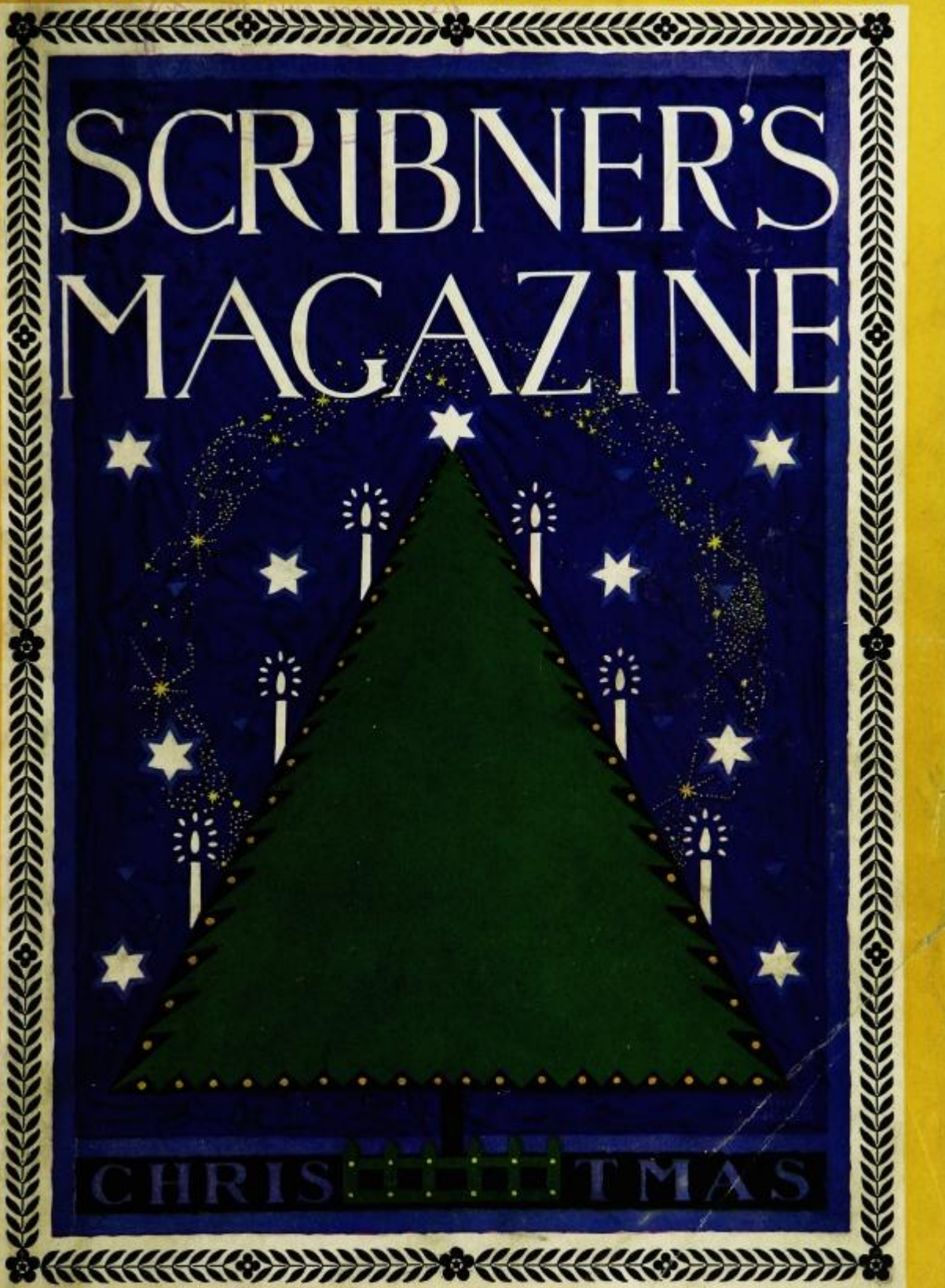
Christmas Number
VOL. LVIII NO. 6 DECEMBER 1915 PRICE 25 CENTS

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE



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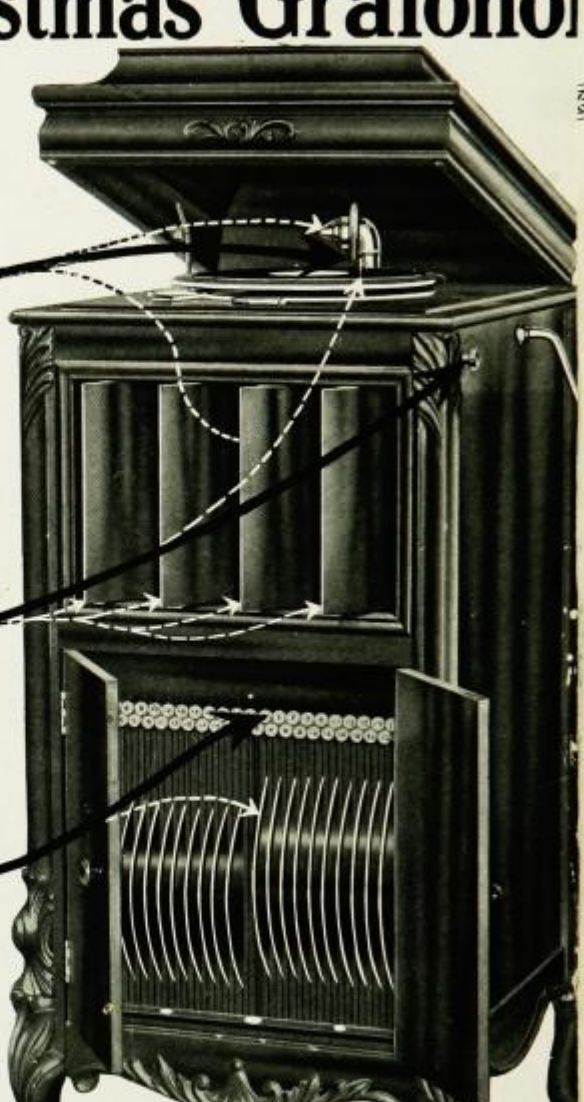

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ol. LVIII. No. 6 CHRISTMAS NUMBER DECEMBER 1915

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

CONTENTS

(Colored cover designed by F. W. Reiss.)

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

Your Criticism Invited

THE advertisers in this number of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE paid $250.00 a page for the privilege of telling you by word and picture about their products.

Those of us who write and illustrate these advertisements sometimes find it quite a problem to determine just what to say and just what kind of an illustration to use in order to get *your* serious attention and *hold it* long enough so that you will ask your dealers for the products of our advertisers.

Perhaps you would be willing to offer suggestions. If you care to, we shall be grateful.

Read the advertisements in this Christmas SCRIBNER'S — tell us what you consider to be the four best advertisements—then out of your selection write us a 150-word criticism about the one you consider to be better than the other three.

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For the second and third best criticisms, we will send a set of

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2d — You, or some member of your immediate family, must be a regular reader of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE or else your criticism will not be considered.

3d — Be sure to send in your list of four with your 150-word suggestion.

4th — Be sure to send in your suggestion before the 15th of December, 1915.

Competent advertising men will pass upon your suggestion and make the award. Criticisms from those interested in the business of advertising are not invited.

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

Fifth Avenue at 48th Street, New York

For announcement of the January number see pages 8 and 9

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Private Schools and Colleges Will be Found on Pages 32*a* to 32*k*

Banking—Investment—Insurance

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, published monthly, at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1915.

EDITOR: Robert Bridges . . . . . 597 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
MANAGING EDITOR: None
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(*Signed*) J. Rowland Mix, *Business Mgr.*

Sworn to and subscribed before me this thirteenth day of September, 1915.
W. H. Procter, *Notary Public, No. 111*, N. Y. County.
[SEAL.] Certificate No. 7004 filed in N. Y. County Register's Office.
My Commission expires March 30th, 1917.

For announcement of the January number see pages 8 and 9

MAGAZINE NOTES

Edward H. Sothern.

EDWARD H. SOTHERN will begin his reminiscences in the January number in a most engaging way. He opens at "the very first page of my remembrance," a scene on the stage of the old London Haymarket, in 1863, the little boy looking into a pair of twinkling gray eyes, the eyes of his father, who was made up for his famous part of Lord Dundreary. The elder Sothern's children were "The Blesseds," and were brought up in an atmosphere of romance, a land of jolly make-believe, of fairy legends and drollery. About this period Joseph Jefferson went to England to appear in "Rip Van Winkle," and he was a guest of Mr. Sothern. To the children he was introduced as a famous pirate chief, but he soon won their hearts and took part in their many plays. You will be glad to hear something about Uncle Hugh, an old naval officer with the rank of captain, "a veritable Don Quixote." One of his adventures was to fit out an expedition at his own expense and to nearly lose his life in a vain effort to go to the relief of Chinese Gordon. He was a lovable old sailorman, and the story of his end will make you think of Colonel Newcome. There is an irresistible personal charm in Mr. Sothern's narrative. It is fanciful, rich in anecdote, and pervaded by genial humor.

JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS'S three-part serial, "Remating Time," begins in January. It will be interesting to follow its development and to know what readers will think of it. It is quite startling in its plot, and the situation that develops in the first instalment is certainly a novel one. The word startling, however, does not mean to imply that it is going to shock any one by anything said or done. It isn't that kind of a story; it is essentially free from any taint of sordid irregularities or vulgarities, but this goes without saying in everything that Mr. Williams has written. So much may be said to prepare the way for a very modern and up-to-date story of marriage and divorce. Leonard didn't marry the girl he loved because "she was so enormously rich," while he "was romantically poor." Evadne married Bill, and Bill had more money than she had. Leonard married, to be sure—married Mary; she was more beautiful than Evadne, and even poorer than Leonard.

Drawn by Henry Raleigh for "Remating Time."

(Continued on page 10.)

Begin Your Magazine Year with the *January* Scribner

¶ Read EDWARD H. SOTHERN'S "Reminiscences." The first chapters dealing with his boyhood, with his earliest impressions of his delightful father as Lord Dundreary. A narrative with all the charm of a story.

¶ Read the beginning of JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS'S humorous story, "Remating Time." The story of first loves and others, of some odd matrimonial arrangements.

¶ Read JOHN GALSWORTHY'S most remarkable article, "Second Thoughts on This War." An arraignment of all war, a plea for the peace of the world.

¶ Read the most complete and informing article ever written on "The Submarine in War," by ROBERT W. NEESER, author of "Our Navy and the Next War."

¶ Read MARY SYNON'S graphic pen-picture of Canada in war time, "The West's Awake!" The fine story of what she has done for the mother country.

¶ Read the Four Best Short Stories of the month:

"Undersea Boat F-33," by DONN BYRNE. A thrilling story of a submarine.

"Andy of the Timothy Quartette," by ARTHUR JOHNSON. A story of a musician.

"A Million Too Much," by FRANCIS LYNDE. A story of a lucky newspaper man.

"The King of Kanabaloo," by JOHN PATRICK. The story of a Yankee soldier of fortune.

Contents *for* January 1916

Subscriptions to Scribner's Magazine may begin with any number. The subscription price is $3.00 a year. Remittances 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.

MAGAZINE NOTES

Leonard, by the way, was a poet—who wanted, above all things, to be practical.

A merest skeleton of a scenario—you can imagine all sorts of developments, but probably not those out of which the author builds his story.

THOUSANDS of readers will recall the impressions left by John Galsworthy's "Thoughts on This War," published in the Magazine in November, 1914. It was made the subject of numerous sermons, and was spoken of everywhere as a most remarkable and moving picture of the meaning of war. It had the quality of partisanship, an Englishman's view of the war as it appeared then. In the January number he contributes another article, "Second Thoughts on This War." It is quite as remarkable as the first article, even more so in some respects, for these are the thoughts of a mood engendered, not by partisan sentiment and emotion, but by long thought over the significance and horror of war, and the way to put an end to it for the future. It is a plea for "the longing for pity, fraternity, and goodness." "Verily on every man who in time of peace speaks or writes one word to foster bad spirit between nations, a curse should rest; he is part and parcel of that malevolence which at last sets these great Engines, fed by lumps of human coal, to crash along, and pile up against each other, in splintered wreckage. Only too well he plays the game of those grim schemers to whose account lie the dehumanization and despair of millions of their brother men."

An American submarine running at full speed.

NO fighting-machine in the history of the world has brought more terror to those who sail the seas than the furtive and silent submarine. Jules Verne's dream has come true. The undersea boat has added tenfold to the horrors of the present war. It has sent great war-ships to their doom, with thousands of men; it has killed the innocent with as little mercy. The full story of its deeds may never be told—how many brave men have gone to their deaths shut up in one of these giant steel coffins, the men whose duty it is to sail them, whose duty it is to kill. The story of "The Submarine in Warfare" will be told by Robert W. Neeser, author of "Our Navy and the Next War." He has collected the very latest information about the use and activities of the submarine by the navies of the world, what they are doing, what they have accomplished. The article is full of incidents, of the most interesting facts, of information that you will want to know. There will be illustrations showing the various types now in use.

IF it seems hard to visualize what the war has meant to England away over there on the other side of the Atlantic, we may get a very real impression, at least, of the preparation for war just across our own northern border. No troops have fought more valiantly, or suffered greater losses, than the splendid body of men who have gone from Canada. Great Britain may well be proud of the loyalty and ready spirit of sacrifice of her North American colony. Mary Synon made a tour of inspection for the Maga-

(Continued on page 12.)

MAGAZINE NOTES

Members of the Signal Corps Canadian Mounted Rifles.

zine of the Far Western Canadian troops in training, and she has written a graphic and stirring article about her impressions. "The West's Awake!"—awake in its farthest limits, men are coming from the cities, the towns, from the wilderness, to fight for the flag.

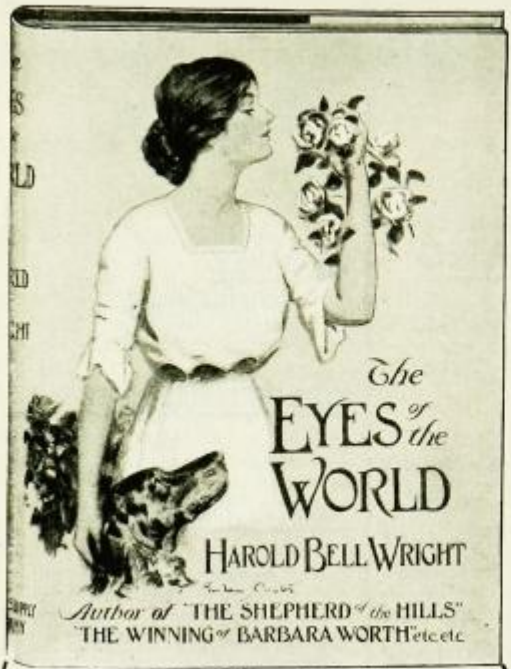
"On the third day of November, 1914, three months after the beginning of the Great War of Europe, a prospector flung his pack from a Siwash dugout upon the shore of the Hudson's Bay Company post at Fort Saint James. A big man, with a trace of military training in his uprightness and the tense look of the gold-cruiser in his eyes, he faced the little group of white men and Indians who gave welcome to his coming. 'Is it true,' he asked them, 'that England's fighting Germany?'

"'Where've you been these months past?' the Scotch factor burred at him.

"'Up in the Omenica,' came the answer. 'Just heard of this war three weeks ago, and I've been coming ever since.'"

AMONG the short stories of the January number will be "Under-sea Boat F-33," by Donn Byrne, a story of the cruise of a submarine. It gives a picture of the life on one of these boats, the experiences that have no doubt been paralleled in many ways in this war. No mere description, however, of a submarine could possibly convey such an impression as this imaginative account of what happened to F-33, her torpedoing of a passenger-ship, the scenes as the great ship went down, the fate of the submarine off the Lofoden Islands. This story and Mr. Neeser's article will give you a most complete idea of what the submarine means.

THE old and new readers of the Magazine have this year generally united in expressing appreciation of its qualities, of its interest and value as a welcome visitor to the library table. There are now and then, of course, particular articles that stand out with especial emphasis, that are read and passed along, that fix a number in the mind; that fix, too, an impression of the Magazine's alertness and humanness and readableness. No articles about the war have called forth more appreciative comment than those by Mrs. Wharton and E. Alexander Powell and the remarkable article by Captain X, of the French Staff, about General Joffre. But the policy of the Magazine is not to put undue emphasis upon any one number, but to *sustain* a standard of unvarying quality in its articles and its fiction. The prospectus pages give promise of a new year fully up to past SCRIBNER standards. It is first of all an *interesting* magazine, and there is always something of special value for every member of the family.



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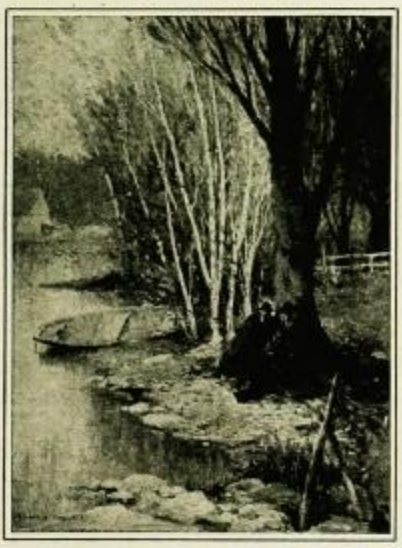

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  These little documents of hell—
Bring us the book that dreams and sings
  And whispers, "all is well!"

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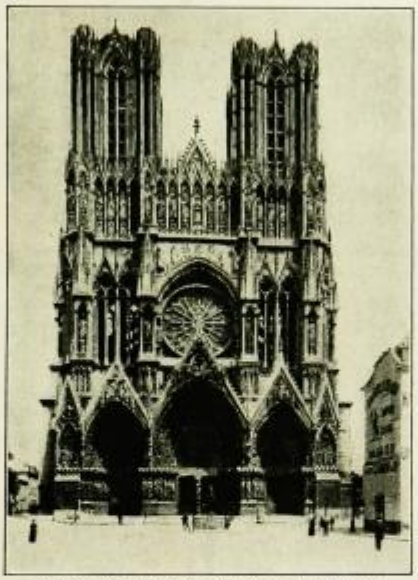

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Illustrated by RUDOLPH RUZICKA. $2.50 *net*

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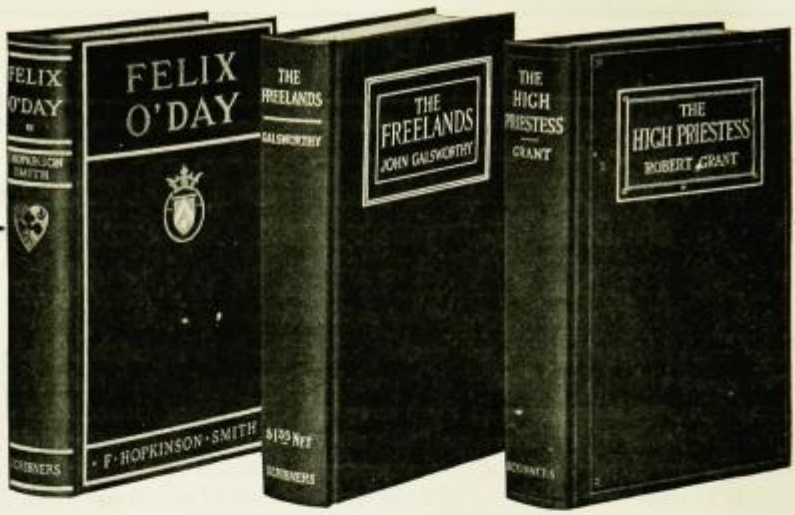

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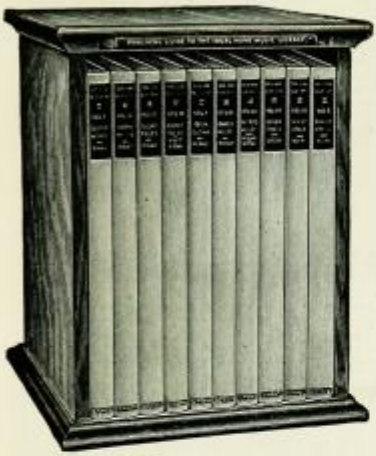

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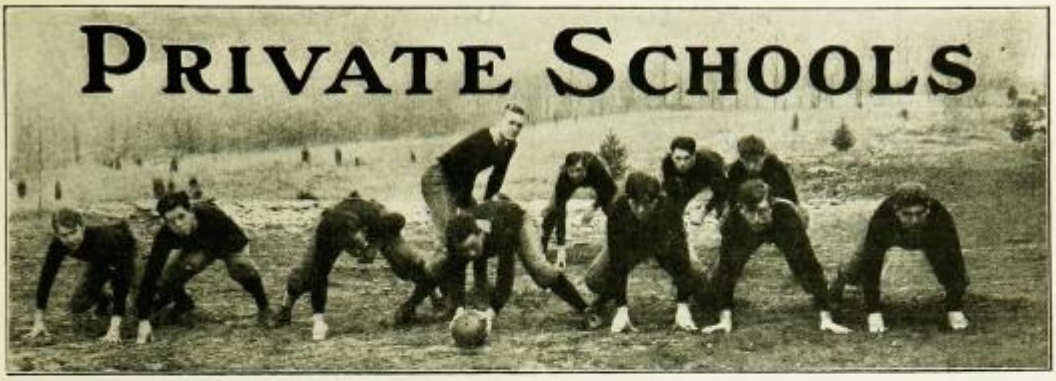

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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

for 1916

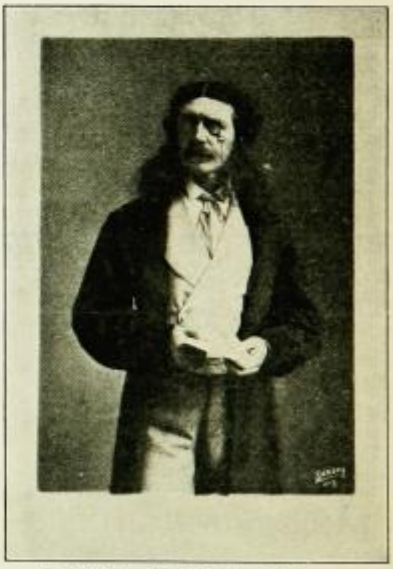
will be up to the best Scribner standards. It will contain the best fiction, by the best writers; papers and pictures about phases of our own country, the most interesting country to all Americans; adventure and sport; features of the great war and what is to come after; how American finance is affected by the war.

And the best pictures in color and black and white, with a monthly discussion of current art topics in The Field of Art.

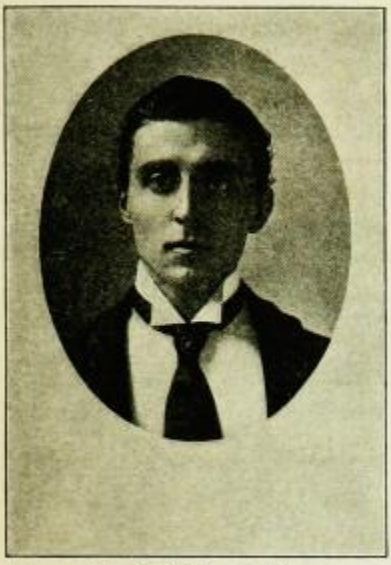
The reminiscences of a man in his prime, whose life has been linked with the best theatrical traditions of England, but whose whole career is American, is an unusual acquisition.

Edward H. Sothern

from the days of "Lord Chumley" to the present—one of the most popular as well as the most thoughtful and cultivated actors—has written in a charming way, ranging from the fantasies of his youth to the successes of his later career, a vivid, picturesque, and amusing narrative. This present-day auto-



E. A. Sothern, E. H. Sothern's father, as "Lord Dundreary"
From a photograph by Sarony



Edward H. Sothern in 1884
From a photograph by Sarony

biography will appear in the Magazine, with a wealth of illustration which Mr. Sothern has been long collecting.

There is nothing formal about this story; it has the gayety and the spirit of go that characterize Mr. Sothern's acting; moreover, it is linked with one of the best-loved actors of the older generation, his father, the "Lord Dundreary" who made all English-speaking people laugh. Since Joseph Jefferson's there has not been a theatrical autobiography of anything like the charm of this one.

Other reminiscences (always a feature of SCRIBNER'S) will give pictures of London life and literary men; of American men of letters as shown in their correspondence.

Scribner Fiction Is the Best

Three short serials in widely different veins—

Katharine Fullerton Gerould will contribute her first serial to SCRIBNER'S.

"Bunner Sisters," by Mrs. Wharton (postponed from last year on account of Mrs. Wharton's war series)—a story of plain people in an old part of New York, pathetic and touched with tragedy.

Jesse Lynch Williams's three phases of marriage and divorce, which he calls "Remating Time"—a story of the very present day, amusing and gayly pictured.

Drawn by Henry Raleigh for Jesse Lynch Williams's "Remating Time"

SCRIBNER'S SHORT STORIES have won approbation as "the most uniformly excellent published in America to-day." The short stories of 1916 will follow that standard. Each number contains from four to six short stories, and in addition there are the Fiction Number (August) and the Christmas Number, almost entirely made up of short fiction.

Drawn by N. C. Wyeth for a story of the Canadian wilderness

America from East to West

Elmendorf's groups of pictures have been widely acclaimed as "superb," "capital," "unique," and nowhere have they been more popular than in the great West which he has so skilfully portrayed. There will be several more groups this year, made especially for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

The Mexican border is now, and will be for months to come, the scene of turmoil and interest. Ernest Peixotto has made a sketching trip along this border, and he will contribute short articles, with his own drawings, dealing with the border country as it looks to-day; it is an interesting combination of the old and new, where the trail of Coronado is retrodden by Villa's revolutionists. The oldest civilization in America overlaps the latest revolution, and Peixotto will picture it —El Paso, The Alamo, Santa Fé, etc.

Drawn by Ernest Peixotto

Travel, Adventure, Natural History, Sport

"The Real Hawaii," by Mrs. Gerould: three articles on this important part of the United States. Mrs. Gerould made the trip within the past few months expressly for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, and, with her well-known literary art, Hawaii, the American colony, will be reproduced for our readers.

Drawn by N. C. Wyeth

Madame Waddington will give her memories of Alassio with pictures by Thornton Oakley.

Theodore Roosevelt has visited the bird refuges of Louisiana. This great movement of conservation, begun when he was President, will surprise all readers by its extent, and as Colonel Roosevelt has seen it the reader will be made to see it — semitropical islands swarming with brilliant, strange, and interesting birds, where, undisturbed, the wild life will be conserved.

Leo E. Miller, of the American Museum of Natural History, has been back again in South America on the trail of an elusive bird, the cock-of-the-rock. It took him through strange Andean passes and he met strange people.

Articles on certain phases of amateur and college athletics, similar to the stadia and baseball articles, will appear during the year.

John Fox's paper on "Tarpon-Fishing" will be published in an early winter number.

A. B. Frost's sporting pictures will appear in another article.

Drawn by Fred Pegram

The Great War

SCRIBNER'S has pictured the great war on its various fronts by the best writers available. The permanent value of these articles is shown by the remarkable volumes which have grown out of them, by Mrs. Wharton, Richard Harding Davis, and E. Alexander Powell. In the coming year there will be forward-looking articles which will discuss the dilemmas and the probable solution of the world-upheaval; what will happen when the armies are demobilized; and particularly what America must expect from the financial adjustment.

"The Submarine in Warfare"

by Robert W. Neeser, author of "Our Navy and the Next War," founded on recent observations and conversations with authorities in France, England, and America. The most complete and instructive statement yet written about the place and uses of the submarine in modern warfare. With a most complete series of pictures of all of the types of submarines in use.

U. S. Submarine D 3
From a copyrighted photograph by Enrique Muller

The Fine Arts

A Dutch living-room by De Hooch
From a photograph by The Berlin Photographic Co.

Six more American Historical Frontispieces in color. The completion of a series which has attracted a great deal of favorable comment.

Papers on painting, by Kenyon Cox, dealing with the Golden Age of Painting, the time of the great masters whose names are the chief glory of the history of art. The illustrations, which will be profuse, will be almost like a journey to some of the great European galleries.

The Field of Art, written by leading authorities about artistic events of current interest. Usually illustrated with the work of some notable artist.

Color printing of the highest standard and illustrations by the most notable American artists.

Special Numbers

The Motor Number (February), an annual institution; the Fiction Number (August), the best stories of the year; the Christmas Number (December). A full programme for each is already prepared.

Certain phases of the great educational problem will be discussed during the year.

Finance

Each month Alexander Dana Noyes, Financial Editor of the New York *Evening Post*, a writer of books on finance, and a man of judgment in daily contact with every phase of the market, contributes "The Financial World." He writes in language that the layman can understand, and his opinions command the respect of the highest financial authorities.

NO, it is not the thoroughfare that makes Fifth Avenue. It is the shops.

There are found the ideas from a hundred style-sources of Europe. They have paused in the salons of Paris to be touched by the technique of the masters.

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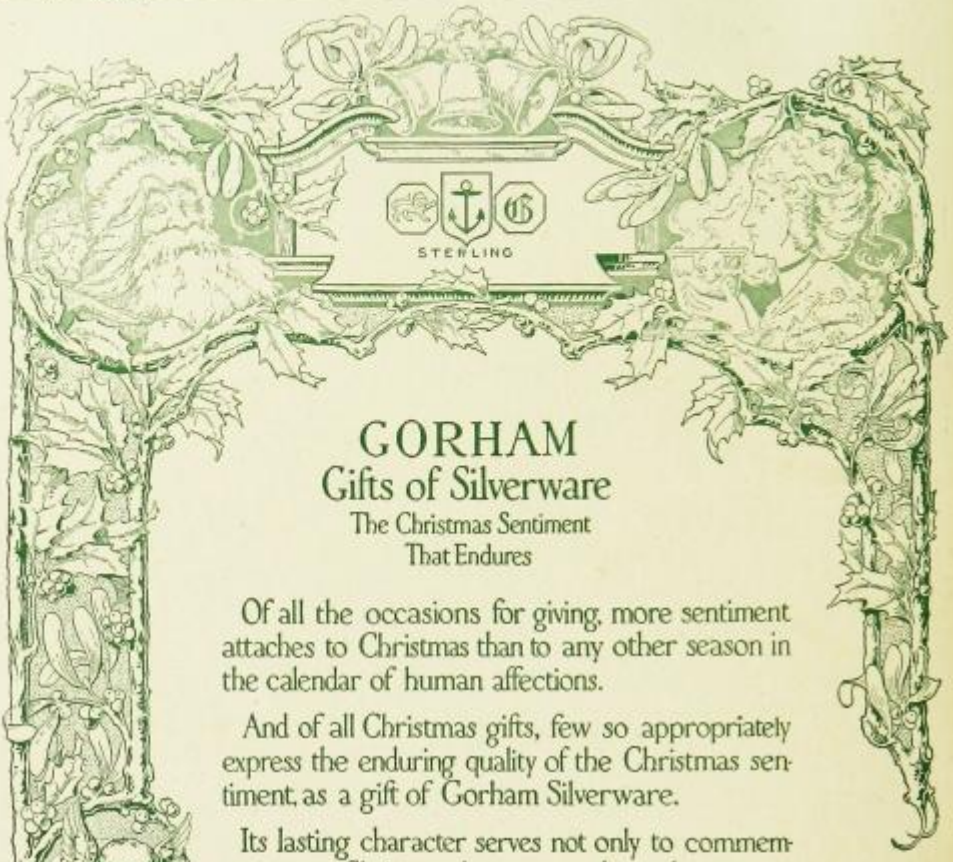

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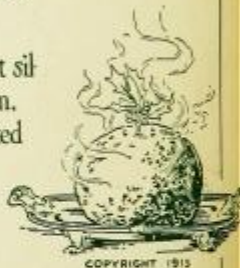

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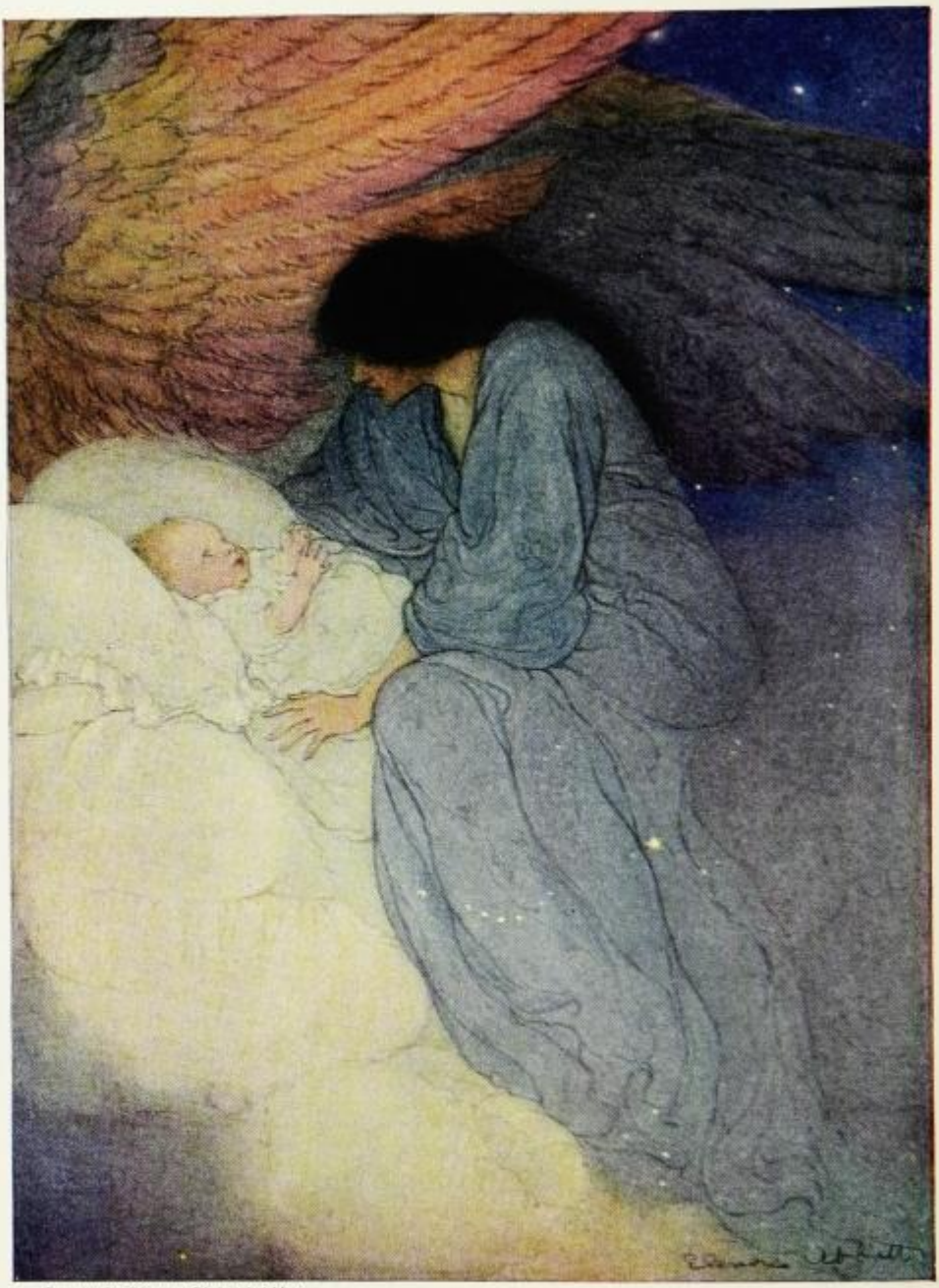


Drawn by Elenore Plaisted Abbott.

THE MOTHER.

Out of the sea and the stars and the flowers,
Out of the magic of life-giving spring,
Out of the peace of the dim twilight hours,
Blossomed your spirit, the God-given thing.

—"The Mother," page 663.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LVIII DECEMBER, 1915 NO. 6

MARY SHEPHERDESS

By Marjorie L. C. Pickthall

WHEN the heron's in the high wood and the last long furrow's sown,
With the herded cloud before her and her sea-sweet raiment blown,
Comes Mary, Mary Shepherdess, a-seeking for her own.

Saint James he calls the righteous folk, Saint John he calls the kind,
Saint Peter calls the valiant men all to loose or bind,
But Mary seeks the little souls that are so hard to find.

All the little sighing souls born of dust's despair,
They who fed on bitter bread when the world was bare,—
Frighted of the glory gates and the starry stair.

All about the windy down, housing in the ling,
Underneath the alder-bough, linnet-light they cling,
Frighted of the shining house where the martyrs sing.

Crying in the ivy bloom, fingering at the pane,
Grieving in the hollow dark, lone along the rain,—
Mary, Mary Shepherdess, gathers them again.

And O, the wandering women know, in workhouse and in shed.
They dream on Mary Shepherdess with doves about her head,
And pleasant posies in her hand, and sorrow comforted.

Sighing: There's my little lass, faring fine and free.
There's the little lad I laid by the holly tree,
Dreaming: There's my nameless bairn laughing at her knee.

When the bracken harvest's gathered and the frost is on the loam,
When the dream goes out in silence and the ebb runs out in foam,
Mary, Mary Shepherdess, she bids the lost lambs home.

If I had a little maid to turn my tears away,
If I had a little lad to lead me when I'm gray,
All to Mary Shepherdess they'd fold their hands and pray.

THE ANTWERP ROAD

[OCTOBER, 1914]

By Henry van Dyke

ALONG the straight, glistening road, through a dim arcade of drooping trees, a tunnel of faded green and gold, dripping with the misty rain of a late October afternoon, a human tide was flowing, not swiftly, but slowly, with the patient, pathetic slowness of weary feet, and numb brains, and heavy hearts.

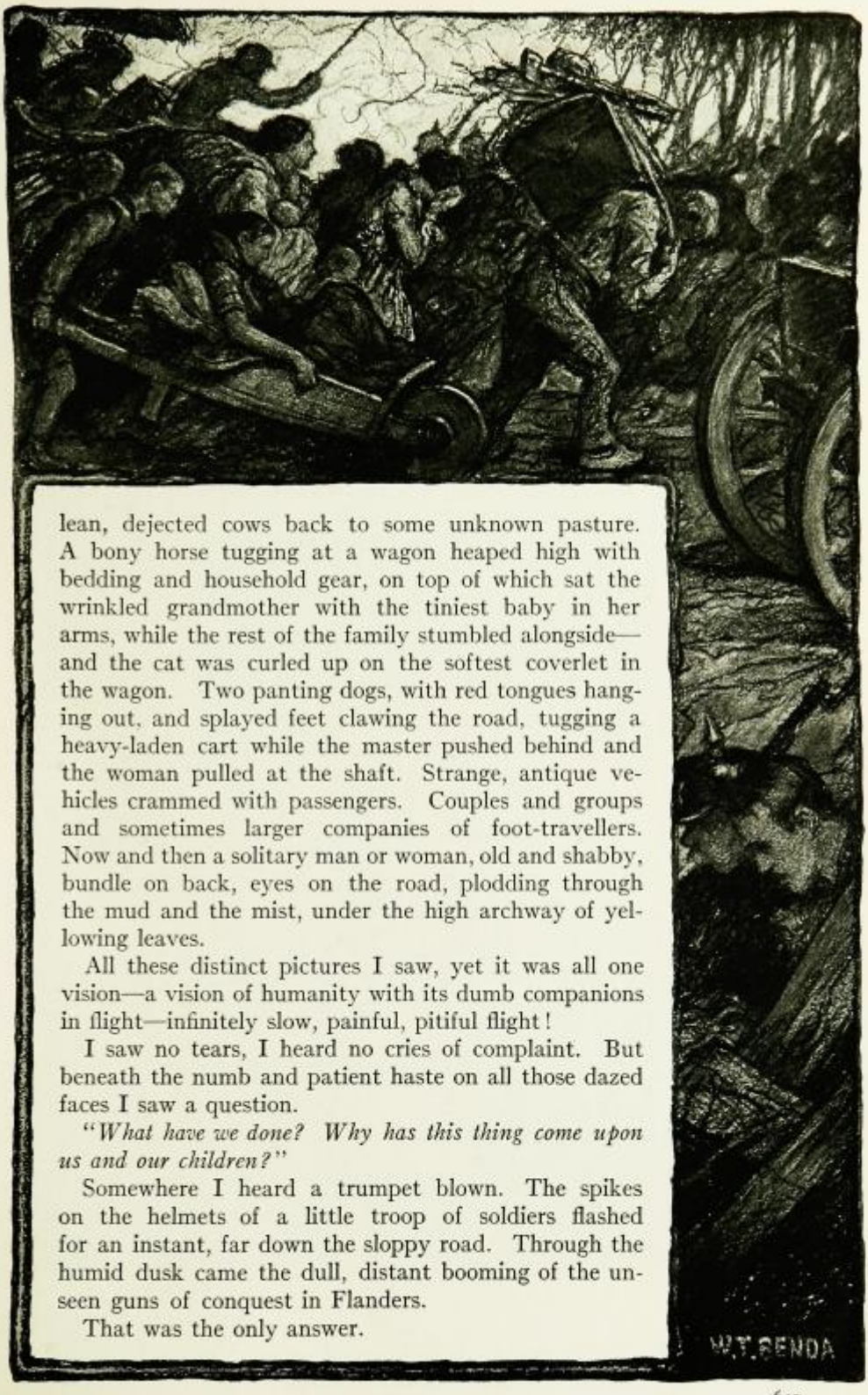
Yet they were in haste, all of these old men and women, fathers and mothers and little children; they were flying as fast as they could; either away from something that they feared or toward something that they desired.

For that was the strange thing—the tide on the road flowed in two directions.

Some fled away from ruined homes to escape the perils of war. Some fled back to ruined homes to escape the desolation of exile. But all were fugitives, anxious to be gone, striving along the road one way or the other, and making no more speed than a creeping snail's pace of unutterable fatigue.

I saw many separate things in the tide, and remembered them without noting.

A boy straining to push a wheelbarrow with his pale mother in it, and his two little sisters trudging at his side. A peasant with his two girls driving their



lean, dejected cows back to some unknown pasture. A bony horse tugging at a wagon heaped high with bedding and household gear, on top of which sat the wrinkled grandmother with the tiniest baby in her arms, while the rest of the family stumbled alongside—and the cat was curled up on the softest coverlet in the wagon. Two panting dogs, with red tongues hanging out, and splayed feet clawing the road, tugging a heavy-laden cart while the master pushed behind and the woman pulled at the shaft. Strange, antique vehicles crammed with passengers. Couples and groups and sometimes larger companies of foot-travellers. Now and then a solitary man or woman, old and shabby, bundle on back, eyes on the road, plodding through the mud and the mist, under the high archway of yellowing leaves.

All these distinct pictures I saw, yet it was all one vision—a vision of humanity with its dumb companions in flight—infinitely slow, painful, pitiful flight!

I saw no tears, I heard no cries of complaint. But beneath the numb and patient haste on all those dazed faces I saw a question.

"What have we done? Why has this thing come upon us and our children?"

Somewhere I heard a trumpet blown. The spikes on the helmets of a little troop of soldiers flashed for an instant, far down the sloppy road. Through the humid dusk came the dull, distant booming of the unseen guns of conquest in Flanders.

That was the only answer.

IN PRAYSE OF YE PIPE

AS PLEASAUNT, WHOLESOME, AND ANCESTRALL

By E. Sutton

Illustration by William A. Hottinger

Yᵉ Wise Man doubts yᵉ Cigarette, and all yᵉ Wiles of these,
Nor fills his Bellowes upp with Reeke toe make them Pant and Wheeze,
But cleaveth toe yᵉ Homely Pipe—his Lips will not enfolde
Yᵉ fat Vulgarian Cigar bedizened Red and Golde.

Thus did yᵉ Fathers of oure Land, yᵉ Warriour and yᵉ Sage,
Yᵉ Spanish Dons that march before yᵉ Pilgrim on yᵉ Page,
Who in yᵉ Floridan Morass, Palmettoe and Live-Oke,
Founde not yᵉ Fountain of their dreames but Piped yᵉ Streame of Smoak.

Olde Powhatan, Tobacco-King that bounde with Hickory withes
Stoute John, whose Sword ennobleth all yᵉ proletariane Smiths,
And Pocahontas, who bequeathed—by savinge him from Knockes—
Her Fame toe Historie, her Face toe yᵉ Tobacco-Boxe,

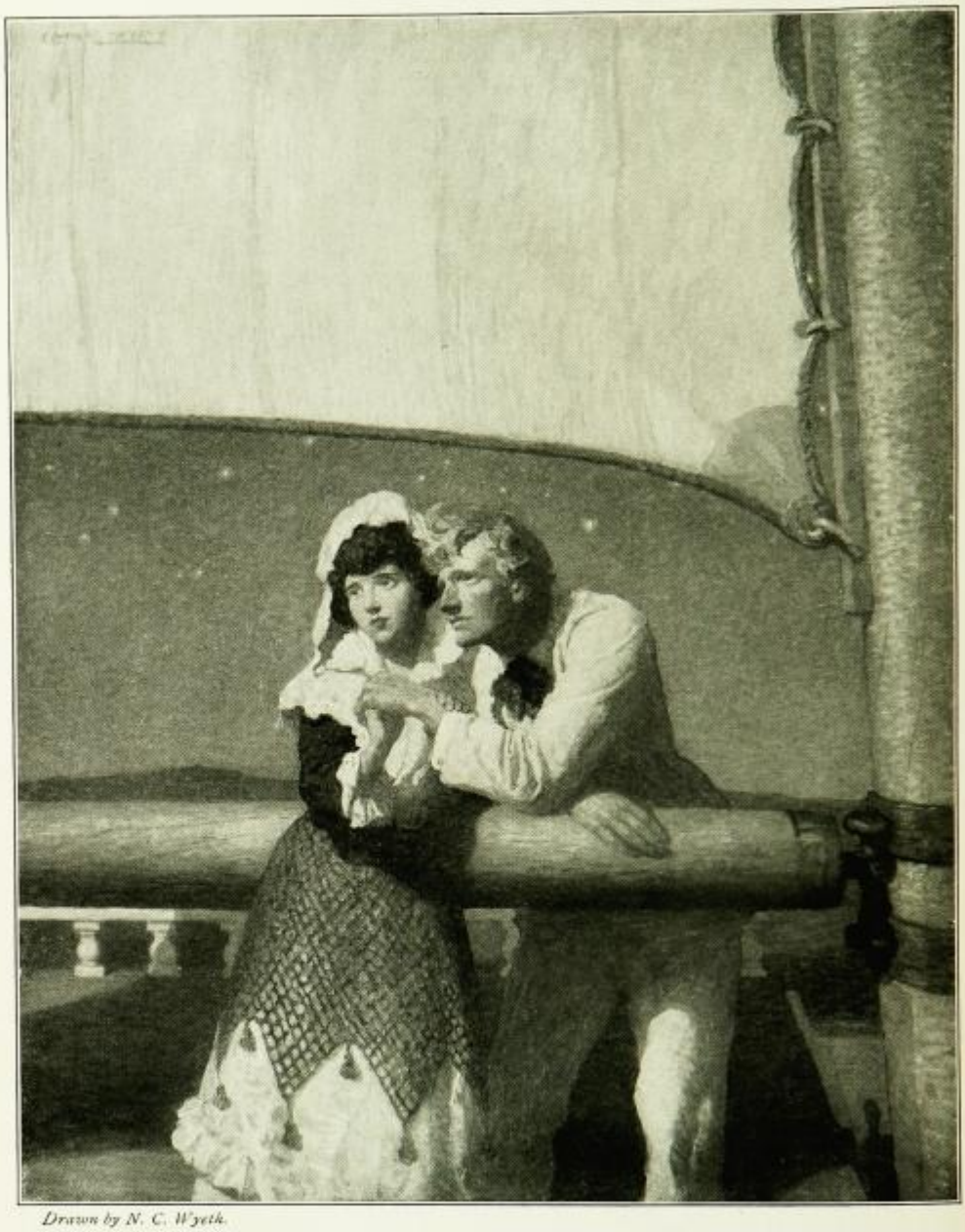
They Puff'd at Pipes; and followed Suit yᵉ Puritan Divine,
Strong on Jamaica Rumm because St. Paul permitteth Wine,
And Dutch Patroones along yᵉ faire Pocanticoe held Sway
With Calumetts of Indian Reed, or ells of Holland Clay.

Piet Stuyvesant tooke down his Pipe when full of Wrath was he,
Washington sickened on his Firste beneath yᵉ Cherrie-Tree,
And Boone put Axe and Rifle by toe seate him neare yᵉ Hob,
Thumb upp a Cole, and wreathen Clouds from out a Wholesome Cobb.

Give me a Bowle of Briere that bloomed afar in Gallicke Land,
A Stemm of Amber golden-ribb'd as is yᵉ Balticke Sand,
And a Goode Mixture blended faire, Three Graces in a Sheafe,
Virginia mellowe, rich Perique and Latakia Leafe.

Then upp doth floate yᵉ Fragrant Haze—if Coffee has been there
It is yᵉ Benediction softe that follows after Prayer—
And I doe wish his Spirit Blest, and thanke him from my Soule,
Who firste did Pierce yᵉ pleasing Stemm, and Scoop yᵉ gratefull Bowle.


Hottinger



Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

"An' the bridal couple 'd be holdin' hands an' gazin' over the spanker-boom at the full moon."—Page 660.

THE MEDICINE SHIP

By James B. Connolly

Illustrations by N. C. Wyeth

OLD Bill Hickey was comin' out of Spiegel's Caffy, meanin' a place where a man can have somethin' to eat while he's havin' a drink, an' he had folded over his arm what looked like a pretty swell coat for old Bill to be wearin'.

Noticin' me, "Hulloh, Hiker!" says Bill, an' we stroll along till we come opposite to Wallie Whelan's father's store on South Street, where Bill stops. "I do like that little Whelan kid," says Bill. "I wonder is he in?"

Wallie was in, an' "Hulloh, Hiker!" an' "How do you do, Mr. Hickey!" he says, an' comes runnin' out when he sees us.

An' old Bill says, "Oh-h, driftin' by—driftin' by," an' spreads out to the air the coat he's carryin' on his arm. All wrinkled up it was, like somebody's slept in it, but a pretty swell coat just the same, like the kind hackmen wear to a funeral or a weddin' with a stove-pipe hat. There's a pocket in one o' the coat-tails, an' old Bill slides his hand into it and out comes a case, an' when he springs open the case there's a shiny black pipe.

"Well, well," says Bill, lookin' at the pipe like he was wonderin' how it come there.

"Where did y'ever get that fine pipe, Mr. Hickey?" asts Wallie.

"Oh, a souveneer, a little souveneer of other days—of days I'd 'most forgot," says Bill.

"A handsome pipe!" says Wallie.

"Yes," says Bill, "if on'y I had the fillin' of it once in a while!"

"Wait!" says Wallie, an' rushes inside the store.

"Comanche Chief, if you have any in stock!" calls out Bill after him.

Mr. Whelan, who's sittin' by the open winder in his office, looks out to Bill an' then to the clerk an' smiles that it's all right to Wallie over the top of his mornin' paper, an' Wallie comes out with a plug o' Comanche Chief smokin' for Bill an' a plug o' the same of chewin' for me.

I bites into mine right away, but old Bill looks at his pipe, an' then, sayin' he didn't know's he'd baptize it yet awhile, he reaches over an' gnaws a corner off my plug o' chewin'.

An' Wallie's dyin' to know how it come to be a souveneer pipe, but is too polite to ask, on'y he can't help havin' another look at the pipe an' noticin' the picksher of a bird on the bowl an' readin' the letters on the gold band. "H R C" he reads out, an' looks at old Bill.

"I know, I know," says old Bill. "They bring me back, them initials, lad, like nothin' else could, to days that is past 'n' gone." He looks across East River over to Brooklyn mournful-like, but not forgettin' to chew an' chew, 'nd bineby, when he has his jaws well oiled up, he says: "'Tis many 'n' many a year ago, lad, an' me the cabin-boy an' the fav'rite o' the capt'n o' the good ship *Tropic Zone*."

"The *Tropic Zone!* What a corkin' name for a ship!" says Wallie.

"Ay, lad," says Bill, "a noble name an' a noble ship, a full-rigged four-master, an' one fine day we up jibs an' yanchor an' sailed out this same Yeast River an' past the Battery an' down New York Bay an' the Jersey coast, an' on an' on, bearin' s'utherly, till we came to the land o' Yunzano, which was—an' mebby is yet—down South Ameriky way, an' we went ashore, me 'n' the capt'n, to call on the noble don which them same initials stands for.

"H R C," says Bill, readin' 'em off the pipe. "How well do I remember the noble don, Hidalgo Rodreego Cazamma, who lived in r'yal splender in a most lovely an' fertyle valley. Lookin' back now through the vister of my matoored manhood, I can't say's I c'n recall in all my years o' world travellin' a more entrancin' picksher than the valley o' Yunzano when my capt'n 'n' me hove into it of that

gorgeous April mornin'. There was a river gleamin' like silver—an' sometimes like gold 'n' copper—flowin' through that marvellous valley, an' above it rose the volkanous mountains with sides of the color of the purple neglijay shirts an' tops like the ruby scarf-pins that sometimes you see of a mornin' in Times Square. An' in that valley was forests with all the tropic trees that ever you read of, bearin' the most jul-luscious fruits—pomgrannits, cocoanuts, pineapples, limes, lemons, grapefruits, alligator-pears—any fruit ever you see to the stalls in the market was there in abundance. An' fr'm the branches o' them same trees came the most melojus birds' voices, an' the birds themselves 'd a-dazzle your eyes with the color o' their feathers. Parrakeets, marrakeets, bobalinks, nightingales, an' a little red, white, 'n' blue spotted bird the natives called an eggleeno."

"Ah-h!" says Wallie, "and is that the picture on the bowl o' the pipe?"

"The same," says Bill; "done by a master hand, with the same round pop-eyes—see—an' the same wide, square-cut tail like the stern of a ferry-boat.

"'Dijjer ever in yer life, William, see anything more saliferous?' says the capt'n to me whilst we're ridin' up to the don hidalgo's house—a hashyender, they called it—longer 'n' wider than any two blocks on Broadway, but not so high, with a red roof, an' walls o' solid marble, an' marble columns 'n' promenades around it, with thousands o' lofty trees liftin' their heads to the sky, an' balconies outside the winders, an' spoutin' fountains in the r'yal pam garden, which was the size mebby o' Central Park. It took all of a thousand servants, I should say, in pink-'n'-old-rose knee-pants, to look arter the place; an' the old don kep' a band o' musicians in a green-an'-old-gold uniform on tap all the time. The house rules there—the same engraved in silver on ivory tablets an' hung on the wall over the head o' your bed—was that if a guest woke up in the middle o' the night an' didn't feel well enough to go back to sleep, he had on'y to poke the little Injun boy who slep' on a mat afore every door with his big toe an' say to him: 'Boyo, some musico!' An' we did one night, an' in no time the still air was rent by the entrancin' strains of 'In the Sweet By 'n' By,' which was the pop'lar toon o' them days, an' the one we ordered. Guitars, manderlins, violins, oboes, trombones, an' cornets they had in squads, though to my mind a native instrerment called the hoolooboolo was the most truly musical of all. Shaped like the bow of a ship it was, with a hundred strings to it, an' made a noise like a breeze o' wind tryin' to steal through a forest o' trees on a summer's night. 'Twas ravishin'.

"Arter the fatigues of our long an' tejus voy'ge, the hashyender o' the don was a most refreshin' place to pass a few days in, but we had our business to attend to. Not that the noble don would sully our ears by mentionin' the same to us. In those tropic countries the greatest insult to the stranger who happens to step in an' camp awhile with you is to ask him what's on his mind—not till he's been restin' up for at least a week. However, after six days o' restin' up, with salubrious fruits an' wines an' the most melojus concerts, my capt'n broaches the cause of why we're callin' on the Don Hidalgo Rodreego Cazamma."

"Ah-h," says Wallie, "now we'll get it, Hiker!"

"Yes," says Bill, "now we'll have it. But, lemme see now—I must tell it so it'll be clear to your young interlecks," an' he looks hard at the pipe an' then mournful-like acrost East River toward Brooklyn.

"In them days," Bill goes on at last, "no place you could go to in the whole Yunnited States—the piny woods, the rocky hills an' grassy plains, no busy city fr'm the rock-bound coast o' Maine to the golden shores where rolls the Oregon, no sleepy hamlet between the wooded hills o' Canada an' the surf-washed sands o' Florida, but you'd see in big letters on the tops o' flat rocks an' the sides o' mountains, the backs o' fences an' the roofs o' barns, in the winders o' drug-stores an' the flags o' back alleys, nowhere but you'd see: YUNZANO SWAMP ROOT, FOR COUGHS, COLDS, LUMBAGO, RUMMATIZ, GOUT, CHILBLAINS, COLD SORES, COLIC, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, AN' LIVER TROUBLE—all in high yoller letters agin black paint.

"Pints an' quarts in bottles, for sale at all reputable drug-stores, an' those bottles had to come all the way by sea an' fr'm the estate o' Don Hidalgo Rodreego Cazamma, who owned all the swamp-root

region in Yunzano. An' when it'd come on to blow an' the ship'd take to rollin', where there was no way o' tellin' till arter you'd get to port an' counted 'em how many bottles was left that wasn't busted. Sometimes more'n half or three-quarters of 'em 'd be busted.

"An' now we come to that noble benefactor o' the human race who at that time owned the string o' drug-stores painted blue 'n' green 'n' red, with cut-rate prices up 'n' down the side of every one of 'em. 'Twas him owned the Yunnited States rights to Yunzano Swamp Root, an' he used to sell millions 'n' millions o' bottles of Yunzano every year, an' he says: 'Why do we have to have so many o' these bottles o' Yunzano busted in comin'?' An' he says: 'I have it—by Plutie, I have it. I'll build a special ship for carryin' my wondrous tropic medicines!' An' he does. He builds a ship 'special, an' in her he sets a great tank—oh, mebby four hundred foot long an' fifty foot wide an' deep—oh, deep as the ship was deep, and of all the ships ever I sailed in she was the deepest. 'There,' he says to my capt'n, 'spill the Yunzano in there 'stead of in bottles an' we'll make millions—millions, sir!' He meant he'd make millions. An' the *Tropic Zone* was that ship, an' so it was we come, me 'n' the capt'n, to be doin' business this lovely day with the owner o' the great Yunzano estate.

"'What we want, don,' says the capt'n fr'm his chair that was made of inlaid precious woods an' the horns o' th' anzello, a beeyootiful creachure like a nantelope, of which on'y one was killed every hundred years—'what we want, don,' says my capt'n—an' four liveried servants keepin' the flies 'n' other insecks off him with wavin' pam-leaves while he's talkin' —'is to take our swamp root home in bulk.' An' the don, a man o' most majestic figger, smokin' a fourteen-inch cheroot in another chair that was inlaid all in di'monds 'n' gold, he considers the case and finally agrees to sell us enough to fill our tank, which is two million two hundred 'n' sixty thousand gallons o' Yunzano at forty-two cents a gallon. An' we despatch a fleet messenger back to the ship, an' up comes the gold with forty men-at-arms o' the don guardin' it—a million dollars or so it was, an' all in the coin o' the realm—shiny ten an' twenty dollar gold pieces.

"Well, that's settled, so we goes back to the ship, ridin' our sumpter-mules in the dewy morn, an' down the gleamin' silver 'n' gold 'n' copper river comes the Yunzano in the skins o' wild animals on bamboo rafts, an' while they're dumpin' it inter the tank the capt'n 'n' me, by special invitation, have a look at where the don manufactured the Yunzano.

"It was dark like the sassaparilla they served out to church picnics when it oozed first from nature's bosom, an' not till it was mixed with a native liquid called poolkey did it become th' inspirin' article o' commerce which the rocks an' fences an' druggists' winders an' the advertisin' an' sometimes the readin' columns of our American journals shouted to the public. This poolkey grew on trees, in little cups like, which all you had to do was to turn upside down an' into your mouth. It was the grandest proof to me o' the wise provisions of nature. It was a white-colored stuff, an' tasted like an equal mixture o' wood alcohol an' red flame. One part swamp root to one part poolkey made up the Yunzano o' commerce that many folks preferred to tea. The poolkey kep' it fr'm spilin'. Some o' the most inveterate battlers agin the demon rum we ever had, some o' the most cel'brated politicians, platform speakers, an' drug dealers in the land, certified over their own signatures to the component parts o' Yunzano an' indorsed the same highly.

"Well, our tank was fin'lly filled to the hatches with the two million two hundred 'n' sixty thousand gallons o' prime Yunzano, an' when we considered the sellin'-price—pints fifty cents, quarts a dollar—quarts o' the five-to-the-gallon size—up home we felt happy to think what profits was goin' to be in this v'yage, for—but lemme see—did I say his name, the owner o' the *Tropic Zone* an' the fleet o' drug-stores?"

"No," says Wallie. "An' I was wonderin'."

"No? Well, Nathaniel Spiggs was his name. However, to continue our tale. There we was, our cargo all aboard an' waitin' on'y for the mornin' light to leave to sea. It was a windin', tortuss channel outer that harbor, not to be navvergated

at night by no ship of our size, an' the skipper was readin' the Bible in his cabin. He liked to read a few chapters afore turnin' in of a night, an' to my joy he used to invite me to sit 'n' listen to him, an' many a time in after life I'd be minded of my old skipper o' the *Tropic Zone*, an' the mem'ry of his monitions fr'm the Bible was surely a great bullerk to me agin terrible temptations.

"An' while he's sittin' there, balancin' his specks an' readin' to me, 'n' stoppin' to expound now 'n' again where mebby my young intellergence couldn't assimmerlate it, the mate comes down 'n' salutes 'n' says: 'Sir, there's some people on the beach makin' signs o' distress—on horseback.' An' the skipper, arter a few cusses, which was on'y nacheral at bein' disturbed in his pious occupation, he sets the Bible back in his bunk an' goes up on deck. An' me with him.

"An' there they are. An' behold, as we look, we see—my eyes bein' young an' marvellous sharp in them days was the fust—afar up the mountainside—to descry a band o' people ridin' wildly down to the valley an' makin' what must 'a' been all manner o' loud noises, judgin' by the way they waved their arms an' guns, on'y they was too far away to be heard. An' the capt'n gets out his night glasses."

"Excuse me, Mr. Hickey," says Wallie, "but what is a night glass?"

"A glass you look through at night is a night glass, an' if you look through it by day it's a day glass. Don't all the grand sea stories speak o' night glasses?"

"That's why I ast. But, excuse me—please go on," says Wallie.

"An' who should they turn out to be on the beach, wavin' dolorous-like signals o' distress, but the don hidalgo an'—I forget mebby to mention her afore—the don's lovely daughter! An' with them is four sumpter-mules, an' the sumpter-mules, when we goes 'n' gets 'em off in a boat, turns out to be loaded down with gold 'n' jewels. The million dollars in gold we'd brought for the Yunzano water 'n' all the jewels the noble don's fam'ly has been savin' up for hundreds o' years is on the mules.

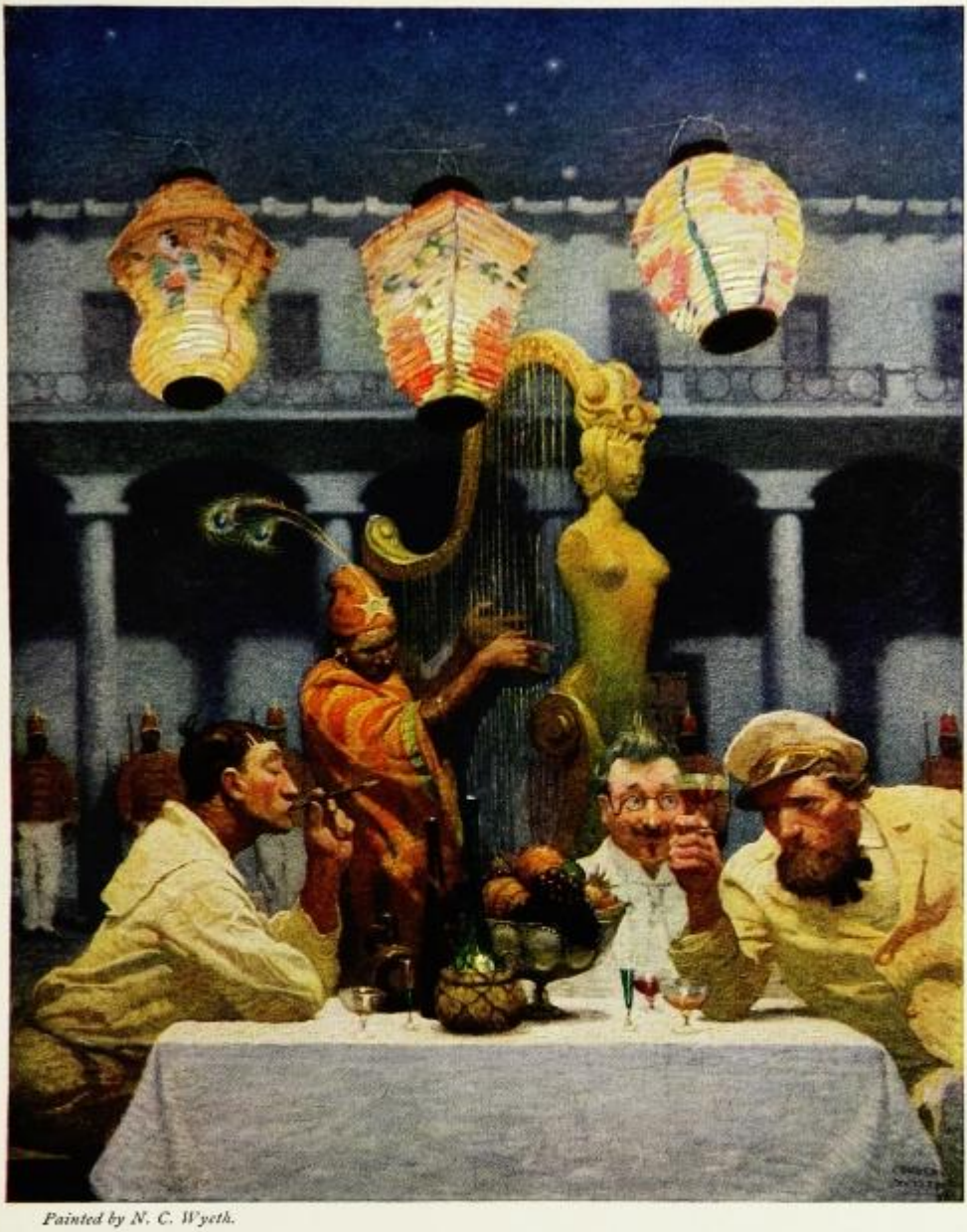
"When we get 'em all aboard—mules 'n' all—the don explains how there's been a revverlootion in th' interior, an' how the General Feeleepo Balbeezo, the leader o' the revverlootionists, 'd planned to capture the hashyender o' the don, includin' his beeyoocheous daughter 'n' the gold 'n' jewels. An', on'y for a cook in the employ o' the wicked general give it away, he would. The don had cured this cook's grandmother of a vi'lent attack o' tropic fever years afore this by frequent an' liberal applications o' Yunzano, an' this grandson, though he was a wild an' reckless an' dark-complected youth, who preferred to associate with evil companions, nevertheless was grateful for the don's curin' his grandmother 'n' never forgot it. An' when he overhears in the kitchen, where he's fryin' a few yoller podreedos for the general's breakfast, the general hisself tellin' of his dastardly plan to his vellay, he ups on the fav'rite war-charger o' the general's, a noble steed eighteen hands high, an' don't stop ridin', without stirrup or bridle or saddle, till he comes gallopin' in a lather o' sweat—a hundred 'n' ten miles in one night over the mountain trails—to the don an' tells him all. O' course, when the wicked general discovers the cook's noble devotion to the don's fam'ly, he has him hung on the spot, but that's to be expected, an', the hero an' herrin' bein' saved, it don't matter.

"'Cheer up, my brave don!' says our skipper, when the don tells him the story, an' refreshes him with a drink o' vold bourbon fr'm his private stock that he kep' under lock 'n' key in his cabin. An' he has one hisself. An' then he considers, an', while he's considerin', the General Balbeezo 'n' his army, who it was I'd seen ridin' down the high mountainside, they're arrived at the beach. An' they hollers acrost the harbor to us that if we didn't give up the don hidalgo an' the seenyohreeter, his daughter, an' the gold 'n' jewels, why, he, General Balbeezo, regardless of possible international complercations, will bring his artillery to the beach 'n' blow us all outer water.

"The don 'n' his daughter is tremblin' with fear, but 'Fear not, fear not!' says our skipper, an' sends for the owner's son."

"The owner's son—aboard all the time!" says Wallie.

"Sure. I'd 'a' told y'about him afore," says Bill, "but it wasn't time yet. He'd made the passage with us so's he could study the volkanous mountains o' Yun-



Painted by N. C. Wyeth.

"However, after six days o' restin' up, with salubrious fruits an' wines an' the most melojus concerts, my capt'n broaches the cause of why we're callin' on the Don Hidalgo Rodreego Caramma."—Page 654.

zano, the like o' which mountains wasn't in all the world anywhere else. He was a wonderful stoodent, so abstracted in his studies that he hadn't heard a word of what we was sayin' in the cabin this night till the capt'n sent me to call him outer his room. He was sure a noble specimen o' fair young manhood to gaze upon—'twas on'y the other day I was readin' up to the Yastor Library of a hero in one o' the best-sellers just like him: seven foot tall 'n' three foot acrost the shoulders, an' nothin' but pale pink curls to below his shoulders, an' he no sooner steps inter the cabin now, his wonderful keen, blue-gray eyes still with the absent-minded look o' the stoodent o' science, than I could see the don's daughter, the seenyohreeter, was goin' to fall wild in love with him.

"The capt'n explains the situation to young Hennery. An' Hennery thinks awhile, an' by'n'by he speaks. 'Har, I have it!' he says. 'The volkaners!' an' orders h'isted up from the hold his balloon."

"A balloon, Hiker—whooh!" says Wallie, an' sits closer to Bill.

"A balloon, yes. Y' see, besides bein' brought up by his father to be a great chemist an' stoodent o' mountains, he was likewise professor of airology in one of our leadin' colleges. An' he fills up his balloon—the whole crew standin' by to help him pump the hot air inter it—an' then away he goes. 'In an hour, I promise you, you shall hear from me!' he says, an' we watch him soarin' 'n' soarin' 'n' soarin' till his balloon ain't no bigger than a sparrer an' higher than the large an' silvery moon.

"An' all this time the wicked General Balbeezo an' his bandit army is bringin' their guns down the mountainside 'n' preparin' to blow our ship outer the water. An' by'n'by they're all ready to begin, when 'Car-ra-bees-toe!' exclaims the don —'what is that sound I hear?' I forgot to say that the last thing young Hennery did afore leavin' the ship was to put in the balloon a handful o' bombs of a powerful explosive he'd invented hisself. An' the sound the don hears is the 'ruption produced when young Hennery drops the first of them bombs into the craters o' the nearest volkaner. An', while we look, the air gets dark an' the moon hides, an' fr'm outer the top of one volkaner after another comes the most monstrous explosions, an' down the mountainside comes a nocean o' fiery, flamin' lavver, with billers 'n' billers o' black smoke floatin' up off it. An' soon we hears groans o' terror an' 'Save us! Oh, save us!' from the wicked general an' his army on the beach, an' inter the harbor they plunges with their war-horses 'n' the cannon 'n' their armer still on 'em.

"An' onter the deck of our ship begins to fall just then a great shower o' yashes. An' we're in danger o' burnin' up 'n' suffercatin' an' wonderin' what to do next, when outer the black heavens comes Hennery 'n' his balloon. An' we grabs his lines that's trailin' below him when he sails over our ship an' makes 'em fast to belayin'-pins, an' he climbs down to the deck 'n' takes charge. He's on'y eighteen year old, but wonderful beyond his years. He see what to do right away, an' runs down an' peels the yasbestos off the boilers 'n' steam-pipes in her injin-room."

"What!" says Wallie. "Was she a steamer?"

"Sail 'n' steam both. Sail for the hot days to make a draft 'n' keep us cool 'n' comfortable, an' steam when there was air 'n' it was cold 'n' rainy. An' young Hennery makes fireproof coats 'n' boots an' hats outer the yasbestos linin' for the capt'n an' me an' the mate an' hisself, 'cause we're goin' to guard the deck agin the wicked general 'n' his army. All the others we puts below, so no danger'll come to them. An' when the bandits comes swimmin' alongside an' up over the rail from the backs o' their war-horses, we captures 'em an' take their weapons from 'em, an' then the capt'n says: 'Now we got 'em, what'll we do with 'em?'

"'O' course,' says Hennery, 'it would be perfeckly proper for the crool men o' the south to kill their prisoners, but as men of the north we must show a loftier example.' So spoke up our hero nobly.

"An', while we're ponderin' what to do, 'Har,' says Hennery agin, 'I have it! We will put them in the medicine-tank.'

"'But,' says our capt'n, 'they'll spile it —your father's two million two hundred 'n' odd thousand gallons o' Yunzano that we paid forty-two cents a gallon for.'

"'An'' says young Hennery Spinks to that——"

"Spiggs," says Wallie.

"Spiggs, I mean. 'Is this the time or the place,' says heroic young Hennery Spiggs then, 'to be considerin' of mere money—with the lives o' human bein's at stake? What though they be viler than dogs, they are still our fellow creatures. Cost what it may an' ruthless though the varlets be, save their lives I shall!' An' y'oughter seen him then, the fair scion of a noble sire, his pink hair flyin' in the southern wind, his pale eyes an' form in general expanded to twice their reg'lar dimensions by his righteous indignation, an' the beeyoocheous an' volupchous daughter o' the noble, wealthy don stickin' her head outer a hatchway to cast a nadorin' gaze upon him.

"An' into the tank o' Yunzano we flopped 'em, one by one as they come over the rail o' the *Tropic Zone*. I wouldn't want to state at this late date how many of 'em we saved from the burnin' lavver by throwin' 'em inter the tanks, but meby three or four or five hundred souls all told. An', to keep the burnin' yashes off 'em, we makes a few yasbestos tarpaulins an' claps 'em down over the hatches o' the tank.

"All night long we patrolled the decks shovellin' the yashes off where they fell. An' when mornin' comes an' the 'ruptions is over we take the tarpaulins off the tank, an' there was every blessed one of 'em, fr'm the General Feeleepo Balbeezo down to the lowest private, 'spite of all we'd done for 'em, floatin' around drowned. Overcome with grief 'n' surprise we was o' course, but when we come to think it over—their endin' up that way, wi' the noble don 'n' his beeyoocheous daughter saved an' the revverlootion busted up—it sure did look like the hand o' Providence was hoverin' over us.

"And then," says old Bill, borrowin' another chew from me, "arter we'd cleared out the tank of the dead revverlootionists an' the old Yunzano, the don filled her up again free of charge. An' o' course Hennery married the don's daughter, an' for seven days an' seven nights there was no place yuh could cast yer eyes but you'd see pillers o' smoke by day an' columns o' flame by night, an' wherever you see one o' them it meant a barbecuin' of a carload o' goats 'n' oxen 'n' pigs. 'Twas nothin' but feastin' an' the givin' o' presents, an' then the bridal party embarked on the *Tropic Zone*, an' gentle tropic breezes wafted us no'therly an' westerly an' sometimes yeasterly past the shores o' Panama an' Peru an' Brazil an' Mexico an' Yucatan an' the Farrago Islands, an' the don's own band used to sit on their camp-stools under the shadder o' the great bellyin' mains'l an' plunk their guitars an' mandolins 'n' picolettes, not forgettin' the band leader who played the most amazin' solos on the hoolooblooloo. An' strange ships used to sail a hundred miles out o' their course to find out who was it was sendin' them dulcet strains acrost the cam waters. An' the bridal couple 'd be holdin' hands an' gazin' over the spanker-boom at the full moon. 'Twas gorgeous an' elevatin', an' a fasset an' pipe led direct from the tank to the cutest little kegs with brass hoops placed at frequent intervals around deck, so that whoever o' the crew wanted to could help theirselves any hour o' the day or night to a free drink o' Yunzano.

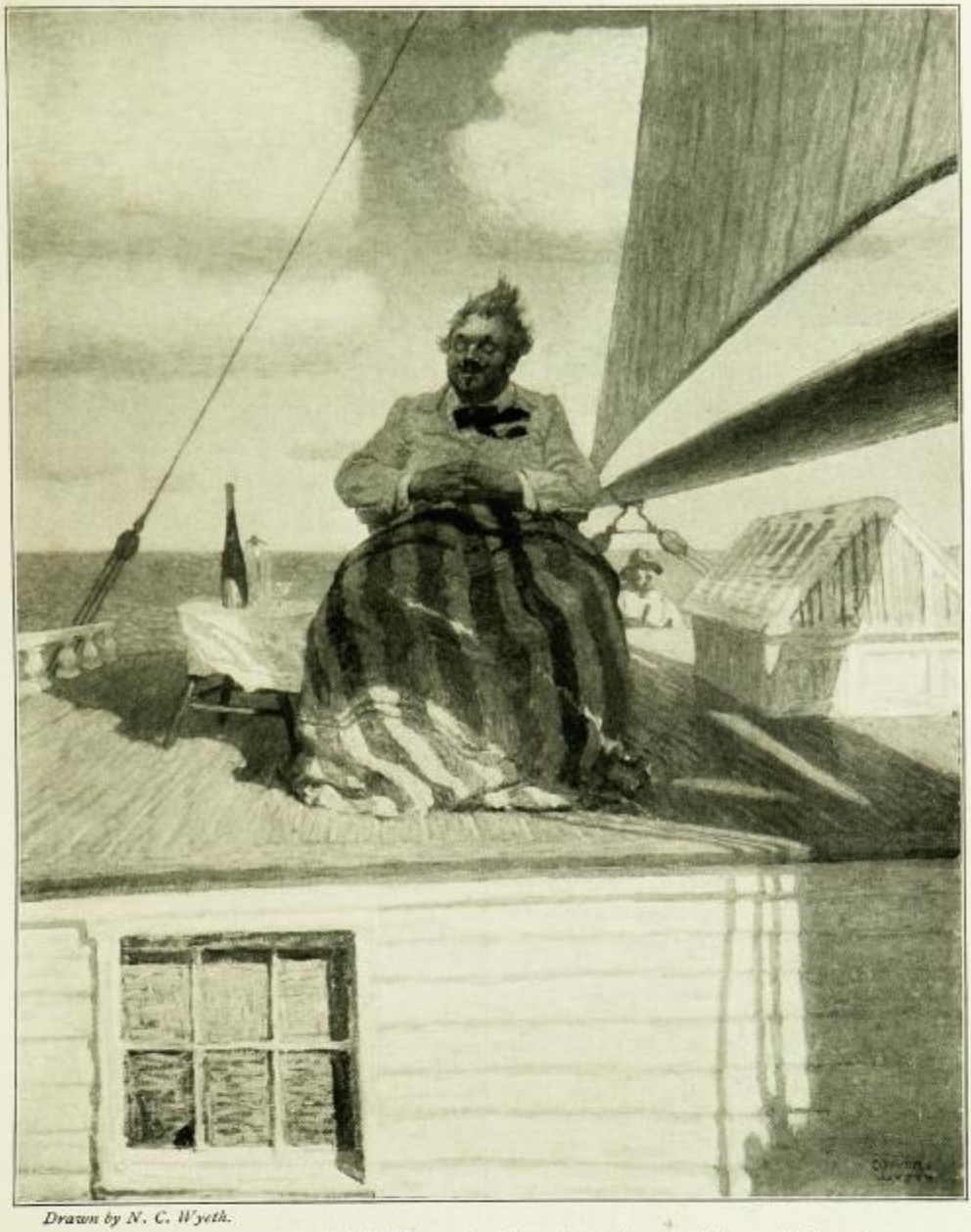
"An' thole don sits up on the poop-deck, with his hands folded acrost his stomach, an' says: 'Quiscanto vascamo mirajjar,' which is Yunzano for 'I am satisfied, I can now die happy.' But he didn't die—he lived to be ninety year old, an' before we arrives at New York he makes me a gift o' this pipe. O' course he made me other gifts, the don did, but this I value most of all, bein' made from wood of a rare tree from the heart o' the swamps o' Yunzano. An' I'll never forget him. An' so there's the story o' my youth an' Yunzano.

> 'The days of our youth
> Are the days of our glory—
> The days of old age
> Is the time for the story—'

So I read in a book o' poetry one time."

"But young Henry and his bride," said Wallie—"what happened them later?"

"Them?" says old Bill. "Well, it was on'y the other day I met a nold friend o' mine who used to report prize-fights an' jail matters, but is now writin' about society matters for one of our great metropolitan journals, an' he shows me in the Sunday supplement a full-page picksher, in brown ink, of a solid granite buildin' that looked like a jail but wasn't. It was the Hennery Spiggs Home for Inebriates, an' built strong like that so no one could



Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

"'Quiscanto vascamo mirajjar,' which is Yunzano for 'I am satisfied, I can now die happy.'"—Page 660.

escape from it 'n' the good that was to be done 'em. An' there was another two-page picksher, in brown ink, of Hennery Spiggs, our same young hero of other days, but now a noldish gentleman with whiskers under his ears an' children an' grandchildren gamblin' on the green lawn of his million-dollar Newport cottage. A great philanthropist he is now, an' a leader of society, with wealth beyond the dreams of a movin'-picksher manufacturer—all made outer Yunzano. Before he dies he's hopin' to see erected a fittin' monument for that world-famous chemist, that great benefactor to the cause o' humanity an' medicine, the Honorable Nathaniel Spiggs, his father. Already his best-paid foremen an' employees was bein' invited to contribute. Sometimes I think o' goin' to see him."

"You should go, of course," says Wallie. "He will be glad to see you."

"Mebby so, mebby so, lad, but why should I thrust my wuthless carcass onter him? Besides, the round-trip fare to Newport is four dollars an' more." An' Bill gazes mournful-like across East River to Brooklyn, an' Wallie's too polite to bust in on him, but I c'n see in his eyes where he's goin' to get four dollars some way for old Bill some day to pay a visit to Newport.

An' then it comes time for Wallie to hike off to school, an' he kisses his father good-by, an' says "So long, Hiker!" to me, an' thanks old Bill for his story.

"It always gives me pleasure to instruct an' edify growin' youth," says old Bill, lookin' after Wallie goin' up South Street, an' whilst he's lookin' a policeman an' a common ordinary citizen heaves into sight. An' the man looks to be excited, with a coat over one arm.

"You take some o' these young fuhlers," says Bill, "that's been drivin' a dray all his life an' invest him with a yunniform an' authority an' a club in his hand, an' two or three times more pay than ever he got before—you do that, an' I tell you there's nobody safe from 'em." An' old Bill slips the pipe back into the coat-tail pocket of the coat an' leaves it on the steps, an' scoots lightly to behind three high barrels o' flour in the back o' the store.

Mr. Whelan has a peek over his paper at Bill passin'; but he don't say anything on'y to step to the door when the policeman an' the man come along.

"Look!" the man hollers, an' dives for the coat Bill 'd left behind him. "An' lookat—the pipe!" He'd hauled it out of the coat-tail pocket. "My pipe!"

An' then the policeman says: "This gentleman this morning, Mr. Whelan, dropped into Spiegel's after a little bat for a little nip and a——"

"If you please," interrupts the man, "I will tell it. A short while ago"—he faces Mr. Whelan—"I was yunnanimously elected outer sentinel o' my lodge o' Fantail Pigeons. And last night a few friends, wishin' to commemorate the honor, presented me with this pipe—a fine pipe, as you can see—of ebony. And my initials, see—H R C—Henry R. Cotton—on the gold band. And a picture of a fantail—see—engraved on the bowl. You don't happen to be"—the man steps up to Mr. Whelan an' grabs an' squeezes his hand, all the while lookin' him hard in the eye—"a Fantail?" When Mr. Whelan don't say anything, the man gives him another grip, 'most jumpin' off his feet this time to make sure it was a good one.

"No," says Mr. Whelan, wrigglin' his fingers apart after the man let go of 'em—"I'm no Fantail."

"Oh, well, it's all right—there are some good men who are not. However, I leave the chaps this morning and step into a place down the street for a cup of coffee before I go to the office, and possibly I laid my head down on the table for a minute's nap. However, when I get up to take my coat off the hook where I'd left it, the coat is gone. And in place of it is this disreputable garment—see?" an' he throws down the old coat an' wipes his feet on it.

"Spiegel's bartender, Herman," puts in the policeman, "says there was an old bum came in an' hung his coat next to this gentleman's, an' when he went the coat went; and he must 'a' went pretty quiet, Herman says, for he didn't notice him goin'. An' his description fits an old loafer who hits the free-lunch trail pretty reg'lar 'round here, an' I think I seen him loafin' around here once or twice."

"He meant to steal that coat an' pipe," says the man.

"If he meant to steal it," says Mr.

Whelan, "why d' y' s'pose he left it here?"

"Why, I dunno," says the man.

"O' course he didn't," says Mr. Whelan. "An', look here"—he sticks the mornin' paper under the man's nose an' says: "What do you think o' Marquard holdin' the Phillies down to two hits yesterday?"

"No!" says the man; "two hits? Well, say, he's *some* boy, hah?"

"Is he? Listen to me," says the policeman, shovin' his club between them. "Listen. All I gotter say is, with Mattie an' Jeff an' the Rube goin' right, where'll them Red Sox fit with the Giants in the world's series next month? God help 'em—that's all I gotter say."

"The Giants look like a good bet to me, too," says the man, an' soon up the street toward Spiegel's the pair of 'em go, fannin' about the Giants with Mr. Whelan.

An' when Mr. Whelan is soon back alone, Bill comes out from behind his flour-barrels an' with his plug o' Comanche Chief in his hand. "I don't s'pose yuh could swap this for chewin' o' the same brand, could yuh, Mr. Whelan?" he says.

"Why—you given up smokin'?" says Mr. Whelan.

"How'm I goin' to smoke without a pipe?" says Bill.

"That's so," says Mr. Whelan, an' goes behind the counter an' pulls down a couple o' boxes of brier pipes.

"With a middlin' good hook to the stem, if you don't mind," says Bill.

Mr. Whelan passes over the best make of French brier. Bill held it up. "She looks all right." He put it between his teeth. "An' she feels all right." He sticks it into his shirt. "An' I guess she'll smoke all right." He steps to the door an' picks up the old coat. "What good it done him to wipe his feet on my coat, I dunno," he says. Then he turns back.

"About Wallie, Mr. Whelan?"

"Why, Bill," says Mr. Whelan, "when he gets back from school of course he'll get down the chart to look up all those countries you passed on the way back from Yunzano, and o' course we'll have to make a correction or two in your jography."

"O' course," says Bill. "I useder have a good mem'ry once, but"—he taps his head—"gettin' old, gettin' old, Mr. Whelan. That coat now—it sure did look like the cut o' the coat I used to wear on the *Tropic Zone*. And the pipe!" an' old Bill gazes mournful-like across East River to Brooklyn, an' turns again an' says: "A good boy, your boy, Mr. Whelan—no evil suspicions o' people in his heart. An', as my old capt'n o' the *Tropic Zone* useder quote fr'm the Bible to me: 'It's they shall inherit all there is that's wuth inheritin'.'"

An' then Bill heaved another sigh, and put on his old coat, an' went shufflin' up South Street, on the side away from Spiegel's.

THE MOTHER

By Phoebe Hunter Gilkyson

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY ELENORE PLAISTED ABBOTT

OUT of my body was fashioned the whole of you,
Flesh of me, blood of me, bone of my bone,
Yet, with no part in the miracle soul of you,
How can I dare to call you my own?

Out of the sea and the stars and the flowers,
Out of the magic of life-giving spring,
Out of the peace of the dim twilight hours,
Blossomed your spirit, the God-given thing.

Pale is my gift in the light of that other.
Mine was the infinitesimal part;
God must forgive the vain pride of a mother
Calling you hers, as you lie at her heart.

Drawn by Howard Giles.

"Nor did she ask my business, nor who I was, nor where I had come from."—Page 667.

JEANNE, THE MAID

By Gordon Arthur Smith

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD GILES

NOTHING else that Richard Barclay ever did during his active, startling life surprised me so much as his joining the Roman Catholic Church. It is true that I would never have accused him of being a pagan or an atheist—he is too modern for the one and too imaginative for the other—but I had always marked him down as one of those non-practising Episcopalians who accept the religion of their fathers as unthinkingly as they accept their baptismal names. "Who gave you this name?" "My sponsors in baptism." "And who gave you this religion?" "Why, I suppose they did, too."

But it has always been impossible to put Richard Barclay into a pigeonhole and say: "There, that is where he belongs—that is his species, that is his variety." He is a man whom you cannot catalogue, or, rather, whom you can catalogue only under a score of different headings. For example, it is difficult definitely to state even his profession: he is a war correspondent—yes, and he is a philologist; he is an explorer, undeniably; and he is a historian, having written a life of Charles VI, in I forget how many volumes; he is a soldier of fortune when he is unfortunate enough to have nothing better to occupy him; and he is a botanist no matter how pressing his other occupations may be. A man of many and varied talents, you perceive, who might to-day have been a very famous man had he chosen to exercise any one of them continuously and exclusively.

Although he is perhaps thirty-eight years old, he appears younger; and he is handsome in a dark, tanned, healthy way. Women look at him twice, and having looked, grow irritable with their husbands. And yet he has something of the ascetic about him—not that he is sallow or starved or soulful-eyed—but he conveys very forcibly an impression of supreme cleanliness and health, both mental and physical.

I am probably the best friend that he has in New York, and during his brief visits to that city he makes a point of looking me up, either at my club or at my bachelor apartment. We dine together and he tells me of his latest exploits in whichever one of his professions he has been practising. I, for my part, having nothing in my life but humdrum routine, make, I imagine, an appreciative listener. Now that I think of it, ever since our days at boarding-school, I have been Barclay's audience: he has never been mine.

Barclay had been in France when the war broke out: that much I knew; but where in France or why in France I knew not. One evening in the middle of last March he returned to New York and enlightened me.

My Jap served us dinner in my rooms, for Barclay insisted that he preferred to be alone with me that first evening. He said that his soul had been spaded up and turned under, just as you do with soil to make it more fertile, and that out of the hitherto barren ground had sprung up a most wonderful bloom—mystical, golden, awing. And then, with no further warning, he told me that he had become a Roman Catholic.

I stammered out my astonishment, while he sat unmoved, his chair pushed back from the table, sipping his coffee. Unmoved? Yes, except for a slight glow in his thin brown cheeks and a new, unfathomable light in his eyes.

"You are surprised?" he inquired.

"Yes—why, yes—naturally. It's rather sudden, isn't it?"

"Quite sudden," he answered. "Most revelations of faith are. There was Peter, and Andrew, you remember, and Paul, and—yes, and Mary Magdalene."

"That is true," I agreed, "but they lived in the days when Christ walked

the earth. They saw miracles being wrought."

He nodded slowly, his eyes fixed on the table, his fingers playing with the coffee-spoon. Then he threw back his head abruptly and said: "I, too, have seen miracles being wrought."

He was so absolutely serious, so much in earnest, when he made this remarkable statement that I was at a loss how to reply. I did not want to hurt his feelings, but I might have reminded him that the church puts no faith in latter-day miracles, and that many advanced theologians refuse to accept even the New Testament miracles literally.

I think that he perceived my trouble, for he said: "Oh, no—I'm not mad. And I'm thoroughly sincere. I know, I know—here in hard, matter-of-fact New York it sounds preposterous, but wait until I've told you about it and then judge for yourself."

I felt that vague uneasiness you experience when some one starts to tell a ghost story, and mingled with that was a certain reluctance to sit by and witness a man lay bare the innermost sanctuary of his soul. However, it was clear that Barclay would not be content until he should have told me the story; so I lighted a cigar to keep my nerves in hand, and told him to begin.

"Last spring," said he, "I spent walking in the Vosges Mountains, just across the border from Alsace-Lorraine. I did a little botanizing and a little stone-tapping, but mostly I breathed in health and happiness with the air. I strayed about aimlessly enough—that was one of the refreshing things about it, that I had no definite aim. A definite aim, no matter how satisfactory it may be when attained, always involves a certain amount of labored plodding, and life is too short to plod in—or, perhaps better, to those that plod life seems often too long."

I acquiesced rather bitterly. I am afraid that I am a plodder.

"Well, at any rate," he continued, "toward the end of June I found myself not far from a village—a village so small that you can find it on few maps, and yet a village whose name once rang round the world. Perhaps the name, even now, will mean something to you—Domremy. What does it bring to your mind, that name—Domremy? Do you see a girl kneeling in a garden beside the churchyard? Do you hear a rushing of white wings as St. Michael stands before her? Do you see her, clad in armor, a straight, slender figure astride a huge white horse? Do you hear the trampling of hoofs and the shouts of men as she leads an army into battle, ever triumphant under the lilies of France? Do you see her raise a siege at Orléans and crown a king at Reims? And, finally, do you see her kissing the cross as the flames reach up to her, where she stands a martyr at the stake?"

His eyes glowed feverishly, fanatically, and he rose from his chair and commenced to pace the room.

"Jeanne d'Arc," I murmured.

"Yes," he repeated, "Jeanne d'Arc—Jeanne, the Maid."

It was a full minute before he could control himself sufficiently to continue.

"I went to Domremy," he said at length, "and I saw the house in which she was born and the garden in which she heard the Voices. Even then I was interested in her only as you, yourself, are interested in her. I considered her the heroine of a charming legend—a legend based perhaps on a slim foundation of fact. Since then I have learned better. In my eyes she stands to-day second only to our Lord as a witness of God manifest on earth. She is an irrefutable argument for Christianity, and since none believed more devoutly than she in the Pope of Rome and the Pope *in* Rome—there were two popes then, you remember—it follows that if you believe her Christianity you believe also her Catholicism."

"She was martyred by her own church," I pointed out.

"And Christ was denied and betrayed by his own disciples," added Barclay. "Besides, her own church rehabilitated her and made her a saint. All the great prophets have been stoned during their lifetimes—it is only when they are dead that they receive their just rewards. It was that way always and it shall be that way always. It was that way—it was that way last August, when another name was added to the noble army of martyrs."

"Tell me about him," I urged.

"It wasn't a man," said Barclay—"it

was a girl—a young girl. I scarcely know how to begin, and it is hard to find words with which to tell about it. It is very sacred to me, you see. I feel that I need the words of a Matthew or a Mark, and I haven't them. I am, at best, only a war correspondent. . . .

"She was called Jeanne—there is a coincidence there—Jeanne Leblanc. I saw her first the night I arrived in Domremy—a wet, windy night in late June. I saw her last—well, never mind that yet.

"I told you that I had been walking, didn't I? I had done about fifty kilometres that day since breakfast—the last dozen of them through a gusty rain, shot with white lightning and laden with complaints of thunder. My road followed the course of the Meuse, usually a lazy, pleasant stream, but now flecked with foam and murmuring uneasily at its margins. Road and river wound through vineyards and pasture-land, sweet with the fragrance of moist soil and wet leaves —a cool fragrance that you never get when the sun is high.

"I suppose that it was about seven o'clock—it was deep twilight—when I saw ahead of me a handful of houses, clustered snugly about a church spire that pointed like a long, slim finger to heaven. Smoke, white against the sky, was rising from the chimneys, and yellow squares of light marked the windows. Domremy was peaceful even in the stormy night.

"A man in a blue blouse, driving a covered two-wheeled cart, replied to my inquiry regarding lodging by directing me to the house of Armand Leblanc.

" 'Across the bridge, the last house on the left. It is not far, m'sieu', and he makes every one welcome—he and his poor girl.'

" 'His poor girl?' I repeated, wondering at the adjective.

" 'Yes,' he answered, nodding; 'm'sieu' will discover for himself, but m'sieu' need not be alarmed—she is a little mad, but quite gentle and would not harm a sparrow. She is well loved here, m'sieu', and I should not be surprised if she were nearer to *le bon Dieu* than most of us who can see only the ground we walk on. Yes, m'sieu', across the bridge, the last house on the left. Not at all, m'sieu'. *Pas de quoi.* Good night, m'sieu'.'

"I found the house with no difficulty, and Jeanne Leblanc, herself, opened the door at my knock. I wish I could describe her so that you could see her, or at least give you some hint of her. At the time I first saw her I think perhaps I could have done so, but now, for me she has come to be the symbol of so much that she transcends any power of word-painting I possess. A young Madonna? No, not quite: her feet seemed fixed too firmly upon the earth. Perhaps more of a Jeanne d'Arc—the Jeanne of Domremy, however, not the more confident Jeanne of Orléans and Reims; the Jeanne still seeing visions, not the Jeanne fulfilling them. That was to come later—the fulfilment.

"Her features are more easily described—the narrow, oval face with the closely coiffed golden hair drawn back smoothly from the high white brow; the ascetic mouth, thin and straight-lipped; the wide, far-seeing eyes, clear as a child's, wondering much and yet filled with all knowledge. That much of her I can describe, I say—the mere garment of her soul—and that much of her, were I a Raphael, I could put on canvas. That much and no more. . . .

"She opened the door—I heard her wooden sabots come clicking across the floor—and, a lamp in her hand, she immediately stood aside to let me in. Nor did she ask my business, nor who I was, nor where I had come from. It was apparent that, as my friend of the covered cart had told me, every one was welcome at the house of Armand Leblanc.

"'You are very wet,' she said, 'and doubtless very cold. If you will leave your cloak here in the hall and come into the kitchen you will find supper ready—and in the kitchen it is warm.'

"I bowed and said that she was very kind; but she seemed surprised that I should consider it kindness. She led me through a door at the back of the hall into the kitchen where, at the end of a pine table, sat a grizzled, bearded man in a peasant's smock, whom I rightly judged to be Leblanc. At my entrance he rose, bowed, and said: '*Soyez le bienvenu, m'sieu*'.' Then he returned to his interrupted meal.

"Jeanne indicated a chair for me at the

table, and, having served me in spite of my protestations, herself took a seat opposite her father. We ate in silence, although I made several half-hearted attempts to discuss the weather. At length, however, when Jeanne had cleared away the dishes and Leblanc had lit his pipe, they seemed disposed to enter into conversation. But never did they question me as to my name or my business—it was as if I had lived with them always, as if I were one of the family returned after a brief absence.

"'This rain should help the crops,' observed Père Leblanc, through the smoke of his pipe.

"'And the garden,' added Jeanne. 'How the roses will welcome it! To-day they were so tired.'

"I thought that her father regarded her a little suspiciously at this—suspiciously but not unkindly.

"'Have you been long in the garden to-day?' he inquired.

"'Until it rained,' she answered.

"'You are fond of flowers, mademoiselle?' I put in, trying to be pleasant. 'So am I. I shall look forward to seeing your garden to-morrow morning, if the rain is over by then.'

"She shook her head.

"'The storm will be worse to-morrow,' she said simply. 'It will last for many days. God is very angry with the world.'

"'Hush, Jeanne,' murmured Père Leblanc. 'You must not talk that way before m'sieu'.'

"She did not seem to understand; she looked up at him appealingly, like a child who has been reprimanded for no just reason.

"'I am sorry,' said she. 'Must I then keep silent about that which is revealed to me? Surely it is not something to be ashamed of—something to conceal.'

"Leblanc sighed, glanced at me meaningly, and shook his head.

"'Pardon, m'sieu',' said he; 'my little Jeannot has fancies: she imagines things—or else, indeed, she sees more than our eyes can ever see.' And he tapped his forehead with the characteristic French gesture.

"I was embarrassed to reply; but I finally stammered out something to the effect that the vision of the young is often clearer and truer than that of us older, wiser men. Leblanc nodded, sadly but acquiescently, and I turned to Jeanne.

"'Do you believe,' I asked, 'that God sends a storm to show that he is angry with the world?'

"'I don't know,' she answered. 'But *this* storm he sent to show that he is angry. And this storm is but the beginning. Before the year is over it will rain blood.'

"Leblanc shivered and crossed himself. She had made the statement quietly, but with absolute conviction, as if she had said: 'To-morrow we shall have *croûte-au-pot* for supper.'

"Whether it was from a certain morbid curiosity or whether even then I sensed that she was in touch with—well, never mind—at any rate, I could not refrain from questioning her.

"'Why do you say that?' I ventured.

"She opened her eyes very wide in surprise, and then she smiled on me, as if forgiving my absurd question, and said: 'Because it's the truth, m'sieu'. My Voices told me.'

"It was then that I recollected we were in Domremy; and I remembered Jeanne d'Arc and the Voices that spoke to her as she knelt in the garden. And just as you are doing now, no doubt, I reasoned that this other Jeanne had been brought up on the legend, had brooded over it, and had clasped it to her heart until she imagined that to her, also, there came angels from heaven to comfort her and to guide her. Yes, I admit that that seemed the natural solution. But wait!

"The next morning I awoke to the sound of rain beating on my casement window. The storm had increased overnight, and, although there was neither lightning nor thunder, the wind had risen to an alarming velocity, and as I looked out I could see the trees bending low before it, their branches whipping and thrashing like ribbons of a split sail in a hurricane. That Jeanne had prophesied truly concerning the storm occupied my mind but little, for a sailor or a fisherman or a New England farmer could have done as much: what I had to consider was that it would be madness for me to attempt to leave four walls and a roof on such a day. So I determined to seek out Père Leblanc and arrange to stay with him as a paying

Drawn by Howard Giles.

"'It is almost over,' she said in a whisper."—Page 671.

guest until the weather should render my departure possible. And that, briefly, is how it came about that I stayed in Domremy and learned to know Jeanne Leblanc—Jeanne, the Maid."

Here Barclay paused and asked for a fresh cup of coffee. I could see that the recital had stirred him greatly, and his hand shook as he bore the cup to his lips. He smiled a little ruefully when he saw that I had noticed his agitation.

"You thought I was a man without nerves?" he inquired. "I don't know—I don't know. Lately I have changed. One can't look at the sun and not go blind; and I have looked at a light that is far brighter than that of a thousand suns. . . .

"I remained at Domremy through July. The storm lasted all that week and half of the next, as if, truly, God were angry with the world. For the most part we stayed indoors around the kitchen fire, but Père Leblanc had chores to do about his farm and every day Jeanne would go out in the rain to see how the sheep were faring. Oh, yes—she tended sheep, like Jeanne d'Arc and like them to whom the angel of the Lord came to tell of the birth in Bethlehem.

"One evening, shortly before dinner, Jeanne came into the kitchen, where I sat alone working at an article that I was writing for an American geographical publication. Looking up, I perceived immediately that something very grave had occurred—something grave and yet, judging by the exaltation in her eyes, something very wonderful. Although she and I had become close friends by now, I hesitated to question her, for I felt—how can I describe it?—I felt that she had suddenly left me far behind and below her: she had stepped beyond the earthy boundaries that hemmed me in. Imagine wo people imprisoned in the same cell, one of whom is able occasionally, through the barred windows, to obtain a glimpse of the blue sky with the sun riding across it, and the other of whom is so chained to the floor that he can never see the light except reflected in the eyes of his comrade. Do you understand what I mean? I saw the light reflected in the eyes of Jeanne Leblanc, and the sight of it awed me and held me silent.

"She crossed over beside me, sat down noiselessly, and passed a hand across her forehead. Without having looked at me she knew I was there, and, before long, she spoke.

"'I have heard the Voices again,' she said. 'They came to me again in the garden—just now—St. Michael and St. Catherine—the one to warn and the other to comfort me.'

"She paused, breathing rapidly, and her hand strayed down to her breast, where she held it pressed against her heart.

"'It is almost over,' she said in a whisper. 'There is but a short month left me—and yet it will be very glorious to die. Yes, I must remember that—it is very glorious to die in order that one may live forever.'

"'Jeanne—my little Jeannot,' I faltered—'you must not think such things. You are not going to die!'

"I was really frightened, you see—I was frightened because I believed that she was speaking the truth. And she, knowing that she was speaking the truth, was frightened, too, I think, for a little while; but it was the last time that I or any one else ever saw fear in her eyes.

"'I have thirty-four days to live,' she said. 'Within thirty-four days I shall encounter blood, iron, and fire—and at the end I shall wear a martyr's crown. Sweet Lord, grant that I may wear it bravely and without flinching!'

"Then she fell silent; and I went over to her and knelt by her chair and took her hand.

"'Jeanne,' I said, 'do you mean that there will be war?'—for, you see, even then, toward the end of July, there were but few that suspected what the first day of August would bring.

"She nodded without speaking, but I felt her fingers cold and trembling in mine. Suddenly she slipped to her knees, clasped her hands together, and closed her eyes. I knew that she was praying.

"When she had finished she kissed her crucifix and murmured: '*Ta volonté soit faite.*' Then she got to her feet and turned to face me, her head thrown back, her lips steady, her eyes serene.

"'Now,' said she, 'I have been given strength. God is good to his servant.'"

At this point Barclay paused and regarded me searchingly, as if striving to read my mental attitude in my face. To tell the truth, his story had carried me along with it, and I believed every word that he had said as implicitly as he, himself. Besides, Barclay is not prone to exaggeration—rather the contrary, in fact.

"Do you think you are listening to a lunatic?" he said sharply. "If you do, just say so and I'll quit talking immediately. Understand, I'm not trying to make a convert out of you; but if you don't believe that I am telling the truth I'd rather not go on."

"Don't be ridiculous," I answered—"I *do* believe that you're telling the truth. So please go on."

"You're not bored and cynical?"

"No," I said; "go on."

Apparently satisfied as to my willingness to listen in the proper frame of mind, he consented to proceed. I doubt very much if he would have told the tale to an incredulous scoffer.

"I don't intend," he said, "to give you in detail the rest of my conversation with Jeanne Leblanc. All that she prophesied to me that afternoon is now history; but, unfortunately, I am the only witness that can testify to the fact that all that came to pass she had foretold. For example, however, she said that her Voices had warned her of the first of August, the day on which the rain of blood was to begin—and of the last of August, the day on which she was to die.

"Well, you yourself know—we all know now—what happened on the first day of August; and I and a few others know what happened on the last day. I wonder if the histories will mention it—I'm afraid not.

"You remember the disastrous advance of the French into Alsace-Lorraine, at the very opening of the war? You remember that they overreached themselves?—that some one high in command blundered?—that a whole regiment broke in disorder and ran? Well, we in Domremy saw the advance, and we saw the retreat. You see, the war caught me at Domremy with no papers and no passports. In any case, it would have been difficult to leave, but, to tell the truth, I had no desire to leave: I wanted to stay not only because I am a war correspondent at times, but also because I had become a disciple of Jeanne Leblanc and I was unwilling to desert her before—well, before the end of August. So I stayed.

"We saw the French pass through Domremy, eager, enthusiastic, confident of success. We cheered them loudly; we cried, '*Vive la France! Vive la République!*' and, in our madness, we cried also, '*A Berlin!*' At least, all of us did but Jeanne. She watched them march by with tears in her eyes, and occasionally she would stop some young boy, scarcely in his twenties, and kiss him on both cheeks and whisper, '*Soyez fort!*' Those were the boys that she knew would never return.

"There came the time when Domremy was deserted, save for the women, the children, and the old men. Père Leblanc remained, of course, being past the age of service. Each day we waited breathlessly for news of the great victory that we all felt certain would be achieved—all, that is, except Jeanne, who confided her doubts to no one but me. Her Voices had told her that the first assault on Alsace-Lorraine was destined to failure; and she added, quite simply: 'It is I who have been chosen to save it from complete disaster.'

"When I questioned her as to how this was to be brought about, she answered: 'I do not yet know: in due time it shall be revealed to me.' And she was completely confident and untroubled, except that she grieved a great deal for the boys who were to lay down their lives for their beautiful France. She gave not a second thought to her own life—that was to be disposed of and sacrificed as God willed.

"When the retreat began, it seemed at first unbelievable. It was impossible that the French army that had gone out so confidently should be so quickly and decisively repulsed. It must be a mistake. Well, of course it was a mistake—but the army retreated, nevertheless, and in some disorder. Although the news of it travelled fast, it was not believed until the ambulances began to pass through Domremy, bearing the wounded away from the lines. Even then we did not learn the worst, for naturally the men were not inclined to be very communicative—rather, they were furtive and sullen and a little ashamed.

Most of them had been perfectly willing to throw away their lives that a victory might be achieved, and they were dazed to discover that they had shed their blood to no purpose. But there were many who lay across the frontier, unburied and unhonored—and they, at least, were spared the sting of defeat.

"There is no need of my going deeply into the strategy of the retreat. For one reason, I am unable to judge of it, since I gained all of my information second-hand from the soldiers themselves; and soldiers never know why they advance or why they retreat. At any rate, the general in command, in order to save two entire army corps, left behind a small rear-guard to delay the pursuit as much as possible. Perhaps the rear-guard did not know it, but they were simply a sop thrown to the enemy. A few were left to be slain in order that a great many might live to slay. That is war.

"The rear-guard had some pieces of light artillery and some rapid-firers, and they worked them industriously; but, naturally enough, they were forced to give ground—slowly, village by village, hill by hill; and every village that they left became a black, bleak ruin, and on every hill that they left the grass grew red. That, too, is war.

"Long before they crossed the frontier we had been warned to leave Domremy. But we did not leave—that is, not until later. Jeanne would not hear of it, and I, of course, knew why. However, we did our utmost to induce Père Leblanc to join one of the neighbors who offered him a seat in his cart; but the old man, too, was obstinate and insisted on remaining with his daughter.

"'I am old,' he said—'why put off the day? I will stay with Jeannot.'

"And so on the twentieth day of August there remained scarcely a dozen people in the village—among them an old man, a young girl, and an alien.

"All morning we sat and listened to the booming of the guns—heard it grow louder and more spiteful—but in the village there was no sound except that of the dogs barking and whining in the empty streets.

"At noon Jeanne went alone into the garden. When she had gone, Père Leblanc looked at me and shook his head sadly.

"'Her Voices again,' he said. 'Always I know by the look of her eyes. Ah, m'sieu', I am afraid for her—if anything should happen to me, who will be left to care for the little Jeannot?'

"I went to him and laid my hand on his shoulder.

"'If anything should happen to you, Père Leblanc,' I said, 'I swear to you that I will be with Jeannot to the end.'

"The tears came into his dim eyes as he turned to thank me; but, God knows, I had promised little enough.

"When Jeanne returned to the house, I knew at once that the great moment had come. First she knelt at her father's feet to ask for his blessing; then she kissed him on both cheeks and bade him good-by.

"'The time has come,' she said quietly. 'They need me and I am going to them.'

"Now, it happened that there were two horses left on Père Leblanc's farm—two horses that had not been commandeered for the army—a roan horse and a white one. Jeanne, of course, chose the white one—how could it have been otherwise?—and she buckled Père Leblanc's sword about her waist. It was her only accoutrement of war, and I doubt if even it had seen service. At any rate, it was so rusty from years of idleness that I was amazed that Jeanne was able to draw it from its sheath.

"When I had helped her saddle the white horse, I turned to the roan. She watched me intently, saying nothing until I had mounted and moved up beside her. Then:

"'I knew you would come with me,' she said.

"'Of course,' I answered.

"'I shall not keep you long, and no harm shall come to you—nor to my father. That much the Voices have promised me.'

"'Where do we go?' I asked.

"'To Saint-Nicolas-du-Port. It is about thirty miles—not far from Nancy.'

"'Very well,' I said, 'I am ready.'

"We rode all that afternoon—a strange couple, no doubt, and one that in times less strange would have attracted more attention; for while thousands of men, women, and children were travelling in

the opposite direction, we were the only people going to the east—into the teeth of the victorious German army. Many times we were warned to turn back, and as many times Jeanne smiled and shook her head. There were harrowing sights on that road, sights from which I averted my eyes, but which Jeanne bore unflinchingly.

"'It but makes my own life seem of less account,' she said once—'and my death the more necessary.'

"Toward evening a French officer challenged us, ordering us back. He informed us that women were not wanted on the firing lines, and he looked at me and my civilian clothes with suspicion.

"Jeanne answered and said: 'Where men are suffering, women are always needed. I am going to take a little of their suffering onto myself. It is God's will.'

"The officer stared—I saw him hesitate, waver, and acquiesce—and then he saluted her and said: 'Go—and God keep you.'

"Later, in the night, men were too busy with their own affairs to notice us, or if they did they put us down for peasants returning in a mad attempt to save some of our belongings. And shortly before dawn we reached Saint-Nicolas-du-Port, where the ground was rocking under our feet, and our voices were drowned in the ominous thundering of the cannon.

"We slept in a field outside the village—that is, we lay on the ground and tried to sleep; but, tired as I was, I could not, and I think that Jeanne stayed awake to pray.

"The sun came up, red behind the smoke, glowing like a devil's eye; and it looked upon a devil's day.

"Jeanne and I arose, stretched our stiff limbs, and left the field for the village.

"Now, it happened that the rear-guard of the French army were making a desperate stand about four miles east of Saint-Nicolas-du-Port, their idea being, of course, that the Meurthe, on which the village is situated, would prove a safeguard for their own retreat by providing an obstacle for the enemy's advance. Bridges can always be dynamited, and pontoons take time to construct.

"But early that morning the enemy, pursuing their overnight advantage, drove the French from their trenches and hurled them back, exhausted and in disorder, into Saint-Nicolas. It was a dull-eyed, crumpled-up handful of men that we came upon, there in the village—five hundred that had once been five thousand, and half of them bleeding from undressed wounds, and all of them so exhausted that death must have seemed to them a blessed relief.

"When they saw Jeanne, cool and white and calm, on her white horse, they looked on her as on a vision. I am sure that some of them did not know whether she was flesh and blood, or whether she was a figure in some dream conjured up by their feverish, tired brains. They parted their ill-formed ranks in the street to let her ride through; but when she was in the middle of them, she halted, drew the rusty old sword, and swung it over her head.

"'*Courage, mes enfants!*' she cried. 'Be strong for the glory of France and the glory of God!'

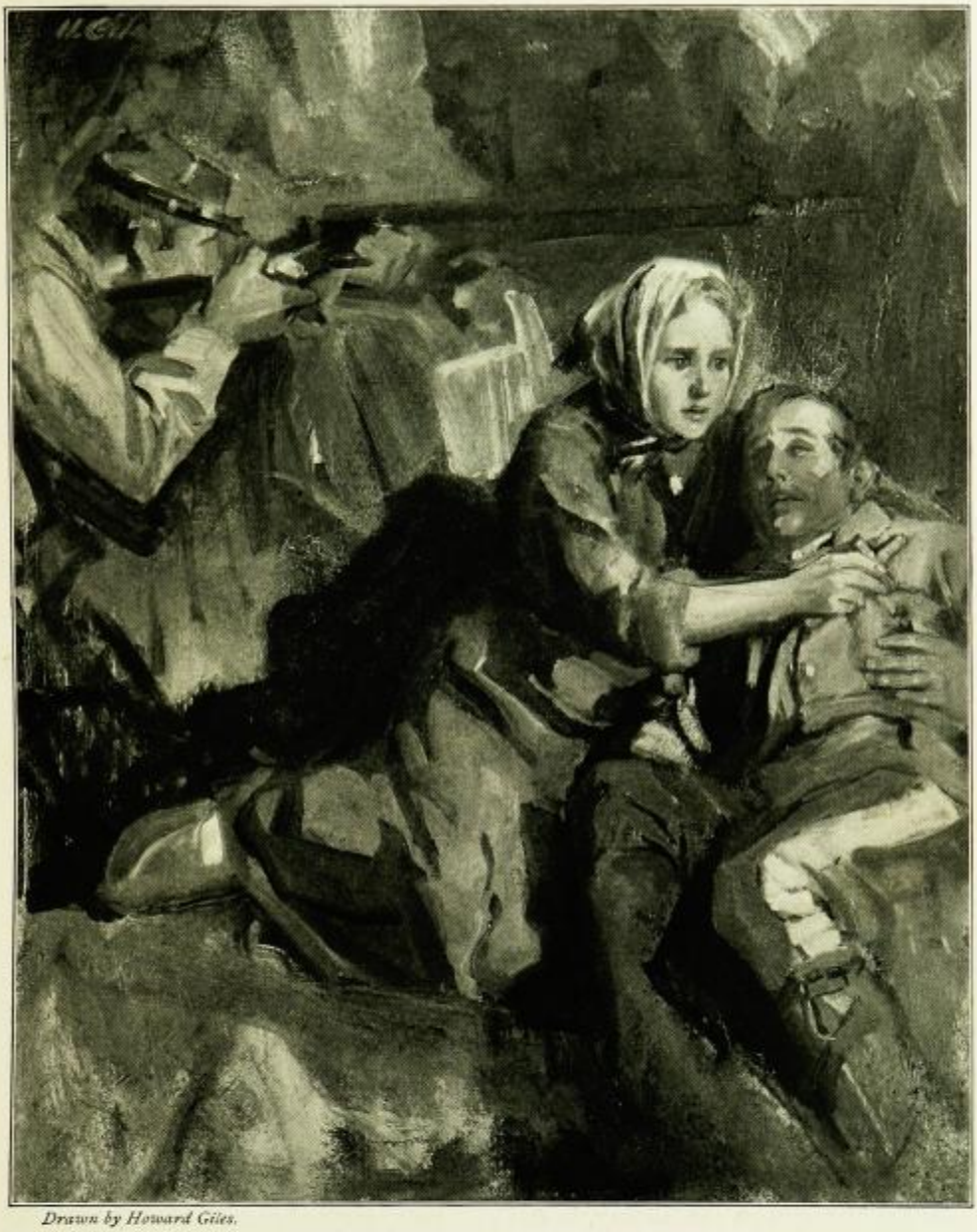
"They turned and tried to cheer; and some of them passed their hands across their eyes vaguely, as if to clear their sight.

"Then, briefly, Jeanne told them that she had been sent by *le bon Dieu* to rally them and to lead them—that they must not be afraid to die—that death in a just cause is sweet—that God cared for them and would remember.

"They listened in absolute silence until she had finished, and then—and then—well, they recognized her, or at least they recognized the spirit that animated her, for they cried out: 'Jeanne d'Arc! Jeanne, the Maid!' And a young lieutenant, the only officer left to them, swung around and put his horse beside hers and shouted: 'Let us all die, but let not the Germans cross the Meurthe!'

"So, while the *sapeurs* were sent to dynamite the bridges, Jeanne rode out at the head of five hundred men to hold the Germans back until the work should be accomplished, and every one of the five hundred knew that with the bridges went their only hope of retreat.

"They went out, the five hundred of them—and a few of them came back, fighting through the streets, from house



Drawn by Howard Giles.

"I saw her lips move as she whispered something to him."—Page 676.

to house. When they were driven back to the square in front of the town hall they set up a Maxim gun and played it like a hose on the close-massed enemy; and when they could no longer work the gun, they retreated into the town hall itself and fought from the doors and the windows and the balcony. And always Jeanne was with them, unscathed, but fighting now on foot, for the white horse had fallen under her. I could see the dying reaching out piteous, adoring hands to touch her skirt before they should die; and I could see the wounded, smiling at her as they fell. The young lieutenant stood by the Maxim gun to the end, operating it with his left arm, for his right hung limp by his side. And then suddenly he was struck in the head and went down in her arms. I saw her make the sign of the cross on his breast, I saw her lips move as she whispered something to him, and I saw him try to smile as he died in her arms.

"Then I was hit and for a few minutes I remember no more. When I came to I was lying in a doorway, across the square from the town hall. Doubtless it was thought that I was dead, and no one had wasted the time to bayonet me in order to make certain.

"Crawling out painfully to the sidewalk I perceived that the enemy were still encountering some resistance; and just then, from the river, I heard two great booming crashes and I suspected that the bridges had been dynamited.

"In the square the bursting shells, or the Germans' torches, had set fire to the town hall, and it was now a roaring, billowing sheet of flame. But from the upper windows occasional shots spat out, and here and there a German soldier fell quickly and quietly to the ground. I wondered if Jeanne was still in there, or if, already, she had accomplished her destiny.

"And suddenly I wondered no longer, for she appeared on the balcony, in full view of the entire square. She stood there, in Madonna blue, a crucifix raised up before her eyes, the flames licking hungrily at her feet. Almost I saw a halo about her head—I think I did—I am not sure. Perhaps it was the yellow fire behind her; perhaps it was the gold of her hair.

"Ah, she was very beautiful as she stood there with the light in her eyes as of one who sees God. She was very beautiful, and she was very brave—a woman among a thousand men, a saint among a thousand sinners. As I looked I found that the tears were on my cheeks, and then, presently, I staggered to my knees and began to pray as well as I could.

"There came a sudden silence over the square—a strange, awed silence. Men looked at one another, wonderingly, questioningly, ill at ease, and receiving no answer, their eyes returned to the lonely figure of Jeanne, standing high above them on the balcony, swathed in flames.

"She made no outcry; she scarcely moved, except once or twice when I saw her press her lips to the crucifix. At a word from an officer the men surged back a little from the heat. The officer himself was moving restlessly about the square, uncertain what to do, now that the worst was done. I don't think he relished the responsibility of burning a woman alive; or perhaps he too was not sure whether it was a woman or a saint. However, he evidently thought it best to stay and see the business out.

"It was now merely a question of minutes. The front wall of the town hall was shivering, tottering, and through the windows we could see that the interior was red with flame, shot through with black smoke. The crowd edged away yet a few steps farther; but they kept their faces turned to the balcony.

"Suddenly it was over. There came a leaping yellow spurt of fire, a swirling shroud of smoke, and with a crash of falling bricks the wall fell in. It was as if a child had swept down his building-blocks with a blow of his hand.

"I remember, then, that somehow or other I got to my feet and cried, 'Jeanne!' and I think that through all that mad confusion of sound I heard a voice—a voice that rang as clearly and confidently as a bugle—calling: '*Pour Dieu et la patrie!*'"

Barclay stopped and put his face in his hands.

"It was a glorious death," I ventured gently.

He did not answer at once. Then he said gravely: "Yes, it was a glorious death; but, for her, I believe that it was the beginning of a glorious life. She rests with the saints from her labors."

"It's good," she said. "I believe it will go."—Page 678.

THE VERY LILAC ONE

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

Illustrations by Irma Dérèmeaux

IT was Decoration Day morning; it was hot; she stood there. The fresh white blouse had cost $1.93 at Owen's bargain-counter; the white duck skirt—patch-pockets, wide belt, and all—had stood for $3.47 at the same sale. She saw his eyes lift to the white Panama hat.

"Pretty, isn't it?" she demanded. "But it didn't cost much. I watched the sales for this shape, because I'd seen one in Curran's window, and I got it at $1.50; you know really good Panamas come awfully high. And I had this scarf last year, so I washed it and copied the way of putting it on from the one in Curran's. That one cost $25.00."

"And I dare say yours is prettier," Sandy stated proudly.

Slim lines, sparkling eyes, youthful radiance of a face set in golden-brown waves under the Panama hat made the seven-dollar effect more successful than many a *tout ensemble* of twenty times the expense. There was more also than the mere gift of dress—there was restraint, simplicity, a lack of silk sweater and cheap jewelry. One felt with approval, looking at this little stenographer on ten dollars a week, that she was not insisting that you take her for a rich woman of leisure with five thousand a year for clothes. One got two or three ideas out of a considering glance at the young face: brains, self-reliance, imagination, sense of humor; such things played cheerfully in and out of the hazel eyes. Sandy McAllister, staring at her, knew all of this, but, being a dumb Scotchman, what he said was: "You look very nice, Annie."

That contented Annie. A shining look came into the hazel eyes. Sitting up late to wash and iron the blouse and skirt, studying Curran's windows, and working over the twist of that scarf—it was all worth while. Sandy said she looked nice. It was a strong remark for Sandy.

"Let's go. We don't want to miss that trolley. Isn't it a perfect day?" she threw at him happily, and started down the steps.

But Sandy caught her wrist, and held her off a second while he stared again, and his silent heart bumped with joy. She was his girl; it was Decoration Day morning, a holiday; it was warm and bright; she stood there, looking like this, a picture of delight; she was his own girl. "Yes, let's go now," said Sandy.

They went and went and went. They got seats together in the trolley, but were pretty well jammed in the steamer, and laughed and did not care, and at last they came to the Land of Heart's Desire, known to the rich as a lovely spot spoiled by cheap excursions. There they could wander off without a care, very far away indeed from the crowd, till they came to the woods by the sea. They sat down under the pines with marvellous sweet smells of ocean and earth and hot pine-needles closing them into an enchanted valley. They held each other's hands, and sometimes spoke a word and mostly were silent. After an hour or so of such inchoate bliss they fell to talking about Sandy's business. He had just bought the little drug-store at the corner of Bath and River Streets. Sandy called it a "chemist's shop," but the American for that is "drug-store." By whatever name, not yet was he making enough for the two to get married.

"If I could afford to advertise well, it would bring things quite right," Sandy said. "The little shop has a fair list of patrons, and we've got the agency for Adams's Lorelei Hair Tonic, and that's a very good thing. But we need advertising. If only I could get a new way that wouldn't come too dear. I'm not clever at imagining things like you, Annie," stated Sandy humbly.

Annie, pondering, flashed a smile. "What's the good of me imagining things if I can't help you with it, Sandy?" she inquired, and fell to pondering again.

The white Panama lay on the pine-needles; the wind whipped small curls about her forehead; the girl had wonderful hair, long and very curly, an unusual combination. Sandy lifted a hand and touched it shyly; he could never get over his astonishment that he might do these things.

"You don't need any hair tonic, Annie," he said, and smiled. "I could put you in the window for an advertisement, maybe, though."

Annie's hazel eyes lifted quickly, and her brows drew together with mental effort. She had a thought. "Wait a minute—don't speak," she commanded. "There's an idea coming."

And Sandy, to whom nothing was easier than silence, waited, gazing in respect at this girl whose brain worked in a way which his could not follow, this girl who was yet his own girl.

Then Annie laughed out. "It's good," she said. "I believe it will go. It's not fixed yet, but I can wiggle it out. Listen, Sandy."

And so, sitting in the woods by the sea, her hand in her lover's, laughing, happy, adding step to inspired step, Annie wiggled it out.

Sometimes, going along a city street late at night, one wonders how it would be if the fronts of the houses could be lifted off. There would be rows of people at odd angles asleep in beds; where a light glimmers there might be a girl in evening dress, home from a ball, dancing a reminiscent fox-trot down her room; or a woman happily writing a letter; or a man anxiously pacing a room, maybe; or perhaps nurses working over a sick-bed; all the tragedy and sentiment of life is likely shut behind those long walls which may not be lifted away. But of a morning about mail time, in broad daylight, the walls seem mere boxes holding commonplace or comedy. By the white magic of fiction a story reader may go about a town—why not?—and know whatever is necessary to the situation.

On a morning, then, soon after May 30, Decoration Day, the postmen of the rising city of Brightwater delivered the mail. The bell buzzed at Reginald Towner's house as Reginald himself was sitting down to breakfast. Mrs. Towner, having breakfasted in her room an hour before, was, nevertheless, present to pour coffee for her spoiled darling, who liked this ceremony. The children had been kissed and packed off to school. The butler brought

in the mail and laid it by the mistress of the house as she finished the sacred cup and set down glittering silver.

"Quite a lot," remarked Reginald, stirring his coffee luxuriously. Mrs. Towner was sliding envelopes through her fingers. "What's that very lilac one? Scented; I can smell it over here." Mrs. Towner dropped seven others and contemplated the lilac one. "It's to you." She looked up at him.

"Well?" Reginald Towner boasted that his wife opened all his letters.

"It's a woman's writing."

"Well?"

Mrs. Towner opened the lilac one. Reginald tasted his coffee, smiled benignantly, turned his attention light-heartedly to a muffin.

"For heaven's sake!" gasped Mrs. Towner into the middle of the muffin.

"What?" The muffin poised in mid-flight.

"Well!"

"Well what?"

"Oh!" and then: "This mail is no place for me, Reginald. I'd better——"

"You'd better read it aloud," finished Towner, the blameless, the frank.

Mrs. Towner looked to see if Jennings was safely departed. "If you say so." There was a thin edge to her voice. "*You* may not be astonished. *I* am."

"Read it."

Slowly and with distributed emphasis she read as follows:

"Never saw the writing in my life," he pronounced.—Page 680.

"'DEAR MR. TOWNER:

"'You may not perhaps remember me, but I can never forget you. I have seen you on the street many times and admired you more than I can posibly say——'

"One s in possibly," interjected Mrs. Towner, *sotto voce*.

"'Please don't think me a bold and forward girl——'

"Huh," threw in Mrs. Towner.

"'—but it would make me so happy if you would talk to me for a few minutes, and surely there could be no harm in that.'"

One eyebrow of Mrs. Towner lifted.

"'Would you, will you, give me a little

interview on the corner of Bath and River streets at nine o'clock Wednesday night? Please don't think me a foolish, bold girl——'

"Oh, no! Certainly not!" remarked Mrs. Towner.

"'—but do, do come, for this is no common feeling that makes me beg you to, and I am

"'Yours (if you want me)

"'(Miss) Curly Brown.'

"'Miss, Curly, Brown,'" staccatoed Mrs. Towner, and fixed her wedded husband with a glance like a ramrod.

The wedded one stared back. By slow degrees his mouth formed three words. "I'll be damned!"

"Quite likely," agreed Mrs. Towner with chilliness.

"Let's see that."

The very lilac one flew across the tulips and was prevented from landing in the butter-pats. Absorbedly the man read it, and the woman, exasperated, saw a slow smile broaden—a serene, altogether delighted smile, which permeated his face. "Foolish child," murmured Reginald Towner in gentle accents. And then, sharply: "Never saw the writing in my life," he pronounced. "Don't know a blessed thing about it." With that he was grinning widely again, and something in that well-known contagious smile suddenly set Mrs. Towner smiling, too.

"Reggie, you old devil! Don't you?" she shot at him.

"On my word, not a blessed thing."

Mrs. Towner was a handsome, big person with a face like a lovable boy; she liked to deserve her husband's statement that she was "the squarest woman on earth." Here was a chance. "All right. I believe you," she said heartily. "What are you going to do?"

"What would you?"

Mrs. Towner reflected. Then—"I'd go," she answered, and the admiring grin of a comrade across the table was reward for any effort to be broad-minded.

"You're a perfectly good sport, Nan," said Towner. "Dollars to doughnuts there isn't another woman in town who'd come up smiling like that. But of course I won't go. Awfully—er-rer—undignified. Family man—son twenty years old—ridiculous. Some foolish child." He was grinning rather sheepishly now under the sweeping mustache. That Towner was good-looking was a fact not to be concealed even from himself. The sleepy gray eyes were full of expression, the architecture of his face was splendidly high-bred; one forgave him easily that he was slightly, oh, very slightly, bald.

"You old heart-smasher," Mrs. Towner went on abusively; "you Man-that-Mows-'em-Down-in-the-Streets—look at me!" Mrs. Towner threw back her head and tapped herself, and did a fair imitation of her lord's conscious grin. "Pretty chesty, eh! She's seen you—she admires you—more than she can possibly—with one s—tell you! Not so unpleasant, is it, Reggie? The lovely ladies adore you still, don't they? Oh, lots! Too bad you hate yourself so this morning, isn't it, Reggie?"

Mrs. Towner's language was commonplace, but her copy of the flattered masculine, her falsetto bass, and stroked-kitten manner were distinctly funny. The audience shook with laughter.

"You wouldn't be so rotten bad in vaudeville, Nan," he indorsed the performance, and turned to a fresh muffin. "But—yes, more coffee—I'm surprised at you a bit for advising me to pay attention to the thing."

"Reginald Towner—" (she brushed the lace back from her wrist) "Reginald Towner, if I were a man I'd die of curiosity till I got to Bath and River Streets Wednesday night."

"Would you?" inquired Reginald conversationally. Mrs. Towner went on.

"Tell you what, old boy. You go, with my blessing, on one condition: that you'll honestly tell me every syllable that happens."

"Of course I will—I mean I would. But of course I don't consider going." There was an uncertain note in the firm words. It continued on a rapid downgrade. "Do you—really wish me to go?"

Mrs. Towner exploded into laughter. "Do I wish! As a favor to me, don't you know! Well—you go—and Larrie and I will trot along on the side, and watch your step."

"Not much you won't! Larrie!" Larrie being the twenty-year-old. The real article in firmness this time, and a tone of horror in that "Larrie!"

Mrs. Towner chortled with glee. "Not a bad rise," she commented. "No, Reggie, dear; I wouldn't do a mean thing like that. But I give my full consent to your breaking loose and meeting Miss Curly Brown, if you'll promise to tell me about it. Mind, now, you're susceptible, old Reggie. A sweet young thing—admires you more than she can possibly—with one s—tell you. You'll have to be a strong, firm character. But run along and play, and then come home to mother. That's the scheme. Isn't it?"

Reginald Towner pulled at that long, fair mustache thoughtfully. He stopped pulling and imbibed a last drop of coffee. He set the cup down. "Jove, Nan—I can't let you be more of a sport than I am. That *is* the scheme. I'll do it."

Lilac was an agitating color to more than one Brightwater breakfast-table. The mayor and his new wife, a young woman fifteen years his junior, got their mail shortly before the Towners. Events began much the same: a very lilac envelope, manly innocence, feminine alertness. But this culminated differently; Mrs. Mayor was unhappily not of the square type, and was jealous about her lately acquired politician. So that in five minutes the loving bride and groom were arguing.

"I have to look into these things, deary," the leader of the Democrats urged. "I'm the mayor of this town. I have to know what's doing."

"You don't have to meet Miss Curly Browns on street corners nights," contested Mrs. Mayor. "That hasn't a thing to do with running the town."

"You don't know," the mayor reasoned darkly. "One can never tell. These Republican henchmen are a wicked lot—wily, corrupt, tricky; queer things happen."

"Well, one queer thing isn't going to happen—you're not going to meet any Miss——"

The mayor interrupted. "Deary," he stated with formality, "I wouldn't give orders—to me."

But Mrs. Mayor had thrown her compass overboard. "I *will* give orders about this. You shall not go."

The mayor rose and stood; a trifle pale he was. "Dorothy, I shall use my own judgment."

"Oh, don't go, Frederick," wailed Dorothy, and burst into tears.

The mayor began to show excitement. "Don't you see, you've forced my hand—I've got to go," he let off in flights. "I've *got* to go." The mayor was a short, bald man; he threw out his arms and bobbed his head. Dorothy lifted a tear-stained face from the breakfast napkin and swabbed one eye with a minor handkerchief. "If you go," she announced solemnly, "you need never darken these doors again." She spoke with authority; they were Dorothy's doors; among her charms one counted a grist of shekels.

The mayor was silent a long half-minute, then his arms flew out again in a gesture of abandoned recklessness. As Christopher Columbus, impelled by scientific desire for knowledge, so was the mayor. His head bobbed; his voice went falsetto. "I've got to know what's up. I've *got* to go," stated the mayor.

A magic wand might indeed melt away walls from all the breakfast-rooms in Brightwater, but one may not look at all of them. Time fails. A glimpse more and the rest must be taken for granted.

Colonel Bigelow, boyish, big, clean-cut of mind and body, looked over the mail while his wife—who was very much his wife, and you'd better know it at once—poured his coffee. The girls, her girls, not his, had gone to school; the maid had disappeared to the pantries. He flipped a pronouncedly lilac envelope across the table; he laughed cheerfully.

"That's amusing," he said. "Read that, Girlie."

Mrs. Bigelow did not strike one as a "girlie," but fond parents had so nicknamed her in early youth, and she had clung to the name like grim death. She was several over forty, four or five years older than the colonel, buxom, handsome in a Napoleonic way, with bright color and abundant hair, but high-shouldered and short-armed, of a good, compressed figure,

strenuously youthful. She was intelligent, direct, capable, one of the women who with all good qualities have not a ray of charm. The colonel, being a cousin, had rescued her from a beast whom she had carelessly married, and generously married her himself. One would know that the colonel was likely to do about that.

"Funny, isn't it?" inquired the colonel.

But Mrs. Bigelow, reading with set face, saw no joke; humor was not her strong point. "I call it impertinent," she announced. "Of course you'll pay no attention?"

The colonel rumpled his hair—it was going a little thin on top. "Well—I don't know," he reflected. "Rather a lark to go and see what the little beggar has to say—eh?"

Mrs. Bigelow's face set further. "I ask you to do no such thing, Henry," she brought out. "I'm your wife. What right has any other woman to 'admire you,' as this"—tapping the letter—"bold creature says."

The colonel grinned. "I wouldn't prevent the sweet things from admiring me if they want to," he reasoned ingenuously. "I don't mind that. That doesn't hurt anybody. But I won't go if you object. I—just thought—it might be a manner of lark. But if you——"

"I do object, Henry," Mrs. Bigelow stated warmly. "Please promise that you won't do it."

"Promise! I said I wouldn't. That's enough, I hope."

The colonel got up impatiently. He had made her his wife; she had a right to every consideration, every gentleness, from him. But sometimes it did feel as if he would like to kick loose into freedom for a while. It is a mistake to let a man get that feeling.

"Thank you, Henry, dear," said Mrs. Bigelow impressively and with intense gentleness, and the ungrateful colonel choked back a one-syllabled remark.

"All right, Girlie. Nothing to thank me for. I don't give a damn." And so the one syllable got said.

"I wish I could have a proscenium box," Mrs. Towner ejaculated fervently.

Mr. Towner had come in from the hall, where Jennings had just put him into his quietest overcoat—and he owned some noisy ones—and pressed a gentle-mannered soft hat into his hand. Even at that, Mildred Towner considered, he looked conspicuously handsome and well dressed; it was difficult to disguise the good looks of Reginald Towner. It was eight forty-five of "Wednesday night," and he was about to attempt the adventure of Miss Curly Brown; he looked rather sheepish; it is unusual to start to a rendezvous with an unknown maiden of alluring name with the cordial co-operation of one's wife; it is comfortable, but it also detracts from the joy of feeling oneself a perfect devil. His wife kissed him.

"Heaven's choicest blessings go with you, you old rake," she flung at him affectionately, and Jennings opened the door; and Towner, launched on an "affair" by his wife's own hands, trotted down the street.

"Funny," he murmured as he went along. "I feel a good deal like a fool."

Meanwhile, the mayor, after fiddling over the house, appeared at the same hour before a gloomy Mrs. Mayor—he also coated and hatted.

"I'm going to the city hall for an hour," he stated coldly. Relations had been strained since yesterday.

"Oh—the city hall!" repeated Dorothy with sarcasm. Then, rising to her five feet eight, and shooting an arm aloft with tragedy: "Frederick Kleiner," she intoned, "if you go and meet that brazen woman to-night, it is the end. You need never darken these doors again."

The mayor stared, petrified a second, and then his hands went out and his bald head bobbed in the combination gesture which seemed inevitable to the case. "I've *got* to go," bleated the mayor.

And went.

The colonel sat quietly smoking his cigar that night, and was deep in the papers, when Girlie, his wife, who had gone up-stairs with a toothache immediately after dinner, appeared in ample billows of a negligé of vicious cherry silk.

"Henry," she moaned, "I'm afraid you'll have to go and get me something to stop this agony. Can't you take the car——"

Henry was on his feet, all sympathy and readiness. "Why, surely," he said. "I'll go instantly. Let me see—the near-

est drug-store is"—he ruminated—"Bath and River, I think."

"Yes, that's it. Oh, do hurry. I'm suffering terribly, Henry, love."

address was associated? Suddenly it came to him, and, hand on gear-lever, he hesitated. Then he chuckled. He had said he would not go to Bath and River

"Frederick Kleiner, if you go and meet that brazen woman to-night, it is the end."—Page 682.

"I'm awfully sorry," said Henry, love. "Take a drink of whiskey. I'll be back in a jiffy."

"Bath and River." He said the names of the streets over again as he turned on the lights and opened the car door. What was it, recently, with which that

Streets to-night. No, he had not. He had said he would not meet Miss Curly Brown. Well? Was he going to meet her? He was going to get toothache medicine for his wife. Of course, there were other drug-stores! But this was the nearest; Mrs. Bigelow had begged him to hurry.

What nonsense to hesitate about a footless bit of silliness! Then the colonel grinned broadly in the darkness; it *was* a manner of lark; the colonel had plenty of boyishness in him still. The lever slid into low gear; the car crawled out, complaining in bass, changed its note, and spun down the street and around the corner.

It was about five minutes before nine o'clock that night when the corner of Bath and River Streets began to assume an uncommon air of liveliness. The policeman, strolling across the way, decided that there was a meeting; shortly he began to wonder why the men didn't go in to their meeting. It was a well-behaved crowd; the policeman recognized some Brightwater celebrities as he sauntered among them. There was the mayor —the officer touched his helmet, but the mayor seemed annoyed to be saluted, which surprised the officer. There was J. T. Hodson, president of the Second National Bank; there was Reginald Towner, the millionaire, the "swell" of the town; there was Doctor Hugh Gray, head of the college on the hill; there was Judge Johnson, and Thomas Hamilton, of Hamilton Brothers, and Emmons, the leading tailor, and perhaps two dozen more.

There was something in the manner of these as they arrived which puzzled the policeman: each seemed surprised to see the others; some halted, hesitated, and then walked on quickly, but walked back again. The officer's observation extended over a very short period, three minutes, five minutes; the crowd collected almost instantaneously. With that, in the big window of the little drug-store something was doing. A white curtain veiled it from the eye of man, and behind that curtain there were fireworks. Red and green and violet lights played over the white surface; harmless explosions exploded. The curtain appeared to be calling attention to itself, and each one of the thirty or forty or fifty men standing uneasily about paid attention, stopped short in his movement of just going on, and watched. After three minutes of such challenge up rolled the curtain before the transfixed gaze of perhaps a hundred eyes, disclosing the show-window set as a small stage.

Moreover, it was well set. Rocks were in the foreground — stage rocks, but dimmed by expert lighting into a convincing islet. Beyond a painted river the background rambled swiftly into vineyards zigzagging steeply, with blue sky above. It was good scenery; one felt the Rhine flowing around those rocks—and behold the Lorelei!

She arose from canvas depths, a slim figure in clinging sea-green something, a small gold harp in her hand, and about her a loose glory of gold-brown rippling hair. With that she was sitting on a ledge, defined against pale-gray stone, and the spotlight showed her shifting the fillet which bound the waves of hair away from her face. She shifted it swiftly, and in a flash a placard swung out under the spotlight which read in distinct lettering: "Miss Curly Brown."

A manner of murmur ran through the hypnotized crowd outside the drug-store window, and Doctor Gray, head of the university, was heard to mutter: "That scenery is from the Empire Theatre."

But no man stirred from his place except to push toward the window. Miss Curly Brown engaged herself at once in combing her wonderful hair with a bright gilt comb, and one became aware that a concealed Victor in the immediate neighborhood was making music.

> "With a comb of gold she combs it
> And sings a song the while;
> 'Tis a strange and wondrous music,
> For the heart it doth beguile"

sang Alma Glück in velvet tones from the Victor. And the spotlight shifted, and the little stage blurred, and when it was clear again, behold the Lorelei still manipulating the comb of gilt through the cloud of hair! but the placard now read: "Adams's Lorelei Hair Tonic makes hair grow on rocks." The Lorelei dropped the comb and twanged discreetly at her harp, and Alma Glück coincided melodiously with rhythmical remarks about

> "This with her wonderful singing
> The Lorelei hath done."

Another blur of light and darkness, and the changing placard bore a new legend.

"Adams's Lorelei Hair Tonic," it read. "All such as are good sports will walk in and buy a bottle. Makes hair grow on rocks."

The Lorelei, with a twentieth-century skip, was gone from the window, and handsome woman with the boyish face begged half an hour later in the Towners' great library. And Reggie told her, every item, and the two chuckled and shouted, like the comrades they were, over the tale till midnight.

"I think they quite enjoyed it, Sandy."—Page 686.

thirty or forty or fifty laughing men, in varying stages of sheepishness, were prodding each other into the little drug-store, where a tall young Scotchman behind the counter found much trouble in waiting on them fast enough.

"Tell me about it, Reggie, quick," the

"It was a very clever advertisement. And the man said the girl planned it all to help him get a start? We'll go there for *everything*, Reggie, from now on," said big-hearted Mrs. Towner.

"No; stay away—don't touch me—you've got to leave me to-morrow,"

sobbed Mrs. Mayor, and was astounded to see her Frederick go off into unfitting laughter.

"Listen, Dolly, darling," said Frederick.

"Dolly, darling!" She listened, she hesitated, and was lost. For the silver-tongued Frederick told the tale well. His Dolly, to speak the truth, was glad of a retreat from the strong position she had taken and grateful to the unknown girl who was not clutching after her hero. She laughed to the point of tears.

"I ought to be angry at you, Freddy," she said, with her arm around his neck. "For you went in spite of me. But I can't, because you were so well, so beeyutifully, sold. The girl was a wonder to think up that stunt. Just to help her sweetheart. Say, Freddy, we'll go there for all our drugs after this, won't we, hey?"

And Freddy, well-contented, said yes, "we" would.

"Henry, what—was the mazzer? Did the car break d-down? I had to take whiskey, as you said. I—I think I took—good deal."

Colonel Bigelow, regarding his eminently proper Girlie, grinned sardonically. "I think you did. You're in a state of beastly intoxication," he pronounced. "Here's your stuff. I'm glad the tooth's better, only don't form the habit."

"Hennery!" Girlie threw the name at him in waves, and then spoiled her indignation with a simper. "My Hennery!"

With that her Hennery told the tale of the Lorelei. Mrs. Bigelow, softened with that demon rum, who certainly takes the temporary edge off things, considered.

"Hennery," she spoke, with careful enunciation, "I believe that it was a—a—an extremely good lesson for all those flip—flippant men. Not you, Hennery, love. *You* aren't flip—flippant. You were at—attending to your own wife. Wasn't he?"

Henry grinned. "Well—mostly," he agreed.

"You were, Hennery, love," Mrs. Bigelow pronounced. "But it served all the others right. And that—and that young girl—I owe her an—an apology. She was simply at—attending to her own husband, or fiancé, anyhow. I think well of those young people, Hennery. I'll go to that shug-drop—shup-drog, no, drup-shog hereafter for whatever we get in that line."

"All right, Girlie. Good for you," said the colonel amiably, and with one more reminiscent grin took up his half-read paper.

Meanwhile, as all over the town men told the story to or kept it from their wives, in the little room behind the drug-store Annie and Sandy gloated. The money-drawer was before them, and they swapped details of the evening's success.

"Such luck, me having a brother at the Empire, and him being chums with the scenery man and the light man, and them all being so friendly to me, Sandy."

Sandy murmured a word through the tinkle of silver.

"And then the house being dark this evening so they could come. And wasn't it a smart idea of Jimmie Peters about that Lorelei piece? Though you were doubtful, first off. But it got across, and it looked awfully pretty, Jimmie said. How much, Sandy? No—never! $75.40! Well, they did all walk up like men and buy the tonic, now, didn't they? And they were that pleasant about it, laughing and joking each other. I think they quite enjoyed it, Sandy."

Sandy grinned.

"And four or five of them said to me after you called me out to help: 'This isn't the last time we'll be in, Miss Lorelei,' said they."

"It was good advertising, whatever," spoke Sandy; and then, manfully: "It's to you that I owe it, Annie, and I'm likely to owe you a lot more than I can ever pay, Annie, dear. And now—darling—if you'll give me a kiss, that will be another thing I'll owe you. But I see my way plain to paying that back, Annie."

HER OWN SORT

By Charles Belmont Davis

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. R. GRUGER

ALL of their friends knew that it was only a question of the time and the place when Alan Godfrey would propose to Natalie Eyre. That he was going to propose was just as certain in their minds as it was that the good-looking, whimsical, poverty-stricken Natalie would accept so eligible a young man as Godfrey. They had been playing golf all afternoon and when the game was over Natalie suggested that, instead of stopping at the clubhouse, they return at once to Mrs. Goddard's, where she was staying and where they could have a quiet, peaceful chat over a cup of tea. Had it been her wish to hasten Godfrey's declaration, she could not more wisely have chosen the setting for the sentimental event. It was a brilliant, golden afternoon in late August. The two young people sat across a wicker tea-table under a canopy at the far end of the terrace. Below them stretched the calm blue waters of the ocean, and on the other side a wonderful lawn studded with spreading oaks through whose branches the sunshine filtered and fell in orange splotches on the Nile-green turf. The stage was set, the hour was at hand, and therefore Godfrey, in a few brief sentences, but every word of which came straight from the heart, told Natalie of his great love for her. When he had finished, he started to rise and go to the girl's side so that she might whisper the answer he had waited so long to hear, but, looking him steadily in the eyes, Natalie shook her head, and, with a slight gesture of her hand, motioned him away.

For a moment the confused, un-understanding eyes of Godfrey held those of the girl, and then his big frame settled slowly back into the depths of the low chair in which he had been sitting.

"Alan, dear," she began, "it would be foolish of me to pretend that I didn't know that you cared or that I had not expected that some day you would tell me so—just as you have told me. To be quite honest, it is about all that I have thought of for, oh, such a very long time. Because, you see, I knew that my answer would be the most important thing I would probably ever have to say in all my life. I love you, Alan, I am quite sure, more than I shall ever love any one—except, perhaps, myself."

Hope flamed up in Godfrey's eyes and once more he started to rise, but again Natalie motioned him back. "I love you," she went on, "and I know that you would willingly grant me my every wish and every whim—that is, if you could."

Godfrey crossed his arms, pressed his lips into a straight line, and smiled grimly across the table.

"So far as material things go, Natalie," he said, "I can offer you a good deal. I know that there are other things that I cannot offer you. Do you mind telling me of which of these you were thinking?"

Natalie turned her eyes from Godfrey and, for a few moments, let them rest on the broad stretch of blue, dancing waters, and then once more turned them back to the man.

"Oh, so many things, Alan," she said—"such a lot of things. You see, in a way, I lead two lives and you lead but one. From one of my lives I get the great happiness that comes from hard work and hard thinking—all I get from the other is physical luxury and plenty of healthy exercise. I'm tired of being a little daughter of the rich. Since my people died I have been really nothing but a well-bred, well-mannered grafter. I'm tired of luxury and I'm tired of the crowd that makes luxury possible for me—I mean your crowd, Alan, and my crowd."

"Oh, I don't know that it's such a bad crowd," Godfrey protested.

"Of course, it isn't a bad crowd," the girl agreed cheerfully. "It's only the so-

ciety journals and the Sunday supplements that try to make our sort vicious. But you and I know that they're not vicious—we know they're just amateurs—amateur farmers and amateur business men and amateur lovers. I want to try my luck against professionals. You mustn't forget, Alan, that I've had two novels published already."

"Yes, I know," Godfrey laughed, "but, to be quite fair, weren't they published through Ned Powell and isn't Powell the silent partner in the firm that published them?"

Natalie's delicate pink-and-white coloring suddenly turned scarlet.

"Yes," she threw at him, "that's true enough, and it's also true that with all Ned Powell's influence back of them the books didn't sell. But instead of reminding me of my failures, don't you think it would be a trifle more kindly of you if you tried to hold out a little encouragement for the future? I think you would if you knew how really and truly I was a little sister of the rich. No one knows what is vulgarly called a successful marriage would mean to me just now. Not even you know how little there is between me and starvation. Believe me, Alan, there are not many girls in my position who would throw you over just because they wanted to make good on their own. If you——"

"Oh, that's all right, Natalie," Godfrey interrupted. "It's not that I'm not appreciative, so much as it is that I'm selfish. You see, I want you all for myself in this world of amateurs. And as for you being near starvation, that's just plain morbid. There are a whole lot of things between you and starvation—there's me, for instance, and there's Mrs. Goddard, and—and lots of good friends who would consider it a very great privilege to help you over the hard places."

Natalie shrugged her shoulders and brought the talk to a blunt and almost brutal end by rising from her chair and holding out her hand.

"Thank you, Alan," she said, "but it's the hard places that make life worth the living—especially if one tries to get over them unaided. But don't ever talk to me again of marriage as you have just now. You know you're a good deal of a temptation, Alan. I'll be leaving Newport in a few days, but of course I'll see you before I go?"

Godfrey was standing very close to the girl and holding her hand in both of his own. For the first time he seemed to realize that all of his hopes, all of the plans he had made for the future, had come to naught and that in his great ambition he had failed miserably.

"Why, yes, Natalie," he stammered, "of course I'll see you again—many times, I hope. But what are you going to do when you leave here, especially—I mean——"

"You mean especially when I'm broke," Natalie interrupted. "Why, Alan, I'm going back to town and try my luck against the real workers, and—loose myself from my old friends. The next time you see me, it may be behind a counter, or pounding the keys of a typewriter in the office of one of your broker friends, or singing and dancing in the chorus of a musical comedy. I don't know. But I do know that for the present, at least, I've got to break away from my old life and—and you, Alan. I'm too weak to try any half-way course."

"I'm sorry," said Godfrey gravely, and, raising the girl's hand, touched it with his lips. "Good-by, Natalie and good luck to you," he added, and then, suddenly turning his broad shoulders toward the girl he loved, swung off across the sunlit lawn.

During the six months that followed, Natalie Eyre did some of the things she had told Alan Godfrey that summer afternoon that she was going to do. And although during that period she was never starved, there were moments when she would have greatly relished better food and more of it. She did not try to be a stenographer, because she had not had the necessary training, but she did do some clerical work in a publishing house, as well as posing for several artists who made illustrations and covers for the magazines. Although with small practical success, she had continued her literary labors, and, on account of her fragile and flower-like beauty, had been given a very small part in the ballroom scene of a drama of modern society. It so happened that the play was a success, and therefore, night after night, in the front rows and in the

boxes, Natalie recognized many of her former friends. To their frequent invitations to join them at supper she always replied that her work prevented her from going anywhere.

But, work and study as she might, she soon discovered that without personal or financial backing advancement on the stage came very slowly, and in her search for a better position she continued to haunt the offices of the managers and the theatrical agencies. It was a hard, sordid road that she had chosen to follow, but the art of acting interested her exceedingly, and, above all, she wished to prove to Alan Godfrey and the friends of her more affluent days that she was capable of earning her own livelihood. This, at least, she did, but it was often at great privation to her physical well-being. After a short time, however, she became fairly callous to her material needs and her only annoyance was caused by the question that was constantly presenting itself to her mind as to whether or not her moral outlook on life had undergone any radical change. For a time after she had begun her career on the stage, she had maintained for her work and for the people who worked with her her former view-point, which was the larger one of the outsider. But of late she was conscious that there had been a subtle but ever constant change, and that more and more she now thought and talked in the terms of the theatre. Now she no longer read theatrical newspapers with the single purpose of finding opportunities of bettering her position, but because the news and even the gossip of her fellow actors interested and amused her. By degrees their narrow world had become her world. The key to the door that led to the big outside world she still clutched tightly in her hand, but of late there had been moments when she felt that even this was slipping from her grasp. The men of her profession with their pompous, unnatural manners, and the women with their petty jealousies and their ceaseless scandal, she gradually came to accept at their own inflated value. In considerably less than a year her transition to Broadway had become complete and its people had become her people.

It was at a supper-party of theatrical folk in the early spring that she met the manager of one of the big moving-picture concerns. Attracted by Natalie's beauty and the look of aristocratic breeding that showed in every feature of her face and every line of her slight, lithe body, he offered her a position in his regular stock company, and she accepted the offer. For a few weeks, twice a day, Natalie made the long, tedious trip between town and the studios of the Globe Film Company at Sheepshead Bay, but at last the effort became too strenuous and she moved her few belongings to Sheepshead village. Here, in comparative comfort, she settled in a big, airy room in Mrs. Cragin's boarding-house, where all of the other guests were actors and actresses employed by the same company with which Natalie had cast her fortunes. Therefore, in her hours of ease as well as those of work she found herself constantly in the company of her fellow players. It was a small world complete in itself, and served to sever the last link that had connected her with her former life of luxurious ease. Now she worked from nine o'clock in the morning until late in the afternoon and often far into the night. But if her hours of work were long and arduous, they were rewarded with a prompt success. Her lovely features and the supple grace of her movements seemed peculiarly adapted to motion pictures, and in a brief space of time she was playing fairly important parts and her position with the company was assured.

Among the actors who lived in Mrs. Cragin's boarding-house with Natalie was Hugh Kimball, the leading man of the Globe Film Company. He was a good-looking young man in the early thirties, but in spite of his youth had spent many years in stock companies and was not unknown to the audiences of Broadway. In the world of moving pictures he was already one of its best-known and most brilliant ornaments. His name had been persistently advertised throughout the broad land and his good-looking, clean-cut features were known to every girl and every woman in every town that boasted of a moving-picture theatre from Maine to Texas. By the small army employed by the Globe Company he was petted and spoiled and regarded as something a little better than other humans, and at the

boarding-house which he honored with his presence he was easily the star guest. He enjoyed the luxury of an entire suite of rooms, and in his spacious parlor he frequently gave parties to the other boarders and to the many moving-picture actors and actresses who lived in the neighborhood. Hugh Kimball was indeed a king among his fellows, and so often had he been assured of this fact that any early suspicion he may have had as to its truth had long since developed into a certainty. His pride and vanity showed in his eyes, in the way he carried his chin and shoulders, and whether he wore doublet and hose or evening clothes or a fur overcoat he always moved as if clad in the armor of a gallant knight. Until Natalie Eyre joined the forces of which he was the leading spirit, he had politely but firmly refused the more or less flagrant advances of most of the ladies and had treated them all with chilling civility. But from the moment that he first saw Natalie Eyre he seemed to find something about her not possessed by the others, and it was but natural that the attention of Kimball should cause Natalie no small amount of satisfaction and pleasure. During the long spaces of time when they were waiting for their "scenes" at the studios, it flattered her to be seen so constantly in the company of the great Kimball, the admired of all women. At the boarding-house he was equally attentive, and on warm spring evenings he frequently asked her to dine with him at one of the many restaurants or road-houses in the neighborhood. If on such occasions the good-looking actor talked a great deal of his successes on the stage and off it, if he spoke with confidence of the triumphs that awaited him, it was at least a language with which during the past year Natalie had become entirely familiar. When, with a certain ring of awe in his voice, Kimball referred to his exalted position, Natalie was pleased to regard him from his own view-point, and whenever he left a restaurant without being recognized by the other guests and complained in peevish tones at the oversight, she was quite sincere in her sympathy.

One Saturday afternoon, when Natalie happened to be free, she went to New York to do some shopping, and outside of a Broadway theatre saw the advertisement of a moving picture in which she had appeared. From pure curiosity, she entered the theatre and took a seat at the back of the darkened, half-filled auditorium. The film which she had come to see was already being shown on the screen and for some moments she sat smiling at a love scene between herself and Hugh Kimball. And then, she suddenly became conscious of the fact that the two girls sitting directly in front of her were talking about herself and the popular leading man.

"They say he's crazy about her," one of the girls whispered. "It certainly looks like it when you see the way he grabs her in the picture, doesn't it?"

"It sure does," the friend giggled audibly. "I wish *I* had her job."

"No chance," sneered the first gossip. "I know a girl who has an aunt down at Sheepshead, and she says he never lets her out of his sight, day or night. They both live at the same boarding-house. Pretty soft for Hughie, eh?" And at this witticism, both girls giggled long and loudly.

Natalie felt that her face had suddenly turned scarlet, and she half rose, but, remembering that no one could see her in the darkness, she once more settled back in her seat. The resentment that she had at first felt toward the girl who had told the scandal vanished as quickly as it had come, and a few minutes later, the thought that Kimball's devotion to her was public property even brought a smile to her pretty lips. The sudden blush of shame was but an inheritance from her former self, and after all was but purely physical. She watched the film to the last picture, when Kimball and she were shown in a passionate embrace. Then, with the memory of the picture still filling her mind, she went out into the sunshine of Broadway.

"Marloe's Mummy" was the name of the play in which Natalie had, so far in her career, made her most ambitious effort. The plot of the comedy was the old one of the mummy who is bought in Egypt, shipped to America, and, by the transfusion of a magical elixir, eventually brought to life. Natalie played the mummy which in its former life had been a true princess royal of the Nile, and Hugh Kimball was the millionaire who had pur-

chased her in her mummy clothes, and eventually, having married her, installed her as the chatelaine of his Fifth Avenue home as well as his summer palace at Newport. Throughout the long hot days of August Natalie, dressed in the filmy, diaphanous robes of the princess, and Kimball and the others, clad in modern clothes, had played the scenes that were supposed to take place in and about New York. The heavier part of the work was over and one day at Newport would be all that was necessary to complete the remaining scenes. Abe Feldman, the business manager, had gone on in advance, and on the last day of August he wired that he had secured permission to use the grounds of one of Newport's finest estates and that the company and camera men should leave New York that same night by the Fall River boat.

It was a brilliant moonlight night, and when they had finished their dinner Natalie and Kimball sought a secluded spot on the upper deck where undisturbed they could whisper their confidences and enjoy the glories of the perfect night. For a long time they sat in silence, while Kimball smoked innumerable cigarettes and Natalie looked out on the placid waters and the distant rim of shore bathed in the soft white light of the silver moon. They were sitting very close together, shut off from the sight of prying eyes by a huge life-boat, and so, when Kimball put out his hand and laid it on Natalie's and gently pressed it, the girl made no sign of resentment. During the past few months Kimball had played many love scenes with Natalie in which he had embraced and kissed her with all the outward signs of a true lover's passion. But then they had been in the open sunlight, or in the studios under the blazing glare of hundreds of electric lights, with a camera clicking in their faces and a director shouting his orders to them through a megaphone. Now it was all quite different. The two young people were alone in the moonlight, and Hugh Kimball was just a man and Natalie Eyre a woman, and the touch of his hand thrilled her as no kiss of the stage had ever thrilled her. For a brief moment she turned her eyes to his, and in return he smiled a smile of happy, boyish content and once more pressed her soft, delicate hand.

When he spoke, it was quite evident from the very first sentence that he had much to say and that his opening remarks would be only as a preamble to the matter of real import to which he was to refer later on.

"In the first place," he began, "I want to tell you something of my people. We came not far from the very town where we are going now—Newport. But of course we had nothing to do with the gay life of that resort of fashion. We were just simple Rhode Island farmer folk—honest but plain. My people still live on the farm where I was born, and during my vacations I often go back to see the old folks and do my best to brighten up their declining years. You might think that I would prefer the gayer summer resorts where I would be well known and—and perhaps made much of and sought after."

From the depths of her low chair Natalie looked steadily at the cameo profile of the popular leading man, and her lips wavered into a whimsical little smile. What if he were vain, she argued, it was, after all, only the vanity of a spoiled child. There was so much to like and admire about Kimball, and she could never quite free her mind from the truly feminine thought that he was so greatly loved by so many women. The woman who married Hugh Kimball and who could hold his love would indeed be one to be envied. As far back as she could remember, Natalie had always rejoiced in doing the thing that was least expected of her. To refuse Alan Godfrey and his millions had caused her a certain satisfaction if only because it had astonished her friends, and to marry a moving-picture actor she knew would cause them even greater astonishment and she smiled pleasantly at the prospect. And then, she became conscious that Kimball was still telling her of his early struggles, and the thought occurred to her that when Hugh talked about himself it was always in the manner of a toast-master at a banquet enumerating the virtues of the distinguished guest of the evening. But Natalie had come to love the very naïveté of the man, and long since she had convinced herself that beneath his braggadocio there were concealed the heart and soul of a real man and a true lover.

"As to your family," she heard him saying—"as to your past, I know nothing and I ask to know nothing. I am satisfied to take you as you are. To me the day of your birth will always be the day I first saw you. All I ask of you, Natalie, is your love and your life."

She felt his strong arm about her drawing her slight body closely to him. Unresisting her lips met his, and, as he gently released her, she heard him whisper: "That is your promise, Natalie?"

"Why, yes, Hugh," she said; "of course, that is my promise."

Abe Feldman was waiting for the company at the Newport pier, and although it was extremely early in the morning his enthusiasm over the success of his own efforts was very great. When they were all crowded into a large 'bus and were on the way to the hotel, he told them that he had not only secured the use of the lawns and gardens of one of the very finest places on the Ocean Drive, but that the gracious lady owner, who happened to be giving a large luncheon party that afternoon, had promised to use her best efforts to induce her guests to appear as supers in the pictures.

"It's a great ad for the Globe Company," he said, beaming on the actors, "and a great chance for you all to break into swell society. We'll get a close slant at them, anyhow, and see what they're like on their own feeding-grounds."

Of all of this Natalie heard but little. Through the windows of the barge she was looking out on the narrow, sunlit streets and the landmarks which had once been so familiar to her. Of the hotel where Feldman had said they were to stay, she had never even heard the name. She was entering a village which a year before had been as her own home, but now she came by a new road and as a stranger, and, in the new order of things, she knew that after a brief glimpse of its glories as a stranger she would leave it. For the first time in many months, she realized how completely she had submerged herself in her new life and how thoroughly she had shut herself off from her old friends and the world in which they moved. Her world was now the studios of the film company that employed her and Miss Cragin's boarding-house at Sheepshead Bay. Her friends were now the tired, travel-worn, perspiring men and women who crowded the omnibus and who with but a mild show of interest were listening to Abe Feldman tell of his experiences with what he was pleased to designate the "nobs of Newport."

To Natalie the words of the excited Feldman at last took form, and, but half understanding, she smiled at the fat, shining face of the manager and asked:

"Who is it that owns these wonderful grounds where we are to play?"

"Mrs. Alexander Goddard's her name," the manager said, "and believe me, she's some swell—one of the kind you read about in the papers. You know, the sort that has grand op'ry stars after dinner to sing swell ballads at a thousand a throw, and invites live monkeys in to lunch to entertain her guests."

Hugh Kimball majestically folded his arms and sniffed audibly.

"And being out of monkeys just now," he hurled at the well-meaning Feldman, "I suppose she's willing to let us act out on her lawn to amuse her friends. I wonder if they'll feed us peanuts."

Huddled in the corner of the rumbling omnibus, Natalie, her face flushed, her hands clasped tightly before her in her lap, with wide-open, unseeing eyes stared straight before her. For some reason it had never occurred to her that, so long as she purposely kept out of their way, that there was the most remote chance of being brought into immediate contact with, or even of seeing, any of her former friends. She had come to Newport as a moving-picture actress just as she had gone to many other towns where she knew no one and was herself unknown. But now it seemed that the stage chosen for her work was to be the home of a very old and a very dear friend, where, almost as a daughter of the house, she had lived for many months at a time. And if what Feldman had said was true, she would not only meet Mrs. Goddard again but Mrs. Goddard's friends, who would be sure to be her friends, too. Her unhappy, distressed mind was suddenly filled with a picture of herself in the bespangled, transparent robes of the Princess of the Nile wandering about and being made to perform foolish antics on the sun-

lit lawn. With a slight shudder, the girl instinctively raised her hands and pressed them against her eyes as if to shut out the miserable scene. During the long morning hours that followed, shut up in her room at the hotel, her confused brain conjured up many schemes whereby this impossible situation might be averted. If she refused to act, she would have to resign or be discharged from the company which had always treated her with consideration and with whom she had won an assured and profitable position. And, in addition to this, her promise to Kimball of the night previous made it almost imperative that she continue her present work. To falter now would be to turn her back on the road she had voluntarily chosen to follow. It would not be playing the game, and it had long been one of Natalie's boasts that she always played the game.

When Abe Feldman and his company arrived at their destination, Mrs. Goddard and her guests were still at luncheon, and therefore, while the manager and his camera men arranged the preliminaries, the actors and actresses gathered in groups on the broad porches of the house. Somewhat surprised but promptly acceding to Natalie's request, Kimball had left her to join the others, and when she was alone she dropped into a low wicker chair and, for some time, looked out on the velvety lawn, and now and again cast furtive glances at her fellow players. Their faces were made up, but they wore modern clothes, as the play demanded they should. Natalie had seen these same clothes many times before at the studios and there they had seemed appropriate enough, but now on Mrs. Goddard's porch they appeared wholly out of place and rather absurd. In the brilliant sunshine the dresses of the women looked cheap and tawdry and the men's clothes frayed, baggy at the knees and shiny at the elbows. Even the tweed morning suit that Hugh Kimball wore, with its padded shoulders and narrow waist, appealed to Natalie's now sceptical sight as looking rather like an advertisement for men's ready-made clothing. The heavily beaded eyelashes of the women and the rouge on their cheeks, and the smooth pink-and-white make-ups of the men, made them all look rather inhuman and almost uncanny in the broad light of day. Of all the company Natalie was the only one who appeared in costume, and, with a slight shiver of dismay, she pulled the long coat she wore more tightly about her filmy draperies. And then, from the house she heard a confusion of sounds of talking and laughter, and she saw Mrs. Goddard, followed by her guests, come out on the porch. In a moment Natalie was on her feet and moving swiftly toward her former friend. With a little cry of surprise the elder woman held out her arms and fairly smothered Natalie in her embrace.

"My dear child," she cried, "what are you doing here with your pretty face all made up, and what have you got under that heavy coat this broiling day? What do you mean by not letting me know you were in town, and why didn't you come in to lunch?"

"I couldn't," Natalie laughed. "I'm a working-girl now—a queen of the movies." All she said after this was lost in a chorus of noisy exclamations, and she found herself in the centre of a circle of Mrs. Goddard's excited, eager guests and violently shaking hands with Alan Godfrey. After Godfrey had been induced by the others to give up Natalie's hands, she became the recipient of a greeting the warmth of which fell little short of an ovation. Old ladies embraced her tenderly, young girls of her own age kissed her enthusiastically on both of her rouged cheeks, and men, young and old, wrung her soft, pretty hands until they fairly ached. Perhaps it was on account of her aching hands or perhaps it was from some other cause, but when the excitement of the first greetings was over there were tears in Natalie's eyes, tears that could not be restrained; and therefore she put her arms about Mrs. Goddard and laid her head on the ample bosom of her old friend and in a low, husky voice whispered: "I never knew you all cared so much. Why didn't somebody tell me?"

Mrs. Goddard smoothed the soft hair of the head lying on her breast and said: "Because, you little fool, you *would* be a working-girl and you refused to give any of us the chance to tell you *anything*. Now that we've found you again, I hope you'll be good."

When Natalie raised her head and, looking about her, smiled, through her glistening eyes she caught sight of the moon face and the rotund figure of Abe Feldman, who by slow and easy stages had approached within a few feet of the charmed circle.

"Oh, Mrs. Goddard," Natalie said, "I want to present Mr. Feldman to you. Mr. Feldman is our manager."

The little man doubled up in a bow so low that his shining, perspiring, bald head almost touched his massive watch-chain. In turn he was presented by Mrs. Goddard to her guests, who with great enthusiasm accepted his invitation to join his company and, for a few brief hours, to perform the work of "extra" people in the moving-picture drama of "Marloe's Mummy."

Throughout the long, hot afternoon the cameras continued to click off thousands of feet of films that were destined to make Natalie Eyre and Hugh Kimball famous and Mrs. Goddard and Mrs. Goddard's friends, if not famous, at least better known throughout the broad land. The embarrassment which Natalie had at first felt in the situation was quickly forgotten in her work, and in the enthusiasm with which her old friends entered into the execution of what appealed to them as a novel and amusing experience.

The day's work was nearly over and the oak-trees were casting giant shadows on the lawn, when the unhappy incident occurred. Natalie and Kimball had the green bit of lawn which served as the stage to themselves and were in the middle of a very serious and passionate love scene when something went wrong with the camera. The scene came to an abrupt end, and Natalie turned to speak to her friends who were standing in a group at the side of the sylvan stage. Caught unaware, she saw by their faces and their manner that, instead of being seriously interested, they were laughing at and quietly guying the heroic efforts of Kimball to make love as love is supposed to be made by an American gentleman and a Newport millionaire. Confused and blushing scarlet under her rouge, Natalie cast a hurried glance at Kimball, and seeing him still staring at the broken camera, found some consolation in the thought that he too had not seen the smiles of ridicule on the faces of her old friend's guests.

A little later on, when the last scene had been taken and the film of "Marloe's Mummy" was an accomplished fact, Abe Feldman and his company of players gladly accepted Mrs. Goddard's invitation to stay for tea with her. While the tired but contented actors gathered about the pretty tables on the porches, Hugh Kimball saw a young man speak to Natalie and then from the corner of his eye watched them stroll slowly across the lawn in the direction of the terrace that overlooked the sea.

When Natalie and Alan Godfrey had reached the terrace, they sat down in the same two wicker chairs which they had occupied on a very momentous occasion just about one year before.

"Same two old chairs, same girl," Godfrey said, and laughed a rather mirthless sort of laugh.

Natalie drew her coat tightly over the spangled bloomers of the Princess of the Nile, and her rouged, scarlet lips wavered into a brilliant, dazzling smile. Whatever may have been in the girl's heart, it was her great wish to have this talk with Godfrey as cheerful as possible.

"Same chairs," she laughed, "but not quite the same girl."

"But you've succeeded, haven't you?" Godfrey asked.

Natalie nodded. "Yes, I suppose so. I make my own living and a pretty good living at that. But I'm sorry I came back here to-day."

"Why?"

"Oh, I don't know, except it was rather like the return of the prodigal daughter. The fatted calf sort of choked me and made me cry. And, then, of course, everything about the place reminds me of a lot of things I haven't got any more and, until to-day, that I hadn't really missed."

"True friends, perhaps?" Godfrey suggested.

But Natalie refused to be serious.

"No," she said, "the true-friends idea didn't appeal to me so much as a great longing I had for a plunge into the surf at Bailey's Beach. And then, all of the time I was acting out there on the lawn my mind was really on the golf-links. I was thinking what fun it would be to be stand-

ing on a nice flat tee with a little white ball at my feet and a good whippy driver in my hands and the fair green stretching out before me. And then a sweet stroke, a swish, and the ball flying straight and true and leaping in great bounds over the smooth turf, missing the traps and skimming the bunkers and— Oh! I don't know, but it was a rather pleasant dream."

"You're not much in the open?"

Natalie shook her head. "No, not very much. Sometimes we work out-of-doors but most of our scenes are in the studios, and believe me, the heat of the lights is awful. What have you been doing, Alan, all this long year?"

With a sudden look of surprise Godfrey stared steadily at Natalie until the girl's eyes, tired after her long afternoon's work, faltered and turned toward the open sea.

"Why, you know, Natalie, dear," he said. "Of course you must know that I have been doing just what I did the year before and the year before that, and ever since I have known you. There is only one real thing in my life—and I suppose always will be—my love for you. Even if you wouldn't let me see you all of this time and hid yourself from me, I knew that you knew that I was waiting. Surely you understood, Natalie?"

The girl glanced up at Godfrey and

It flattered her to be seen so constantly in the company of the great Kimball, the admired of all women.—Page 690.

then toward the sea and then back to Godfrey's searching eyes.

"Why, yes, Alan," she said, "in a way I understood. But, you see, I have been working so hard, and in my work I found other interests and—and other friends."

Natalie's hand was lying on the arm of her chair and Godfrey suddenly put out his own hand and took that of the girl in a firm grasp.

"You mean that there is some one else?" he asked.

Through misty eyes Natalie looked into the frightened eyes of Godfrey.

"Yes, Alan," she whispered, "there is some one else."

She drew the lapels of her coat more closely over her breast, and then, after a few moments of silence, wearily pulled herself to her feet.

"It's getting rather cold," she said, "and I'm afraid the others will be going back to the hotel. You know we return to New York to-night by the boat. Be a good boy, Alan, and take me back to the house with you now, won't you?"

After Natalie had returned to the hotel she went to her room, so that she might be alone until supper-time, when it would be necessary for her to meet Kimball and the others. The events of the day had upset her greatly and she was tired and nervous and on the verge of breaking down and crying. Try as she might, she could not forget the look in Alan Godfrey's eyes, and she could not forget the scene when the camera had broken down and she had caught the crowd laughing at and silently guying Hugh Kimball, the king of the moving-picture world and the man she had promised to marry. For some time she lay on the bed in the little hotel room staring wide-eyed at the whitewashed walls; and then some one knocked and, going to the door, she found Kimball waiting to be admitted.

"Just a few words," he said, and, without waiting for Natalie's consent, came into the room and closed the door behind him.

Natalie offered him a chair, but Kimball refused, and, going over to the fireplace, took his stand before the empty grate and slowly clasped his hands behind his back.

"I have been taking a walk," he began, "and—and thinking. It occurred to me that unless there should have to be some re-takes 'Marloe's Mummy' is finished—that is, so far as you and I are concerned. And then it struck me how much better it would be for you, and for me, too, if you did not return to New York to-night but remained on here with your friends."

Natalie was sitting on the edge of the bed, her elbows resting on her knees, her chin cupped in her palms, and her eyes fixed steadily on Kimball.

"I don't think I understand you, Hugh," she said. "Why shouldn't I go back with you? Have you forgotten that we were to have another long evening together on the boat in the same little hiding-place that we discovered last night?"

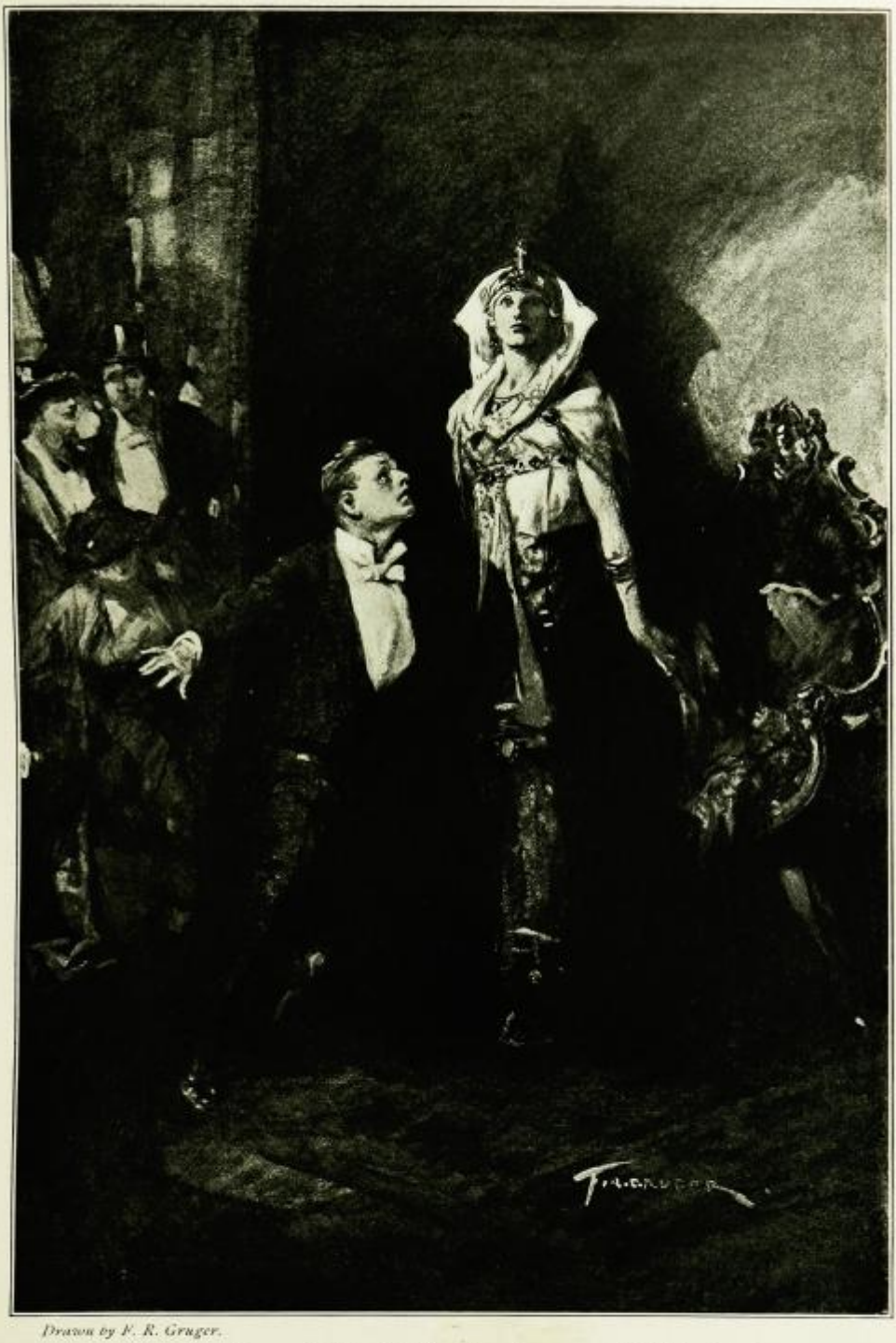
"No, Natalie," he said, "I hadn't forgotten that." For a few moments he hesitated, and during this brief interval of silence Natalie noticed the curious change that had taken place in the man's manner and in the way he carried himself. There was no longer the strut or the old air of braggadocio about him, and in all ways he seemed so much more simple and human.

"Last night," he went on, "I said that I wanted to marry you just because you were you and I said that I didn't care to know anything of your past. Of course, that was very foolish of me, but I didn't know how foolish it was until I learned something of your past to-day. I envy you such—such pleasant and prosperous friends."

"What difference does it make," Natalie asked, "who my friends happen to be, so long as we care for each other?"

Kimball shook his head and forced a mirthless smile to his parched lips.

"It will seem very strange," he said, "to go back to Sheepshead Bay and to Mrs. Cragin's without you. I don't think I ever told you that just before you came to live there that I was going to move away. Well, I was. I hated the place then. But after you came everything was quite different. In what to me before had been a God-forsaken, cast-off racing-town I found a quaint, deserted village. I forgot the forlorn cottages and the neglected gardens and saw only the flowers that still pushed their way through the weeds. Pleasant evenings those, Natalie, when



Drawn by F. R. Gruger.

During the past few months Kimball had played many love scenes with Natalie.—Page 691.

we walked down by the sea and had our little dinners together at the corner table at Kettler's. Do you——"

"Hugh, dear," Natalie interrupted him, "I don't understand you at all. Why should you talk like this—as if everything was over between us?"

Staring at the wall before him, apparently unconscious of Natalie's presence, Kimball, in the same even voice, went on to say what he had so evidently come to say.

"There was a young man there to-day—the young man with whom you took a walk and with whom you remained some time on the terrace. From a remark I happened to overhear, the young man had evidently been an old flame of yours. Why, even I, a stranger, could see in his eyes how he loved you, and in your eyes how you loved him. But even if I were mistaken"—For a moment the actor stopped, and slowly moistened his dry lips with his tongue. "Even if you and this young man do not love each other as I'm sure you do," he went on, "there was something else that happened—something that pointed out to me the barrier that would always rise between us two and happiness."

Natalie started to rise and go to Kimball, but with a quick, nervous movement he motioned her back.

"As to your family," she heard him saying—"as to your past, I know nothing and I ask to know nothing."—Page 692.

"It happened when the camera went wrong. I suddenly glanced about at your friends and I saw that they were laughing at me—I suppose at my pompous ways and my exaggerated clothes. It wasn't necessary for them to laugh to make me understand the difference. God knows, I'd seen it all through the afternoon."

"Don't you think, Hugh," Natalie said, "that perhaps you are wrong—just a little tired from overwork, and—and morbid?"

"Don't think that I blame them," Kimball went on. "I've often wondered why we actors are as we are. I've sometimes thought it must be the footlights. They flare up between us and the audience and to look like human beings we've got to paint our faces, and to act like real people we've got to exaggerate our manners and grimace and gesticulate like monkeys. And then in time we come to exaggerate off the stage and pose and assume a grand manner and wear loud clothes. We're no worse nor better than your friends I met to-day—the only difference is that we always have our make-ups on." He crossed the room to where Natalie sat, and held out both his hands. "And now it's good-by, my dear. You'd better let me tell Feldman that

Drawn by F. R. Gruger.

The embarrassment which Natalie had at first felt in the situation was quickly forgotten in her work.—Page 694.

you're not returning with us. I can fix it more easily than you."

For a few silent moments Natalie held the outstretched hands tightly in both her own.

"Thank you," she said at last, "and good luck to you, Hugh, and God bless you always. Tell them at Mrs. Cragin's that I'll be there pretty soon to see them all and to get my things. And I'll see you there too, won't I, Hugh?"

Kimball dropped the girl's hands and, as if afraid to meet her eyes, stared steadily at the blank wall beyond.

"I'm afraid not," he said. "You see, I'll be leaving Sheepshead very soon. The place will be so full of ghosts and—" Again he hesitated, and then went on in the same even voice. "But you'll be sure to be dropping in at the moving-picture shows sometimes, won't you, whatever you happen to do?"

"Why, of course, Hugh," Natalie said, "lots of times. I'll never forget my love for the movies. Why do you ask that?"

The question seemed to embarrass Kimball, and, for the first time since she had known him, he had difficulty in find-

"What difference does it make," Natalie asked, "who my friends happen to be, so long as we care for each other?"—Page 696.

ing the words with which to express himself.

"I was thinking," he said at last, "that if you ever saw me on the screen, as you're pretty sure to do, give me a nod, and for old times' sake whisper what you said to me just now. 'Good luck to you, Hugh, and God bless you always.' I'll be sure to hear you."

And then, with a brave attempt at his former princely manner, the hero of the moving-picture world made a grave and courteous bow and, squaring his broad, padded shoulders, strode from the room.

THE LONELY LAND

By Madison Cawein

A RIVER binds that lonely land,
A river like a silver band,
To crags and shores of yellow sand.

It is a place where killdees cry,
And endless marshes eastward lie,
Whereon looks down a ghostly sky.

A house stands gray and all alone
Upon a hill; as dim of tone
And lonely as a lonely stone.

There are no signs of life about:
No barnyard bustle, cry or shout
Of children that run laughing out.

No crow of cocks, no low of cows;
No sheep-bell tinkling under boughs
Of beech, or song in garth or house.

Only the curlew's mournful call
Circling the sky at evenfall,
And loon, lamenting over all.

A garden, where the sunflower dies
And lily on the pathway lies,
Looks blindly at the blinder skies.

And round the place a lone wind blows,
As when the Autumn grieving goes,
Tattered and dripping, to its close.

And on decaying shrubs and vines
The moon's thin crescent, dwindling, shines,
Caught in the claws of sombre pines.

And then a pale girl, like a flower,
Enters the garden; for an hour
She waits beside a wild-rose bower.

There is no other one around;
No sound, except the cricket's sound,
And far-off baying of a hound.

There is no fire or candle-light
To flash its message through the night
Of welcome from some casement bright.

Only the moon, that thinly throws
A shadow on the girl and rose
As to its setting slow it goes.

And when 'tis gone, from shore and stream
There steals a mist, that turns to dream
That place where all things merely seem.

And through the mist there goes a cry,
Not of the earth nor of the sky,
But of the years that have passed by.

And with the cry there comes the rain
Whispering of all that was in vain—
At every door and window-pane.

And she who waits beside the rose
Hears, with her heart, a hoof that goes
Galloping afar to where, none knows.

And then she bows her head and weeps—
And suddenly the darkness sweeps
O'er all, and in its starless deeps

The girl, the house, the cliffs and stream
Are lost; and they, and all things, seem
But merely shadows in a dream.

COMING HOME

BY EDITH WHARTON

I

THE young men of our American Relief Corps are beginning to come back from the front with stories. There was no time to pick them up during the first months—the whole business was too wild and grim. The horror has not decreased, but nerves and sight are beginning to be disciplined to it. In the earlier days, moreover, such fragments of experience as one got were torn from their setting like bits of flesh scattered by shrapnel. Now things that seemed disjointed are beginning to link themselves together, and the broken bones of history are rising from the battle-fields.

I can't say that, in this respect, all the members of the Relief Corps have made the most of their opportunity. Some are obtuse, or perhaps simply inarticulate; others, when going beyond the bald statistics of their job, tend at once to drop into sentiment and cinema scenes; and none but H. Macy Greer has the gift of making the thing told seem as true as if one had seen it. So it is on H. Macy Greer that I depend, and when his motor dashes him back to Paris for supplies I never fail to hunt him down and coax him to my rooms for dinner and a long cigar.

Greer is a small hard-muscled youth, with pleasant manners, a sallow face, straight hemp-coloured hair, and grey eyes of unexpected inwardness. He has a voice like thick soup, and speaks with the slovenly drawl of the new generation of Americans, dragging his words along like reluctant dogs on a string, and depriving his narrative of every shade of expression that intelligent intonation gives. But his eyes see so much that they make one see even what his foggy voice obscures.

Some of his tales are dark and dreadful, some are unutterably sad, and some end in a huge laugh of irony. I am not sure how I ought to classify the one I have written down here.

II

ON my first dash to the Northern fighting line—Greer told me the other night—I carried supplies to an ambulance where the surgeon asked me to have a talk with an officer who was badly wounded and fretting for news of his people in the east of France.

He was a young Frenchman, a cavalry lieutenant, trim and slim, with a pleasant smile and obstinate blue eyes that I liked. He looked as if he could hold on tight when it was worth his while. He had had a leg smashed, poor devil, in the first fighting in Flanders, and had been dragging on for weeks in the squalid camp-hospital where I found him. He didn't waste any words on himself, but began at once about his family. They were living, when the war broke out, at their country-place in the Vosges; his father and mother, his sister, just eighteen, and his brother Alain, two years younger. His father, the Comte de Réchamp, had married late in life, and was over seventy: his mother, a good deal younger, was crippled with rheumatism; and there was, besides—to round off the group—a helpless but intensely alive and domineering old grandmother about whom all the others revolved. You know how French families hang together, and throw out branches that make new roots but keep hold of the central trunk, like that tree—what's it called?—that they give pictures of in books about the East.

Jean de Réchamp—that was my lieutenant's name—told me his family was a typical case. "We're very *province*," he said. "My people live at Réchamp all the year. We have a house at Nancy—rather a fine old hôtel—but my parents

go there only once in two or three years, for a few weeks. That's our 'season.'. . Imagine the point of view! Or rather don't, because you couldn't. . ." (He had been about the world a good deal, and known something of other angles of vision.)

Well, of this helpless exposed little knot of people he had had no word—simply nothing—since the first of August. He was at home, staying with them at Réchamp, when war broke out. He was mobilized the first day, and had only time to throw his traps into a cart and dash to the station. His depot was on the other side of France, and communications with the East by mail and telegraph were completely interrupted during the first weeks. His regiment was sent at once to the fighting line, and the first news he got came to him in October, from a communiqué in a Paris paper a month old, saying: "The enemy yesterday retook Réchamp." After that, dead silence: and the poor devil left in the trenches to digest that "*retook*"!

There are thousands and thousands of just such cases; and men bearing them, and cracking jokes, and hitting out as hard as they can. Jean de Réchamp knew this, and tried to crack jokes too—but he got his leg smashed just afterward, and ever since he'd been lying on a straw pallet under a horse-blanket, saying to himself: "*Réchamp retaken.*"

"Of course," he explained with a weary smile, "as long as you can tot up your daily bag in the trenches it's a sort of satisfaction—though I don't quite know why; anyhow, you're so dead-beat at night that no dreams come. But lying here staring at the ceiling one goes through the whole business once an hour, at the least: the attack, the slaughter, the ruins . . . and worse. . . Haven't I seen and heard things enough on *this* side to know what's been happening on the other? Don't try to sugar the dose. I *like* it bitter."

I was three days in the neighbourhood, and I went back every day to see him. He liked to talk to me because he had a faint hope of my getting news of his family when I returned to Paris. I hadn't much myself, but there was no use telling him so. Besides, things change from day to day, and when we parted I promised to get word to him as soon as I could find out anything. We both knew, of course, that that would not be till Réchamp was taken a third time—by his own troops; and perhaps, soon after that, I should be able to get there, or near there, and make enquiries myself. To make sure that I should forget nothing, he drew the family photographs from under his pillow, and handed them over: the little witch-grandmother, with a face like a withered walnut, the father, a fine broken-looking old boy with a Roman nose and a weak chin, the mother, in crape, simple, serious and provincial, the little sister ditto, and Alain, the young brother—just the age the brutes have been carrying off to German prisons—an over-grown thread-paper boy with too much forehead and eyes, and not a muscle in his body. A charming-looking family, distinguished and amiable; but all, except the grandmother, rather usual. The kind of people who come in sets.

As I pocketed the photographs I noticed that another lay face down by his pillow. "Is that for me too?" I asked.

He coloured and shook his head, and I felt I had blundered. But after a moment he turned the photograph over and held it out.

"It's the young girl I am engaged to. She was at Réchamp visiting my parents when war was declared; but she was to leave the day after I did. . ." He hesitated. "There may have been some difficulty about her going. . . I should like to be sure she got away. . . Her name is Yvonne Malo."

He did not offer me the photograph, and I did not need it. That girl had a face of her own! Dark and keen and splendid: a type so different from the others that I found myself staring. If he had not said "*ma fiancée*" I should have understood better. After another pause he went on: "I will give you her address in Paris. She has no family: she lives alone—she is a musician. Perhaps you may find her there." His colour deepened again as he added: "But I know nothing—I have had no news of her either."

To ease the silence that followed I suggested: "But if she has no family, wouldn't she have been likely to stay with

your people, and wouldn't that be the reason of your not hearing from her?"

"Oh, no—I don't think she stayed." He seemed about to add: "If she could help it," but shut his lips and slid the picture out of sight.

As soon as I got back to Paris I made enquiries, but without result. The Germans had been pushed back from that particular spot after a fortnight's intermittent occupation; but their lines were close by, across the valley, and Réchamp was still in a net of trenches. No one could get to it, and apparently no news could come from it. For the moment, at any rate, I found it impossible to get in touch with the place.

My enquiries about Mlle. Malo were equally unfruitful. I went to the address Réchamp had given me, somewhere off in Passy, among gardens, in what they call a "Square," no doubt because it's oblong: a kind of long narrow court with rather æsthetic-looking studio buildings round it. Mlle. Malo lived in one of them, on the top floor, the concierge said, and I looked up and saw a big studio window, and a roof-terrace with dead gourds dangling from a pergola. But she wasn't there, she hadn't been there, and they had no news of her. I wrote to Réchamp of my double failure, he sent me back a line of thanks; and after that for a long while I heard no more of him.

By the beginning of November the enemy's hold had begun to loosen in the Argonne and along the Vosges, and one day we were sent off to the East with a couple of ambulances. Of course we had to have military chauffeurs, and the one attached to my ambulance happened to be a fellow I knew. The day before we started, in talking over our route with him, I said: "I suppose we can manage to get to Réchamp now?" He looked puzzled—it was such a little place that he'd forgotten the name. "Why do you want to get there?" he wondered. I told him, and he gave an exclamation. "Good God! Of course—but how extraordinary! Jean de Réchamp's here now, in Paris, too lame for the front, and driving a motor." We stared at each other, and he went on: "He must take my place—he must go with you. I don't know how it can be done; but done it shall be."

Done it was, and the next morning at daylight I found Jean de Réchamp at the wheel of my car. He looked another fellow from the wreck I had left in the Flemish hospital; all made over, and burning with activity, but older, and with lines about his eyes. He had had news from his people in the interval, and had learned that they were still at Réchamp, and well. What was more surprising was that Mlle. Malo was with them—had never left. Alain had been got away to England, where he remained; but none of the others had budged. They had fitted up an ambulance in the château, and Mlle. Malo and the little sister were nursing the wounded. There were not many details in the letters, and they had been a long time on the way; but their tone was so reassuring that Jean could give himself up to unclouded anticipation. You may fancy if he was grateful for the chance I was giving him; for of course he couldn't have seen his people in any other way.

Our permits, as you know, don't as a rule let us into the firing-line: we only take supplies to second-line ambulances, and carry back the badly wounded in need of delicate operations. So I wasn't in the least sure we should be allowed to go to Réchamp—though I had made up my mind to get there, anyhow.

We were about a fortnight on the way, coming and going in Champagne and the Argonne, and that gave us time to get to know each other. It was bitter cold, and after our long runs over the lonely frozen hills we used to crawl into the café of the inn—if there was one—and talk and talk. We put up in fairly rough places, generally in a farm house or a cottage packed with soldiers; for the villages have all remained empty since the autumn, except when troops are quartered in them. Usually, to keep warm, we had to go up after supper to the room we shared, and get under the blankets with our clothes on. Once some jolly Sisters of Charity took us in at their Hospice, and we slept two nights in an ice-cold whitewashed cell—but what tales we heard around their kitchen-fire! The Sisters had stayed alone to face the Germans, had seen the town burn, and had made the Teutons turn the hose on the singed roof of their Hospice and beat the fire back

from it. It's a pity those Sisters of Charity can't marry. . .

Réchamp told me a lot in those days. I don't believe he was talkative before the war, but his long weeks in hospital, starving for news, had unstrung him. And then he was mad with excitement at getting back to his own place. In the interval he'd heard how other people caught in their country-houses had fared—you know the stories we all refused to believe at first, and that we now prefer not to think about. . . Well, he'd been thinking about those stories pretty steadily for some months; and he kept repeating: "My people say they're all right—but they give no details."

"You see," he explained, "there never were such helpless beings. Even if there had been time to leave, they couldn't have done it. My mother had been having one of her worst attacks of rheumatism—she was in bed, helpless, when I left. And my grandmother, who is a demon of activity in the house, won't stir out of it. We haven't been able to coax her into the garden for years. She says it's draughty; and you know how we all feel about draughts! As for my father, he hasn't had to decide anything since the Comte de Chambord refused to adopt the tricolour. My father decided that he was right, and since then there has been nothing particular for him to take a stand about. But I know how he behaved just as well as if I'd been there—he kept saying: 'One must act—one must act!' and sitting in his chair and doing nothing. Oh, I'm not disrespectful: they were *like* that in his generation! Besides—it's better to laugh at things, isn't it?" And suddenly his face would darken. . .

On the whole, however, his spirits were good till we began to traverse the line of ruined towns between Sainte Menehould and Bar-le-Duc. "This is the way the devils came," he kept saying to me; and I saw he was hard at work picturing the work they must have done in his own neighbourhood.

"But since your sister writes that your people are safe!"

"They may have made her write that to reassure me. They'd heard I was badly wounded. And, mind you, there's never been a line from my mother."

"But you say your mother's hands are so lame that she can't hold a pen. And wouldn't Mlle. Malo have written you the truth?"

At that his frown would lift. "Oh, yes. She would despise any attempt at concealment."

"Well, then—what the deuce is the matter?"

"It's when I see these devils' traces—" he could only mutter.

One day, when we had passed through a particularly devastated little place, and had got from the curé some more than usually abominable details of things done there, Réchamp broke out to me over the kitchen-fire of our night's lodging. "When I hear things like that I don't believe anybody who tells me my people are all right!"

"But you know well enough," I insisted, "that the Germans are not all alike—that it all depends on the particular officer. . ."

"Yes, yes, I know," he assented, with a visible effort at impartiality. "Only, you see—as one gets nearer. . ." He went on to say that, when he had been sent from the ambulance at the front to a hospital at Moulins, he had been for a day or two in a ward next to some wounded German soldiers—bad cases, they were—and had heard them talking. They didn't know he knew German, and he had heard things. . . There was one name always coming back in their talk, von Scharlach, Oberst von Scharlach. One of them, a young fellow, said: "I wish now I'd cut my hand off rather than do what he told us to that night. . . Every time the fever comes I see it all again. I wish I'd been struck dead first." They all said "Scharlach" with a kind of terror in their voices, as if he might hear them even there, and come down on them horribly. Réchamp had asked where their regiment came from, and had been told: From the Vosges. That had set his brain working, and whenever he saw a ruined village, or heard a tale of savagery, the Scharlach nerve began to quiver. At such times it was no use reminding him that the Germans had had at least three hundred thousand men in the east in August. He simply didn't listen. . .

III

THE day before we started for Réchamp his spirits flew up again, and that night he became confidential. "You've been such a friend to me that there are certain things—seeing what's ahead of us—that I should like to explain"; and, noticing my surprise, he went on: "I mean about my people. The state of mind in my *milieu* must be so remote from anything you're used to in your happy country. . . But perhaps I can make you understand. . ."

I saw that what he wanted was to talk to me of the girl he was engaged to. Mlle. Malo, left an orphan at ten, had been the ward of a neighbour of the Réchamps', a chap with an old name and a starred château, who had lost almost everything else at baccarat before he was forty, and had repented, had the gout and studied agriculture for the rest of his life. The girl's father was a rather brilliant painter, who died young, and her mother, who followed him in a year or two, was a Pole: you may fancy that, with such antecedents, the girl was just the mixture to shake down quietly into French country life with a gouty and repentant guardian. The Marquis de Corvenaire—that was his name—brought her down to his place, got an old maid sister to come and stay, and really, as far as one knows, brought his ward up rather decently. Now and then she used to be driven over to play with the young Réchamps, and Jean remembered her as an ugly little girl in a plaid frock, who used to invent wonderful games and get tired of playing them just as the other children were beginning to learn how. But her domineering ways and searching questions did not meet with his mother's approval, and her visits were not encouraged. When she was seventeen her guardian died and left her a little money. The maiden sister had gone dotty, there was nobody to look after Yvonne, and she went to Paris, to an aunt, broke loose from the aunt when she came of age, set up her studio, travelled, painted, played the violin, knew lots of people; and never laid eyes on Jean de Réchamp till about a year before the war, when her guardian's place was sold, and she had to go down there to see about her interest in the property.

The old Réchamps heard she was coming, but didn't ask her to stay. Jean drove over to the shut-up château, however, and found Mlle. Malo lunching on a corner of the kitchen table. She exclaimed: "My little Jean!" flew to him with a kiss for each cheek, and made him sit down and share her omelet. . . The ugly little girl had shed her chrysalis—and you may fancy if he went back once or twice!

Mlle. Malo was staying at the château all alone, with the farmer's wife to come in and cook her dinner: not a soul in the house at night but herself and her brindled sheep dog. She had to be there a week, and Jean finally suggested to his people to ask her to Réchamp. But at Réchamp they hesitated, coughed, looked away, said the spare-rooms were all upside down, and the valet-de-chambre laid up with the mumps, and the cook short-handed—till finally the irrepressible grandmother broke out: "A young girl who chooses to live alone—probably prefers to live alone!"

There was a deadly silence, and Jean did not raise the question again; but I can imagine his blue eyes getting obstinate.

Soon after Mlle. Malo's return to Paris he followed her and began to frequent the Passy studio. The life there was unlike anything he had ever seen—or conceived as possible, short of the prairies. He had sampled the usual varieties of French womankind, and explored most of the social layers; but he had missed the newest, that of the artistic-emancipated. I don't know much about that set myself, but from his descriptions I should say they were a good deal like intelligent Americans, except that they don't seem to keep art and life in such water-tight compartments. But his great discovery was the new girl. Apparently he had never before known any but the traditional type, which predominates in the provinces, and still persists, he tells me, in the last fastnesses of the Faubourg St. Germain. The girl who comes and goes as she pleases, reads what she likes, has opinions about what she reads, who talks, looks, behaves with the independence of a married woman—and yet has kept the Diana-freshness—think how she must have shaken up such a man's inherited view of things! Mlle.

Malo did far more than make Réchamp fall in love with her: she turned his world topsy-turvey, and prevented his ever again squeezing himself into his little old pigeon-hole of prejudices.

Before long they confessed their love—just like any young couple of Anglo-Saxons—and Jean went down to Réchamp to ask permission to marry her. Neither you nor I can quite enter into the state of mind of a young man of twenty-seven who has knocked about all over the globe, and been in and out of the usual sentimental coils—and who has to ask his parents' leave to get married! Don't let us try: it's no use. We should only end by picturing him as an incorrigible ninny. But there isn't a man in France who wouldn't feel it his duty to take that step, as Jean de Réchamp did. All we can do is to accept the premise and pass on.

Well—Jean went down and asked his father and his mother and his old grandmother if they would permit him to marry Mlle. Malo; and they all with one voice said they wouldn't. There was an uproar, in fact; and the old grandmother contributed the most piercing note to the concert. Marry Mlle. Malo! A young girl who lived alone! Travelled! Spent her time with foreigners—with musicians and painters! *A young girl!* Of course, if she had been a married woman—that is, a widow—much as they would have preferred a young girl for Jean, or even, if widow it had to be, a widow of another type—still, it was conceivable that, out of affection for him, they might have resigned themselves to his choice. But a young girl—bring such a young girl to Réchamp! Ask them to receive her under the same roof with their little Simone, their innocent Alain. . .

He had a bad hour of it; but he held his own, keeping silent while they screamed, and stiffening as they began to wobble from exhaustion. Finally he took his mother apart, and tried to reason with her. His arguments were not much use, but his resolution impressed her, and he saw it. As for his father, nobody was afraid of Monsieur de Réchamp. When he said: "Never—never while I live, and there is a roof on Réchamp!" they all knew he had collapsed inside. But the grandmother was terrible. She was terrible because she was so old, and so clever at taking advantage of it. She could bring on a valvular heart-attack by just sitting still and holding her breath, as Jean and his mother had long since found out; and she always treated them to one when things weren't going as she liked. Madame de Réchamp promised Jean that she would intercede with her mother-in-law; but she hadn't much faith in the result, and when she came out of the old lady's room she whispered: "She's just sitting there holding her breath."

The next day Jean himself advanced to the attack. His grandmother was the most intelligent member of the family, and she knew he knew it, and liked him for having found it out; so when he had her alone she listened to him without resorting to any valvular tricks. "Of course," he explained, "you're much too clever not to understand that the times have changed, and manners with them, and that what a woman was criticized for doing yesterday she is ridiculed for not doing today. Nearly all the old social thou-shalt-nots have gone: intelligent people nowadays don't give a fig for them, and that simple fact has abolished them. They only existed as long as there was some one left for them to scare." His grandmother listened with a sparkle of admiration in her ancient eyes. "And of course," Jean pursued, "that can't be the real reason for your opposing my marriage—a marriage with a young girl you've always known, who has been received here——"

"Ah, that's it—we've always known her!" the old lady snapped him up.

"What of that? I don't see——"

"Of course you don't. You're here so little: you don't hear things. . ."

"What things?"

"Things in the air . . . that blow about. . . You were doing your military service at the time. . ."

"At what time?"

She leaned forward and laid a warning hand on his arm. "Why did Corvenaire leave her all that money—*why?*"

"But why not—why shouldn't he?" Jean stammered, indignant. Then she unpacked her bag—a heap of vague insinuations, baseless conjectures, village tattle, all, at the last analysis, based, as he succeeded in proving, and making her

own, on a word launched at random by a discharged maid-servant who had retailed her grievance to the curé's housekeeper. "Oh, she does what she likes with Monsieur le Marquis, the young miss! *She* knows how. . ." On that single phrase the neighbourhood had raised a slander built of adamant.

Well, I'll give you an idea of what a determined fellow Réchamp is, when I tell you he pulled it down—or thought he did. He kept his temper, hunted up the servant's record, proved her a liar and dishonest, cast grave doubts on the discretion of the curé's housekeeper, and poured such a flood of ridicule over the whole flimsy fable, and those who had believed in it, that in sheer shame-facedness at having based her objection on such grounds, his grandmother gave way, and brought his parents toppling down with her.

All this happened a few weeks before the war, and soon afterward Mlle. Malo came down to Réchamp. Jean had insisted on her coming: he wanted her presence there, as his betrothed, to be known to the neighbourhood. As for her, she seemed delighted to come. I could see from Réchamp's tone, when he reached this part of his story, that he rather thought I should expect its heroine to have shown a becoming reluctance—to have stood on her dignity. He was distinctly relieved when he found that I expected no such thing.

"She's simplicity itself—it's her great quality. Vain complications don't exist for her, because she doesn't see them . . . that's what my people can't be made to understand. . ."

I gathered from the last phrase that the visit had not been a complete success, and this explained his having let out, when he first told me of his fears for his family, that he was sure Mlle. Malo would not have remained at Réchamp if she could help it. Oh, no, decidedly, the visit was not a success. . .

"You see," he explained with a half-embarrassed smile, "it was partly her fault. Other girls as clever, but less—how shall I say?—less proud, would have adapted themselves, arranged things, avoided startling allusions. She wouldn't stoop to that: she talked to my family as naturally as she did to me. You can imagine for instance, the effect of her saying: 'One night, after a supper at Montmartre, I was walking home with two or three pals'—. It was her way of affirming her convictions, and I adored her for it—but I wished she wouldn't!"

And he depicted, to my joy, the neighbours rumbling over to call in heraldic barouches (the mothers alone—with embarrassed excuses for not bringing their daughters), and the agony of not knowing, till they were in the room, if Yvonne would receive them with lowered lids and folded hands, sitting by in a *pose de fiancée* while the elders talked; or if she would take the opportunity to air her views on the separation of Church and State, or the necessity of making divorce easier. "It's not," he explained, "that she really takes much interest in such questions: she's much more absorbed in her music and painting. But anything her eye lights on sets her mind dancing—as she said to me once: 'It's your mother's friends' bonnets that make me stand up for divorce!'" He broke off abruptly to add: "Good God, how far off all that nonsense seems!"

IV

THE next day we started for Réchamp, not sure if we could get through, but bound to, anyhow! It was the coldest day we'd had, the sky steel, the earth iron, and a snow-wind howling down on us from the north. The Vosges are splendid in winter. In summer they are just plump puddingy hills; when the wind strips them they turn to mountains. And we seemed to have the whole country to ourselves—the black firs, the blue shadows, the beech-woods cracking and groaning like rigging, the bursts of snowy sunlight from cold clouds. Not a soul in sight except the sentinels guarding the railways, muffled to the eyes, or peering out of their huts of pine-boughs at the cross-roads. Every now and then we passed a long string of seventy-fives, or a train of supply waggons or army ambulances, and at intervals a cavalry patrol cantered by, his cloak bellied out by the gale; but of ordinary people about the common jobs of life, not a sign.

The sense of loneliness and remoteness

that the absence of the civil population produces everywhere in eastern France is increased by the fact that all the names and distances on the mile-stones have been scratched out and the sign-posts at the cross-roads thrown down. It was done, of course, to throw the enemy off the track in September: and the signs have never been put back. The result is that one is forever losing one's way, for the soldiers quartered in the district know only the names of their particular villages, and those on the march can tell you nothing about the places they are passing through. We had got badly off our road several times during the trip, but on the last day's run Réchamp was in his own country, and knew every yard of the way—or thought he did. We had turned off the main road, and were running along between rather featureless fields and woods, crossed by a good many wood-roads with nothing to distinguish them; but he continued to push ahead, saying: "We don't turn till we get to a manor-house on a stream, with a big paper-mill across the road." He went on to tell me that the mill-owners lived in the manor, and were old friends of his people: good old local stock, who had lived there for generations and done a lot for the neighbourhood.

"It's queer I don't see their village-steeple from this rise. The village is just beyond the house. How the devil could I have missed the turn?" We ran on a little farther, and suddenly he stopped the motor with a jerk. We were at a cross-road, with a stream running under the bank on our right. The place looked like an abandoned stoneyard. I never saw completer ruin. To the left, a fortified gate gaped on emptiness; to the right, a mill-wheel hung in the stream. Everything else was as flat as your dinner-table.

"Was this what you were trying to see from that rise?" I asked; and I saw a tear or two running down his face.

"They were the kindest people: their only son got himself shot the first month in Champagne——"

He had jumped out of the car and was standing staring at the level waste. "The house was there—there was a splendid lime in the court. I used to sit under it and have a glass of *vin gris de Lorraine* with the old people... Over there, where that cinder-heap is, all their children are buried." He walked across to the grave-yard under a blackened wall—a bit of the apse of the vanished church—and sat down on a grave-stone. "If the devils have done this *here*—so close to us," he burst out, and covered his face.

An old woman walked toward us down the road. Réchamp jumped up and ran to meet her. "Why, Marie-Jeanne, what are you doing in these ruins?" The old woman looked at him with unastonished eyes. She seemed incapable of any surprise. "They left my house standing. I'm glad to see Monsieur," she simply said. We followed her to the one house left in the waste of stones. It was a two-roomed cottage, propped against a cow-stable, but fairly decent, with a curtain in the window and a cat on the sill. Réchamp caught me by the arm and pointed to the door-panel. "Oberst von Scharlach" was scrawled on it. He turned as white as your table-cloth, and hung on to me a minute; then he spoke to the old woman. "The officers were quartered here: that was the reason they spared your house?"

She nodded. "Yes: I was lucky. But the gentlemen must come in and have a mouthful."

Réchamp's finger was on the name. "And this one—this was their commanding officer?"

"I suppose so. Is it somebody's name?" She had evidently never speculated on the meaning of the scrawl that had saved her.

"You remember him—their captain? Was his name Scharlach?" Réchamp persisted.

Under its rich weathering the old woman's face grew as pale as his. "Yes, that was his name—I heard it often enough."

"Describe him, then. What was he like? Tall and fair? They're all that—but what else? What in particular?"

She hesitated, and then said: "This one wasn't fair. He was dark, and had a scar that drew up the left corner of his mouth."

Réchamp turned to me. "It's the same. I heard the men describing him at Moulins."

We followed the old woman into the

house, and while she gave us some bread and wine she told us about the wrecking of the village and the factory. It was one of the most damnable stories I've heard yet. Put together the worst of the typical horrors and you'll have a fair idea of it. Murder, outrage, torture: Scharlach's programme seemed to be fairly comprehensive. She ended off by saying: "His orderly showed me a silver-mounted flute he always travelled with, and a beautiful paint-box mounted in silver too. Before he left he sat down on my door-step and made a painting of the ruins. . ."

Soon after leaving this place of death we got to the second lines and our troubles began. We had to do a lot of talking to get through the lines, but what Réchamp had just seen had made him eloquent. Luckily, too, the ambulance doctor, a charming fellow, was short of tetanus-serum, and I had some left; and while I went over with him to the pine-branch hut where he hid his wounded I explained Réchamp's case, and implored him to get us through. Finally it was settled that we should leave the ambulance there—for in the lines the ban against motors is absolute—and drive the remaining twelve miles. A sergeant fished out of a farm-house a toothless old woman with a furry horse harnessed to a two-wheeled trap, and we started off by round-about wood-tracks. The horse was in no hurry, nor the old lady either; for there were bits of road that were pretty steadily curry-combed by shell, and it was to everybody's interest not to cross them before twilight. Jean de Réchamp's excitement seemed to have dropped: he sat beside me dumb as a fish, staring straight ahead of him. I didn't feel talkative either, for a word the doctor had let drop had left me thinking. "That poor old granny mind the shells? Not she!" he had said when our crazy chariot drove up. "She doesn't know them from snow-flakes any more. Nothing matters to her now, except trying to outwit a German. They're all like that where Scharlach's been—you've heard of him? She had only one boy—half-witted: he cocked a broom-handle at them, and they burnt him. Oh, she'll take you to Réchamp safe enough."

"Where Scharlach's been"—so he had been as close as this to Réchamp! I was wondering if Jean knew it, and if that had sealed his lips and given him that flinty profile. The old horse's woolly flanks jogged on under the bare branches and the old woman's bent back jogged in time with it. She never once spoke or looked around at us. "It isn't the noise we make that'll give us away," I said at last; and just then the old woman turned her head and pointed silently with the osier-twig she used as a whip. Just ahead of us lay a heap of ruins: the wreck, apparently, of a great château and its dependencies. "Lermont!" Réchamp exclaimed, turning white. He made a motion to jump out and then dropped back into the seat. "What's the use?" he muttered. He leaned forward and touched the old woman's shoulder.

"I hadn't heard of this—when did it happen?"

"In September."

"*They* did it?"

"Yes. Our wounded were there. It's like this everywhere in our country."

I saw Jean stiffening himself for the next question. "At Réchamp, too?"

She relapsed into indifference. "I haven't been as far as Réchamp."

"But you must have seen people who'd been there—you must have heard."

"I've heard the masters were still there—so there must be something standing. Maybe though," she reflected, "they're in the cellars. . ."

We continued to jog on through the dusk.

V

"THERE's the steeple!" Réchamp burst out.

Through the dimness I couldn't tell which way to look; but I suppose in the thickest midnight he would have known where he was. He jumped from the trap and took the old horse by the bridle. I made out that he was guiding us into a long village street edged by houses in which every light was extinguished. The snow on the ground sent up a pale reflection, and I began to see the gabled outline of the houses and the steeple at the head of the street. The place seemed as calm and unchanged as if the sound of war had never reached it. In the open

space at the end of the village Réchamp checked the horse.

"The elm—there's the old elm in front of the church!" he shouted in a voice like a boy's. He ran back and caught me by both hands. "It was true, then—nothing's touched!" The old woman asked: "Is this Réchamp?" and he went back to the horse's head and turned the trap toward a tall gate between park walls. The gate was barred and padlocked, and not a gleam showed through the shutters of the porter's lodge; but Réchamp, after listening a minute or two, gave a low call twice repeated, and presently the lodge door opened, and an old man peered out. Well—I leave you to brush in the rest. Old family servant, tears and hugs and so on. I know you affect to scorn the cinema, and this was it, tremolo and all. Hang it! This war's going to teach us not to be afraid of the obvious.

We piled into the trap and drove down a long avenue to the house. Black as the grave, of course; but in another minute the door opened, and there, in the hall, was another servant, screening a light—and then more doors opened on another cinema-scene: fine old drawing-room with family portraits, shaded lamp, domestic group about the fire. They evidently thought it was the servant coming to announce dinner, and not a head turned at our approach. I could see them all over Jean's shoulder: a grey-haired lady knitting with stiff fingers, an old gentleman with a high nose and a weak chin sitting in a big carved armchair and looking more like a portrait than the portraits; a pretty girl at his feet, with a dog's head in her lap, and another girl, who had a Red Cross on her sleeve, at the table with a book. She had been reading aloud in a rich veiled voice, and broke off her last phrase to say: "Dinner..." Then she looked up and saw Jean. Her dark face remained perfectly calm, but she lifted her hand in a just perceptible gesture of warning, and instantly understanding he drew back and pushed the servant forward in his place.

"Madame la Comtesse—it is some one outside asking for Mademoiselle."

The dark girl jumped up and ran out into the hall. I remember wondering: "Is it because she wants to have him to herself first—or because she's afraid of their being startled?" I wished myself out of the way, but she took no notice of me, and going straight to Jean flung her arms about him. I was behind him and could see her hands about his neck, and her brown fingers tightly locked. There wasn't much doubt about those two...

The next minute she caught sight of me, and I was being rapidly tested by a pair of the finest eyes I ever saw—I don't apply the term to their setting, though that was fine too, but to the look itself, a look at once warm and resolute, all-promising and all-penetrating. I really can't do with fewer adjectives...

Réchamp explained me, and she was full of thanks and welcome; not excessive, but—well, I don't know—eloquent! She gave every intonation all it could carry, and without the least emphasis: that's the wonder.

She went back to "prepare" the parents, as they say in melodrama; and in a minute or two we followed. What struck me at first was that these insignificant and inadequate people had the command of the grand gesture—had *la ligne*. The mother had laid aside her knitting—*not* dropped it—and stood waiting with open arms. But even in clasping her son she seemed to include me in her welcome. I don't know how to describe it; but they never let me feel that I was in the way. I suppose that's part of what you call distinction; knowing instinctively how to deal with unusual moments.

All the while, I was looking about me at the fine secure old room, in which nothing seemed altered or disturbed, the portraits smiling from the walls, the servants beaming in the doorway—and wondering how such things could have survived in the trail of death and havoc we had been following.

The same thought had evidently struck Jean, for he dropped his sister's hand and turned to gaze about him too.

"Then nothing's touched—*nothing?* I don't understand," he stammered.

Monsieur de Réchamp raised himself majestically from his chair, crossed the room and lifted Yvonne Malo's hand to his lips. "Nothing is touched—thanks to this hand and this brain."

Madame de Réchamp was shining on her son through tears. "Ah, yes—we owe it all to Yvonne."

"All, all! Grandmamma will tell you!" Simone chimed in; and Yvonne, brushing aside their praise with a half-impatient laugh, said to her betrothed: "But your grandmother! You must go up to her at once."

A wonderful specimen, that grandmother: I was taken to see her after dinner. She sat by the fire in a bare panelled bedroom, bolt upright in an armchair with ears, a knitting-table at her elbow with a shaded candle on it. She was even more withered and ancient than she looked in her photograph, and I judge she'd never been pretty; but she somehow made me feel as if I'd got through with prettiness. I don't know exactly what she reminded me of: a dried bouquet, or something rich and clovy that had turned brittle through long keeping in a sandal-wood box. I suppose her sandal-wood box had been Good Society. Well, I had a rare evening with her. Jean and his parents were called down to see the curé, who had hurried over to the château when he heard of the young man's arrival; and the old lady asked me to stay on and chat with her. She related their experiences with uncanny detachment, seeming chiefly to resent the indignity of having been made to descend into the cellar—"to avoid French shells, if you'll believe it: the Germans had the decency not to bombard us," she observed impartially. I was so struck by the absence of rancour in her tone that finally, out of sheer curiosity, I made an allusion to the horror of having the enemy under one's roof. "Oh, I might almost say I didn't see them," she returned. "I never go downstairs any longer; and they didn't do me the honour of coming beyond my door. A glance sufficed them—*une vieille femme comme moi!*" she added with a phosphorescent gleam of coquetry.

"But they searched the château, surely?"

"Oh, a mere form; they were *très bien —très bien*," she almost snapped at me. "There was a first moment, of course, when we feared it might be hard to get Monsieur de Réchamp away with my young grandson; but Mlle. Malo managed that very cleverly. They slipped off while the officers were dining." She looked at me with the smile of some arch old lady in a Louis XV pastel. "My grandson Jean's fiancée is a very clever young woman: in my time no young girl would have been so sure of herself, so cool and quick. After all, there is something to be said for the new way of bringing up girls. My poor daughter-in-law, at Yvonne's age, was a bleating baby: she is so still, at times. The convent doesn't develop character. I'm glad Yvonne was not brought up in a convent." And this champion of tradition smiled on me more intensely.

Little by little I got from her the story of the German approach: the distracted fugitives pouring in from the villages north of Réchamp, the sound of distant cannonading, and suddenly, the next afternoon, after a reassuring lull, the sight of a single spiked helmet at the end of the drive. In a few minutes a dozen followed: mostly officers; then all at once the place hummed with them. There were supply waggons and motors in the court, bundles of hay, stacks of rifles, artillery-men unharnessing and rubbing down their horses. The crowd was hot and thirsty, and in a moment the old lady, to her amazement, saw wine and cider being handed about by the Réchamp servants. "Or so at least I was told," she added, correcting herself, "for it's not my habit to look out of the window. I simply sat here and waited." Her seat, as she spoke, might have been a curule chair.

Downstairs, it appeared, Mlle. Malo had instantly taken her measures. *She* didn't sit and wait. Surprised in the garden with Simone, she had made the girl walk quietly back to the house and receive the officers with her on the doorstep. The officer in command—captain, or whatever he was—had arrived in a bad temper, cursing and swearing, and growling out menaces about spies. The day was intensely hot, and possibly he had had too much wine. At any rate Mlle. Malo had known how to "put him in his place"; and when he and the other officers entered they found the dining-table set out with refreshing drinks and cigars, melons, strawberries and iced coffee. "The clever creature! She even remembered

that they liked whipped cream with their coffee!"

The effect had been miraculous. The captain—what was his name? Yes, Charlot, Charlot—Captain Charlot had been specially complimentary on the subject of the whipped cream and the cigars. Then he asked to see the other members of the family, and Mlle. Malo told him there were only two—two old women! "He made a face at that, and said all the same he should like to meet them; and she answered: 'One is your hostess, the Comtesse de Réchamp, who is ill in bed'—for my poor daughter-in-law was lying in bed paralyzed with rheumatism—'and the other her mother-in-law, a very old lady who never leaves her room.'"

"But aren't there any men in the family?" he had then asked; and she had said: "Oh yes—two. The Comte de Réchamp and his son."

"And where are they?"

"In England. Monsieur de Réchamp went a month ago to take his son on a trip."

The officer said: "I was told they were here today"; and Mlle. Malo replied: "You had better have the house searched and satisfy yourself."

He laughed and said: "The idea *had* occurred to me." She laughed also, and sitting down at the piano struck a few chords. Captain Charlot, who had his foot on the threshold, turned back—Simone had described the scene to her grandmother afterward. "Some of the brutes, it seems, are musical," the old lady explained; "and this was one of them. While he was listening, some soldiers appeared in the court carrying another who seemed to be wounded. It turned out afterward that he'd been climbing a garden wall after fruit, and cut himself on the broken glass at the top; but the blood was enough—they raised the usual dreadful outcry about an ambush, and a lieutenant clattered into the room where Mlle. Malo sat playing Stravinsky." The old lady paused for her effect, and I was conscious of giving her all she wanted.

"Well——?"

"Will you believe it? It seems she looked at her watch-bracelet and said: 'Do you gentlemen dress for dinner? *I* do—but we've still time for a little Moussorgsky'—or whatever wild names they call themselves—'if you'll make those people outside hold their tongues.' Our captain looked at her again, laughed, gave an order that sent the lieutenant right about, and sat down beside her at the piano. Imagine my stupour, dear sir: the drawing-room is directly under this room, and in a moment I heard two voices coming up to me. Well, I won't conceal from you that his was the finest. But then I always adored a barytone." She folded her shrivelled hands among their laces. "After that, the Germans were *très bien—très bien*. They stayed two days, and there was nothing to complain of. Indeed, when the second detachment came, a week later, they never even entered the gates. Orders had been left that they should be quartered elsewhere. Of course we were lucky in happening on a man of the world like Captain Charlot."

"Yes, very lucky. It's odd, though, his having a French name."

"Very odd. It probably accounts for his breeding," she answered placidly; and left me marvelling at the happy remoteness of old age.

VI

THE next morning early Jean de Réchamp came to my room. I was struck at once by the change in him: he had lost his first glow, and seemed nervous and hesitating. I knew what he had come for: to ask me to postpone our departure for another twenty-four hours. By rights we should have been off that morning; but there had been a sharp brush a few kilometres away, and a couple of poor devils had been brought to the château whom it would have been death to carry farther that day and criminal not to hurry to a base hospital the next morning. "We've simply *got* to stay till tomorrow: you're in luck," I said laughing.

He laughed back, but with a frown that made me feel I had been a brute to speak in that way of a respite due to such a cause.

"The men will pull through, you know—trust Mlle. Malo for that!" I said.

His frown did not lift. He went to the window and drummed on the pane.

"Do you see that breach in the wall,

down there behind the trees? It's the only scratch the place has got. And think of Lermont! It's incredible—simply incredible!"

"But it's like that everywhere, isn't it? Everything depends on the officer in command."

"Yes: that's it, I suppose. I haven't had time to get a consecutive account of what happened: they're all too excited. Mlle. Malo is the only person who can tell me exactly how things went." He swung about on me. "Look here, it sounds absurd, what I'm asking; but try to get me an hour alone with her, will you?"

I stared at the request, and he went on, still half-laughing: "You see, they all hang on me; my father and mother, Simone, the curé, the servants. The whole village is coming up presently: they want to stuff their eyes full of me. It's natural enough, after living here all these long months cut off from everything. But the result is I haven't said two words to her yet."

"Well, you shall," I declared; and with an easier smile he turned to hurry down to a mass of thanksgiving which the curé was to celebrate in the private chapel. "My parents wanted it," he explained; "and after that the whole village will be upon us. But later——"

"Later I'll effect a diversion; I swear I will," I assured him.

By daylight, decidedly, Mlle. Malo was less handsome than in the evening. It was my first thought as she came toward me, that afternoon, under the limes. Jean was still indoors, with his people, receiving the village; I rather wondered she hadn't stayed there with him. Theoretically, her place was at his side; but I knew she was a young woman who didn't live by rule, and she had already struck me as having a distaste for superfluous expenditures of feeling.

Yes, she was less effective by day. She looked older, for one thing; her face was pinched, and a little sallow, and for the first time I noticed that her cheek-bones were too high. Her eyes, too, had lost their velvet depth: fine eyes still, but not unfathomable. But the smile with which she greeted me was charming: it ran over her tired face like a lamp-lighter kindling flames as he runs.

"I was looking for you," she said. "Shall we have a little talk? The reception is sure to last another hour: every one of the villagers is going to tell just what happened to him or her when the Germans came."

"And you've run away from the ceremony?"

"I'm a trifle tired of hearing the same adventures retold," she said, still smiling.

"But I thought there *were* no adventures—that that was the wonder of it?"

She shrugged. "It makes their stories a little dull, at any rate; we've not a hero or a martyr to show." She had strolled farther from the house as we talked, steering me in the direction of a bare horse-chestnut walk that led toward the park.

"Of course Jean's got to listen to it all, poor boy; but *I* needn't," she explained.

I didn't know exactly what to answer and we walked on a little way in silence; then she said: "If you'd carried him off this morning he would have escaped all this fuss." After a pause she added slowly: "On the whole, it might have been as well."

"To carry him off?"

"Well, yes." She stopped and looked at me. "I wish you *would*."

"Would?—Now?"

"Yes, now: as soon as you can. He's really not strong yet—he's drawn and nervous." ("So are you," I thought parenthetically.) "And the excitement is greater than you can perhaps imagine——"

I gave her back her look. "Why, I think I *can* imagine. . ."

She coloured up through her sallow skin and then laughed away her blush. "Oh, I don't mean the excitement of seeing *me!* But his parents, his grandmother, the curé, all the old associations——"

I considered for a moment; then I said: "As a matter of fact, you're about the only person he *hasn't* seen."

She checked a quick answer on her lips, and for a moment or two we faced each other silently. A sudden sense of intimacy, of complicity almost, came over me. What was it the girl's silence was crying out to me?

"If I take him away now he won't have seen you at all," I continued.

She stood under the bare trees, keeping her eyes on me. "Then take him away

now!" she retorted; and as she spoke I saw her face change, decompose into deadly apprehension and as quickly regain its usual calm. From where she stood she faced the courtyard, and glancing in the same direction I saw the throng of villagers coming out of the château. "Take him away—take him away at once!" she passionately commanded; and the next minute Jean de Réchamp detached himself from the group and began to limp down the walk in our direction.

What was I to do? I can't exaggerate the sense of urgency Mlle. Malo's appeal gave me, or my faith in her sincerity. No one who had seen her meeting with Réchamp the night before could have doubted her feeling for him: if she wanted him away it was not because she did not delight in his presence. Even now, as he approached, I saw her face veiled by a faint mist of emotion: it was like watching a fruit ripen under a midsummer sun. But she turned sharply from the house and began to walk on.

"Can't you give me a hint of your reason?" I suggested as I followed.

"My reason? I've given it!" I suppose I looked incredulous, for she added in a lower voice: "I don't want him to hear—yet—about all the horrors."

"The horrors? I thought there had been none here."

"All around us—" Her voice became a whisper. "Our friends . . . our neighbours . . . every one. . ."

"He can hardly avoid hearing of that, can he? And besides, since you're all safe and happy. . . Look here," I broke off, "he's coming after us. Don't we look as if we were running away?"

She turned around, suddenly paler; and in a stride or two Réchamp was at our side. He was pale too; and before I could find a pretext for slipping away he had begun to speak. But I saw at once that he didn't know or care if I was there.

"What was the name of the officer in command who was quartered here?" he asked, looking straight at the girl.

She raised her eye-brows slightly. "Do you mean to say that after listening for three hours to every inhabitant of Réchamp you haven't found that out?"

"They all call him something different. My grandmother says he had a French name: she calls him Charlot."

"Your grandmother was never taught German: his name was the Oberst von Scharlach." She did not remember my presence either: the two were still looking straight in each other's eyes.

Réchamp had grown white to the lips: he was rigid with the effort to control himself.

"Why didn't you tell me it was Scharlach who was here?" he brought out at last in a low voice.

She turned her eyes in my direction. "I was just explaining to Mr. Greer——"

"To Mr. Greer?" He looked at me too, half-angrily.

"I know the stories that are about," she continued quietly; "and I was saying to your friend that, since we had been so happy as to be spared, it seemed useless to dwell on what has happened elsewhere."

"Damn what happened elsewhere! I don't yet know what happened here."

I put a hand on his arm. Mlle. Malo was looking hard at me, but I wouldn't let her see I knew it. "I'm going to leave you to hear the whole story now," I said to Réchamp.

"But there isn't any story for him to hear!" she broke in. She pointed at the serene front of the château, looking out across its gardens to the unscarred fields. "We're safe; the place is untouched. Why brood on other horrors—horrors we were powerless to help?"

Réchamp held his ground doggedly. "But the man's name is a curse and an abomination. Wherever he went he spread ruin."

"So they say. Mayn't there be a mistake? Legends grow up so quickly in these dreadful times. Here—" she looked about her again at the peaceful scene—"here he behaved as you see. For heaven's sake be content with that!"

"Content?" He passed his hand across his forehead. "I'm blind with joy . . . or should be, if only . . ."

She looked at me entreatingly, almost desperately, and I took hold of Réchamp's arm with a warning pressure. "My dear fellow, don't you see that Mlle. Malo has been under a great strain? *La joie fait peur*—that's the trouble with both of you!"

He lowered his head. "Yes, I suppose it is." He took her hand and kissed it.

"I beg your pardon. Greer's right: we're both on edge."

"Yes: I'll leave you for a little while, if you and Mr. Greer will excuse me." She included us both in a quiet look that seemed to me extremely noble, and walked slowly away toward the château. Réchamp stood gazing after her for a moment; then he dropped down on one of the benches at the edge of the path. He covered his face with his hands. "Scharlach—Scharlach!" I heard him repeat.

We sat there side by side for ten minutes or more without speaking. Finally I said: "Look here, Réchamp—she's right and you're wrong. I shall be sorry I brought you here if you don't see it before it's too late."

His face was still hidden; but presently he dropped his hands and answered me. "I do see. She's saved everything for me—my people and my house, and the ground we're standing on. And I worship it because she walks on it!"

"And so do your people: the war's done that for you, anyhow," I reminded him.

VII

THE morning after we were off before dawn. Our time allowance was up, and it was thought advisable, on account of our wounded, to slip across the exposed bit of road in the dark.

Mlle. Malo was downstairs when we started, pale in her white dress, but calm and active. We had borrowed a farmer's cart in which our two men could be laid on a mattress, and she had stocked our trap with food and remedies. Nothing seemed to have been forgotten. While I was settling the men I suppose Réchamp turned back into the hall to bid her goodbye; anyhow, when she followed him out a moment later he looked quieter and less strained. He had taken leave of his parents and his sister upstairs, and Yvonne Malo stood alone in the dark doorway, watching us as we drove away.

There was not much talk between us during our slow drive back to the lines. We had to go at a snail's pace, for the roads were rough; and there was time for meditation. I knew well enough what my companion was thinking about and my own thoughts ran on the same lines. Though the story of the German occupation of Réchamp had been retold to us a dozen times the main facts did not vary. There were little discrepancies of detail, and gaps in the narrative here and there; but all the household, from the astute ancestress to the last bewildered pantry-boy, were at one in saying that Mlle. Malo's coolness and courage had saved the château and the village. The officer in command had arrived full of threats and insolence: Mlle. Malo had placated and disarmed him, turned his suspicions to ridicule, entertained him and his comrades at dinner, and contrived during that time—or rather while they were making music afterward (which they did for half the night, it seemed)—that Monsieur de Réchamp and Alain should slip out of the cellar in which they had been hidden, gain the end of the gardens through an old hidden passage, and get off in the darkness. Meanwhile Simone had been safe upstairs with her mother and grandmother, and none of the officers lodged in the château had—after a first hasty inspection—set foot in any part of the house but the wing assigned to them. On the third morning they had left, and Scharlach, before going, had put in Mlle. Malo's hands a letter requesting whatever officer should follow him to show every consideration to the family of the Comte de Réchamp, and if possible—owing to the grave illness of the Countess—avoid taking up quarters in the château: a request which had been scrupulously observed.

Such were the amazing but undisputed facts over which Réchamp and I, in our different ways, were now pondering. He hardly spoke, and when he did it was only to make some casual reference to the road or to our wounded soldiers; but all the while I sat at his side I kept hearing the echo of the question he was inwardly asking himself, and hoping to God he wouldn't put it to me. . .

It was nearly noon when we finally reached the lines, and the men had to have a rest before we could start again; but a couple of hours later we landed them safely at the base hospital. From there we had intended to go back to Paris; but as we were starting there came an unexpected summons to another point of the

front, where there had been a successful night-attack, and a lot of Germans taken in a blown-up trench. The place was fifty miles away, and off my beat, but the number of wounded on both sides was exceptionally heavy, and all the available ambulances had already started. An urgent call had come for more, and there was nothing for it but to go; so we went.

We found things in a bad mess at the second line shanty-hospital where they were dumping the wounded as fast as they could bring them in. At first we were told that none were fit to be carried farther that night; and after we had done what we could we went off to hunt up a shakedown in the village. But a few minutes later an orderly overtook us with a message from the surgeon. There was a German with an abdominal wound who was in a bad way, but might be saved by an operation if he could be got back to the base before midnight. Would we take him at once and then come back for others?

There is only one answer to such requests, and a few minutes later we were back at the hospital, and the wounded man was being carried out on a stretcher. In the shaky lantern gleam I caught a glimpse of a livid face and a torn uniform, and saw that he was an officer, and nearly done for. Réchamp had climbed to the box, and seemed not to be noticing what was going on at the back of the motor. I understood that he loathed the job, and wanted not to see the face of the man we were carrying; so when we had got him settled I jumped into the ambulance beside him and called out to Réchamp that we were ready. A second later an *infirmier* ran up with a little packet and pushed it into my hand. "His papers," he explained. I pocketed them and pulled the door shut, and we were off.

The man lay motionless on his back, conscious, but desperately weak. Once I turned my pocket-lamp on him, and saw that he was young—about thirty—with damp dark hair and a thin face. He had received a flesh-wound above the eyes, and his forehead was bandaged, but the rest of the face uncovered. As the light fell on him he lifted his eyelids and looked at me: his look was inscrutable.

For half an hour or so I sat there in the dark, the sense of that face pressing close on me. It was a damnable face—meanly handsome, basely proud. In my one glimpse of it I had seen that the man was suffering atrociously, but as we slid along through the night he made no sound. At length the motor stopped with a violent jerk that drew a single moan from him. I turned the light on him, but he lay perfectly still, lips and lids shut, making no sign; and I jumped out and ran round to the front to see what had happened.

The motor had stopped for lack of gasolene and was stock still in the deep mud. Réchamp muttered something about a leak in his tank. As he bent over it, the lantern flame struck up into his face, which was set and business-like. It struck me vaguely that he showed no particular surprise.

"What's to be done?" I asked.

"I think I can tinker it up; but we've got to have more essence to go on with."

I stared at him in despair: it was a good hour's walk back to the lines, and we weren't so sure of getting any gasolene when we got there! But there was no help for it; and as Réchamp was dead lame, no alternative but for me to go.

I opened the ambulance door, gave another look at the motionless man inside and took out a remedy which I handed over to Réchamp with a word of explanation. "You know how to give a hypo? Keep a close eye on him and pop this in if you see a change—not otherwise."

He nodded. "Do you suppose he'll die?" he asked below his breath.

"No, I don't. If we get him to the hospital before morning I think he'll pull through."

"Oh, all right." He unhooked one of the motor lanterns and handed it over to me. "I'll do my best," he said as I turned away.

Getting back to the lines through that pitch-black forest, and finding somebody to bring the gasolene back for me was about the weariest job I ever tackled. I couldn't imagine why it wasn't daylight when we finally got to the place where I had left the motor. It seemed to me as if I had been gone twelve hours when I finally caught sight of the grey bulk of the car through the thinning darkness.

Réchamp came forward to meet us, and took hold of my arm as I was opening the

door of the car. "The man's dead," he said.

I had lifted up my pocket-lamp, and its light fell on his face, which was perfectly composed, and seemed less gaunt and drawn than at any time since we had started for Réchamp.

"Dead? Why—how? What happened? Did you give him the hypodermic?" I stammered, taken aback.

"No time to. He died in a minute."

"How do you know he did? Were you with him?"

"Of course I was with him," Réchamp retorted, with a sudden harshness that made me realize I had grown harsh myself. But I had been almost sure the man wasn't anywhere near death when I left him. I opened the door of the ambulance and climbed in with my lantern. He didn't appear to have moved, but he was dead sure enough—had been for two or three hours, by the feel of him. It must have happened not long after I left... Well, I'm not a doctor, anyhow...

I don't know that Réchamp and I exchanged a word on the rest of that run. But it was my fault and not his if we didn't. By the mere rub of his sleeve against mine as we sat side by side on the motor I knew he was conscious of no bar between us: he had somehow got back, in the night's interval, to a state of wholesome stolidity, while I, on the contrary, was tingling all over with exposed nerves.

I was glad enough when we got back to the base at last, and the grim load we carried was lifted out and taken into the hospital. Réchamp waited in the courtyard beside his car, lighting a cigarette in the cold early sunlight; but I followed the bearers and the surgeon into the white-washed room where the dead man was laid out to be undressed. I had a burning spot at the pit of my stomach while his clothes were ripped off him and the bandages undone: I couldn't take my eyes from the surgeon's face. But the surgeon, with a big batch of wounded on his hands, was probably thinking more of the living than the dead; and besides, we were near the front, and the body before him was an enemy's.

He finished his examination and scribbled something in a note-book. "Death must have taken place nearly five hours ago" he merely remarked: it was the conclusion I had already come to myself.

"And how about the papers?" the surgeon continued. "You have them, I suppose? This way, please."

We left the half-stripped body on the blood-stained oil-cloth and he led me into an office where a functionary sat behind a littered desk.

"The papers? Thank you. You haven't examined them? Let us see, then."

I handed over the leather note-case I had thrust into my pocket the evening before, and saw for the first time its silver-edged corners and the coronet in one of them. The official took out the papers and spread them on the desk between us. I watched him absently while he did so.

Suddenly he uttered an exclamation. "Ah—that's a haul!" he said, and pushed a bit of paper toward me. On it was engraved the name: Oberst Graf Benno von Scharlach...

"A good riddance," said the surgeon over my shoulder...

I went back to the courtyard and saw Réchamp still smoking his cigarette in the cold sunlight. I don't suppose I'd been in the hospital ten minutes; but I felt as old as Methuselah.

My friend greeted me with a smile. "Ready for breakfast?" he said good-humouredly; and a little chill ran down my spine... But I said: "Oh, all right—come along..."

For, after all, I *knew* there wasn't a paper of any sort on that man when he was lifted into my ambulance the night before: the French officials attend to their business too carefully for me not to have been sure of that. And there wasn't the least shred of evidence to prove that he hadn't died of his wounds during the unlucky delay in the forest; or that Réchamp had known his tank was leaking when we started out from the lines.

"I could do with a *café complet*, couldn't you?" Réchamp suggested, looking straight at me with his good blue eyes; and arm in arm we started off to hunt for the nearest hotel...

M. LE CURÉ'S LUNCH-PARTY

By Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant

Illustrations by Thornton Oakley

Peasants in the neighborhood of Arles.

M. LE CURÉ'S lunch-party was the climax of my stay in the convent at Arles. The very memory of it, rejoicing as the Provençal sun, brings the glow of the spontaneous human kindness of the Midi into my heart. The day was one of those that have no obvious story to tell, and yet remain charged for all time with a sense of high festivity.

I remember that something in the very tone of Mère Justinienne's voice warned me, when she first proposed our expedition, that it would be worth the sacrifice of an antiquity or two. We were sitting in her little office, with its door open to the convent garden, sipping a delicious tisane, when she expressed the hope that I could spare time from my other excursions to drive with her to lunch with "an old friend of the Sisters," the curé of a

certain country parish in the neighborhood of Arles.

"It would be an act of charity!" echoed Sœur Colombe, who had brought the tisane and was hovering solicitously about us. "M. le curé cares so much for good society. And he is so much alone, poor man, in that quiet village since his mother's death—only an old *bonne* in the house!"

"A *bonne* devoted, indeed," explained the Superior, "and trained by his mother to serve him well. He lives," she added with a blandly reminiscent air, "more formally than most country priests. You will see. He tells me that his good Marie has orders to put the compote-dishes on the table even when there is nothing to fill them, that she may never forget how things are done in the world."

M. le curé responded with the most amiable cordiality. A date was fixed—and then another, and another. At the last moment something always happened to upset our plans. But the more it rained, the more duties parochial or conventual thwarted our hopes, the brighter grew the glamour. No other village in the sun-browned plain about Arles could equal M. le curé's for flowery charm and verdant shadiness. Nowhere else, as the Sisters who had nursed in his parish could vouch, did coffee have the flavor which distinguished the steaming bowls so benevolently offered at the *presbytère* after early mass,—the kind man, said the Mother, actually realized how the Sisters must feel after a long night's vigil and a long walk! And M. le curé, to cap the climax, had been born within sight of Mistral's garden wall. In a land where the blood of the troubadours still runs hot this privilege adds lustre even to the aureole of an ecclesiastic.

I could hardly believe that legend was turning to truth when the sun rose cloudless on my last morning. Promptly at half past ten Joseph's carriage was reported at the door. Sœur Colombe, shining with sympathy, tucked us in, arranged the Mother's shawl, and put a plump black bag in her lap. "Red mullet—beauties!" she whispered. Mère Justinienne frowned a little at the indiscreet words. The fact was—well, as this was Friday, and as a country market was sure to be poor in anything but the grosser varieties of fish, she was taking M. le curé something *fin*, something delicately toothsome, which he would not feel humiliated to offer ladies.

Arles. Rue des Arènes.

When we had rattled down the steep, cobbled streets, past the ancient theatre, into the Promenade des Lices, and turned southward, the Mother settled herself expectantly for an hour of bucolic

Arles. The door of Saint Trophime.

delight. Nature has endowed this piece of level countryside, at the very edge of the barren Crau and the vines and tufted marshes of the Camargue, with a soft, smiling greenness more suggestive of Normandy than of Provence. It is a haying region, and on our late April morning the fields that bordered the road were warm with sunlight; daisies and buttercups made a bright glimmer across the tall grass; long, straight alleys, shaded thick with ancient horse-chestnut and plane trees led into comfortable farmhouses. Mère Justinienne knew the history of every one: this was the "*campagne*" of which Mlle. Roquette had been cheated by her cruel nephews; that, of a doubtful reputation, belonged to a wine-merchant from Marseilles. There were plenty of stories, and we bowled along at a smart pace under a row of spotted plane-trees till at last houses began to edge the street, and an unpretending yellow stucco edifice with a tower came into sight—the church! We drew up beside it, in front of the *presbytère*, which had a garden full of roses,

Drawn by Thornton Oakley.

Arles. From the canal.

and a parrot on the window ledge; and out dashed M. le curé, rubbing his hands together and crying, in expansive welcoming tones: "Ah, *ma sainte Supérieure, ah, ma sainte demoiselle, enfin vous voilà!* What a happiness, what a pleasure!"

To be greeted as a saint might have been rather disconcerting to a heretic, if M. le curé's smile had not reinforced the cry of his heart. His great red countenance shone. All the world was "sainted" for him, I soon discovered; unction flowed from his lips, and everything about his person, from his full-blown cheeks to his swelling cassock, was smooth and rotund and generous. He was made on such a large scale that he quite dwarfed the humble *presbytère* as he stood there among the yellow rose-bushes. I caught myself wondering how he would ever get through his own front door. But he ducked in after us, still ejaculating, "Ah, my sainted friends, what a pleasure!" and waved us into the study on the left.

To our dismayed surprise another black cassock loomed from a chair at the back of the room to salute us. "My old friend, M. l'abbé ———," explained our host affectionately, "who came all the way from Maillane to help me with my First Communion yesterday. We help one another out, as friends must, whenever we can." Mère Justinienne did not look at me, but I knew by the set of her coiffe that she, too, was combating a feeling of disappointment—here was an intruder upon our wonderful, our sacred day.

The stiff solemnity of M. l'abbé's bow was far from reassuring. Tall, red-faced, and stoutly built like his friend—and like him, no doubt, descended from the fine old yeoman stock of the plain of St. Remy—his stern features seemed hewn of rough granite instead of moulded and smoothed, and his iron-gray hair gave him a look of elderly solemnity that was the very antithesis of M. le curé's exuberance.

"*Voyons un peu, voyons un peu,*" began our host, in a relaxed, rejoicing voice that shed balm on our disquieted reflections. "*Voyons un peu,*" and he glided monumentally about the room, establishing us in the most comfortable chairs, and producing a decanter and glasses. "Very mild," he urged, "and distilled by the hands of a sainted friend." How could Mère Justinienne politely refuse? Things began to seem more cheerful. We settled down to conversation. The ceremony of yesterday was first in everybody's thoughts. Weren't the gentlemen very tired?

M. l'abbé and Mère Justinienne.

"A little, a little," deprecated M. le curé. "I talked all day. I give myself freely. I give all I can, it's true."

"I should say so, indeed," said the Mother; "we all know your devotion."

"So one must," put in M. l'abbé with sudden emphasis, in a peculiarly raucous tone which cut like the mistral, after the sunny warmth of M. le curé's—"so one must spend one's self if the truth is to penetrate."

"Yes," went on M. le curé, his excellent face folding into serious lines, "and my dear children responded; their eyes were like stars to me as I talked—the *Sainte Vierge* was helping me. The ladies of the *pensionnat* had decorated the church with infinite grace and taste, and there were five hundred people at vespers in that tiny church meant for two hundred, and not a sound, believe me, but the rustle of the wings of the guardian angels. . . . "

"Perhaps, mademoiselle," said the abbé, "you do not realize that in the Midi it is not always easy to exact silence in church if there is a crowd. There are women who, in their desire for seats, in their eagerness to see, push, shout—in short, forget themselves. What tongues, *mon Dieu*, what tongues!" His own southern accent twanged sharper as he spoke.

M. le curé settled with a chuckle into what he also would have called the *coing* of his easy chair. "The other day," he said, "I was in a tram-car at Marseilles, where an old fishwife was pouring out her life history at the top of her strident lungs. Such stories—the whole tram was silenced and listening. Suddenly, in a brief pause, out speaks a grim old tar next me—it's better in the Marseilles patois: 'If she were a parrot, she'd bring five hundred francs.' "

The story set things going, and the abbé, gradually unbending, turned out to be, after all, an addition to the party. He had tales to tell of the Camargue, where, because of his "infirmity," he had long had a tiny parish.

"*Mes amis de Dieu*," said M. le curé compassionately, "you must know that a great preacher was lost to the church by a bad larynx. For three years my poor friend couldn't speak above a whisper. He had to give up his large town parish finally and take an inconsiderable one in that salt desert, where the flock was small enough for a hoarse voice to carry from the pulpit. *Aïe*—more mosquitoes than parishioners there!"

The abbé nodded grimly. Yet though the mosquitoes were bad the hunting was fabulously good, he said—quail, partridge, snipe, duck, goose—every wild bird that ever haunted a marsh or a vineyard, and with a flavor! His eloquence grew as he enumerated them, till they fluttered out from the tamarisk hedges before our very eyes; his face reddened as to the slap of sea-winds, and we saw marshes stretching wide under a wide sky, and striding off with powerful step toward a flat horizon a giant black figure, gun on shoulder, dog at heel. . . .

M. le curé chimed in with Horatian descriptions of game-dishes of which he had partaken at his friend's table. He had a sister, it appeared, who knew arts in cookery such as no northerner could ever hope to rival.

M. l'abbé modestly agreed. "I have always had my Mary and my Martha. Believe me, Mme. la Supérieure,"—he was unbending, a little sententiously, in the Mother's approving smile,—"I had never to give a thought either to my house or my church. One took charge of the first, the other of the second. In that I have been much blessed by the *bon Dieu*. When my liver protested and the doctor forbade a game diet, I gave up my curacy—what use to hunt if you can't eat what you kill?—and we went back to the house of our fathers in Maillane. I cultivate our farm lands and make myself the apprentice of the furrow again. And there we are growing old together."

"Is he not a lucky man, after all, my friends?" M. le curé drew a sigh. "Two admirable sisters to care for him, and here am I alone. There, mademoiselle, is my dear and sainted mother." The faded photograph of a sweet-faced woman in Provençal dress hung over his desk. "Even the *sainte fille* to whom she confided me when she died, even my good Marie, is now getting too old to work. I give her a pension and she comes to help the new *bonne* on great occasions like this one. You'll be tolerant? My poor Beatrice is ailing, too, and this, you know, is a fast-day. But we are simple, in any case, simple by necessity, simple by preference!"

Lunch had indeed the perfect simplicity which comes, in France, of much

reasoned calculation. The cloth was threadbare, but the compotiers were lavishly filled, and the thoroughly Provençal meal was washed down with famous native wines from the cellars of M. le curé's devoted friends. Even the *ordinaire* came from a slope that distilled an almost Burgundian richness. We drank it with the *hors-d'œuvre*, salty olives from le Paradou, thin slices of tomato garnished with chopped parsley, red radishes from the garden of the *presbytère*. Our host kept a solicitous eye on the kitchen door, and, when appetites were just sufficiently whetted, summoned the lobster, prepared with a sauce unknown a hundred miles from Marseilles. The spinach that followed was cunningly smoothed with the rich olive oil of the region; and with the red mullet came a salad for epicures. A

M. le curé.

bottle of fragrant old Ventoux kept us lingering here, but there were still piping hot *pâtissons de Beaucaire*, spicy little tarts, as mellow as the departed days of the great fair, and a custard which drew out a word of praise even from the deprecatory curé. "Not bad, *ton flan*," he called out to the old servant whom we could see bending an anxious, wrinkled face over the kitchen hearth.

The crowning point of the feast was, however, reached with the dessert, when M. le curé rose himself to fetch his most precious treasure, a much-reputed Muscat from the region of Montpellier. He bore in the dusty bottle like a sacrificial offering. "Frontignan of '62," he murmured reverently, as he tilted it so that I might see the brownish purple veil clinging to the inside. We sipped our small glasses of the sweet, ineffable fluid in silence, drop by drop.

Conversation at lunch had had a marked culinary bias. The lobster had reminded M. l'abbé of a dish known as *homard à l'Américaine* in the fish restaurants of Marseilles, and I had been challenged for lobster recipes at the point of the fork. By the time coffee was served in the study, however, the talk took a more æsthetic turn. We strolled up and down, examining M. le curé's *objets d'art*. Besides the usual religious prints and mottoes which hung above the meagre bookshelves, there was the château of Chillon, painted by a friend. To think that I had seen the original—what travellers these Americans were! Those oddly shaped and elegant vases were, underneath the gilding, egg-shells! the highly esteemed fabrication of a widowed parishioner. But what most took my eye was an illuminated square, rather like a coat of arms, framed in gold and standing on an easel in the corner.

"That, mademoiselle, is M. le curé's epitaph, so to speak," said the Mother. "You'll explain it, will you not, to mademoiselle?"

M. le curé joined me before the easel. His "*voyons un peu*" was rapturously concurrent. "You know," he said, "that every Provençal farmer's daughter raises silkworms? Mireille herself, you'll remember, was picking the leaves of the mulberry-tree when she first fell in love with Vincent; every *mas* has its mulberry-trees. Well, then, on the shield in the middle of the picture you will observe a silkworm on a branch of mulberry; above the worm, the cocoon; above that a butterfly, unfolding under the rays of the sun. Below you'll read on a scroll these words"—and he translated from the Provençal: "'Grace of God, by thy ray, the silkworm becomes a butterfly.' My name, my good young lady—this is the fine point—means silkworm in Provençal. So this motto, happily found for me by my great fellow townsman himself—see, the artist has put it in the corner, 'Mistral'! and artistically worked out by the same friend who painted the château of Chillon—has a symbolic meaning, and later will be carved on my tomb."

The curé crossed his hands over one of the round, vermicular folds of his soutane and beamed from head to foot. In no other land could such jovial charm radiate from so sepulchral a subject.

The afternoon was rounded off by a walk. The Mother had promised this, too, talked of a little brook beside a green lane, and an old park full of roses. The lane turns in between the *presbytère* and the church and passes the white-walled graveyard on its way to the haying fields beyond. At the cemetery gate our procession paused; the abbés bared their heads and stood for a moment in silence.

These sturdy country priests were very much at home in the fields. Their ancestry was written all over them; the two soutanes, black as they were, did not make a false note in the sweet spring landscape. M. le curé moved lightly along at the Mother's side; there was almost a skip in his tread. Now turning his huge, benevolent countenance about to call my attention to the state of the hay crop, now bending an agile vastness of back to pick buttercups for his companion, he welcomed us to Dame Nature's bounty as if it were his own. The abbé moved along more heavily at my side, the bottom of his cassock scattering the heads of the daisies, his strong, severe face turned relentingly toward the sun. His spirit did not soar on joyous wings like his friend's, for he was no natural optimist; victory for him must have been won out of battle with the hosts of doubt

and pain. But little by little, as we walked through the fragrant fields and past the white hawthorn hedges, the hard outer crust melted, and I was allowed to see the light of kindness and rectitude that burned deep below the surface.

M. le curé came to a halt at last at a gate in a high wall. He pointed out, in the distance, the new Communal school, spreading a resplendent façade along the village street. "There, my sainted young lady, is modern progress for you." His sigh was almost melancholy. "It represents an incredible number of thousands of francs, and the children don't know how to read and write."

M. l'abbé, stern again, and with almost the only approach to ecclesiasticism we had during the day, said that the high percentage of illiteracy in France—proved by recent statistics—might be called God's punishment of the faithless. "*Mais on reviendra, on reviendra*—they'll come back to the fold," he added with conviction.

The big park which we entered, when M. le curé had unlocked the gate, was not for the two priests a much more encouraging sign of the times. M. le curé still had his freedom of the place, but in the old days, when the great family lived in the house, he would have had his seat at the noble board—his *couvert*—twice a week, as regularly as the months sped by. Now the châtelaine was dead, the heir lived in Paris, the caretakers were letting everything go to seed; the alleys were unraked, the shrubs and flowers had grown into lovely neglected tangles. The roses had outrun all bounds; there were pale and deep pink ones under the hedges; pure white ones in the parterres; brilliant or sullen red ones climbing through the shrubs, twining in the very tree-tops.

The nightingales were whistling from secret places—it seemed an invitation to enjoy the bloom, and Mère Justinienne looked about her in ecstasy. May not a nun indulge a weakness for flowers, since she lays them all at the Virgin's feet? The abbés, on a simultaneous impulse, got out their jack-knives and began to vie with each other in despoiling the bushes. M. le curé flew from one bed to another, and piled the Mother's arms high. Even the full-blown roses seemed to him worth picking. "They'll be gone to-morrow, but enjoy them to-night," he exclaimed. The abbé was more deliberate in his movements, searched conscientiously for buds, and reached up always toward the branches that grew high above his long reach. "The 'bird's branch,'" said he, quoting from *Mirèio:*

Yet on that ravaged tree thou savest oft
Some little branch inviolate aloft,
Tender and airy up against the blue
Which the rude spoiler cannot win unto:
Only the birds shall come and banquet there. . . .*

Anecdotes of the divine fellow townsman beguiled our walk back to the *presbytère*. An occasional white-veiled little girl or boy with white-beribboned arm gave a vaguely festival air to the village street; a breath of yesterday's incense still hung in the air. M. le curé's affectionate encounters with the aunts and uncles and grandmothers who had come in from the country to celebrate the *fêtes de famille* which attend a First Communion showed the place he held in the hearts and lives of the region. Catholicism never wore a gentler, simpler, or more comforting face. One young peasant, just driving off in a two-wheeled cart with his wife and baby, jumped down from his high seat to be kissed on both cheeks and tell the latest news of the farm. "I baptized this fellow"—M. le curé fondly introduced him—"and now see where he's got to—and never a moment's anxiety has he given me." A promise was made to visit the old mother next day. "I always visit the sick and the old, mademoiselle, as Mme. la Supérieure will tell you. My parishioners have the habit of sending for me if they have so much as a cold. It gives us all pleasure, and they are prepared. . . ."

The copper pans that had cooked our rare lunch were set in the sunny kitchen window when we turned into the garden. The parrot squawked a greeting; the good old servants were watching at the door. Another smooth cordial, made by the hands of another *sainte dame*, had to be tasted before we were allowed to climb into Joseph's carriage with our roses. Even then the abbés continued to tower

*Translated by Harriet Waters Preston.

monumentally beside us. Their ruddy faces, all turned toward kindness and good cheer, showed a gratifying reluctance to let us go.

"You won't forget, *ma sainte demoiselle*," urged M. le curé, folding his plump hands on his well-cushioned chest— "you won't forget to include in your next Provençal journey a lunch with the poor little country curé?"

"And one at Maillane with the old abbé and his old sisters?" asked M. l'abbé after his stiffer manner. "The Provençal sun will draw you back, willy-nilly," he added, his grim smile softening as he laid a hand on the curé's shoulder:

Grand soulèu de la Prouvènço,
Gai coumpaire dóu mistrau . . .

Under cover of this last appropriate quotation from Mistral Joseph gave his horses a discreet flick. But, as we rolled away, M. le curé's jocund voice followed us: "Great sun of Provence. . . ."

THE JADE

By Abbie Carter Goodloe

ILLUSTRATIONS BY T. K. HANNA

IT was just like her to do it and it was doubtless fate that willed that young Mr. Stephen Instone (arrived only that morning in Louisville from New York by way of Pittsburgh and the Ohio River packet *Rio Vista*, Captain Barstow) should see her do it. His subjection, which might otherwise have taken her all of a week to complete, was thus satisfactorily accomplished at first sight and in a couple of exciting moments.

"Perhaps Angelica will settle down now and give some of the others a chance," said Drusilla Imrie reflectively to her husband when she heard of Stephen's infatuation.

"I don't believe she'll settle down even in her grave. One thing's sure—there won't be any graveyards *yawning* while Angelica's around!" chuckled Lex Imrie, mightily pleased with his own wit.

Drusilla smiled dutifully. "Well, if she and Stephen do get married I hope they won't ever have the occasion to blame *me*. It's a great responsibility."

"What's the matter with you, Drue?" scoffed her husband. "If you hadn't introduced them some one else would. Stephen would have introduced himself if he'd had to wait another minute! He was done for from the moment he saw her ride that bay mare up the Galt House steps! By Jupiter, it was a great sight, Drue! Those old dandies loafing in the lobby got a sensation—their eyes fairly popped! I thought old Morton would have an apoplectic fit!"

Nowadays well-brought-up young females do almost anything that occurs to them as diverting or profitable or original to do. In the early forties young women were doubtless similarly wilfully inclined, but more rigorously restrained. As a matter of fact and not of speculation, therefore, it was nothing short of scandalous for Miss Angelica l'Hommedieu to ride her bay mare up the stone steps of the elegant new Galt House, induce her well-trained animal, by a firm pressure on her arched neck, to bow to an audience of admiring, applauding gentlemen, and then joyously and triumphantly to ride her down the steps again, into the main street filled with gaping, delighted onlookers.

But Louisville, in the early forties, had to put up with the daring escapades of Miss Angelica l'Hommedieu just as we to-day have to put up with—say Miss Sylvia Pankhurst or Lady Constance Richardson. Angelica was as revolutionary as the one and as entrancing as the other. At nineteen she was tall and slender, of an exuberant vivacity, with flashing dark eyes and black hair that betrayed her French ancestry as plainly as her name. At an epoch in the history of

Louisville when simplicity was the keynote in both public and private life, when females dressed unostentatiously and artificial aids to beauty were almost unknown and entirely disapproved of, Angelica audaciously darkened her already dark lashes and eyebrows, reddened her already pink lips and cheeks, and rubbed in alluring shadows under her brilliant eyes. It was painting the lily, of course, but Angelica didn't care a brass farthing then or afterward. (At sixty she went to France in one of her husband's ships and had her still beautiful face enamelled by Berthot in the rue Pommier.)

Always ready, or, to speak more truthfully, eager, to fly in the face of convention, Angelica, by many arts and exploits—openly deplored and secretly admired by the astounded young females of her acquaintance—quickly got herself to be the most talked-of young woman in Louisville. She was the one topic upon which the two rival editors, Mr. Shadrach Penn and Mr. George D. Prentice, found themselves in harmony, and it was thought that the affecting verses of the celebrated poetess, "Amelia," beginning

> "She was a witching creature, o'er whose head
> Scarce eighteen summers on bright wings had flown,"

referred to her. She was so handsome and alluring that when she swept in and out of the shops on Market Street the infatuated clerks hung over their counters in their efforts to please her, the while condemning elderly, unattractive females to wait in impatient desuetude. When she and her dearest friend, Mrs. Lex Imrie—she that was Drusilla Gwathmey—billowed up and down Main Street, the whole town turned out to watch the two young beauties, tobacco-buyers suspended operations on the "brakes," and dignified scholars, like Mr. Mann Butler, stopped and lifted their beavers with an ingratiating flourish.

Of course it was easy enough to get oneself talked about in a small place like Louisville in the forties, but Angelica had the sort of personality that would have made her talked about anywhere—in London or Petersburg or the Solomon Islands or Terra del Fuego. Hers was the charm that made people stop looking at and thinking about other people and look at and think about her. And with all her entrancing beauty and high spirits and foolishnesses and vanities, she had the supreme attraction of a golden heart. If she wore her religion—she was a scandalously high-church Episcopalian—like her ornaments, to be put off and on, there was always her golden heart to be counted on.

It goes without saying that she was criticised. An original, daring, unwise, provocative young beauty may always safely count on criticism. Not from the men, however! But the old ladies, especially the ones who had to wait while the entranced young counter-jumpers pandered to the capricious desires of Angelica, and the unattractive old maids who couldn't get a man to be decently polite to them as long as there was the off-chance of a glance from Angelica's dark eyes, shook their heads ominously when they spoke of her—which they did almost continuously. She was always furnishing delightfully shocking bits of gossip for them to mouth. But nothing she had ever done occasioned more acrimonious comment than her horseback ride up the hotel steps. There were all sorts of rumors afloat about that outrageous performance. Some said she had been dared to do it by Lex Imrie, her dearest friend's husband, and that Drusilla Imrie had stood in the middle of Main Street and wept tears of mortification to see Angelica take her husband's banter in earnest and disgrace herself. Some said—but why repeat ill-natured rumors? Only a few stood up for Angelica, and the most they could say for her was that she was motherless and that it was the fault of her French education.

Angelica's grandfather, old Michael l'Hommedieu (they pronounced it "Lummydue" in little old Louisville!), came over from France with his friends the Tarascons and Lacassaignes, settled at Louisville, and made the beginnings of a fortune in hemp. When "old Lummydue" died he left his money to his son, young Michael, who enlarged the business and realized handsomely on it. His famous rope walks were out on the Preston Street road. He did for hemp what Mr. Darius Gwathmey did for tobacco—made it such a colossal industry that in later years Louisville became the largest market for

it in the world. He could therefore well afford his handsome house of stone trimmed with elegant wrought-iron work, brought all the way from Pittsburgh in flatboats. It was one of the show places of the town in those days. The interior was finished in old Santo Domingo mahogany—the kind that is priceless now—and there was a tessellated marble floor in the front hall, and a pedestal supporting a bust of Seneca, and silver knobs on the drawing-room doors.

Mr. l'Hommedieu could well afford his fine house, and he could afford to send Angelica to France to learn the French he had forgotten and she had never known, and to get her manners, which had already occasioned him a good deal of anxiety, toned down and polished up. She was despatched by the passenger packet *The Countess of Donegal*, Captain Pym, to her relatives in Marseilles, the Gontauts, and she stayed with them two years. She came home a charming creature, speaking the excellent French of the Midi, with some extraordinary ideas on the subject of personal adornment, and a half-dozen boxes filled with Paris finery. Her manners, Mr. l'Hommedieu noted with regret, had remained unchanged. She was the same high-spirited, flamboyant young enchantress that she had been at sixteen.

She had all the beaux at her feet in less time than it takes to tell. But it was not until the young New Yorker, Mr. Stephen Instone, arrived and instantly and completely fell a victim to her "endearing young charms" (she could sing that and other of Tom Moore's songs for you in a voice like a lark's!) that she found her match.

"It's an ideal arrangement. They're exactly suited to each other," declared Lex Imrie to Drusilla when he heard of the engagement. They were in the library, whiling away half an hour after dinner—people had dinner in the middle of the day then—before Lex had to go back to the tobacco warehouse. "Angelica's a beautiful young female, amusing and high-spirited. Besides she'll have money—not until old Lummydue's dead, though. He's tighter'n a drum. I often wonder how Angelica comes to be so generous and free-handed. Must have been her mother. Instone will be rich, too. His father's got a big Mediterranean and China trade, Drue. He wants to ship tobacco now. If he does there's no telling how much money the old fellow 'll make. Stephen's here to learn the tobacco trade—he'd pick it up fast, too, if he could put his mind on anything but Angelica." Lex looked out of his father-in-law's library window. "There they go, now!"

Drusilla came quickly to her husband's side. Angelica, looking more lovely even than usual, was tripping down the broad stone steps that curled elegantly away on either side of the front door of her father's house, followed by Mr. Stephen Instone. She looked across the street and waved a white hand to her two friends. Then she and Stephen went on down Walnut Street and turned the corner into Fourth.

"They are going to walk in Broadway, I expect," said Drusilla. Broadway was the elegant new residence street.

"Yes, and Instone ought to be at the warehouse this minute instead of gallivanting around with Angelica. By the way, he says you two are coming down to the store to-morrow morning." Lex grinned.

A visit to the big tobacco warehouse was a favorite excursion with the two dashing young beauties. It allowed them to navigate up Fourth Street and down Main under full sail, as it were, and with immense success. Their arrival at Imrie & Dumesnoy's warehouse was the signal for an ovation. Clerks slid off their high stools and stood at respectful and delighted attention. Lex and Instone would hurry forward from the dim, cool recesses of the vast place to convoy the ladies safely over the rough flooring, worn into deep ruts by the rolling of innumerable hogsheads of tobacco, to the privacy of the counting-room at the far end, from which one could look out over the broad, turbid Ohio and watch the river craft come and go, and the roustabouts, in dusky gangs, handle the freight.

Those huge warehouses along Main Street were unexcelled even in New York. They stretched to a magnificent depth of two hundred feet or more by fifty or sixty wide. On a hot, sunshiny day it was like going into a pleasant, drafty cavern to turn off the scorching, blinding street into the cool obscurity of one of them. There was always a breeze blowing up from the river through the wide-open back doors;

and a blended odor—pungent, aromatic, indescribable—of tobacco, corn whiskey and liquorice, of New Orleans sugar, and hemp and spices and Java coffee—was perpetually wafted to one's delighted olfactories.

It was on the occasion of one of these visits to the warehouse, about three weeks after Stephen's first view of Angelica, that he proposed to her. Lex and Drusilla had considerately immured themselves in the counting-room at first, and later had gone next door, to Mr. Meadd's big grocery warehouse, to taste of a new importation of muscavado sugar and figs in frails. Stephen and Angelica had found a dusky recess where they could talk comfortably and uninterruptedly. It had required all Stephen's self-control not to propose to Angelica within twenty-four hours of his introduction to her. When he found himself in a dim corner of the vast warehouse, seated beside her on a hogshead of tobacco and shielded from observation by numberless other hogsheads, piled high, the temptation became irresistible.

"Angelica," he said masterfully, although his voice trembled a little, "I love you. You've got to marry me. I haven't a home to take you to. I haven't any money of my own—yet. But my father is a rich man and I'm his only son. Besides, I'll soon be making money myself. In the meantime I'm going to take you to my father's house, and I know that he and my sisters—my mother is dead, as you know—will be proud and glad to have you with them." A sudden misgiving seized him, but he shook it off and leaning forward took her two white hands in his. "If I give you the deepest devotion, if I try in every way that a man can try to cherish and protect you, don't you think you could begin and learn to love me a little, Angelica?"

Slowly Angelica withdrew her hands from his clasp and shook her charming head.

"I—I couldn't do what you ask," she said in a low voice. "I—didn't know that you—cared!" She smiled a sudden, provoking smile at Stephen.

"Didn't know that I cared!" Stephen turned white. "Didn't know that I cared! It's been plain enough to every one else that you've made a fool of me! What other folly can I commit to convince you that I care?" He laughed bitterly.

Angelica looked down at her little square-toed slippers of black *panet de soie* that she had brought with her from France.

"You never *said* anything before. How could I guess?" she retorted, tossing her ringleted head.

"Do you pretend that you didn't know that I loved you, Angelica?" demanded the young man hotly. "Are you just the common flirt, ready to ensnare any man that comes near you? You know well enough that I've worshipped you ever since I set eyes on you, and now—now you try to make me believe you've known nothing, felt nothing! Are *all* women deceivers?" groaned Stephen, looking very miserable.

Angelica touched the plaited hair bracelet on her wrist and smoothed down the flounces of her Peking striped-silk dress. She tilted her charming head at a provoking angle. Suddenly she leaned toward Stephen and laid a small hand on his arm. She was a little pale in spite of the dash of rouge on her round young cheek, and the dazzling smile with which she regarded the irate young gentleman before her was a trifle tremulous.

"If—if you are quite through scolding me, Stephen, I would like to say—that is, I mean—you—you did not understand! How can I love you 'a little' when I care so much? And why should you be angry with me for saying that I cannot 'begin to learn to love you' when I've known for —for so long!" Her charming audacity suddenly broke down and she covered her face with her hands.

For an instant Stephen gazed at her in bewilderment.

"Good God, Angelica! What a fright you gave me!" he whispered, and folded her in his arms.

At the end of ten ecstatic days Stephen came out of his dream long enough to realize that he ought to write to his father about Angelica. It was harder to do than he had thought. He told his father of his first enchanting vision of Angelica and of her beauty and gayety and daring ways. In his infatuation it did not seem possible to him that his father could be uninterested in such details.

"She is the most captivating, lovely creature imaginable and different from any one you ever saw, sir—as different as possible from my sisters." His pen faltered. Angelica certainly was as different as possible from his sisters. He suddenly found himself wishing not that Angelica resembled them more, but that they were more like Angelica. After an uncomfortable pause he wrote bravely on: "We are hoping to get married soon. I am sure, sir, that you will not withhold your sanction and aid when you know how deeply my happiness is involved."

The morning after mailing this ingratiating document he received a letter from his father dated two weeks previously. It was short and to the point. Mr. Instone was much worried. His supercargo for the *Huntress*, in the Canton trade, had died suddenly, and Stephen was to return to New York immediately to take his place and sail with the vessel for Whampoa. The tobacco project would have to wait. He read the letter to Angelica and they looked at each other in dismay.

"Stephen—what shall we do?" demanded Angelica.

"There's only one thing to do, dear girl, and that is to marry me at once—today!" said Stephen firmly. "I shall go immediately to your father's office and speak to him about the matter. I shall also stop at Christ Church on my way and ask Doctor Craik if he will marry us at—shall we say at five this afternoon, Angelica?"

"But," protested Angelica, with flaming cheeks, "it's—it's impossible, Stephen!"

"Impossible? Nonsense! The only thing that's impossible is my leaving you here, Angelica," declared Stephen masterfully. "I shall stop at the coffee-house and secure two places for us on the Maysville coach for to-morrow morning," and putting on his silk beaver Stephen walked quickly down the street to Mr. l'Hommedieu's bank.

That gentleman was as indignant as surprised at Stephen's demand and news of immediate departure. He was astounded, so he said, that any young man, after having stolen his daughter's affections from him almost before he was aware of their acquaintanceship, should seek to make his infamy blacker by planning to carry her off in such a high-handed fashion. He could not, he continued, prevent Angelica from receiving the four thousand dollars left her by her mother to be given her on her marriage, though he strongly doubted the wisdom of placing in her hands, under the circumstances (here he eyed Stephen coldly), such a considerable sum of money. As for expecting him to supplement that amount at a time of so great business depression, it was out of the question——

"Pardon me," interrupted Stephen, rising, "I do not expect it nor do I desire it, sir! I shall take Angelica to my father's house. She will be well provided for." At the door he hesitated. "We shall be married this afternoon. I have taken two places on the Maysville coach for to-morrow. Barring accidents, we shall be in New York in ten or eleven days. I have the honor to bid you good morning, sir!"

II

"Damn it! The boy's made a fool of himself!" Mr. Gamaliel Instone looked up from the letter he held in one hand, and hastily set the coffee-cup he held in the other in the saucer with a bang. "And a fool of me, too!" he added bitterly.

The Misses Maria and Dorcas Instone looked up, startled. Their father rarely allowed himself the luxury of swearing. His New England conscience forbade this much-prized masculine outlet to his emotions. He had come to New York from Salem, that godly but slow place, some forty years before, but he had remained in principle and practise as good a Salemite as the day he had left his native town. He had made money hand over fist, had risen quickly from office boy in the famous commercial house of Aymer & Co. to clerk, and then to supercargo. In a few years he was owning ships and sending out cargoes to China and the West Indies in his own bottoms. But with all his money he never caught the New York fever for ostentation and luxury. His house in St. John's Park, next door to Mr. Elias Willetts's handsome mansion, was characterized by a sober, chilly prosperity that seemed to shrink from contact with the surrounding cosmopolitan elegance.

The Misses Instone fitted admirably into this transported New England interior. They were old maids—women were hopeless old maids at twenty-five in those days—some six and eight years older than Stephen. They delighted in churchly works, and dressed with the utmost simplicity and ugliness. They spent much time in the drawing-room before wooden frames doing crewel-work. It is not to be wondered at therefore that the Misses Instone rose from their places at the breakfast-table, startled by their father's emphatic exclamation.

"Your brother Stephen is married," said Mr. Instone biting his words off. "He has married"—he referred frowningly to the letter in his hand—"a young, giddy beauty, a creature who rides a horse up the steps of a public hostelry, who has half the men of the town at her heels, who is part French and a high-church Episcopalian! Angelica l'Hommedieu! It sounds positively popish! I dare say she crosses herself in meeting. She may walk a tight rope or dance a ballet for all I know! They will be here to-morrow evening"—he referred again to the letter in his hand. "I sha'n't turn them out, but damme, bride or no bride, Stephen'll have to sail on the *Huntress* next week!" and having hammered the table with his doubled-up fist he rose and stormed from the room. The two ladies looked at each other in dismay.

"What will become of Rebecca?" demanded Maria breathlessly. Dorcas shook her smooth head.

Rebecca Sawyer was Stephen's second cousin and lived in Salem. She was as plain, as churchly, as uninterestingly dressed as Maria or Dorcas. It had been the openly expressed intention of Mr. Gamaliel Instone to marry his son to Rebecca Sawyer, who would make Stephen a good and faithful wife. Stephen had never so much as thought once of Rebecca after he saw Angelica.

They arrived late the next afternoon. Angelica looked radiant in a redingote of dark-blue silk, and a rice-straw bonnet with a blond lace veil gathered in a ribbon about the crown and thrown backward in a dashing way. She wore apricot-colored gloves, and carried an apricot-colored parasol. She swept into the drawing-room, her handsome head up, followed by Stephen, who introduced her proudly to his father and sisters.

In the ten-day journey from Louisville to New York Stephen had imparted the family history to Angelica and his consuming fear that she might find her reception cool. She found it icy. Although it was a warm July day, she felt physically chilled by her surroundings. She tried bravely to dispel the gloom. At dinner she was so bewitching and gay that Stephen fell more desperately in love with her than ever. He simply couldn't see how his father and sisters could withstand her. They did, however, and apparently froze over even more solidly than at first.

When Stephen and Angelica went to their room after the gloomy evening, Angelica burst into tears. It was the first time Stephen had seen her cry.

"How shall I be able to bear it, Stephen, when you are gone?" she demanded stormily.

"Don't cry, Angelica!" pleaded Stephen, aghast at her tears. "Make them love you for my sake. They won't be able to resist you, dear girl! I never saw you more charming than this evening."

But Angelica only shook her head and pressed her handkerchief to her tear-stained eyes. She passed a bad night, and was so pale the next morning that she brushed her cheeks with a little rouge. It made her look charming, but Stephen had misgivings as he followed her to the breakfast-room.

She was her gay self during the trying meal, but her gayety met with a chilling silence, and her blooming cheeks with disapproving glances from the Misses Instone. While at morning prayers Angelica caught sight of a silhouette of Stephen's roached baby head, and forgetful of what was going forward laughed out loud. Mr. Instone looked up stonily from the book of Job, and immediately at the conclusion of prayers left the room. Angelica felt disgraced. She felt disgraced nearly all the time, and each night before Stephen sailed she had a good cry. He reassured her to the best of his ability.

"Remember it will be only for a year, dear girl! Try and stand it for my sake." And Angelica would promise.

"But I'm not sure—I dont see how I

can bear it, Stephen," she would add doubtfully.

Three weeks after Stephen had sailed she ceased to see entirely. Her life had become unendurable. Her lively wit was discouraged, her clothes and manners criticised, her very laughter seemed to disturb the austere quiet of the house. If the expression had been coined, the Misses Instone would have said that Angelica "got on their nerves." Even her singing was disapproved of.

"It sounds so—so *operatic*, Angelica," faltered Maria Instone in a shamed undertone. Angelica tossed her curls and laughed, but she felt the cut. For consolation she went next door to see Penelope Willetts. The Misses Instone did not care for Penelope—she was too worldly, too fashionable for them, but Angelica and she had become great friends. Angelica liked Penelope and Tony Willetts, Pen's brother, and old Mr. Hannibal Gedney, their guardian. As for Mr. Gedney, he thought Angelica next to Pen Willetts—his godchild—the most charming young creature in the world.

Angelica gave them a brilliantly amusing version of her difficulties, and Tony Willetts was so deeply impressed with the cruelty of her position and the necessity for cheering her up, that he put on his hat and walked home with her. She invited him into the austere drawing-room—so rarely invaded by young gentlemen—and they laughed and talked with such gayety and utter forgetfulness of time that Tony was astounded to see Mr. Gamaliel Instone's disturbed countenance at the door and to discover that it was past six o'clock and time for dinner. His apologies were received with undisguised disfavor by Mr. Instone and the Misses Instone, who had fluttered silently into the room in their father's wake.

"Is it the custom in Louisville, for young, married females to receive gentlemen in their husbands' absence?" demanded Mr. Instone coldly when the door had closed upon Tony.

Angelica threw up her handsome head, and fixed Mr. Gamaliel Instone's hard-lipped, puritanical countenance with blazing eyes.

"I will tell you what is *not* the custom in Louisville—and that is for a gentleman to speak to his son's wife as you do!"

"Zounds, girl! do you dare try to teach me manners?" Mr. Gamaliel Instone's face grew purple with passion and he shook an impotent, clinched fist in air. "Confound it! I wish you were *not* my son's wife! I had chosen a suitable helpmeet for Stephen—not an inlander, a southerner, a—a flighty creature of whims and vanities, who rouges and sings like an opera singer and laughs and gabbles French and ogles young men! Hark ye—jade——!"

"I shall *not!*" said Angelica rising, very tall and beautiful, her cheeks aflame. "The 'jade' will not remain—not even for Stephen's sake—another minute under your roof!" And sweeping a courtesy to her two trembling sisters-in-law, she marched straight from the room and the house without so much as a bonnet or mantle.

Mr. Instone seated himself by the centre-table, and leaned his head on a shaking hand. He looked at his daughters.

"The *Sultana* has gone down with captain and cargo—foundered off the Azores," he said heavily.

It was the first of a long series of calamities that pursued him for five years.

III

Penelope Willetts received Angelica with open arms. She wanted her to stay indefinitely, but Angelica's pride forbade. The next morning she sent for her clothing and in company with Mr. Hannibal Gedney, to whom she had appealed for advice, set out to find a place in which to live until Stephen should get back to her. She had declined to return either to her husband's family or to Louisville, in reply to Mr. Gedney's suggestion to that effect.

"No, I can't go back to my father, and I won't go back to that old wretch, Mr. Gamaliel Instone! I honestly tried to stand it for Stephen's sake, but I won't be called a 'jade' by any man for any man! I'm going to find a little place near the water and wait for Stephen. It must be of the simplest—I've only a few hundreds that Stephen left me. I don't want to touch the four thousand dollars of my mother's. Perhaps I can make some money—who knows?"

They settled on a little house in South Street by Peck Slip, where Angelica

Drawn by T. K. Hanna.

Angelica, looking more lovely even than usual, was tripping down the broad stone steps followed by Mr. Stephen Instone.—Page 730.

could watch the shipping and dream of Stephen. She took to walking along the wharfs and looking into the big commission houses where the wealth of the incoming packet-ships was stored—bales of Carthagena cotton, cargoes of indigo and cochineal, China teas and coffees, rum and Antigua sugar from the West Indies, and fustic and lignum vitæ from overseas. Riches were all about her. Wealth seemed to be in every one's grasp. She began to dream of foreign ports, of argosies winging homeward with fortunes in the holds for the lucky owners. Not only by night but by day the thought of money was with her. The small sum with which she had left her father-in-law's house was rapidly diminishing. She must do something.

One day Angelica got a letter from her French cousin in Marseilles, Léon Gontaut. He told her all the family news and congratulated her on her marriage, of which he had just heard. At the end of his letter he wrote a postscript. "Shipping is good except in the way of cotton, and your western tobacco. Very little has been received at this port for some time."

That afternoon Angelica took her accustomed walk along the water-front and watched the *Cleopatra*, just in from Canton, being unloaded of her aromatic cargo of teas, ivory fans, fireworks, and Oriental spices. The sight made her long unutterably for Stephen. At the corner of Marketfield Street she passed the big commission house of Goodhue & Co. In the doorway was an advertisement written in chalk on a square blackboard.

"Invoice of 200 bales upland
cotton and 10 hogsheads prime
Kentucky tobacco.
To be disposed of at private sale!
To-morrow, August 3!"

Angelica stood looking at it for a long while. Then she went home and, too absorbed to remove her bonnet, took her seat at the window to think. She thought all the rest of the afternoon and far into the night. The next morning by nine o'clock she was in Mr. Hannibal Gedney's law office in Maiden Lane.

"Mr. Hannibal," said Angelica a little breathlessly, "I've thought of a way to make some money. I want you to help me, will you?"

Mr. Gedney took one of Angelica's hands, kissed her fingers; and set a chair for her near his private desk.

"My dear Miss Angelica, can you doubt it?" he demanded gallantly.

"Mr. Hannibal, I've got four thousand dollars from my mother—the papers are here," she tapped a bag that swung from her arm. "I want to borrow sixteen thousand dollars and a ship," she added coolly.

Mr. Gedney elevated astounded eyebrows. "My dear young lady!" he murmured.

Angelica tilted her head toward him at her favorite provoking angle.

"I've thought it all out," she went on rapidly. "I've just had news that they are short on tobacco and cotton in Marseilles. I can buy an invoice of both at ten o'clock to-day at Goodhue's. I saw them about it on my way here. I can have it at a big bargain—twenty thousand dollars. Prices must be high in Marseilles and I ought to make twenty or twenty-five per cent profit on the venture."

Mr. Gedney leaned back in his chair, softly whistling his amazement.

"Maybe that ain't such a wild idea, Angelica——"

"There must be a merchant in New York, Mr. Hannibal, with connections in Marseilles, who'll advance me the invoice cost, or near it, provided I ship to his French house and throw the commission in his hands!"

"And you want me to go security for that advance. I shall be delighted——"

"Not at all!" said Angelica, turning pink. "I shall insure the cargo for cost and a profit—say twenty-two thousand dollars in all, and transfer the policy to the agent as security. The agent can draw on his Marseilles house for the sum advanced me and, after deducting commission and freight, can pay over to me the surplus of the sales price. All I want *you* to do, Mr. Hannibal, is to find me an agent!"

Mr. Gedney gazed at Angelica in silence. Suddenly he leaned forward and slapped his thigh.

"Ye're a wonder for a woman, Angelica!" he cried admiringly. "How'd ye

Drawn by T. K. Hanna.

She swept into the drawing-room, her handsome head up, followed by Stephen, who introduced her proudly to his father and sisters.—Page 733

ever think it all out? Ye've got more brains than beauty—if that's possible! And I know just the man for ye! He's a Frenchman—just come over—agent for Rossire & Cie of Marseilles. He's here to establish a New York branch of his foreign house. He's sharp after trade—he'll be glad enough to take a risk or I'm much mistaken!" and picking up his hat he led Angelica down the stairs and around the corner into Pearl Street to Minlow & Derby's, where they found the young Frenchman, M. Manette, at his desk in the counting-room.

The young man listened attentively to Mr. Gedney's explanation of Angelica's plan.

"It's a magnificent opportunity," he said in excellent English when he had heard Mr. Gedney through. He looked at Angelica. "Has madame a ship?"

"Why, yes," said Mr. Gedney, speaking up. "I'm the executor for the estate of the late Mr. Elias Willetts. One of his shipping packets—the *Nomad*—clears day after to-morrow for Oporto and Barcelona. Her bottom isn't full—she can take good care of the tobacco and cotton and proceed to Marseilles. Captain Peters shall be notified at once. Fortunately for Mrs. Instone, freights are low."

"Good. How much does madame want advanced?"

Angelica fixed the Frenchman with her bright eyes. "I've got $4,000. The invoice is worth $20,000. Candidly I can't ship unless you advance me pretty near cost."

The young man considered a moment. "I will tell you what I will do, madame. I will advance you four-fifths of the invoice cost, or $16,000, as soon as you hand to me bills of lading and insurance policy made out in favor of Rossire & Cie for cost and profit—say $22,000, as madame has suggested. I shall draw for the sum advanced and sell my bills on our Paris banker."

"Then that is settled," said Mr. Gedney, and rising alacritously he bade the young Frenchman good day.

In ten minutes he and Angelica were at Goodhue & Co.'s, and in ten more Angelica had contracted to pay $20,000 for two hundred bales of upland cotton and ten hogsheads of Kentucky leaf tobacco, to be shipped the following day to H. Rossire & Cie, Marseilles, by packet *Nomad* of the Willetts Line.

For a month Angelica, woman-like, tortured herself with forebodings as to the outcome of her venture. Then she aroused herself. All the pluck and firmness and daring in her character came to the surface. She studied the *Mercantile Courier* and haunted the commission houses. She watched shipping closely and informed herself of prices at home and abroad.

"If this venture is a success, I shall be ready for others!" she told herself.

One day, three months after the *Nomad* had sailed, Angelica received a communication from the agent of H. Rossire & Cie, asking her to call. She went for Mr. Hannibal Gedney, and together they proceeded to Minlow & Derby's.

Monsieur Manette bowed low to Angelica. "You have much good chance, madame," he said pleasantly. "The *Nomad* arrived safely after a quick voyage. Prices were still up in Marseilles. Your shipment was sold at a profit of 27 per cent. Deducting our commission of 2 per cent, I have instructions, madame, to pay over to you $9,000—$5,000 profit and $4,000 difference between cost and advance. Madame will arrange with Monsieur Gedney for cost of freight."

Angelica looked at the notes the young man handed her. She didn't know whether she wanted to laugh or cry. It was all astounding.

"Are you satisfied?" demanded Mr. Gedney, smiling.

"Is a woman ever satisfied?" retorted Angelica, on fire with success. "This is only a beginning!"

Mr. Hannibal Gedney looked at her thoughtfully. "Have you heard the morning's news?" he asked. "Mr. Gamaliel Instone's schooner, the *Minerva*, from Archangel, Captain Ezekiel Packer, with a big cargo of Russian sail-cloth, cordage, tallow, and bar iron, has gone to the bottom!"

Angelica shook her charming head. "It serves him right," she said, and a hard look came into her eyes. "Some way I feel sure that *I* am lucky, Mr. Hannibal—none of *my* ships will go to the bottom, you will see!" she declared triumphantly.

And they didn't. She ventured again

and again and always with success. By frequenting the commission houses she bought at low prices, found empty bottoms where she could, and astutely chose the right destinations for her consignments. At the end of a year she had made something over $20,000 in net earnings.

Stephen, returning in the *Huntress*, was astounded at the whole thing. He was equally incensed at the way Angelica had been treated, and after settling up the affairs of his ship severed all business connection with his father. Then he and Angelica set about making money in earnest. In those days people liked money as much as they do now and it was just about as hard to get hold of. Stephen and Angelica, however, seemed to have little difficulty. Their luck became proverbial. Angelica helped her husband by her astuteness and audacity. She had inherited "old Lummydue's" business acumen. Their cargoes went everywhere. They shipped immense quantities of American goods to the West Indies and the emptied hulls brought back pimento and Jamaica spirits and puncheons of Granada rum. They sent out cotton and rice to Madeira, and their vessels returned with butts and pipes and quarter-casks of Red Catalonia and Malvoisin. They even sent their argosies to the Pacific—ships to Valparaiso and Lima and Mazatlan. The brigs, *Hero*, Captain Sunday, and *Leander*, Captain Hallett, in the Liverpool trade, carried over enormous cargoes of Kentucky tobacco for Imrie & Dumesnoy, and made big profits for both Stephen and the shippers.

Those two seemed to have the Midas touch. Everything prospered with them. In five years they were rich people, according to the standards of those days.

They left the little house in South Street and moved up-town to fashionable Broome Street, where the ton lived. Angelica ordered her hats and gowns from Paris, and in her costly raiment looked handsomer than ever. They became the fashion and people spoke of them as the best-looking, the best-dressed, and the most devoted young married couple in town.

And while Stephen and Angelica prospered and grew rich, Mr. Gamaliel Instone met Ill Luck on the highway of life, and walked with her. The loss of the *Sultana* was but the beginning of a series of disasters that brought his pride and fortunes to the lowest ebb. His armed brig, the *Mary Ann*, in the New Orleans trade (they armed vessels in those days for fear of gulf pirates), foundered off Hatteras. His Canton agent proved dishonest and mulcted him of thousands of dollars. He lost heavily in the tea trade, brought to ruin by that too adventurous Philadelphia merchant, Thompson.

The crowning disaster was the break in cotton, in which Mr. Instone had become a heavy dealer. Drafts for cotton poured in from the South. They were bravely accepted by Gamaliel Instone & Co., and paid at maturity. Then, just when Mr. Instone thought he had weathered the storm, news came that the great Liverpool house of Manslick & Willoughby had gone under. If so, Mr. Instone knew that he could expect nearly two hundred thousand dollars of bills to be returned, on which ten per cent of damages would have to be paid. He was a ruined man.

It all came out in the *Commercial Gazetteer*, and there was an editorial expressing sincere regret at the misfortunes of the house of G. Instone & Co., so long and so honorably known. Stephen, white and distressed, brought the paper home and showed it to Angelica. She read the account through carefully. Then she walked to the window and looked out. She stood there for a long while without speaking; then she turned and came back to the fireplace, where Stephen stood, silently gazing down into the up-leaping flame, and laid a hand on his arm.

"Stephen," she said, "I think you ought to go and see your father." It was the first time in four years that she had spoken of her father-in-law. Without a word Stephen got into his greatcoat, took his hat, and left the house.

It was snowing hard. The icy wind swept him across St. John's Park and up the well-remembered steps of his old home. He found his father, worn and ill-looking, alone in the library back of the long drawing-room. At the open door Stephen hesitated. Mr. Instone lifted his haggard eyes, then rose unsteadily. Stephen held out a hand and suddenly, the old man taking a step forward, grasped the outstretched hand and, with a strangled sob tearing at his throat, laid

his tired white head on the strong, young shoulder. . . .

It was nearly midnight when Stephen got back to Angelica. He found her still in the drawing-room, and he could see that she had been crying. In spite of her tear-stained eyes—or perhaps because of them—she had never looked so beautiful to Stephen. She listened gravely while he told her of his long, sad conversation with his father and while he talked she cried again.

"He's done everything that a brave man and a wise, resourceful merchant can do to keep his head above water, Angelica. But this failure of Manslick & Willoughby has done for him. He needs two hundred thousand dollars to pull out with. And not a merchant or banker—men he has helped to enrich, Angelica!—would lend him a cent! They know his business is tumbling about his head like a house of cards," said Stephen bitterly. "He's a ruined man and a—a broken man, Angelica!"

Angelica got up and stood restlessly by the fireplace, nervously touching the crystal prisms of a candlestick. Suddenly she faced about and tilted her charming head at Stephen, smiling, though there were still tears in her eyes.

"Where's the Jade?" he asked suddenly.—Page 741.

"We've—we've got something over two hundred thousand dollars in the bank, Stephen! Have *I* helped earn it?"

"*You've* earned it, Angelica! If it hadn't been for you I expect I'd still be supercargo of the *Huntress!*"

"Then take it all—take it to your father, Stephen, and tell him 'the Jade' sends it to him with—with her love, Stephen!"

Stephen and Angelica sold their handsome house in Broome Street, and went up to St. John's Park to live. Some of

Angelica's friends told her she had no business to sacrifice herself needlessly for a stern, embittered old man who had treated her abominably. But Angelica stoutly maintained that she had forgotten if Mr. Instone had ever treated her badly, and that if he thought he needed her she intended to humor his whim.

He did need her. He became so fond and proud of her, and so dependent on her gay, strong youth that he could hardly bear for her to be out of his sight. He got to love her better than his own two well-conducted daughters.

"They're good girls, but they're chilly," he would say. "Angelica's sunshine."

On his death-bed it wasn't Maria and Dorcas he called for.

"Where's the Jade?" he asked suddenly, sitting up straight against the pillows. Angelica leaned down and slipped her warm, steady young hand into his shaking old one, and so, holding fast to it, he fell back quietly to his last sleep.

À LA TERRE SAINTE

By John Finley

As some gray pilgrim of the Middle Age
(And I am of the middle age myself,
That age when all is mystical,—or else
All practical—when truth of spirit seems
More real than all the buoyant world of youth,
When ever on the known's dim edge one dwells,
Ever in conscious awe of what's beyond.
That age when seen things are but counterpart
Of things unseen, or else the memory
Of something that has been—the happiest age
Of man and life, unwithered yet of time
Yet free of all youth's blinding loves and hates),—
As some gray pilgrim of the Middle Age
I face each risen day, or bright or dull,
Tempestuous or calm, and pray my soul
Long leagues upon the way that souls must take
Before they reach the far and fair Terre Sainte
Whose shadow-bounded stretches we divine
But in our longing for immortal life.

. . . . . .

'Mid dust of earth, in heat and cold and rain,
O'er far-horizoned heights, through narrow vales,
Accompanied of glowing sun, or cloud,
Of one clear star or of the 'circling host,
My body journeys on through aging time,
But not to find an empty, open tomb
As one who sought the Asian sepulchre,—
I seek the Kingdom of the Risen One,
Within.—Long, long and toilsome is the way,
Unceasing must the struggle onward be,
But there's no other way à la Terre Sainte,
À la Terre Sainte!

WHEN PAYNE WROTE "HOME! SWEET HOME!"

LETTERS FROM PARIS, 1822–1823 *

Edited by his Grandnephew, Thatcher T. Payne Luquer

IT is more than ninety years since "Home! Sweet Home!" was written, but its popularity is still world-wide, and wherever the English language is spoken it is known and loved because it appeals to that deep-lying instinct in humanity which is the basis of family life.

Many stories have been written of its origin, most of them more or less inaccurate and tending to distort reality by a mass of pleasing fiction.

Moving word-pictures have been drawn of the starving author in his garret, and illustrations have been published of the original "lowly thatched cottage" for which he was supposedly pining, both affecting and interesting, but not in accordance with the facts. Although he had periods of failure and hardship, as well as possibly briefer periods of success and prosperity, it was not while suffering from poverty that he wrote "Home! Sweet Home!" but during a time when he was living comfortably in Paris in the Palais Royal, and having considerable success in his dramatic work.

There is also no evidence to indicate that the "lowly thatched cottage" had any existence outside of the author's brain, in spite of the tradition which has been built up about the Easthampton cottage.

From a miniature by Wood.

John Howard Payne.
Who wrote "Home! Sweet Home!"

Throughout his life Payne had a deep affection for his native land, his friends, and his family, from whom he was for many years widely separated. His letters frequently allude to his longing for the society of those he loved and his appreciation of the home and domestic life.

He was only fifteen years of age when necessity forced him to begin his battle with the world, a precocious, high-spirited, impulsive, sensitive, ambitious boy, conscious of an intellect above the normal, restive under restraint, quick to take offence at seeming slights, and unfortunately lacking in the common-sense and steadfastness of purpose which could have saved him from many of the disasters that overtook him in after life and which might have won him a much higher degree of success.

> Born for success he seemed,
> With grace to win, with heart to hold
> With shining gifts that took all eyes.

Unfitted by nature for the drudgery of a New York counting-house, he surreptitiously published a little sheet called the *Thespian Mirror* as a relaxation and as an outlet for the literary and dramatic instincts he found so hard to suppress.

This led to his introduction to Mr. Wil-

* See "Correspondence of Washington Irving and John Howard Payne," in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for October and November, 1910.

liam Coleman, the editor of the *Evening Post*, who was greatly attracted by the intellectual capacity and conversational powers of the boy and presented him to Mr. John E. Seaman, a wealthy New York gentleman interested in literary and artistic matters. Mr. Seaman, with great generosity, proposed to bear the expense of giving young Payne a college education in order to develop to the utmost an intellect which gave such promise.

Obtaining the consent of Payne's father, then principal of the Berry Street Academy, in Boston, whose circumstances, burdened as he was with a large family, did not permit of giving his son such educational advantages, it was arranged to send him to Union College to study under the great educator, Dr. Eliphalet Nott, and Payne entered upon his college career in June, 1806. While a student at Union College he was active in literary pursuits, writing for the college societies, editing a little paper called the *Pastime*, and also contributing poems and essays to the neighboring newspapers.

His letters to his father during this period evidence his deep love for his family and his home, a love sincere and abiding even though, impatient of restraint, he frequently disobeyed his father's injunctions and broke the college rules.

It is only lately that a poem has come to light, written during this period, which is particularly interesting as the immature expression of those sentiments which years after culminated in "Home! Sweet Home!" It was found among the papers of Harmanus Bleecker, of Albany, a friend and patron of Payne during his college days, and was presented in the summer of 1911 to Union College by General Amasa J. Parker, of Albany. Through the courtesy of President Richmond, of Union College, I am permitted to publish it here for the first time.

HOME

Where burns the lov'd hearth brightest
Cheering the social breast?
Where beats the fond heart lightest,
Its humble hopes possess'd?
Where is the smile of sadness,
Of meek-eyed Patience born,
Worth more than those of gladness
Which Mirth's bright cheek adorn,—
Pleasure is marked by fleetness,
To those whoever roam;
While grief itself has sweetness
At Home—dear Home.

There blend the ties that strengthen
Our hearts in hours of grief,
The silver links that lengthen
Joy's visits when most brief:
There eyes in all their splendour
Are vocal to the heart,
And glances gay or tender
Fresh eloquence impart:
Then dost thou sigh for pleasure?
O, do not widely roam,
But seek that hidden treasure
At Home, dear Home.

Does pure religion charm thee
Far more than aught below?
Wouldst thou that she would arm thee
Against the hour of woe?
Think not she dwelleth only
In temples built for prayer;
For Home itself is lonely
Unless her smiles be there:
The devotee may falter,
The bigot blindly roam;
If worshipless her altar
At Home, dear Home.

Love over it presideth,
With meek and watchful awe,
Its daily service guideth,
And shews its perfect law;
If there thy faith shall fail thee
If there no shrine be found,
What can thy prayers avail thee
With kneeling crowds around?
Go—leave thy gift unoffered,
Beneath religion's dome,
And be thy first fruits proffered
At Home, dear Home.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

It seems probable that these verses were written in the fall of 1806, for in a letter to his father, dated October 14, 1806, Payne writes: "Eloise's letter caught me in one of my fits of hypo, during the height of my illness. It afforded me much satisfaction, for I was just at that moment reducing the pleasures of Home to doggrel."[1]

Payne's college life was short, for in 1808 his father's failing health and broken fortunes made it necessary for him as the oldest living son to actively assist in the support of the family. Obtaining a reluctant consent from his father, he decided to put his dramatic talents to use, and leaving college spent a few months in preparation and at last fulfilled his boyish

[1] This letter is in one of Payne's letter-books in the possession of Willis T. Hanson, Jr., Esq., of Schenectady, who kindly called my attention to the paragraph and told me of the existence of the verses to which it evidently alludes.

ambition by making his début as an actor at the Park Theatre, in New York, on February 24, 1809.

I will not enlarge upon Payne's stage career in America and England, nor recount the successes and vicissitudes of his life during the years when, having abandoned the life of an actor, he tried to support himself by his pen, as these events do not bear directly on the facts I seek to present, although his life of exile during that period, voluntary exile though it was, tended to develop and strengthen his love for the home he had left so early and which he remembered with such deep affection.

From a print published in London in 1826.

Sir Henry Rowley Bishop

Composer. Musical director of Covent Garden Theatre from 1810 to 1825.

The letters which follow are, with one exception, published for the first time, and relate in considerable detail Payne's negotiations with Henry R. Bishop for the purchase of "Clari," the musical drama for which "Home! Sweet Home!" was written, and reveal the mental attitude of Payne as well as the condition of his finances and his style of living during that period.

Payne was quartered in Paris, at "No. 156 Galerie des Bons Enfans, au dessus de Salon Litterraire, Palais Royal," and early in the year 1822 had been sending over plays for Drury Lane Theatre, then under Elliston's management, but finding it difficult to secure payment from Elliston for the plays he had furnished, he transferred his allegiance, by the advice of Washington Irving, to Covent Garden Theatre, which had just passed into new hands and been put under the management of Charles Kemble. Payne was seldom under an exclusive contract with any theatre, and usually sent his adaptations to the houses where his experience told him they would be most likely to be received with favor. It therefore happened that he had sold a play with the name of "Angioletta" to the Surrey Theatre, then under the management of Watkyns Burroughs. After corresponding with the management of Covent Garden Theatre through the medium of the musical director, Henry R. Bishop, he found he could dispose of "Angioletta" very advantageously to Covent Garden as a musical drama in combination with two other plays. As Burroughs had not yet produced "Angioletta," Payne opened negotiations with him to recall it, whereupon Burroughs promptly staged it and it was acted several times before an agreement was reached to have it withdrawn and transferred to Covent Garden. The opera was renamed "Clari, the Maid of Milan," and Payne undertook rewriting it and furnishing it with appropriate songs while Bishop busied himself with the musical setting.

The letters begin at the point when Payne has secured Burroughs's consent to the transfer and urges Bishop to complete the negotiations.

THATCHER T. PAYNE LUQUER.

Henry R. Bishop, Esqr.[1]
31 Upper Gower Street, Bedford Square, London.

PARIS, *Oct.* 1, 1822.

MY DEAR SIR:

I have at last secured a long letter from

[1] Sir Henry Rowley Bishop (1786–1855), composer. Musical director of Covent Garden Theatre, 1810–1825. Went over to Drury Lane Theatre in 1825 and was appointed to Vauxhall in 1830. He returned to Covent Garden Theatre in 1840–1841 under the management of Mde. Vestris. He was professor of music at Edinburgh 1841–1843, and Oxford 1848. He was knighted in 1842.

Mr. Burroughs,[1] in which it appears we have been at cross purposes about Clari, which has been produced by him with great success as "Angioletta."

Mr. Burroughs seems desirous of retaining it, but is willing to give it up if the relinquishment on his part can be of any real advantage to me; and it would be inconsiderate in me to disoblige him without obliging others or myself.

I have desired Mr. Burroughs to confer with you upon the subject; or, if you should be in that quarter, perhaps it would not be amiss to give him a call. It seems to have made a hit at the Surrey, but I do not think a night or two there can possibly injure it for any other audience.

You will admit that it would be folly for me to make any other arrangement upon the subject, than the one I now hint at. You will see what the drama is, & if I can gain any thing by the transfer let it be made. If not, it would be absurd to remove it from the course of actual success, to be sent back after slumbering for three or four weeks in a Manager's desk with an assurance that "no time has been lost in reading the piece, but the Managers regret to return it as not calculated to succeed in representation."

Is it still your wish that any thing should be done with Emma in the way I mentioned?

Believe me, Dear Sir,
Yours very truly,
J. H. P.

From a print published in 1830.

Miss A. M. Tree.

Who sang "Home! Sweet Home!" in the production called "Clari," in Covent Garden Theatre in 1823.

Bishop evidently made a favorable reply and relieved Payne's apprehensions as to the possible declination of "Clari."

Henry R. Bishop Esqr
31 Upper Gower Street,
Bedford Square, London.

PARIS, *Saturday, Oct* 5, 1822.

MY DEAR SIR:

I cannot express to you how deeply I feel your kindness relative to my interests at Covent Garden Theatre. The only way I can ever acknowledge it, will be to endeavour to frame such a piece as may furnish your talent with fitting opportunities. That is not an easy matter, but *eventually* I feel certain of doing it. All that has yet occurred to me seems rather below the mark; but, to borrow a word from Shakespeare, "we'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at anything we see," and at last something will occur to atone for all previous loss of labour.

You have my opinion of the Pacha[1] already. I fear, in commonplace hands, it will either not succeed, or, what is quite as bad, only—*not fail*. There is a wide difference between plays of dialogue and plays of situation. Farley[2] and T. P. Cooke[3] would beat the best actors in the

[1] Watkyns Burroughs, manager of the Surrey Theatre. He succeeded Dibdin in March, 1822.

[1] "Ali Pacha, or the Signet Ring," a melodrama in two acts, by John Howard Payne, produced at Covent Garden Theatre, October 19, 1822, with the following cast:

Ali Pacha	W. Farren
Selim	Abbott
Zenocles	T. P. Cooke
Hassan	Farley
Talathon	Chapman
Helena	Miss Foote

Genest says "it might please in representation but it has not much to recommend it for perusal."

[2] Charles Farley (1771–1859), actor at Covent Garden Theatre, 1806–1834.

[3] Thomas Potter Cooke (1786–1864), tragedian.

world in the latter; but lose themselves and their cause in the former.

I shall send you immediately, however, (and believe me, I rejoice heartily at the opportunity of thus meeting your own kind promptitude) a melodrama[1] *admirably* suited to the melodramatic company. It was acted for the second time last night, when I saw it. It is pronounced the most interesting since the Maid & Magpie.[2] If published by Monday you will receive it ready for representation by the Ambassador's bag which leaves on Thursday. I have ordered the music & parts & shall mark in all the stage business, so that it can be acted in a week after you get it, by hard driving. The scenery can be made up, without painting one scrap. No new dresses will be wanted. Nothing will be wanted but dispatch. Where there is so much competition, there must be no dilly-dallying about opinions. Before some Managers can make up their minds whether a piece has any chance of succeeding, others have it out and most successful. The rough notion of the plot is:—Two Brothers by the name of Delisle are employed in a Banking house. The elder, who has a large family, loses at the gaming table, money entrusted to him by the house,—is desperate & attempts his own life. The younger wrests the pistol from him, takes the charge upon himself, and is condemned. But he escapes with another convict & finds refuge, under the name of François, in the house of a miller, in a secluded spot, where he gains the confidence & affection of all around him.

From a print.

Charles Kemble.

Actor and manager. Manager of Covent Garden Theatre in 1822.

The Miller's Daughter, a young widow, consents to become the Bride of François. At the moment of celebrating the marriage, there comes in a man of baleful aspect, whose unexpected appearance strikes the Bridegroom with consternation. This is the Convict with whom he fled; who had been retaken, & has now a second time escaped. François is forced to buy his silence dearly; but, not satisfied with the sum received, the villain robs the house. He is arrested. Furious, he reveals the secret of François. All are horror struck. A Traveller, who has recently stopped at the Miller's, starts when Delisle is named.—who is this Traveller? The Uncle of François, a General, who has sought him every where for six months to tell him that his elder Brother is dead, and in dying, had avowed the innocence of François, which the Tribunals had recognized & publickly proclaimed his acquittal.

There are some admirable incidents,

[1] Evidently "The Two Galley Slaves." An adaptation of the French play, "Les deux Forçats," acted in Paris for the second time, September 30, 1822. It was produced at Covent Garden Theatre, November 6, 1822, with the following cast:

An Unknown Fugitive	Farley
Henry	T. P. Cooke
Bonhomme	Fawcett
Basil	Keeley
La Route	Meadows
Major de Lisle	Egerton
Felix	Master H. Boden
Louise	Mrs. Chatterly

It was acted eleven times.
Poole's translation of "Les deux Forçats" was produced at Drury Lane Theatre the same night.

[2] Payne's first adaptation from the French, sold to Covent Garden Theatre under the management of Mr. Harris for £100, and produced there September 15, 1815. It is erroneously ascribed to Pocock by Genest. Two other versions were produced at the Lyceum and at Drury Lane on August 21, the first by Dibdin, the latter by Arnold.

and all the details are wrought up in a masterly manner. How it will read, I can't say—nothing can *act* better.

The parts of the two Galley Slaves are highly effective. The Innocent one is better done than you can have it done. The other has so much acting that Farley would bustle through it well enough. It would have done as much as Tyke for poor Emery![1] The woman's is an excellent part.

It is necessary I should desire the Treasury will send me a ten pound note to meet the expense of the music, so that it may come in time. If the piece is acted, of course these expenses will fall upon the house. If not, the ten pounds will be refunded by me; but just at this moment I am a little pushed & cannot pay it out of pocket without straitening myself.

I will send whatever I have to send through you. I shall have one or two musical pieces out in the rough in about a fortnight. I am now finishing a five act drama.

I need not hint to you that I trust you will look a little to my interest, in whatever may be discussed about terms, though on that head I shall leave all to your sense of justice, only (*entre nous*) remember how close I was shaved by Mr. Stephen Kemble[2] about Brutus.[3]

Believe me, my dear Sir,
Very faithfully your truly obliged
J. H. P.

Henry R. Bishop Esqr
31 Upper Gower Street,
Bedford Square,
London.

Monday, Oct. 14, 1822.

MY DEAR SIR:

I have not been able to get the piece ready before today, and send it with the violin Repetiteur. I also send a letter of introduction of Mr. Hunter, who has the goodness to forward the parcel, as he desired it, and as he may be of use to you. He is a King's Messenger & the first in his line; and his son is at the head of the Consul's Letter office here; *only remember he is very intimate with Elliston.*[1]

I have only time to say about Terms that I will take Two Hundred & Fifty Pounds down for the Three Pieces you have named—Ali Pacha, The Two Galley Slaves and Clari; or £120 for the Two Galley Slaves, separate,—£100 for Ali Pacha,—and £100 for Clari,—engaging to complete Clari in any way you like.—I will attach myself to the Theatre for £5 a week the season, and agree to let every £5 paid be considered as £10 and counted as so much advanced upon the regular remuneration of the Theatre upon such pieces as I may produce after the first weekly payment: that is, if in four weeks after the beginning I should produce a piece which should entitle me to money from the House, I would consider forty pounds as already advanced upon whatever that piece might yield, & so on up to the full term limited on such occasions. On these conditions I will engage to produce a Tragedy and an Opera, and such smaller pieces as may fall in my way, before the end of the season, and immediately to finish a drama and an operatic piece I now have on the stocks. If any of my pieces should be decidedly rejected, they should revert to my own disposal. Copyrights are understood not to be included in these Terms, & I should be entitled to live on the continent, if I like, as that will materially lessen my expenses & leave me more undisturbed to work. I don't know, in case of these terms being accepted, whether I would not take a turn of a few weeks to look at the German Theatres, which I understand afford rich material.

It will be impossible for me to do anything like justice either to the House or to myself, if I have not terms which will enable me to put "my soul & body on the action, both!—" This feeling you can certainly enter into. As I hate bargain-

[1] John Emery (1777–1822), an actor whose specialty was countrymen and whose great part was *Tyke* in Morton's "School of Reform." He painted well and was a keen sportsman.

[2] Stephen Kemble (1758–1822), actor, manager, and writer, stage manager of Drury Lane, 1818. A brother of Mrs. Siddons and uncle of Charles Kemble.

[3] "Brutus," Payne's tragedy, produced at Drury Lane Theatre, December 3, 1818, with the following cast:

Lucius Junius	Mr. Kean
Titus	Mr. D. Fisher
Sextus Tarquin	Mr. H. Kemble
Aruns	Mr. Penley
Claudius	Mr. Coveney
Collatinus	Mr. Bengough
Valerius	Mr. Holland
Lucretius	Mr. Powell
Horatius	Mr. Yarnold
Tullia	Mrs. Glover
Tarquinia	Mrs. W. West
Lucretia	Mrs. Robinson
Priestess of Rhea's Temple	Mrs. Brereton

[1] Robert William Elliston (1774–1831), a most versatile and popular actor. Manager of Drury Lane Theatre, 1819–1826, and of the Surrey Theatre from 1827 until his death. He was notorious for his eccentricities on and off the stage.

ing, I mention the lowest terms at once.—You may assure Mr. Charles Kemble[1] I heartily reciprocate any kindness he may feel for me, & that I have built my proposal upon a most sincere desire to aid his interests without entirely forgetting my own,—and a conviction of the value of the stock I have on hand and in contemplation; and that, in accepting these terms, I shall actually resign others from which I might derive equal profit,—but I am anxious to do something at Covent Garden & for him, as I look to the permanent benefit of so respectable a connection.—I had meant the Tragedy for Kean[2] & Young;[3] but, not being commenced, I can easily model it for Mr. C. Kemble & Macready.[4] The subject is from English History.

I did not get your letter till Saturday night, and have been so busy ever since, I can only answer it in the greatest haste. I shall send an order on Wednesday to which you may give up the Galley Slaves if the Terms are refused, as it must be used without delay. T. P. Cooke ought to play the Unknown, Mr. C. Kemble Henry, & Fawcett[5] Bonhomme, but I fear you have no woman capable of the other. In the french piece it was one of the most affecting pieces of acting I ever saw. The piece was only published on Friday.

I will write again on Wednesday. Thanks for the Ten Pounds. The rest of the music will go by the Diligence tomorrow night, being too bulky for any other conveyance.

Believe me, whatever may be the result, I shall consider myself in honor bound not to forget your kindness, but to return it on the first opportunity in the only way I can.

In great haste,

Yours very faithfully

J. H. P.

"Ali Pacha" was produced at Covent Garden on October 19 with alterations evidently unsatisfactory to Payne and apparently without due credit to him as the author, whereupon Payne relieves his mind in a letter to Charles Lamb,[1] with whom he was on very good terms.

Payne to Lamb (from a written copy by Payne)

PARIS, *October* 28, 1822.

Charles Lamb, Esq.
20 Russel Street, Covent Garden,
London.

Many thanks for your letters. I was sorry I had troubled you with the one to which you reply and would fain have recalled it. It relieves me infinitely to find it gave no annoyance. The former letter arrived a few days before. I think the better of you for your books and the better of myself for your attention. In the year 1806, when I edited a litle paper at a Grammar School in the interior of America, I quoted some of the poetry in the first volume, never, till now, having been aware who was the author. My extracts were from a manuscript collection. I then praised the scrap entitled "Childhood" most earnestly. Then I was sixteen years nearer to the feelings it describes than I now am. They were anxious for the books at Kenney's.[2] Louisa[3] instantly put them under shelter from the young Barbarians in a nice white paper cover. Both volumes disappeared presently. Ellen was missing at the same time. That night she repeated all John Woodvill to her mother; and next morning half of Rosamund Gray in French was found under her mattrass. The interest of Rosamund Gray appears to me the most inobtrusive and intense I know of. Some of Mackenzie's Stories try for the same effect, but this has a deeper character. . . .

Is it not teasing that I should not have heard a syllable from the Theatre? They wrote to know what I would take *down* for Ali Pacha and other pieces. I named my price. They give me no reply, but act

[1] Charles Kemble (1775–1854), the famous actor and manager, and father of Fanny Kemble. He became manager of Covent Garden Theatre in 1822, and after many vicissitudes was rescued from his financial difficulties by his daughter's successes, subsequent to her début in 1829.

[2] Edmund Kean (1787–1833), the eminent tragedian who was almost continuously at Drury Lane Theatre from his first appearance there in 1814 until his death.

[3] Charles Mayne Young (1777–1856), comedian and tragedian, a rival of Kean and Kemble. His début at Covent Garden Theatre was about 1814, and he first appeared at Drury Lane, October 17, 1822, with Kean.

[4] William Charles Macready (1793–1873), actor and manager. At Drury Lane Theatre, 1823–1836.

[5] John Fawcett (1768–1837), actor at Covent Garden Theatre.

[1] Charles Lamb (1775–1834), essayist and humorist.

[2] James Kenney (1780–1849), dramatist. In 1817 he collaborated with Payne in writing "The Portfolio, or the Family of Anglade," produced at Covent Garden Theatre on February 1 of that year. He married the widow of Thomas Holcroft, the actor, whose daughter Fanny was an actress and dramatist.

[3] Louisa Mercier Kenney (——1853), wife of James Kenney.

Ali, alter it and put another person's name to it. They wait for the prize before they buy the Lottery Ticket, and will no doubt insist that they *would* have paid just the same, if it had drawn a blank. "Would" is "if's" twin brother in peace making. . . . I am innocent of Hassan's broken threat to be funny. So I am of the fine effect for which you praise Farren.[1] I think *that* must be his own. It smacks of the stage. It would be better anywhere than in Ali. Ali was remarkable for utter want of natural affection. I had made him say on hearing of his son's death, "Go, tell it to their mother that she may weep for them." The actors, by falsifying this *trait*, and perhaps others, have made the critics blame me for having humanised a brute. Richard might as well have fainted at the children's murder in the tower. . . .

Poole[2] is, as usual, laughing at others & lamenting for himself. Kenney stays at Versailles, writing love songs & acting the enraged musician to his noisy children. He locks himself in, three doors deep. Mrs. Kenney is jealous of your having written to me and not to them. She says she should hate her cat if she thought it purred louder for another. Her jealousy is worth having. The Blue Girl has never been seen since. She disappeared in despair at not discovering your name. . . .

With best remembrance to Miss Lamb, believe me,

Yours ever faithfully,

J. H. P.

H. R. Bishop Esqr
31 Upper Gower Street,
Bedford Square,
London.

PARIS, *Saturday, Nov.* 9, 1822.

MY DEAR SIR:

Many thanks for your obliging letter. Pray pardon the impatience of my last. Yours found me very ill with fidgetting and a severe cold. . . .

I will do Clari in any way Mr. Kemble & yourself like to point out. You had better make marginal notes where you want songs & choruses, and give some hints as to what sort you would like to have.—I write to Burroughs on Monday.

[1] William Farren (1786–1861), actor at Covent Garden Theatre, 1818–1828.

[2] John Poole (1786–1872), dramatist. Friend and competitor of Payne in adapting French plays for the English stage.

—In closing for the two hundred and fifty pounds, be it expressly understood I accept that sum in consideration of receiving the money down, having an immediate use for the amount, which induces me to make the difference. As for the engagement to write for the Theatre, that is a matter of minor consequence. If I am under a stipulation, my advantages will of course be greater, and I shall be at liberty to make my market where I like. I only proposed upon the principle that to keep ammunition from the foe is sometimes more than equivalent to opposing arms against him.

I will attend to your request about the opera for the two Ladies & three Gentlemen. I trust to good luck and industry to enable me to find something. I have sometimes thought a very good thing might be made of Doctor Faustus[1]—by referring to Marlow's play, and the German play, on the subject. There is a field there for any thing. If you think so, pray send me Marlow's play, the outline sketches of the German Faustus, which are published in London, with the English Translations, of which there are one or two, one of them, I believe, by Soane. What a field for supernatural agency and a Macbeth sort of music!—Faustus can be made for Macready.

Then there is *Sappho*. That's a good subject. There is an English Translation of a German Sappho published in London which I should like to see. An opera is announced here upon the subject, at the Academie Royale, which as Elliston says, "I shrewdly suspect" to be from the German Play. All the poetry of Sappho which remains to us might be brought in well. Her "blest as the immortal Gods is he" would be beautiful in music. Phaon

[1] "Faustus," a "romantic drama in three acts, and with songs by an unknown author" (Payne?), was produced at Drury Lane Theatre, April 16, 1825, with the following cast:

Faustus	Terry and O. Smith
Wagner	Harley
Count di Casanova	Browne
Motolio	Archer
Enrico	S. Penley
Orsini	Mercer
Groguoso	Bedford
Brevillo	Knight
Rololia	Miss I. Paton
Adine	Miss Stephens
Lucetta	Miss Povey

Genest says "it is an indifferent piece. The scenes in which Mephistopheles is concerned are good. *Wagner* is far from a bad character—the rest of the piece is insipid." It was acted twenty-four times.

would do well for a good male singer, and Sappho for Miss M. Tree.[1]

You saw "Alfred the Great" here—I mean the pantomime. I think *that* might be extended & made a good opera of.—La Partie de Chasse de Henry IV would make a charming opera, and I dont think the subject being partly anticipated in the "King & Miller" of Mansfield would at all hurt it. Have you ever thought of "Camille ou Le Souterrain?"—by Marsollier & Daleyrac?—All these schemes are *entre nous*. Be explicit about them, and if you like me to try any or all at leisure, I will do so; and you may make a bargain for me if you find any you think worth trying.

A new melodrama appears this evening. Great expectations have been raised about it. I will let you know the result on Monday.

A satisfactory adjustment of his differences with the theatre having been affected, and the price for the two plays and "Clari" having been agreed upon, Payne writes to Kemble in regard to a method of payment and gives the outline of a new melodrama which, being of no interest, has been omitted.

From this time until early in February Payne was working on "Clari," and it was probably some time in January that he wrote "Home! Sweet Home!"

The following letter is introduced to show Payne's trend of thought at this period which found complete expression in the song.

Mr. Thatcher T. Payne,[2]
New York
U. S. A.
Packet Stephania
Capt. Smith
Via Havre,
Jan. 1823. *Paris.*

PARIS, *December* 31, 1822.

MY DEAR BROTHER

I received a letter from you about three months ago, which had been detained a long time in London, and of which I only heard by chance. I wrote for it and got it safe after much anxiety and trouble.

My old folly about waiting for time to write a very long letter has prevented me from writing any. But the usual epoch for making good resolutions is returned, so I try to make peace with my conscience as the old year is expiring, that I may not justly accuse myself of letting a whole twelve month pass without some assurance (being all I can give) of my remembering you and all the wreck of our Home with affection increased by absence.

My history since my last is soon told. After I got back to France, matters went on so hopelessly as to leave me in a state next to starvation, for I must have perished for want but for accidents. This lasted from within a few months of my last till this time last year. Then my fortunes took a sudden turn. Since last January my connection with the London Theatres has extended. I am on terms with more than one; I have earned about five hundred pounds by pieces uniformly successful. I have ceased to be vain of these trifles and they generally go forth anonymously, or are ascribed to some of the old London Authors. I shall begin the New Year richer than I have been for a very great while. I have about one hundred and twenty pounds before me, and am out of the way of being gnawed at by creditors. This gives me a momentary independence, through which, I trust, I shall be able to complete various productions which are now by me in the rough. Hence I hope, improved by the severe lessons taught by past suffering, to add to my little stock by industry till competency may give me a rank in the world, before time shall take me out of it; and if death comes before wealth, it will answer the same purpose, as I shall then, of course, be provided for.

My yearnings towards home become stronger as the term of my exile lengthens. I long to see all your faces and hear all your voices. 'Twould do me good to be scolded by Lucy,[1] and see Anna[2] look pretty and simple and sentimental.

[1] Ann Maria Tree (1801–1862), popular singer. After having been trained in the chorus at Drury Lane she made her début as *Rosina* in the "Barber of Seville" at Covent Garden Theatre in 1818. She was the original *Clari* and afterward *Mary Copp* in "Charles II," adapted jointly by Payne and Washington Irving. She married James Bradshaw about 1825.

[2] Thatcher Taylor Payne (1796–1863), the youngest brother of John Howard Payne. After teaching in his father's academy, Madame Chegaray's and other schools he was admitted to the bar and practised law in New York City until his death. He married Anna Elizabeth Cottrell, the widow of Benjamin Bailey, of New York, in 1833, by whom he had one daughter, Eloise Elizabeth (1834–1894), who married in 1860 the Rev. Lea Luquer, of Brooklyn, since 1866 rector of St. Matthew's Church, Bedford, N. Y.

[1] Lucy Taylor Payne (1781–1865), oldest sister of John Howard Payne. She married Dr. John Cheever Osborn, and had two children, boys, who died young.

[2] Anna Beven Zeagers Payne (1789–1849), another sister of Payne's who never married.

I dare say you are greatly altered. I suppose you have whiskers and find it very difficult to get razors to shave you without hurting your face. I suppose, too, you are very tall. No doubt you would look with infinite dignity over my head which is not even so high as it was!—and think me your "little brother!"

I feel the want of some of you—parts of myself—in this strange world, for though I am naturalized to vagabondism, still it is *but* vagabondism. I long for a Home about me. When they told me in days of yore I had a double crown to my head and should cross seas, I thought it a fine thing to get away from Home to old countries. Not on account of the twin coronals, though *One* crown is more than I hope will ever be at home in our country. Living among Kings gives one a great respect for countries when a man governs only because a whole Nation deems him worthy. It is a prodigy to see a sensible man on the throne of supreme power, which seldom falls in the chances of succession. The highest numbers on the dice *will* sometimes come up, though, for nations as well as individuals.

I am delighted to find you have had offers of professorships in learned establishments.[1] It does you great honor. At your age it is an uncommon distinction. I am glad, also, to know you talk about marrying. I was quite thunderstruck the other day on being called an old Bachelor. It turned me quite sick. I went home and counted my years. I don't do that often now. When that crooked 3 gets the wrong side of one's age, it begins to lose its grace.

I saw the notice of the Yellow Fever in New York with unspeakable concern. So I did of the Fire. I hope neither have touched our domestic circle. And yet I do not know, even as I write to you now, but I am addressing one who is gone to his airy Home, and whose spirit may be looking over me as I write and pitying my uneasiness.

But, if you *are* still one of the living, pray write and tell me so. . . . Draw their Portraits and your own. What are their gowns made of? What coloured coat do you wear? Send me the sounds of all your voices, if you can. These I have entirely forgotten. The other day a person brought me a little book called a picture of New York. It has a Map in the beginning. I have been amusing myself in going through the streets with a pin, and fancying I meet people and stop and speak to them. But I hear french and that wakes me. You say, of course I know Fay[1] is married again. I did not, till you told me. I have not heard from him for a very, very long time. What sort of a girl is it you have chosen? But if the choice comes to nothing, don't tell me. You will be glad enough not to renew grief by repetition if you are disappointed in so serious a business.

I have taken this lodging where I am, for three months certain. I shall probably stay much longer. Therefore if you answer me immediately, your letter will be sure to find me. Pray send me a great budget. Pay the ship postage and put it in some letter bag for any french port. When you write to me in England send care of Mr. John Miller, Bookseller, 69 Fleet Street, London, and it will be transmitted. My French address is "A Monsieur Monsieur Howard Payne, No. 156 Galerie des Bons Enfans, au dessus du Salon Litterraire, Palais Royal: Paris,"—but for safety you may as well add—Ou, sil n' y est pas, aux soins de messr A & W Galignani, No. 18, Rue Vivienne.

Never write by private hands. Letters always linger in private hands. Trust the post in preference, as it is their business and interest to be punctual. People think they will mind commissions when they set out to go abroad, but so many new objects press upon them when they get away, that these little responsibilities begin to grow irksome and are then neglected.

I want to say you will hear from me often now. I have a long catalogue of broken promises to answer for. I only hope I shall be more attentive. My feelings *are* attentive, however negligent my pen. But pray let me hear from *you* and your punctuality may shame me into better conduct for the future.

Ever, my dear Brother, Most Affectionately,

J. H. PAYNE.

[1] Thatcher T. Payne was offered the chair of belles-lettres and languages at Carlisle in 1822, and in after years the chair of belles-lettres at Columbia College, but declined both offers.

[1] Joseph D. Fay, an old friend of the Payne family.

Early in February "Clari" was completed and sent to Bishop with a hint of a melody which he probably used in composing the music of "Home! Sweet Home!"

H. R. Bishop Esqr
London.

PARIS, *Feb* 12, 1823.[1]

MY DEAR SIR:

I sent off Clari by the Diligence on Sunday Morning. You will find I have done what I could to improve by your suggestions. The hint about the Swiss melody was so vague that I could only give you something approaching the measure of the Ranz des vaches, without any reference to the air, which, of course, you prefer to make original. I have given the Prince three songs. I do not see where more music could have been got in any where without overloading the piece. In the Songs I have endeavoured to give as much variety as possible. There was not time enough to have polished them as highly as I could have wished. For the base song I have tried to contrive as many strong words as would afford the best opportunities for the sort of air I presume you propose. In the Duet between Rose & Nimpedo, pray direct them to make some playful business, which the little laugh I have inserted evidently requires; and in Rose's retreating from Nimpedo, he should turn round upon her suddenly so as to bring their faces in a position to steal the kiss. Both Duets require a good deal of business to be made to them. I would have written very largely about the acting of Clari but I fear Miss M. Tree would have deemed it impertinent. I wish her safely through. Pray tell her, if she likes, she may sit *not on an elevated seat* during the play scene, but have her chair on a level with the rest of the stage, & the servant maid sitting by her. This may not be exactly according to etiquette, but it may possibly give more effect to the starting up of the maid in alarm for the exposure after her mistress has started up, in the exclamation "no, no, no." In the last scene, where Clari appears to her father, considerable effect may be produced by dragging after him on her knees in his retreat from her, and, in order to fill up the time during his & the mother's speeches by rising & standing in an attitude of utter despondency, from which she almost insensibly staggers to the side wing, which she touches as the shouts are heard announcing the Duke. . . .

I hope you make memoranda of the expenses you have been at in postage &c on account of what I have sent to the Theatre through you. If the Treasury has not paid it, I shall think you do me great injustice if you deny me the opportunity of preventing my correspondence from becoming a tax upon any thing but your patience.

In great haste
Yours truly obliged
J. H. P.

[1] Part of this letter has been published in Harrison's life of Payne.

"Clari" was produced at Covent Garden on May 8, 1823, with the following cast:

Duke Vivaldi	Abbott
Rolamo	Fawcett
Jocoso	Pearman
Nimpedo	Meadows
Nicolo	J. Isaacs
Geronio	Keeley
Clari	Miss M. Tree
Vespina	Miss Love
Fidalma	Mrs. Vining
Ninetta	Miss Hallande
Nobleman	Baker
Pelgrino	Chapman
Leoda	Miss Beaumont

Genest calls it "an interesting piece," but the London *Times* the next day had little to say in its favor, condemning the plot, the music, and the acting.

The critic writes: "On such a drama Mr. Bishop has judiciously refrained from expending any of his happiest compositions, for with the exception of Miss Tree's first song ["Home! Sweet Home!"] there is not one piece which will linger on the ear or be recalled to the memory. The overture is loud and startling; but we can say little else in its favor. The songs are commonplace, and there is no concerted piece making any pretensions to novelty. . . . Miss Tree, who personated *Clari*, sang with taste and feeling, and acted with delicacy and without offence; but she is unequal in melodramatic power to the situations she has to fill. Miss Love, as the waiting maid, sang a little song in a sprightly manner and was rewarded with

an encore. The other performers do not require particular mention, except Fawcett, who threw much sturdy pathos into the inane language of the last scene and came forward to give out the piece with tears in his eyes. It was occasionally applauded in its progress, and announced for repetition amidst loud clapping of hands; but we do not think it will add to the reputation of the composer, or bring much money to the treasury."

Little did the critic think that the song he so casually passed over was destined to make the names of Payne and Bishop immortal.

Kenney, who was at the opening, was more encouraging and succeeded in disposing of the copyright.

James Kenney to John Howard Payne

DEAR PAYNE,

You will probably know before opening this that Clari has had perfect success. There was no opposition, and it stands fair for a run. As early as the first act I saw handkerchiefs employed upon the bright eyes in the Dress boxes, and Tom Mill who supped with us at Lambs says Mrs. Chas. Kemble[1] wept torrents. Mrs. Lamb[2] was with me in a party with Fanny Kelly,[3] Dick Peake,[4] &c. It would have been better in two acts, the drawback being length and monotony—but its importance is perhaps increased as it is, and may enable us to get a better price for the copyright. Charles says he has paid for the alterations, and it is wholly at your disposal. I desired Mill the copyist to inquire for a Purchaser and promised him a guinea if he succeeded, and I am now going to Simpkin and Marshals. Miller[5] was near me and seemed disposed to buy, but wished to hear what was offered by others.

Mrs. Smith I find is with Liston,[6] and I must get it from him. I cannot see Rutherford and know nothing of the 2 sergents. —— has been at Covent Garden as your agent about Clari: he would sell it I suppose and get drunk with the money. If Elliston has the melodrama, I will get it from him.

Tell Mrs. Kenney I am getting better but have no letters.—

Yrs very sincerely

J. KENNEY.

10 *Store St. Bedford Sq.*—
9th May 1823.

I have been to Longman's, Simpkin's, and Whittakers. The two former declined —the latter would make no offer, but would hear mine. I asked 70 which they refuse. I then offered it to Miller for 50 and twenty five more in case of a run 20 nights. He has taken it. We all think you are well off (*times* considered)

I will remit next post.

The packet by Baldwin is arrived.

"Clari," however, was not a great success. It was apparently given the following night and one night three weeks later at the end of the season, and had one performance at the beginning of the next season. At all these performances Miss Tree took the part of *Clari*.

There were two performances in 1825 with Miss Foote and Miss Paton in the title rôle.

Three performances in 1826 and one in 1829 are also noticed by Genest whose record ends with that year.

"Clari" was produced also at Sadler's Wells Theatre in 1826, the City of London Theatre, 1838, and Marylebone Theatre, 1854.

In this country it was first produced in New York in November, 1823, with Miss Johnson as *Clari*, and was later given with Mrs. Duff in the title rôle.

The song, "Home! Sweet Home!" however, quickly attained great popularity, and it is reported that three hundred thousand copies of it were sold the first year, bringing great profits to the publishers but none to the author, who nevertheless cheerfully expresses his satisfaction with the success of "Clari" in the following letter with which the series closes:

[1] Maria Theresa de Camp (1774–1838). Her father's real name is said to have been De Fleury. She first appeared as cupid in the ballet of "Noverre" at the Opera House. She married Charles Kemble, July 2, 1806, and made her début at Covent Garden Theatre, October 1, 1806.

[2] Caroline Rosalie Adelaide St. Jules, the wife of George Lamb, the politician, writer, amateur actor, and member of Parliament.

[3] Frances Maria Kelly (1790–1882), a remarkable actress. At Drury Lane Theatre, 1800–1835.

[4] Richard Brinsley Peake (1792–1847), a dramatist and for forty years treasurer of Drury Lane Theatre.

[5] John Miller, the publisher, at 39 Fleet Street.

[6] John Liston (1776–1846), actor. At Covent Garden, 1806–1822, and the Haymarket, 1822–1830.

To Miss Anna B. Z. Payne

PARIS, *May. 28th.* 1823.

MY DEAR SISTER,

Your letter came last month. It was just a month coming. This is the first direct answer I have got from America since I left. It seems so social. I could scarcely believe my pleasure. It was like stretching out our arms and shaking hands over the Atlantick.

I am going on pretty much as I was, am still in the same lodging where you may continue to address to me with certainty, and have within the last fortnight been favoured with another theatrical success in an opera entitled Clari, the Maid of Milan, of which I have desired Miller, who has bought the copyright, to send six copies to Thatcher, one for each of my own family and the others for wherever you may think they will be most valued. I would have ordered the music to be sent also, but the expense would have been very great and it will probably appear immediately for less money in America. I have another little one act piece coming out this summer at the Haymarket. So I am sure of bread and cheese for the rest of the year.

I have several works on the stocks, and to complete them undisturbed, have taken a country house at Versailles, for which and its large garden, I pay fifty dollars till January next. You have no house rent in York so cheap. I shall have room to lodge you all, if you like to come. I am looking out for a cat, rabbits, a large dog, pigeons, and a cock and hens *pour faire mon menage*. I am threatened by some friends, who live at Versailles to be serenaded with:

Once there was a batchelor who lived all by himself
And all the bread and cheese he got he put upon a shelf

For purposes of business I retain my place here, which is so very cheap, that I can do it without violating your injunctions of economy.

DUMB WITNESS

By William Hervey Woods

As they set out to Calvary,
A snow-white thorn-bush clinging
Over the road, saw there
Her own thorns crown the hair
O'er one wan face; and flinging
Her new bloom down, ceased from her scented breath,
And stood a withered parable of death,
When they went out to Calvary.

As they passed by to Calvary,
A lamb that had been bleating,
Left in the dealer's stall
Hard by the temple wall—
From that wild mob retreating,
In a dark corner dumb and trembling lay,
Long ere the earthquake, all that long, long day,
When they went on to Calvary.

And when they came to Calvary,
A floating eagle dreaming
High over hill and town,
One startled glance shot down
At the nail-strokes; and screaming
Fled away south; and folk far down the red
Arabian twilight heard him shriek o'erhead—
When they were come to Calvary.

The RIDE of TENCH TILGHMAN

Oct. 20-23
1781

by

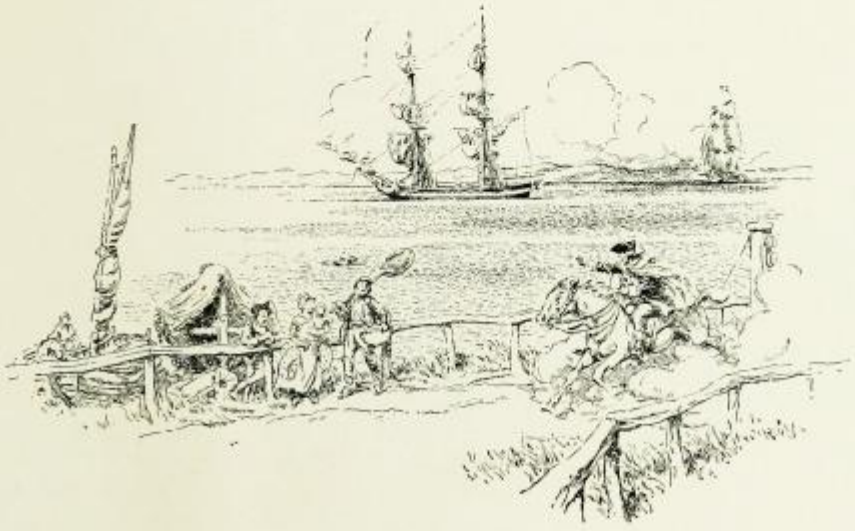
CLINTON SCOLLARD
with drawings by
JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

THEY'VE marched them out of old Yorktown, the vanquished red-coat host,—
The grenadiers and fusiliers, Great Britain's pride and boast;
They've left my Lord Cornwallis sitting gnawing at his nails,
With pale chagrin from brow to chin that grim defeat prevails.
Their banners cased, in sullen haste their pathway they pursue
Between the lilied lines of France, the boys in Buff and Blue;
At last their arms away are cast, with muttering and frown,
The while the drums roll out the tune—*The World Turned Upside Down!*

It's up, Tench Tilghman, you must ride,
  Yea, you must ride straightway,
And bear to all the countryside
  The glory of this day,
Crying amain the glad refrain,
  This word by field and town,—
"Cornwallis' ta'en! Cornwallis' ta'en!
  The World Turned Upside Down!"

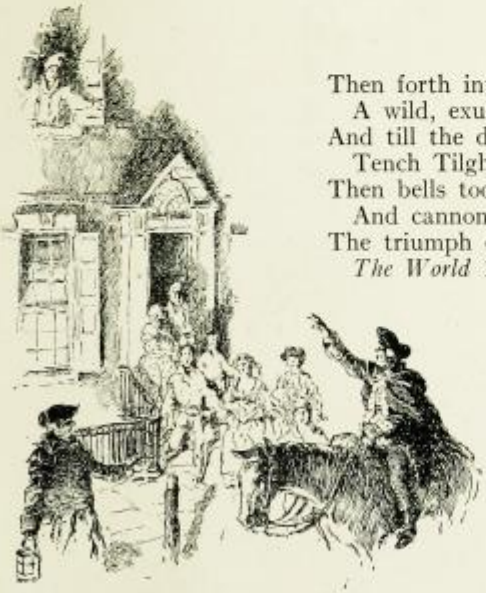
Roused Williamsburgh to hear the hoofs
That loud a tattoo played,
While back from doorways, windows, roofs,
Rang cheers from man and maid.
His voice, a twilight clarion, spoke
By slow Pamunkey's ford;
In Fredericksburg to all the folk
'Twas like a singing sword.

It thrilled while Alexandria slept
By brown Potomac's shore,
And, like a forest fire, it swept
The streets of Baltimore.
With it Elk Tavern's rafters shook
As though the thunder rolled;
It stirred the brigs off Marcus Hook
From lookout to the hold.



When midnight held the autumn sky,
  Again and yet again
It echoed through the way called High
  Within the burg of Penn.
The city watch adjured in vain,—
  "Cease, cease! you tipsy clown!"
Flung Tilghman out—"Cornwallis' ta'en!
  The World Turned Upside Down!"

Where wrapt in virtuous repose
The head of Congress lay,
A clamor welled as though there rose
The Trump of Judgment Day.
"What madness' this?" fierce called McKean,
In white nightcap and gown;
The answer came,—"Cornwallis' ta'en!
The World Turned Upside Down!"



Then forth into the highways poured
A wild, exultant rout,
And till the dawn there swelled and soared
Tench Tilghman's victory shout;
Then bells took up the joyous strain,
And cannon roared to drown
The triumph cry—"Cornwallis' ta'en!
The World Turned Upside Down!"

In dreams, Tench Tilghman, still you ride,
As in the days of old,
And with your horse's swinging stride
Your patriot tale is told;
It rings by river, hill, and plain,
Your memory to crown;—
"Cornwallis' ta'en! Cornwallis' ta'en!
The World Turned Upside Down!"

THE FIRST-BORN

By Katharine Holland Brown

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

MARY Lou's wedding-day began early. By half past six the big old-fashioned house was all in an eager flurry; excited, gay haste beat through it, a rushing tide. John Landon, wakened by a crash from the kitchen, lay for a minute, taking his bearings. June sunshine flooded his wide, clean, shabby room, sketched morning-glory shadows on the white curtains, glowed on the lovely picture of Barbara, the twin babies clinging to her knee, as she smiled down on him from her deep carved frame. Barbara, his wife, dead ten years ago; yet to-day as radiant and alive to Landon's heart as the sunshine that lit her beauty with immortal fire.

He went to the window and looked down into the straggling old garden. Charlotte and Sally, his two younger daughters, were picking the sweet peas. Sally's clear ten-year-old pipe floated up to him. There was always a lilt of Barbara's own bell-voice in Sally's tones, although the child had not one feature of her mother's.

"Mary Lou says they'll keep fresh if we put 'em in the cellar. But when *I* get married, I sha'n't have anything as common as sweet peas at *my* wedding. I'll have American Beauties. Or else orchids. You'll see!"

Charlotte tossed her black head.

"Yes, you'll have orchids, I reckon. Bushels of 'em!" Again she gave her head that teasing fling. That gesture had been Barbara's own. Yet it was the only sparkle of Barbara that he had ever found in Charlotte. Landon's eyes clouded. His big frame sagged a little. Every one of his brood of five had some golden gleam of Barbara. Not one was Barbara, her golden self. Even Mary Lou had hardly a trace of her. Although by divine right of the first-born, she should be her mother's very essence.

A pink figure dashed across the porch and ran down the garden—Mary Lou. At least, she was lovely in her own way, the father thought. He looked down proudly at her slim, straight little figure, her delicate, small face with its wide gray eyes and broad winged brows of a young madonna, her wreathed ashen-fair braids. What a little slim thing she was, for all her twenty-two years! Landon's strong lips tightened. Why, Mary Lou was only a little girl. Yet to-day she would go out of his house forever. Mary Lou, his comrade, his heart's beloved!

His heart contracted with a grim wrench. Yet, curiously, he knew that this day's real pang would not lie in giving up Mary Lou.

Ten years it was, since Barbara went away. All those years, Mary Lou had stood by him, shoulder to shoulder. She had spent her young strength in mothering the younger children. She had toiled with all her might to keep up the home for him. She had healed many wounds. But his one deepest wound she had never even tried to heal.

In all those years, she had never spoken to him of Barbara. She had never once reminded him of her mother. She had never given his lonely heart the message it so longed for: the certainty that Barbara was still alive to her child, that she would live in her child's love forever.

True, those first dreadful years, he could not endure to hear his wife's name. He had put away her pictures; he had forbidden her own family to speak of her. But afterward, he had longed with all his soul to bring her dear gay presence back to his home. Month by month the pitiful human yearning grew stronger, deeper, to hold fast the beloved humanity. He treasured every glint of her—not only her loftier qualities, but the sweet, wilful girl herself; her delicious fun, her mischief, her whimsy prejudices; her amazing streaks of docility, her equally amazing streaks of tyranny, her whole brave, merry na-

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"Oh, daddy, look! It's a quarter to eight, and you not even ready! Mercy me! Here, I'll fix your tie."—Page 771.

ture—a nature so buoyant that it rode the roughest seas, held high above strain and rack by its own glad, resolute will.

Always he had waited, sure that the time would come when Barbara herself would speak to him through Mary Lou's lips, when Barbara, in all her loveliness, would come back to him in their first child's dear flesh. And he had waited in vain.

These months since Mary Lou's betrothal, he had felt certain that his daughter's own happiness would teach her to speak out. Surely, before she went from his house, she would give him one word from Barbara—one sign that, in her memory, too, that precious image reigned, beloved and unforgotten. But not one word had she spoken. Not one glance of understanding had her soft, dreaming eyes vouchsafed him. And now his hunger was almost more than he could bear.

"After to-day, she'll have her own home and her own life. But surely to-day, on her own wedding-day, she'll be thinking of her mother. And she'll think what this day must mean to me. She'll say something, if it's only a word, to let me know that she loves Barbara yet, that she'll love her always. If she doesn't, I—I can't stand it." For it could not be that Mary Lou had forgotten. Surely she would give him one word to feed his starved heart, to make him sure that that vivid, loyal, splendid creature was not driven dust!

Down-stairs a door slammed. A fresh young voice rang out.

"Daddy! 'Most ready? Waffles! Splendiferous!"

"All right, Mary Lou." Landon steadied his voice. He dressed quickly and hurried down. As he reached the dining-room, Aunt Dilsey's voice pealed from the kitchen, a stormy orotund.

"You, Richie, drap dem raisins! Steve, take you's paws outen my cake-batter! Ain't you twins got no manners 'tall? An' this you' own sister's weddin'-day!"

There was a clatter of tinware, two derisive whoops. Past him like two colts shot the twins, and landed in their chairs at table with a simultaneous unerring leap. Charlotte and Sally were already demurely seated. Mary Lou sprang up from behind the coffee-urn. He stood passive under her vigorous onslaught.

"Daddy, you lamb! To stay home from the office all day and help!" Mary Lou's voice shook with tense little quavers. Under her ash-gold braids her small face shone very white, with a strange luminous whiteness. She stood on tiptoe to clutch both hands on her father's broad shoulders, she showered him with pecky little kisses, but her wide gray eyes would not meet his own. Even when he tilted her face to kiss it, her glance eluded his in swift flight. "Is that bacon right sizzlin' hot, Dilsey? And his toast too? Richie, pull your shoulders up, honey, you're slumped like a meal sack. Stephen! You forgot to wash! Yes, sirree, I know it. Trot right up-stairs and scrub, that's a love. Go behind your ears, mind. Hard. Nonsense, you've got stacks of time. No, I will *not* let Rich swipe your waffles. Well, if he does, Dilsey shall bake you some more. Yes, Sally, you can have jam if you'd rather, but don't shovel so. The telephone? I'll come in a jiffy. The expressman? My gracious, daddy, more presents! Regular avalanche! Look, quick!"

Excited crimson flamed into her white cheeks. She heaped her packages on the sofa, and opened them with cries of delight. Landon watched her, tenderly amused. Then his glance swung to the other four.

The twins were stoking waffles, their round faces shining with beatitude. Landon's eyes kindled. They were a husky team, all right, for twelve-year-olds. A bit out of hand, though. Mary Lou was too soft with them. They needed a curb rein. Next them, Charlotte minced at her toast with finicking grace. Charlotte was sixteen, an olive-and-pomegranate girl, with a dusk glowing cheek like velvet, and lips almost too full and sulky rose-red, and black lashes curling over great, soft, smouldering black eyes. Even the twins had been known to admit that Charlotte was easy to look at. Yet Landon felt an anxious twinge. Charlotte was not easy to manage. Mary Lou had handled her fairly well, although she'd been almost too strict. None the less, he wondered whether he himself would handle her as well. Charlotte flew the track rather often. She was a problem, no doubt about that. But Sally, his youngest, never flew

the track, thanks be. He looked down at Sally, square, tow-headed, apple-cheeked, mowing down waffles with the precision of a small rapid-fire gun. No, Sally didn't present any problem, bless her, save that of keeping her comfortably filled up. Anyhow, he was a fool to worry over the kids. They were superb children. He knew he wasn't overstating it. Superb was the word. That was the Barbara in them, her young vitality, her fire. But again he looked at Mary Lou, bent rapt above her gifts, and that dull beseeching question deepened in his eyes.

Breakfast over, everybody scurried to work. Mary Lou was to be married at eight o'clock that evening. They themselves must make all the preparations, for fat Aunt Dilsey was their only servant, and she was already too jubilantly wrought up to be of much use. It would be a large wedding; everybody in Salerno, their placid Southern town, had known Mary Lou and loved her since the day she was born, and everybody was invited. There would be out-of-town guests, too. Jim Tunstall, Mary Lou's betrothed, would bring his imposing array of kinsfolk on the Memphis packet, arriving, in case the steamboat was within four hours of her schedule, by three that afternoon. Landon owned a sneaking hope that a kind sand-bar might hold those serried ranks from descending on him before six. He was ashamed of the rancor which he felt toward the whole race of Tunstalls. They were an estimable family; fine old Albemarle County stock; running a trifle to side-whiskers and sanctimony, but staid, conservative, solidly prosperous. Young Jim himself, at twenty-four, was already as staid and conservative and solidly prosperous as his side-whiskered forebears. That thought rasped Landon to the quick. For Landon, for all his steady industry, had never forged ahead. He had worked and saved for years, to clear away the mountain of debt which his charming ne'er-do-weel father had left behind. Since then, it had taken all he could earn to provide for the children and keep up his heavy insurance. He winced as he remembered by what desperate twists he had managed to screw out Mary Lou's few music lessons. And he had not even bought her wedding-dress. Great-aunt Georgianna, her godmother, had insisted that the entire trousseau should be her gift. Well, she could have music lessons galore, now, and a grand piano, instead of Barbara's jingling old box. And she could have all the pretty fripperies that her heart desired. And a sound, clean, devoted young husband. . . . Landon checked a surging desire to clinch his fists. He ought to thank heaven, fasting, that his child would know a good man's love. "Though I'd give my month's salary to punch Jim Tunstall's bull head. Great, stodgy, arrogant young oaf!"

"More presents!" Charlotte skimmed in like an excited bronze butterfly, her arms heaped. Mary Lou dashed from the parlor, the twins deserted their porch-cleaning, Sally dropped the cake-pan to run and see. "Oh, table-linen! And two centrepieces, all real Cluny! When *I* get married, I'm going to have real lace on everything. So there!"

"Real lace nothin'!" gibed Richie. "When *I* get married, I'll bet I have some real eats. No chicken-salad dabs, and no squinchin' pink ice-cream, neither. Peach cobbler, an' turkey, an' strawberry shortcake. Just you wait!"

"You shall have real lace on everything, down to your dish-towels!" Mary Lou snatched Charlotte and hugged her tight. "And I'll roast your wedding turkeys, Rich, and bake the cobbler myself—Richard Parke Landon! You've taken the clamp off your front teeth *again!* When you'd promised me solemnly——"

"Well, dassent I leave that gag off the day you're married, even?" Richie's voice rose in a howl of injury.

"Oh, if you put it that way, poor dear! Though I really— There's the door-bell, Stephen. Run. More presents? My sakes, Jim will have to hire a dray. Oh!" Mary Lou's eyes flared wide. "Oh, it's a wooden box, a big one! I do believe it's Jim's folkses gift, at last. Rich, ask Dilsey for the hammer. Fly!"

Aunt Dilsey steamed in, the hammer in one hand, a denuded chicken in the other. The beaming expressman ripped off the crate. There appeared a glittering mahogany chest, adorned with massive brass initials intertwined. Dazed, Mary Lou fitted in the key. A gasp of wonder arose.

Side by side in their white-plush grooves

glistened row on row of silver: heavy, ornate, engraved each with Jim's large florid *T* as well as Mary Lou's *L*.

"Whoopee!" breathed the twins in reverent unison.

"Awfully swell." Charlotte's red lips puckered. "But I like their nerve. Sticking their own smarty initial alongside of yours!"

"I don't mind. It's magnificent." Mary Lou lifted tray after laden tray. "But the design is almost too gorgeous. I like the teaspoons daddy gave me lots better. If only they'd ordered this set to match his——"

"Nonsense, Mary Lou." But a warm glow crept round Landon's chilled heart.

"Well, we've no time to sit here and gloat." Mary Lou sprang up, snapped down the lid. "Run along and finish your porches, boys. Charlotte, will you dust the parlors? Sally, peep in the oven, there's a duck, and see if the cheese-cakes are browning. Run along, all of you. Only—you wait, daddy dear. There's something I wanted to tell you. I—I——"

Mary Lou's crisp voice halted, stammered, failed. Her hands gripped hard on his arm. Her wide gray eyes, so deep and soft under the winged brows, lifted to his in swift pleading, then faltered, dropped away. "I—well—it isn't anything particular. Never mind, now. But—would you mind answering the telephone for me, awhile? And the door-bell?"

Barbara, forever lovely and forever young.—Page 771.

"Of course I won't mind." Landon's voice was a little flat. Leaden disappointment weighed in his breast. Mary Lou was half-way up the stairs now. She had not met his eyes again.

Landon tramped patiently from front door to telephone, from telephone to side door, from side door to telephone again. With all the small town's friendly intrusiveness, Salerno was making the most of Mary Lou's great day.

"Hello, Mr. Landon!" It was their

groceryman, over the wire. "Ain't it one grand morning for Miss Mary Lou's wedding, though! Say, give her many happy returns for me, and tell her that her order is on the way, and I'm sendin' her the lettuce an' cucumbers for her salad out of my own garden, with Mrs. Peters's an' my compliments. Say, she's one fine girl, ain't she? You'll miss her, all right. Good-by."

"Oh, Mr. Landon!" It was the new Methodist minister's pretty, dragged-out young wife, with one baby in the go-cart and two more clinging to her limp skirts. "I stopped in to bring Miss Mary Lou some of my almond torten. An old Swiss lady in Butte, where we preached last year, taught me to make them, and I thought they'd be something new. Every girl likes something new for her wedding supper." Her wan face grew pink at Landon's courtly thanks. "Why, it's kind of you to appreciate them so. I wanted to bring her roses. You always want to bring roses to a bride like Mary Lou. But we haven't had time to plant anything yet. My love to her, please. But to let her go—it'll be so hard for you!" Her gentle hand went out to him with a quick compassion. Then she drew her small tribe shyly away, for Great-aunt Georgianna Landon's battered old victoria was trundling up the drive.

"Good morning, John." Aunt Georgianna leaned in puffy majesty at the frayed old door. She put out a fat wavery hand in a purple silk mitt. Her old puffy, sagging face, framed in the primeval purple silk bonnet, with its nodding hearse-plumes, would have been sardonic if it had not been so very tired, so very old. "Well, this will be a right bad day for you, John. You don't realize how you have depended on Mary Lou. That child has been a mother to the younger children. How you'll manage without her——"

"Yes, I'll miss Mary Lou. But Cousin Lillie Burford comes this noon. She will stay and take Mary Lou's place."

"Take Mary Lou's place!" Aunt Georgianna snorted. "Cousin Lillie is a slack-twisted Burford, every inch! *She* manage! You'll be lucky if you get hot bread once a week. As for the children, I warn you, she and that pepperpot Charlotte will quarrel from the first hour. What's more, Dilsey plain despises her. Says she won't stay the week out if Miss Lillie dares try to boss her——"

"Well, we'll do the best we can, aunt. Cousin Lillie asks a very moderate salary. But it's all that I——"

"Oh, you know your own affairs. Pull out that big box, John. That is Mary Lou's wedding dress. Veil and all. That Memphis dressmaker has kept me on tenterhooks all week, and Mary Lou has been frantic. Though she never said one word. She's a true-blue Landon. Well, good-by, John, till to-night." Under her nodding purples, her glum, pouchy old face suddenly flushed and thrilled. A strange and gentle light awoke in her dull old eyes. "It's a hard day for you, John. Good-by."

"My dress!" Mary Lou flung herself down the stairs headlong. Again the household gathered to gaze devoutly at the great white-and-gilt box with its folded treasure of silver and pearl.

"Oh, Aunt Georgianna was very generous. And it'll be the grandest wedding dress that Salerno ever laid eyes on." At last Mary Lou laid back that armful of white magic. "But I wish I hadn't let her buy it. I'd rather be married in cheese-cloth, and have you give it to me, daddy!" Her round throat quivered. She threw herself on Landon, and hugged him fiercely. Her arms seemed to lock him to her, flesh to flesh, bone to bone, but she kept her face turned stubbornly away; not for one instant would her wet flashing eyes meet his own. "Now, boys, you shine up the parlor windows. Dilsey, look at your egg-beater! You're dripping icing all over the place. Charlotte, you tidy the dining-room. Sally, come help me up-stairs." Again she darted away, with the speed of light.

The front door-bell now. Old Captain Ashley, spruce in white duck, carrying a great sheaf of roses, white and pink. "The bride's own colors, sir. Tut, tut, what if I stripped my garden? The garden is honored, sir, to come to the wedding. A happy day to her! Although to you, sir"—the curt, martial old voice slackened—"ah, well, it is the way of the world, sir, the way of the world.

'To see our bright ones disappear,
Almost as morning dew.'

You recall your Ingelow? But we old fellows have had our own diamond mornings. Good day to you, sir, good day."

The side door now. Miss Sarah Arnold, Mary Lou's Sunday-school teacher, her broad face beaming under her kittenish mull hat.

"I just dropped in to bring you-all a deep-dish cherry pie for dinner. You'll be too busy to cook a real meal. And tell Mary Lou her class will come this afternoon and help decorate. My, how this town will miss her!" Her large bosom heaved, her homely, innocent face worked. "But I reckon you'll miss her more'n her class, even. Yes, to be sure, I'm coming early to-night. Yes, I want to see her presents, every one. Good-by."

At noon the depot 'bus brought Cousin Lillie Burford, three trunks, two suitcases, one hold-all, a shoe-box tied with red baby ribbon, a large cage containing a small limp canary, and an outraged torty-shell cat in a basket. Landon went dutifully down the walk to greet her. Cousin Lillie, her candid blond front considerably awry, kissed everybody languidly and demanded tea and toast and a darkened room at once, as three hours on the train had brought on one of her nervous headaches. Landon clumped up and down stairs, serving her with what skill he could. Dilsey, growling ominously, slapped the dishes on her tray, then hustled their own dinner on the table—weird odds and ends of the festival baked meats, topped off royally by Miss Sarah's pie. Somehow Landon was not hungry. Across from him sat Mary Lou, erect as a little queen, her cheeks fiery scarlet now, her eyes dark stars. She talked and laughed at top speed. She did not swallow a morsel. She did not stop chattering one moment. It was almost as if she dared not stop. Over and over, her starry eyes darted to Landon's face, clung there a moment, leaped away.

By two o'clock the tension had risen to concert pitch. Mary Lou's Sunday-school class, loaded with vines and wild flowers, had swarmed in and taken the house by storm. Down the garden, Richie and Steve were letting off steam with a wrestling match; on the side porch Charlotte, ostensibly arranging flower-bowls, was teaching the fox-trot to an admiring group of high-school boys. Out in the kitchen Aunt Dilsey rattled the windows with her full-throated ecstasy:

> "Keep a'inchin' along,
> Keep a'inchin' along,
> An' we'll all git to hebben by um by!"

Landon tried to laugh at the turmoil. Instead, he owned a sick longing to creep away and hide. Presently he slipped up to his own room.

Mary Lou stood at his big, old-fashioned bureau. At his step she whirled and faced him. She started, with a quick impulse of flight. Then she came straight to him.

"I've just finished prinkin' up your room, daddy. I—I'm glad you came up. It's so rackety down-stairs, I can't think straight. And there's something I want to tell you—I must tell you—" she stopped, quivered.

"Yes, daughter." Landon put a steadying arm round her shoulders. His heart pounded with eager hope.

"To tell you something I—I've been wanting to say, so long. Only—only——"

"Yes, dear?" He bent to her. She flinched away, then looked up bravely. "To tell you——"

"Mary Lou—oh, Mary Lou!" Sally's clarion pierced high. "Here comes Jim Tunstall, and the major, and Mrs. Tunstall, and all! Hurry! Run!"

"Oh, Jimmy and his kin—already!" Mary Lou's dust-cap went one way, her apron another. She rushed away. Landon followed, smiling and alert. But it was to him as if he bled inwardly.

Ponderous, impressive, inexorably on time, three touring-cars packed with Tunstalls came up the drive. In all, there were only eighteen of Jim's kin; but they seemed an army. Landon did the honors with admirable warmth. Lord, what an appalling horde there was of them! With what bland condescension they looked on Mary Lou's poor little preparations, her linens, and her gifts! His gorge rose at the whole majestic crew. But smiling, cordial, he played his part.

Even the heaven-born Tunstalls could sense the calamity of their too prompt arrival. With rare tact they set off on a round of calls, adding that they would dine and dress at the hotel. Even Jim

himself must go with them, so Major Tunstall proclaimed.

"Oh, very well. Funny I can't stick around when it's my own wedding." Jim stood in the library door. He was a great, brawny fellow, a good inch over Landon's own six feet. Against Mary Lou's Dresden slenderness he loomed gigantic. His shoulders filled the narrow door; his thatched black head all but brushed the lintel. His dark, heavily featured face was almost saturnine in its complacency, its look of inbred ownership and command. Again Landon's fists tightened. Great, sullen, iron-jawed young brute! Why Mary Lou should have chosen him——

"Well, Mary Lou's pretty busy. But let your crowd wait a minute, Jim." He glanced toward the group around the motor-cars. For this moment they two were alone. He could speak out. "I have something to say to you, Jim. I don't know just how to put it. But I want you to know that I'm banking on you as I have never banked on any man. Now, if you fail me—if you don't make Mary Lou happy——"

He halted. The room was very still. Jim looked back at him. His hard, clean young face did not flinch. His level eyes stared past Landon, out at the blue-and-gold June. At length he turned to Landon and spoke slowly, picking his words.

"I understand. Very well. Now, you mind this. If I don't do the right thing by Mary Lou, if I don't make her happy —then it will be up to you to flail the hide off me. You hear that, sir?"

His face was imperturbable, a mask of youth. His cool voice was insolent in its unconcern. But that minute Mary Lou dashed past the door, in search of a missing Tunstall veil; and Landon caught the look in Jim's eyes as she sped by.

Landon turned away sharply. He had a queer, humbled feeling, as if he had looked in on some young shrine.

The rest of the day spun by, a blinding whirl. The hands on the big old clock fairly leaped from hour to hour. Belated gifts streamed in. Belated well-wishers called Mary Lou to the telephone for long affectionate visits; belated armfuls of flowers, last-minute borrowings of plates and silver, dribbled into the kitchen. By five o'clock the house hummed like a hive of frantic bees. By six it was a maelstrom. At seven, miraculously, the tumult stopped, stilled: a wave of silence, awed, expectant, flooded the wide, dim, fragrant rooms. Every space was swept and garnished now; not a fern-leaf nodded awry. Mary Lou had disappeared. Charlotte and Sally tiptoed and whispered about the dining-room; the twins, scoured and polished to a piano finish, sat dumb and moveless on the porch. Even Aunt Dilsey's chant was hushed.

Landon took a careful survey of the parlors. Then he went up to his own room and shut the door.

"I'll dress right off. Then I'll be on hand if the Tunstalls swoop down ahead of time," he told himself. He was slow about it, though. He was so wretchedly tired that he could not hurry. His limbs were stiff, his hands bungled, the blood crept lifeless through his veins. Dully he looked at himself in the glass. He was not yet fifty, in the prime of his toiling, honorable life. But to-night he looked gaunt and burnt-out and old. And his whole heart was sick within him. The long, hoping, dreading day lay like ashes on his mouth.

"She might have given me one word. She might have known. But she didn't once think of Barbara. I can't blame her, poor child. She was so little. Of course she has forgotten her. But if she'd just said Barbara's name! If she'd only——"

There came a tap at his door. A low, uncertain tap.

Brushes in hand, Landon turned. But the door flew open. On the threshold stood Mary Lou.

Landon did not speak. Only he stared and stared, as if he could not look his fill. Mary Lou— Could this white vision be his little, little girl? Her bridal gown flowed round her, spindrift of frost. Her great veil wrapped her in gossamer. Under the rosebud coronet, her little white face was whiter than the snow-mists that enfolded her. Not a trace of Barbara. Yet how her loveliness brought back Barbara's loveliness on their own marriage night!

His voice sounded in his ears, loud and harsh and strange.

"Well, honey! You're ready away ahead of time."

Mary Lou did not seem to hear. She stumbled toward him. She put out two groping hands. Suddenly her white little face blazed with wild, heart-rending terror.

Landon gasped out. He sprang to her and caught her up and showered kisses on the little drawn, agonized face, the little icy, clinging hands.

"Mary Lou, my baby, my darling!" He had her in his arms in the big chair now, her hands gripped round his neck, her shuddering little body clasped tight. "Don't, my girl! Father can't stand it. I know just what has frightened you, dear. You—you—but Jim Tunstall loves you with his whole heart, my child. He'll be tender with you. He'll do his level best to make you happy. If he doesn't, I—" his breath came short, then—"I'll make him pay! But he will be good to you. You needn't be afraid——"

"Oh, it's not that, daddy." She clutched him with shaking hands. She was sobbing through her kisses, now. "I'm not afraid, one bit. I couldn't be afraid, with Jim. But, oh, daddy, it's you, dear, it's you! I *can't* go off and get married and leave you like this. You'll never get along. Never in this world. Cousin Lillie means well, but she's whining this minute because she wants Dilsey to come up and curl her false front, and Dilsey vows she wouldn't curl the President's false front for him. And nobody but me can make Richie hold his shoulders straight. And I must scold him every minute, to keep that clamp on his teeth. As for Stephen, I stand over him like a slave-driver. I send him back up-stairs to wash, every day of his life. His guardian angel couldn't teach him to keep his ears clean. And Charlotte makes eyes at everybody. From the new minister down. And Sally will cram herself with sweet stuff from morning till night, the little pig. Daddy, I can't leave you. I won't!"

"Now, you hear me, Mary Lou." Landon held her close. His even voice was stern now. "All these years, you have given yourself to daddy and the children. You've been the best little partner—" he halted. "But now you must take up your own partnership. Jim is the only man in all the world for you. You have told me that. You believe that. Certain sure?"

Mary Lou's trembling clutch relaxed. Her wet cheek burrowed into his shoulder.

"So that's settled. Now, daughter, do your part. Go to your new home, and never once look back. Go and make Jimmy as happy—as happy as your mother once made me. For that is all your life, my child. That's all there is to life. Now and always."

His voice broke. But Mary Lou drew a long, quieting breath. After a while she spoke, very low.

"I reckon you're right, daddy. Jimmy certainly is the one man for me. And to love him is all there is to life. That's exactly what mamma said to me. About you."

"What mamma said? About me? When—what——"

Landon's arms fell away. The words clacked dry on his mouth. The room swam and darkened round him; a gray mist thickened before his eyes. But he knew that he was listening: listening with his soul.

"What did mamma say, daughter? What did she tell you—about me?"

Mary Lou sat up. She pushed the long veil back from her face.

"Why, I don't believe I've ever told you, dad. It was when mamma—it was just a few days before—she went away. The nurse had sent me up-stairs with her broth. I can see her this minute, as clear as clear! She was sitting up, in her red dressing-jacket, the one with the lace ruffles, and her hair was wound up in two big, shiny braids, and her white hands with all her rings on—you know how fresh and sweet she always made herself look. No matter how sick she was."

"Yes. I remember."

"Well. I put the broth on the table, and spread out her napkin, and she looked at me and sparkled her eyes, the way she always did, and said: 'Give me a kiss, precious, to season it.' You know she was always saying that."

"Yes. I remember."

"So I reached up to kiss her. But she leaned out and pulled me up on the bed, and held me tight. Then she said, very grave and slow: 'Mary Lou, listen. Mother must tell you something, right

now. And you must always, always remember. After a while, you'll be a grown-up young lady. Then a man will come who loves you, and he will tell you that he loves you. Then—hark. Look at your father then, Mary Lou, and say to yourself: "Will this man make me as happy as my own father made my mother?" And let that answer decide for you. Promise me you'll do this, Mary Lou! Promise you'll never forget!' So I promised. Then she went on: 'Because, Mary Lou, your father has made me the happiest woman that ever breathed. Sometimes I've been ashamed, almost. Greedy thing I was, to snatch him and keep him all for myself!' Then she laughed out, but her eyes were all wet. You know that funny trick she had of laughing even when her eyes were full of tears, so her lashes had regular rainbow streaks on them?"

"Yes. I remember."

Mary Lou's head drooped on his shoulder. There was a long silence. The girl's strained little body was yielding to calm. But every inch of Landon had flamed awake. He breathed deep. All his leaden years had slipped from his shoulders. The blood leaped through his veins like some celestial fire.

Mary Lou's small hand caught his sinewy one, drew it against her young breast, cradled it close.

"Oh, wasn't mamma the *peachiest* thing!" she whispered. "Do you remember how she used to come peacocking down-stairs whenever she had a new hat, and how spunky she'd get when the puppy dug up her geranium-beds, and the way she laughed at everything?"

Again that pulse of exquisite joy beat high through Landon's veins.

"And the times when the babies were little. How ridiculously proud she was of them, and how she used to brag! I remember how she crowed over Charlotte's long eyelashes, and how she strutted about the twins, just because they were twins. As if nobody had ever had twins before! And how perfectly crazy she was over Sally because her toes curled up, 'just like an infant anthropoid ape,' you told her. Then mother jumped up and told you you were no better than a caveman yourself, and tickled the back of your neck to make you sneeze, for punishment. And what fun she was, Christmas and birthdays! She always had such dozens of secrets up her sleeve, and we were all in 'em. The Christmas she gave you the big photograph of herself and the twins, I knew all about it a week beforehand. I wonder I didn't burst. And how we loved Sunday afternoons, because she'd play Bible stories with us! Sally would be baby Moses in the clothes-basket, and the Jap screen was the bulrushes, and the twins were Pharaoh's soldiers, and I was Pharaoh's daughter, all diked out in mother's blue-silk kimono. Goodness, what fun! And you'd be the crocodile."

Landon chuckled suddenly. He saw himself, a green-felt table-cover pinned to his shoulders, a brass jardinière on his head, crawling across the floor, emitting growls and roars like Leviathan unchained. He could see the twins, pop-eyed with fearful joy; he could hear Charlotte's yelps of ecstasy. He saw Barbara, breathless, crimson-cheeked, dump the rescued Moses on the lounge, then lean against the wall, to laugh till she could laugh no more.

"And times we went picnicking, and mother made us such luscious things to eat! And times you and she would go to parties together. My, how proud she was of you, because you always looked so stunning in evening clothes! How she did dote on that shiny old swallow-tail of yours! She just used to purr over it. And she was always pinching Stephen's nose to make it like yours, and finally she got Stephen so cross that he'd yip if she even held up her finger. And do you remember her streaks of 'rearing us by rule'? She'd send us up to bed right on the tick of eight, all in our long-legged nighties; the twins used to look like two polar-bear cubs. But by half past eight we'd be taking the roof off with a pillow-fight, and she'd be right in the thick of it. My, she was a corking good shot!"

Again Landon laughed out; that laugh of utter content. He saw Barbara dash down the hall like a frenzied mænad, flourishing a pillow after the two small polar bears, who galloped squeaking into his own room, and took refuge under the bed. And he saw her as she sat by Sally's crib, with both little bears cuddled drowsily in her lap; he watched her face, aglow in the dim lamplight; he heard

her shamed laughing whisper: "Yes, I know I ought to tuck them in, but they're so cunning! I can't go and leave them quite yet."

Ah, she had gone and left them so long, so long ago. Yet her darling life still lived. Her brave, gay heart still beat in her own child's loyal breast. Curiously, he knew now that all these years he had wandered like a man half dead of cruel thirst, who stumbles alone across an empty world. Now his parched soul drank deep. All his days he would walk alone. But never again could he suffer as he had suffered. For his own child, his first-born, had given him to drink of that life-giving spring.

"And—listen, daddy."

A moment Mary Lou hesitated. Then, with the grave frankness of her young, clean-minded generation, she spoke out.

"If ever I have any children, daddy, I want my little sons to be just like you. Pre-*cisely!* Every smidgeon. But if I have a little daughter, I want her to be like mamma. That's why I always try so hard to remember her. Nights when I lie awake, I tell over to myself the way she used to look, and the things she used to say, and the funny little jokes she was always playing on us, and the way she petted us—she'd just eat us up, you know. I've got her all written down in me. And —I want to pass her along."

"All right, honey."

A moment more they clung, silent. Then Mary Lou slipped to her feet.

"I ought to go down now. There'll be some last thing— Oh, daddy, look! It's a quarter to eight, and you not even ready! Mercy me! Here, I'll fix your tie. Yes, yes, Cousin Lillie, don't wail so. We'll be in time."

Four hours later Landon shut the last window, turned out the last gas-jet, plodded up-stairs to his room. Those four hours spun before his eyes, a whirligig blur. However, from that blur certain pictures stood out sharp and clear. The spacious old rooms, crowded with waiting faces; the august cohorts of the Tunstall clan; Aunt Georgianna, in antebellum puce velvet, her gaunt face set in sardonic grooves, but her dull eyes staring at the young faces round her with the eternal peering wistfulness of the old, old woman who has never borne a child. Then, far clearer, far more vivid, so clear that it ached on his sight, the face of Mary Lou, so white, so shining, so serene; and beside her Jim, big, stolid, unswerving, yet his hard young lips chalk-white, his hard young suavity shaken and moved. After, the long vague torment of the reception, when all Salerno meandered by, with the same fond, inane speeches, to a constant obligato of Cousin Lillie's sniffle—then the gay rush of departure. Showers of confetti, roses flying like hail; and in the thick of that romping storm Mary Lou's arms around him, her passionate whisper in his ear: "Oh, daddy, how can I go away! Oh, daddy, don't let Rich leave the clamp off his teeth one single second. And do, do make Stephen wash behind his ears!" And then, through the last flurry of roses and laughter and pelting good wishes, her last wave from the motor to him, her last tender, reassuring cry: "Remember what I've told you, daddy! Remember *everything* I've told you, dear! Good-by!"

Cousin Lillie's dove-plaint wafted down the hall. Cousin Lillie was one of the women who must always have a dear friend to spend the night and talk it all over.

"But John Landon's behavior is beyond me! He has always adored Mary Lou. Yet he was utterly unmoved. He never shed one tear. You'd think he was positively glad to see her go. It seemed so callous of him! When you think what his own married life used to mean! How pitifully young he and Barbara were, and how hard they had to work, and then having such a dreadful raft of children, and all! You'd think he couldn't *stand* it! To see Mary Lou start away, on the very same road!"

Landon stretched his big, tired body on the bed. The shutters were swung wide; through tossing vine-shadows, June moonlight streamed in and shone on Barbara —Barbara, her babies in her arms, leaning to him from her great carven frame; Barbara, forever lovely and forever young.

He looked up longingly into her sweet, gay eyes.

"You bet I'm glad to let Mary Lou go. If only she and Jim can find the very same road we went, together!" he whispered. And so he fell asleep.

· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

NOW and again men of letters and other persons more or less in the public eye are invited to participate in what the newspapers (with unconscious humor) are wont to term a "symposium"—although frequently it is only a Barmecide feast. They are requested to put themselves to the question and to write out a list of their Favorite Characters in Fiction. Sometimes they are bidden to stand and deliver the names of stalwart Heroes and sometimes they are desired to lisp lovingly a list of lovely Heroines. And as these men of letters and other persons more or less in the public eye are human, after all, and therefore hypocrites, they are likely to go on the stand with no intention of telling the whole truth. Their secret delight may be in the mysterious vengeances of Nick of the Woods; yet this is what they would never dare confess, so they get out a mnemonic search-warrant, and they take up a collection of their thoughts in order to produce as their first choice Achilles or Ulysses, Gargantua or Marius the Epicurean. They are equally lacking in frankness where they volunteer to name a bevy of Heroines. They may make a bluff of indifference to beauty by putting in Jane Eyre; but no one of them would be bold enough to acknowledge his sneaking fondness for Becky Sharp, that most fascinating villainess. Thackeray tried to make us dislike Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, thereby incurring the reproach of Taine—to the effect that her creator did not love Becky as Balzac loved Madame Marneffe. Yet try as hard as he could, Thackeray failed to arouse in the average sensual man any detestation for the impersonator of Clytemnestra at the Gaunt House theatricals. In fact, if the average sensual man had his choice he would rather take in to dinner Becky than the blameless Amelia, beloved by the long-suffering Major Dobbin.

Disagreeable Girls

In the new volume of essays, which Mr. James Huneker has quaintly entitled "Ivory Apes and Peacocks," there is a characteristically clever paper called "Three Disagreeable Girls"—*i. e.*, Hedda Gabler, Mildred Lawson (in Mr. George Moore's "Celibates"), and Undine Spragg (in Mrs. Wharton's "The Custom of the Country"). These three graces Mr. Huneker disgraces by dissection; and in so doing he suggests another series of symposiums to be participated in by men of letters and other persons more or less in the public eye. Let them now come forward with lists of Characters in Fiction who are not Favorites, or Heroes whom I hate and Heroines whom I abhor. For these delectable lists no villain or villainess would be eligible, and all bald bad men would be debarred and all intriguing sirens. In fact, the piquancy of the quest would lie in the picking out of characters obviously beloved of their creators and yet unlovely to the readers of the records of their careers.

I want to volunteer for the first of these symposiums, so that I can cast my ballot for the very advanced lady whose life and adventures are narrated—and narrated with perfect understanding and with sympathetic comprehension—in Judge Grant's novel, "The High Priestess." I am inclined to think that the author himself likes his creature, although I question if he really loves her as Balzac loved Madame Marneffe; but he is certainly perfectly fair to her and he looks at her character and her career from her own point of view. She is the Heroine I Hate—of course, there are others, but for the moment there are none that I hate so heartily. Mrs. Mary Arnold, as she chooses to call herself, is a good woman, in the worst sense of the word. She is an advanced feminist, never doubting that the world will be a better place, when it ceases to be man-made. She is self-possessed, self-absorbed, self-centred, and supremely self-satisfied. She is also self-supporting—although the author does not quite succeed in making me believe in her business acumen, and he leaves me doubting her artistic endowment. She is able to support herself only by dint of hiring another woman to mother her children for her, and to look after the home life of her husband. She condescends kindly to this husband—a very fine

fellow; and she has no doubt as to her own superior wisdom. In fact, she is one of those who "know it all," and to say this is to say that she is supremely ignorant of life and of the forces which direct human conduct. She is the consummate pretender and pedant and prig—in spite of which she is perfectly sincere and transparently blameless. Perhaps it is because she is representative that she is reprehensible. Perhaps it is because she stands forward as a type of the wife and the mother and the woman certain to be more completely attained in the next generation that she looms up portentous. Between Mary Arnold and Becky Sharp the average sensual man would not hesitate a moment—and neither would any man of average intelligence.

Some Dogs

IF we were thoroughly honest, we should find that much of the affection we hold for our canine friends is stimulated solely by flattery. The loyalty and devotion of my dog is an immense satisfaction to my vanity. I am loath to admit this; in fact, I never do. My dog and I—are we not friends on some fine, lofty plane of sympathy and understanding where the eyes leap to comprehension, where conversation is futile, and words of no avail? I like to think this; I do think it—but the truth is not complete. My dog follows to heel, rushes madly off on some tour of inspection, comes to heel again, and though perhaps felt unconsciously, his return is a subtle compliment and warms me around the heart.

All this hour I have heard the scratchy patter of a dog in the college corridor hunting his master. His faith and love are bound with patience; he will spend the eternity of an empty, waiting hour until his man comes from the classroom.

And is there any satisfaction more genuine than that you experience when your dog recognizes you among a group of people and comes to greet you? Oh, then you see—all this talk of your plane of higher understanding is gone! You are the master and he comes, a fief. Affection is not appealed to; it is vanity. He stands beside you in the very vassalage of loyalty.

There is a trick of independence in the attitude of some dogs toward another than their masters. Say I speak to such a dog, call him "Puppy," as I call all dogs, invite him to a caress—if he responds, it is the greeting of equality between two friendly creatures; if he scorns even the notice of me, I chuckle at his stiff-tailed disdain and enjoy vicariously the loyalty to his master which it becomes him best to show by ignoring me.

In this way did Dana, the stately St. Bernard, respond to the praises of those chance people who were not in his formal acquaintance. Never could any one express more bored indifference than he, his massive head resting motionless on his paws, his eyes upturned for a second against the red haws, then dropped after a glance almost unseeing. He was a dog to appreciate the use of a monocle. I have no doubt he either has used one, or will in some other incarnation. He was a king among dogs—and he believed in the divine right. It could not be said of him that he ever unbent. There was no bending in him. Sometimes he let go. In his puppy days—those days when, though big as a calf, he had not yet "grown up to his feet"—he found it difficult to learn the technic which usually binds size and dignity. But even in his cumbersome ludicrousness he gambolled with a somewhat stately air.

Dana adored and lived on praise, although he affected an overwhelming contempt for the admirer. Indeed, he was jealously avid of attention—but once he had that which he craved he became a red-eyed contemplator of the infinite. This is not entirely a dog's trick. Although he had a native sense of humor, vanity fell upon him at an early day, whereupon his sense of proportion departed, and he stalked abroad in majesty and splendor—beautiful, aloof, content in the gratification of his animal pride.

I should have spoken of Romeo first, for he was the dog I grew up with. But when I speak of dogs, Dana's name springs to the lips, a pertinent proof that I almost believed in Dana's unimpeachable idea of himself. But Romeo should, I say, have been mentioned before. He was ever present in all the marvellous and daring nothings of my childhood. Through the seasons with his dog—what more could any child want!

Romeo was a dog of gentle sadness; he looked out on the fret of this world with the drooping eyes of one who has been much at

sea, who looks through vast mistiness to some far-off reality. He was a genial dog; his tail wagged as rhythmically as a pendulum. It was as though he had once thought to wag his friendship to the unknown world, and then had straightway dropped the matter from his mind. Behind the brown eyes, so beautiful with love and kindness, there lurked a vague yet understanding realization of many things. A mystic and a dreamer, he lived amidst his unexplained background, forever pondered and forever strange.

Romeo lacked a certain poise; he was wofully deficient in self-confidence. A Gordon setter, his nose should have been somewhat long and pointed; instead, it was broad and short. He should have been a hunter, but for the most part he was content to sit under trees, and while apparently watching the squirrels leap about, was really deep in some private meditation of his own. But he was not a lazy dog—and in the matter of hunting had one tremendous affair to be laid to his account, debit or credit it as you like—an affair which cannot be concealed in any true representation of his character. He had an unutterable love for hunting skunks! This genial, meditative dog, lover of quiet and contemplation, thrilled to this chase with all the ardor of a fiercely repressed nature. Who knows what pent-up desires or spirit of his grandsires surged within him in the twilight darkness of his hunting woods! Good old Romeo—the luck of luck for you, old puppy, in your happy hunting-grounds.

I know a dog, but I can scarcely call him friend. I feel too sorry for him. He has the potentialities of a dog, but he is only a tame cat. Poor Sport, ironically named, fed on treacle, disciplined by a caress, and cabined in a place where the wind of freedom blows but passes over his head.

Like none of these was Rab, a rollicking, well-born spirit of fun. Dana and Romeo were my own dogs, Rab but an acquaintance. Rab had an Irish sense of humor and a bewitching eye, and though he never recognized me publicly as his friend, I believe I was one. It might be said—if masculinity had not long since cast off the inference—that Rab was a witch. He was thoroughly grounded in the gentle art of teasing, and he applied the principles in all the activities of his daily life. He adored to differ with one on the choice of a trail, or on the subject of whether or not he should enter a house. He could stand debating for an hour—if perfect obstinacy can be called debate—until one's patience had to be bolstered up by a sense of enjoyment in the idiocy of the whole situation. From under his shaggy eyebrows he cocked a twinkling eye of inquiry; his stiffened legs and quiet body were all Scotch, and nothing was dubious about him but his tail. It alone betrayed the surety of mind was not so sure. In some cryptic chamber of his soul lurked this atom that belied his whole nature.

I have no dog now, but I sometimes pretend I have. It is an easy thing to pretend. I imagine him lying before the fire, close beside me so that I can put out my foot to nudge his hairy back. He understands that I am telling him I love him. I think of him as waiting—a gentle, pensive squire—how patiently he endures that fearful creation of time, an interval. I see him on a tramp—a joyous series of important explorations of the trivial. There is a frenzy of joy on his long, galloping dashes in open country, his perpetual "skinning under" fences, his sudden pursuits of a slow-rising bird. He reveals an ecstatic vigor even in the biting of a burr from his tail. But most of all, I love him when from the midst of these alarums and excursions, in red-tongued happiness, he comes racing back—to me.

THE FIELD OF ART

THE WONDER OF WORK

WORK to-day is the greatest thing in the world, and the artist who best records it will be best remembered. Work has always been an inspiration to artists, from the time when we were told to earn our bread by the sweat of our brow, till now, when most of us are trying to forget the command, and act like "ladies and gentlemen."

Under the Church, work—the building of the Tower of Babel and the Temple—was the subject of endless imaginings by painters, sculptors, and gravers who never assisted at the functions they illustrated. Painters, who sat in their studios hundreds of years after the towers and temples were designed and destroyed, have showed what they imagined the towers and the temples looked like. This—this sort of creation or invention—we art students in America called "genius work" because it was "done out of our heads." In Europe it is called "scholarly," and is concocted from a classical dictionary; a trip for a few weeks to Greece or Italy is useful but not necessary and adds to the expense, and illustrated post-cards may be used instead.

Now educated people, cultured people, take such painters seriously—and pay to sit in darkened chambers and brood. These are carefully but sadly illuminated, and the spectators pursue with diligence, scarce looking at the exhibits, the remarks of critics who prove conclusively that these painters show exactly what the world was like, what buildings were like and how they were built, and how the builders worked according to the bookman and archæologist and the critic.

As to these popular forms of art—the backbone of academies—I know, for I am a multi-academician—I have nothing to say. The results, in a few instances, have been works of art because of excellence of technic. But the man with the greatest imagination is the man with the greatest information about his own surroundings, which he uses so skilfully that we call the result imagination, and this is the way the greatest art of the world has been created.

I am not disputing the power, in their day, nor the charm they still have—for the very few who understand—of Cimabue, of Giotto, of the painters of the Campo Santo at Pisa, when they painted the subjects I have mentioned, nor of Pinturicchio—he put work in the background of his paintings, as Dürer did in his prints. And there is a wonderful building of a cathedral by Van Eyck in Antwerp. There are compositions by Bellini and Carpaccio which show they studied work. It is strange, so far as I know, that Leonardo ignored work—in his pictures—he who was such a great workman, yet vowed he could paint with any one, amongst his other accomplishments. But, with all these artists, either work was a detail or imaginative; it was never the dominant motive, never a study of work for work's sake. There are a few records in sculpture, most notable amongst them being the Assyrian Reliefs at the British Museum. Curiously, I am unable to find, though they must exist, any sculptures, reliefs, or paintings of the great architectural work of the Egyptians—or those of the Greeks either. In the Bayeux tapestries there is the work of the ship-builder and porter.

The first artist I know of—though I am not an art historian—to see the pictorial possibility of work, the Wonder of Work for Work's Sake, was Rembrandt.

Rembrandt saw that his father's mill was beautiful, and by his renderings of the windmills and the dikes of Holland proved them the great works of his little country, and showed they were pictorial. And he drew, etched, and painted them because he loved their big, powerful forms, their splendid sails, the way they lorded the land and kept out the sea. They were for him the Wonder of Work, the wondrous works of his time, the works that were all about him. So strong and so powerful were these Dutch works that they have lasted till to-day, and so well were they designed that all windmills and water-mills have kept their form

till now. The working parts have possibly been improved, but the design has not been changed, and Rembrandt's etchings—so accurately drawn they would serve as working models—prove it. And yet Rembrandt has made a perfect artistic composition as well as a true mechanical rendering of these mills and dikes. And as Whistler said in the "Ten O'Clock," the Bible of Art, Rembrandt regretted not that the Jews of the Ghetto were not Greeks, nor—may I add?—did he regret the windmills were not temples.

Then came Claude and found the Wonder of Work in commercial harbors, dominated by necessary lighthouses, and in the hustling cities of Civita Vecchia and Genoa—for it is amid the work, the life of one's own time, that the Wonder of Work is to be found.

Canaletto followed, and saw in the building of Venice the same inspiration that Tintoretto found in her history, Titian in her great men. And Piranesi discovered the prisons, the Carceri, to be as enthralling as the ruins of Rome.

Turner imitated Claude. Claude saw his subjects about him; Turner used Claude's motives and tried to rival his predecessor. Claude painted what he saw in his own time; Turner tried to reconstruct his unconscious rival's facts out of his head, and failed even in his rendering of work about him, signally in Steam, Rain, Speed, where an impossible engine conducts itself in an incredible fashion in a magnificent landscape. Turner was not here trying to carry on tradition—the only thing worth doing in art—but to *embêter les bourgeois*—and Ruskin!

Turner's Carthage would not stand up, if built—Claude's palaces do. Turner, too, defying Ruskin—Ruskin anathematizing workaday England—was a spectacle. But Turner was sometimes in the right, with Constable and Crome, and they, and not Ruskin, have triumphed. Turner had magnificent ideas, wonderful color sense, grand composition. But when he came to fact he was often ridiculous or pitiful, simply because he had not observed work, noted facts—and to paint work one must study work.

It is far easier to paint a heavenly host or a dream city in one's studio than to make a decoration out of a group of miners, or to draw a rolling-mill in full blast. Yet one of these subjects can be as noble as the other, as Whistler proved, when he showed for the first time how in London "the poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, and the tall chimneys become campanile, and the warehouses are palaces in the night, and the whole city hangs in the heavens and fairy-land is before us." That is the Gospel of the Wonder of Work.

Though I never studied under Whistler—never was his pupil—he is and always will be my master—the master of the modern world, the master who will endure.

But there was a man—all the great have gone from us in the last few years, which accounts for the momentary popularity of the little—there was a man who gave his later life to the Wonder of Work—Constantin Meunier.

"*Meunier a conquis à l'art la beauté spéciale de la nouvelle industrie: la formidable fabrique, pleine de lumière sombre et de tonnerre, les fêtes flamboyantes des fonderies, la puissance grondante des machines. Et toujours cette tendance est au monumental.*

"*L'hymne au Travail chante avec plus de force lyrique encore dans ses bronzes.*"

This was his life-work, and the life of his world, the world, as with Whistler, around him, for "that is the best which nearest lieth." Courbet in work had influenced Legros and Brett and Millet and Segantini, and I have no doubt Ford Madox Brown, the man too big to be a pre-Raphaelite, whose biggest picture is work—"Work in London"—the man who will one day make Manchester a place of pilgrimage because of his pictures of work and of war in the Town Hall.

Millet has, I believe, honestly done the life around his home, the life of the fields, but, though he has endless imitators, there are scarcely any painters to-day who see through their own eyes the real life of the fields and farms and the fisherman—they are blinded by the Frenchman and debauched by sentiment.

It was incredible, but at the Panama-Pacific Exposition there was not one single official "mural" devoted to the glorification of the greatest work of modern times—the Panama Canal—the reason for the Exposition; in fact, there was only one in which there was any attempt at making a decoration out of the things the artist might have known or seen—Mr. Trumbull's "Iron

Workers" in the Pennsylvania Building—and a few rather unimportant things in the Dutch and Argentine Pavilions.

Meunier showed without sentiment the workman at work, not with any idea of preaching about his wrongs, his trials, his struggles, his misery, but to show the Wonder of Work for its own sake, and the pictorial possibilities of workmen and workwomen in Belgium. Meunier showed that the workman was worthy of the artist's chisel, chalk, needle, and paint. In France, Germany, and Italy the Wonder of Work around us has been made the subject of endless commissions from the state to artists mostly realistic. But records of facts, facts of one's own time, in England and America, are scarcely ever recorded. Go to the Royal Exchange, in London, and you will find Wat Tyler, Phœnicians, Britons painted blue, and everything in the history of London that can be made into a painting of the past, and not a single record of the present. Where is the building of the Tower Bridge, the power-houses, the docks, the Blackwall tunnel, the trams, the tube, or any of the other works by which this age, this workaday age, has distinguished itself, all of which are worth painting? In America we have imaginings of Holy Grails, Pied Pipers, Religious Liberties, when one fact in "murals" about steel works, sky-scrapers, or the Brooklyn Bridge would be worth the lot in the future, when these factless fancies are whitewashed out or made a good ground to paint on. One man in America, W. B. Van Ingen, has glorified work by his Panama decorations in the Administration Building at Balboa. These were not wanted at the Panama Exhibition. In France, men like Henri Martin have painted decoratively, yet realistically, the harvest of last summer; Besnard and Anquetin have done wonders; and the biggest French artists have decorated the Mairies. In Chicago they turn students out to make "murals" in schoolhouses, a system of artistic debauchery worthy of Chicago's originality. And Puvis de Chavannes, first of all, magnificently showed the way to combine the old decoration with the new realism. His life-work at Amiens is pure convention, so are his designs in the Boston Library and in the Sorbonne, but they are the most perfect examples of decorative, imaginative, conventional work in the modern world.

At Rouen and Marseilles he has treated decoratively modern subjects, or rather he has used modern motives. At Rouen, the city with its spires and chimneys, its old bridges and new transporters, as seen from Bon Secours, prove the Wonder of Work; in the foreground are modern figures, greeting the Spirit of old France. At Marseilles there are two subjects in which symbolism and realism, modernity and mediævalism are harmonized—the most difficult problem to solve; but Puvis has solved it, and proved himself the greatest if not the only decorator since Pierro della Francesco, the supreme master of decoration. Raphael, in the Stanzi of the Vatican, was a decorator of his own time, and so was Pinturicchio in the Library at Siena, and Mantegna at Padua, for they made decoration out of the life about them.

And John Lavery has made, in Glasgow, a decoration out of ship-building which is worth the whole wall coverings of the Royal Exchange and the Library of Congress and the Carnegie Institute put together. But decoration is a difficult matter, and Lavery has done much for Glasgow.

From the very beginning I have cared for the Wonder of Work; from the time I built cities of blocks and sailed models of ships of them across the floor in my father's office, till I went to the Panama Canal, I have cared for the Wonder of Work. There are others who care—Brangwyn has cared, and so have Sauter, Muirhead Bone, Strang, and Short. Crane and Anning Bell, Way, Cameron, Bone, and Brangwyn have cared for the building up and the breaking down, and Brangwyn for life—the life of the workman, possibly because of his Belgian and seafaring education or his knowledge of Meunier, his countryman. And Seymour Haden's "Breaking-up the Agamemnon" is notable. And there are Belgians like Baertsoen, De Bruycke, and Pierre Paulus; and Frenchmen like Lepère, Gillot, and Adler; and Italians like Pieretto Bianco; and there was the great German Menzel.

But it is to America we must turn, to White's etching of Brooklyn Bridge, Cooper's sky-scrapers, Alden Weir's New York at night, Bellow's docks, Childe Hassam's high buildings, Thornton Oakley's coal-breakers—to these one must look for the modern rendering of work. There are others, too, who have seen the opportunity to

prig and steal—but this is evident, just as it is evident that they will give up painting, or drawing work, for the next new thing. And there is another artist who really cares for the Wonder of Work. I do not know what else Van Ingen has done, but he has made a huge decoration of Culebra Cut—and Paul Bartlett has put American work on the pediment of the Capitol. I have tried to do what I could in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, the coal-mines of my native State—Niagara—and in Europe and at Panama; and, whatever their worth, I can only tell of the Wonder of Work as I see it.

New York, as the incoming foreigner, full of prejudice, or doubt, or hope, and the returning American, crammed with guide-book and catalogue culture, see it, or might see it, rises a vision, a mirage of the lower bay, the color by day more shimmering than Venice, by night more magical than London. In the morning the mountains of buildings hide themselves, to reveal themselves in the rosy steam clouds that chase each other across their flanks; when evening fades, they are mighty cliffs glimmering with glistening lights in the magic and mystery of the night. As the steamer moves up the bay on the left the Great Goddess greets you, a composition in color and form, with the city beyond, finer than any in any world that ever existed, finer than Claude ever imagined, or Turner ever dreamed. Why did not Whistler see it? Piling up higher and higher right before you is New York; and what does it remind you of? San Gimignano of the Beautiful Towers away off in Tuscany, only here are not eleven, but eleven times eleven, not low mean brick piles, but noble palaces crowned with gold, with green, with rose; and over them the waving, fluttering plume of steam, the emblem of New York. To the right, filmy and lace-like by day, are the great bridges; by night a pattern of stars that Hiroshige never knew. You land in streets that are Florence glorified. You emerge in squares more noble than Seville. Golden statues are about you, triumphal arches make splendid frames for endless vistas; and it is all new and all untouched, all to be done, and save for the work of a few of us, and we are Americans, all undone. The Unbelievable City, the city that has been built since I grew up, the city beautiful, built by men I know, built for people I know. The city that inspires me, that I love. And all America is like this and—all—or nearly all unseen, unknown, untouched.

I went to Panama because I believed that, in the making of the greatest work of modern time, I should find my greatest inspiration.

Almost before I left the Canal, artists, architects, and decorators were on their way there. I hope it may interest them half as much as it interested me. One man has succeeded, I repeat, in doing something for himself down there—W. B. Van Ingen—and this has been acknowledged by the government, which has purchased his great decoration. This is the finest, in fact, the only complete, decorative work from him done in the United States—and done because Van Ingen, the pupil of La Farge—who alone counts—was trained in the right way and had something to say for himself.

We have recently been told that art will disappear in fifty years (by a person who says he will call his last book—with possible appropriateness—*Vale*). But, though he will disappear, and Post Impressionism will be swallowed up in shopkeeping, and war has engulfed that, and work is stopped—save for war—and though the mustard-pot has gone with the soulful doggie, and the tearful baby rival of the Dresden Madonna, the artist who has something to say in his own way about his own time, and can say it, will live, and his work will live, with Rembrandt, Velasquez, Franz Hals, Meunier, and Whistler—artists who painted and drew the work and life about them, who carried on tradition, and never regretted the past. And art which shows life and work will never die, for such art is everlasting, undying, "The Science of the Beautiful."

JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE FINANCIAL WORLD

THE CONDITION OF EUROPE DURING AND AFTER THE WAR

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES
Financial Editor of the New York *Evening Post*

THE talk of tentative peace negotiations which arose some weeks ago, at the moment when Germany's operations in the Balkans had struck her English and French opponents with something like consternation, attracted particular attention for one special reason. Rumor ascribed the reported overtures entirely to Germany. It was commonly remarked, to be sure, that Berlin would have been wise in selecting the flood-tide of her military success as the moment for opening negotiations. But the rumors also called forth the comment that there must be something, in her own economic situation, to make even the successful invader of Servia anxious for early peace. This continued to be the rather general point of view, even when the English and French Governments had officially denied any purpose of making peace, and when the German Government had semi-officially followed suit.

The Talk of Peace Negotiations

ANNOUNCING in the German Reichstag, at the close of August, the third great German war loan, the Imperial Finance Minister briefly reviewed some salient facts. The daily cost to all the Powers involved in the European war, he said, had risen to $75,000,000; the monthly cost to more than $2,000,000,000; the yearly cost to something like $25,000,000,000. The speech containing those estimates was made before Bulgaria had entered the war and before the Balkan campaign had begun; therefore the present outlay must be greater still. Germany alone, the ministerial speech proceeded, was now spending in a single month more by one-third than the total cost of her Franco-Prussian War.

The Huge Waste of Capital in War

To these comparisons one may profitably add some others of equal interest, affecting Great Britain's bill of costs. At its present rate of war expenditure, England pays out in six months more than the United States Government spent for military and naval purposes in all the four years of the American Civil War. It is commonly estimated that the war with France in the Napoleonic period, from 1793 to 1815 inclusive, cost England in the aggregate $4,150,000,000. But the Chancellor of the Exchequer recently declared to Parliament that England's expenditure during only the twelvemonth period ending next March will have amounted to $7,950,000,000; and the average daily rate of outlay is progressively increasing.

These figures of the present waste of capital in war are so large that to most minds they are merely bewilder-

ing. Some of the most experienced international bankers ventured the positive prediction, at the beginning of this year, that the belligerent governments would not be able to continue raising the necessary funds after 1915. This prediction, like so many others made since the war began, will have to get its answer from the progress of events, and the answer may not be what was expected. But it should still be possible to ascertain exactly how the various belligerent governments are raising the money for this prodigious expenditure; then to inquire what effect, temporary or permanent, the process is exerting on their actual present financial situation, and from that to obtain at least some idea of the economic condition in which the several belligerents will emerge from this ruinous conflict.

How War Loans Were Placed at Home

THE first step taken, by all the Powers confronted with these enormous requisitions for the war, was to stop the subscribing of home investment capital to other new securities. The English market had in a single twelve-month, during the decade preceding 1914, invested as much as $1,337,000,000 in all sorts of new securities, home and foreign. In the first nine months of 1915 its total subscriptions to new securities footed up $3,293,500,000; but only $73,000,000 of that sum was placed in ordinary investment enterprises. The $3,220,500,000 balance was entirely made up of British war loans, or of loans for war purposes, made to England's Allies and colonies. At Berlin and Paris the story was the same.

This concentration almost exclusively on home war loans, of the accruing capital heretofore annually invested in other securities, provided part of the capital needed for the war loans, but by no means all. The war loans thus far actually placed at home by England, amounting to $4,750,000,000, were at least twice as large as the largest sum ever previously invested by the English market, during a corresponding period, in all new securities combined. Germany's $6,300,000,000 war loans are probably five or six times as large as her best previous record in absorbing new securities. From what source, then, were the remaining cash subscriptions drawn? Some of them represented proceeds of foreign investments (such as American securities) sold back to the countries of their origin. A very large contribution came from deposit banks, savings-banks, and all kinds of fiduciary institutions, who used their resources to the utmost limit in taking the new war bonds into their assets.

Much of the money must have come from use for loan subscriptions, by merchants and manufacturers, of business profits which they would usually reinvest in their own enterprises. Part came undoubtedly from drawing down closely the idle balances of bank depositors; part (and in Germany a very substantial part) through huge subscriptions virtually forced by government from lucrative war-munition enterprises like the Krupps. "No new enterprises are planned," a Vienna financial correspondent recently wrote, discussing the successful war loans of Germany and Austria. "No jour-

(Continued on page 54, *following*)

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Protect Our Good Name

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Visitors to the Goodyear factories are always impressed with a framed sign which confronts them at every turn.

In every room in every Goodyear building, they encounter the same message: *Protect our good name.*

It hangs on the walls of all the Goodyear branches throughout the country, and is being adopted by tire dealers everywhere as an expression of the spirit in which their business is conducted.

We believe that the public will be interested in the analysis of this simple but striking sentiment which is published herewith.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

F. A. Seiberling
President

STRIPPED to the waist, his huge torso streaming with sweat, a workman swings the heavy iron core to an iron table, and wrenches off a tire which has just come steaming from the heater.

His eye falls on the legend over his head, and he smiles.

Our good name is also his good name.

The two are intertwined.

He will protect the one while he subserves the other.

His thoughts are—as they should be—chiefly of himself, of his little home, and of his family.

Their good name, his good name, our good name—his good work will stand guard over them all.

* * *

Two thousand miles away—in Seattle, we will say—the same thought, in the same simple words.

An irritating moment has arrived—the temptation to speak sharply to a customer, to fling a slur at unworthy competition.

The salesman, or the manager, or whosoever it may be, looks up, and the quiet admonition meets his eye.

Protect our good name.

In a twinkling it smoothes the wrinkles out of his point of view.

He is himself again—a man with a responsibility which he could not escape if he would; and would not, if he could.

Back two thousand miles again to the factories—this time to the experimental room.

An alluring chance to save—to make more profit by skimping, by substitution. No one will ever know. But—the silent monitor repeats its impressive admonition.

Protect our good name.

What chance to compromise with conscience in the presence of that vigilant guardian?

* * *

Thousands of men striving to keep a name clean.

And keeping their own clean in the process.

* * *

We Americans, it is said, make a god out of business.

Let the slur stand.

Whether it be true or not—it is true that business is our very life.

Shall it be a reproach to us that we try to make business as good as it can be made?

* * *

Think of *this* business, please, in the light of its great animating thought:

Protect our good name.

We are thinking of you, always, when we say it—you American millions, and you millions in the old world.

We think of you judging us, judging us—by what we are, by what we do, by what we make.

We think of tens of thousands of homes in which our name can be made to stand for that which is worthy and worth while.

We must not lose your good will—we must not tarnish our good name.

* * *

You can call that anything you like.

You can call it business, or sentiment, or idealism, or nonsense.

It may be all of these.

It may even be that which our national critics call making a god of business.

But at least it gives to us a motive that is bigger and broader and deeper than money.

It makes thousands of men happier in their work and more faithful to it.

It has made of this business a democracy of united thought—a democracy of common endeavor — a democracy of purpose and principle.

* * *

And here is the oddest thing of all:—

The more we live up to this "impractical" ideal, the greater the business grows.

The more we labor for the future, the more we profit in the present.

The more we strive for character, the greater the reward in money.

The more we put into our product, the more we take out in sales.

Perhaps, after all, there is more than one sense in which it is good to make a god out of business.

We think so.

And we think you think so.

F. A. Seiberling, President
The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

Weavers of Speech

Upon the magic looms of the Bell System, tens of millions of telephone messages are daily woven into a marvelous fabric, representing the countless activities of a busy people.

Day and night, invisible hands shift the shuttles to and fro, weaving the thoughts of men and women into a pattern which, if it could be seen as a tapestry, would tell a dramatic story of our business and social life.

In its warp and woof would mingle success and failure, triumph and tragedy, joy and sorrow, sentiment and shop-talk, heart emotions and million-dollar deals.

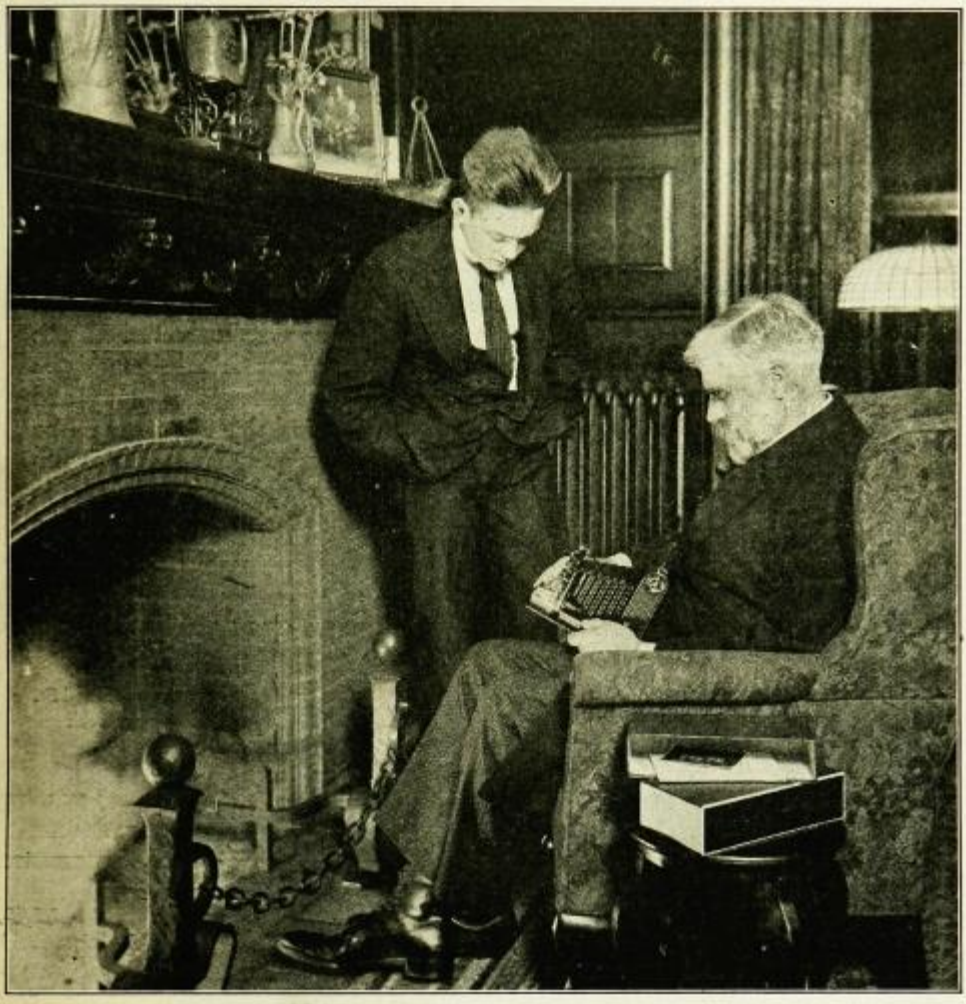
The weavers are the 70,000 Bell operators. Out of sight of the subscribers, these weavers of speech sit silently at the switchboards, swiftly and skillfully interlacing the cords which guide the human voice over the country in all directions.

Whether a man wants his neighbor in town, or some one in a far-away state; whether the calls come one or ten a minute, the work of the operators is ever the same—making direct, instant communication everywhere possible.

This is Bell Service. Not only is it necessary to provide the facilities for the weaving of speech, but these facilities must be vitalized with the skill and intelligence which, in the Bell System, have made Universal Service the privilege of the millions.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*



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A KODAK

The gift that keeps the picture story of every youthful interest—School days and sports, the winter and summer outings, the city boy's trip to the country and the country boy's trip to the city. In all these there is fun in the picture taking and afterwards both fun and satisfaction in possession.

Catalog of Kodaks and Brownies, free at your dealer's or by mail.

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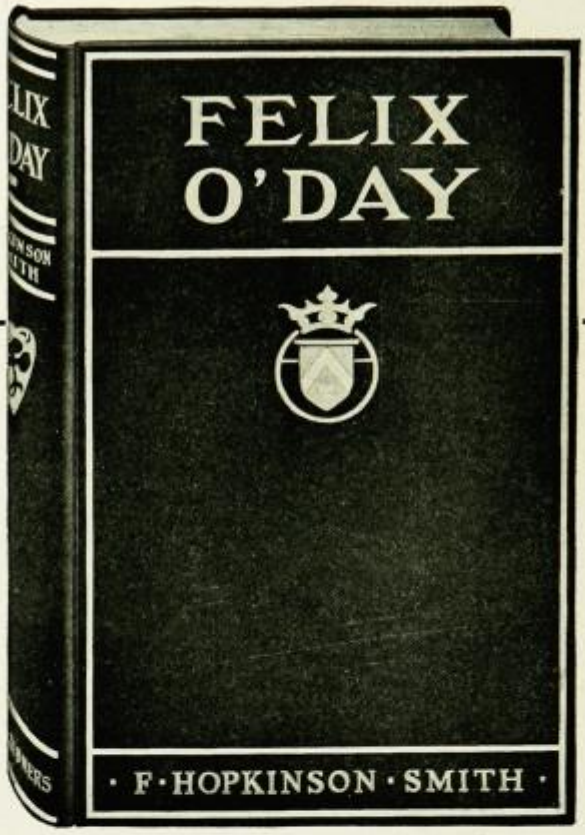

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has written his greatest novel and accomplished his most important literary success in

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a veritable Dickens novel of New York; a story of real people living in real places.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

Business is booming!

Dayton, Ohio.

Merchants everywhere tell our 800 salesmen that business is booming.

Farmers have had two record crops, at big prices, with big demand at home and abroad.

Stocks of manufactured material are short, and labor is in great demand.

Exports largely exceed imports.

Factories are busy, many working overtime.

More freight cars are needed, and steamers are taxed to capacity.

People are living better, and spending their money more freely.

This country has the best money in the world, and more of it than ever before.

Such a combination of favorable circumstances never has occurred before, and probably will never occur again.

Billions of dollars are passing over the merchants' counters.

The people who spend this money want the best service.

They demand it in all kinds of stores, from the smallest to the largest.

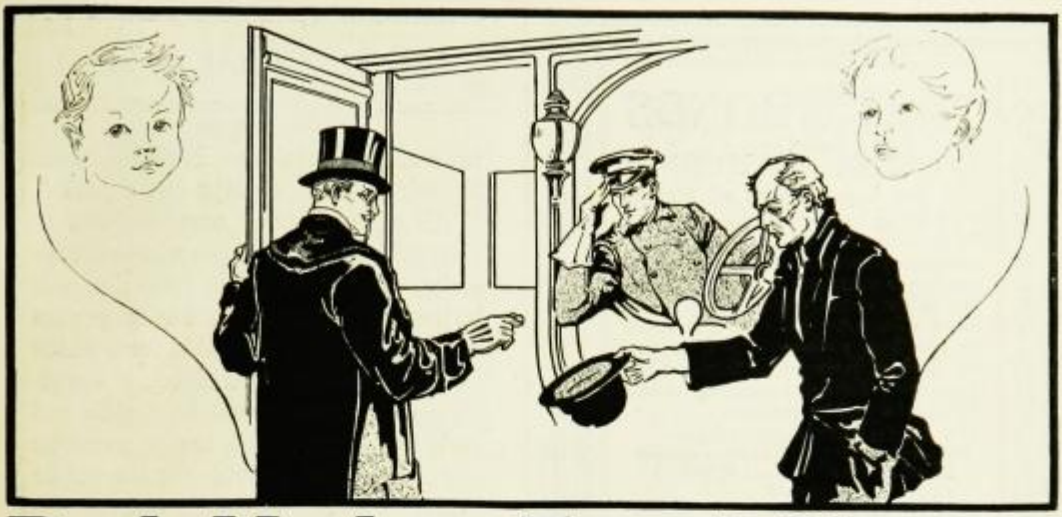
They get it in stores which use our up-to-date Cash Registers, which quicken service, stop mistakes, satisfy customers, and increase profits.

Over a million merchants have proved our Cash Registers to be a business necessity.

[*Signed*]

John H Patterson

Write for booklet to
The National Cash Register Co.
Dayton, Ohio.



Both Had an Equal Chance

—Power of Will Made the Difference

Why is it that two men with equal opportunities, with equal mental equipment, sometime end up so differently?

One fights his way to influence, money, and power, overcoming seemingly unsurmountable obstacles, while the other tries one thing after another, gradually losing his grip—never succeeding at anything.

It isn't luck—there's no such thing in the long run—**it's a difference of will-power, that's all.**

No man has ever achieved success until he has learned to use his will—upon that does success hinge. When the will fails, the battle is lost. The will is the weapon of achievement. Show me a big, successful man and I'll show you a strong-willed man, every time, whether a business man, a statesman, lawyer, doctor, or fighter.

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It has long been known that the Will can be trained into wonderful power—by intelligent exercise and use.

The trouble with almost everyone is that they do not **use** their wills. They carry out other people's wills, or drift along with circumstance.

If you held your arm in a sling for two years, the muscles would become powerless to lift a feather. That is exactly what happens, in most people, to the faculty we call "Will Power." Because we never use the Will, we finally become **unable** to use it.

"POWER OF WILL"

by Frank Channing Haddock, Ph.D., a scientist whose name ranks with such leaders of thought as James, Bergson and Royce—is the first thorough course in will training ever conceived. It is based on a most profound analysis of the will in human beings. Yet every step in the 28 fascinating lessons is written so simply that anyone can understand them and apply the principles, methods and rules set down with noticeable results almost from the very start.

A Veritable Godsend

The users of "Power of Will" speak of it as a Bible. It has pulled men out of the gutter and put them on the road to self-respect and success—it has enabled men to overcome drink and other vices, almost overnight—it has helped overcome sickness and nervousness—making thousands of sick people well—it has transformed unhappy, envious, discontented people into dominating personalities suffused with the joy of living—it has enabled people who had sunk deep into the grooves of a rut to pull themselves out and become masters instead of the blind tool of circumstance—it has re-awakened ambition in men and women who had been turned from their life purpose and given them the courage and confidence to build anew—it has converted failures in business into spectacular successes—it has enabled successful men to undertake even bigger projects by showing them how to use the power they already possess with even more telling force.

400 pp. Half Leather Gold Top Leaves

Young and old alike, men and women in all walks of life, testify to the almost magical changes in their lives once they undertake Dr. Haddock's simple formula for strengthening the will—once they know how to use this God-given faculty recognized the world over as the greatest weapon of achievement.

Send No Money

Power of Will contains 400 pages, half leather, gold-top leaves, and includes more material than many correspondence courses selling at $25, yet the price is only $3. Let us send you the book. Look it over. Glance through some of the chapters. Judge for yourself whether you can afford **not** to own it. **Send no money now.** Simply send the attached coupon, enclosing your business card or giving a reference. You can keep it five days. If at the end of five days, you do not want it, mail it back. Tear out the coupon now, before you turn the page and forget. This announcement may not appear in this magazine again.

Pelton Pub. Co. 37 L Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn.

Partial Contents

The Law of Great Thinking.
The Four Factors on which it Depends.
How to develop analytical power.
How to think "all around" any subject.
How to throw the mind into deliberate, controlled, productive thinking.
Detailed directions for Perfect Mind Concentration.
How to acquire the Power of Consecutive Thinking, Reasoning, Analysis.
How to acquire the skill of Creative Writing.
How to guard against errors in Thought.
How to drive from the mind all unwelcome thoughts.
How to follow any line of thought with keen, concentrated power.
How to develop Reasoning power.
How to handle the mind in Creative Thinking.
The secret of Building Mind Power.
How the Will is made to act.
How to test your Will.
How a Strong Will is Master of Body.
What creates Human Power.
The Six Principles of Will Training.
Definite Methods for developing Will.
The NINETY-NINE METHODS for using Will-Power in the Conduct of Life.
Seven Principles of drill in Mental, Physical, Personal Power.
FIFTY-ONE MAXIMS for Applied Power of Perception, Memory, Imagination, Self-Analysis, Control.
How to develop a strong, keen gaze.
How to concentrate the eye upon what is before you—object, person, printed page, work.
How to become aware of Nerve Action.
How to keep the body well poised.
How to open the Mind and Body for reception of incoming power.
How to throw off Worry.
How to overcome the tyranny of the Nervous system.

This is only a partial list—a complete list of contents would almost fill this page.

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Power of Will has already helped over 75,000 people—a record equaled by no other single course of any kind in the world. Such men as Judge Ben B. Lindsey; Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Lieut.-Gov. McKelvie, of Nebraska; General Manager Christeson of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; Ernest Knaebel, Asst. Atty.-Gen. of the U. S.; Asst. Postmaster-General Britt; E. St. Elmo Lewis, now Vice-Pres. Art Metal Construction Co., are owners, and literally thousands of other successful men like them have voiced their praise of this great work.

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Gentlemen:—Please send me a copy of "Power of Will" on approval. I agree to remit $3.00 or remail the book in 5 days.

Name .....

Address .....

THE FINANCIAL WORLD

(Continued from page 780)

neys are undertaken. Nobody builds himself a house, or lays out a park."

All of the money once devoted to such purposes goes to the war-loan subscriptions. Very little reflection will be needed to convince the average man of the prodigious available fund which all these sources combined, if simultaneously drawn upon in a rich and thrifty country, and under patriotic impulses, would provide for the public loans. "Every citizen," one of the highest officers of the British Treasury declared to the House of Commons, in a debate on the finances a month ago, "ought to be prepared to put at least one-half of his current income at the disposal of the State."

He might do this through subscribing to a loan, or through paying higher taxes. In the Napoleonic wars, it was commonly said that 40 per cent of England's war expenditure was paid from taxes, chiefly through the then newly-invented 10-per-cent income tax of Pitt. Taxes, especially the income tax, were already very high in England when this present war broke out; it was not generally believed, outside of England, that her people would be willing to submit to much higher taxation.

But when the first "war budget" in the autumn of 1914 introduced only slight changes in the tax bill, the British taxpayers themselves insisted that their own immediate burden be increased. Last September, therefore, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer announced a very extraordinary series of new imposts. The basic income tax rose to 17½ per cent—a wholly unprecedented height, and nearly three times what it had been before the war—with a graduated "super-tax"

on large incomes which raised the total exaction from incomes of $500,000 or over to no less than 34 per cent. Excise or import taxes ranging from 30 to 100 per cent were imposed on a number of articles in constant use. Rates for postage, telephone and telegraph messages were heavily increased. Out of all profits from manufacture of war material, the government was to take one-half in taxes. Roughly speaking, the total annual revenue from taxation, which was $800,000,000 in the twelve-month before the war began, will now be very nearly $1,500,000,000. The absolutely new requisitions for the coming year foot up $535,000,000. No such increase in a single season has ever been witnessed in the history of taxation.

Taxes and the War Bill

EVEN so, only 24 per cent of the present annual British war bill will be met from taxes. But some rational preparation for the aftermath of war has been made, and the interest on the huge new debt will be more than paid by the tax collections. The German Government has flinched from this; it is to-day paying interest on its earlier war loans from the proceeds of the new ones. The Imperial Finance Minister declared in August to the Reichstag that "we do not desire to increase by taxation the heavy burden which war casts on our people"; that even profits from manufacture of war material are "not regarded as a source of revenue during the war," and he intimated plainly that the country's whole war expenditure would be paid off by a war indemnity imposed by victorious Germany on her defeated antagonists.

The truth of the matter is, however, that Germany entered the war with her people carrying on their back a

(Continued on page 56)

(Continued from page 53)

new requisition, which is usually the last word in taxation—a special and heavy percentage levy on all the property in the Empire, imposed in 1913 to provide for the immensely increased army with which the government was unquestionably planning, even then, to provoke and win this war. The German Treasury is still collecting this tax, and the probability is, that the government did not dare to try any new experiments.

How Exports Have Decreased in Europe

IT is not always easy to determine what immediate present effect, financial or economic, the strain of war is exerting on a given belligerent state. Industrial activity is usually keyed up to a high pitch by the government's huge purchases of material. Profits from many manufactures rise because of the war requirements; wages of labor invariably rise. But what also happens is the rapidly increasing paralysis of normal business.

In countries like France or England it is the export trade which most plainly tells this part of the story. The decrease in Great Britain's merchandise exports, during the first seven months of 1915, of $459,000,000, or 32¾ per cent, from the same months of 1914, and the simultaneous decrease in French exports by $430,000,000, or 56 per cent, were certainly in great part a result of the commandeering of capital for war loans, thereby stopping improvement and extension of private business enterprises; of the enlistment of skilled workmen in all the fighting states for the war, and of the turning of the machinery in almost every kind of factory to the making of ammunition.

What has been the effect of the war on the legitimate home consuming market is less easy to determine. But it is reasonable to suppose that the appeal for every hundred marks of private German savings to be invested in the war loans, and the tax of 17 per cent and upward on English incomes, must enormously reduce the whole people's purchasing power. Just now all this is accepted as an inevitable incident of a war for the country's safety—like the inflated paper currencies of the Continent, and the depreciated foreign exchange on England. But what sort of condition does it foreshadow when the war is over?

Poverty after the War

THE first and most unmistakable conclusion is that the people of what is now belligerent Europe will be poor. This must be so in England, not only because the furious activity in all trades contributing to the war will have stopped completely, but because the abnormally heavy taxes must continue. It must be so in Germany because the "war orders" will have ceased, because the long embargo on foreign commerce will have exerted its cumulative influence, and because the imposition of much heavier taxes can then no longer be deferred. Very few people of experience or judgment regard as anything but a pretext or a dream the Imperial Finance Minister's idea of a war indemnity of $10,000,000,000 or upward, imposed by a victorious Germany on her enemies. With those enemies now in possession of Germany's colonies, with England controlling the sea, and with the whole world, outside of Germany, in agreement that reparation to Belgium is the *sine qua non* of the final reckoning, such a prediction falls not far short of absurdity.

But if the war lasts another year, the annual interest alone, on the German war debt, and on that of other belligerents beside, will be almost or quite as large as the whole annual

public revenue from taxation before the war. The formidable question then arises, what the attitude of the people will be toward so crushing a burden of taxation—at a time when political dissension has begun again, when appeal to patriotism and national safety has lost its force through return of peace, and especially with nations whose people have been deluded into thinking that the enemy would foot the entire bill. This aspect of the post-bellum reckoning has led to the more or less haphazard talk of "repudiation"; a term understood in various ways by the various people who use it.

Repudiation not Probable

NOTHING is more improbable than refusal of any great European government, after the war, to pay interest on its debt, or the principal at maturity. The reason is that the present belligerents must borrow heavily, even after the war, to meet the continuing public deficit, and that a policy of bad faith in relation to the war loans would at once destroy the public credit. The erratic President Andrew Johnson, in his annual message of 1868 to Congress, described it as "just and equitable that the 6-per-cent interest now paid by the government should be applied to reduction of the principal," because "holders of our securities have already received upon their bonds a larger amount than their original investment, measured by a gold standard." The overwhelming indignation with which Congress instantly voted down this fantastic proposal showed that, quite aside from the moral character of such action, they foresaw its financial consequences.

Our legislators of that day voted down also the more insidious proposal to pay interest and principal on the war debt, not in gold, but in depreciated paper money. It is a striking fact, illustrative of the conditions possibly foreshadowed for financial Europe after peace, that on the Continental money markets discussion is already heard of the plan to pay in paper money the interest on war loans, so far as the bonds are held by the people of those countries. But no-

body has suggested payment of anything but gold for interest due to foreign creditors. Europe is well aware how far it must rely, after the war, on good financial relations with such powerful neutral communities as the United States.

The "Dumping" of Cheap Goods Discounted

THERE is left another question of post-bellum conditions, still more important to our own material interests. That is the question whether Europe—its people impoverished by war, its manufacturers suddenly deprived of demands for war material, and, in Germany's case, its whole productive industry in touch again with a foreign market lost since the war began—will not instantly pour into the rich United States so immense a mass of manufactured goods, offered at very low prices fixed by the urgent needs of the European producer, as to cut off our own manufacturers from the market. This picture seems on its face convincing; the result would appear to follow the logic of the situation. Our own government has already begun tentatively to discuss measures which might be necessary to avert or modify the disorganizing effect on American industry.

Yet the prospect, on examination, is not altogether so clear as might be imagined. The first and peremptory requirement of Europe after peace will be immense supplies of new material for reconstruction of its own shattered cities, damaged railways, bridges, harbors and fortifications, and overworked industrial establishments. To provide this new material it will find itself with factories whose machinery has been altered to make guns and ammunition, and with the supply of able-bodied laborers enormously reduced by loss in battle. Some of our own most experienced manufacturing authorities hold to-day that these circumstances insure an export trade from the United States to Europe, after war is over, of abnormally large proportions.

If it be answered that the output of other than steel and iron manufacturers will be in no such particular demand at home in Europe, it must still be remembered that industrial Europe will be confronted in a very practical way, after the war, with the problem of wages for labor. Those wages have already risen rapidly; their rise has resulted manifestly from great excess of demand for labor over available supply. With the heavy losses at the battle front, that condition will not be wholly rectified, even when armies are disbanded. If it be said that wages will be reduced solely because of the necessity of producing cheaply, we have before us the very striking fact, not only that maintenance of wages had been made an effective political policy throughout Europe before the war began—even in England—but that the war's political commotions and readjustments have fastened on the European governments, much more firmly than before, the hold of the labor party and their sympathizers. But if wages remain high, how is the European manufacturer to undersell our own producers, and "flood the market" in the process?

These are among the obscure but not the less formidable problems which even peace will bring. Nobody can answer them confidently. Predictions of the most disquieting sort are made regarding all of them. Perhaps, however, it will be to some extent reassuring if we keep in mind the far more disquieting predictions made a year and a half ago regarding the inevitable and immediate economic results of the war itself, virtually none of which has been fulfilled.

Anglo-French Gold Bonds

Yielding an Income of Nearly 5½% On Your Investment

Security These bonds are the joint and several obligation of the governments of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the Republic of France. The ultimate security is the whole taxing power of the British and French Governments and the financial morality of the British and French peoples.

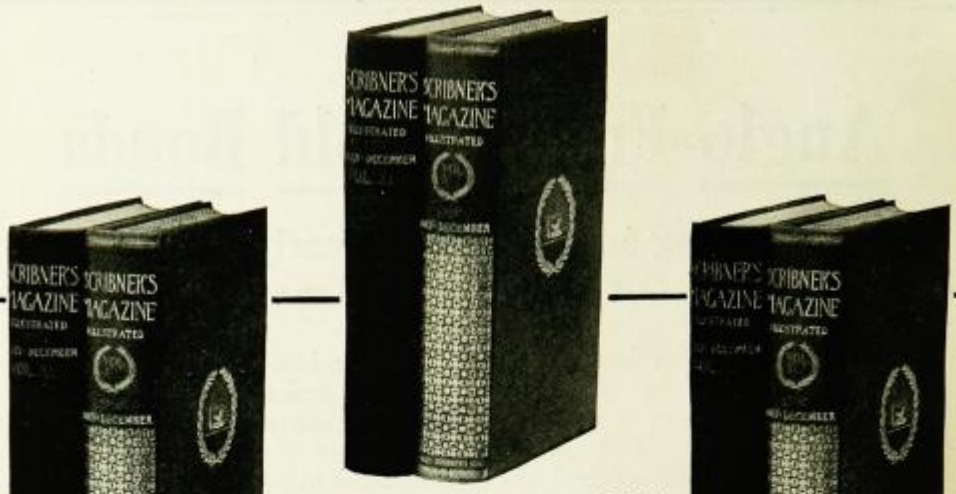
Income Over one-half of the issue of $500,000,000 was withdrawn for investment by members of the purchasing group. The balance is offered at 98 and interest, yielding an income of nearly 5½%. British Consols and French Rentes have usually sold in normal times at prices to yield only 2½% to 3½%.

Conversion Privilege In addition to the income of nearly 5½%, each bond carries with it a special privilege entitling the holder, if he does not desire to have his bond redeemed at par, to exchange it at or before maturity—which is five years from date—for a 4½% bond of the two governments, which will run until 1940, but redeemable at the option of the governments on and after October 15, 1930. Based on the yield of British Consols and French Rentes in past years, such a bond would have sold below 110 in only three years of the eighty years prior to the beginning of the present war and would have sold during this period as high as 126.

Convenience The bonds are issued in convenient denominations of **$100, $500** and **$1000,** and in coupon and registered form, offering equal opportunity and return to all classes of investors. To offer a convenient market for their subsequent purchase or sale, they will be listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Their value, as a basis for loans, is already well-established among the banks of the country.

Interest Payable October 15 and April 15

Make Application to any Bank, Trust Company, Bond Dealer or Broker



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This man made his wife and child safe. He made himself safe. You can do the same, **if you do it now.** Don't wait until the accident does come. Then it will be too late.

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My age is.....years.
I am in good health.
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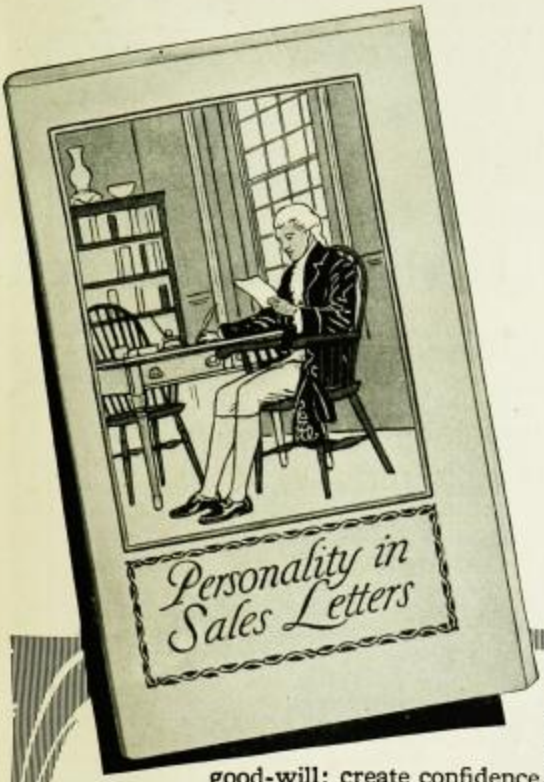

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"Personality in Sales Letters" will prove a real help to the man interested in increasing the efficiency of his correspondence. It is offered without obligation by the makers of

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HARPER'S BAZAR

And they do this because the advance fashions in Harper's Bazar save them the wasted expense of gowns that are outmoded, of hats and wraps and furs that are not in the new fashion. Not only does the Bazar present the designs of Soulié and Erté of Paris, and of Leon Bakst, also, who has designed its Christmas cover—but it has now made exclusive arrangements with three of the best New York designers—

Lucile, Henri Bendel, Tappe

All the best new creations of these three great fashion originators will be shown during 1916 in Harper's Bazar, but in no other magazine. In addition to these splendid fashions, Harper's Bazar also gives you the best Fiction you can find anywhere. For instance—

William J. Locke, Mrs. Humphry Ward

have each written a new novel for Harper's Bazar during 1916—and each number will also bring you many short stories. Not only that, but Harper's Bazar is also the only magazine to which people of society themselves contribute. There is an exclusive article every month by

Lady Randolph Churchill

and also many contributions from the best known women of American society. It has been impossible, this year, to meet the extraordinary demand for the Bazar; but, if you will reply at once—before December 15th—you will receive the next ten numbers, at a special introductory price.

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"Well, well! Isn't that strange?"
"No, 'tain't. It was on me!"

"Bobby, why don't you go out and play with the new little boy next door?"
"Oh, I played with him yesterday an' I don't s'pose he's well enough to come out yet."

DRUGGIST.—Do you want to buy some candy?
" 'Course I wanna—but I gotta buy soap."

WILL HE?

" I'm feelin' kind-a worried,
I'm not jus' sure, you see,
'At Santa Claus will know this sock
Belongs to 'ittle me."

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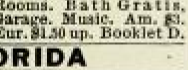

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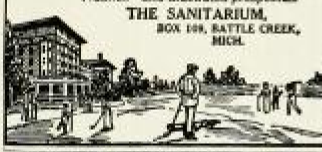

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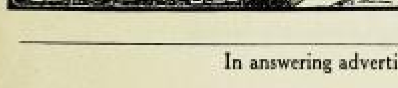

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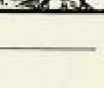

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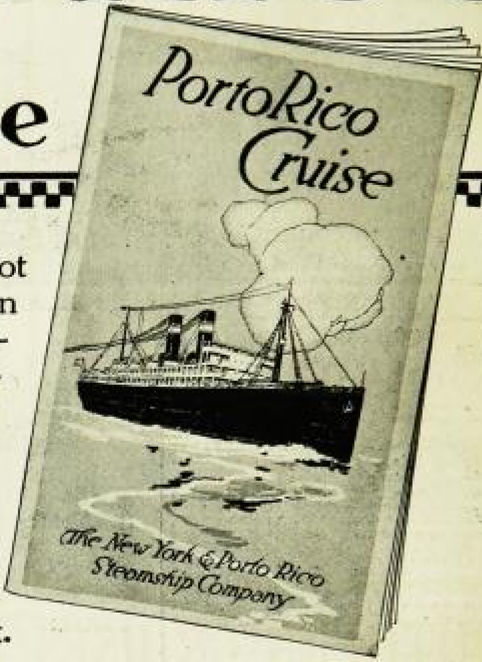

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