was not a brave man," he added lamely. "Only it would be an honor for Hans to carry him. It is that—yes."

"Or Gretel," said Elsabetta.

"Or Gretel—schön," nodded Anton with a return to the soft, smiling speech which had so won the Amerikanerinnen.

"See," and Elsabetta came nearer. "I have put here a little, little knot of ribbon, where it will never show—seest thou, Anton?—even the sergeant, he will not see it—in the mane of Hans and of Gretel—so that if one saw them, perhaps—if they were riderless—or hurt—why one could find that blue ribbon and shall say—'Sehen Sie an—that is the ribbon of Elsabetta, the Frau of Anton'—is it not true?" and the gayety of her laughter, though it may have been dangerously near the border-land, sought to dispel the hint of tragedy.



Drawn by W. T. Benda.

"Get in, and I will take you home to give me a bit of Mittagsessen."—Page 624.

"He begins early to save his horses," said one of the Americans.—Page 626.

"You are always a child," grumbled Anton with what tried to be disapproval, "always die Kleine. I should take it out—but so! who would see?—no, I leave it—it makes nothing. Ade, Elsabetta, auf Wiedersehen."

And walking proudly at their heads, though the pain of parting tugged sharply at his heart-strings, with the downy feather in his Jaegerhut flickering a little in the breeze, his horses following spiritedly but obediently, Anton led the way to the rendezvous of dumb recruits. Thus, with all their silken flanks in garlands dressed, Hans and Gretel went through the little town to the sacrifice—to plunge, with their shining coats, their docile strength, their ignorant gayety, into the horrible vortex of inhuman battle—of an inhumanity far below the cruelties of the beast, in that it was coldly directed by human brains and human hands, and trained by human craft to maim, to torture, and to kill. It was not so many days after—those were days in which things happened fast—first, the declarations of war, one after another, sharp, decisive, like the reports of guns heard round the world—that battle itself drew near; fighting, fierce, lustful, devilry incarnate, deciding nothing, achieving nothing, horribly effective, supremely ludicrous in its folly; eager, tragic as life, vapid, vain, purposeless as hell.

And very early, as it chanced, the regiment in the neighborhood of Gnadenfest was engaged in active warfare. They fought their first fight and met with heavy loss, and the field was left in its horror of torture, mutilation, and the unburied dead. The hurricane of the wrath of man passed over it and left a devastation to which the mercy of God could only send his swift angel of death.

"Elsabetta," said Anton, the second day after, "I am going to see where they fought the battle. Isidor Gansbuch is going, and he gives me a seat in his cart. Isidor's Lena was too old to be commandeered," he added with a flash of the disdain of the owner of Hans and Gretel, "and lame—wirklich—a little lame."

"Yes, Anton," said Elsabetta submissively. "It will take some time with Isidor's Lena," she added almost timidly; "for you it will be something different."

"Different? Ach, ja," answered Anton morosely. "But I shall go," he concluded doggedly.

"Ja, freilich," she rejoined quickly. "It may be, too, that you would find—would see——"

"Nothing, nothing," he interrupted, as if resenting the quickness of her compre-

hension. "What would there be for me to see? We have there no brothers and sons."

"That is true," agreed Elsabetta as if on second thoughts; "my brother, he is far to the north, is it not? And"—she paused an instant, and then went on with the little laugh which she meant to make one of gay confidence—"as for Hans, I think the prince has him by this time—and Gretel, would she not be for the colonel himself?"

"Ja, ja," said Anton, but without the quick smile which had endeared him to the Americans. "He has ridden him to safety, I believe. Hans and Gretel, they are strong, and they have gone far with our army by this time—and our men, do they not know a good horse when they see him?—they will look after Hans. But," he added, "I go with Isidor to see the battle-field. It will, perhaps, be my turn next," he concluded under his breath. But Elsabetta heard him.

Never had Hans and Gretel looked better than the next morning when they were ready to be driven to the rendezvous.—Page 630.

"Nein, nein, Anton!" she cried aloud.

"But if it is for the Vaterland," he said without enthusiasm, as if repeating a well-worn formula.

"For the Vaterland!" she began mutinously, and then checked herself as Anton rose and went out without speaking. Her eyes filled with tears—tears were

so much nearer Austrian eyes these last weeks than they had ever been. Anton had changed already. With his horses had gone his occupation, and for him and Elsabetta what had been the poetry of their existence. With Hans and Gretel, there had been always something—if it were not the homely cares of feeding and watering and grooming, there had been their beauty and their strength, and their manifest superiority to talk about. There had been the long drive over the mountains to plan for, and the shorter drives into the glory of the forests; there had been the personality of the travellers to discuss, and the inspiration of intercourse with other villagers and other wayfarers; there had been the breath of the high peaks and the cold, clear stimulant of the glaciers. Then, besides these deprivations, there was now the question of money. Where was that to come from? They had a moderate sum laid up, to be sure—there was no immediate hardship—but food was already less plenty—and Elsabetta's eyes grew more anxious as they watched Anton pass the door of the empty stable—if he was to spend all his time at the village Gasthaus, smoking cigarettes and drinking beer, how was more money to be earned?

Certainly Isidor's lame Lena made slow work of the trip to the battle-field, and the two men stopped overnight on the way, in a melancholy wayside inn, where two women and a small boy did all the work which had been done by a landlord and two sturdy assistants. On the third day they reached the scarred and broken level, where a hastily dug trench, shattered tree-trunks, and a ruined mill testified to a recent engagement, and dotting its irregular surfaces were ghastlier witnesses. Merciful and patriotic hands had done what they could, but it had not been enough. It had been one of the least episodes of a titanic struggle, this skirmish in a secluded Austrian valley. A body of men hastening to join a large force had been surrounded and cut off after a sharp resistance—an affair hardly worth a bulletin in the official reports. But had the same suffering and the same toll of death been the burden of a day of peace, a sympathetic world would have paused long enough in its avocations for a sigh of horror. As the two men climbed out of the cart they paused a moment as they stood, for the first time, face to face with the savage irony of war. In the distance the flush of the setting sun lay upon the Rosengarten, and the strange, carven monoliths of the dolomites held themselves austerely aloof, while faintly to the ear came the sound of the pallid waters from the depths of forests touched in turn by the blackening hand of destruction. And scattered here and there, indistinguishable in detail, but appallingly significant in suggestion, were grim, motionless forms amid the more trivial confusion of torn and shattered accoutrements and splintered guns. There lay many horses still unburied, dumb, helpless creatures who had never known even the savage lust of killing, nor yet the warm thrill of a responsive patriotism—condemned to death before the trumpet of war had even sounded—their names called, their days numbered, the bounds of their existence set—sealed unto death by the official tape of militarism while yet they breathed the scent of hay-filled meadows and tossed their heads in the pleasure of mountain highways.

Slowly the two men made their stumbling way over the ridges of the field—leaving Isidor's Lena standing unambitiously in the road, not uncontented with her hampered fate, had she but known. Suddenly Anton paused a second time, while his heart gave a quick throb, and a rush of something hot and swift seemed to blind him for seconds before he realized that he was looking down at Hans, stretched out in a mutilated and tortured death. For an appreciable instant he tried to think that there was a mistake, but revelation had been too direct, he knew too well every line and muscle that he had followed with the faithful carefulness of love. The skin was no longer satin, its gloss had vanished long since, and there were marks of other hardship than those of the hideous shrapnel; but as Anton dropped on his knees and dragged toward him the lifeless head, not for a moment did he doubt that it was that of his beloved Hans. It was hardly worth while to put his hand under the uncombed mane and find still unwound, amid all the fury of onset and defeat, the bit of blue ribbon that Elsabetta, only half in jest, had twisted there to identify the gallant charger of a victorious commander.

Anton did not answer.

"Du lieber Gott!" exclaimed Isidor in heavy-hearted wonder, "it is, indeed, thy Hans."

Anton did not answer. Slow tears came into the eyes that looked down at the glazed and tragic sightlessness of his dear companion, and his strong, brown fingers pulled aimlessly at the little scrap of ribbon. He must get it for Elsabetta, he said to himself, he must get that for Elsabetta. Isidor moved on a step or two and then paused again, looked over at Anton as if about to speak, but did not. Finally he broke the silence.

"Anton," he said, "is it not that this is thy Gretel? See here."

Anton did not rise, but he leaned forward on hands and knees and scanned the dead animal as it lay stretched out near Hans.

"Ja, ja," he said heavily. "That is Gretel. Why should it not be? But she is so thin—I might not have known. And Hans—how he is thin, too!"

"There is not a scratch on her," said Isidor as he, too, kneeled down to examine her. "It is, I think"— and again he hesitated—"that she has starved. One says, you know, that they were never fed, the horses. What is the use?" he went on with the bitterness of the helpless. "They are sure to be killed—is it not so? Why give them food and water?"

Anton pulled himself to his feet slowly, like a man that has been stunned, and came nearer to Isidor and Gretel.

"So—o!" he breathed between his closed teeth. "They gave them neither food nor water, and they drove them into the fight!" He spoke brokenly, as if it were difficult to find the words. The Americans would not have recognized the Anton of the soft voice and the ready speech had they seen him standing there, his Jaegerhut over his bitter eyes, his big fingers twisting and untwisting the pitiful knot of blue ribbon while he gazed down at the scarred fields and off to the freshness of the hills that was never again to breathe upon him and Hans and Gretel, and down again to the ground at his feet. "So! They were good enough to be killed, Hans and Gretel, but not to feed nor to water. No, she has not a scratch—Gretel; Hans, he was hit, was it not?—but Gretel, not a scratch—but she was weak—she was used, you see, to food and water—hein? I must tell Elsabetta," he repeated, still twisting about the tiny spot of blue. Then suddenly, in the half-affrighted presence of Isidor, and over the bodies of those companions to whom his voice had been like that of their maker, Anton lifted up an exceeding bitter cry and cursed the lord of war.

MIDDLE AGE

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATION BY ALONZO KIMBALL

THOUGH Miss Wooster's life had been an unusually happy one, she was, at forty, still prone to believe that the worst was extremely likely to happen.

Each year, when she came back from Europe, she would lean, bravely enough, over the rail, trying to read in the eyes of her brother-in-law, who always came to meet her, with his pockets full of American gold, what was the special disaster that had occurred during her absence.

Rodney Traver was a delightful person to help you through the customs—at once so good-tempered and so efficient; and usually, by the time this was over, Miss Wooster found herself reassured, and began to think it possible that perhaps her family and friends had struggled through after all. But on the special occasion before us she was aware that even after they had left the docks and were driving uptown her spirit was not completely at rest.

Was something really wrong? Or was Rodney annoyed at the amount of her duties, or shocked at her not having declared the dress she was wearing?

She decided to hazard a direct question.

"How is Helena?"

He did not instantly answer, and in that second's pause Miss Wooster had time to imagine every possible human tragedy that could have overtaken her sister.

"Helena's well, I think," Rodney answered, but his tone did not satisfy her.

She liked her brother-in-law, sincerely and without reserves, and yet thirteen years before she, and others more naturally optimistic, had not felt absolute confidence that the marriage would turn out well.

For Helena was a beauty—not just a pretty woman, but a pure, perfect blonde beauty, whom foreign courts honored and no one ever forgot. The objection to Rodney was not only that he did not offer anything very brilliant in the way either of money or position, but that he insisted on being interested in his own affairs; he was not absolutely selfless, as it was felt the husband of a great beauty, like the husband of a prima donna, ought to be.

And then Miss Wooster had her own private objection, which she hadn't told any one. Helena was too much in love. It was all very well for ordinary, every-day people to be swayed by such considerations—Mildred Wooster herself would have married for no other reason, but she had an undefined feeling that great beauties, like royalties, ought to look a little farther ahead. It seemed to her as if in some way Helena had been false to a career and would be made to regret it.

For Helena's beauty was of an order that made it in a measure a career. There are, as Miss Wooster had long ago noted, two kinds of beauties—the passive and the active, the hoarders and the spenders: those who consider their beauty as an end in itself and those who consider it merely as a means. Helena was of the latter sort. She did not just contribute her appearance as a splendid spectacle. She made it serve to make her a personage, and a personage she certainly was.

Some of Helena's admirers had regretted that Rodney did not seem to be content with one personage in the family, but had, in a quiet sort of way, set out to be at least a person. But as years went by, and the marriage proved to be an uncommonly successful one, all these criticisms died away, and only an observer as determinedly apprehensive as Miss Wooster still remembered the old doubts.

She was much relieved on arriving at the house to find Helena much as usual. The first fifteen minutes went beautifully; the first hour not so well. And after this everything began to look so black that the

first instant she was alone with her sister she turned to her and asked:

"Helena, what in the world is the matter?"

This question is met in but one way by those who do not intend to answer it. Helena allowed her eyes to dwell on her sister as if far away she could just hear a strange but unimportant sound, and then she said:

"With me? Why, nothing at all."

But of course Miss Wooster was not deceived. Helena was depressed, was indeed much more than that—she lived in a sort of fog, an icy mist surrounded her. There was something careful and mechanical in every gesture and expression. The very tone of her voice was indefinably different.

At the end of a day or two Miss Wooster, knowing that her imagination had sometimes led her astray, spoke to her brother-in-law, hoping that he would tell her the nightmare did not exist. But no such comfort was to be hers.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come home, Mildred," he broke out. "It's been like this for months. What can it be? Sometimes I've tried to persuade myself that it was nothing, but of course you see it too. She's like a fellow I once knew who found out he had a fatal disease—so like that I actually went to the doctor about her, but he says she's as sound as ever. If she were a clerk in my office, I'd say she had embezzled and that she saw the penitentiary looming just ahead of her. You see, if one only knew what it was, one might be able to help."

"Bills sometimes weigh on the best of us," said Miss Wooster from the depths of her own experience.

"Oh, if it were only that! But it isn't."

A darker suspicion had crossed Miss Wooster's mind. A lover. Helena was just at the age to fall in love with a beautiful boy who either did not return the feeling or else was too prudent to admit it. (Miss Wooster had long been of the opinion that prudence was the great masculine virtue—or defect.)

She spent several busy days trying, as it were, to pass Helena's conversation through a sieve, in the hope that a telltale name would appear, but without success.

The truth at length came out in the simplest way. Mildred Wooster had brought her sister out a dress, as she usually did, and this year it was of a faint yellowish-pink color which had always been a favorite with Helena. It was obvious from the first moment that it was not becoming. Miss Wooster, with natural egotism, was most occupied with that aspect of the case which concerned her own failure. She felt extremely sorry and said so a number of times.

"But why in the world doesn't it become you?" she cried. "It always used to—that color."

Helena, standing before her long light mirror, turned to her sister with the dress slipping about her knees.

"Because I'm getting old," she said, and for an instant she looked actually haggard.

"My dear child——"

"I'm old; I'm done for," she said with real passion. "Oh, other women wouldn't be who do other things, but I had nothing else. I was a beauty and that was all. Rodney had a friend who went bankrupt last year, and we all pitied him because we said he was nothing but rich. I'm like that. I was nothing but a beauty, and it was quite enough while it lasted. Everything I did was different because of it. You don't understand. No one could, I suppose, who had not had it. Why, the way I came into a room was different because I was beautiful; and don't imagine that the room was not different, too. I believe, Mildred, I could have had anything in the world in the gift of man, if I had wanted it; it isn't impossible. Do you remember our first night at the opera in Berlin? Or that wonderful Texan? I valued those things, not just because they flattered me, but because they made anything possible—they opened doors. And now all the doors are closing."

"I never thought you so vain, Helena."

She smiled. "This is not vanity," she said. "It's just a fact—the greatest fact in my life."

"Not greater than Rodney."

"Yes, in a way greater. Love is a relation, but this is me, myself. I'm like a goddess whose worshippers have turned atheist. They may be kind to me, but there will be no more worshipping done."

Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

Staring where he was staring—into the fire.—Page 641.

"Certainly Rodney——"

"Yes, Rodney loves me, but do you think I want to be loved because I'm a nice old hag whom he's accustomed to! Oh, I shall come to being grateful even for that, but remember, I've been used to being loved because I'm lovely—strange that I never thought of myself as being without my beauty any more than I thought of myself as being without a roof over my head. 'She must have been handsome'—that's what people will soon be saying. I'd rather be dead."

"My dear, my dear, be careful what you say. You have so much to live for. This bitterness of spirit will pass."

"Yes, with the last spark of youth," said Mrs. Traver, "and I shall still go on living—if you call it living."

Miss Wooster was in some doubt whether this interview left her relieved or depressed. Age, after all, was not exactly a catastrophe, and yet there was something terribly inevitable in the quality of Helena's despair.

"She'll adjust herself," Miss Wooster thought, and, even as she formulated the belief, was aware that she herself would find it hard to adjust herself to the idea of Helena faded and marred.

But whatever Mildred's feelings in regard to this conversation may have been, there was no doubt that Rodney, when she told him, as she immediately did, was immensely relieved—relieved and, like so many of us when the strain of anxiety relaxes, a little annoyed.

"I don't want to be a fatuous fool," he said to his sister-in-law, "but, after all, she has me, and to me she is as much the goddess as ever. It seems to me it's rating our relation pretty low in the scale. Besides, even if I didn't exist, her life is a fairly pleasant one—most women would consider it so, I think."

Miss Wooster tried to say something tactful about Helena valuing her beauty principally on her husband's account, but the words would not come. In her heart she thoroughly agreed with him.

II

It was one of Mildred's gayer theories of life that unwarranted gloom was a beacon to misfortune. And so she was not in the least surprised to learn, some months later—Helena's depression having continued unabated—that her sister was now in the grip of a real disaster.

Rodney's heart, never very strong since his college days, had suddenly given out. There had been a short, sharp, life-and-death struggle to which an indefinite period of invalidism seemed likely to succeed.

Mildred was in California when she received the news, and the worst was over before she reached her sister. Her anxiety had been acute. It was quite clear to her that, if Rodney died, for Helena the last incentive to live would be gone. And then there were other worries.

Rodney's affairs had always been solid rather than brilliant. He was the channel through which an uncle, who owned mills in New England, marketed his products. This business, so prosaic in Mildred's eyes, was not prosaic to Rodney. He had been brought up in and out of the mills, he believed in them; the whole subject had always had his liveliest attention. Now, for the first time, he had begun to succeed, his plans had begun to bear fruit. He was bringing contracts to his uncle instead of merely disposing of whatever his uncle sent him.

But Mildred feared the business was dependent for its existence on Rodney. She feared deeply for the Travers' finances. Helena poor, as well as old, was a thought she could not face.

She had been prepared on her arrival to find her sister heroic, or unstrung, or cold, or passionate, but the one thing she had not expected was to find Helena was out.

Mildred reached the house about noon. Rodney was still in the hands of his nurses. Mrs. Traver would not be back until lunch-time. Miss Wooster went up-stairs to superintend her unpacking and here elicited another fact: Mrs. Traver was always out from half past nine to one.

Soon she heard Helena come in and go straight to Rodney's room. When, presently, luncheon was announced, Miss Wooster was urged to go down alone, as Mrs. Traver was with Mr. Traver and might be a little late.

Mildred had reached the sweet course before Helena came in, very eager and affectionate.

"My dearest Mildred," she cried, "how good of you to come as quickly—" But she did not finish the sentence, for a servant interrupted to say—Mildred could not help hearing—that Mr. Bristow, of the Bristow Curtain Company, would like to speak to Mrs. Traver on the telephone.

Helena was gone in a flash.

As Mildred sat, trying to make three spoonfuls of pudding last twenty minutes, she allowed herself to become aware of one encouraging fact: her sister was no longer plunged in melancholy. If not exactly gay, she was keener and more active than she had seemed for years. Was this merely the effect of a crisis?

One of the little things that in the past had been indicative of Helena's state of mind had been her utter indifference as to what she ate. There was nothing of that now. When, presently, she came back, and at last sat down to the table, she selected her food with the closest attention.

The reason for her changed demeanor was not long in coming out. Helena was running her husband's business. A few days after his illness he had had an appointment in which he had hoped to secure an important contract. He had fretted so much over the danger of losing it that the doctors had finally allowed the interview to take place at his bedside. Helena had been present. She had subsequently become Rodney's messenger and then his representative. He had, of course, coached her for her part.

"It's such fun, Mildred. Business is more of a game than I ever imagined. Rodney told me first what he really wanted and then—a, b, c—what he would be willing to accept. And then he made me try and imagine their point of view and what they would try to put through. He would take my rôle, and I theirs, and we could almost always guess just what they were going to say. And then he taught me to recognize just the psychological second when a deal can be made—the moment to get either in or out."

"Dear me," said Miss Wooster, "it sounds very difficult."

"It is, and it isn't. There are really only a few things to think about, but you must think of them hard. And then you see, my dear, I have the advantage of all Rodney's experience besides the immense advantage of being a woman."

"You mean your looks?"

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Traver, "my looks, in a way, have been a disadvantage."

"A disadvantage!" cried Miss Wooster, and no one could blame her for being astonished. "What do I hear! Is the goddess repudiating her divinity? Six months ago you told me that your beauty——"

"I know, I know, Mildred," said her sister, "but you must not laugh at me because I'm trying to begin all over again—to find something where, since I am losing my beauty, beauty doesn't so much matter. It's not easy, you know—not being a goddess to one who had grown accustomed to it—but I've suddenly found a way that makes it bearable. At least I feel as if I were alive again, and that's something. Only, of course, I was a great beauty, and I shall never be a great business woman."

"I own I'm surprised to see what an interest you take in it," said Miss Wooster.

"Interest!" Helena laughed. "I wake up at six every morning so as to have an uninterrupted hour or two to think out just what I must do through the day. It isn't quite fair, in a way, for my being a woman fusses them terribly: they never can guess how wise or how stupid I'm going to be; whereas, their being men doesn't fuss me at all."

During the hour which, later in the day, she was allowed to spend with her brother-in-law she heard his account of Helena's activities. He had been terribly anxious at first—just at a time when anxiety was most dangerous to him. Helena had, perhaps, saved his life as well as his business.

"When I get about again," he said, "I must take her in as a partner."

Miss Wooster regarded such talk as fantastic, but she was much relieved. Obviously, the Travers' finances were not instantly going to destruction.

III

Miss Wooster had set up a great friendship with Rodney's doctor, who used to stop in her sitting-room both before and after his visit to his patient.

"Yes," he said on one of these occa-

sions, "I feel thoroughly satisfied. With proper care he'll live for years, though—this between ourselves—he must never go to work again."

"What! Rodney not go back to business!"

"No, it will be safer not. He's one of the fortunate ones, however, with enough money to live on and a wife he adores. When I have to say this to some beggar who knows he must either work or starve, it's a very different matter. But I'm only sentencing Traver to a perpetual holiday."

"Oh, come," said Miss Wooster, "you would not like such a sentence yourself."

"Ah, it's different in my case," said the doctor. "A wretched bachelor—what has he but his work? At my time of life a man begins to realize fully what a mistake it is to suppose that any one can make work his whole existence. We need something more than a career, Miss Wooster, and yet one is hardly fit—hardly dares to offer oneself as a companion. I own I dread idleness, but I should feel very differently if I had a wife to share my leisure. Besides, I can't help feeling that a profession has a slightly higher value to a man than a mere business can have. I have no doubt your brother-in-law, with all his many interests, will find himself leading a pleasanter life than when he used to go to an office every day."

And at this they fell to picturing possible lives for an imaginary couple until the nurse came down to know if she should delay Mr. Traver's luncheon any longer or if the doctor were coming up.

All that day the subject of a fitting background to the life of a sympathetic pair occupied so much of Miss Wooster's attention that perhaps she was not as observant as usual of the particular pair who were nominally, at least, to occupy the centre of the stage.

She had been with Rodney some time before she noticed that his response to her customary gossip was more listless than usual. She rose rather guiltily to go.

"I'm so glad you're really out of the woods, Rodney."

"Yes," he answered, "I'm going to live—if you call it living." Then, seeing her surprise at the bitterness of his tone, he explained: "Didn't you know? I supposed you were in the secret. The doctor talks of a trip abroad, a few months' holiday. I know very well I shall never be able to work again."

"Oh, I'm sure you're mistaken," Miss Wooster gasped rather unconvincingly; "but, even at the worst, is enforced idleness so dreadful?"

He smiled. "Death is nothing but enforced idleness on rather a large scale," he answered. "And, upon my word, I think I'd about as lief be dead. I was not born to be an idler, and, even if I were, my training has made it impossible. I've worked all my life for one object, and now, just as I was reaching it, my doctor blandly tells me to take a holiday and think of something else. Of what, in Heaven's name?"

"How about Helena?"

"Of course it was for Helena I wanted success."

"Business isn't everything, Rodney," said Miss Wooster. "Your daily life does not sound so terrible to me—travelling, books, Helena——"

"Yes, yes, that's what my medical man has been dinning into my ears," he returned crossly. "It's all very well for him. In the first place, he has no one to think of but himself; he's unmarried; and in the second, he's a professional man; I suppose he could sit placidly at home all day and study. But it's very different in business. My only ability is in action—to pit my brain against the other fellow's in the actual every-day contest. That's all I know how to do and about all I want to do. They talk of peace and leisure and art—well, I'm afraid we've just got to face the fact that I'm a commonplace American business man and my only reason for existence has just been taken from me."

There was something so hard and final in his tone that even Mildred could think of nothing consolatory to say, and as she watched him she saw the same haunted look come into his face that had so lately disappeared from Helena's.

In the long pause that followed Helena herself came into the room, and, without breaking the silence, took her husband's hand, not looking at him but staring where he was staring—into the fire.

At last she said, as if phrases from the

late dialogue were still audible in the air:

"How strange it is that we are brought up to think middle age is a peaceful time—an easy, monotonous down-grade. As a matter of fact, it's the time for beginning over—for starting your life afresh."

"I'm too old to start fresh," said Rodney.

"It's because you're old that you have to," she answered. "When we're young it all goes of itself. Yes, every one who's worth anything begins life again somewhere between thirty-five and fifty—begins it destitute in some important respect. I look back and see that my parents did it, though I did not know it at the time; they lost their belief in each other; and yours, too, Rodney, though their fresh start was only a financial one. And I've had to do it, and now you must, Rodney."

He shook his head sadly, but she did not change her tone.

"Yes, you will, my dear," she said. "It's a losing fight, I suppose, and that makes it terrible, but somehow it's rather exciting."

There was another pause, and in the silence Miss Wooster, watching her brother-in-law, fancied she saw a speculative gleam begin to waken in his eyes.

THE FUTURE

(VOYAGEURS' SONG)

By Samuel McCoy

> But what was before us we knew not,
> And we know not what shall succeed.
> —MATTHEW ARNOLD.

DRIFT, brothers, drift!
Down the long shallow reaches floating, floating!
Our voices lift
Songs of another home, another year;
Oh, hark! the hidden singer answers clear—
The thrush pours out his golden-timbred throating!

Fast, brothers, fast,
Down the swift rapids our canoes are flying, flying!
The bend is passed,
Where long-leafed willows rest upon the stream
And hide the eddy with its breast agleam,
And last the River, in his broad strength lying!

Soon sets the sun;
From the dark ripples fast the light is flowing, flowing!
See, one by one,
Bright in the swirling flood, the stars gleam out;
Now friendly voices raise their answering shout;
See, on the farther shore, the camp-fire glowing.

· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

THE writer of a recent "Point of View" suggests that there was a reason why we, who were as young a generation ago as our children are to-day, didn't go to the movies. And not improbably, as he wisely concludes, the games which occupied our out-of-school hours furnished quite as good training for our minds and bodies as do the fascinating moving pictures which stimulate the imaginations of our children to-day.

Instead of the Movies

But this writer set some of us thinking, along another track, of certain charmed hours of our own childhood, when we did go, not to moving-picture shows, indeed, but to entertainments as rare as they were entrancing, and for which the children of to-day might shake the pennies out of their banks in vain.

I recently discovered, at the bottom of a box of old keepsakes, which had not seen the light in many a year, a little photograph showing four doll-like figures standing in a row, two tiny men in dress suits and two tiny ladies in low-necked satin gowns, holding elaborate lace handkerchiefs in their infinitesimal, white-gloved fingers.

General Tom Thumb and his wife, Commodore Nutt, and Minnie Warren! When had I thought of them, and of the breathless delight of those evenings when, at intervals of a year or two probably—I am sure we saw them several times—this miniature troupe appeared upon the stage of our town hall!

I do not remember much that they did, except that General Tom Thumb sat astride a chair and winked his eye and said things that the grown-up people laughed at, but I do recall, with great distinctness, the way they looked and the sound of their voices, that matched the size of their persons.

The general and the commodore were interesting, of course, but chiefly, to our way of thinking, as foils to the fairylike beauty of the little ladies whom they accompanied.

When I dreamed of Titania, I am sure that I saw Minnie Warren, with her bewitching dark curls, her exquisite features, so perfect in shape and delicate in color, her doll-like figure, and her tiny hands and feet. She always wore a pink satin gown with a beautiful spreading train that fell over the sides of the little elevated board walk on which they all promenaded, down the centre aisle, during the "intermission," while they sold their photographs. I remember actually touching that shimmering train with my finger when she swept by my seat at the end of the aisle!

Mrs. Tom Thumb was very lovely, too, we thought, and her little, beribboned white satin gown was also a thing of beauty—such as queens probably wore!—but while we responded gratefully as she smiled when we bought her photograph, she did not take quite the place in our affections that did her tinier younger sister.

No other entertainment provided for our youthful enjoyment ever quite equalled the Tom Thumb performance.

Then there were the glass-blowers! I do not recall much of their processes, but that they were magical we were certain, and the trophies which we brought home in careful fingers seemed proof positive of the fact. Who but a magician could ever have produced those fragile and exquisite swans, with uplifted wings, by just blowing and blowing!

The London bell-ringers came a little later in our experience than most of these other entertainers, I am inclined to think, for I recall with much vividness those active figures lifting the bells from their long table and swinging them with a curious, wizard-like swiftness and precision. I wonder if those tones were really so wonderfully soft and musical, with a kind of muffled sweetness, as I recall them.

"The Blue Bells of Scotland" I can still remember, as if I had heard that soft chiming but yesterday, and there were "Annie Laurie" and "Robin Adair" and other tunes which our parents sang, tunes of a generation or two back of our own.

What became of those London bell-ringers? Did the chimes that began to gather more frequently in the towers of our city churches finally put their music on the list of too easily attained enjoyments?

Then came "Uncle Tom's Cabin"!

I remember the beautiful blue sash which Eva wore, Uncle Tom's kindly face, Topsy's ridiculous little figure, and, most clearly of all, Eliza stepping guardedly across the stage on unconvincing blocks of ice planted at regular intervals in a blue cambric river.

This was the theatre; we were growing up —it was promised that some time we should go to the city and see Joe Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle"!

Alas! my children of the movies, those were glories which will never be for you, though you may daily see, with accustomed eyes, such marvels as were not dreamed of by the sagest philosophers of a few short years ago!

IN spite of popular usage provincialism does not consist necessarily in living apart from a large city. The name implies less an accident of position than a mental bias: an exclusive satisfaction with some one particular province of the universe. In this sense Broadway is as full of Provincials as Rocky Ford; Regent Street as Barsetshire. Yet, though the census may mark him down as the inhabitant of a metropolis, the Provincial is never conscious of the variety, the cosmopolitanism which makes the great city to some extent a miniature of the whole world. Though he moves in the very thickest of life, he is always surrounded by a self-built fortification of traditions and prejudices, and nothing short of a French Revolution or a Day of Judgment can make him look over his wall at anything beyond. Hence, no matter what his geographical position, in spirit the Provincial always does live in a village, and it is his conviction that this tiny spot is the centre of the universe about which the planets and the constellations revolve, that here are concentrated all the good things in creation, leaving for the other places in the world nothing but the bad. By an easy transition the Provincial comes to think that he must be a rather extraordinary person since he inhabits such an all-important situation, and from this conception it is only a step to the certainty that he himself is the centre of his own centrally located community.

Bulwarks of Society

The Provincial finds few to agree with him—the cosmic centrality of Harlem is obvious only to the Provincials who live in Harlem; Camden jeers at Hoboken's self-importance; Brookline at Evanston. But the Provincial is protected from the world's scepticism by thick-shielding obtuseness; no seed of doubt can germinate in a mind so fundamentally sterile as his; no suspicion of the world as it exists for others can blur his own clear vision; none of the rude stimuli of daily life can disturb the serenity of his settled mind.

His is an intelligence uncontaminated by unrest; amply satisfied with the world as it appears to him, he deplores the thought of change. To new ideas he opposes all the force of a solid and inflexible personality. New ideas imply the possibility of change; hence they are of the devil. To combat them by invoking the machinery of logical discussion would be to pay them too much honor; besides, in such an encounter an honest man runs the risk of being put at a seeming disadvantage by some agile unscrupulous sophist. The Provincial chooses rather to shout down the offending suggestion under a torrent of derogatory epithets: "socialism," "legalized robbery," "vandalism," "treason to society"—the relevancy of the charge matters less than its sonorousness.

He does not care what people may be doing in other cities; he is sure they are doing very well in the best city in the world. He never changes his mind or his manner of life. He is proud of himself, of his dwelling, and of his part in preserving the atmosphere of heavy stagnation which he calls settled tradition. So long as he lives on in his quiet corner, insulated from thought and progress, the strength of his spirit is masked by a complacent placidity which combines many of the genial characteristics of the Bourbon and the Boer, but the true salt and vigor of his soul become evident only when chance takes him away from his contented home into strange lands. This is his time of trial! Strange sights, new customs, are a pain to him. It is difficult to determine which he loathes more heartily, European bed-making or Continental breakfasts. Yet even in the midst of inconveniences and torments of the flesh, the Provincial abroad enjoys a certain spiritual exaltation; for does he not have daily evidence of the sloth and stupidity of the common herd, of his own infinitely superior intelligence and virtue? He is no selfish

egotist, to keep to himself such an uplifting faith. To the best of his power he sheds his light on other men. He detests European trains because they are so different and so slow. He makes himself agreeable to such foreigners as understand his language by comparing the foreign accommodation train on which he travels between way stations, with the Twentieth Century Limited or the Empire State Express. All trains in America, he reiterates, average at least sixty miles an hour.

Foreign languages appear to him only intricate ciphers to disguise English. He has no patience with grown men and women who keep on jabbering such gibberish when they might talk a sensible tongue. He is quite in accord with that classic Provincial who laughed at the French for calling milk "lait," and when a Frenchman replied that he could see as much to laugh at in the English calling *lait* "milk," settled the matter by exclaiming, "Oh, but it *is* milk, you know."

The Provincial's dislike of Europeans goes deeper than language or customs; the antipathy is fundamental. Germans and Austrians seem to him excessively Teutonic; French and Italians deplorably Latin. If he does not specify the other races it is because, with broad superiority to ethnological quibbles, he recognizes only two classes, the Dagoes and the Dutch. Neither does he waste his intelligence on foreign books. Picture galleries, architecture, music cannot tempt him. There is nothing of the sort at home. He is no sentimental tourist to see in cathedral, palace, and town hall, milestones on the long road of human advance; he is no crude revolutionist to suspect from the management of the ports of Antwerp and Liverpool, from the administration of Frankfort, that everything at home has not yet reached ultimate perfection. Such a craven imitative spirit is not for the devoted bulwark of conservatism; he strides over Europe in the hob-nailed boots of the village shoemaker, he glares at the kingdoms of earth and the glory thereof through the correcting lenses of his inherited parochial spectacles.

NOT that we ever call it by those cold, official letters. We do not even call it "the mail," though the latter term means much. We call it "Robert"; and therein is suggested the whole distinction between the impersonal mechanism of the city and the country's warm, human friendliness.

Robert is the event of the day. There again the country's advantage is indicated. In the city letters come dropping in with such casual frequency that, priceless as they are, they cannot be properly appreciated. But in the country their one daily arrival is anticipated, realized, and remembered with a zest which gilds their refined gold. R. F. D.

Robert is due at our house anywhere between one and three; and, though we often find fault with it, the latitude has its own charm. Our eagerness is augmented by being sometimes surprised and sometimes kept waiting a little. The general time of day is just right—with the long morning's work behind us, with the tranquillizing effect of dinner in beneficent action, with no immediate duties to claim our attention. We have the wish and the leisure to do our letters and papers all the honor in the world, and to extract from them their utmost of interest.

Like all our neighbors, we possess an oven-shaped mail-box, mounted on a post; but, also like them, we seldom permit it to be of any use. Paradoxically, it is only when we happen to be in a hurry or when we are especially eager for our mail that we retreat from it, hiding behind the curtains in the house until Robert has filled our box, then dashing out and collecting our booty, with many a regretful, apologetic glance at our benefactor's receding vehicle. We know, and he knows, that an unwritten social law is infringed when we take our mail in this way.

The proper method is demonstrated by our neighbors all down the road, as far as the eye can see; and the observation of it is a stiff training in patience and self-control. Fortunately, a merciful hill limits the scope of our discipline to four boxes. At each of them, Robert draws up with a flourish; for they are convenient symbols and may as well be treated with at least a pretense of recognition. But they perform no active function; that is all monopolized by the waiting householder. Into his hands the mail is delivered; from his hand his own contribution to the next outgoing mail is received; then his friendly eyes are consulted, and Robert leans back in his seat and addresses himself to conversation. Some-

times, the whole family gathers; sometimes, chance passersby stop and join in; occasionally, Robert gets out and goes to inspect a new horse or a fence; now and then, the householder retires to answer one of his letters; always the factors of the social group pay full tribute to whatever of human interest the occasion may hold. Five minutes, ten minutes, a quarter of an hour: what matter, so long as the amenities are preserved?

Now, I affirm, this is quite as it should be; and if we, watching and waiting behind our fence, are fully in our right minds, we accept it tolerantly. The humanness of the method of our letters' delivery is the element which we most applaud; and if Robert did not take time to cultivate the friendly relations between himself and his clients the daily transaction would soon degenerate into the mechanical dulness which we so deplore in the city. But sometimes, being quite human ourselves, we are false to our finer intelligence and grow impatient.

I remember well one day when I thus fell from the grace of sympathetic wisdom. I think that I must have been tired; I probably had an inflated sense of the possible importance of my lingering letters. At any rate, I hung over the fence, watching Robert's delays, until I worked myself into a ridiculous state of protest.

"Outrageous!" I went so far as to exclaim, quite in the urban manner. "Official business should not be conducted in such a random fashion. I wonder that we put up with it."

Finally, I swept out of the gate and down the road to our next-door neighbor's box, where Robert had been at a standstill for twenty minutes.

"Robert," I said coldly, "I have been waiting for half an hour. Will you kindly give me my mail?"

Robert's conduct was admirable. He looked startled, as did all the little group of people, with whom I am generally on the best and mildest of terms; but he did not defend himself, nor did he smile as he promptly produced from his bag and handed over to me my so highly important consignment of mail, consisting of one circular addressed to my maid Bridget. This document I made shift to receive as if it were a communication from the White House, and retired with it, very stately. But I have not yet heard the last of the matter in my family.

Nor was that all of my punishment. The next day a caller from the village referred to an astonishing bit of news which brought me up short, speechless and staring.

"What!" she exclaimed. "You don't mean to say you haven't heard that? Why, it was all over the valley by yesterday evening."

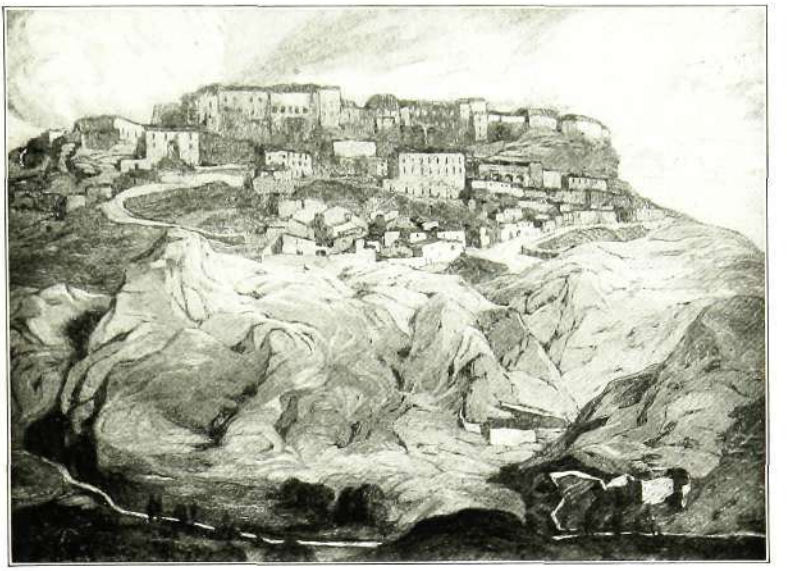
Then I, remembering, understood the cause of Robert's delay, and was doubly humiliated by the effects of my failure in self-control. Not only had I brought on myself an immediate ridicule (politely suppressed, but none the less effective for that), but I had missed my share of the sympathetic excitement which, originating in a village elopement, had been carried all over the township along with the daily mail.

The lesson was good for me. Now, when Robert is late, I harbor no criticism, but wait expectantly by our letter-box; and when our turn comes and he drives up, smiling and fraught, "What's the news?" I cry.

Robert is a man to be envied. He serves the community in a vital, indispensable fashion, weaving for it the threads of its most important affairs. In the performance of this function he meets with none of the opposition which so often falls to the lot of other public benefactors, such as the minister and the editor of the local paper; and he gathers an admirable fund of experience and knowledge. How well he knows the times and the seasons, the tricks of the weather, the moods of the hills! How thoroughly he must understand the ways of his fellow men! His light touch is daily on the pulse of the life of the little valley, and he knows more about it as a whole than any other man. Probably he does much to interpret it to itself and to bring its parts into harmony. That would be a great work, more important than letter-carrying.

If I were ambitious to be a moulder of public opinion, an arbiter in the affairs of men, an influence in a community, I think I should apply for an R. F. D. position.

·THE FIELD OF ART·



Sepulveda, near Segovia, Spain.
From the collection of Willard D. Straight.

IGNACIO ZULOAGA

SO emphatic has been his success, and so significant is his position in the province of contemporary art, that few realize the fact that Ignacio Zuloaga y Zabaleta has but comfortably turned forty. Into his brief, picturesque career have been crowded enough adventure and achievement to satisfy a dozen ordinary mortals. Although determined from the outset to become a painter, he was forced by circumstances to undertake the study of engineering, to work as an operative in his father's foundry, to accept a position as clerk for a mining company, and to practise such incongruous professions as those of antique-dealer and bull-fighter. His struggle for recognition forms one of the most stimulating chapters in the annals of current artistic endeavor. A less virile, affirmative nature would have succumbed, but not so this sturdy Basque in whose veins flows some of the oldest and proudest blood of Europe. Whatever else may be his claim to consideration, he assuredly offers a salutary instance of ethnic as well as æsthetic persistence.

You must not fail to note the important rôle that inheritance has played in the development of Zuloaga both as man and as artist. He is, before all else, a typical son of Spain—not the sparkling Spain of Fortuny and his school, but the sombre, ascetic Spain which still survives in Castilla la Vieja—Old Castile. In the best sense of the term his art is traditional. It looks back to the days of El Greco, Ribera, Velázquez, and Goya. Against an unchanged and unchangeable background is projected this modern incarnation of the antique Iberian spirit. Everything that is Spanish exercises an imperious fascination over Ignacio Zuloaga. During those lean years when he was proudly, even defiantly, awaiting acceptance as a painter, he made himself familiar with the wildest, most inaccessible parts of the Peninsula. His companions were gypsies, mule-drivers, and idols of the bull-ring. He everywhere sought that which savored strongly of national and local life. And when at last he came into his own, it was inevitable that he should have been saturated with the character and color of the land he loved with such passionate intensity.

"Rosito."
By the courtesy of C. W. Kraushaar.

Although the general outlines of Zuloaga's career are reasonably fresh in the popular mind, it may not be amiss to mention that he was born July 26, 1870, at Eibar, in the heart of the Pyrenees. Situated on the tortuous, narrow-gauge railway connecting San Sebastián and Bilbao, Eibar has been aptly christened the "Toledo of the North," its entire population of twelve thousand souls being either directly or indirectly concerned with the manufacture of small arms. It was in this rigorous industrial atmosphere that Ignacio grew to manhood. Descended from a veritable dynasty of craftsmen, it was but logical that he should have been expected to continue in the footsteps of his forebears. The lad had, however, somewhat different ideas upon the subject of his future profession, and these were strengthened by a visit to Madrid where, for the first time, he beheld the masterpieces of the Prado. Though he submitted for a while to the dictates of a stern-willed father, it was not long before he departed for Rome, rich in aspiration, precariously poor of purse.

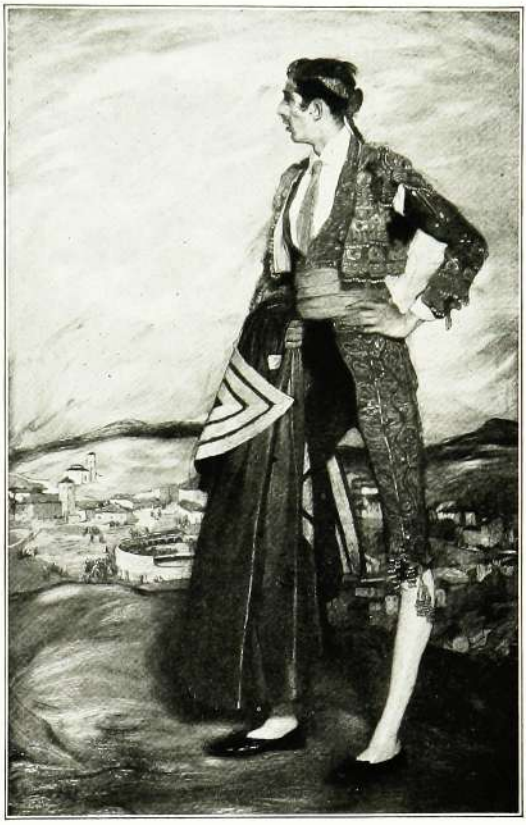
It is unnecessary here to trace save briefly the successive steps by which the young Basque attained that prominence in the art world he to-day so rightfully merits. Unhappy and out of his element in Rome, he shortly drifted to Paris, where life on the heights of Montmartre, just back of Sacré-Cœur, appealed more strongly to him than the serenity of Raphael and the troubled majesty of Michelangelo. Yet Paris was unprepared to accept Peninsular subjects as presented upon the canvases of the uncompromising newcomer. His vision was too austere for a public accustomed to the Spain of convention, of sunshine and castanets. It was with indifferent success that he exhibited on one occasion at the Old Salon, and later placed a few pictures on view at Le Barc de Boutteville's in the rue Le Peletier. Realizing that he was not gaining a foothold, and painfully conscious of the fact that he was unable to earn even a bare living by his brush, he next crossed the Channel to London. With a few pounds saved through painting portraits, he subsequently managed to reach Spain, and it is Spain which has since been the scene of his activity.

Such a casual silhouette gives but scant hint of the life led by the robust young Basque during his period of probation. His circle in Paris included his countrymen Rusiñol, the landscape painter, and Paco Durrio, a gifted exponent of decorative sculpture, together with the Frenchmen Toulouse-Lautrec and Paul Gauguin. He was, and still is, rugged and independent of

temper, positive of opinion, and pronounced in his likes and dislikes. Although he did not at first paint with that sovereign assurance which to-day characterizes his style, he was certain of himself, and seldom in doubt as to what he wished to accomplish. It is significant to recall in this connection that Ignacio Zuloaga had no preceptor, and never once set foot in an academy or art school. He is a purely autogenous product. "I have received no lessons," he lately remarked, "save from nature and the few painters whose works I admire." Though living in Paris during the rise of the much-discussed modern movement, he remained untouched alike by the delicate ambience of Impressionism and the stressful decision of the Expressionists. Nothing was able to turn him from his appointed pathway. He stepped into the arena fully equipped for the struggle, destined to fight, and to win, alone and unaided.

While you may be able to gather a reasonably serviceable conception of Zuloaga at his studio apartment in the rue Caulaincourt, or dining at certain of his favorite haunts on the crest of Montmartre with Paris palpitating at your feet, it is necessary to see him in Spain in order to grasp the fulness of his personality and the fundamental essence of his production. Directly he boards the train for San Sebastián he becomes a new man, a sort of glorification of his Parisian self. And when he alights and changes carriages for Eibar his enthusiasm for native soil and scene is overpowering. It is not, however, at Eibar, but at Segovia, where for the past sixteen years Zuloaga has lived and worked. His uncle Daniel and family having previously settled in this typically Castilian town, it was there that the young painter-bull-fighter repaired in order to recuperate after an accident which caused him to renounce the *corrida* for brushes and canvas.

He has at various periods possessed three different studios in Segovia. The first was situated in the grim Casa del Crimén, the second in the fortress-like Canonjía Vieja, and the third, which he now occupies, consisting of a portion of the famous Romanesque church of San Juan de los Caballeros. It is in Segovia that you encounter the real Zuloaga. Possessing incomparable models for a certain class of subject in his cousins, las Señoritas Candida, Theodora, and Esperanza Zuloaga, he finds types of a more primitive aspect among the dwarfs, witches, and sorceresses of San Millán, or the muleteers and brigands of the neighboring mountains. And yet while Segovia constitutes the focus of his activity, his observation covers a radius including Avila, the wine districts of La Rioja, and, on occasion, the cafés and dance-halls of Madrid and Sevilla. From the high terrace fronting San Juan de los Caballeros, or the soaring towers of the Alcázar, his gaze seems to embrace all Spain. And it is the very essence of Spain, both



El Corcito (The Deer).
From the collection of Willard D. Straight.

past and present, that he fixes with unflinching accent upon his canvases.

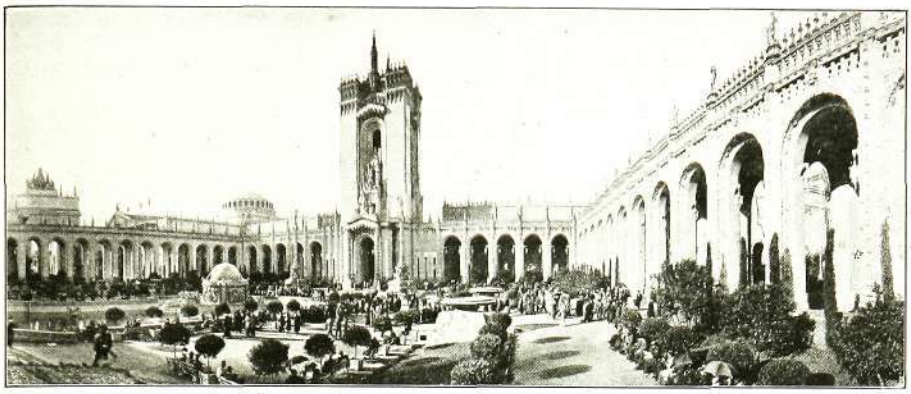
From the day when he achieved his first real success—it was at the *vernissage* of the New Salon of 1899—Ignacio Zuloaga has forged steadily toward his goal. Impelled by forces all the more potent because latent and hereditary as well as conscious, he has been a law unto himself. There are those who have painted blithely and brilliantly the shining outer shell of Spain. Naturalism and Impressionism have had their fervent apostles south of the Pyrenees, yet it is the old-time note of absolutism that finds reflection in the art of Zuloaga. He cares nothing for slavish fidelity to nature or that scrupulous study of *milieu* which are the watchwords of so many contemporary painters. Nature simply furnishes the pretext, the finished picture being the only factor worthy of consideration. The avowed enemy of everything that savors of imitation or illusionism, his work is personal and synthetic. The facts and chance effects of form and mass, of plane and perspective, do not of themselves interest him. He does not scruple to subordinate, to dominate at will, those elements which he deems the mere accessories of pictorial representation.

While it cannot be denied that a method so individual, so arbitrary, has its grave defects, it is nevertheless not without legitimate compensations. The art of Zuloaga displays a rare identity of conception and expression. No trivial details disturb the general effect. The design is clear, firm, and follows the dictates of an invincible sense of logic. The rhythms are superb, the coloring boldly schematic, and the setting invariably conforms to the character of the theme. Conceived upon such lines, each canvas offers an aspect of concentrated unity that can scarcely fail to compel attention. In a measure all this work falls within the category of portraiture. The large compositions containing several figures reveal a succession of likenesses, while the glimpses of wide-sweeping sierra or silent monastery are veritable portraits of place, not descriptive, but subjective in appeal. It is an eloquent, penetrant vision, now sinister, now seductive, which groups together these fragments from the inexhaustible pictorial treasury of Spain, and brings to life these countless atavisms never, indeed, far beneath the surface.

As we were strolling one fitful night under the arches of the massive Roman aqueduct that spans Segovia from end to end, Zuloaga paused abruptly as though overpowered by the might and mystery of the scene and exclaimed: "Ah, it is sombre and tragic—this land and its people; I sometimes think they can only be painted with colors made of granite dust and brushes of steel!" You have herewith an illuminating commentary upon the creative processes which inspire the art of Zuloaga. That indomitable personality so apparent in his work is expressed in these few trenchant words. Beyond question a certain metallic induration sometimes mars these canvases. At moments they are hard and glittering, again they are seething and sulphurous. It was not for naught that the painter's ancestors were celebrated armorers. Not only is he a legitimate product of the vivid graphic tradition of his country; in many respects as well he recalls those sturdy artist-artisans who, through their work in iron, bronze, or carved and colored wood, added equal lustre to the æsthetic legacy of the Peninsula.

Ignacio Zuloaga has placed to his credit approximately four hundred sketches and finished pictures. He is represented in most of the important public and private collections of the Continent. Three years ago he was awarded the Grand Prize at the exhibition of international art at Rome, and, though averse from official recognition of any description, is at present experiencing a flattering measure of favor. Those who saw his pictures a few seasons since at the Hispanic Society will note the change that has taken place even during so brief an interval. Some hint of this progress toward a more pronounced self-revelation was manifest in the subjects lately on view at a local gallery, an impression which was confirmed by the four canvases that figured at a recent Salon. To-day, rejoicing in the fulness of creative power, Zuloaga epitomizes the fundamental passions and instincts of his race. Dignity, austerity, and a convincing fusion of realism and mysticism are the dominant characteristics of his production. It is not from the restless, questing moderns that he descends. It is from those masters of the past who have left their imperishable stamp upon Peninsular art and life.

CHRISTIAN BRINTON.



Beautiful Court of Abundance at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, California.

TRAILING THE SUNSET TO THE WONDERLANDS OF THE WEST

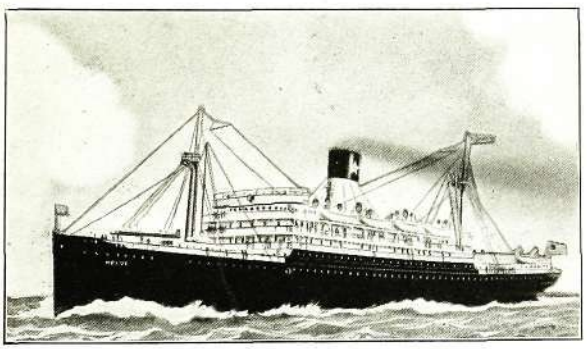
BY ERNEST PEIXOTTO

ARE you tired and wondering what you will do for change and relaxation this spring and summer?

Then imagine yourself comfortably settled on a big ocean liner, care-free, floating away from New York—from the daily grind, business or social—down the bay, out through the narrows, and into the broad Atlantic. Your captain sets his course not eastward toward war-ridden Europe, but southward toward an amethyst sea and a land of sunshine where summer comes early and stays late—a summer tempered by fresh salt breezes and the dry air of lofty altitudes.

For it is toward California that you are heading on one of the big Southern Pacific steamers that take you direct to New Orleans in a few happy days—"a hundred golden hours at sea," as it has been appropriately expressed.

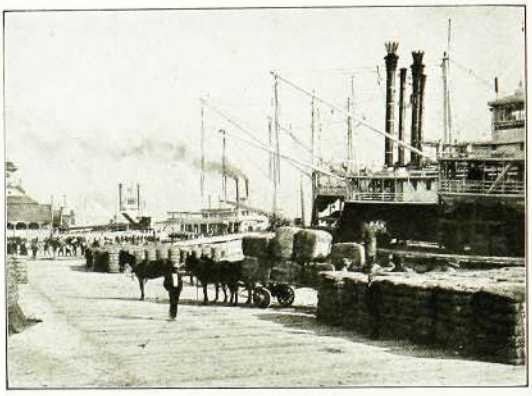
On the second morning you awake to feel the caress of southern seas. Wraps are discarded; deck games are brought out and you take your daily exercise in the invigorating air of the promenade-deck or lean idly over the rail watching those saffron-colored spots of seaweed that mark the Gulf Stream floating northward on their voyage to England.



One hundred golden hours at sea on a Southern Pacific steamship.

Each day that follows fills you more and more with the lure of the South. You pass Palm Beach and Miami dotted with palatial hotels; you see the mazes of the Florida Keys—emerald islets set in a turquoise sea, replete with memories of the old-time buccaneers: Hawkins, Morgan, and the treasures of Captain Kidd. Then the broad waters of the Gulf stretch out unbroken before you.

Another delightful day



One of the picturesque levees, New Orleans.

passes, the fourth from New York; then the bright-blue water grows murky as you near the vast delta of the Mississippi and thread the long pass by the Eads jetties, and for almost a hundred miles ascend the turbid Father of Waters.

Soon the shipping becomes denser and your big steamer draws up alongside one of the great wharfs that line the Mississippi for nearly ten miles. You note the varied and picturesque ships: the cumbersome luggers, the strange ferry-boats, the fleet Mississippi packets, white and flat, reminders of the days of Mark Twain.

Now, if you know New Orleans and its many fascinations you may go on at once via the Sunset Limited, but if you prefer to linger you may stop over and explore the mazes of the French Quarter—that labyrinth of narrow streets, balconied houses, and picturesque court-yards where fig-trees and magnolias reach upward to the sun, where fountains splash and children play among flowers all the year round. You may visit the "Vieux Carre" and its Creole markets, see the famous old Cabildo, and then be back in the brisk streets of the modern Crescent City simply by crossing to the other side of Canal Street.

At New Orleans you begin your railroad journey toward the Golden West. You settle yourself comfortably in one of the steel Pullmans of the Sunset Limited and watch the cane-brakes of Louisiana go flying past the broad windows of the observation-car. You are easy in your mind, for your security is well guarded. For the Southern Pacific was awarded the safety medal last year by the American Museum of Safety. You know too that the train contains everything needful to your comfort, and the fact that it is drawn by oil-burning locomotives means an absence of soot and cinders that you appreciate keenly.

Near Beaumont you cross into Texas. In the late evening hustling Houston strings its lights along the track. Here you may stop over if you wish, and if time permits, you may decide to visit Galveston, the Atlantic City of the Southwest, only fifty miles away. Early the next morning you pull into the handsome Mission station at San Antonio where you may alight and, in spite of its modernity, explore this fine old town with its many reminders of the early history of the Lone Star State. On busy Alamo Plaza still fronts the ancient Alamo, scene of one of the most thrilling episodes of American history, when Davy Crockett and William Travis with their devoted band of less than two hundred men died gloriously for Texan freedom, fighting Santa Anna's army, ten times their own number.

From San Antonio westward the cotton-fields grow fewer and are succeeded by fields of Indian corn and then by the great cattle ranges, until you finally enter the

Typical Louisiana plantation homestead.

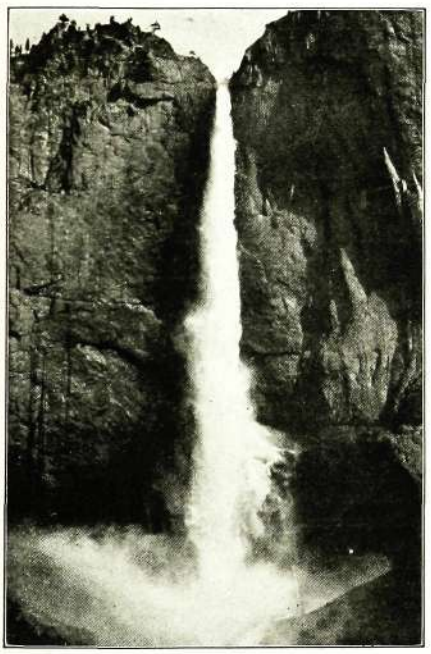
arid Southwest, that land of fascinating color, of magnificent distances, and almost eternal sunshine.

All this time you have been passing close to the Rio Grande. Then you thunder into El Paso, the Border City, and find yourself right upon the Mexican boundary, with Ciudad Juarez, a typical city of Old Mexico, just across the river. Both it and El Paso afford fascinating glimpses of Mexican life and tempt you to linger.

California's famous beaches are the Mecca for thousands.

You continue your journey over the cactus-covered hills to Arizona's metropolis, Tucson, a thriving city, much frequented by tourists, for near it is one of the finest of all the old Spanish missions, that dedicated to San Xavier.

This year there is a new attraction for travelers along the Sunset Route to California. It is more in the nature of an alternative route than of a stop-over—a diversion from Bowie to Maricopa on the main line that gives instead a journey through Globe and Phœnix, Arizona. This trip is made over the Arizona Eastern Railroad to Globe, where the train is left and a touring automobile entered. From Globe you go over the Apache Trail, a magnificent Government highway for 120 miles through the deep canyon of the Salt River, via the Roosevelt Dam.



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Upper Yosemite Falls, Yosemite Valley.

Resuming your journey on the main line, you cross the Colorado River at Yuma and enter California, then down to the Salton Sea where you enjoy the unique experience of running over tracks two hundred and fifty feet below the level of the sea! One more long climb and from the top of a ridge you descend to Colton, to find yourself transported in an instant to the semi-tropic gardens and orange groves of Redlands, Riverside, and San Bernardino.

A short hour through the lovely San Gabriel Valley brings you puffing on time into the depot at Los Angeles, and your transcontinental journey is over, to linger now as a cherished memory for years to come.

For your tour of California a choice of routes awaits you. First, perhaps, you will visit San Diego and see its Panama-California Exposition spread like a dream of Spanish days about plazas and lagoons—its palaces, balconies, and *rejas*, its arcades and patios, flecked with golden sunshine.

Then you will visit the Los Angeles beaches, whose dazzling sands and lazy Pacific rollers tempt you to a dip in the sea. You will see Santa Barbara with its

lemon groves set in the mountains, its azure waters, and its old mission church still guarded by brown-robed Franciscans. Yosemite will lure you to its mighty cliffs and waterfalls, and if you are wise you will wander farther afield in the mountains, for from now on will be the season when they open their icy barriers, and entice you with the cool breezes of their lofty altitudes and the pungent aroma of their pine forests.

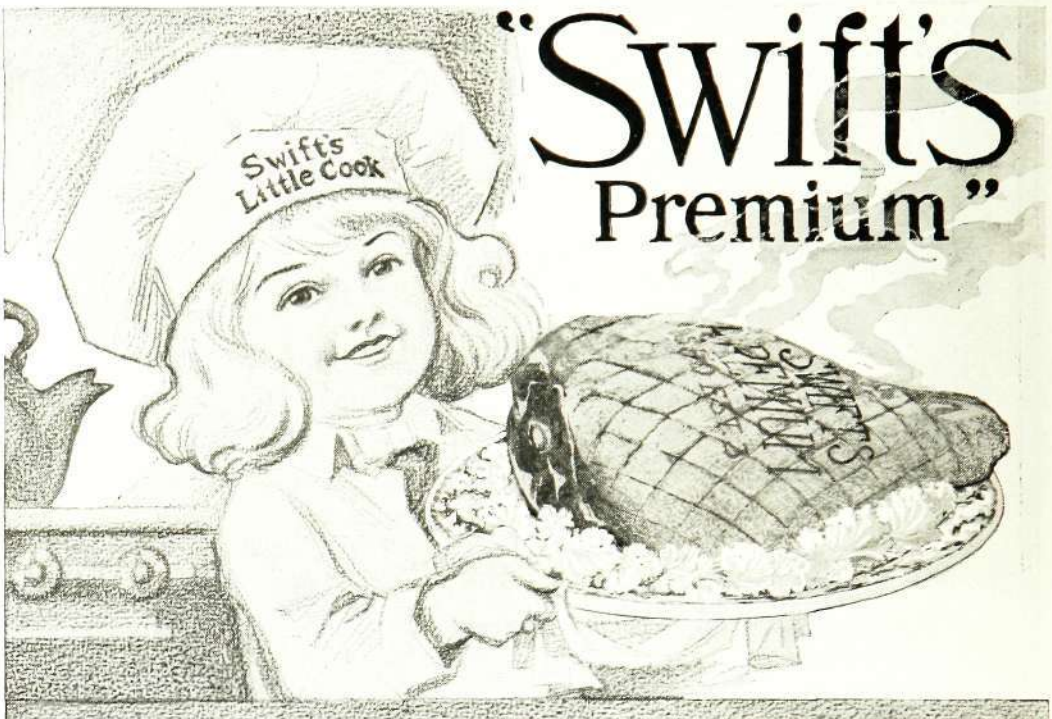
Southern Pacific Building at the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

There are two main routes from Los Angeles north to San Francisco, one via the great interior valley that lies between the Sierras and the sea, and the other skirting the ocean itself, often within sight of its mighty surges that come rolling in to break against the headlands.

This latter road follows more or less the old Camino Real, the Spanish highway that connected the California mission churches one to another. So, along it, you still find the old mission settlements with their tuneful Spanish names. They lead you on to Monterey, the most interesting town historically in the State, as well as the happy possessor of beautiful Del Monte, that rare hotel famous the world over for its gardens, its golf-links, and its varied sports and tournaments.

Then, by way of the superb summer colonies of Burlingame and San Mateo, you reach San Francisco, the goal of your desires, Queen of the West, inviting you this year to her wonderful Exposition, where colonnaded palaces mirror themselves in broad lagoons; where great gardens, possible only in California, have sprung up in a night along the Bay; where fountains flash and sparkle in vast courts decorated with harmonious color schemes; where all the latest and best of man's achievements in the Arts and Sciences await your inspection in palaces arranged with the greatest taste and care.

Such briefly is the journey via the Sunset Route that lures you this year to the Golden West. Can you afford to resist its charm?



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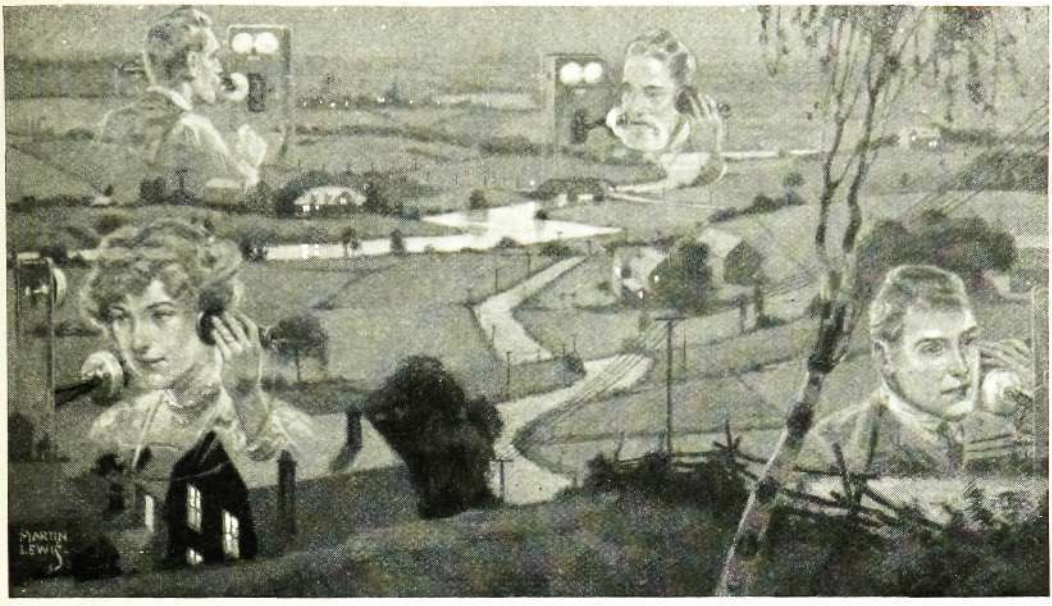

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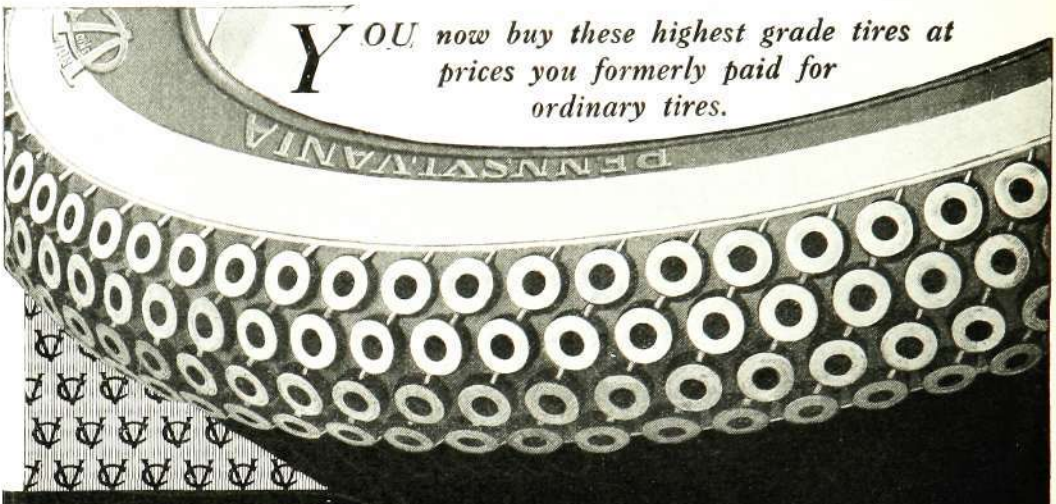

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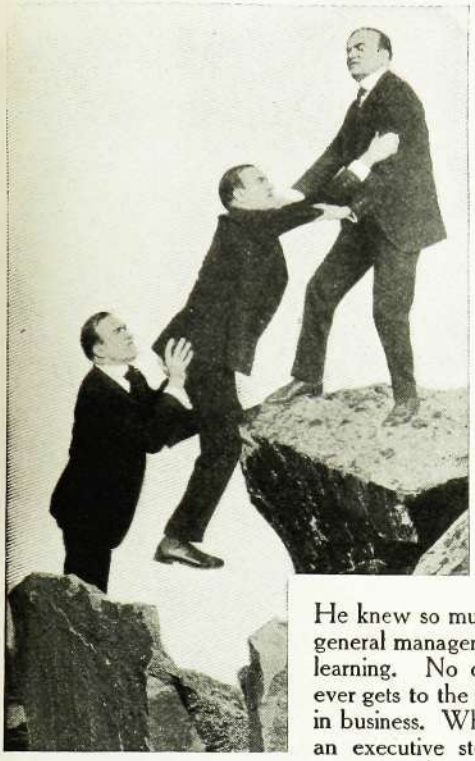

You must do it all yourself

Don't imagine that your superiors are going to help you to a higher level or that your subordinates are working hard to push you up. Both are working for *their own* advancements—not yours. You must do the pushing and pulling yourself—that's a law that is not often broken in business.

And here is another law—if you want a bigger job you must be a bigger man. You cannot advance with a mental equipment that is just big enough for your present job.

The man who goes ahead *bulges out* of the old job because it cramps his growing powers. The department manager who became general manager had first to learn how the other departments—sales, advertising, finance, accounting—were run. He learned banking, transportation, organization, commercial law. He knew so much more than anyone else that they *had* to make him general manager. And he *stayed* general manager because he kept on learning. No one ever gets to the top in business. When an executive stops growing he very soon ceases to be an executive.

The Modern Business Course and Service of the Alexander Hamilton Institute is a course of study which covers the whole range of organized business knowledge. It offers to the man of limited horizon the concentrated experience of *all* business—reduced to an orderly working science. To the man of broad affairs it offers an invaluable summary of that which he knows; that is to say, it organizes his own experience into a more efficient counsel.

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The Autographic Kodak

In Dukla Pass with the Austrian Army at the front, November 15.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN:—The Autographic Kodak I am carrying would have saved me many hours, many notes and many dollars in other campaigns. A note of the title and exposure means everything when photographs are making history, either in war or in the family circle.

Photographers everywhere owe the inventor a great debt of gratitude, and they will realize the actual saving in time and in money when they use the Autographic. I have used Kodaks and developing machines in every clime and in every way, but the Autographic adds the final convenience. It is simply marvelous, and marvelously simple. Much obliged! Very truly yours,

(SIGNED) Jno. T. Bullard

War Correspondent Scribner's

This Bossert Redibilt Bungalow, 18 x 24, 3 rooms, $750.00 ABSOLUTELY COMPLETE. Immediate delivery.

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Here are a few points of difference and superiority:

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1—Bossert Redibilt Homes are *not* ready cut lumber but completely built houses. Merely a monkey wrench is required to put them together.

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3—Erecting cost is reduced by the Bossert method of construction to **5** or **6** per cent of the cost of the house. When buying be sure to compare this cost with others.

4—The lumber used in Bossert-Built Homes is particularly heavy and of superior quality, and is specially selected for its suitability to each part.

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6—All doors and windows are fitted and hung before shipping—any good carpenter will tell you what this means.

7—The best of hardware furnished throughout.

8—Window blinds, fitted and hung, come with all houses.

9—Each section has air chambers and each air chamber is lined with felt paper—the roof is lined with asbestos—making the house cool in summer and warm in winter. No other portable house contains these valuable features.

10—We have been building bungalows for over **25** years—this is the first time they have been trademarked and advertised.

11—Our prices are for complete homes ready to live in and range from **$300** up—F. O. B. Brooklyn.

12—You can also buy Bossert Redibilt Garages, Boathouses, etc.

Write for our New Catalog—it contains illustrations showing many attractive designs and quotes prices

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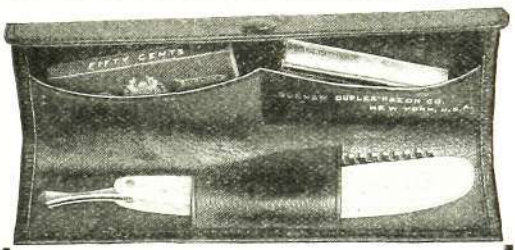
"Darn it! No gum! I'm always gettin' stung in some financial deal!"



DURHAM-DUPLEX DOMINO RAZOR with white American ivory handle, safety guard, stropping attachment, package of six of the famous Durham-Duplex double-edged, hollow ground blades. Genuine red leather folding kit.

Twenty United Profit Sharing Coupons given with this set.

$5 DURHAM-DUPLEX Domino Razor for $1

Give your Durham-Demonstrator Razor to a friend and we will send you this $5 Durham-Duplex Domino Razor for $1. If you do not possess a Durham-Demonstrator Razor, you may take advantage of this advertising offer if you will agree to mention Durham-Duplex to at least one friend.

DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR CO., 590 Montgomery St., Jersey City, N. J.

Gentlemen:—Send me a $5 Durham-Duplex Domino Kit Outfit as per illustration above, for which find enclosed $1.

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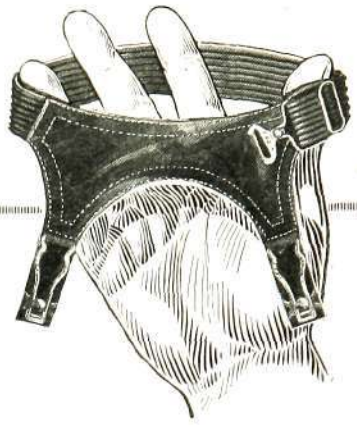
Any dealer will honor this coupon BI



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They hold your socks doubly secure and doubly snug; the hose are supported at two places. They are light in weight and strong in support. You will get unusual satisfaction from your hose if you wear these Double Grip garters.

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When you buy, look for the name PARIS that is stamped on the inside of the shield. It insures the fullest value for your money and the fullest satisfaction from your garters.

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Makers Children's HICKORY Garters
Chicago **New York**

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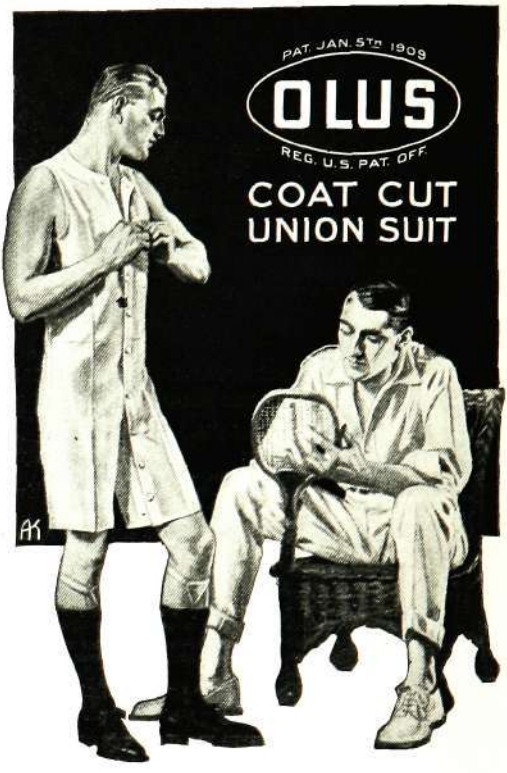
No metal can touch you



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¶ Coat-cut means easy to put on and take off.

¶ Olus is the simplest union suit—one thickness of material anywhere.

¶ You wear a coat-cut shirt. Try the Olus coat-cut union suit.

¶ Olus coat-cut construction is patented. Don't accept substitutes.

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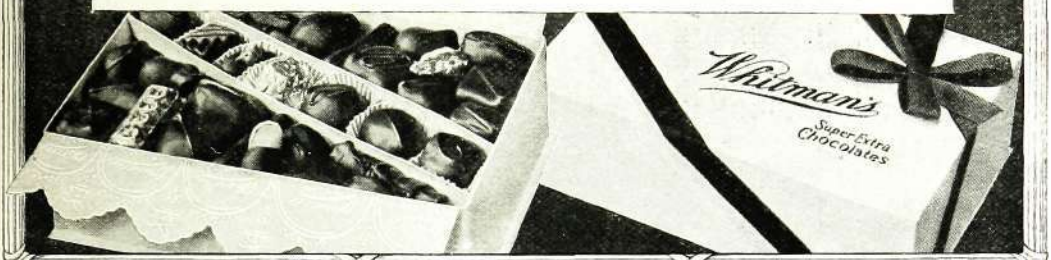

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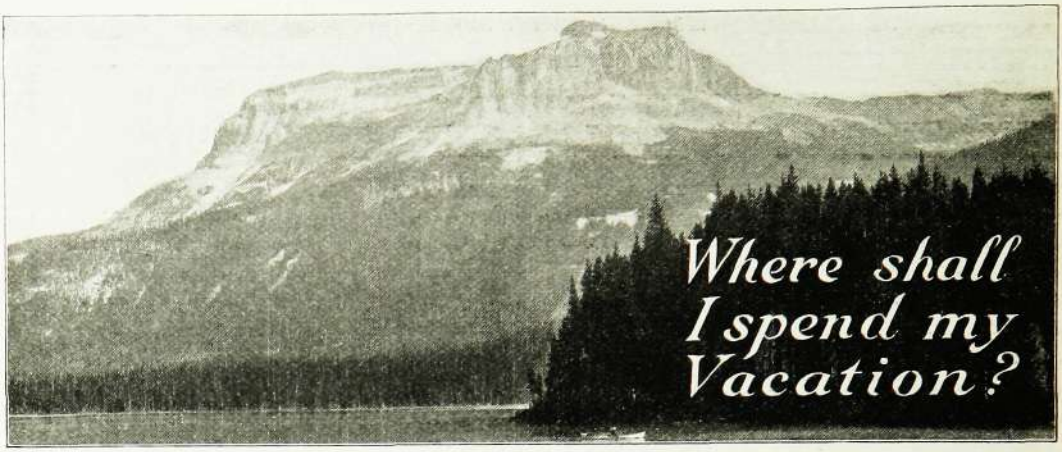

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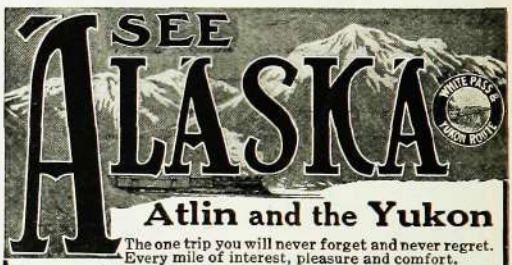

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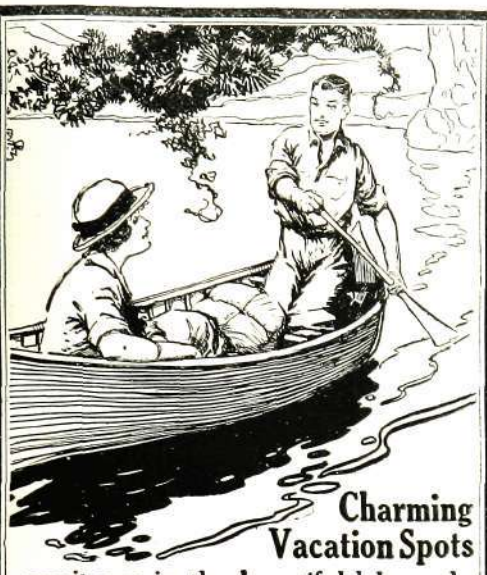

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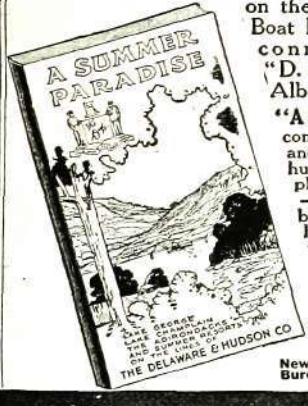

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¶ *California Two-Exposition Tours, $385 to $1200. Parties limited in numbers. Shorter tours at lower prices.*

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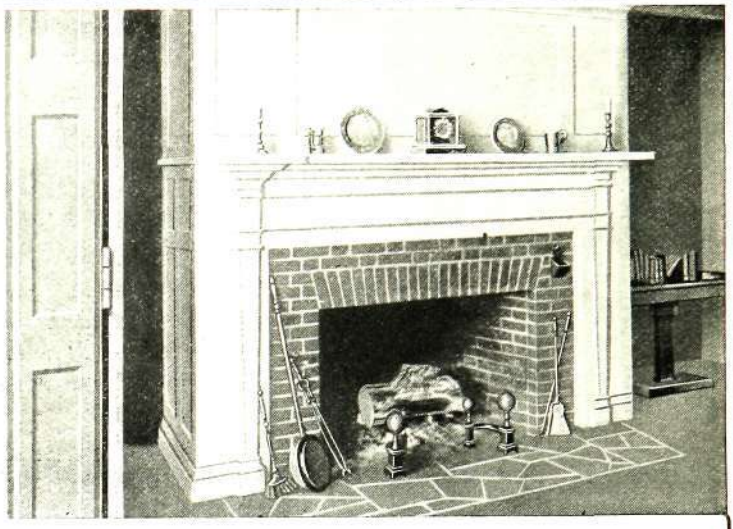
BALD MAN.—No, thanks, I've tried everything.

"Is there one or two l's in challenge, cap'n?"
"That ain't the cap'n's dooty. That's up to you; you're the sec'et'ry."



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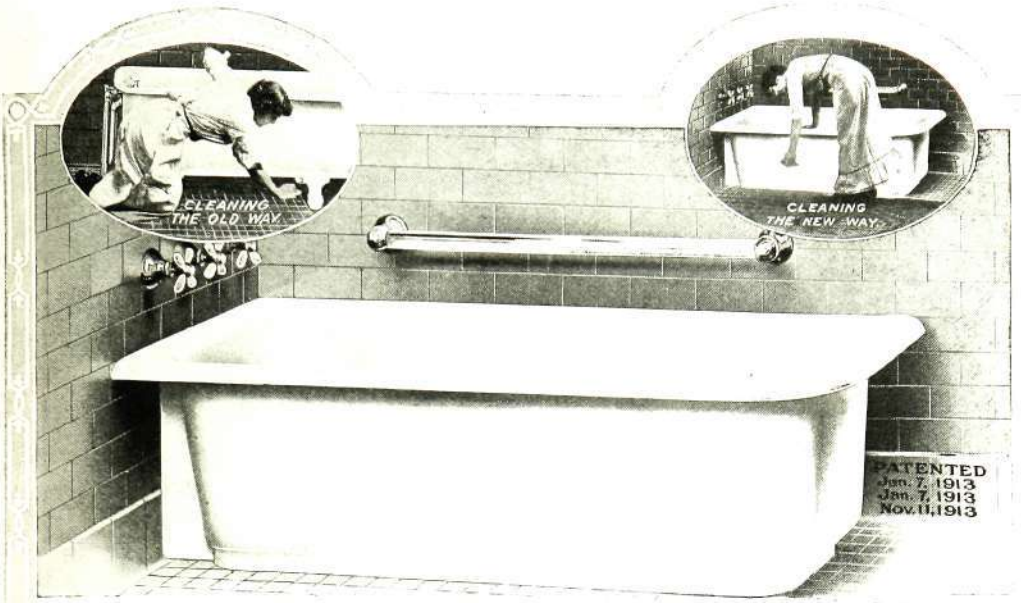

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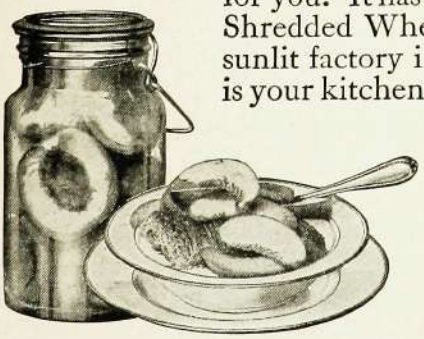

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